



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

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THE ABIDING THINGS.

Glowing Words from a Progressive Elder.

He Concedes the Possibility of Balaam Making an Ass of Himself, but Does Not Think the Ass Could Make a Man of Himself!

"And now abideth these three, faith, hope and charity: but the greatest of these is charity." So wrote Paul in a masterly summing up of the great realities of human life. Just before he said: "When I became a man I put away childish things." As a man discards the toys by which childhood is beguiled, so he gave up long cherished beliefs and relinquished many superstitions which mature age had enabled him to perceive were useless and degrading.

To my mind there is no more pathetic moment in the recorded history of man than this. Grounded in faith, prejudice, spurred on by Pharisaic pride, he comes to a sudden standstill. Elsewhere he speaks of his experience as a "loss." Swift as the destructive cyclone came a spiritual illumination, a means of largeness and a new "old things passed away." His Jewish idea of God, the sacredness of the vast Temple, the profound and solemn import of the sacrifices, the absurd valuation of his punctilious observance of the ritualistic ceremonies of the Pharisees—all these were now gone. Apparently all was "lost." As a man stands in a room and gazes contemptuously at the broken toys and soiled playthings of childhood, so he now regards the overthrown idols of his earliest faith and hope. We may pardon him the tears which, though unmentioned, he no doubt shed in that moment of renunciation which, to a man of less heroic mould and mightier heart, would have been a monument of despair.

We may picture to ourselves the look of pain on the face, and feel in our hearts "the aching void" that troubled for a moment that great soul as he gave up the symbols and precepts of the ancient and honorable faith of his fathers. Poor and passionless must be the heart that cannot see both the paths and heroism of this man's life. A shallow soul, unable to comprehend a devotion and intensity such as swayed Paul's nature, can look unmoved upon the tragedy of a dying faith, and even smile as the idols of the gods of another are broken and destroyed. But the truly great in heart and mind will stand at the field of Paul's experience and gaze upon it as upon some historic battle-field, forever to be had in memory as a scene of devotion and deliverance.

We, too—we that have "lost" even while acknowledging "gain"—we know Paul. We have been with him. We understand the ardor, the tender memory, the moistened eyes, the almost overpowering desire at times for the "old order," the feeling of emptiness that sometimes troubles, although we know that "loss is gain." Yes, we know.

I do not ask sympathy. Those who have given up the "childish things" understand me and those who are otherwise could not give sympathy. But we may state a few things by way of illustration. I once believed in a personal God, a real Person, a Father, who loved me. I thought he knew me individually and listened when I talked to him, and delighted to help me, as Dr. Cummins forever in the preface of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," have substituted "a reign of law for a personal God." Infinite Intelligence manifested through the universe in law and order has taken the place of the old anthropomorphic God, a Father who was seated somewhere to listen to my prayers and praise. I feel that I have gained, and yet there is a "loss." If in my mind I would smile at the old conception, when the memory of a prayer at the bedside steals into "memory's panoramic view," my smile is closely crowded by a fear. A Father in the heavens? If, after all, brother, there is a Father, far away and unknown though he may be; who, spite of our doubts and unbelief, pitying our blindness loves us still; such there is who so cold and unloving as to be unmoved by the thought.

So also we once leaned upon a Vicarious Savior. He bore our sins, loved us, died to save us. We sang, tenderly to sweet music and with swelling hearts:

"Jesus, I love thee; thou art to me, Dearest than ever mortal can be."

Somewhat we trusted him. When we were heavy laden with sin we "cast our burden upon him" and were rested. And as Ingersoll said in the closing paragraph of his last lecture, published in "The Progressive Thinker," if this story of Jesus and his Father was only true it would be the grandest and sublimest thing ever spoken to man. Of all the myths and legends, splendid hopes and rose-colored expectations which have been born of man's needs, and nurtured by his desires, there is nothing to compare to the majestic panorama of Jesus in life and death. As Roman says:

"His worship will grow young, without ceasing. His legend will call forth tears from the eyes of millions yet unborn. The story of his sufferings will melt the stoniest hearts. All ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is none born greater than Jesus."

But we have given up the old idea of Jesus as a vicarious sacrifice for sins. We still revere his life, love his spirit, and teach his beautiful truths, but the magical qualities once ascribed to his blood are held more as a truth by us. We have "put away childish things."

Here is "gain," but also "loss." Do not laugh at us if sometime a snatch of sacred song arouses for a moment a sense of the old "trust in Jesus," or if in the congregation we somewhere feel the weakness of human nature and the awful need of a Savior. And do not expect us to bear with equanimity the coarse slurs at Jesus indulged in by the

unthinking. If Jesus is only a myth, still he is beautiful as such, and being sacred to many hearts should be spoken of with due respect to other's feelings and conceptions.

In like manner the Bible. As I write one lies just before me. What a book we once thought it. The Word of God! A personal God wrote it, or had it done. Everything in it was divinely inspired. It was an infallible book and it was to govern our consciences. We believed it implicitly, all of it. Jonah and the whale, Balaam and the ass, Elijah taking iron swim on water, Samson and the wonderful jaw bone, and every thing else. Higher criticism has not yet shattered our faith in any of the events there recorded. We did not try to explain by allegories or figures of speech.

We simply took it literally, as a literal narrative of so many historical facts. But all that is past. We have eliminated the marvelous elements. We accept only that part which seems reasonable. We do not believe a thing to have happened then which we know cannot happen now. We do not delude our minds with the idea that iron would swim in Jordan but will sink in Grand River. While we concede the possibility of Balaam making an ass of himself, we do not think the ass could have made a man of himself.

No: the old idea of the Bible is gone. And yet, the Bible is here. We love it yet. We can even laugh over its absurdities. We can read its stories as allegories, myths, old literature, and not only enjoy but be benefited in so doing.

And after all, where can we find so many good maxims, so many wise injunctions, so many pure precepts, published together? Reflect everything not reasonable; no sensible people, assign all the "big" stories to the department of fable and fiction, yet there still remains the grandest single collection of ethical teaching ever compiled and published in one volume. To follow the teaching of Jesus is to be good, is to realize a perfect life of character, not taught so concisely in any other of earth's publications.

So while we say as did Paul, "I put away childish things," we also add his confident conclusion: "And now remaineth faith, hope and love, these three, and the greatest of these is love." Yes, these remain. They abide forever. They are the essence of the teaching of Jesus. They are the fundamental elements of religion. Criticism may destroy the fables, expunge the myths, relegate the marvels to the moths and bats, but the essentials will abide. Faith in the unalterable operations of law, hope for all humanity, and love as the regenerating force of life, these can never be destroyed. Belief in the Vicarious Savior yields to a rational acceptance of Jesus as a great teacher of Truth and Good. Belief in a Personal God is displaced by a profound satisfaction in the knowledge that fixed and unalterable law, while not allowing any miracles, "special providences," to occur, yet preserves us with all of a "Father's" care and love. The "childish things" of all things. Reverence for the Bible, which held it to be an infallible book, every word inspired of God and true as literal history, is supplanted by a conservative wisdom, the law, concise and helpful guide to right living yet completed.

Here are the "childish things" put away, and here are the "abiding things." As men of sense we propose now to discard childish things, but we do not propose to leave an extreme to fly to another. To my mind the blind credulity which accepts the whole Bible as literal history is more tolerable than the frantic rage of those who spit at religion and snap and snarl at every indication of a belief in God.

Discriminatingly reject, but do not in fast to that which is good," do not foolishly cut loose from everything. It may be unfortunate to be a "child," but it is worse to be a fool.

ELD. H. W. B. MYRICK, Gentryville, Mo.

A LITTLE SERMON.

What this troubled old world needs Is less of quibbling over creeds, Fewer words and better deeds.

Less of "Thus and so shall you think and act, and say and do." More of "How may I be true?"

Less of wrangling over text; Less of creed and code perplexed; More of charity unweaved.

Less of shouting: "I alone Have a right to hup the throne." More of heart that will condone.

Less of ruling: "Hear! You must Hold this tenet, wrong or just." More of patient, helpful trust.

Less of microscopic scan Of the faults of fellow man. More of brave, uplifting plan.

Less of dogma, less pretense. More belief that Providence Will sanctify our common sense.

More of chord of kindness blent O'er the discords of dissent. Then will come the great content.

