

A DEBATE ON SPIRITUALISM.

Held at Anderson, Ind., October 5, 6, 7 and 8.

Between Moses Hull, the Veteran Spiritualist, and Elder W. R. Covert, the Leading Representative of all the Churches Arrayed Against Spiritualism, with the Intent to Suppress All Phases of Mediumship.

MR. HULL REPLIES TO ELDER COVERT.

My friend didn't read that quite right. He used some words that are not there, and did not read some words that are there; but I care nothing about that. I am glad to see him warming up to the occasion and coming to the point.

They have been threatening—I have heard it around the street that something was to be brought out to-night that was going to eat me up. When I heard it, I said, "Bring on your bears. They haven't got any teeth, and if there are no weapons more deadly or dangerous than that speech, I will agree, if I do not die a natural death, to live a thousand years."

NO WITCH OF ENDOR.

I will take up and review all of his points. His "blatant-erking about the Witch of Endor," and then he says I ought not to have said all of that; he wouldn't be drawn out on it, etc. Last night when he was talking of that, I told him he was out of order. I said, "however, as you are introducing new arguments, go on, if you will let me reply," and he said he would. Now, he says I am out of order. The audience may decide. I didn't blatherskite about the Witch of Endor; it was he that did it. There isn't a word about the Witch of Endor from one end of the Bible to the other—not one. I challenged him half a dozen times to find it. He doesn't find it, but goes on and on saying it just the same.

He says: "I will not be drawn into a controversy on that point." That is the wisest thing he has said. Now, if he will stick to it, he may not get burned as badly, quite, as he would if he was drawn into it. I congratulate him upon his manifestation of wisdom.

Now, he says I "added turpentine"—speaking of the toe joints. No, I didn't. I referred to the first committee, who told us that it was turpentine and linen and toe joints. That's what I referred to—the original committee of doctors said that about the Fox girls. Now, he thinks that turpentine and linen were out of the rule, and we will simply have the toe joints and let it go at that.

EXPOSING THE FOX GIRLS.

The next thing he tells us is, that Brother Grimes exposed them through the Tribune. Let's look at that. I like to hear stories of that kind; it does me good. In the first place, then, who were the Fox girls? They were two little, ignorant, country girls, without a book to sustain them except the Bible, and nobody believed that. The churches had that, but nobody believed it. Without the press to sustain them, without a person in the world to back them, those two little girls came out. All the press are against them; the professors of our colleges, and among them Prof. Grimes, against them; the doctors against them; the lawyers against them; the preachers preaching against them in the pulpit, and Prof. Grimes has access to the largest circulating daily paper in the world at that time—the New York Tribune—Prof. Grimes, with all his education, with all his ability, standing there arm in arm with the literary men of all the world, steps out and exposes these girls in 1849. He with all his forensic ability succeeds in exposing them so thoroughly that they have only made about twenty millions of converts since that and we only had fifty-two camp-meetings last year. And where is Grimes?

"Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more.
He used to wear his old blue coat
All buttoned down before."

But Grimes is not dead, and I am glad of it. I hope he will live fifty years longer, and will expose Spiritualism every year of that fifty, just as he has done during the last fifty years, and by that time the whole world will be Spiritualists. Where will the opposition be after he has exposed it a few dozen times more? I will tell you where it will be. There was a man who had a dream, one time. He dreamed he was on the beach of the sea, and there was a terrible storm rising. By and by he looked, and saw seven fat, well-favored cattle coming up out of the sea. He looked again, and by and by he saw seven lean, poor, scrawny spiritual cattle come up out of the sea. And the other ones looked sideways at them and said, "You miserable, scrawny creatures! You would have to lean up against the fence to get support while you bawl!" And then the man looked again, and lo! and behold! the seven lean kine swallowed the seven fat ones. Now let them go on with their exposes for fifty years more, as they have gone on for the last fifty years, and there won't be a corporal's guard left of them. All the world will be Spiritualists. That is what exposes have done for Spiritualism. Have you exposed it? No. Your Bible says, "If it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it." These godly men are trying it, but we have never heard of one yet whose faith they have shaken any by all they have said. So it must be there is something wrong with these exposes and exposures.

THE MACHINE THAT MADE THE RAPS.

The next thing he says is, that the raps were made by machinery. Now, let me tell you a little story about that machinery. There was a man in Rochester, N. Y., I knew him quite well. He said: "Those raps were made by machinery, and I will detect it." He said: "I will go to Washington." Senator Talmadge, from whom my friend quoted, was a schoolmate of this man's. He said: "I will go to Washington, and through Senator Talmadge I will get an introduction to those girls, under circumstances that will let me expose them." He did so and exposed them. He told me of it in private conversation. He said he sat down at the table and did just what they told him. Put his hand on the table, and expected to see the raps—or hear them—come on the table, and catch the machine. Instead of that they came on the back of his chair, like that (indicating). He says: Hello! I've got the chair which contains the machine. I'm going to have that chair, let it cost what it will." He took it up and turned it over and tried to find the machine, but could not detect it. He says, "I'll try again." Then it came on the stove, then on the stovepipe. "Hello, there's a machine in there! Try again." Then it came on the ceiling overhead. "Try again." Then on the floor, etc. Finally he says it rapped on about every piece of furniture in the room. After that he said, "Spirits, if you exist, I don't know what this is. I came here fully believing that this was a trick and that I would catch it. Now I am satisfied I was wrong. Will you please rap for me where you never rapped for anybody before in this world?" And he said the raps came just as distinctly on his two front teeth as they ever heard in this world. Said he: "Brother Hull, I knew there was no machinery in my mouth which would do this." Our opponents have never made an argument against Spiritualism yet but it has been exposed and found deficient.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' CREED.

The next thing Mr. Covert read, after this machine ar-

gument, was the Spiritualists' creed. I wish I had time now to talk about that. I listened with all my might to that creed. It was published in that book of Mr. Daniels—a book that was withdrawn from publication, because there were so many falsehoods in it that it was more injurious to the writer than anyone else; its guns were dangerous to the breach, but perfectly safe at the muzzle. It was published when Spiritualists were very little known. Then they said: They are free-lovers; and they are this, and that, and the other; and people believed that because they didn't know Spiritualists. Now, ladies and gentlemen, Spiritualists are known in every village and hamlet in the world, and those things are known to be lies. Everybody says: "That don't apply to the Spiritualists of our town," and if you say: "It is somewhere else, it applies there," and you go there and you find it doesn't apply to the Spiritualists there. That is true in every part of this world. I have preached in about every state and important city in this Union, and the citizens of every state, or of any town, will say: The Spiritualists of our town will compare in intellectuality, and in honor and truthfulness with the members of any church in our town. So the lies published by that man wouldn't go down as they once did; they withdrew the book from publication—the wisest thing they ever did.

But he read the creed. I listened closely to that, and if I heard it right, endorse every article of that creed. I couldn't write a better one myself. I endorse that creed. He happened to get some things right. I will say nothing about it but simply, that it is spiritualism.

He says the Bible says, the miracles of the Bible were wrought by the spirit of God. Now, he ought to know better. The Bible does not say so. It says exactly the opposite. It says they were wrought by spirits of devils. That's what the Bible says. If you don't believe me, go with me to Rev. xvi:13: "And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet."

"For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather them to the great day of the battle of God Almighty."

Does the Devil work miracles? Does he, or does he not? If he does not, your Bible lies; and if he does, the Devil is a miracle worker. You can't prove but that he wrought every miracle in the Bible; it would be just like him to come along and stick in a miracle just where you don't want one. He is up to just such devilish tricks. If I was a devil I would do that. Now let him find his text. I told him where mine was. When you begin to talk Bible you have got to go straight. Oh, you have got to talk straight, my brother. I am after you with a Bible in my hand.

THE IMAGE STORY.

The next thing he says is, "Davis tried to make an image." Oh, my soul! my soul! I wonder if anybody in this audience believes that story. If I had time I would give you the history of that image. There was not a regular recognized Spiritualist connected with it—not one. Davis had nothing at all to do with it, any more than I had; not a particle. I might mention the names of the individuals connected with that. One was T. L. Harris, who had renounced Spiritualism. One was John M. Spear, who had been a spiritual medium. John M. Spear was the medium through whom all these things came, and he had been rejected by Spiritualists long ago—not as a bad man, but as an insane man. He had been rejected as a man to appear before the world and represent Spiritualism. I knew John M. Spear up to the very day of his death, and he was a noble man, but always full of some such things as that to which my friend tried to refer; but my opponent didn't understand it enough to tell the matter as it was, as it had nothing to do with Spiritualism.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Now he comes to the marriage question; some Spiritualists have said certain radical things about the marriage question, and I was one of them. They even said some of the things mentioned; and what is the result? Why, nearly every state in the Union has changed its laws on that subject and rejected the most of the odious features of which we complained. This, allow me to believe, was the direct result of that agitation. The law of the state of Michigan, and of several other states at that time allowed a man to whip his wife providing he did not use a stick thicker than his thumb.

In the state of Ohio, a woman had her husband arrested for a crime which would have hung any other man, but the courts decided that it was impossible for a married man to commit a rape on the person of his wife—that when they entered into the marriage relation she bargained her body away to her husband—it was therefore his. The married woman had no rights that the husband was bound to respect. This and other similar outrages caused some of us to see that the law which protected women from all other men should now protect her from her husband, and if the law would not do that, it was time that woman took the law into her own hands. Self-protection is the first law of nature.

Woman was an absolute slave, and man was her master. When a man died, no matter how he got his estate, even though he married it when he married her, the law had to step in and settle up his estate, and decide how much of it she might use while she remained his widow. When the woman died, the law knew nothing about it; the husband went right on, sometimes marrying within two weeks and the new wife used that which belonged to the former wife and the law knew nothing about it.

The result of this agitation which the Spiritualists began and the churches cursed it, that woman in many states is now more nearly man's equal before the law. But I hereby serve notice that the agitation is not done yet, and will not stop until woman is man's peer before the law.

Who showed that among the results of mismarriage was that our jails, poorhouses and asylums were being filled with criminals, paupers and insane persons, of course there was a kick among the churches, and their arguments were falsehood, slander and abuse. I know whereof I affirm; I was there, and the tongue of slander was used to kill me; but, thank the higher powers, those that digged the pit for me, like those who did a similar work in days of old, have fallen into it.

Philosophers knew we were right; the eloquent John B. Gough went so far as to say: "The only way to reform a man is to begin with his grandmother." He decided that if a person was wrongly born in the first place, re-birth in this world was a plaster entirely too small for the sore. If you will begin to reform the little girls now, and teach them what they should know, by the time their grandchildren come upon the stage of action you will have accomplished a work of reform.

We said over and over that no law should hold people

together who were incompatible with each other—that people had better part than to rear families under such inharmonious conditions.

I have never yet said anything on that point to take back, and I have been before the world ever since I was seventeen years old. I have preached those things, and every rat-terrier in the country has barked at me for it, but not one of them has ever showed one place where I stepped aside from honor; when I told them that there was something better than law to bind people together—that law should not bind people together who did not love. Love was the element that should hold people together; and I preached it everywhere, as I would now if it were necessary; but we are getting the thing along where it is not necessary to say so much on that question.

He next quotes from Dr. T. L. Nichols, a Catholic. Well, I don't know as I should say anything about Mr. Nichols. He believed in Spiritualism, and he does yet, if he is living; I think he has passed away within the last three or four years. He believed in Spiritualism although belonging to the Catholic church; and he had very radical views on the marriage question, and so had his wife, and they maintained them, and issued a book on the question—members in good standing as any members in the world in the Roman church. A majority of the Spiritualists did not endorse the radical positions taken in that book. Neither is it presumed that the Catholics endorsed it.

Now, then, he objects to Spiritualism because somebody said, somewhere, that I should have said that "we should have a communion of congenials only in the sexual relation," etc. Well, perhaps I said it. I believe it yet. If my wife was not congenial to me, or I was not congenial to her, I wouldn't quarrel with her. She would take one side of the world, and I the other. I believe that it is congenial souls only who should be brought together. Do you? There isn't a state in the Union that has not made a law against miscegenation. They say there is no compatibility between the blacks and the whites and they must not marry. We say that, and we carry it farther than that. We say there must be harmony and love in the marriage relation—and without love all close commerce is wrong, no matter where it is. I have preached that there may be adultery in the marriage relation. That doctrine makes us "free-lovers." These individuals bark at free-love. They have no more conception of real free-love than a mosquito has of Bunker Hill monument. There is no other love in the world than free-love. Paul said, "Love worketh no ill." This, my opponent says, is libertinism. Let us find the libertines, that is all. Here is Spiritualism; it has been in the world fifty years, and there is the church. There are seventy thousand ministers, and among the seventy thousand ministers I will find ten thousand of them arrested for crimes of that kind. Find it among the Spiritualists, if you can. Now, I do not blame ministers who do not practice these things because other ministers do; but while you have those things in your churches and all over Christendom, why do you call us bad names for making an effort—a scientific effort, to save the world from its own lusts?

He next says, "Keep the women out of the circles and the bald-headed men won't go." Keep the women out of the church and see how many bald-headed men will go. But that is not the question. If it were, I would take it up, and we would see how that matter is. But I want to drop this, and take up the trick argument again.

SPIRITUAL TRICKS.

He says, there are tricks, and "there never was a table moved"—he read from Prof. Grimes—"where there was no physical contact."

