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

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SPIRITUALISM A PERVADEING LIGHT.

Given through Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, at the Union Mass Meeting of Spiritualists in Chicago, Thursday Evening, March 28, 1901.

Mr. Chairman, President of the State Association, President of the National Association, Members of the Convention and Friends:—In every period of human history when mankind is to be uplifted to an added height there is a new presentation of light. We know it is the same splendor, we are aware that it is from the same source of being; but always from the eternal fires of truth the light is new; just as new as these lilies, that greet this glad new Easter, the birthday of Spiritualism. For at this very hour, almost, in this convention you are celebrating the anniversary of the advent of the modern Light of the World.

Many lights the world has had. We call to mind at the moment how Edwin Arnold and his co-workers in religious freedom have brought to the Occident the great, wonderful and luminous light that Buddha cast upon Asia when she had fallen into the shadow of priestcraft, of kinglycraft and of the rulers. We know when that simple light gave forth the word of truth that he had learned by the illumination he had received beneath that fair "Buddha Tree" that it was the light from the Infinite love; that those who followed after him taught that light, until, that too, became clouded by priestcraft and rulers. We know that from the heights, Moses—not "Our Moses," here upon the platform, but the great inspired leader of the Jews, as this one, inspired, leads to liberate the modern thought—when he came down from the mountain where he had received the knowledge of inspiration, the people were busy, as our people are, worshipping the "golden calf" in the wilderness, and following after the strange gods of the Egyptians, that they still loved and clung to. And yet when that new light came and led to where they saw the "promised land" a little way off, there was a new fervor of inspiration established. Prophets took up the theme from time to time, as "Our Moses" will presently declare to you. Then when Jesus from his Mount of Olives and beside the Sea of Galilee taught the simplicity of that inspired truth that is to be found within and from above, lo! there were some hearts ready, some lives waiting and longing to listen. As Buddha became the pervading light in Asia, so in Palestine, and afterward in Europe, Jesus became the pervading light. But the kings and rulers, jealous of this new light, took up the theme and it became the means of power. You know what followed the reign of the "Bloody Constantine." You know what has followed every reformation in the church: Always the inspired light, always the few who are thrilled and pervaded by the new revelation from on high. Then at last kings and rulers, jealous of this light, cloud it over with ambition, make it the means of warfare and contention, as Christian rulers are doing to-day in every part of the world. What is the matter with Christendom, that life is forgotten and the Prince of Peace is defiled? A new spirit brooded over the nations, and the great reformation swept abroad anew; it spread over some few: John Wesley, George Fox, and later the Shakers took up the theme of "Peace on earth, good will to men." But kinglycraft and priestcraft have clouded those fair elysian skies. The true inspiration that has led the world on and on has always been taken as a means by those who sought for temporal power.

Perceiving the great need of the world; that between materialism on the one hand and the blinder materialism of theology on the other the world was sinking into the slough of despond; this new appearance of light, this new presentation came into the world fifty-three years ago. In that length of time kings have not taken it as a weapon of warfare; churches have not taken it as a means of forwarding their creeds, but it has become and is at the present time the pervading light. Heaven grant that it may not become the instrument of human ambition and bloodshed!

So long as Spiritualism stands for the opening of the eyes of the spiritually blind; so long as it stands for the voice that gives the message of peace and comfort from the realm beyond this earth; so long as it stands for the open doorway of communion between the two worlds; so long as it stands for the uplifting of human hearts and for the exaltation of human lives that are in shadow; so long as it stands for peace on earth good will to (all) men; so long as it stands for fraternity and fellowship; so long as it stands for the onward march toward a higher and better and more divine perception of truth, it will stand for that for which it was intended.

When kings praise it, beware! When men in power seek for it, look out! When those who are in the coils and folds of Mammon desire it, there is danger! When you hear it praised of those great in power—unless, indeed, they seek it as a comfort, an assuagement of sorrow, that even the kings and queens cannot find in empire when their loved ones pass from human sight—beware! Over there in Great Britain, the royal lady, whose life has just been taken to the spirit realm, found no assuagement to her grief when the Prince Consort was taken from her (we know whereof we speak) until the message came from spirit life through the mediumship of her beloved and faithful servant, John Brown. What was there in an empire, in the Indies, in the wealth of the world, in added conquests that could take the place of this knowledge, this new kingdom of life, that even those who rule have great need of? Dean Stanley, her spiritual advisor, was sought to testify whether he considered the Queen insane, because she believed in spirit communion, and that Prince Albert was speaking to her and writing to her? He said, after due deliberation: "If our Queen is insane for believing in spirit communion, then all Christendom is bound to be considered insane, for they have in their ritual, we believe in the communion of saints."

This pervading light does not confine itself to the lowly, nor has it taken up its abode with the exalted in worldly position, excepting in individual cases to comfort them; but it is an interpretation anew of ancient inspiration; the giving, through instruments chosen for that purpose, the new voice of truth that the world needed; that the world seemed hungering for and which you are to receive the attestation of. Our friends and co-workers here are to tell you concerning it. It is a pervading light; not molded, concrete and centralized. No man can take it away into some special corner and declare to you that you can receive the truth from no other source; if he does he has been left in the shadow, and the light has gone on. No king has taken it and said: Now this will be my

sceptre and state religion, under this name all people must worship or perish. No one like the Mohammedan, with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, has declared that this new spirit of truth must be followed. No one is compelled to follow the light through Spiritualism. But it is the new open channel of light; it gives the opportunity of knowing that which has been a sealed book in theology; which scientists have denied until compelled, by recent investigation, to speak.

Aye! It has even pervaded Harvard and Columbia's walls, and other colleges. After more than thirty years—no, it is probably more than thirty-five years since Dr. Fred L. H. Willis was expelled from Harvard for being an instrument of this pervading light. Now, on bending knees one of the professors of Harvard is compelled to admit that, through the instrumentality of a "sensitive," or a medium, direct spirit communion is established. We congratulate these gentlemen, Prof. James, Prof. Hyslop, Dr. Hodgson and others for tardily knowing what Mr. Wallace in England, now Dr. Wallace, Prof. Crookes and a score of scientific men in London knew thirty-five and forty years ago. The world moves; even in universities something new is ground out, despite the theological graduates and the doctors of medicine, who wish to monopolize both materia medica and the way of salvation.

This pervading light, we may congratulate ourselves, which is Spiritualism, has even penetrated these walls, removed these barriers and taken away the blindness from some eyes. But let them not be too sanguine; other professors that follow after them will be just as doubtful of their sanity and intelligence as they were of the sanity and intelligence of Prof. Crookes, Dr. Wallace, Mr. Varley, Prof. Hare, Prof. Mages, Prof. Denton and those who have gone on illuminating the world from the upper region with the pervading light and added knowledge. People must gain knowledge by experience of course. As Dr. Franklin once said: "Most people are foolish, and experience is the only way that fools can learn anything." Not always then, for the same experience must be traveled over and over again until one grows to know what the experience means. Therefore, the same evidences that you will listen to to-night, the same kind of messages that are given here must be gone over and over again to each individual mind.