"Just to be good and to do good," Simple, plain, for him who would A creed that may be understood.

—Baltimore American.

Self-denial is the result of a calm, deliberate, untroubled attachment to the highest good.—G. Spring.

OUR GUINEA HENS.

A Little Sermon for Every-body.

Some of you have no doubt heard the story of the wealthy philanthropist who on finding a widow in poverty and distress, endeavored to make her happy. He purchased a plot of ground, built a house, furnished it, supplied her with a year's provisions, and money for contingencies, doing all in accordance with her wishes, gave her the deed to the property, and went away.

At the end of a year he returned, and inquired concerning the success of his philanthropic venture. Did she like her location? Oh, yes.

Did she have provisions enough for the year? Oh, yes; more than enough.

Did she have enough money? Oh, yes, had not spent near all of it.

Then you must have been quite happy? Well—yes, tolerably so.

Why, what has been lacking, that you should not have been perfectly happy?

Well, to tell the truth, my neighbor here has a guinea hen, and the pesky thing is squawking all the time, and is tormenting the life out of me all summer.

In traveling with a friend one summer I found something in almost every act of his to criticize, and find fault with; but kept it to myself; admitting that it destroyed a great part of the pleasure of the trip. Later, in considering the matter with my friend, he said, "that was your guinea hen."

In canvassing, some years ago; I frequently met with so much ignorance, and non-appreciation of my wares, saw so many people whose lives were mere existence, apparently no aspirations for a higher life, simply content to plod along in the old rut made by the feet of their forefathers, that I used to think that if reincarnation was true, it would be a grand thing for such people; and I would often make myself miserable by giving away to my thoughts the question of such people. Another guinea hen.

Attending a Spiritualist meeting some years ago; I listened to a discourse so strongly flavored with orthodoxy, that it aroused all the indignation within me, allowing my thoughts to fall away with the result that I went home with a violent headache, which was so much in evidence the next morning, that I called on a magnetic healer for treatment. I received the comforting assurance that I had been noticed by the healer, the evening before, and my mental condition recognized, and the result foreseen. And that I was suffering the consequences of my own violation of the law, and she hoped it would teach me a lesson. It did. It was only a guinea hen.

I used to enjoy hunting, and the report of a gun would interest me at once, bringing to mind pleasant memories of former incidents.

Now, because a Methodist minister chooses to speak his sermon of the annihilation, instead of sending Bibles to the heathen; and his idle time in shooting at a target, instead of reading his Bible, the report of his rifle has grated on my nerves somewhat. Guinea hen.

When I see so much discussion in our noble nation, "The Progressive Thinker" over the declaration made at the Chicago convention, one affirming the God-idea, the other negating it, and various other sharp criticisms, tending to discord, rather than harmony, which is so essential to the upbuilding of the true and higher philosophy, I think of the guinea hens. Some are so busy with their fellow's spectacles, and stand before a mental mirror, as it were, and take a retrospective view of self, and from the other fellow's standpoint. Don't you think we would find a large flock of guinea hens?

While we may have risen to a plane of higher vibration; and that which was formerly attractive to us, is now repulsive; we must not forget the fact that others are still on the plane we have left; and that others whose ideas now seem ridiculous to us, may when we reach the same plane of vibration, be found to contain truth. Let us pull the beam out of our own eye, that we may see more clearly to pick the mote out of our brother's.

And when his, or her ideas are repulsive to us; let us think of the guinea hens, and exercise love, and kindness, which belong to a recognition of the universal brotherhood of humanity.

DR. CARLOS WRIGHT, Joseph, Oregon.

Cordingley Kindly Criticized.

To the Editor:—In your issue of May 19, is advertised, under the head of "Illinois Camp-meeting," the opening date of the Illinois State Spiritual Camp-meeting, over the signatures of G. V. Cordingley, president, and H. W. Miller, (his private secretary) secretary.

Now, a State Spiritual Camp-meeting, or any camp-meeting to wear that name should be an organization of representative-Spiritualists of the State. Mr. Cordingley, or anyone else having sufficient funds, has a perfect right to establish a private camp-meeting or annual picnic, if he chooses, but to advertise it as "The State Spiritual Camp-meeting," is not the proper thing to do.

The writer hereof has the larger, the higher interest of Spiritualism inborn and inbred, and hails with delight all movements calculated to advance that cause, but such misleading headlines should be withheld from print in the Spiritualist press.

Mr. Cordingley has held an annual picnic on the banks of the beautiful Deep Lake several years, and those who have camped in the grand old woods have no doubt received some benefit from the rest and recuperation, but he should give his camp the name of Deep Lake Camp, or some other appropriate name and only advertise such speakers and mediums as he is sure of. This matter of flying under false colors is doing him no good, his meetings no good, and Spiritualism an injury.

These lines are written in perfect kindness toward Mr. Cordingley and all who are to be his helpers in this undertaking, but with a still deeper regard in genuine Spiritualism. A FRIEND.

HUMANITARIAN AND ANGELIC WORK.

It Is the Kind of Work Which Counts in the Final and Spiritual Summing Up.

TELLS OF FELONS SAVED—MRS. MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH LECTURES AT THE AUDITORIUM—DESCRIBES WORK OF HOPE HALL, TO WHICH 200 EX-CONVICTS OWE OPPORTUNITY FOR BEGINNING ANEW HONEST LIVES—MOST OF THEM KNOWN TO BE KEEPING THEIR GOOD RESOLUTIONS—A LARGE AUDIENCE COMPOSED IN PART OF METHODIST DELEGATES HEARS HER.

Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, the "Little Mother," 6,000 men who are serving or have served penitentiary sentences, stood before a great audience in the Auditorium lately and pleaded for justice for the criminal.

Mrs. Booth was introduced by President Henry Wade Rogers of Northwestern University. She was garbed as an officer in the Volunteers of America. She spoke rapidly of the history of the prison reform and its results to an audience composed largely of ministers and laymen who are delegates to the General Conference of the Methodist church. Her address was one of a series given in connection with the sessions of the conference.

Hope Hall in Chicago, and its work during the year of its existence had a place among the results which were described. Two hundred men released from Joliet have passed through the Chicago home, Mrs. Booth stated. They have been taken from the prison in which they had served their sentences and brought to Chicago. They have been released where they were able to lead honest lives if they desired. They have been given the opportunity which the man who has served a sentence and comes from prison with the marks upon him does not have.

FEW GO BACK TO CRIMINAL LIVES.

Of these 200 men Mrs. Booth stated that more than 75 per cent had realized the hope that they could be reclaimed. Such a proportion she said she knew personally had not gone back into a criminal life. The others had gone into other lands to make new lives for themselves, and there was no reason to believe that their course had been any less satisfactory than that of their comrades, whose present condition was known.

The New York Hope Hall has received 800 men from Sing Sing and other prisons. A similar proportion of these men, Mrs. Booth affirmed, were living, honest, upright lives, and she asserted her belief that it was simply lack of knowledge of the whereabouts of the other men that prevented the known proportion from being larger. She related some of the difficulties which had been experienced in establishing the homes in New York. The first, she said, had been placed in the city as an experiment.

"We leased the property before the neighbors knew what we were. When suddenly they did come to a realization of our character they immediately took alarm. They did not raise a sensational cry against us, but they came quietly to us and said that they believed in the work and wished us all success. The prisoners, however, were not the proper place in which to attempt it. We needed a farm, they said. We replied that we were sorry, but that the property had been leased and it would be impossible to move. The experiment would have to succeed or fail there. It succeeded, and those people became our warm allies. When we decided it was best to move to a farm and were able to secure one we moved to Flushing. There an open opposition began and our neighbors complained that we should have staid in the city, where there was a police force; to handle our men if there should be occasion for police restraint. We made the same reply that we had to stay where we were. The records of the police department have proven that there has been no increase in crime in the neighborhood."

NEEDS OF THE MAN IN PRISON.

Aside from her account of what had been accomplished for the man released from prison after his discharge, Mrs. Booth told of his need while serving his sentence, and what the Volunteers' Prisoners' league had done to meet these:

"Any agency that can help them outside must begin inside. I believe in prisons; I believe in discipline; I do not believe in pampering the prisoner; but I do believe in fair play."

"When a man has been punished, imprisoned and disciplined, and then released he should be what the State says he is—a free man."