Ladies and gentlemen, I have seen them move. I have seen the brother of United States Senator Fitch get on a table like this (indicating the one on the platform) and he weighed nearly three hundred pounds. I refer to George A. Fitch, editor of the Kalamazoo Daily Telegraph. He got upon the table like that, and we stood around the table holding hands, a half dozen of us, and that table came up—raised up two feet high in a room as light as this, and stayed there until I slowly counted one hundred—one—two—three; and, as the signal for the one hundred came, that table went down with George A. Fitch upon it. Slade was the medium. Now, could Slade lift a man weighing over two hundred pounds, and hold him up there a minute, when he was not touching the table—not one of us was touching the table?

So the testimony of the whole world is. These things sometimes occur without physical contact. I will not read from Prof. Crookes; it is too long. I have testimony here from Prof. Crookes, saying it takes place in the light.

Lord Lindsey says: "I have tried to find out how they (the spiritual phenomena) are done. The more I studied them, the more satisfied was I that they could not be explained by any mechanical trick. I have had the fullest opportunity of investigation."

There is a great man, (Lord Lindsey) and here is one, (Prof. Grimes). One tells one story, and the other another. And the one that tells that story over there has a right to tell his story, and Prof. Grimes has no right to tell his story. All Prof. Grimes can say is, "I never saw a table move when there was no trick." He can't say the table never moved without physical contact, in the face of a thousand witnesses who have seen it move without it. How can he say it does not? When a man says that, he says more than any man has a right to say.

Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope uses this language: "I might also mention that Basco, one of the greatest professors of leggerdmain ever known, in a conversation with me upon the subject, utterly scouted the idea of the possibility of such phenomena as he saw produced by Mr. Home being produced by any of the resources of his art."

There it is—one of the greatest prestidigitators in the world, had witnessed the phenomena, and says it cannot be performed by his art. They said once they could perform it, but it would take two tons of machinery to do all that Slade or Home did. And yet Slade and Home and all of the others walked into the room with nothing but their necessary clothing on, and without a particle of machinery, and all of this done in a light room.

Judge Edmonds, the first Supreme Judge of the State of New York, one of the most learned men in the world, one of the most honorable that ever sat on the bench, made this statement:

"I have seen a mahogany table, having a center leg, and with a lamp burning upon it, lifted from the floor at least a foot, in spite of the force of those present, and shaken backward and forward as one would shake a goblet in his hand, and the lamp retained its place, though its glass pendant swung. I have known a mahogany chair, on its side, move swiftly back and forth, no one touching it, through a room where there were at least a dozen people sitting, and yet no one was touching it; and it was repeatedly stopped within a few inches of me, when it was going with a violence that, if not arrested, must have broken my legs."

I have testimony after testimony, but I don't believe I will read more than one more.

The London Dialectical Society appointed a committee in 1866 to investigate Spiritualism; this committee consisted of thirty-six men—unbelievers in Spiritualism. They all became believers, and Sergeant Cox testifies, that, with their hands three feet from the table, in a fully lighted room, and without allowing one of them to touch the floor or the table (they all knelt on their chairs with the backs to the table), and not a hand came within three feet of the table, then the table would go up just exactly as they requested it. So, my friend is simply mistaken. It is easy to make such statements as that, but that makes all these men liars. Now, I can't believe that Judge Edmonds is a liar. I can't imagine that Judge Ladd, Prof. Mapes, Prof. Hare, Old Robert Owen, Robert Dale Owen, Alfred Russell Wallace, Prof. Crookes—all the men in the world who have witnessed these things, are liars. I can't believe it at all. One lying without knowing what the other said about it, and all telling the same lie. The

hardest matter in the world is to lie well, and keep things straight, but these stories of all these witnesses agree.

I will read this one testimony, and no more. The London Dialectical Society reported this: "Sounds of startling character, apparently proceeding from the articles of furniture, the floor, the walls, occurred without being produced by muscular action or mechanical contrivance. Movements of heavy bodies took place without assistance by those present and frequently without contact of any person; that these sounds and movements often occurred in the manner asked by some person present, answered questions and spelled out coherent communications."

SPIRITUALISM AS A DELUSION.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have got through with my friend's argument, and I want to lead out a little for him to-morrow night. I want to say, in the first place, that if Spiritualism is a delusion, it is a giant delusion. That is my first proposition. In the second place, if Spiritualism is a delusion, it is a charming delusion, containing all the charms of all the religions of which the world ever heard. In the third place, I am going to take the position, in this debate, that Spiritualism is not a delusion.

Now, I say it is a giant delusion. In the first place, it is such a giant delusion that all opponents in the world have never been able to tell in what the delusion consists. One will say it is a trick played by the medium—a muscular force. Another will say, no, no muscles touched it. Another, that it is electricity. Another, mesmerism. Another one says it is the Devil. Another says that it is an odic force. And so they contradict each other, and jump from one contradictory position to another. You can't find two opponents of Spiritualism who will agree, and the fact is, you can't find one opponent who will agree with himself for ten consecutive minutes on that subject. Why, at the Anti-Spiritualist convention, the Rev. Mr. Caylor made a speech that neither Brother Becker nor Elder Covert would endorse on that subject, and Brother Becker got up and excused the speech the next day. He said that Caylor was a great joker, and told imaginary facts in a joke that he wouldn't tell when he was serious.

Spiritualism is a giant delusion; it started with two little girls. Prof. Grimes, with his immense ability, fought it, and he had others of nearly as much ability as himself joining in with him—the whole world fighting against it. A combination was formed against it before it was one year old, and they have fought it, and fought it, and fought it, until last summer it had fifty-two camp-meetings, and next summer it is going to have sixty or eighty camp-meetings in the United States. Isn't it a giant, with these great intellectual doctors of divinity, bishops, elders, professors, and the greatest men on earth fighting it, trying to put it down, and still it goes on conquering and to conquer, bidding defiance to all of the theories they introduce as explanations, and making converts; and

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whom has it converted?

REMARKABLE LOT OF FOOLS.

I will agree, ladies and gentlemen, that we have our proportion of frauds, we have our proportion of knaves, and we have our proportion of fools, but are we all fools? Was Old Robert Owen, who withstood the batteries of a thousand pulpits that tried every way in the world to convert him, a fool? He finally surrendered to the tipping of a little pine table, where the medium was a little girl only fifteen or sixteen years old; was Old Robert Owen a fool? Was his son, Robert Dale Owen, whom you sent to Congress from this state, and who was sent as minister to a foreign country, was he a fool, who has spent most of his life that way? Was Prof. Hare a fool? Was United States Senator Talmadge a fool? Was Victor Hugo a fool? Were these great men fools and fanatics? Was Judge Edmonds a fool? How is it with Alfred Russell Wallace? No position in society, no education, no amount of intellectuality, nothing in the world has ever been proof against Spiritualism. It goes on, and on, and on. They get up their Anti-Spiritualist National Conventions, but Spiritualism grows, and Spiritualists are being made right under their noses while they are fighting against it; and I will guarantee there will be more Spiritualists in the city of Anderson in the next year than there has been in the last ten years. What does it prove? It proves that Spiritualism is a giant, with which no Anti-Spiritualist convention, either national or otherwise, is able to compete. It is a giant before which science and the scientist fails. It is a giant that puts the clergy down. It is a giant that bids defiance to every power that can be brought against it.

Is it a delusion? If so, I want to say it is the strongest delusion that ever came before the world. There is no way to get around that.

Finally is Spiritualism—Did you call time? (speaking to the moderators).

Moderator:—No, we did not; but the time is up within a minute.

Ah, it was a spirit I heard, then.

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Reader, suppose yourself among the followers of Mohammed. Wander forth into the desert, and there lift your voice against the Koran. If you wish to see the sectarian Genius, just utter these words: "I disbelieve the Koran!" and behold in the distance a dark and fearful cloud from which is emerging a chariot drawn by infuriated steeds, and in which is seated a huge, gigantic form whose countenance is as black as midnight and whose garments are the wealth of nations. See it approaches with a frightful speed. By its side is seated a darling child whose name is Ignorance; and on the brow of that huge monster is written in characters of fire—"Mohammedanism!" It rushes by bearing down nations in its course. War and persecution are its attendants, and misery, desolation and ruin complete the train; while over the whole is waving the flag of fanaticism; and beneath, blood is as a river!

That form has departed. The desert is clear and you are deserted. Reader, meditate upon the cause of all this, and give forth convictions to the world. Was it not by denouncing the Koran that you excited the prejudice of the nation, which in return breathed wrath, ruin and indignation? And was not that prejudice an attribute of the great Genius of sectarianism, established and sustained by a religious chieftain? Did you not see how earnestly the nation engaged in crushing and arresting your thoughts? And was not this because they considered you an enemy to what they call truth and religion? Think of these causes, and let reason display her verdict to the world.

But you forget, reader, that you are a Christian, or a resident of a Christian land where the inhabitants are civilized, where the true religion exists, where such fanaticism cannot be, and where such ruin, dismay and prejudice cannot possibly exist! You are convinced of this—and to demonstrate its truth, go forth into the fields of science and spread before you. Drink in the streams of knowledge that are springing about you in every direction. Supply every natural want—every passion for which food is there offered; and there open your mouth and utter these words: "I believe not the theology of the land;" and behold in the distance an army of infuriated and exasperated clergymen armed with spears of indignation and battle axes of—Christian purity! Their steps are hurried, their movements confused, and their countenances darkened with fear, while their mouths proclaim, "Think no evil." See how they march and erect a battery of commentaries, and prepare for battle! How strange that every one is armed so differently! Each one has his peculiar mode and plan for fighting, yet they all combine and are arrayed against you. Behold again! Just as they were prepared to demolish you and your thoughts, a disturbance sprang up in their midst; and see what a wretched confusion is presented! Instead of fighting you, they are quarreling and fighting with each other; and what is stranger than all is that their dreams do not perform their office? Now they are again at peace in those portions where the confusion was created and they are again prepared to fire a volley upon you. Alas! for your reputation, your happiness, your life! for now the torch is at the priming. Now is the explosion—and where are you?

You are now recovered from your consternation; and you perceive that the whole fire, and all the opposition, is only a cloud of dense and disgusting smoke! Not a shot has done execution. Every cannon of wrath and spear of destruction was pointed at your person, reputation and life; and is it not strange that you are not destroyed? Meditate. Now the reason appears plain; they had powder, but no balls! Your destruction was doubtful to them, and they began to quarrel among themselves. And you perceive that notwithstanding everything was aimed at your breast, nothing has harmed you; for you are immortal. Their battery was destroyed by its own explosion; and what before was war and contention, is now the remains of that old corrupt sectarianism which you may deposit in the grave of fanaticism, and erect over it a monument of ignorance to be interrogated by generations yet unborn!

The war is over; you have fought the good fight; you stood alone—and are unharmed! And now that all is clear, and the fields of science and knowledge are blooming before you with beauty and living happiness, you can repose and contemplate the strength of that power which preserved you. You now perceive on reflection that you were clothed with a garment through which their spears and bolts of sectarianism could not enter. What was that garment? Reader, with delight, you explain, "It was immortal Truth!"

A religious strife and party antagonism has pervaded the earth ever since the early stages of the human race; and each successive generation has only modified and confirmed the previous doctrines, until at the present day there exists a universal discord. This discord is owing to the promulgation of doctrines heretofore conceived to the exclusion of all others, or of new truths that would enlighten the world. Among the early nations a distinction of classes was made by those who directed their religious sentiments and governed their thoughts. These were chieftains who were supposed to exert a mysterious influence over the subjects under their respective dominions. In all ages and countries this sectarian distinction has been the most prominent feature in society; and this at the present day engendering new and more corrupting prejudices. And all this is the work of popes, bishops, rulers and clergymen.

Some men have conceived that it is their privilege to exercise their reason, and believe whatever it sanctions; but those who have conceived this truth are compelled to smother it for the want of an atmosphere of light and liberty. Such men are also compelled to arrest their thoughts and confine their influence to a limited circle, because sectarian hostility and local prejudices cloud the atmosphere of free thought, and render their existence dark, dreary and uncongenial.

There are nations upon the earth so shackled with the chains of sectarianism imposed by religious and despotic governors that they are obliged to think only what their priests permit, and thus are slaves to religious tyranny and fanaticism. No one among them dares to express the deepest convictions of his judgment; for before him is erected the fearful prison, the rack and the stake, around which consuming flames are created, to compel submission and arrest the thoughts of his freeborn mind! Inquisitions, then, are recognized as a form of converting souls to religion and love to one another! It is known that in generations past these inhuman tortures were imposed by apostle-endowed chieftains—whose business it was to rule the people and compel submission, if not by enslaving mandates, then more effectually by the rack or the boiling cauldron. It is certainly not natural for the human mind to be converted to religion by lacerating and disorganizing the body—much less to be made to love the people and his commands by being burned or boiled into submission.

The Mussulman is seriously devoted to the teachings of his chieftain, and deliberately denounces all dissenters as infidels and unconverted beings. He has a prophet whose life is clothed with miracles, whose teachings are unsurpassed for mystery, and whose whole career has never been equalled. The Mussulman can appeal to the miraculous power of Mohammed, and on its authority he demands conviction and faith from others. He tells you that his inspired lawgiver traversed the sun and its brilliant atmosphere without casting a shadow, and deliberately separated the moon with a knife, and traversed ninety heavens in one night, on an animal that was one-half woman and one half horse! The Mussulman will tell you that you must visit Mecca once in your life, give one-

tenth of all you have to the priest, and that by so doing you will escape an ocean of inconceivable flames by passing over an enormous bridge, whose immensity almost exceeds that of one human hair—and that thus you will finally dwell in heaven forever, where all good Mussulmen will preserve an eternal youth! No miracles can be more inexplicable than these; none more inconsistent with the laws of Nature; and, reader, you do not believe them; for they are written in the Koran by Mohammed and in the production of his followers!