You must consider well that this light is not a light that compels people to grow. It only stimulates and calls forth that which is within you. Every blossom grows from its own nature, and the sunshine is there for it to choose its rays and express its personality. As a pervading light Spiritualism has come into the world with this splendid inspiration, this sunshine; it is coming toward the floodtide of the new spiritual cycle; and this Spiritualism is for you. What you will do with it depends entirely upon yourself. If you shut your eyes and say, "I cannot see it" it will not force them open. If you shut your ears and say, "I will not hear it," it will not compel you to listen. If you close your understanding concerning it—you remember that Brother Kates recited a poem the other evening about "the man who would not understand"—it will not compel you to understand. But it will shine and shine, until perhaps those roots and germs that have been lying dormant in your spiritual nature will be quickened by its presence, until, even like the slumbering germs in this tardy northern region, where the breath of springtime is slow in pervading the air, still those germs will at last feel its approaching presence.

Oh! it is glorious to live in the light of such a movement, its inspiration; and the pleasure to have known of it and talked of it, breathed it, been aware of it for so long! It is a delight to see it entering minds, and other lives bursting forth with the added knowledge that it brings. To know that just when that light enters, like the glad tokens of springtime, is the new awakening of life! What a glad Easter song the whole world could sing if they knew, as most of you do who are here to-night, that there is no death! What a glad spiritual resurrection it would be, if behind the caves, caverns, tombs and sepulchers of mortals' hopes and doubts and fears there was the knowledge that this is but one step in the journey of life; that birth and death are alike but incidents in that journey! How the pall and gloom would fall away from human hearts and human lives; and the great problems of existence would be solved in the larger problem of life eternal in the eternal pervading light.

Mr. Chairman, Mr. President of the National Association, it is your duty at this hour to see to it that no one makes use of this light for a convenient shadow, the shadow of self seeking. That no one makes use of it for external policy, or for material power; and that no shadow like that which, alas! overtakes every new inspiration of truth, and clouds it almost ere the morning has dawned, shall come to this light.

Full and beautiful and fair, in this late day of civilization, Spiritualism came into the world; with less persecution than that of most new movements. Your conditions for physical life were more favorable; the world had grown from much of the fear, terror and darkness of past conditions; of the Inquisition, the putting to death of witches and the persecuting of those who had spiritual gifts.

Now as this light is left in the hands of those who give its message to the world, so its life is entrusted to you that you may bear it forward from those shadows that have eclipsed those passed lights. Will you do it? Will some king or ruler, or empire take up this message and declare that it means his power, his government, his right to rule? Will some one take it up and declare that it means that all people must follow this name or be destroyed? Will there ever come a time when people will be persecuted because they have some other form of truth than that which has come under the name of Spiritualism? It may be that when the new name for truth is announced (we know that next name, and we think perhaps, were it time, we would avow it, just that you might all become Spiritualists in order to explain it. Because the next step will be something that Spiritualism will be the means of explaining; just as hypnotism has been used to explain Spiritualism; just as our friend Dr. Hudson has found a subway into the human consciousness and has attempted to explain through that subway that which the most ordinary consciousness can easily perceive. Of course if there could be a new name of something as great and wonderful, then you would all leap to your feet as full grown

Spiritualists and say, "I know what that is! It is Spiritualism." You who have crowded and sided uneasily into Spiritualism through "Christian Science," through "Psychic Research," through "Theosophy," through the "Faithists," through the "Truth Seekers," through any of those avenues, will find us all there. You will simply find that you have entered by another way. That this pervading light has not been so particular about names as it has been about principles. If you thought you could take a little piece of this new light and go off by yourself and make it more popular in the world; that which is valuable in it Spiritualism has brought.

Why! there was a man who came all the way from India to tell us about states that we have known for forty years. Here is another man from Persia telling us how to breathe; when every medium that is controlled by an Indian has been told how to use the lungs perfectly, to close the mouth when breathing, how to take long breaths, and occupy or pervade the physical organism by the power of the spirit. Here is Mrs. Eddy telling people not to read or think anything that she does not write or think. Something that she writes must be read in every Christian Science church throughout the length and breadth of the land; and those same thoughts were given by mediums thirty, forty and fifty years ago; excepting the abuse, that was not given.

Now when people commence wandering into the new light; when they are illumined by some of these new rays of truth, they think that is something a "great deal higher than Spiritualism." Turn over the pages of the Banner of Light, the Religio-Philosophical Journal and The Progressive Thinker and read the discourses by the various Spiritualistic speakers and writers, and what do you find? That the Spiritualists have been thinking, writing and speaking those thoughts for these many years.

What a blessed thing it is that each blossom that comes forth is a new blossom. We are glad when you have this truth; but you must not think it is the first blossom in the spiritual garden; you must not think it is born for you because you have just perceived it; any more than that star was born when a little child pressed his nose against the window pane and for the first time actually realized the twinkle of a star in his eye, and called out: "Oh, mamma, God has just made a star for me!"

So when in your dull, narrow prison-house of clay, in your bondage of the spirit you are looking out and you see this light of spiritual truth flashing in upon you, you think the good God, in his love and mercy, has just made it for you. It is for you the moment you perceive it, but it has been there for thousands and thousands of ages; sages, seers, prophets, philosophers, poets and teachers have seen it; and now your light is here.

Now that there are a certain number of people who are agreed upon what they think and understand, and this gateway has swung open and this pervading light illumines the world according to its needs, the great thing is, that you shall not make a shadow of it. We believe in organization, but we do not believe in organization first and then filling it with the spirit afterward. The spirit must be first to create and push the organization forward. Now do not let us have an organization too large for the spirit; let us have the body in subjection to the soul; let us see to it that the machinery does not clog the way of progress.

Sometimes we think in the great whirl, bustle and turmoil of this busy age, that the improvements and great inventions and discoveries really block the wheels of progress. You go out on the street and take an electric car and there is something wrong, there is a failure in the action of the machinery, in a few minutes there is a long line of cars behind. It not only blocks the way of the car you are on, but of all the others, and there is confusion all along the avenue. Let us not have a civilization that is too cumbersome, nor a religion that is heavier in body than it is in soul. Let us see to it that the soul of Spiritualism expresses itself fully and freely.

Mediumship is the open channel, the clear atmosphere, what our Hindoo friends call the perfect blending of "ethers," in which the instrument receives the message as it is intended to be given. Never mind about the individuality of the medium; that will take care of itself. We never knew a spirit angel or any messenger from the spirit world that could interfere with a person's individuality half as much as the Board of Trade, the wheels of commerce and the employer of the laboring man. You think the thoughts of your society; you follow the lines of opinion and thought of some particular man or woman whom you call a leader, and who asks you to follow. You do not attempt to think your own thoughts for fear you will lose your position, your standing or employment.

We never knew a spirit to insist upon a mortal doing that. Those who are afraid of losing their individuality to the spirit messenger, might as well conclude that spirits were enough to control a mortal are just as anxious to preserve your individuality as you are to preserve it, and a little more so. The only difference is, that the true individuality, that which belongs to you from within the soul, will be shaped to higher and more perfect ends than that oftentimes is when you bend to the external ipse dixit of the earthly master, or teacher, or friend. What do not human friends sometimes require of you; what services will they not demand; and insist upon having; and what does the world offer in compensation for robbing a man of his soul in the service of Mammon? Answer me this, and then I will answer for all the individuality that has been tampered with by the spirit world.