"The use of the words 'ex-convict' and 'ex-criminal' is unjust, unfair, and un-American. I believe in the word 'ex-convict.' It is fair and just. They are graduates from the hardest school of discipline and training."

"It is not preaching that these men want. It is loving."

"Ministers should go to a State prison and talk to the audience they would have there. It is refreshing to preach to men confessedly at fault."

"We have no right to take men and keep them so long that they never can be like other men; so that their walk and their look betray their imprisonment."

"It will be shown that there is a chance for the man who has been a State prisoner."

"I have come out of prison work far from disheartened. I know that in each heart there is a spot which can be touched. You cannot legislate for these men in the mass. You must deal with them individually. I have come back from prison work with my confidence

in the possibility of renovating human nature strengthened.

"How is it that we have 84,000 criminals in this country? How is it that our police records show so many to have become habitual criminals? Think of the millions of dollars which have gone to the heathen in foreign lands. I would not take a dollar of it back, but I would say that a few thousands could be given to the men in our prisons. Many in our prisons to-day would not have been there if there had been one loving, sympathetic hand stretched out to save them. What right have we to say that these men cannot be saved? Prison wardens have said that 85 per cent of the men in the prisons cannot be anything else. They come out of the penitentiary swearing reform. They try it and fail. They go back to their old life and their message to those they left there is, 'There is nothing outside for you. The world says to you, you have come out of a prison; we have nothing for you; you must prove yourself.' Is it not hard to think that this occurs in a Christian land? Is it not cruel that a man should go out in hope of reform and be brought back crushed? If every Christian would let his sympathy go forth in the right direction we could save these men."

SUPERSTITION OF GOOD PEOPLE.

An obstacle to the success of the man released from a prison, Mrs. Booth said, was found in the superstition of good people that a man who had been once a criminal was always a criminal, and saying less than good, good for nothing with parrotlike understanding.

"It was refuted by Christ on the cross," she said, "when he said to the thief at his side: 'This day thou shalt be with me in paradise.' It can be refuted now. If I were asked what was the greatest need of prisoners I should say that it was much the same need that I have seen in the slums of great cities and in the drawings-rooms of rich families in the same great cities in which Christ was not."

"When I entered upon the work I was told that I would meet old, hardened criminals. My work was in the State prisons and not in the lesser reformatories. I met the worst class of prisoners. I was told that I should be casting my seed upon barren rock. People told me that it would be absolutely fruitless. People sometimes know too much about conditions over the results of their preaching should go straight to the nearest state prison. It is refreshing to talk to an audience confessedly at fault, and not one in which the individual picks out the neighbor who was hit by the sermon."

LEAGUE'S MEMBERSHIP IS 6,000.

Mrs. Booth described the results which have attended the prison work in the four years of its life. The Volunteers' Prisoners' league was organized four years ago. It now has a membership of 6,000 men in eleven State prisons. These men pledge themselves to an honest life, and to a maintenance of the prison discipline. There is no narrow line drawn for them. They are not required to subscribe to any creed. The membership of the league comprises Roman Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and infidels.

"I was told at first," said Mrs. Booth, "that I must not expect the results which had attended the beginning of the work to be permanent, but would have to consider them as the effects of a revival. The hopelessness of the men at first was disheartening. They said it was no use—that it would be impossible for them to do any better than they were doing. The results have proven that the forecasts of the former and the forebodings of the latter were both without foundation."

With reference to the condition of the men who come out of the prisons and enter Hope Hall temporarily, Mrs. Booth quoted the statements of people who claimed their ability to detect a man who had served a sentence by the downward look of his eyes and his slouching steps.

"Have we any right to make a man look so that after serving a sentence of fifteen or more years he is unable to look like other men?" she said. "Some prison regulations require a prisoner to look down whenever he passes any one. You or I would acquire the same practice if we were obliged to force ourselves to look during a period of fifteen or longer years."

PRAISES THE INDETERMINATE SENTENCE.

Mrs. Booth praised the indeterminate sentence under which men are sent to Joliet and stated her belief that it would be universally adopted in State prisons. The abuses to which she referred and which she said stamped a man as a convict for life in his appearance were passing away. The men who had passed through homes which the Volunteers of America established in New York and Chicago, she said, have represented all classes of men released from confinement. They have included men who have served six consecutive terms and men whose service had reached twenty and thirty years. There were, she admitted, cases in which the man had been a member of the prison organization and who, after his release, went wrong and was returned to his prison. They were few, she maintained, in proportion to the men who came out and began life afresh with good restraints.

The work is maintained now by private subscription, but it would, she stated, soon receive the support of the State, which would recognize that it meant a saving of thousands of dollars.

HOPE FOR EVERY CONVICT.

"I have come out of prison work far from disheartened. I know that in each heart there is a spot which can be touched. You cannot legislate for these men in the mass. You must deal with them individually. I have come back from prison work with my confidence

In closing Mrs. Booth spoke of the relation of the Volunteers of America to the churches. In willingness to work with the churches and to permit members of the Volunteers to be members of churches, she said, one found the cardinal difference between the Volunteers and the older society of the Salvation Army, which did not permit membership in churches. She disclaimed some of the methods of the older society. She said the Volunteers held to the belief that it was necessary to elevate the people and in whom they worked to the standard of religion, and that it was not possible to lower the standard to the people's level with good results. Specifying, she censured the use of what she termed a "slang religion" and her audience applauded the distinctions she made.

Such a record of good work accomplished inspires one with renewed faith in human nature and the success of well directed, kindly human, reformatory effort. The "Little Mother" of 8,000 men who are serving or have served penitentiary sentences, is doing a work which high angels might be happy to accomplish.

Fruit of Heaven.

Dare we acknowledge that the title of Spiritualist belongs individually to us, unless we pledge ourselves anew, with solemn earnestness each rising morn, to consecrate our powers all to the service of the cause so dear to us, namely, the cause of Spiritualism? Can the cause of Spiritualism and of humanity be separated by the smallest fraction of one degree? We know that they can not; for these are but different names for one and the same thing. Then with the mental, or spoken enunciation of this solemn pledge of consecration, our minds are lessened to the truth, and there behold in spirit—not in imagination, the appalling picture of gloom, despair and death, while we in our comfortable beds, are perhaps content to merely wish them well, and to hope for better news next time!

We are secure in the confident feeling that this visitation of untold distress can never come to us. Judging from our actions, we recognize no responsibility attaching to ourselves while the truth is, the very horrors which they are now enduring will be yours and mine, and intensified a thousand fold, when we wake up to the consciousness of our neglect of opportunity in this matter.

It is as though in our very household, our own brothers and sisters, our own fathers and mothers and children, were starving to death by slow inches—actually dying before our very eyes, while we perch about nursing our apathy by living on in the midst of many comforts and some of the very luxuries of life, utterly neglecting—that is to say refusing, to lift one finger in the effort to relieve those stricken ones! Can such a course as this be termed love? Is it not monstrous in the last degree?

True, distance intervenes; but this only serves to lessen the effect upon a certain class of minds. It does not change the principle one iota. Because we prefer to remain in the stupor of indifference toward this immeasurable array of human suffering, are we therefore released from the corresponding responsibility?

Three years ago we were weighed in the balance and as a reform body we were not for the most part found wanting! A generous response went out from our great West, as well as East, when that man of Death was faced across the friendly bosom of the Pacific calling for our aid at that time, the truth much of this was due to the concerted work of many Spiritualists? No such work is recorded that I have seen. That opportunity was great, yet small in comparison with the present.

Much is also being done in the present crisis by the people of the nations who have not felt the famine. In the name of Humanity I ask, Spiritualists, what are we doing to electricity, the world; to move on far in advance of all others in demonstrating to the slothful that the humanity impulse—a supreme desire to relieve and to prevent suffering is the chief corner stone of all true reform? If indifference toward suffering humanity, has hitherto been crime, it is henceforth the unpardonable sin.

If we proceed at once to donate something—if each Spiritualist in every community outside of stricken India, will appropriate so much money—from ten cents to ten thousand dollars—according to our means, to be forwarded there in the form of provisions, at the earliest possible moment, the effect will be like magic. The relief of those dying millions will be almost instantaneous! And this is not all, for we ourselves will be the greatest beneficiaries! Let me tell you why. Those sufferers will enjoy the food which this earth affords; but our erstwhile starving souls will literally feast on the fruit of heaven. This heavenly fruit is the gratitude of angels, expressed to us in no uncertain terms. I have tasted of this fruit of heaven. "I speak that I do know, and testify that I have seen" and felt and heard.