But remember you have also a book that proclaims mysteries almost as inconsistent, and then you believe! Reflect one moment, and you will discover that the Mussulman disbelieves the claims of your religion, and its miracles, because it is written in the Bible, and that by authors unknown. The Mussulman calls you an "infidel dog" with great self complacency, and with a serious approbation of conscience; while you reciprocate the favor by calling him an ignorant Arab, having no hope or light in the world!

But the convictions of the Mohammedan, the Chaldean, the Persian and the Christian, are all derived only from hereditary impressions, and from circumstances not worthy of distinct veneration, or of exclusive sectarian faith. All are seriously convinced and all are as seriously deceived.

War and bloodshed, and cruelty, and persecution, are all the legitimate effects of sectarian usurpation and priestly government. Clergymen are indeed most unrighteously situated. Their influence is corrupting to the morals established immutably in Nature and the distributive benevolence contained in the constitution of Nature's God. Men who are laboring to reform the race by destroying all the sectarian distinctions, are sanctimoniously opposed by the theological shepherds of the land, who profess to be teachers of the highest morality, and advocates of the most universal reformation. Let one free mind express his convictions, and the clergy of the land piously denounce him as an "infidel dog," the same as the Mussulman would denounce the clergy. Inconsistent indeed are the social and general conflicts arising from sectarianism, with the teachings of Nature and her divine requirements. For the clergy teach that exclusiveness whereby sectarianism is preserved and religious hostility is engendered, whose fruits are local disunity and social confusion. Even domestic happiness is turned to misery, and the affections of parents and children, and brothers and sisters, are all crushed and disunited. They no longer love each other, for the clergy have made them bigots!

Reader, have you a companion? If so, when the day arrives to visit the sanctuary, do you not, after having enjoyed years of social bliss and domestic happiness, walk side by side from your dwelling, and separate on the corner of some highway and go to different temples of worship? Are you not united at your peaceful homes, and in everything but the religious impressions of your youth and their confirmations to your minds? Do you not separate and seek different modes and sanctuaries of worship? At the same time, do you not withdraw friendship and affection from each other, and are you not in your spiritual predilections disunited by a wall of partition built by the sectarianism of the land? And was not that wall established by the clerical profession? And have they not told you that you should forsake each other, your homes, your country, your companions and children, for the sake of a more strict devotion to what they teach you to consider as a holy and religious life?

Families should be as one in their search after truth and their obedience to the morality of nature; but instead of this, families are fearing to approach each other because of their religious convictions. The son, surrounded by different circumstances from those surrounding the father, is impressed with a different religious doctrine, and therefore a dread of the presence of each other is created between them, and they are no longer congenial and affectionate. The mother, too, is opposed to the father, and the daughters are in like manner thrown into confusion, and no longer love each other with the same strength of affection that previously bound them in peace together.

Society is thus disorganized, both in its general and particular departments. The corrupting influence of clergymen extends to families, to all the professions of the day, and to all the governments; and consequently the whole race is as a flock of sheep, whose direction is undefined and whose relations are no longer congenial. This condition of society will exist so long as the clergyman's interest consists in the prevalence of ignorance on psychological subjects and the general testimonies of nature. Their interests must be changed so as to be in favor of knowledge and intellectual progression. Their influence will then be everlasting, and their position in society will be both useful and industrial. They must be made to feel the importance of unrestricted inquiry into the causes of evil, and of a general investigation of all principles that govern nature and man with an unerring government. They must understand and cherish those principles, and apply their teachings to the necessities of society—and thereby establish a morality that is as indestructible as the laws that govern the universe. Thus they will improve the race; and this will bring happiness and peace.

GRANDMOTHER'S CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Dear grandmother sits in her old arm-chair
In front of the broad fire-place;
The fire-light illumines her silver hair
And brightens her meek, pale face.

'Tis bringing the gold to her locks aging;
The roseate tint to her cheeks;
While merrily dancing from forehead to chin
And playing its marvelous freaks.

She peacefully sits and dreamily nods,
In a glow of ruddy light;
While holding the yarn and bright steel rods
In her wrinkled fingers tight.

And over and under, the "needles" turn
With alternate jumps and stops,
As grandmother nods while looping the yarn,
And stitches uncloudly drops.

She's dreaming again of the golden times
When she was a maiden fair;
And listened and watched for the Christmas chimes
To ring on the frosty air.

Her memory dwells on that Christmas day
When she and her Charles were wed;
She wonders why he was summoned away
And she the "lone path" must tread?

For pleasantly passed those wedded years
And merry the days went by;
(Here grandmother wipes the falling tears
And utters a heartfelt sigh.)

She closes her eyes and wanders afar
In search of her loved ones gone;
And smiles, as she dreams in her quaint arm-chair,
As if her desires were won.

Her knitting-work falls from her wrinkled hands,
And rests on her apron white,
As grandmother welcomes the angel bands
In a glow of heavenly light.

We will twine for her the bright holly wreath,
The same as on Christmas before,
For grandmother say not a "shadow of death"
As spirit friends opened the door.

Auburn, N. Y. A. HARTER REYNOLDS.

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VERY HOT SHOT.

Fired Into Pulpit Orators by a Man From Paradise.

FOR PREACHING DIVINE HUMBBUG AND HYPOCRISY TO THE MASSES, AND MAKING THIS EARTH NOTHING MORE THAN A PIOUS HELL—PREDICTS THERE ARE FAIR PROMISES AHEAD FOR THE EMANCIPATION OF MAN.

I don't know why it is, says Robert Stites, in Coming Events, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that whenever I hear of a preacher being converted to the true doctrine of Jesus Christ, and has got the manhood and the true spirit of an all-wise God in his heart, to preach it from his pulpit; a man that has left off preaching the divine humbug and hypocrisy that has enslaved the human race; the man who signs us into passive sleep, while the blood-thirsty politicians and corporations rob us; the men that are dwarfing the human mind; the men that are making this earth no more or less than a pious hell. Whenever I hear of one of these preachers being converted to the true light, and the true salvation of man, it makes my heart leap with joy and it makes me think that some day in the future, I may live to see my emancipation from the deathly coils of corporation and ring rule.

Every man with intelligence enough to read an almanac, knows that the church spires and wooden idols cut no figure in the industrial world to-day, and that hunger is more common in Christian America, while the gamblers and crabs are full, than it is in pagan China, under the same conditions. The rich with their money, make the laws, and the poor must obey them, or get off the earth. But thank God, we have a number of preachers, and they are on the increase, that are preaching on municipal reform, much to the chagrin and annoyance of some members of their flocks, who live by the sweat of the best signs of these ominous times, that the pulpit is taking sides in social problems. Those who profit by the present conditions depreciate the idea of politics from the pulpit as evidenced by some anonymous communications, some of these ministers have received. But I can remember that when it was to the interest of the slave money power that the divine right, slavery, was held by the pulpits, there was no criticism of the ministers for so doing. There is no class of people in the world, who have such an opportunity to make this earth a heaven instead of a hell, as the ministers. They have six days in the week in which to investigate and prepare their thoughts, unalloyed by the vexation that surrounds every other character of teacher.

When ministers go into politics and apply the moral teachings of Christ, explaining to the people how they may realize a condition here on earth, as it is in heaven, what laws will be necessary to bring it about, and showing them how such and such laws would have such and such effects, then the churches will be far more powerful than the bum and saloon element of the nation.

While I think it is true that the great mass of people are slowly drifting into infidelity, because they cannot find any solace in creeds that pander to wealth, yet the masses still have a reverence for the church which can be easily educated into love and respect, if the ministers will go among the people teaching them how to live on earth, that the best physical conditions may be realized, as did Christ and his disciples nineteen centuries ago.

The ministers who do this are the ones who will be a power in this land. Those ministers who dare attack corruption and profit at its vulnerable point, politics, are the salt of the church, and but for them the churches would become allies of all that is vile, by the powers that be.

As Jesus Christ said: "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?" It is therefore good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

When a set of teachers can be educated to drive the money changers out of their congregations, who will look with loathing upon monopolists that oppress the poor, then, and not till then, will the church be performing the mission for which it was originally created.

Bishop Ireland, through the power and love of money, has denounced socialism, slavery, and with smile and cunning, and sophistry, he depicts for his hearers what an awful, and awful, slavery it would be for the state or nation to offer employment to all citizens.

Of course, to be the slaves of corporations, to starve and go ragged, that there may be aggregation of capital in the hands of slave masters, is not despotism, oh, no!

Bishop Ireland is not a friend of the people who look to him for guidance. He desires the people to remain ignorant as hogs, so men like him may live in fine houses and have servants, and everything to satisfy his desires, and to permit this, those who have the confidence of the people must teach false lessons. These men have always been allies of kings and despots, and are to-day.

Give us more such men as Father McGlynn, as he has got the manhood and the sympathy for his fellow man to preach a doctrine that would better our condition, while here on earth.

A friend of mine, said to me a short time ago: "Bob, I like your articles that you write for the Coming Events all right, if you would not hit the church and the preachers so hard, for that kind of talk is not popular."

In answer, I will say that I am not writing for popularity; if so, I would have to write a lie, and you would believe it and be damned.

No man ever was popular that preached the plain truth for the benefit of the common people. All men since the day of Adam, have been put to death, thrown in prison, or ridiculed as fools, cranks and calamity howlers, that have undertaken to better man's condition here on earth.

Just so long as there are women in cities, who buy their food only by selling their womanhood, so long as there are men in the rich coal fields that must stand without, shivering at the door, with pick in hand and muscle ready for work, while wealth locks the coal fields up against them and a shivering population; so long as in the iron fields men are working twelve hours a day, with no time even to court their wives or kiss their babies; so long as people and stock are starving to death in one part of this country, and corn is being burned for fuel in another; so long as one man has got the legal right by law to rob and starve a million, just so long my hand and heart are enlisted in any and every movement that gives fair promise for the emancipation of man, by the emancipation of industry.

Paradise, Ind.

ROBERT STITES.

A VOICE OF COMFORT.

Though love be bought and honor sold,
The sunset keeps its glow of gold;
And round the foggy summits cold
The white clouds hover, fold on fold.

Though over-ripe the nations rot,
Though right be dead and faith forgot,
Though one dull cloud the heavens may blot,
The tender leaf delayeth not.

Though all the world be sunk in ill,
The beautiful autumn's mellow still;
By virgin sand and sea-worn hill
The constant waters ebb and fill.

From out the throng and stress of lies,
From out the painful noise of sighs,
One voice of comfort seems to rise:
"It is the meener part that dies."

—Lewis Morris.

STUDIES IN SPIRITUAL THOUGHT.

Lessons and Leadings in the Finer Fields of Science and Thought.

To the Editor:—In the article entitled "Studies in Spirituality," by Jas. C. Underhill, there is a quotation from my work, "The Discovered Country," which was inspired by the spirit of my father, and written through my hand automatically, which would have been clearer had it been given just as the spirit wrote it. The book referred to is the actual experience of my father, who was a materialist, after leaving his mortal body. Mr. Underhill's quotation occurs on page 223 of the chapter entitled "Complex man," and as the chapter is short, as well as instructive, I know, it will interest all who have read "Studies in Spirituality." The following is the chapter, beginning on page 223 of "The Discovered Country," which Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes pronounced the most remarkable book he had ever read:

COMPLEX MAN.

And we three angels, bearing six forms, stood around a scribe that we found there, and compelled the scribe to write for us, for the good of my son, and for the good of mankind in general. "Now," said Aristotle to the scribe, "write out my proof, which is pure reason—that man bears an immortal spirit within his material body. But first, we will telegraph for two eminent physicians. Let them come and help us—Galen and Warren." And we sent a telegram for them, and they shortly arrived. Now we all worked in concert together, and that which follows is the result:

When you look at a man you see nothing before you but a man composed of skin, or epidermis; and if you trusted to nothing but your eyes, without reason, you could not say that man was composed of anything but skin. Now there is the perfect form of a man composed of skin.

Underneath the epidermis is the true skin, which is to the sight invisible, so there is another perfect form of man, composed of true skin.

Underneath the true skin is another perfect form, composed of veins. Take away all else, and there stands the man of veins.

Next, there is the perfect arterial man. Next, there stands the perfect form of man composed of nerves. Now, we have the perfect form of man, composed of muscles. Then there stands the perfect form of man, composed of bone—per se—a skeleton.

Now all this is matter, or material substance, which would be inert, or dead, if it were not for an animating principle that permeated every particle of the complex structure; and that animating principle is the perfect spiritual man; and this spiritual man is composed of magnetism and electricity.

Now, there is a perfect form composed of magnetism and another one composed of electricity; and these two are the immortal, imperishable form of man; they are united, and go hand in hand. One cannot exist without the other.

Now there is a third principle, which we will call the soul of man; and the magnetic form, and the electric form bear the soul within them. The soul is the guiding principle of the spiritual body; and it clothes itself with magnetism and electricity; that is, it holds it together in the perfect form of man. Now, when the soul leaves the material body of man, it takes the magnetic and electric body with it; for these three bodies are inseparable.