Spiritualists are not the tame and weak-minded people that many think them to be! You go into a conference of Spiritualists like those held during this convention and you will see that their individuality has not been seriously interfered with in fifty-three years of spirit communion; that each one of them has distinct individual ideas. Just as distinct as these blossoms; you cannot confuse the tulip with the narcissus or the calla lily; or the carnation with the rose. They all understand their rights and privileges; sometimes I think a little too much have Spiritualists been cultivating individuality. Sometimes Spiritualists have forgotten the great unity that is necessary, and organization is one of them. You know they have been so afraid of losing their individuality, thinking Bro. Barrett or Dr. Warne wanted to be the Pope, that they would not even support the National Association and the State Association of Illinois, thinking that if they entered into an organization they were going to lose their individual rights. As a body, Spiritualists are very individualized, and the mission of Spiritualism now is to take those individualized persons and make them work together harmoniously for the benefit of the whole truth. Some of you who have come in later, and come in out of the churches, understand the value of this unity of action. Therefore it is, that to-day there is greater promise that this organization and this unity of purpose will extend its way. For the State Association of Illinois has received

to-day the tidings that its organization is recognized and fully justified in the courts of justice. It is rather a hazardous thing, Mr. Chairman, for a new religion to be recognized by a judge, because it may be he will want some political favors by and by. "I" all understand, however, that which any one who has lived and learned can perceive that any truth must be borne forward by those who are working together. The spirit world is a unit; why should you not be?

It is a mistake to suppose there is a war in heaven, like that which Michael and his archangels fought against the dragon and his angels of the ancient time. Darkness flies away before the light each and every time; even as these electric lights have been turned on and the shadows of the night disappear, and the shadows lurking in the dark corners and places that are in this room are driven away. So this spiritual truth illumines the shadowy places in your life and in the life beyond. Even those who enter the spirit world in the shadows are not, therefore, to be condemned and denied; light up their shadow with your light and they cannot harm you. Do not be afraid of "evil spirits" when you have them all around you in human life. There is no spirit in the realm invisible half so potent for harm as the one in your midst, possibly within your own heart.

When we were at a convention or camp-meeting recently, a clergyman was there. Ministers seem to like to come when it is a new subject, but after a little while they do not come any more. We will leave you to judge why. This minister, like others, asked a great many questions. Among them he asked: "Is there a personal devil?" We said, "Yes, sir; every time a wicked man looks in the mirror he sees a personal devil." That is the personal devil of Spiritualism; that is the one that Spiritualism has tried and exorcised; and it is because the evil that is within that which is to be vanquished, that Spiritualism is unpopular. No spirit worse than yourself can approach you; one that is better will help you, and the one that is worse you may help after you have eliminated or exorcised the evil that is within you.

The world is growing better because your friends, the Christian Scientists, have insisted upon it, that there is no evil, and that is a good thing to insist upon. When you ask "why?" they cannot reply very logically. But while the world has always been turned the other way you have been told that there was nothing but evil in the world, and we cannot get the right equilibrium until we tell the people there is no evil, the truth is half way between these two states of human life. Just as Eliza W. Farnham wrote about man in her book, entitled, we believe, "Woman and Her Era." She said, woman was so much better than man, naturally she was more morally perfect, more spiritual, more lovely. We said to her: "You do not believe that; why of course man and woman could not live together on earth if it were true; if all women in the aggregate were better than men?" "Of course I do not quite believe that," she replied, "but there has never been but one theme sung through all the ages of the past: The absolute inferiority of woman to man, and unless we go to the opposite extreme when will woman ever have her true position?"

We always find the world sways from one extreme to the other. So when this evil spirit is regulated from within, and that Spiritualism is to show you how to regulate, there will be no trouble about "evil spirits." All that the clergyman has to frighten people away from Spiritualism is, to cry, "evil spirits," or his "Satanic Majesty." But some clergyman has slain his Satanic Majesty; so the bugbear of "evil spirits," is all there is in the way of education and disenchantment.

Mr. Chairman, we want the time to come when the daily press will not think it necessary when the Spiritualists are to have an assembly or convention, to call it a "ghost" convention. They do not call it that when our friends the Episcopalians meet, as they did here to-day at their noonday prayer meeting; they do not speak disrespectfully of them if they hold their meetings anywhere; nor of a scientific meeting, whatever new ideas may be discussed. We want the young people of the press, especially, educated to know that Spiritualism is the only religion in the world that has successfully vanquished "ghosts." That there are no "hobgoblins" in all the realm of spirit life whether on earth or in the spirit realm, excepting that which man or woman carries in his or her own breast. These are the ghosts that haunt the chambers of your minds, your seats of memories. The shadows lurking there are but the results of your own ignorance and error.

Spiritualism is the upper light, the pervading light that has come to show the soul in all its beauty; to chase away these shadows and to admit you into that next step here and now. So you will no longer be strangers to those gentle friends that have passed beyond the earthly life; so you will no longer fear them when their presence is known and felt; so you will no longer doubt their existence and their abiding love.

Above all, Spiritualism has been and is the pervading light, because it leads to the other, the inner, the higher chamber of the soul, the central flame of being around which all lives must move; and the eternity of the soul set high, and fair, and clear above all the shadows of time and sense, to which all are rightful heirs and inheritors, of which no creed, no dogma of science or religion, so-called, can rob you.

Into that domain of the soul we invite you through the gateway of Spiritualism, through its light, shed abroad in the world. Or by whatever name or pathway you choose to come, you will find the teachers, the prophets, the seers, the poets, all who in every age have lifted humanity above the thrall of the dust. You will find them there; and there we hope to meet you.

Gems of Thought.

Rulers always hate and suspect the next in succession.—Tacitus.

What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult for each other?—George Eliot.

We cannot help the past, and the man who lives in it is a fool.—Chauncy M. Depew.

Preserving the health by too strict a regimen is a wearisome melody.—Rochefoucauld.

When a man dies they who survive him ask what property he has left behind. The angel who bends over the dying man asks what good deeds he has sent before him.—Mahomet.

The greatest virtues shine forth in the midst of suffering and slaughter. The very moment that one loses confidence in God or immortality in the universe, that moment he should be more self-reliant, more courageous, and more solicitous to aid where only human aid is possible.—S. P. Putnam.

GEM OF THE ROCKIES.

A Letter from Glenwood Springs, Colorado.

To the Editor:—Volume 3 of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World arrived in due time, has been read by me, and is now in circulation among my friends. It is very interesting and worthy of a place beside the others.

The Progressive Thinker continues to gladden our hearts and lighten our minds out here in this little "Gem of the Rockies," many of our people who are not quite courageous enough to have the paper consigned to the contact, being quite willing to read it if it bears another's name on its label. But it is gradually but surely commanding respect from those who were once scoffers, and the advancement of the cause here as well as elsewhere is extremely encouraging.