I appeal to you then, Spiritualists, one and all, let us fix a day, say the first Sunday after this message is received, whenever that may be, and each and all donate pro rata, as nearly as may be, a sum for the relief of these our dying comrades whose mute appeal comes to us all, from that land so near while yet so far away.

Yours in faith, hope and love,
THOS. H. B. COTTON,
San Francisco, Cal.

A little wit and a great deal of ill-nature will furnish a man with satire; but the greatest instance and value of wit is to commend well.—Tillotson.

Ask the heart to give a reason for any of its beautiful and divine motions, and it can only look upwards and be dumb.—Lowell.

Nothing destroys authority so much as the unequal and untimely interference of power, pressed too far and relaxed too much.—Bacon.

Heaven must be in me before I can be in heaven.—Stanford.

NEW YORK ITEMS.

Dr. Savage's Sermon—Nellie Temple Brigham.

The summer season is upon us when the spiritual meetings and various churches close for the season, although most of our orthodox brethren keep their churches open through the hottest weather because, I presume, they are afraid that if their church doors were closed, some of their members might seek more liberal fields.

Dr. Minot J. Savage preached his farewell sermon for the season at the Church of the Messiah, Sunday, May 6, his subject was "Sunshine and Shadow." He announced from his pulpit that he was very sorry that he should not have the pleasure of preaching to his people again until next October. It is on account of his poor health that he has gone away for a complete rest. Many thousands wish that his health may be restored to him by the coming season.

It has been surprising to me in one way that so many Spiritualists have attended Dr. Savage's sermons the past season, and then again it was not surprising, for where else could one get such true spiritual food as he has given in his season's discourse? As I came out of the church this last Sunday, a lady turned to a gentleman and said, "In case we should never have the chance to hear Dr. Savage again, what a sweet memory this discourse, 'Sunshine and Shadow,' will be to those that heard it!"

Mrs. Nellie Temple Brigham closes her spiritual meetings in this city the second Sunday in June, and then goes to her beautiful home at Elm Grove in the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts. I have at various times mailed samples of "The Progressive Thinker" to some of my orthodox friends in various parts of the country, and have received very kind letters from some, but the past week I received a letter from a lady in a Massachusetts town to whom I had mailed "The Progressive Thinker" at various times, in which she stated that she was extremely obliged for the papers mailed, but she still believed in old-fashioned Methodism, also an old-fashioned heaven, and an old-fashioned hell, and did not intend to change her views, and I could not help exclaiming on reading the letter that those people that liked their little hell and enjoyed it, it would be the last thing I should care to take away from them, but feel pity for them to think they cannot or will not see the true light ahead.

I wish to thank you for Volume 3 of the Encyclopedia of Death which I have received. I am glad to possess this book. It is a very interesting and useful sermon, "The Voices of the Dead," by Minot J. Savage, and that one discourse ought to make thousands want to possess the book. I heard Dr. Savage deliver this sermon some years back on an Eastern Sunday at the Church of the Unity in Boston, and at the time it was published thousands of copies were disposed of and it then went out of print, and had to be republished again. You have done a grand thing to reprint this great sermon in your new volume, and that alone ought to bring many subscribers to "The Progressive Thinker" to get your fine gift of Volume 3 of the Encyclopedia of Death. If people think it too poor to subscribe for the paper and get this fine book, I should think they would live on one meal a day and send for this grand yearly spiritual feast.

New York. J. OSBORNE LUNT.

REMEMBER THOU MUST DIE.

What is ambitious hope to me? What were a glorious name? What would it profit me to be First in the lists of Fame? There is a hour that passes by, Each hour that passes by, It harks forever on my ear: Remember, thou must die!

I've gazed aloft upon the star That heroes glory in, And sometimes deemed it not too far, For even me to win; But when I tread Fame's slippery track, Ambition bade me try, This thought forever heeled me back: Remember, thou must die!

I've thought upon the charms of gold, And fancied it were sweet, Its smiling treasures to behold All shining at my feet. But when I looked upon my hoards, Although my heart beat high, I still could hear those burning words: Remember, thou must die!

I tried the cup of pleasure, too, And drank it to the lees, But found, as all must find it true, That pleasures cannot please; Her sparkling bowl seemed sweet awhile,

But soon the fount went dry, And then I heard, with bitter smile: Remember, thou must die! Then let Ambition, Power, Fame, And Wealth and Pleasure flee— They cannot for a moment claim Dominion over me.

LETTER NUMBER TWENTY-THREE

Now your earth was really one of the many rings thrown off from the sun, and was not formed independently of the sun from fire-mist or star-dust or nebulae, or from the swirl of a vortex.

carried forward.

To be continued.)

The trouble we expect scarcely ever comes. How much

"The Christian religion," said Thomas

tolerance, though unable to act as free as formerly, is just as strong in desire as ever.

Give Christianity the power it once possessed, and liberty of thought would

book. Beautiful spiritual thought, combining advanced ideas on the finer and ethereal phases of Spiritualism, leading the mind onward into the purer atmosphere of exalted spiritual truth. A book for the higher life. For sale

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HIS SHIP GUIDED

By a Supernatural Visitor.
ONE OF COLUMBUS' CREW

Sailing Around the World. By Ca

This is an account, as set forth by The Nation, of one of the most remarkable and successful nautical enterprises ever attempted, whose claim to pre-eminence resides in the fact that it required a cruise of 46,000 miles on a

the oceans, in a sloop thirty-six feet long, nine inches in length over all, and nine tons net burden, sailed by one solitary man. This exploit was accomplished not by the aid of a

ished, not in the interests or trade for the sake of gain, but seemingly from a spirit of adventure and of spontaneous love of the water. That Capt. Cum was not inspired by sordid gain, pulse was a source of ceaseless wonder at the various ports at which he touched—except at Samoa, the only place he visited where he never heard a sion made to what “would or would

pay." Many successful conflicts have been waged with the sea in craft of small dimensions—in them explorers and shipwrecked mariners have made long and perilous voyages; but never before has a single man embarked with such calm deliberation in so diminutive a craft.

It is not to be expected that the average reader, unacquainted with nautical vicissitudes, will be able to gauge in its dimensions the extraordinary

point of Capt. Slocum; but in the
who have seen the ocean in all
moods from the decks of sailing cr
or who have passed all their days at
edge of the heaving sea, or who h
sailed small boats in dangerous wa

at all times and at all seasons, it
arouse sentiments of unqualified ad-
miration and respect for him as a val-

and resourceful man. It is from point of view that the author's simple and unpretentious narrative of the cruise must be judged. Absence of literary finish and florid word-painting sinks into insignificance compared with the overwhelming impression his story conveys of dominant courage.

The rig of the sloop is the most unusual thing about the open sea. It is heavy, cumbersome and dangerous, even when handled with a competent and able. Yet it was in such a craft, alone and unaided, that the Slocum sailed from Boston to Gibraltar, thence across the South Atlantic to the Cape of Good Hope, and on where he changed the rig into a yawl—an ideal one for cruising in such vessels. His skill as the skipper of a sloop was all the more remarkable inasmuch as his nautical training had been in the navy. The book, however, emphasizes the extraordinary quality of his seamanship. As a navigator, it was no less surprising. Provided with a cheap tin clock in lieu of a chronometer, he was rarely at fault in his longitude. When he expected to make a port, the bowsprit of the Spray was pointing

The original of the Spray was a big boat, supposed to be a hundred years old. When it came into the possession of Capt. Slocum, it was hauled up in a pasture lot in process of decay. Without assistance he rebuilt the vessel upon the original lines. That he did work thoroughly the record of the voyage reveals. Moreover, the sailmaker was well balanced; for, with the lash, he sailed long stretches without touching the wheel. When the Spray was altered into a yawl, it did still

On April 24, 1895, Captain Sloc sailed from Boston, stopping at various coastwise ports until he reached New Bedford, Nova Scotia, whence, on the 25th of July, he took his final departure for the American coast, bound for the Azores, his first port to call, where he arrived July 20. On July 26, the day after leaving the Azores, occurred the most dramatic incident of the voyage. Some of his friends on shore had

sented him with a quantity of, principally, a native cheese. He ate freely of both. The amalgam was not a particularly nutritious one, for it brought on a dread attack of stomachic cramps. Before the Captain was completely disabled, a blow came on. He should have foreseen this, instead, he doubled-reefed the mainsail and, with a full jib, put the Spray under full sail. He was not prepared for her course, lashed the wheel, and was about to roll in agony of pain on the cabin floor. While delirious from the disorder, he imagined that he was passing through the companion-way a tall man in the helm, who doffed his hat and said to him, "I am one of Columbus' crew and am the pilot of the Pinto come to see you. Lie quiet, Señor Captain, and

will guide your ship to-night. You have a calentura; but you will be all right tomorrow." When the Captain recovered his full senses, it was broad day. Spray was still going like a race horse. The sloop had made ninety miles in a night through a rough sea with no aid at the helm—except the supernatural visitor.

worst of all, being the most "easily setting sin." For it keeps us continually putting off from day to day the start on the right road; it prevents that "R about, face," which must be definite and resolutely taken before the "ward, march," in the right direction.