Magnetism, as all know, is invisible, except under certain conditions; and electricity is also an invisible substance, except under certain conditions; and the soul is an invisible substance except under certain conditions, and if man did not have a magnetic and an electric body, there would be no heat within him; for it is the uniting of magnetism and electricity that causes all light and heat.

When the soul leaves the material body of a man, and has taken with it all the magnetism and electricity, the material body falls apart or decays; for its animating principle has left it—all that could think, hear, feel or see; has left it.

Now this that has left the material body, we call the spiritual body; and it is true in its nature—the intelligent body, the magnetic body, and the electric body—and this body has lost nothing but a gross covering of matter, which it no longer needs. All that thinks, hears, sees or feels, it retains; for these are of the soul and not of the material body; for if they were, the material body would still continue to think, hear, feel and see, just the same when the soul had fled.

Now the soul has an electric and magnetic body; and the magnetic and the electric body are perfectly and evenly balanced; they are in exact equilibrium; they are the clothing and the vehicles of the soul; and these three bodies in one, are all invisible to the material sight of man, because composed of invisible substance, for all know that electricity is invisible and magnetism is invisible, and the soul is invisible, but this body may be visible under certain conditions.

Now the soul is the intelligent or animating principle of the magnetic and electric body; and it can move its electric body with the swiftness of electricity, or it can gently float, or remain quiescent; and the magnetic body attracts and holds together the electric body; for the magnetic body permeates the electric body, and the intelligent soul permeates and guides the whole; and the God that man talks so much about, sits enthroned within his own body—for God and the soul of man are one and the same person; and the soul of man first exists as an invisible germ within a little invisible magnetic and electric globe; male and female in one, as has been previously stated in this book. Therefore, God is both male and female, equally balanced, and co-existent.

"Now," said Vonnegut, "let us return to our gallant ship," and so we all together, quickly returned to our beautiful vessel, and the vessel was built in the same way that our houses had been; but by many angels acting in concert together. And as she rose and fell on the magnetic waves of a vast electric sea, thus we talked together.

Los Angeles, Cal. CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

It gives me pleasure to present Mr. Petersile's letter in full to the readers of The Progressive Thinker. Those who have been interested in the Studies in Spiritual Thought will enjoy, I am sure, his presentation of "another view" of the vast and rich field of thought pertaining to man's spiritual. It is worthy of earnest thought, and is interesting as a study given by advanced minds on the spirit side of life. This extract will excite in many minds a desire to read Mr. Petersile's book, in full.

The exposition of the various "bodies" comprising the human being is unique and striking, corresponding to the known reality, as known and accepted by Spiritualists. Death is the separation and laying aside of the physical body, while the "spiritual body" goes on into finer realms adapted to its spiritual nature.

How different the ideas brought out in "The Discovered Country," and the ideas held by Spiritualists, from the current views of orthodoxy, in these matters. For instance, by way of illustration, the Princess widow of Henry of Battenburg has recently published a book of Comfort for Mourners, in which she—a daughter of Queen Victoria—speaks of "the time when spirit and body shall be re-united," etc.; still clinging to the old, absurd notion taught by orthodox theologians, that the old cast-off physical bodies will be resurrected and again united with the spirit that once inhabited them. This, too, notwithstanding Paul expressly says:

"But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?"

"Thou fool, that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be"—"It is raised a spiritual body."—I. Cor., xv. JAS. C. UNDERHILL.

Hammond, Ind.

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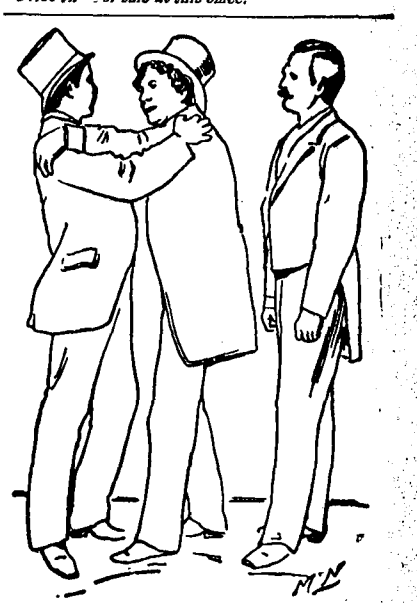
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Published every Saturday at 40 Loomis Street.

J. R. FRANCOIS, Editor and Publisher.

Printed at Chicago Postoffice as second-class matter.

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The Progressive Thinker will be furnished until further notice, at the following rates, invariably in advance:

One year, \$1.00

Six months, .60

Three months, .35

Single copy, 10c

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1898.

IRRECONCILABLE RECORDS.

The crucifixion of a God must be the most important event in the history of the world, and should be most accurately recorded, even if salvation from endless woe was not contingent on the result. The record of one of those events—for there have been upwards of a dozen of them, if history can be credited—is claimed to have been given by inspiration. Of all histories that emanating from Divinity should be veracious in every detail. Finding in this a question would rise in regard to the genuineness of the narration, and instead of serving as a guide to knowledge, it would prove a snare, and mislead every reader.

Each of the four gospels gives an account of the crucifixion. In a brief editorial some three weeks ago, it was shown that there was a veritable discrepancy in statement as to the two thieves crucified with "our Lord." Only one of the four knew anything about a believing thief, and the promise to him of a place in Paradise. One account represents both thieves joining the multitude in insults to the dear savior.

Now the question arises: Who bore the cross on which the Lord died? The very suggestion of such an event seems blasphemous. Matthew 27:32 tells of his being led away to crucifixion. "They found a man of Cyrene Simon by name; him they compelled to bear the cross."

Mark 15:21, substantially corroborates the statement credited to Matthew. Luke 23:26, does not materially vary the statement.

But John, whom the Lord loved, 19:10, 17, says:

"And they took Jesus, and led him away. And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in Hebrew Golgotha, where they crucified him."

The preachers in their recital of this event are always particular to picture Jesus ascending the hill of Calvary bearing his own cross, and almost crushed under the heavy burden. Question, a distinguished Frenchman and Christian writer of two hundred years ago, in telling of this crucifixion story, says: "Pathos alone renders it credible."

To those of us not overflowing with credulity, and in view of its many conflicting statements, we are compelled to look upon it as incredible.

It has been proposed to make a connected narrative to be abstracted from the four Gospels, throwing aside repetitions, redundant expressions, conflicting statements, etc., so as to make an unbroken and continuous whole. It would be interesting to see such a revision; but how would the editor dispose of these conflicts in statement? Golden Smith well said:

"The four compilations of legends known as the Gospels, cannot be pieced together so as to make a life of Christ."

There are the different inscriptions on the cross to be reconciled. Who first made the discovery that the dead Jesus was restored to life? In Jerusalem? In Bethany? In Galilee? or at Olivet, as told in the Acts? Immediately after the crucifixion, or forty days thereafter? It would require the fiat of a God to make these discordant statements harmonious. Would not Messrs. Becker, Hagaman, Covert & Co., show more practical good sense in wrestling with these questions instead of fighting Spiritualism?

ON WHAT MEAT THE COUNTRY PREACHER FEEDS.

It is not probably generally known that each of the great political parties has a press bureau at Washington where editorials are written, advocated and supporting the measures of the party it represents. These editorials are printed and sent out weekly or bi-weekly to the local press, from which clippings are made at will. One party's editorials tell how this great and glorious country has been prospered by the late tariff act, and how it was ruined by the preceding tariff act. The other party reverses the plaintiff, and tells how the country is going to the dogs because of the changes in these matters. The Progressive Thinker, however, is a new development of this political bureau business that is worth a thought. It seems political sermons are now prepared all ready for delivery, and are sent into the rural districts to preachers who are reported of the right political faith, to be used on great occasions as Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's days. It is laudable to see the conservation of the country, as it tells of the delivery of these manufactured sermons, in strange and familiar language, so extensive in number, with curiously conditions, and the comprehension of either preachers or hearers.

There is one blessed good thing about "patent inroads of the preacher," and that is, the preachers, possibly new converts, wondering what new dictionary of the changes in these matters don't get such a wonderful combination of new words.

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NO MORE PARLIAMENTS OF RELIGIONS.

The proposition for a new Parliament of Religions, to be held in connection with the Paris Exposition, in 1900, is being considered by religionists. American Protestants do not seem to favor it; at least if held, they don't want the doors thrown open to Oriental religions. They are conscious they were great losers in the Parliament of 1889, and they don't want Buddhism and Mohammedanism made prominent again.

By long and persistent misrepresentation all the great religions which dominate the East have been represented to us as Pagan; whereas they are not so much so as is the Christian system. Islam has but one God, Mahomet is loved, not worshipped, as a teacher, not as a God or the son of a God, but the destroyer of idol worship. "There is no God but God and Mahomet is his prophet," is ever on the lips of every true believer.

Buddhism is not an idolatry. Buddha taught how to attain Nirvana—to escape the eternal round of transmigration—by living pure lives and doing noble deeds. It was not by worshipping some far off and unknown God, but by the practice of genuine goodness. Under that teaching the Buddhists, more numerous than all the Christian sects, Protestants and Catholics united, have become the kindest and most gentle people on the globe. All life is sacred to them, while blood and slaughter, even of the lower animals, is in violation of their faith.

And Brahminism on real acquaintance proves to be an older religion than Christianity, with a three-headed God, no more offensive to those who think that is the Father, Son and Holy Ghost of the Christian system. Their idols in fact are no more idols than are the cross, the crucifix, and the host of Catholic—rude images of the real, which they attempt to imitate to impress on a non-imaginative mind their conceptions of the divine.

No, not "No more Parliaments of all Religions" where the truth can be learned about oriental beliefs are wanted by the world. The business of the missionary would come to a speedy end if the truth should become generally known about the faiths they would destroy. Rev. Theodore T. Munger, of New Haven, Ct., who was appealed to for his opinion in regard to the proposed parliament, replied:

"At present I am not inclined to the opinion that it is well to have another Parliament of Religions. I do not consider that our American and British Christianity is sufficiently developed to be put on exhibition. . . . Divided into more than one hundred and forty sects, unable to agree as to the meaning of its sacraments and holding antagonistic opinions in respect to them; not agreed whether it has a priesthood or not; not agreed as to the meaning of the doctrine or fact on which it depends—yet we propose to go into a general Parliament of Religion to exhibit our religion by the side of the Asiatic religions, which are at least free from these horrible inconsistencies. Is it not better to stay at home a while and strive to mend these rents which at present are too many and great to make it presentable abroad? I think a general convocation of all Christian bodies for the sake of confession and humiliation and reconciliation would be more appropriate. In short, I see nothing to be gained by another Parliament at present. We are smarting, justly, under the criticisms of keen-minded Japanese and Hindus, and it is not best to give them another chance."

A WEAK CAUSE.

General regret is expressed by the readers of The Progressive Thinker that Moses Hull had not an opponent worthy his steel in his great discussion at Anderson, Indiana. We apprehend the fault was not so much in the want of ability on the part of his contestant, Rev. Covert, as it was in the weakness of his subject. He did the best he could, with facts, logic, and human sympathies all on his side. The old proverb, "Three armed is he who hath his quarrel just," told with powerful force in this case. Covert and friends felt it very humbling. Had the parties been reversed; had Mr. Hull bared his arm to oppose Spiritualism he would have had no great trouble to have sustained him in his backing felt the weakness of their cause, as do the people the shallowness of his arguments.

GOOD.

Florence, Italy, it is said, contemplates the establishment of a unique library—a collection of all the books prohibited by the Roman Catholic church. A beginning has already been made, for Count Pietro Guicciardini has gathered most of the works regarding the Reformation that have been placed on the Index Prohibitorius. There are over nine thousand of them, closed alike to cleric and layman on pain of excommunication. The Council of Trent, 1562, appointed a special commission to compile a list of prohibited books, who published a code of rules on the subject. The commission is still alive, and they are faithful to their duty.

The books now collected are being placed in the National Library, under government protection, beyond the reach of "His Holiness, the Pontiff" or any of his minions.

RELIGIOUS MARPLOTS.

Partisans, when they discern that power is departing are said to turn their attention, and get about repairing their own fences to prevent the intrusion of neighboring animals on their belongings. The firm of Covert, Hagaman & Becker did not borrow the tactics of politicians, in their war of extermination against Spiritualism, and strengthen their own defenses; but, like burglars generally, they made an open and unprovoked assault on those who they rightly assumed are in the way of their advancement, because they live better lives and teach a nobler faith. Let their condition! If reports can be relied on, they are repudiated by their own friends. They are looked upon as marplots who sought to gain position and renown for themselves, by attempting the destruction of those from whom they should have taken lessons in moral polemics.

WRONG PARTY SHOT.

Miss Zella Edmundson, of Pittsburg, daughter of a prominent attorney, despondent while pondering over religious matters, with great anxiety for her soul's salvation, sent a bullet into her pet dog on the 21st ult. Did not they who taught her the horrid doctrine of endless woe better deserve the bullets than the poor, half-crazed victim?

WATCH THIS PAPER CLOSELY.

Discern Whether or Not The Progressive Thinker Is Asleep or Awake.

No doubt The Progressive Thinker has made enemies by its many bold stands taken regarding frauds in the ranks of Spiritualism, regarding Catholicism, regarding Protestantism—the church in general—but this great reform movement in religion needs boldness, needs enthusiasm, needs push to make it advance rapidly.