The Spiritualists here—and doubtless all over the country as well—hope you will get in such close touch with Dr. Peckham, and absorb so much longevity and youthfulness by the contact, as to be able to stay with us a hundred years longer at least, to champion the cause of right.

The Doctor is doing a grand work, too, in his fight against vaccination. I only wish that he were here at this moment to wipe out the abomination in Glenwood, for the anti-vaccinationists have about reached the limit of human endurance, their children either being vaccinated under protest or in case of a flat refusal, being expelled from school. We are firmly convinced that such a law is unconstitutional, but being handicapped financially, it is quite difficult for us to assert our rights through the courts.

The most exasperating part of it is the fact that all this ado is over chicken-pox—not a case of small-pox having been known here for over 12 years. This is well known by a large majority of the people including four physicians, but the minority, including two other physicians, either through ignorance, mercenary motives, or political spite (they may choose whichever handle they wish), and wielding their capital, and as a result more influence, had no trouble in causing the state board of health to see all sorts of small-pox and issue their decrees accordingly. Of course as long as the board of health can continue to quarantine poor people and thus grind them down deeper in poverty because they happen to have a flea bite or some little eruption on their faces that they can christen "small-pox," just so long said board will be drawing a good fat salary. But don't imagine for a minute that salary cuts any figure in the case—unless you feel like it.

But I will not weary you further with our troubles, or you will feel like requesting me to "tell them to the police." Before closing, however, I wish to say that I took great interest in the letters from spirit Franz Petersen, and would be very glad to see them continue. I enjoy these spirit discourses and lectures on "spheres," also, verbatim reports of seances very much, and prefer them to debates, although debates are all right. I suppose, though, that when Brother Jamieson knocks the bottom out of Spiritualism I will think debates are all wrong. I wish he would agree with Moses to debate in print. This gives each an opportunity to weigh carefully the other's argument and reply a great deal more intelligently and satisfactorily than the speaking off hand. Besides, more of us—many more—could avail ourselves of the intellectual treat. CHAS. E. HUBBARD, Glenwood Springs, Colo.

OPTIMIST VS. PESSIMIST.

I was going down to business One morning, in a car, When I overheard an argument, Before I'd traveled far. Two men were busy talking— I couldn't well resist. The hearing what Optimist said To his friend Pessimist.

They had launched out on life's problems With arguments most strong The Pessimist affirmed that life Was hardly worth a song: Called his work a hopeless battle, Foredoomed to meet defeat, A mere struggle for existence To keep upon his feet.

Then Optimist with smiling face Spoke to his gloomy friend: Life is a privilege to grow— Your soul can never end. We have a right to our desires, To opulence divine; We'll realize our highest hopes Working along this line. BYRON D. STILLMAN, Chicago, Ill.



Read our announcement of this remarkable book on our second page.

Nature knows no pause in progress and development, and attaches her curse on all inaction.—Goethe.

LIFE AND EXPERIENCE IN SPIRIT LAND

A Series of Letters from the Spirit of a Well Known Lady, Given through the Mediumship of Carlyle Petersilea.

LETTER NUMBER TWO.

It is customary when one writes a letter or message to the public to commence it with, "Dear Friends."

Now I shall not do what is customary; I will not speak that which I do not feel. The most of you whom I address and who will read this are not at all dear to me. Many of you I despise most heartily—all of you, more especially, who are hypocrites, sycophants, time-servers, those of you who love money and position better than truth.

"What does it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" for he who puts all his mind and energies toward the accumulation of material wealth, stultifies the spiritual, or his own soul, which becomes obscured in darkness and error. When one's soul is in error it is in unhappiness or hell, and that is all the old saying ever meant. I don't like people who are in hell; do you? I don't like hell either; do you?

But there are some of you who will read this, who are in heaven or happiness; you have not lost your souls but have found them; and you love; you are very dear to me; you are my friends; you who love truth better than error, better than all the wealth which the world could give.

When I was with you in the body of matter, I sought diligently to find my own soul, and was partly successful; not entirely, however. Now, I am here in the spiritual world, and much that was dark to me when in the body is now clear; but, if I tell you of my mistakes, the most of you who knew me there will not believe me. This is my grief. This is my sorrow. Oh, how can I undo that which I did.

I will scold you; I will scold you all, hard. Why do you say the soul or spirits of men and women progress, after they go to the spirit world? And then when they come back and tell you of the things which they have learned there, tell you of the mistakes they made when in the body, you will not believe them; you say: "O, that is not the spirit of So-and-so; that is not what he or she taught when here with us."

When that grand man, Robert G. Ingersoll, with much difficulty returns to tell you that he made some mistakes and tries to set them right, you scoff and say: "This is not the eloquent Mr. Ingersoll. He did not talk like this. He did not believe thus and so." How, then, can he do you any good? How can he rectify the mistakes he made?

When Mr. Darwin discovers, on coming here, that he made mistakes when with you there, you scoff and say: "Mr. Darwin taught nothing of the kind when here," and although you say that you believe spirits return and communicate with the people of earth, yet you do not believe them when they do come. They cannot rectify the mistakes they made if they would; and you are commanded not to grieve the spirit, or spirits, but try the spirits whether they be good or evil.

If you eat in your own parlor and an acquaintance or friend were ushered in, and when he was seated and you were conversing freely with him, he should say: "Since you saw me last I have been away to a far country. I have visited other nations and peoples, and I find that much which I formerly thought true about them is not so, that many mistakes have been made concerning them and their country, and that my former ideas were mostly incorrect," you should rise up and tell that friend that he was a fraud and a falsifier, that he must leave your house because that which he was now telling you did not accord with that which he formerly thought and said to you. That friend would have just cause to feel aggrieved and to resent your treatment of him; and that is the way that many of us feel here. We come to our own and they receive us not. But you are to try the spirits to see of what manner they are.

If a spirit comes to you who, when with you in the flesh, was good and true, and he tells you to commit all kinds of wickedness and can give you no information at all, in fact, if by his words he shows himself to be degraded and vile, then he is false and a deceiver; and it is in this way that you shall know whether he be false or true, not simply that he has that to tell you which does not entirely agree with that which he taught on earth, for he has visited in person that other country and finds that much of what he used to think is not correct, and he wants to rectify his former mistakes.

Then, again, many of you say the person who pretends to write for the spirits, to give messages for them, likes to quote great names. We don't believe the spirits who give these names are the spirits who once bore them. The great spirits don't come back at all. If they would just call themselves John Smith or Tom Jones, or some other ordinary names, then we might believe.

What valuable information, let me ask, could such spirits give you? Not much. They still simply tell you that they were not dead, that they still felt regard for you, and so forth; and then you cry out: "Oh, what drivell!" And so, no matter what we do, we may not please you.

Thus, then, I take it in my own hands, so far as my messages are concerned, to do as I please. You may accept me or not as you like; you may call me a lying and evil spirit if you wish. I will not mind you more than I would a fretful, peevish child that knows not what it wants and cannot tell what is good for it. When the persons whom you now call so very great were with you in the flesh, you scoffed at them just the same. You only called them great after they left you, then they have become too great to feel an interest in you at all, and so very far removed from you in their greatness that they could not come to you if they would.