The "well done" hereafter will be only to those who have "well done" here. He who would be a great soul

The above by Rev. George R. Van Water, contains a divine lesson Spiritualists should consider. The story is simply the ultimate of habits whether good or bad, and they alone determine their future destiny in the eternal world. It determines whether the conditions that surround it shall be bright and glorious, or dark and dreary.

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As Beheld by Col R. G. Ingersoll.
PREDICTED A ROSY FUTURE.

During one of Col. Ingersoll's masterly orations on Decoration Day, a day sacred to every American heart, a vision of the future arose before him. He sees our country filled with happy homes, with firesides of content, the foremost land of all the earth. He sees a world where thrones have crumbled and where the kings are dust. The aristocracy of idleness has perished from the earth. He sees a world without a

loves; man at last is free. Nature's
 forces have by science been enslaved.
 Lightning and light, wind and wave,
 frost and flame, and all the secret,
 subtle powers of earth and air are the
 dress tools for the human race. He sees
 the world at peace, adorned with every
 form of art, with music. Myriad voices
 thrill, while lips are rich with words of
 love and truth; a world in which no
 league, no prisoner mourns; a world
 in which the gibbet's shadow does not
 fall; a world where labor reaps its full
 reward, where work and worth go hand
 in hand, where the poor girl trying to
 win bread with the needle—that needle
 which has been called the asp for the
 breast of the poor—is not driven to the
 desperate choice of crime or death, of
 suicide or shame. He sees a world
 without the beggar's outstretched palm
 the miser's heartless, stony stare, the
 pitiless wail of want, the lurid lips of
 vice, the cruel eyes of scorn. He sees a
 race without disease of flesh or brain,
 shapely and fair, the married harmony
 of form and function, and as he looks
 life lengthens, joy deepens, love comes

some shines the eternal star of Heaven's
 Ingersoll's genius was towering; his
 inspiration as grand and beautiful, as
 that of any of our poets and seers.
 While not acknowledging allegiance to
 the grand truths of Spiritualism he was
 in close rapport with those master-
 minds in spirit life who are ever on the
 alert for an opportunity to give expres-
 sion to some truth that will strike a re-
 sponsive chord in the hearts of an as-
 pirating people. We do not believe that
 on the other side of life there was any
 very great desire manifested to com-

vert Col. Ingersoll to a recognition of
 the grand truths of Spiritualism. He
 could do more good in reaching the
 masses of the people by his poetic elo-
 quence, sublime imagery, and senti-
 ments tremulous with the sweet in-
 fluences of music, than characterized his
 utterances, than he could have done if
 an avowed Spiritualist. As an orator
 he was unsurpassed, and his rhythmic
 sentences fell upon the ear, with

tender sweetness, leaving a benign influence there which could not fall to do good. His brain vibrations were in harmony with the sphere of poesy, and thoughts dressed in spring-time beauty, summer richness and autumn's golden fruitage, came like evangelists unto the mild, and were expressed to a world eager to hear them. We did not desire to proselyte Col. Ingersoll to our cause.

while he was living; his mission was confined to the liberalizing field, whereas his heaven-born inspiration found no dual recognition, whereas they would have been regarded as unacceptable. If he had uttered them as a Spiritualist, it is a very foolish idea to suppose that it is order to be highly inspired one must be a Spiritualist. That does not necessarily follow. Inspiration can not be confined or limited. It is the birthright of every soul honestly aspiring for truth.

truth.


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The above is the number of the present issue of The Progressive Thinker as printed at the top of the first page.

right hand corner. If this number corresponds with the figures on your wrapper, then the time you have paid for has expired, and you are requested to renew your subscription. This number at the right hand corner of the first page is advanced each week, showing the number of Progressive Thinkers issued up to date. Keep watch of the number on the tag of your wrapper.

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GENERAL SURVEY.

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

CONTRIBUTORS.—Each contributor is alone responsible for any assertions or statements he may make. The editor allows this freedom of expression, believing that the cause of truth can be best subserved thereby. Many of the sentiments uttered in an article may be diametrically opposed to his belief, yet that is no reason why they should be suppressed; yet we wish it distinctly understood that our space is inadequate to publish everything that desires to do so. Thus must account for the non-appearance of YOUR article.

WRITE PLAINLY.—We would like to impress upon our correspondents that the *Progressive Thinker* is set up on a Linotype machine that must make speed equal to about four compositors. That means rapid work, and it is essential that all copy, to insure insertion in the paper, all other requirements being favorable, should be written plainly with ink on white paper, or with a typewriter, and only on one side of the paper.

ITEMS.—Bear in mind that items for the General Survey will all cases be adjusted to the space we have to occupy. In order to do this they will generally have to be abridged more or less; otherwise many items would be crowded out. Sometimes a thirty-line item is cut down to ten lines, and ten lines to two lines, as occasion may require. Every item sent to us for publication, should contain the full name and address of the writer. We desire to know the source of every item that appears. This rule will be strictly adhered to.

Mrs. Donaldson writes: "As I have to write you regarding change of address, I also take the opportunity of telling you how much we appreciate the four books you gave as a premium at the beginning of the year. I am only beginning to develop mediumship, and am very often controlled for reading. I read the whole of *The Next World* interviewed at our circle, and every interview was read in a different voice. Many of the controls I have had the spirit interview, and from the manner in which they were read we could see that was quite possible. When it was the interview of a foreign spirit, the control read in broken English and hid all the gestures of a foreigner; this was especially noticeable in the case of George Sand. I do not know if this is a common fault of development, but it was a very interesting experience. We like the paper very much and feel greatly interested in the letters from Franz Petersen. I also read them under control. Another member of circle has begun to take the paper."

Dr. Harriet Edwards, of Chicago, will lecture and give tests Sunday evening at Hibernian Hall, Davenport, Ia. Good music. All are welcome.

The London Times correspondent at Lourenço Marques says that President Kruger has been consulting a youthful Dutch seer, who prophesied that the end of peace by June 13, and the President's death three months later. The President and the burghers are fully convinced that the predictions are accurate.

Last week we made mention that W. F. Ruffel had been ordained by the Students of Nature as a minister of the Gospel. The one who made the item from the report sent in, did so under a misapprehension of the facts of the case. Miss E. Ebbert, secretary, writes: "Mr. Ruffel was not ordained by S. of N., but was given a certificate as a recognition of being a test medium—not a teacher."

The Banner of Frankfort, Ind., says: "Articles of association have been drafted and are now being circulated for signatures for what is known as the 'Frankfort Spiritualist Association.' The articles state that the organization has for its object the investigation and propagation of Spiritualism. It is the purpose of the association to rent a suitable hall, elect a president, treasurer, secretary and three trustees, and to hold meetings at stated periods to be determined hereafter. The members will be requested to pay such assessments to meet the expenses as may be determined upon by the officials. A well-known believer stated to a News reporter that it was the intention to have frequent lectures delivered on the faith, and that the meetings would be held much more often than the manner of any other religious organization."

J. A. Gash writes from Ohio: "I have read and reread the six volumes I have received with *The Progressive Thinker*. I prize them very highly. They are so cheap in price, but well filled with many truths. I am getting quite a nice library of occult science. May you live long to see the genius of truth, is my heartfelt prayer."