But why pause and reflect over the petty jealousies engendered by moving along independently of all the vituperation and contumely of such enemies? There is always a higher and nobler work just beyond—just ahead. There is a future in this as well as the other life to look out for. There are ideas to advance and scientific thought to mould for the entire Progressive Thinker audience of many thousands of readers, and were we to pause in our great work to notice the prods and stabs, something of more importance might be neglected.

There are generations to follow this—to take the place of this, and it is the mission of everyone who is given birth on this plane to strive to

MAKE THE WORLD BETTER

by his presence, better when he leaves it than as he found it—make it universally better by the inspiration he brings with his own soul, regardless of the selfish whims of those with whom he may come in contact.

Suppose the world ceased to evolve because a few Joshua had a little business of their own to attend to and the great vibrations of this moving, rolling, busy universe made them nervous, what would become of the rest of humanity, the helpless fowls, fishes and animals?

As a rule where The Progressive Thinker has lost one patron by standing for the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, there have been added two, and often a dozen new and substantial ones, showing clearly that the right must ultimately win as we have won.

The Progressive Thinker never strikes at private individuals or private concerns or institutions, but at principles, or rather, unprinciples, at error, at ignorance, at fraud, at vice and crime, and when the machinery of our religious and social, mental and moral phases of human life are being jeopardized, sacrificed to satisfy the ambition of an elect few comprising an institution like the church we are bound to come in contact with it.

A CONTEST FOR OUR RIGHTS.

Here we have a contest for our rights as thinking, conscientious, sincere people. Here we have a people who believe in a revengeful, passionate, murderous God, to contend with. We have Christians (?) going about the land calling us frauds, liars and disreputable characters, with no evidence of there being one word of truth in the assertion, so far as the cause is concerned, and so far as any are concerned, with one or two narrow exceptions, and they had their birth in the church.

The decepting part of the old church tackles our cause on the grounds of immorality, vice and fraud, and The Progressive Thinker proposes to hurl a few pebbles at this large glass house.

NEXT TO A TRAITOR, A COWARD

is to be scorned. Could Spiritualism suddenly become popular, not a church in the land would stand the ruin; orthodoxy would become bankrupt at once and the pulpits be deserted. Could Spiritualism pluck from the church all those whose names are enrolled and who still cash all the Lord's bills, who believe in immortality and that their spirit loved ones linger around them and their earth-homes and whisper in sweet silence to their souls, "There is no death; I love you, love you still," what a growth would be realized and what a diminution in orthodoxy.

Spirits have crossed the threshold between the two worlds, not to establish an ism or an ology on earth, but to bring the glad tidings of a new discovery, a new world; that the spirit, free from the flesh, rises into a new life with its consciousness, its desires, its education and a vivid recollection of its entire earth-voyage, with its multifarious experiences, incidents and observations; to free the minds of their loved earth-friends from the bondage of mysticism, and superstition, and the horrors of the grave that once buried both soul and body until the great resurrection day should come to teach humanity that to

LIVE RIGHT AND BE JUST,

loving and kind is the highest unfoldment of the soul; but they have had many barriers over which to climb, and obstacles to remove in order to be heard for their cause, in order to be seen and recognized. The first of these was ignorance; second, bigotry, and the third, a tyrannical figure head who was supposed to rule over a world of sinners, doomed to everlasting hell at birth; but we have argued, we have toiled, we have given and received their bluffs; now watch for a broadside from our guns. Watch for our mammoth edition,

"THE SEQUEL TO THE HULL-COVERT DEBATE."

We have delineated their characters well; we have diagnosed their cases; we have weighed them and measured them, and have good aim.

Spiritualism is too broad and far-reaching for a few bigots in a little town down in Indiana to affect it in any way seriously, but it often does untold good to fog a bully once in a while, and will only advance the cause when there is truth and justice in the intent.

The Antis haven't so far succeeded in raising much breeze against Spiritualism. There is but little notice taken of the movement by the secular press; they seem to consider it in its true light—that of a few poorly-fed ministers trying to toot themselves into publicity—into notoriety.

The war of these men is not brought on because they love Spiritualism less, but themselves more; not that they love the Lord more, but they have been losing members, losing salary, and now will finish by losing Christian character in a warfare with reason. This same war has been waged for full fifty years in parts of the old and new world, and it is carried beyond the veil in the prejudice that goes over from this side with people who cannot see, who are blind bigots here and remain such until they see the error of their way and seek to rise from the dark. But with all this on our hands there is hope beyond, not merely beyond the veil, but beyond the present current of time.

It is the aim of The Progressive Thinker to leave the world better than it found it and to have made an everlasting improvement upon the morals, and knowledge, and general development of man, and the unfoldment of the spiritual, before its time shall come to fold its wings and retire to the shades of eternal rest, be that many years or few.

But do not forget that we must keep in fellowship; keep in line; keep in touch with each other, and in no other way can we better do this than to make The Progressive Thinker a central office through which to talk to each other and the world.

Send your dollars and postage, and get that valuable book—"Ghost Land," and the paper, which in the course of the year will give you more reading than any twenty books published.

The temple of fame stands upon the grave; the flame upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of the dead.—Hazlitt.

A wanton eye is the messenger of an unchaste heart.—Augustine.

NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS.

A telegram from Sandstone, Minn., tells of a wonderful discovery at that place which throws more light on the antiquity of man, than is furnished by all the histories, sacred or profane, which were ever written. It is man himself, preserved by Nature's own process, that tells his own story. We quote:

"Human beings turned to stone and now forming a part of the rock have been found in the big sandstone quarries here, as well as copper utensils of a bygone age, showing that this section was once inhabited by a people antedating the Indians."

"The top layer of white sandstone was blasted away and a big bed of softer stone was exposed. Embedded in this was a form which had once been human. It was almost the same color as the sandstone, perhaps a trifle darker, but was not a petrified body in the general acceptance of the term."

"Carefully the mummy dug into the soft stone and in an hour they had found three more bodies. In each case the figure was stretched at full length, with the hands crossed on the breast. The hands were well formed, the cheek bones high and the shoulders of great breadth."

"The tallest being had been nearly seven feet in height and the shortest more than four."

Sandstone is in Pine county, on the St. Paul and Mississippi Railway to Duluth, some 80 miles north of St. Paul. The depth below the surface of the surrounding rock, so important to geologists, is not given. Enough, however, is told, to justify the opinions that since those bodies were buried there, an ocean, or a great inland sea, has rolled over them, covering them to a considerable depth with sand and gravel. In process of interminable ages the sea has receded, the debris has been converted into sandstone, and infiltration has changed bone, muscular fibre and every living part, forming a monolithic mass, enduring than any work of art, however gigantic. To say these fossil men antedate the Indians gives no just conception of the long years since they were living, breathing, intelligent human beings, utilizing the copper of the Lake Superior region to make utensils for domestic purposes, and all human probability of place and time has come and gone since then. Millions of years may have intervened; for man changed to stone is as enduring as the stone itself. While resting in its native bed it is eternal as the mountains, and only liable to destruction from the convulsions of Nature which may read a globe.

A BETTER KIND WANTED.

A kind of religion has finally struck Kansas people as being a confession of their misdeeds. Its spread seems to be due to its extreme novelty.—Kansas City Star.

This is a very disgusting form of religion. The professed converts seem to take special pride in telling how very wicked they have been and how great was God's mercy in granting them salvation, after spending a long life in the service of the Devil, exactly as drunkards reformed under influence of the Washingtonians, fifty years ago, rivalled each other in portraying the degradation to which they had fallen, and the heights they had attained since their reformation.

Moshelm, in his Ecclesiastical History, 2d cent., part 2, chap. 6, sec. 14, in telling of the heretics and divines which troubled the church during that century, says of the Christian Caracopes, who was of Alexandria:

"His doctrine, with respect to practice, was licentious in the highest degree; for he not only allowed his disciples a full liberty to sin, but recommended the indulgence of every kind of life, as a matter both of obligation and necessity; asserting that eternal salvation was only attainable by those who had committed all sorts of crimes, and had daintily filled up the measure of iniquity."

Moshelm continues: "It is almost incredible, that one who maintained the existence of a Supreme Being, who acknowledged Christ as the Savior of the world, could entertain such monstrous opinions." If a religion would appear in Kansas, or elsewhere, which would induce those who are guilty of wrong to make restitution to those they have injured, instead of proclaiming to the victims of misdeeds and church members during the past few weeks only. That paper should be sent to every minister of the gospel, so that he can study the same and find a remedy therefor, if possible. Let every one face the truth, as presented in the Sequel, and wonder at the extreme wickedness in high finance. This paper will not appear until the Hull-Covert Debate shall have been completed. Many thousand copies have already been ordered. The edition should reach into the millions. It will cause every Anti-Spiritualist convention to drap itself in mourning. It will be an eye-opener, such as the world has never before seen. Price per copy, three cents. When five or more copies are ordered, two cents per copy. When one hundred or more copies are ordered, price one cent per copy.

LET NO ONE DESPOND.

A moan is heard in England, and is wafted to America, because of the destitution of the English clergy. Dean Farrar sounded the note of alarm, in an afternoon Sunday discourse in London. In course of his remarks he is reported to have said:

"Many of the clergy receive wages no higher than those of a butcher or a clerk. In many cases they have few more prospects than an office boy or a shop hand. The poverty of the Church of England is a grave scandal and a positive disgrace. Almost every English living has materially decreased in value. Many of the incomes are diminished. The clergy for the most part have suffered in noble and heroic silence. Many of the clergy in the diocese of Norwich are suffering severely, not knowing where to turn for clothes, and their wives are serving like maids of all work."

So it seems the churches and the clergy of America are not alone in their distress! The fact is the church is in its dying throes. It has outlived its usefulness, and like other defunct religions, it must give way to a higher civilization and a nobler conception of man, of God, and immortality. Everything grows old, decays and dies. Governments change with the changing years. Religions and religious systems are outgrowths of mind. The race may be fettered for ages to false creeds; but in time it breaks away from them and builds anew, as new forms of government are devised to meet new needs. Let no one despond. A brighter day is dawning. The spirit world is going up, and the grand march will be on.

THEY WANT NO CHANGE.

In a late telegram from Cleveland it was stated that the National Spiritualists' convention, in session in that city, wanted to eliminate God from the Federal Constitution. The statement is incorrect. There is no God in the Constitution. The framers of that instrument represented the people. They declared the divine right of kings. They insisted that governments derived their authority from the consent of the governed. They had seen quite enough of pretended God rule, which they knew was only priest rule, so they built a government for the people, and left the priests out of the picture. The spirit world is going up, and the grand march will be on.

A SETTLED SPEAKER.

His Good Work at Flint, Mich.

We are not dead here by any means. The cause, so dear to all, is prospering as never before. Early in September our executive board, after thoroughly canvassing the question, decided unanimously to elect a pastor. We extended a call to Dr. John P. Thordmyke, a man well acquainted with the requirements of the position from a large experience in such work, and his labors with us, from his first appearance on our platform the first Sunday in October, have been a signal success. Among Spiritualists a rule, the great question seems to be, Can we get along and pay our speakers or pastors, unless we employ test mediums? Let me say to all societies that we have tried the new plan, and it works to a charm. Although we are all pleased with tests, and our speakers has given them in other fields of labor, and thoroughly appreciate their significance, and that they are fundamental in our philosophy, still we have not had them on our platform this season, and have demonstrated to our entire satisfaction that the audience are absolutely essential to increased audiences from week to week. We think all societies will have a similar experience if they secure a person who is adapted to the work.

Our minister begins his work on Sunday speaking rules twice, and continues his work through the week. He informs your correspondent that Sunday is his easiest day. With his good wife he visits the sick and infirm, and calls upon all of his flock, and by a complete system maintains a thorough exercise of the social relations, and in this way not only keeps us all at work for a common end, but keeps our work continually before the public, so that we are being looked up to and regarded as a power of no mean proportions in the community.

At the suggestion of our new pastor, seventy people of our city were treated to a first-class Thanksgiving dinner, and the first Spiritualist Society of Flint did the labor. Such a thing as this has never before been entertained by any church organization in this city. It was a glorious success in every particular, and was conducted most happily and without the least jar, so thoroughly organized was the plan, and so harmoniously does our society labor under a leader we all so highly respect and appreciate.

While I do not wish to appear to over-estimate our particular teacher, I do earnestly thank him for the readers of The Progressive Thinker know that success for our cause points directly to settled ministers as the first step, and if you get real earnest workers, those whose hearts and souls are in the work, and not so much in the money that comes from mediumship, and those also who keep us all at work, the second step is secured. We here in Flint feel that we have such a man, and he is very fortunate in having a wife who is as admirably adapted to the work and as interested in it as himself.

Our work is prospering under their leadership, and we will be recommended to all societies the adoption of a similar plan of organized effort. Our pastor believes thoroughly in co-operation, and is non-sectarian. We have had the most prominent preacher of our city, Rev. R. E. MacDuff (Episcopalian), on our platform as a Sunday lecturer, and we are making an effort to get city preachers to give one lecture each during the winter.

Every two weeks the Ladies' Helping Hand Society, an auxiliary to our society, gives suppers in our meeting hall from 5:30 to 8 o'clock, for 15 cents. At 8 o'clock they give a free entertainment, and the ladies have a tendency to keep in good trim our social facilities, and to foster in the breasts of the outside world a certain regard for the teachings of our philosophy.