O, the inconsistency of the inconsistent! The greater one is, the more love and wisdom he has and the more he desires to do you good and share with you his knowledge. But owing to all that I have herein mentioned, I shall not tell you who I am. Those who love me and that which I have to tell them will receive me, and those who do not I need not trouble myself about. Enough to say, I am a woman. Many of you considered me great when I was with you, and some of you have almost deified me since I left you.

Now, I want none of it. I was simply an earnest woman desiring the truth and with it to benefit the world. Did I have the truth? I thought so then, but now I look and find that, like most others, I had much chaff and a little wheat. Now when I return to you and try to blow away the chaff with the strong breath of my higher knowledge and conception of truth, the most of you will not receive me but will persist in holding the wheat and the chaff together. However, I shall do what I can, and as opportunity presents.

Friends, when I left the fleshly form I thought sometime I should take on another, and now that idea has become so ridiculous to me that I have no patience with that poor, plodding mortal which was myself. I look down upon that selfishness, sometimes in wrath, sometimes in pity, and again with much commiseration; but I think, on the whole, the feeling of commiseration and pity is paramount. Now, friends, as well as my enemies, I want you to look at me just as I am.

I am a very large woman, as large as a woman of earth who would weigh two hundred pounds, and when with you in the flesh I weighed much more than that. To you, as a spirit, I weigh now nothing; but as a spirit I weigh two hundred pounds; that is as clear as I can make it to you. I have had the experience of nearly an hundred years, and retain all the knowledge that they have brought me. Do you think, for a moment, that I would be content to return, even if it were possible, and become a drooping infant once more—to live over again a plodding,

wearisome, miserable earthly life? What good could it possibly do me under any circumstances? For the varied experiences many incarnations would bring me, do you say? Why, I have reached that altitude where I can enter into sympathy, and the full experience and knowledge which it brings, of a million or more of different lives. What need for me to live them in my own personality? I live them now as I come in rapport with not only all the personalities of earth that I desire to, but the various spirits in the many spiritual spheres. But, whatever my belief was in the matter, reincarnation is not true but a great error, and I wish to correct that error, just as Ingersoll and Darwin wish to correct the errors which they taught and believed when in the flesh.

Will you allow me to do so, or will you turn from me that I may grieve and say, I came unto mine own but they received me not? Do you say that the poor must live again on earth that they may be rich, or that the rich may be poor, or the murderer that he may be murdered? Out upon such folly! O, how could I ever have believed it? Now dark was my mind to spiritual things.

The poor are rich and the rich are poor on earth. Material wealth has nothing to do with the spirit.

And the murderer returns that more murders may be committed? O, the folly of it all! I cannot bear to think of it now. The great natural law says: Return, O soul, and help to undo the errors which you were guilty of when in the flesh—guilty then through ignorance—now from your wisdom make restitution; for a greater or nobler work cannot be assigned you. Progressed so far, do you say, that I cannot come back? What good, then, is my progress? If I have learned anything and will not impart it to my brothers and sisters in the flesh, of what use then is my knowledge?

If those whom you call great on earth should loftily say, I have great wisdom, and attainments, but I will not impart any of it to those who are not as wise as myself. I am too far above them. Such talk is the merest twaddle and nonsense. But there are many other reasons why reincarnation is utterly impossible. The chief and most important reason of all is, that a soul-germ, or a germ of anything, as for that matter, can never, under any circumstances, after being once developed, return again to the germinal state; and every child born on the face of your earth, or on any earth, was, before being inhaled by the father, a spiritual or soul germ floating in ethereal space. Germs may not be visible to all persons, but they are to many, and I think all could see them if they felt inclined and would take the trouble, after throwing aside preconceived ideas and prejudices. Now, of course, as each germ can never be anything but itself and each child born on earth can never be any other than itself—a developed spiritual or soul germ—consequently you all perceive that a fully matured soul-germ could not enter the body of an infant, for that infant is a germ itself in process of development.

We here in the spiritual world can see these germs at all times and in all places, so might you if you cared to look.

Now Professor Franz Petersilea says to me: "Madam, I believe that I was the first to tell the world of these soul-germs; but I did not, perhaps, explain matters quite as clearly as you may be able to do. Do me the kindness, madam, to explain things in your own womanly way; for women are, as a rule, clearer, finer and quicker than men."

Well, then, I shall take my own way and tell you about it. We, here in the spirit world, know all that you are thinking, saying, and doing; and we know that many do not believe in the great truth of spiritual or soul germs. Some claim to be evolutionists, followers of Darwin, and so reason that the soul of man traveled all the way up, or down, from a speck of protoplasm or matter, and Mr. Darwin is most heartily sorry, I can assure you, just as I am sorry that I taught the doctrine of reincarnation; and now I shall prove to all reasonable minds that I was wrong, and in proving myself wrong I shall, also, prove, as Mr. Darwin desires me to, that he was wrong.

All physicians agree, as well as other learned men, that the human body changes entirely once in seven years. Many now think and say that it does not require so long a period of time. Be that as it may, we will allow seven years, and what these learned men assert is true. We, here, absolutely know it to be true. Now if every atom of matter within a man's body is renewed every seven years that is after seven years there is not one atom of the old body remaining, how, then, is it possible that the germs of his future children still remain, for every atom of his body has been renewed, and as each seven years roll around not an atom of the old remains and before puberty he had not even the power of generation, such power did not reside within his body. Now, where did he get the new atoms which go to make up his new body every seven years? From the food he eats, from the water he drinks, from the air he breathes. Water alone will not sustain him. Food alone will not sustain him. Added to these he must have air, and plenty of it. He can live without food for many days. He can live without water for a considerable time; but he cannot live ten minutes in a conscious, breathing state without air. Now, does he obtain the souls of his future children from the food he eats? His food is dead matter, devoid of soul or spirit. Does he obtain them from the water he drinks? No. The germs of the human soul do not reside within water as water, but they do reside within the air; or, more properly speaking, within the ethereal or spiritual atmosphere which he inhales at every breath. All the food he eats and all the water he drinks cannot even make blood until through the lungs the air comes in contact with it. You depend entirely on the air to even form the blood in your veins—and in seven years not an atom of the old body remains, not even a drop of the old blood.

Now, answer me—a woman—ye great egotistical egos. From whence are the germs of the souls of your future children? I have cornered you and you cannot escape.

Now, I will most solemnly answer: The soul germs of your children enter your lungs with the air you breathe, from the lungs they enter your blood, they pass through your heart with every pulsation, the germs then commence to clothe themselves with material substance in the father's blood. All hereditary tendencies come from the clothing the spiritual germ takes on, and are not in the pure spiritual germ itself. Heredity is all in matter, and not in the pure spirit. But these germs are as indestructible as the ether in which they reside and those that do not find an opportunity to develop simply escape all environments, just as the air and ether escape in which they reside, from the lungs and from all parts and pores of the body. All germs which are simply clothed with matter in the blood of the father and do not find lodgment within an egg or ovum, the matter dies and drops away from them, for they themselves are indestructible, and they float away once more within the ethereal air. Now, God wot, I have told you the truth! It is a delicate subject for a woman to write about or I could tell you much more; but you are all aware that there is an Anthony Comstock, so it won't do to talk or write of the things which might enlighten the world on the great question of how they came to be in existence. You must believe, perforce, that God created a man from the dirt, then took out one of his ribs and made a woman. Why did he not make her out of the dirt also?