Geo. F. Perkins writes: "I have been busy out of town two Sundays of May, speaking at Elgin and at Englewood. I would like appointments with fair compensation, to lecture, sing and give genuine spirit communications, with philosophical explanation of the laws that govern spirit manifestations. Having had 16 years experience I feel competent to demonstrate the practical utilization of mediumship. Address me at 3558 Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago, Illinois."

Geo. W. Johnson writes from Arkansas: "My wife is a writing medium, the best I have ever met. We have received messages from fifty-one of our friends who have passed to the spirit life. She has only been in the work two years, while I have been a Spiritualist since the year 1850. Now, Mr. Editor, *The Progressive Thinker* comes to me all right, but I am in the wilderness, wife and I alone in Spiritualism."

Elvar J. Hull writes from Cleveland, Ohio: "The East End Society of Spiritualists held the usual services at W. W. Hall, on Euclid street, near W. 11th, Sunday evening, the 13th inst., Dr. J. M. Temple, of Washington, D. C., on the platform. After an inspiring invocation by H. C. Andrews, of Indianapolis, Ill., Dr. Temple spoke at length on 'The Old and the New,' to a fairly good audience. The beautiful thoughts of the speaker conveyed to his hearers, led them to realize there is a presence with him not seen by the mortal eye, but seen by many who were endowed with the sixth sense of clear seeing. Dr. Temple followed his lecture with tests, which were fully recognized. H. C. Andrews, the noted improviser and inspirator, spoke for the season. We enjoyed the reputation of having the best vocal and instrumental music of any camp in the West, and no pains has been spared

The full name and address of every person who sends an item for publication, must be given, or otherwise it may not appear. Fear that in mind.

Mrs. Maggie Waite is now at Syracuse, N. Y. Her address there is as follows: 304 South Crouse avenue.

Henrietta Straub writes from Syracuse, N. Y.: "The convention of the New York State Spiritualist Association, held at Syracuse, May 11, 12 and 13, attracted big audiences, and was a consummate success. I do not venture to proffer my individual opinions concerning the merits of the different speakers, but I judge that they will be left to the judges. One thing, however, all agree to declare: If Spiritualism has many advocates and champions, as able and enthusiastic as those shown forth at said convention, then our cause must prosper, and the world will have to acknowledge ere long, that Spiritualism is the religion of the future."

Wm. Soeth writes from Kansas: "That Lay Sermon in *The Progressive Thinker* of May 5, gives the best declaration of principles, by my notion, that I have seen yet. Mr. Griffin expresses views and ideas much better than I could do it myself; and I dare say (take it the world over) that there are ten Spiritualists who will say yes and amen to Brother Griffin's views and ideas on the creed subject to where you will find one Spiritualist that will accept and is satisfied with the creed adopted by the National Spiritualist Association."

Dr. S. D. Bowker writes from Kansas City, Mo.: "Mrs. Mary E. Krutz of Appleton, Mo., and her husband, Dr. A. W. with us and did a very excellent work. She was followed by Mrs. Carrie L. Bean and her daughter, Miss Edith Evelyn Edwards, both from Lincoln, Neb. With the gifts possessed by these ladies we are greatly blessed, and they are not a whit behind those who laid the foundation of Spiritualism in this city. They are strong in personality and clear in vision, and remarkably in the large number of fully recognized tests at each service. They will close their service for the society with the end of May, and will be free for any service at Camp-meetings during the summer. Their address is 707 East Ninth street, Kansas City, Mo."

The San Francisco Chronicle says: "Miss Flora MacDonald Shearer, educator and poetess, has again lost her home, and is once more in the tented hospital for the insane. During the last three years Miss Shearer has been placed under restraint several times, but each time returning reason brought about her release. Recently the spell of madness again took hold of her. Some malignant spirit was seeking to do her harm, she said, and each night she placed a note and a piece of money under the door mat of her home at 1910 Lyon street. The note contained an appeal for mercy, and the money was offered as a bribe. Fearing that her madness might take a dangerous turn, friends of Miss Shearer had her arrested yesterday. Policeman McMurphy took her to the Detention Hospital, where she will be kept until her case has been inquired into by the Lunacy Commissioners. The unfortunate poetess is 50 years of age. Twenty-five years ago she was married to a teacher in school. She has had several books published, and gained not a little fame for the excellence of her poetry and ethical essays. She is descended from a noted Scotch family, and was named for her grand-mother, Flora MacDonald, the sweetheart of the young Pretender."

W. F. Ruffel of this city writes: "May I intrude upon your space to correct a slight error in reference to myself; and but for the 'dead head' advantages to be gained as with our orthodox friends, I should hope never to be writing on Spiritualism. The article in *The Progressive Thinker* requested to state that the title of 'Rev.' would be more befitting the divine attribute of mediumship, rather than that knowledge which is sought after in books, schools, etc., and which anyone of fair intelligence can get, and do get if they have the price, and which too many of us are told, maketh a man mad. I have been a student in the Students of Nature, under the tutelage of Mrs. Summers, did give me a certificate or license as a medium. I was asked to attend on Sunday week last, by request of the church, and it was the greatest surprise of my life, for I have done less work for her society than any other, yet how it shows her true appreciation of the work that is done, not by me, but through me. I need only say in conclusion, that my whole heart and mind is in the work, and I do look forward to the time when I can devote my whole life to it."

Secretary writes from Saginaw, Mich., reporting a good meeting on the 13th inst. Dr. W. S. Eldridge officiating. Prof. P. O. Hudson, of Bay City, Mich., furnished the music. All were charmed. Dr. Eldridge will attend funerals and make engagements for camp work. Address him at 211 N. Mason street, Saginaw, Mich."

Dr. J. H. Taylor writes from Cleveland, O.: "Mr. Samuel Fish, of Milan, O., with whom I spent the winter, received the excellent premium books before I left there. *The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World*, Vol. 3, and *The Next World* Interview were very highly appreciated by them, and they wish me to thank you for your generous premiums. I have just returned to Cleveland."

Carrie F. Weatherford has a few open dates for June meetings and for camps. Will answer calls to attend funerals. Address her at Alaska, Mich., or send message by Citizens' Phone."

Harry J. Moore is open for engagements; will officiate at funerals or weddings in the city. Address him at 2979 Washburn avenue, Chicago, Ill."

Dr. J. H. Taylor has returned to Cleveland, Ohio, after an absence of four months in Milan, Ohio. He has some vacant dates for lectures before the camp season begins. He may be addressed at 885 St. Clair street.

The South Chicago True Spiritualist Society meets every Sunday evening at 7:30 at 822 Exchange avenue, instead of Eigenmann's Hall.

P. O. Hudson writes: "Having received many letters of inquiry regarding the musical department of the Island Lake Camp, Mich., for this season, I wish to say through *The Progressive Thinker* (as the letters are so numerous) that I am personally in the following: Prof. P. O. Hudson, balladist, composer and violinist, is the musical director as of yore. Prof. T. H. Davenport, baritone soloist, organist, pianist and clarinetist of Bay City, is also engaged. Also a lady soprano and solo pianist from the same city, Mrs. Tuttle, concert, of Berlin Heights, Ohio, whose son is a juvenile solo violinist, will also be engaged for the season. We enjoy the reputation of having the best vocal and instrumental music of any camp in the West, and no pains has been spared

In selecting the best talent available. Mr. Cook, of Detroit, the soloist, will also be in attendance on Sundays. We shall have a most enjoyable season."

Ella M. Pitkin writes: "The Band of Harmony (auxiliary of the Church of the South) will give a social afternoon and evening (Thursday, May 31, in hall 608, No. 40 Randolph street. Tables will be arranged for progressive euchre, at each session. Ladies will bring lunch which will be served with tea and coffee at six o'clock. Admission free. A charge of ten cents will be made for score cards; also for coffee."

J. Bullion writes from Michigan: "Mesick and our sister village, Sherman, are all excitement, and many of our friends have been led into new channels of thought. Dr. O. Knowles, of Grand Rapids, Mich., called upon us on his way home from Frankfort, Mich. He delivered two lectures (with tests) in Sherman on Sunday, May 13, to appreciative audiences. All of the tests, descriptions and names in full were promptly recognized. He also spoke at the village house on Sunday evening and Monday morning to a house full of curious people, taking subjects from the audience, and followed by tests. He also lectured in the Carpenter school-house three miles north. Dr. Knowles is a true magnetic speaker."