MRS. EFFIE M. POST, Secretary.

Flint, Mich.

"THE SEQUEL."

"The Sequel to the Hull-Covert Debate" will be the most remarkable paper ever issued from the press of this country. It will appal the whole world, for the eight pages of The Progressive Thinker will be required to detail the testimony of ministers and church members during the past few weeks only. That paper should be sent to every minister of the gospel, so that he can study the same and find a remedy therefor, if possible. Let every one face the truth, as presented in the Sequel, and wonder at the extreme wickedness in high finance. This paper will not appear until the Hull-Covert Debate shall have been completed. Many thousand copies have already been ordered. The edition should reach into the millions. It will cause every Anti-Spiritualist convention to drap itself in mourning. It will be an eye-opener, such as the world has never before seen. Price per copy, three cents. When five or more copies are ordered, two cents per copy. When one hundred or more copies are ordered, price one cent per copy.

LIFE IN THE SPHERES.

Or Scenes in the Summer-Land

The following inquiry is made of Hudson Tuttle:

"Is it possible to procure your book, Life in the Spheres, or Scenes in the Summer-Land?"

In reply thereto Mr. Tuttle says: "It has been many years out of print. Last year, Mr. Todd, of Manchester, England, brought out an edition in that country, and I obtained a small supply. The English price is 50 cents, but until the 200 copies I have are sold, I will mail them for 25 cents, and a cents (and please note) extra postage. As I shall not probably make another importation, those who wish the book at this cost price, should order at once."

PROF. LOCKWOOD.

He Scores a Great Success in Boston, Mass.

The Berkley Hall Society there in a solid body endorse "The Molecular Hypothesis of Nature" as basic to the spiritual philosophy. Every Spiritualist and investigator should read and study this philosophical and scientific production of brain and pen. It gives you a knowledge of Nature's co-related factors and processes, in a way not shown by any other treatise ever published. Get it and study it, and when you hear Prof. Lockwood speak, you will have a deeper comprehension of the work he is doing for the spiritual philosophy. This treatise is for sale at this office. Price, 25 cents.

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

THE ORTHODOX GOD.

Is He Worthy of the Praise of Children of the Earth.

Is the orthodox God, with all the attributes usually ascribed to him, worthy of the praise and worship of the children of this world? If he is all-powerful, why should we wonder at his greatest works? Being all-wise and all-powerful, it follows that it is just as easy for him to make one kind of world as another. Then, is it an act deserving of any special praise that he should make a world in which there are some joys intermingled with its sorrows? He could have made it some worse for the human race, but since it would have been no easier for him, and he would have gained nothing thereby, wherein is his world for us so deserving of applause?

Really it is much more praiseworthy and wonderful that man, so limited in knowledge and power, so hampered by adverse circumstances, should achieve anything in the way of progression, or even provide comfort for his family. We condemn most bitterly that human being who, having a surplus of means, yet compels, or even permits, those dependent upon him to suffer privations or bend under excessive toil. Then how much more is an all-wise, all-powerful being to be condemned for the same faults.

It will not do to say that God causes human suffering as a punishment for disobedience; for, since he knew all things from the beginning, and was all-powerful, he certainly must have created man just as he wanted him, and with a perfect knowledge of what his every future act would be. To say that God wants man to differ from what he is, in the slightest degree, is to say that God lacked perfect wisdom in the creation; to say that man has power to act in opposition to God's wishes is to say that God lacks supreme power. If he lacks either of these qualities then he is wanting in the chief attributes of a God. If, on the other hand, man is as God wishes him to be, if his

WANTED.

A National Missionary Fund,
For Educational
Purposes.

To the Editor:—I have not been using your very valuable columns very much of late, but would much like to have the privilege of writing an article in a subject which I consider of vast importance to our cause. In my travels as a public worker on behalf of spiritual growth and unfoldment, I find many things of a very discouraging nature. Among these discouragements, I think the worst of all is to find a sort of listlessness or apathy on the part of our own people.

I find as a rule almost everywhere an interest among outsiders to know something of our grand philosophy and to see something of our phenomena. I have lately been working in small towns and country school-houses, turning over new ground, and I find people anxious to know something about the future life, which Spiritualism (call it a religion, a science, or philosophy, or what you please) is only able to give them. There are very few places indeed where a fair audience cannot be obtained for a course of lectures, provided admission fees. The charge at the door is a great drawback wherever we are compelled to make it. Everywhere there are more or less Spiritualists, and everywhere there is more or less interest in our cause, but organizations are very few and far between. Individual friends of our cause for the most part do not care to take the initiatory steps to awaken an interest among their neighbors. Of course there are many notable exceptions; there are many noble men and women who have been and are yet earnest pioneers, ever ready and willing to give the wheel of progress a push up the hill. Many of these have pushed till they have become weary. We need new helpers, new methods of carrying on the work. But how is this to be accomplished?

We believe in the future, and would hate to see our camps die out, but we sometimes think if the mediumistic talent which is so abundantly in evidence at most of our camps—if the superfluous workers—who abound on these occasions could be employed in the small towns and country districts, and if the same amount of money could be spent in these places as our friends spend at all our meetings, a far greater amount of good work could be accomplished.

"Take nearly any of our large camps and the grand inspirational efforts of our workers fall to a large extent on ears already accustomed to the truths as taught by our philosophy. But suppose these efforts were made in any of our inland cities where no spiritual organization exists, how many more people could be set thinking. Suppose a speaker could go into any county and give a course of lectures in each town of that county, regardless of whether any Spiritualists were living there or not, how much good might be done in educating the people so that the spiritual teaching which is being so widely and so successfully given by the spiritualists and their co-workers.

If we are content to let our cause die for want of a proper presentation to the people, let the Spiritualists do as they are now doing in many places, become utterly careless as to whether it lives or not, give the cold shoulder to those workers who are earnestly striving against all obstacles to keep the cause alive, and it will soon die.

But if we want to see our cause prosper, let us not allow orthodoxy to run all over us, trample us under foot, wipe their shoes on us, and then laugh at our misfortune; but let us have some means of reaching the people's ears. A speaker can afford to hire halls, board himself or herself and depend upon collections; besides little incidental expenses like railroad fare, etc., they would need some clothing once in a while, and other things necessary to existence on the earth plane. If he charges admission he kills his prospects for doing good. Spiritualism being along all lines a reformatory work, he should not only pay for reform speaking or reform writing. So there is no alternative but to let the cause die out in many places for want of an effort or to have some financial backing from those who are interested in the work. To many Spiritualists the idea of "organizing" seems like a red rag in front of a steer, it either scares them or makes them angry. I have been told before now by people who have been Spiritualists for forty years, and yet their next door neighbors had hardly found it out: "I don't believe in talking Spiritualism; let other people find it out the same as I did."

When I hear such a remark I inwardly pray that the good angels will send for them to come home soon; maybe then they will turn some things."

Maybe they will find out that they will have to come back through a medium, and do the missionary work they have failed to do while here.

The sooner they are taken into spiritual life, the sooner we will have their help, but we will never get much of it before. They will never learn till they get selfishness, that of all sins, that of selfishness is the worst. It is the top, bottom and sides of all other sins, the one sin which is unpardonable, which must be overcome by doing good to others. The worst enemy of humanity in all ages of the world has been selfishness. Selfishness is ignorance.

If it were not for selfishness, selfishness would disappear and every form of evil go with it. We have to be educated out of selfishness, either in this life, or in spirit-life. It may take ages to root it out of some people, but it will have to be done.

There is wealth enough among the Spiritualists of this country to create a "missionary or educational fund" which would place in the field and keep constantly employed a large number of earnest workers.

It would not be necessary to pay large salaries, but give each worker a small guarantee, and most of them could increase it by their mediumistic work outside of their regular lectures, or by selling spiritual literature, or by making collections. But the crying need of our cause is, an educational fund to help workers not working for societies, but uplifting the banner of Spiritualism where no societies exist.

If a large fund for this purpose could be placed in the hands of the N. S. A., or some responsible party, and a force of workers put in the field, who have the inevitable intelligence to assist them (spiritually), then we would be in a position to overcome all opposition from whatever source it may come. It would show to the world that we have something we are not ashamed of, something we have faith in, some thing we are determined to give to a waiting world.

One thousand dollars expended in this state in the Union during the next twelve months, would accomplish an amount of good, which no amount of opposition could overturn. Every state ought to be able to raise its own fund for this purpose, and every state might

control its own fund or give it into the hands of the N. S. A. Money expended in this way would do more for the cause, than any other way in which it could be expended.

Times are hard, money is scarce, but it ought to be an easy matter to raise fifty thousand dollars in the United States for this purpose. Better spend it in this way than building massive temples of stone. Better spend it in this way than many other ways money being expended. Such a course would be a great benefit to the cause, because many would attend them after once getting interested. It would help the people to find out what we really do teach. It would help many willing workers, and it would help the angel world in their efforts to enlighten and uplift poor, deluded mortals. Hoping that some of the states will contribute a work of this kind and raise an "educational fund" to assist mediums who are laboring for the masses. Quincy, Iowa. W. B. BONNEY.

A NOTABLE TRIUMPH.

Skeptics Compelled to Acknowledge the Truth.

Never has my heart been gladdened by more overwhelming victory of bright spirit forces over dark ones, than on the occasion of which I write. Sunday, September 26 was the first after my arrival here. I went to LaFayette hall in the morning, and saw, felt, and heard expressed by speakers, a dark, depressing concentration of spirit forces, drawn there by the fact of Mrs. Maud Von Freitag's success in her wonderful public mediumistic work and an openly avowed determination among a number of citizens to expose her that evening, in what they "had discovered to be her tricks." The hall was filled before the hour of beginning. Mrs. Freitag gave an invocation and a short lecture, and called for ballots; she insisted that two skeptics should stand beside the little table on which the ballots lay, and said that since she had been accused of slyly opening the ballots, she should not sit behind the table, and should not take any ballot in her hand, but should require the two gentlemen skeptics to open and read them for her.

The gentlemen arranged the ballots in separate piles upon the table, she having first asked them to see that all were properly folded. They reported two carefully folded and partly open. "Fold them tightly," said Mrs. Freitag. She commenced describing spirits she saw, who wished to communicate, and in answer to her question if there was any ballot on the table addressed to them, they rapped loudly in the affirmative. As the gentlemen who stood quite apart from her pointed to the different piles of ballots the spirits rapped when they touched the one which held the message from their loved ones. When the right pile was found, one of the gentlemen picked up each ballot and asked "is it this?" When the three raps came, Mrs. Freitag read the ballot clairvoyantly, answered the question it contained, and then quite a lengthy message concerning it, gave the name of the writer, as well as the name of the spirit to whom it had been addressed. She then commanded the skeptic who held it to take it to the extreme front of the platform—still farther away from her—open the ballot and read it to the audience. Not one failure occurred. After the readings were over, she asked the gentlemen who had handled the ballots to state if they had discovered any evidence of her having handled them, or if they had seen anything showing she had not acted honestly throughout the readings. One gentleman replied that there had been no possible opportunity for Mrs. Freitag to read the ballots with her external vision, and that she was perfectly satisfied she had acted in good faith throughout.

The gentlemen left the platform, leaving us to suppose one had spoken the minds of both. It proved not so, however, for just as the audience was rising to leave, a lady in the rear of the hall announced: "One of the gentlemen is saying to us that he found two ballots in such a condition as that Mrs. Freitag might possibly have read them." It was then that the medium rose to a height of inspiration which showed how brightly the fires of truth were glowing on the altar of her soul, as she demanded that justice be done, and that the accuser return to the platform and make his statement there; he was reluctant, but he might as well have read the command of the Maid of Orleans; so unpretentiously majestic was the medium in her expression of the great power for justice which sustained and fulfilled her, that Joan's inspiration was forcibly suggested to me. The fault-finder came hesitatingly forward, searched and found the two ballots of which he had complained, and upon close questioning admitted that they were the same he had been asked to refold at the beginning of the seance, and that he had neglected properly to do so; he also admitted that they had not been in the medium's hand or out from under his care. He retired discomfited, while the cheers for Mrs. Freitag, for her royal treatment of the fair hearing she demanded, made the old hall ring and ring again. Since that eventful night she has gone forward with her work, giving two public seances a week here, and several in National City, beside private sittings, the only interruption being the two weeks following the battle, when she was ill from her guides having drawn so heavily upon her magnetic resources in order to root out the forces of the opposition.

OLIVIA F. SHEPARD.
San Diego, Cal.

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A LETTER AND POEM.

From Southern California.

To the Editor:—As I sit upon the balcony under the awning of my southern home, mind flies to Chicago where frost and snow are doing their divine work on the bosom of nature. You cannot realize the difference between the climate there and here. We have had no rain in this section of the south this winter. The earth is parched and dry, except where irrigated. The thermometer tells us that it is 80 in the shade this beautiful morning; roses and other flowers are blooming in profusion in the garden; butterflies, bees and birds are ever with us, kissing our flowery vines, our trees and rose leaves; not a cloud in the vaulted skies, not a breeze to fan the cheek, nothing but the music of a far-off bell breaks the quiet of the morning. The climate is calling the devoted to worship, and the old mission church is now in prayer. The sun sings a sheet of glory over the broad Pacific ocean. The islands thirty miles out are white with a curtain of loveliness and sweet repose. Off to the north the rays of morning dance upon the waters, and pierce the fleecy clouds upon the summit of the lofty mountains, then disappear in the wilderness of tropical grandeur, or melt over the heads of the native trees of this wonderful country.