Now you ask me: "But the female inhales germs as well as the male?" Yes; but she makes no use of them; they are to her, simply as the air she breathes. Nature is positive and negative, male and female. The positive force holds and makes use of them, the negative force repels or exhales them.

(To be continued.)

Historians make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, moral, grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend.—Bacon.

When you know a thing, to hold that you know it, and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it; this is knowledge.—Confucius.

THE QUESTION

Still Remains Unanswered.

The causes for the diminution of spiritual societies, and the number of members in each society, is a question of vital interest to all who have at heart the well-being and advancement of the cause of Modern Spiritualism.

The question is often asked, and sometimes an answer suggested. But few have the tenacity to deny the fact, however damaging the acknowledgment.

The problem is not so difficult of solution, if we admit that every reasonable mind must know to be a fact, viz., a lack of sufficient liberality on the part of Spiritualists to furnish adequate means to build up and support spiritual societies.

Various explanations are attempted. A few even yet contend that spirits never intended organization. Hence it is impracticable to attempt to maintain spiritual societies.

Others contend, if spirits desire organization they will see that societies are formed and supported. Others again insist that the lack of harmony and brotherly love, is the reason that local societies are not supported.

Again others claim that jealousy on the part of ambitious members, who desire to be at the front and are unpopular with the masses, defeat the effort to build up and maintain local societies.

Others insist that the numerous new organizations, such as Christian Science, mental science, psychic science, divine science, theosophy, psychology, psychometry, telepathy, cerebral vibrations, etc., are the causes to which may be attributed the decline of active Spiritualism.

All of these undoubtedly have their due influence. But the main cause is seldom referred to, even by the great teachers and leaders of the present day.

The National Spiritual Organization of America, whose duty among other things it is to look after and protect local societies, have reason to be in the field and endeavoring to put more there at their option, seldom make any reference to this, the great cause of the falling off, and the discouraging results of the failure to keep up local societies.

To be sure we have long and interesting reports from the president of that organization, of mass-meetings in many of the larger cities, where some of the best talent is engaged, and whose great enthusiasm and interest in their particular ideas concerning the future life. Then I fall to musing after this manner: "All this vast amount of energy, money and interest in propagating beliefs without a particle of evidence."

Yet in answer to letters regarding Spiritualistic lectures, the old threadbare argument is nearly always in evidence. The people here are too orthodox. Now I don't blame them for being orthodox when they scarcely ever have a chance to listen to anything else. How can they be otherwise?

Whose fault is it that a different diet of mental food is not provided for them occasionally? How long are Spiritualists going to allow orthodoxy to sweep everything before it? These are pertinent questions and they ought to be answered.

Spiritualists have a work to do, if they do not support the work, some other way will have to be found.

We ought to be proud of the privileges we enjoy instead of holding aloof from public work as thousands are doing today. If we who are in the public work were as much afraid of sacrificing something of this world's goods as many of our members are, the cause would lose what little vitality it has.

I am willing to work in Southern Kansas for a short time, and will give very reasonable terms. Now, who will write me and help to revive an interest in this part of the vineyard. I have lately visited Lamar, Mo., Garland, Kans., and Fort Scott, Kans., in the interest of our grand and sublime philosophy. Address W. E. BONNEY, Cherryvale, Kans.

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A BREEZY INTERVIEW

With the Veteran Worker, Moses Hull.

HE TELLS OF BROTHER JENNING'S MIDNIGHT VIGIL—LOST CHILD TRACED—LONG SEARCH LED TO CEMETERY IN SOUTH-EASTERN CITY.

"Spiritualism is not a belief or a religion for the masses," said the Rev. Dr. Moses Hull, of Buffalo, N. Y., who was one of the most interesting characters at the convention of the National Spiritualists' Association held in Handel Hall, as set forth in the Inter Ocean.

"Spiritualism," says the Doctor, "is the aristocracy of religions. It is the best religion in the world for men and women who have brains to think, and the worst in the world for a fool." As illustrative of this contention, Dr. Hull tells the following story:

"When I first became a Spiritualist I was living at Dayton, Ohio. I had been for some years in the ministry of the Adventist Church, and after a few years of distrust and doubt over the doctrine I was teaching, resolved to abandon it and come out for Spiritualism. At about the same time a Baptist minister in the neighborhood also became a Spiritualist, and we got to be acquainted and more or less intimate. Spiritualists were rather scarce in Ohio in those days, and it was a pleasure to Jennings—that was the ex-Baptist name—as well as myself, to meet and talk over our experiences.

"Jennings plunged into Spiritualism with the utmost enthusiasm and lack of judgment. He applied the same measure to it that he had formerly as a Baptist applied to the Bible—that is, that everything in it was to be accepted and believed. That may be good doctrine for a Baptist, but is very poor for a Spiritualist. Finally Jennings developed mediumistic powers. He told me of the revelations he had received, and was daily receiving, and I at first did not see any reason to doubt. But Jennings was no small fry, medium! Oh, no. The shades of Aristotle, Socrates, Demosthenes, and of men who lived 2000 or more years preceding them were among those who controlled him. Henry Clay, according to my recollections, was his most ignoble spirit visitor, and ultimately he passed under the control of the Lord, and the apostles Peter, Paul, and John. It was about this time that I began to have my doubts. Jennings would tell me what Christ had revealed to him again and again, until one day I ventured to say:

"How do you know, Jennings, that it is the spirit of Christ that controls you?" "Well," answers Jennings triumphantly, "if it isn't Jesus Christ, can you tell me who it is?"

"It happened that a few weeks preceding a circus had visited Dayton, and a performer named Jack Brown had been killed at one of his acts in high dudgeon. This passed away in a few weeks, and he came to me with news of an important revelation he had in the meantime received from the Lord.

"In effect it was as follows: 'The Lord had visited Jennings and announced that he had chosen Jennings to convert the world to Spiritualism. As a preliminary to operations, Jennings was commanded to prepare a regatta for himself. I recollect that this regatta embraced, among other things, a sky-blue coat with rows of brass buttons down the front, brass buttons behind, gold stripes on the sleeves, with a red sash and rosettes to finish it off. Thus attired and wearing a cocked hat with plumes, Jennings was to walk out to a little island in the Miami River at midnight and wait for the Lord. Then," said Jennings, "I will be given the power to fly round the entire world, and in six months the world will be converted to Spiritualism."

"I tried to dissuade Jennings, but it was useless. He would not listen to arguments, so when he was leaving me I said:

"You want to look out, Jennings, while you are flying around the world, that some one doesn't shoot you for a turkey buzzard."