Mary Irene Dye writes from Kansas: "We enjoy the paper greatly and appreciate your 'Divine Plan' of helpfulness. We do not see how you manage to give us the books, but accept the gracious gift, thankfully, and wait for more light."

The New York Sun of May 13, 1900, has the following: "New Haven, Conn., May 12.—Prof. Lucius Ward, a trance medium, with an extensive list of aliases, was arrested by Detective Daly to-night charged with breach of the peace. This is a subterfuge to hold him until the police of other cities where Ward is known to be wanted can be communicated with. The prisoner's description tallies with that of a man who is alleged to have established a man in Baltimore in addition to committing other crimes at various other times and places. One of these places is Butte, Mont. Ward was DeLill Morrison there while he lived at 420 Columbus avenue, Boston, as 'Professor Berthold Barneth.' The Cleveland police, it is said, are after him for a case of embezzlement. His arrest was due to a complaint of Lionel Hartwell, his partner in crime. Remondy had been open to all who desire and we hope to hear from every city and town in Wisconsin. Address A. A. McIntyre, Secretary Wisconsin State Spiritualist Association, Junction, Wis., or the undersigned for dates and other arrangements. Trusting that this effort on behalf of the State Association will find favor and be productive of good to the cause of truth, I remain, Fraternally yours, CLARA STEWART, Pres. Wis. State S. Asso. Stevens Point, Wis."

Letter from Cuba.

To the Editor:—I have been a Spiritualist for thirty years and have often thought of forming a company of Spiritualists here, but have been unable to do so. I have (not a commune) if climate and soil offered proper conditions. I have lived in California and Florida, but found those States not well suited; but I believe Cuba offers a climate and soil and productions eminently fitted, especially the higher mountain valleys, where, free from fevers, the raising of coffee, cocoa, tobacco and some few fruits for profitable shipment, and so many other home-grown fruits for family use; besides oranges, guavas, pineapples and half a dozen other quite good root crops, would make life easy and enjoyable. In most of these higher valleys rain is sufficient, so irrigation is not needed; the nights always cool enough for most refreshing sleep and the midday heat not prolonged—giving plenty of time in daylight for enjoyable labor or recreation. The soil is very productive, and with a little extra labor and milk production practical.

I say community, for no American family can afford to live alone long enough for Cuba to become English-speaking, and sufficiently American in customs, thinking to ward off the homeliness that sooner or later overcomes the judgment, and an unwise result. I have no doubt that I could tell you only the inferior people should occupy the most beautiful and enjoyable regions of the globe. I believe Spiritualists should inaugurate the reverse of all this. People of best thoughts and aspirations should have best surroundings. Instead of letting capitalists from Atlantic coast cities buy up at from one to ten dollars per acre large desirable tracts of land, and from them sell to one hundred dollars per acre for within a few years, the readers of *The Progressive Thinker* should send people into Cuba to investigate and select location and report facts.

N. B. MURFORD, Trinidad, Santa Clara Province, Cuba.

How to Succeed.

There seems to multiply many suggestions how to develop organized Spiritualism. One wants to be a Spiritualist, another another religion at all; one more phenomena and another less of more philosophy and another is tired of lectures; and now the ladies are asked to take full charge, instead of only men. If we organize a church, someone rebels because we should have only a society; and a plain society drives away the materialist brother who is inclined to lead the people into a higher form of such organization than is now in the world. Whilst we refuse to co-operate with every struggling effort, unless it just suits us, we will fail to help the progress desired. The local, state and national associations are badly handicapped by a rebellion or refusal to co-operate with the cause of Spiritualism, which does not just suit—as for instance the late imperfect declaration of principles.

Humanity, male and female, rich and poor, wise and ignorant (even pure and impure) should co-operate to develop truth. As we are seeking truth and spiritual culture, we must organize upon a business basis. A little common sense is frequently needed by the materialist brother who is inclined to lead the people into a higher form of such organization than is now in the world. Whilst we refuse to co-operate with every struggling effort, unless it just suits us, we will fail to help the progress desired. The local, state and national associations are badly handicapped by a rebellion or refusal to co-operate with the cause of Spiritualism, which does not just suit—as for instance the late imperfect declaration of principles.

The Old Home.

A small package was handed me to-day which was mailed near my old home, and on opening I found it contained a beautiful picture of the little cottage where I passed my youthful years. It is empty now, and looks lonely and deserted, but yet how natural. There is snow on the ground, and some one has opened a pathway up to the door. Long icicles are clinging to the eaves, and some have fallen and lie broken on the ground beneath. In front of the house is the pretty, large, sloping lawn, and on one side of this is the garden, where we grew our vegetables, and such lovely daisies, the old roses, and the roses. On the other side, and in the rear of the house is the orchard, where grew such luscious fruits, great red and golden apples. And there near the house is the well from which I drank many a cooling draught. The windows look vacant, but I can picture faces there of the long ago, faces of parents, brothers and sisters, and the voices of old friends, and the voices of old friends, and then for a while I lived alone with my parents. A little nephew used to come and visit us on his birthdays and

spend many a merry hour, but he has grown to mature years now and is "teaching the young idea how to shoot." Father died and was carried away to the little burying ground, and mother soon followed. Then the home was owned for a while by a married sister, but soon she died, and the home was called to that "house from whence no traveler returns." I have been for some years in a new home of my own, where love yields the scepter; where time does not hang heavy, but speeds away on golden wings. While there is much in recollections of earlier years to sadden us, yet the home is purified in our lives, and this life is so grand and great; not downward when the years come on, but ever onward and upward until in the dim vista of years it seems only a step into that bright and beautiful life, unlimbed by time.

Burlington, Ind. MRS. HEATON.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

As there have been some inquiries received as to the Wisconsin State Spiritualist Association, for the benefit of all friends of the cause in the state I would say: The officers are at work getting the organization into proper and legal shape. There are several things that take time for proper completion in this way. As soon as possible printed copies of the constitution and by-laws will be mailed to contributing members. As soon as camp season is over missionaries will be put to work. You should bear in mind the fact that lack of money necessarily impedes progress in the way of incorporation and proper equipment of the office. Consequently we ask co-operation among all friends of the cause, especially in a pecuniary way, and solicit contributions to the general fund.

During the coming three months I shall be pleased to visit all places in the state that will furnish me speaking room and entertainment, and shall endeavor to aid your local work as well as the state organization. Remember that I am open to all who desire and we hope to hear from every city and town in Wisconsin. Address A. A. McIntyre, Secretary Wisconsin State Spiritualist Association, Junction, Wis., or the undersigned for dates and other arrangements. Trusting that this effort on behalf of the State Association will find favor and be productive of good to the cause of truth, I remain,

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LOCAL SOCIETIES.

Useful Suggestions for Spiritualists.

If Spiritualism is to continue in existence as an organized movement for only a few years longer, a radical change must take place in the methods of Spiritualists.

This must be so obvious to all who know anything of the matter, that it may be said to be a truism. The important point is in what direction must the change be made. This should be as obvious, yet most Spiritualists seem so blind that they cannot see it.

Local societies and they alone keep the cause before the public in their respective localities. The literature will be almost unheard of, except by a few scattered individuals, the philosophy will be untaught and the religion unpracticed where they do not flourish. Yet, with few exceptions, they have for some time past, been growing weaker and poorer every year.

The remedy lies with each individual Spiritualist. To the extent to which he is willing to do without something else in order to contribute to the support of his local association, if there be one where he resides, and to start one if there be none, he is doing his duty to the cause he professes to love. If unwilling to make such a sacrifice, he need not seek to throw the blame upon others or search around for the origin of the trouble.

Spiritualists must have times and places for public meetings, or the truth they have, instead of burning brightly where all may see it, will only faintly flicker in individual bosoms. And when they do meet they must conduct their meetings in an orderly and rational manner. The temple in which they assemble may be as humble as circumstances render necessary, but it must be revered as a temple and approached in a spirit of devotion. The truth, in its in-ide curiosity for the sake of silly amusement or even mainly for the purpose of hearing from spirit friends, its rostrum must be used for teaching. Its ministers must be properly qualified men and women, instruments of the angel world indeed, but fitting instruments for angelic hands. And while it may be proper work for angels to inspire them, it is no less proper work for men and blood Spiritualists to support them.