One taking passage on steamer either up or down the coast, by the aid of a field-glass can see the towns and villages distinctly that are basking upon the shore. There are many that display white cottages and tapering spires. The eye can view scenes of fertile valleys and cultivated farms nestled close to the mountains that look large and bold and of huge proportions, which break the uniformity of green roads. Even in these remote places The Progressive Thinker has found its way, and its readers have commented on the Hull-Covert debate, and one true-hearted, true-minded ranchman remarked to a friend, "I never did read such a lot of nonsense as that fellow Covert gets off; why, there is no good argument in him; he is a blackguard."

From out a wilderness of pine and fir trees, high over a long stretch of regular fruit-fields, behind several ranges, one peak appears to cleave the sky; above it buzzards and other birds of prey hover in security from the hunter's gun. In many places mountain streams plunge over two hundred feet into a stony basin in foam or white cloud, and then, as if recoiling after the terrible fall, bend back in spray and ripple in glide down the precipice to join the waters below.

Los Angeles, the Mecca of California, is in the glory of beauty and prosperity. Spiritualism is thriving and flourishing in truth and peace, good-will to all.

Bishop A. Beals, of Summerland, has retired from the lecture field for a season. He, together with his lovely countenance, are basing in harmony and joy of an ideal home, nestled amid lilacs and roses and various evergreen trees and tropical plants. In this beautiful love-cot, where angels make themselves both seen and felt to these happy souls, one would love to linger. Hand in hand they are traveling up the hill to the beacon light which never wanes but grows more brightly as they near the summit. This veteran worker and able speaker can pen his sublime poems to his heart's content, can sing his sweetest songs. I enclose his latest effort which he has just finished and presented to me.

The two societies here in Summerland are in working order, I am told by the officers thereof. Rev. M. E. Taylor, a retired Universalist minister, is a speaker of great ability, a gentleman and scholar, and basing in harmony and joy of an ideal home, nestled amid lilacs and roses and various evergreen trees and tropical plants. In this beautiful love-cot, where angels make themselves both seen and felt to these happy souls, one would love to linger. Hand in hand they are traveling up the hill to the beacon light which never wanes but grows more brightly as they near the summit. This veteran worker and able speaker can pen his sublime poems to his heart's content, can sing his sweetest songs. I enclose his latest effort which he has just finished and presented to me.

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Do you know a good thing when you see it? Do you ever realize the fact that to even hear of a good thing often proves advantageous? Are you aware of this grand truth that to even taste a good thing has its pleasure? If so, we wish to refer you to a pre-eminently good thing—something invaluable! We desire to introduce you to The Progressive Thinker for at least three months. We have just entered on a new cycle, and we desire you to be with us. We want your dollar, and in return therefor we propose to give you The Progressive Thinker for one year. You will find therein, reported in full, the debate held at Anderson, Ind., between Moses Hull, on the part of Spiritualists, and Elder Covert, in behalf of the various orthodox churches; the former demonstrating that Spiritualism is true, and the latter attempting to show that it is false. This debate has been reported especially for The Progressive Thinker, at great expense, in order to spread a new intellectual table for Spiritualists. If you have the least conception of a good thing, you will subscribe for the paper at once.

But that is not all you will get. We will surprise you still further, by sending you four lectures delivered in this city by Mrs. Annie Besant, one of the most brilliant minds of England. Those lectures were listened to by crowded houses in this city, and though the Spiritualists will say by any means endorse all that she says in them, yet they will find them full of suggestive thought. They are submitted to our readers as specimens of the views of one of England's leading minds (and not to beget controversy), and in that respect they will prove invaluable, and will keep our readers posted in the current thought of the day. The lectures embrace the following subjects:

First Lecture: "Sorrow and Evil—Their Cause and Cure."
Second Lecture: "Clairvoyance and Mental Healing."
Third Lecture: "Proofs of the Existence of the Soul."
Fourth Lecture: "Seen by the Occult Eye."

Those lectures alone are worth more than a year's subscription. But the above is not all that we promise you for a dollar. Realizing the fact that your intellectual stomachs may be capacious, we offer you—no doubt to your great surprise—still other attractions. We give you one of Col. Ingersoll's masterly addresses on "TRUTH." It is a check of grand, soul-elevating statements. Five thousand people paid \$1.50 each to hear that lecture in Chicago. You can read it monthly for one year, and enjoy it each time. But don't be started, we offer you still more. We offer you an address by Charles Dawkins, the California philosopher, who gives "Thoughts Illustrating the Status of Spiritualism, and the Dangers that Beset the Honest Investigator." It should be read by every thinking mind in the United States.

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But we advise you to send in a Dollar instead of a quarter, and take a year's trip with The Progressive Thinker, and partake of its feast of good things. By sending 30 cents additional with your yearly subscription you can have Ghost-Land, which has sold as high as \$15.

Read what Albert DeGisler, of Bradford, Pa., says when sending \$5 to this office:

"The time has again arrived for me to remember some of my friends and relatives, as has been my custom for some years past, and in my judgment there is nothing better as a remembrance than a year's subscription to The Progressive Thinker. It is like a personal spring from which one may ever drink when thirsty, and still there is plenty for all. It has been to me as a clear friend for several years, and I wish to introduce so dear a friend to others so that it may become as dear a friend to them. I admire the boldness of its columns in the fight against error in its hydra forms, and as I wish you a happy New Year, I also wish you a long life in which to continue your good work, until the whole world may be convinced of the grand and glorious truths of Spiritualism."

Study carefully what this noble man says and then send in a dollar, and take

"Social Upbuilding, Including Co-operative Systems and the Happiness and Ennoblement of Humanity." By E. D. Babbitt, LL. D., M. D. This comprises the last part of Human Culture and Cure. Paper cover, 15 cents. For sale at this office.

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"The World's Sixteen Saviors, or Christianity Before Christ." A key to all the sacred mysteries of the present religions and their Oriental formation. By Kersey Graves. Price \$1.50; postage 10 cents.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

This department is under the management of
HUDSON TUTTLE.
Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

NOTICE.—No attention will be given anonymous letters. Full name and address must be given, or the letters will not be read. If the request be made, the name will not be published. The correspondence of this department has become excessively large, especially letters of inquiry requesting private answers, and while I freely give whatever information I am able, the ordinary courtesy of correspondence is expected.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

J. M. Langdon: Q. My father made no professions of religion, rather scoffed at it. He died, and four years after my mother followed. She was all her life a zealous church worker, and looked upon Spiritualism as being bad. The day before she died, I asked her if she would return and when I should be in full possession of my faculties, make her presence known to me. After due consideration she promised to do so, if permitted.

Shortly after her death I went to my room one night at eight o'clock. It was July, and too sultry to sleep, and I sat reclining, looking out of the window. It was brilliant moonlight, so bright I could have read a printed page. I had not sat there five minutes when my mother walked into the room, followed by my father, who took a seat in front of me. She appeared elated, as though anticipating giving me a pleasant surprise. He closely watched her, but paid little attention to me. She placed her hand on my forehead and said to him: "It must be warm here." She walked across the room, returned and rested her hands on the foot of the bed and looked at me half laughing; then turned to him and said: "Is it not time for us to go?" He assented and they passed out of the door. I arose and asked them to remain for I had much to say. She only looked back and smiled, and departed.

That was a number of years ago, but I have not seen them again. Why have I not? Did not my mother know it was warm before placing her hand on my forehead? Do all come at once into the same state in the next life regardless of habits and belief in this? They could talk together; why could they not talk to me?

A. This mother finding that she was permitted to keep her promise, absorbed by the obligation came with the husband who awaited her, at the earliest opportunity. It is well authenticated that spirits have greater power to make their presence known soon after death than at any other time. Grief itself often produces a state of passivity and sensitiveness, and the subject has experiences never afterwards duplicated. This mother having fulfilled her promise, and by so doing becoming acquainted with the obstacles in the way of making her presence known, probably thinks that she is "permitted" to do so no more, and that to do so would be as wicked as she believed Spiritualism to be while in this life. A belief in the necessity of gaining a "permit" from the Lord, is perhaps one of the most adhesive and difficult to outgrow.

It will be perceived by the attentive reader that there were certain favorable elements in the appearance of the mother. She may have made the attempt before, but at this evening hour, in the quiet of the subdued moonlight, and passive state of her daughter, and her own burning desire to keep her promise, was successful. It was the one opportunity never repeated. Now that we know the laws, it is ours to give our spirit friends the essential conditions required. These they cannot create, and unless furnished by us are an impassable barrier.

All do not come into the same condition in the next life. Beliefs received in this life are retained often with a tenacity beyond credence. As Spiritual beings are not affected by the physical elements or forces, the mother could not have known of the July warmth, until she gained that knowledge through the organism of her daughter. She might have known by observation, but her whole mind was so concentrated on her one purpose she only became aware of the warmth when she felt its effects on her daughter. That this correspondent was able to understand what her spirit father and mother said to each other shows that had they known how to impress their thoughts on her, they might have done so. Evidently her mother did not think herself "permitted" to go beyond the pledge of making her presence known, and her father did not understand the process.

Neal Gregory: Q. Here in the backwoods of Alabama, we have organized a little band for the purpose of investigating Spiritualism. Some have had considerable experience in investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism, but most of us are young and inexperienced, and turn to you for advice. We have formed a circle and have met every Friday night for six weeks, but so far without success.

Can you publish a little item in the question column of The Progressive Thinker, giving general information in regard to forming and conducting a circle?

A. The little tract, "What is Spiritualism, How to Investigate," etc., was prepared expressly to answer the questions asked by this correspondent, which are so constantly repeated. The rules for the formation of circles and development of mediumship as there given are simple and easily understood, and have been repeatedly stated in this department.

This correspondent should not become impatient because no results have followed after only six sittings. Probably the anxiety and state of expectancy have not yet been overcome and until they are there can be no passivity, which is the first and absolute essential.

W. E. H., Meriden: has been holding seances for seven years, and has thus far only received violent movements of arms and head. He has been constantly told by his spirit friends that he would become a wonderful medium. How shall he improve?

A. After so patient a trial, the conclusion is that these "spirit friends" did not know and are at fault; and there will be no change in the manifestations, for all that can be done has been accomplished. The psychic faculty of receiving impressions is far better to cultivate, and the muscular movements should be resisted, and not allowed in this case.

A. D. Rice: Q. Are we to understand that the same natural laws and the same intelligence reach from the formation of worlds to the intelligence of man?

A. Creation is a unit, and one method of action (which is law) extends from the incipient world through all lower forms of living beings to man, and through man to the realm of spirit.

"The Infidelity of Eccelesiasticism. A Menace to American Civilization." By Prof. W. M. Lockwood, lecturer upon physical, physiological and psychic science. Demonstrator of the molecular or spiritual hypothesis of nature. Scholarly, masterly, trenchant. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

"From Soul to Soul." By Emma Rood Tuttle. Lovers of poetry will find gems of thought in poetic diction in this handsome volume, where with to sweeten hours of leisure and enjoyment. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

HE PRAYED TO "MASSA LINKUM."

I has taken many lashes from my massa in de souf—
Widout a bit ob skringin' or a openin' ob my mouf—
Dat wuz awful, awful cruel, an' hit hurt me to de bone;
I wuz shet up in de cellar, in de dark dere all alone;
But dar's nuffin dat effeck me in all my natral life
Lak de time dey sol' at auction dar my young an' lovin' wife.

An' I nebber seed her sense den, sense dat awful, awful day,
W'en de planter man he bought her an' he carried her away.

Dat has been mos' fohty yeas, now, but I nebber kin fergit,
Fer my heart wuz dar done broken, an' has nebber mended yit.

An' I'd lak to speak wid Petah, an' I'd lak to git a look
Upon de seats ob hebbin, an' fru dat record book;

Fer I's sho' to kno' her sperit wharebber hit may be,
An' I know her soul an' hongry an' a huntin' yit fer me.
An' I know she's tol' de angels all about our matiah heah,

An' dey's watchin' 'roun' de enterance fer my comin' eb'ery yeah;
But I will not keep 'em watchin' dar much longer at de gate,

Fer I wants to fin' my Susan an' I feels lak I kaint wait.
Oh, I wants to go to hebbin fer to see dat smilin' face—
Dar haint no use ob lookin' fer hit roun' de udder place.
Fer de man dat done dat lashin'—well jes' let dat matiah go—

Jes' let him be wid jestice—dat's de place fer him, I know.
But I don't know who to pray to fer to set my sperit free,
Onless to Massa Linkum—he has been de bes' to me—
He wunst gib me my freedom; from a hell he let me go,
An' he'll jine me wid my Susan ef I ax him, dat I know.

Den I'll pray to Massa Linkum, he's my Sabior eb'ery time:
"Kaint you now, deah Massa Linkum, to dat manshun help me climb,
Fer I know my Susan's libbin wid de angels in de place?
Oh, please do, Massa Linkum, I jes' want to see dat face;
You's got de powah now, I know; you's been dar many yeas,
An' yoh goodness dar has conkered all de powah ob de spheres.

Take me to dat place, I pray yo', whar no slaves kin eber be,
Whar no massas eber lingah, an' de cuhled folks am free."

DR. T. WILKINS.

TIME.