"This advice had the effect of again, for a while, severing the intimate cord between Jennings and myself, and I did not see him until after the day appointed for his flying trip. Then he came to visit me. It appeared from his account that he had waded out to the island the night appointed, and, after staying on it until nearly daylight, had waded back again, without having any unusual experience. I asked him how he accounted for the failure of the Lord to appear.

"I'll tell you," he replied. "After I got home I had another revelation. The Lord came to me and said that, after telling it over with his father, he had decided upon another plan. At Hamilton, Ohio, there is a Congregational Church. The pastor of this church and the congregation are only waiting for me to visit them to be converted to Spiritualism. I am told to visit them on a certain day, when I will find the minister and his people assembled. They will embrace Spiritualism, and then we are to start out and convert the world. What do you think of that for a revelation?" he queried in conclusion.

"OUGHT TO AVOID HAMILTON." "Better stay away from Hamilton," I timidly suggested, but Jennings said no, that he would go there on the appointed day, and go he did. He found a Congregational church, but instead of an expectant minister and congregation, the church was locked. He wandered around Hamilton for a few hours, and his eccentric appearance and actions brought joy to the hearts of a hundred or more small boys, who followed and jeered at him. At last a policeman gathered Jennings in, and after he had paid a fine for disturbing the peace he was freed and shook the dust of Hamilton from his feet. Then he came back to Dayton and told me about it.

"How do you account for the fact that the minister and congregation were not awaiting you?" I asked.

came to the door. Jennings explained his mission, but Mr. Beecher did not seem to be favorably impressed. In his kind-hearted way he begged to be excused on account of work, and finally got Jennings outside the house, and the door was shut. Jennings was not dismayed on account of this rebuff. He hung around Brooklyn and kept calling at the Beecher house until at last Mr. Beecher had to appeal to the police. Jennings was arrested, his case was diagnosed by the authorities as one of insanity, and he was sent to the asylum for the insane. After a detention there of three months he obtained his release and came back to Dayton. A few days after his arrival he called on me.

"I went through with Mr. Beecher," he announced, "I'm going back into the Baptist ministry."

"That's right, Jennings," was my reply. "I believe you are a first-class man as a Baptist minister, but a mighty poor one as a Spiritualist."

Dr. Hull was asked by a Sunday Inter Ocean reporter to relate some of the more remarkable instances of Spiritualism with which he was personally acquainted—incidents that, in his judgment, were confirmatory of the belief that Spiritualists profess. The doctor thought over the request a minute and answered:

"Some years ago I was living at Lanesville, Pa. One day a woman called on me and introduced herself as Mrs. Phillips, and told me the following story: She had been married a number of years to a man with whom she had lived happily until he became dissipated. In one of his drunken spells one day they quarreled. Her husband picked up a butcher knife or a hatchet, I am not sure which, and threw it at her, and then, without waiting to see what the result was, picked up their 4-year-old boy and dashed out of the house. From that day she had never been heard from either of them. For six years she had employed detectives, offered rewards, advertised all over the country; in fact, had done everything that wealth could enable her to do, but all in vain. Finally she had consulted a Spiritualist medium. She happened to go to Mansfield, the famous spiritist medium, Mansfield, while under spirit control, and he told her in a city, which he was unable to name, it was a Southern city, because he saw bags of peanuts and bales of cotton piled up on the wharves. The boy was in squalid attire and was in the habit of picking up a few pennies by singing around the hotels and on the streets. That was all he was able to tell Mrs. Phillips, except that her husband was dead; that she was to go to Lanesville, find Dr. Hull, and tell him that he was to find her boy."

"I was considerably taken back by Mrs. Phillips' story," continued the doctor. "I demurred at undertaking such an apparently hopeless search, but the woman was so eager and besought me so pitifully that at last I consented. That night I thought over the matter and from the medium's description, concluded that either Charleston or Norfolk would be the place to go to. I had something told me to go to Norfolk. The next day I started.

"On arriving at Norfolk I first went to the police and asked their aid. Then I went to the newspapers and inserted advertisements, and afterward went down on the wharves and made inquiries, without success. By this time I was tired, and going back to my hotel, went up to my room and lay down. Thinking over my day's work, I said to myself: 'Well, I've done everything I can do.'"

"SOMETHING IMMEDIATELY said to me: 'No, you haven't done everything. Go to the cemetery.' This was repeated several times, until I was compelled to get up and go out. What I was to go to the cemetery for I could not comprehend until almost there, when it suddenly came to me that as Phillips was dead there must be some record of his death and burial if he died in Norfolk. Not knowing when he died the cemetery officials could not help me any, but I told them what I was after, and they got down the records for some years and told me I might look through them. I had only been at work a few moments when a man walked into the office.

"What you looking for?" he asked in an offhand manner. I told him.

"Why, I recollect the death of Phillips," he answered, "and I know the boy. He's living with a family near here."

"The upshot of the matter was that he took me to where the boy lived, his identity was established, and in forty-eight hours we were back in Lanesville. I had telegraphed Mrs. Phillips the news of my success and the whole town was present to greet us when we arrived. Could you have a better or more conclusive test of the genuineness of Spiritualism than this?"

"Then there's the case of Charles Partridge," continued the doctor. "Partridge was a wealthy man in New York years ago. He was not a Spiritualist, but he had revelations which he ascribed to occultic force and other agencies. He was a distinct skeptic about Spiritualism, but a steady investigator. His investigations led him to Rochester, N. Y., where he had a seance with the Fox Sisters. At this seance one of the sisters' brother called one of the sisters and told Mr. Partridge various facts about his own wife, the lives of her parents, etc.

"Yes, yes, I know all those things," said Mr. Partridge somewhat testily, "and I believe such communications can be easily explained. But if I am to believe I must be told something I don't know and which I may afterward verify."

"I will give you the test you ask for," said the medium. "The firm of Johnson, Glenn & Co., of San Francisco, which owns a large sum of money, has failed. You will hear of the failure in a few days, but you will never regain a cent of what they owe you; neither will you ever be able to get a statement as to the affairs of the firm."

MR. PARTRIDGE WAS SKEPTICAL. "Ridiculous," was Mr. Partridge's comment. "Why, Johnson, Glenn & Co. is the richest house in the Pacific coast, and their credit is gutted." Mr. Partridge went back to New York, still a skeptic. In a few days he received a notice from Johnson, Glenn & Co., of their failure, together with a statement that they hoped to so arrange matters as to resume. They never did resume, and neither did Mr. Partridge ever get a financial statement from them. The matter was put by him into the hands of attorneys, who, after a year or so of struggle with the members of the defunct firm, wrote that their affairs were in such an involved condition that no light could be thrown on them, and they, therefore, abandoned the case. This experience had the effect of resolving Mr. Partridge's doubts on Spiritualism, and he did a firm believer.

"Just one more instance and I am

through," continued Dr. Hull. "When I first became a Spiritualist in Dayton, I was asked to go to a seance one evening. At the time I had a friend from Kentucky visiting me, who was not a Spiritualist. I took him along. During the seance the medium suddenly turned to this gentleman and said:

"There is a little girl comes to me, and in the bosom of her dress is a bunch of turkey peas—the Kentucky name of a pretty wild blossom. 'This little girl hands me this bunch of flowers and says it is for her papa, with her love. She says you are her papa.'"