It is natural law that no one can gain anything worth having without making some sacrifice to obtain it. Every Spiritualist is ready to say that his religion is the most beautiful and the best in the world. How much does he pay for it? That is the measure of its beauty and its utility to him.

We hear sometimes of high-priced speakers. Like the anthropologist, the man "whose head he grew beneath their shoulders" nobody ever saw one, but they serve to talk about. Or if there are any high-priced speakers, they must be such as, dear at any price, a depleted treasury may occasion a society to place upon its platform and who deplete it still more by bringing that platform into contempt.

The local society is a necessity to Spiritualism. The teacher of the earnest, intelligent speaker is a necessity to the local society. To do effective work he must live by it as he would have to do in any other profession he might adopt. As well expect your physician to shoe horses for his support and attend the sick free of charge, or your lawyer to cut your hair and demand payment for that but not for legal advice, as to require the teacher of religion and philosophy to earn his bread by other means. He cannot do it without detriment to his work.

No public teacher should be expected to give private sittings as a medium. There is always a possibility of a private medium developing into a speaker but when this is the case private mediumship should cease to be practiced, at least as a principal source of livelihood. The conditions and influences of the two phases are essentially different, and perfection can scarcely be obtained or retained in both by the same individual at the same time.

True economy may be practiced by employing settled speakers, thus saving railroad fares, and by the erection or purchase of buildings thus saving hall rents. In all other directions attempted economy seems to be real extravagance. The question commonly asked is, "What can the society do to save expenses?" If every Spiritualist adopted this, "What can I do to enable the society to meet expenses?" the difficulty will be overcome. If not, before this generation shall pass away the end of Spiritualism as a distinct movement in the world will be upon us.

E. J. BOWTELL.

Our Bridge—Moses Hull.

The perusal of Moses Hull's new book on the Bible will convince any fair-minded and progressive thinker that here at last is an eternal statement of the Bible as the Spiritualists are concerned, and that the Bible is their book.

Moses Hull's place in the Biblical literature of Spiritualism is secure. He is a prophet and has been for 10, these many years. But in his last great effort he has completed the bridge over which the modern Spiritualist may pass safely to the ancient Spiritualist, and settle forever the question regarding the significance of Bible narrative. His *Encyclopedia of Biblical Spiritualism* is a clincher and it has carried conviction to thousands, and the new book is the ripe vintage of a mellowed fruit and besides an argument simply unanswerable. It is the warm, glowing comfort of this age regarding the Bible, what it is, what it wrote it, why it was written, what it stands for, the explanation of its obscure passages, and the rendering of texts in the original meaning, what the word of God is, what the holy spirit is, what the Lord is, all these absorbing questions now vexing the "higher critics" are fully and forever answered. Moses Hull is the father of what is called the higher criticism. Long before the term was coined or a clergyman grown to fit it, he had passed through and beyond all the now jostling the cobwebs of theological hyperbole, and the Spiritualists of the world owe him a debt of gratitude second only to that due Andrew Jackson Davis and the Fox sisters.

The Light of Truth these two books of Moses Hull, *"The Encyclopedia of Biblical Spiritualism"* and *"The Bible, Who Wrote It?"* as the bedrock of Spiritualism along this line—Light of Truth.

"The Mysteries of the Formation of the Earth, the Rising and Sinking of Continents, the Introduction of Man, and His Destiny Revealed in God's Own Way and Time." A work of deep interest given through the mediumship of Mrs. M. T. Longley, by an advanced band of ancient spirits. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"Religions and Theological Works of Thomas Paine." Contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth-binding, 430 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

SOME QUERIES.

About the Objective and Subjective Ego.

In your issue for May 19, is one of the greatest treats I have experienced for many a long day. I mean the article headed "The Size of Man," by the brilliant California philosopher, Charles Dawburn. I have read and re-read the article, and my ego cries for more. I want to thank our friend and co-worker, Charles Dawburn, for the said article, and hope very early he will favor our readers with another article, in which—personally—I would be pleased if he will tell us how through the ether waves one subjective mind acts on another subjective mind, so as to restore the person to health again. J. J. Hudson in his book, "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," says, page 20: The objective mind takes cognizance of the objective world; its media of observation are the five physical senses. The subjective mind takes notice of its environments by means independent of the physical senses. It perceives by intuition, it performs its highest functions when the objective senses are in abeyance (or asleep). Page 152: "How the subjective mind controls the functions and sensations of the body, man may never know." "That man is possessed of two minds, an objective and subjective."

Charles Dawburn in his article says: "When we enter the silence the ego is in full activity. I mean that this expression by ego of his greater fullness is necessarily going on now." "Where the silence begins for the mortal, ego is expressing a new personality, but only because we are not yet broad enough to see and sense that the two personalities are but manifestations of the one ego in operation at the same time."

If I understand it rightly, Hudson says "Man has two minds, an objective and subjective, that when the objective mind is quiescent the subjective mind is in activity." Dawburn says: "The truth begins for the mortal, ego is expressing a new personality—that the two personalities are but manifestations of the one ego." DR. W. YATES.

Chicago, Ill.

Fox Sisters' Monumental Tablet.

To the Editor:—You kindly inserted Friend Merritt's and my appeal for this (apparently) good purpose, viz., some tribute of love and respect for these, our first workers and martyrs.

It did seem a just and merited cause to thus commemorate their service and lives for Spiritualism, and the first little raves received at the Hydesville cottage. A lesson and moral came to me from this, your kind notice, and I felt that I should like to contribute my mite to this noble and useful cause.

And second: We really injure (sometimes) and do little good by striving to give lasting testimony to love, worship or any sacred memory, with tablets, mementoes or tributes of wood or stone. Good words and noble lives, heroic deeds, the driving and the world, will live, and any one who has striven to make life brighter and the world better, needs no monument.

Peter said unto Jesus: "Master, it is good for us to make here three tabernacles, one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias."—"not knowing what he said." And thus with your appeal and my letters for the Fox sisters which really resulted in nothing, only \$1 and two letters of inquiry.

This has so often proved the same in the past with so many great and good names of poets, priests and kings who have only a remembrance from their good deeds and lives.

What matters it what men or angels think or say in comparison to the "well done" of the spirit. All true acts, noble lives, yes, even beautiful thoughts, are enduring—cannot die, and must live, and each gives its exact, sure reward or blessing.

With these conclusions, how wisely and lovingly spirits seem to guard the memory and love of the Fox sisters, which we wish to commemorate—but not with tablets or monuments—but to cherish in our hearts, and consecrate with high and holy deeds, the religion of Spiritualism and the cause of humanity.

SYLVANUS LYON.

New York.

Are They Dreams, or Visions?

I have had many strange experiences in my sleeping conditions, and am at a loss to know whether they are only dreams or really belong to the true spirit life.

Nearly all whom I called friends while here in earth form, are gone from my visible sight, but scarcely a night passes but what I see some of them, as they were in this life, but never only three have I dreamed of knowing them to be spirits passed on to the other side and these left upon my mind a strong impression, which still remains with me, as having seen them in reality, although many of my other nightly visitations with old time comrades have been very pleasant.

One of those whom I saw as having passed over, appeared before me on bended knees, seeming to be in tears, and feeling sadly on account of having caused me some serious trial while here, and implored my forgiveness, at the same time asking me if I did not think I repented in the affirmative, and in turn asked her forgiveness.

I don't believe that spirits are really happy over there, having wronged while here any human being, until they meet them face to face and they become reconciled to each other; and this is the kind of confession, and the only kind, that I really have any faith in, as being necessary to the soul's upliftment in the line of progressive happiness.

Another spirit who came to me in my sleep was a young friend who passed on from New Jersey last spring. I seemed to be walking with her in some strange place, on a great public highway. We did not converse. At the end of our walk, I turned and looked her square in the face (we had been walking arms around each other, for we were great friends) thinking to myself, Why, Ida, you are now no longer living in earth life, but on the other side. She seemed happy and was as fair as the morning—was attired in bright blue, trimmed with white lace, such as she never wore while in the form. I do