Oh, Time! thou art a river broad and deep;
Thou fillest all with varying hopes and fears;
I'm borne along by thy resistless sweep,
With few delights to compensate for tears.

With little stay or seeming space to think,
To place our hopes, or plan for future good,
No rest for joys upon thy troubled brink,
Our lives are carried on thy restless flood.

But whither dost thou trend but to the sea,
To that vast ocean far beyond our ken,
Passing bright scenes I ne'er again shall see,
And glittering fancies ne'er to come again?

Thou hast robbed me of all I loved so dear;
They've vanished like a meteor in the night,
Nor let me pause regardless of my fear;
Alike the shadows they have passed from sight.

Why should I wish to stay in this cold clime,
Or write in silly rhymes while passing o'er
The rocks and shallows of thy stream, oh, Time!
And fling them to the thoughtless on thy shore?

Nay, do not let me stay to fill my mind
With vain regrets for what I could not claim,
Or mourn for things I have to leave behind,
Or over thoughtless follies stain my name.

Nay, do not let me stay, but bear me on
Where brighter scenes shall all my soul engage;
Where melancholy marks not for its own,
And sorrow furrows not the brow of age.

Impatient now to reach that farther shore
(All joys are fleeting here, and pleasure's vain)
Where love and beauty dwell forevermore
And naught to break the wondrous heart again.

Haste on, oh, Time! nor stay thy mighty stream;
I pass the headlands flashing from my sight;
By faith I see afar the pleasing gleam,
The lamp of hope, the weary traveler's light.

Yea, now I see it like a beacon star,
That shining city where my loved ones wait;
I hear them calling sweetly from afar;
They stand to meet me at the golden gate.

G. E. NEWCOMB, M. D.

PROGRESSION.

Press on for the hills of progression, where gleams the glad sunshine of truth,
Far up from the valley of shadows, which saddened the scenes of your youth;

Aspire to the heights that are holy, to fair fields and broader, above—
Where bloom the bright blossoms of wisdom, and flourish the fruits of pure love.

Where mansions of brightness and beauty await all the good and the true,
And wonderful temples of learning, for seekers of knowledge anew.

Press on for the pure and the peaceful where union and harmony reign,
And thus will your spiritual raiment be washed of all blemish and stain.

Press on for the hills of progression, and tell to the world what you find—
Of better and brighter conditions for spirit and body and mind;

Unfold to the weary and wayworn, who grope in the valley below,
Rich tidings of truth to assist them to all of the good that you know.

The paths of progression lead upward to further unfoldments of truth,
So look not adown to the desert, which darkened the days of your youth,

But with heart and eyes ever lifted, walk straight on your way to the right
Still rising yet higher and higher, to love everlasting and light.

JULIA H. JOHNSON.

"The Watseka Wonder." To the student of psychic phenomena, this pamphlet is intensely interesting. It gives detailed accounts of two cases of "double consciousness," namely Mary Lurancy Vennum, of Watseka, Ill., and Mary Reynolds, of Venango County, Pa. For sale at this office. Price 15 cents.

"The Gospel of Buddha, According to Old Records." Told by Paul Carus. This book is heartily recommended 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.

LAKE HELEN, FLA.

Memorial Services for Mrs. Amelia Colby Luther.

Impressive memorial services for Mrs. Amelia Colby Luther were held at the "Southern" Cassadaga Camp, Sunday, January 2, at the cottage of Mrs. O. K. Smith, well-known to the public as the traveling companion of Mrs. Colby for many years.

With loving hands and willing hands was her little white cottage trimmed with palms, evergreens, flags and flowers, until it was a veritable bower of beauty. A white altar was beautifully decorated with the American flag, roses and jessamine, with the portrait of Mrs. Luther above the altar. The opposite side of the room was the picture of Marion Skidmore, who was a very intimate friend of Mrs. Luther, and especially connected with her in the founding of the new Cassadaga Camp at Lily Dale, N. Y. (Mrs. Skidmore was also one of the investigators of this camp, and by her request the name was given "Southern Cassadaga.")

Every person in the camp was present. Mrs. Smith, accompanied by her sister, sang sweetly, but tremulously some of the old-time songs that Mrs. Luther loved when they were together. Mrs. Carrie F. Pratt, of Boston, Mass., read appropriate selections from Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," after the following preliminary remarks:

MRS. PRATT'S REMARKS.

We are met here to-day to pay our tribute of love to one whose life was lived for humanity, and to exchange thoughts and words of sympathy at this hour.

And why? Not because we are sorrowful, or cast down, nor that we feel bereft because our friend has been called to a new life, for we know well that her transition but adds one more to the constellation of strong souls who have walked side by side with her along the journey and mission of life.

She has crossed to that Great Beyond, and for the time we face this mysterious change called death, and ask as all do, where and whence?

While we take up the thread of her life-work, and forget the everyday and commonplace things in contemplation of her broad philosophy, her heroic way of treating the vexing problems of life and the uncompromising manner in which she tore off the husks of old teachings, while she substituted in her own fearless fashion a new truth that would bear examination, and when you ask who will fill her place? I will answer in her own words, "No one will ever be called upon to fill my place, or the place of another; every work has its own workmen. The splendor of the universe is obedient to law, and through all natural demands in the many departments work and workmen are to be found together. Every new dispensation has its Saviors and martyrs, and every truth has its exponents and builders."

Mrs. Luther has left us, but gone on to new fields of usefulness. We can but feel that with her own guide and teacher she still can and will say: "The world is my country, to do good is my religion."

It seems but fitting while we all know the close relationship that existed between our friends, Mrs. Luther and Mrs. Olive K. Smith, to say that this is the third time since Mrs. Smith has been a resident of this place, that she has prepared to receive her life-long friend; and now, I doubt, the readiness will be required since she is free.

They traveled together in the work for ten years. Mrs. Smith made all of Mrs. Luther's engagements, attended to correspondence and furnished sweet music with voice and guitar, which harmonized and made conditions that helped toward the creation and development of the new world, and to-day her loving hands prepared the reception for her arisen friend and co-worker.

Mrs. Colby was a true Daughter of the Revolution, both of her grandfathers having been Revolutionary soldiers. The Stars and Stripes were very dear to her, and her last request was that her body might be laid in its last resting place wrapped in her country's flag.

MRS. HUFF'S REMARKS.

Mrs. Emma Huff, being called upon, said:

We are assembled in heartfelt commemoration of one of the truest pioneers of a new dispensation. I consider Amelia Colby Luther one of the greatest and most perfect instruments of modern Spiritualism. Her guides were perfectly faithful; in their denunciation of popular existing evils, they dug to the depths of modern civilization, exposing the shams, and revealing unwholesome truths without mercy.

THE NAKED TRUTH

only suited the genius of Mrs. Luther's inspiration. Faithful, earnest, and brave, she received no more homage than if clad in the robes of a beggar, from this fearless advocate of heaven, whose holy purpose clothed her with armor invincible.

How well I remember the first time I ever listened to Mrs. Luther. An immense audience had assembled, at Lily Dale, N. Y., and her critical audience, a complex, motley, audience; persons from every grade of life, from the most intensely intellectual to simple lovers, who rode for miles to this place, merely to go somewhere. Earnest truth-seekers, who, touched by the heavenly powers, had received prophetic glimpses of new spiritual truths, and were going for more light, were there; also mothers with little children in their arms, curious to listen to this wonderful woman, "who talked just like a man," they said, and did not know a word she was saying. I remember our sister and friend, Mrs. Smith, as she came forward and fearfully sang:

"This coming up the steps of time,
And this old world is growing
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throbs lighter."

"This coming! Yes! 'tis coming, a fitting prelude to the lecture which followed, the 'Cause and Cure of Evil.' I can see Mrs. Luther as she walked with firm step to the front of the platform. I feel again the power of the mighty intellect of Thomas Paine as he was concentrating his thought upon that frail form until it was tremulous with its vibratory force. I see the lofty brow, the pale face and firm-set lips, as she stood a moment before that vast audience while the silence and expectation were almost oppressive. I listen again to the fearful exposures, 'The Causes of Evil.' I see the sudden start of those who are shocked and hear exclamations, 'Oh! Oh! How terrible!' while others answer, 'Yes, but it's all true.'"

"If the coat fits, put it on," cried the unfeeling Nemesis, and volley after volley of tremendous facts rolled from her inspired lips.

Unflinchingly did she wrench the folds from that stubborn heart of bigotry, then gently and kindly did she

bandage the wounds with the "Cure of Evil."

Was Mrs. Luther above the iconoclast, the avenger? Oh, no! That frail body held the universal mother's heart, ever ready to assist the helpless, to sympathize with the suffering, to cover with charity's mantle the sinner, but not the sin.

She loved humanity, but as the skillful surgeon uses the keen blade to cut away diseased parts of the body, so was the scalpel of her mighty power directed toward the roots of evil, that peace and happiness might be the result.

Was she loved? Most dearly by those who knew her best; criticized by many; hated by a few, but listened to by all.

The sharpest that ignorance and bigotry flung at her shining head never pierced her. The lofty eye in which her spirit dwelt was fastened to the pillar of God's throne, which nothing earthly-bound could reach. Welcome! brave soul, to this southern camp. Come and abide with the true friends who so long awaited thy coming. Let this place be one of thy earthly homes when thou leavest the shining realms of peace. Come with thy faithful guide, Thomas Paine! Come with our beloved Marion Skidmore, and invincible William Denton. Come with a host of those from the realm of spirit, light who love thee and are working for the universal good.

May the flag that thou lovest so well be wrapped closely about thee and those of all the world, float above thee, symbols of the good time coming when creeds, empires and systems are merged into one harmonious government of Love Divine.

Excellent remarks were made by Mrs. J. M. Spencer, of Orange City, Fla.; also by Winona, the control of Dr. Sarah Brigham, of Fitchburg, Mass. CARR.

TO ORGANIZE.

To Weed Out the Frauds.

FAKIRS HAVE NO PLACE IN THEIR RANKS AND A DETERMINED EFFORT WILL BE MADE TO LOSE THEM.

Dr. Magdon and wife, who are missionaries at large for the National Spiritualists' Association, at Washington, lectured to the Spiritualists at Masonic Temple Sunday afternoon and evening. Dr. Magdon spoke upon the need and necessity of mankind studying the function and usage of true inspiration. Going back to the time A. D. 50, and running along to the time A. D. 130, as the time which in all probability covered the writing of the books of the New Testament, he said: "The Christian church tells us that these books were written by inspired men; the church tells us or leaves us to infer that these men were inspired by God. Yet we do not know that the church denies the fact that Mrs. E. B. Browning and others were not inspired to write their beautiful productions. Modesty on the part of these authors would suggest that they leave this question of inspiration to be judged by the world."

The Doctor states that the subject of inspiration should be investigated by all thoughtful people, for the reason that there is good and evil inspiration. The people of Minneapolis should study that they might protect themselves against many Spiritualists, so-called, and Spiritualists, as such, they may protect themselves against certain public Christian opposition, so-called. They should confer and reason together on the subject of inspiration, a part of psychic existence. "A large portion of the Christian world," says the doctor, "are almost solely engaged in money getting. A large part of the Spiritualists of Minneapolis are engaged in attempting to convert the science of psychic phenomena and immortality into a money-getting scheme. So many claim to be told or imagine, or are told by a spirit (?) that they are mediums, and at once proclaim themselves as teachers of humanity, and instruments of the great spirit-world; and their teachings, their actions are the result of a money-getting scheme, and the department are such as might be expected from an unworthy, an immoral, or an unfit teacher, and the little world of Minneapolis supposes this to be Spiritualism, unless perchance they may have dropped into one or two places of spiritual meeting, where such people are not permitted to hold forth."

"If anyone," continued the speaker, "comes to Minneapolis for the purpose of obtaining money in any illegal or immoral way, claiming for instance to represent the Presbyterian church, that organization will proceed at once to employ the secular powers to suppress such a one, and it has become the bounden duty of such Spiritualists as are in sincerity and in truth, as they claim to represent civilization, to organize and act in like manner, for the protection of the cause and its followers."

The Doctor is an advocate of true and sincere mediumship and a believer in the existence of the phenomenal forces in this work, yet is radically opposed to a certain element which has crept into Spiritualism, misrepresenting, degrading and obliterating much of the beauty which otherwise would stand in its beautiful and triumphant evidence up-bermost in the world.

"As it is to-day," says the speaker, "if the secular authorities are called upon to arrest any immoral person claiming to be a medium, there will be plenty of so-called Spiritualists ready to rush to the front, testifying that said parties are all right and good (?) mediums!"

The Doctor would suggest to the authorities that such so-called mediums be watched for evidence which shall warrant their being arrested for immoral practices, instead of for fraudulent mediumship.

The Doctor also suggests to the better class of Spiritualists here that they do all they can to assist the authorities in running down these immoral people, who are a disgrace to Spiritualism, the community and themselves. In fact, the Doctor seems very anxious that the good and noble Spiritualists come to the front and that the ignoble ones retire to the rear, where they belong, and declares that intelligent, consistent, organized effort is the only thing that will bring about this result. He is engaged in helping to establish a State Association of Spiritualists in Minnesota, which will assist the movement and be of benefit in the direction of protection. The Doctor sets forth in brief some of the needs and advantages of legal, organized effort in co-operation with the National Association, as a means of protection, growth and the furtherance of united effort in the advancement of the cause.—Minneapolis (Minn.) Times.

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