"My friend burst into tears," said the doctor, "and was so powerfully affected that we had to go home. When we got there he told me that a year or so before he had lost a little girl. This child was taken ill while the father was traveling on business. He was notified by telegraph of her serious condition, and at once started for home. Heavy storms, which caused floods and interruption to travel, delayed him so long that when he reached home he met his daughter's funeral cortege returning from the grave. He was nearly frantic with grief, and pleaded so earnestly that he might see his child's face again that some of his friends returned with him to the cemetery and exhumed the body. While they were doing so, the father, not knowing the turkey peas growing profusely about the grave, plucked a handful, and when the coffin was opened and he had kissed his dead child's face, he placed the bunch of blossoms in her dress before the coffin was again closed. He had never mentioned the incident to any one."

"No mortal hands placed that bouquet there. No one had access to our house in our absence. That night Mabel visited us and said that, knowing we would be late in getting home, and knowing how disappointed we would be at having no flowers for her birthday, she had herself brought the bouquet and placed it in its accustomed place."

"Now, as to the warnings from the spirit world of events that are to happen," continued the professional man. "Some of the critics of Spiritualism, if not all of them, deride such a possibility. But I know better by my own experience. My wife had an only sister, a widow, who lived in Cincinnati. A year ago I was sitting in my library reading, and my wife was lying on the lounge. Pretty soon she began to talk, and, looking at her, I saw she was under control. I at once began to talk to her, and found that Mabel was the visiting spirit."

"TOLD OF AUNT'S ILLNESS. 'Papa,' she said, 'you must go at once to Aunt Jessie. She is very ill and cannot recover. I'm afraid she will pass over before you can get to her, however.'"

"We had not heard a word about the illness of my wife's sister—an unusually strong and healthy woman—but when my wife had come from under control I told her what Mabel had said. She wanted to start for Cincinnati right away and at once began to make plans. I found that she was planning to get a train that night, so we planned to start early in the morning. Before we could get away in the morning we received a telegram asking us to come, and by the time we had reached Cincinnati my wife's sister had passed over."

"The professional man here arose and prepared to go. 'Come up some evening,' he said to the reporter. 'The spirits have come back to us and you may learn something that will make you a believer.'—Chicago Inter Ocean.

GREAT SOULS.

The following anniversary poem was given by Spirit Violet, March 31, 1901, through the mediumship of Mrs. M. T. Longley:

Great souls are they who onward move, Unshaken by the frowning earth; Their sweet, undaunted labors prove Their course is onward, and of worth. Their mission is to lighten woes, To banish error from the mind, To tread the pathway from man's den, And bless the world for all mankind.

Great souls are they who never shrink From lonely rugged paths and cold, Who dare to walk along the brink And meet the heralds bright and bold; Brave souls and great, who lead the van In warfare of the bitter strife, That conflict for the rights of man— The true amenities of life.

Great souls and strong, who dare to press Along, and face Oppression's dart, Who feel that angels ever bless— And find a solace for the heart Though Persecution hounds their feet, And snarls and bites along the way, They still can find a comfort sweet, With lofty souls across the bay.

Yes, they are great who for the truth Have suffered long and felt the sting Of cruelty from age and youth, And known each biting, withering thing, And yet who dare to hold aloft The banner of Progression fair— Who feel the night winds mild and breathe in their souls a hint of prayer.

And these are they who for the right Have strongly stood and led the way, Whose souls were bathed in glorious light.

From yonder—at the break of day, And so this anniversary hour We speak of them who have been bold To waken warfare with great power, For Truth and Justice, pure as gold.

Yes, friends, this glorious day we sing— Of martyrs true, and vict'ries brave, Of they who on immortal wings Have gained the home beyond the grave; And also they, who daily wrought, And shared their fortune with our own.

To banish sin and doubt they fought, And led to Wisdom's glorious throne. Thus loving friends, we give our song— A feeble token though it be. We wait a tender blessing on— A breath of Love's divinity. And though the years are passing swift, Since first, in Eighteen Forty-eight, The angels did the cloud uplift, And show to us the golden gate.

Yet, we are all as one in heart, In Friendship and in Love so true, We never sit in spirit part, For bonds shall bind our souls anew; And through the years that are to be We'll journey on and awfully sing Of life, of love, eternally.

And onward with exultant wing We pierce the stars, the skies and space And mount forever nearer God, To find our own appointed place. While spinning here the lowly cloud; Add as we journey, we will work To help our fellow man below, No line of duty will we shrink, For Truth and Right; our guidance will throw.

So, loving ones, press on, no fear, The way is upward with each bound, We gain some holier, happier sphere And find our spirits illy-crowned. This is my token and my thought, To you, dear friends, this happy night, As love from spirit friends is brought, To fill your souls with peace and light.

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ORGANIZATION.

A Distinct Aim and Purpose Needed.

The time limit of five minutes in the discussions at the Spiritualist Conference in Handel Hall recently, made it impossible for me to finish my little speech, so kindly allow me to do so so through the columns of The Progressive Thinker.

In a new and young movement, such as ours, nothing is of a more paramount moment than organization. Of course, there are all sorts of things that tend to organize, and a center to organize around; and unless this "something" and center is clearly understood and defined no organization is possible.

An impartial observer cannot deny that Spiritualism during its existence of half a century has been unable to establish itself as a strong and successful body. The fact may be disagreeable, but it stands here as a fact, and it is better to admit the truth and try to remedy it, than to overlook it. Even the poorest Christian sect of more recent date than Spiritualism can make a better showing as far as strength, organization and number of devoted and self-sacrificing followers are concerned. How often do we not find a small, almost infinitesimal crowd gathered around an able, intellectual and inspired Spiritualist lecturer, while an ignorant, half-witted and unworkable minority is able to draw a crowd of thousands of enthusiastic listeners to a church or meeting hall, and to keep them coming there year in and year out to attentively listen to a talk that is neither grammatical, logical, nor intellectual. There must be some reason for this. Surely there is, and it is not very hard to find it.

At that memorable Congress of Religions held here in Chicago in connection with the World's Fair, there occurred an incident which might point out to us one of the most serious defects that is hampering our progress. Mozomdar, that able and inspired representative of the Brahmo Samaj Society in India, was just divulging the high, pure, life and spiritual principles of that Brahmin sect when Rev. Cook of Boston, the well-known rabid and fanatic heresy-baiter, who was seated on the platform, stepped, or rather jumped forward in front of Mozomdar, and trembling with rage, and shaking his clenched fist right in his face, shouted at the top of his voice: "What does all this pagan philosophy amount to anyway? Is there any power on earth that can wash Mabel's bloody hand clean from the blood of Christ?"

The interrupted speaker kept still for a moment, and as soon as Mr. Cook was through, only remarked, calm and self-controlled as ever: "We hear very much of the Spirit of Christ, but we see very little of it," and then went on in his speech as if nothing had happened. It was a sublime moment, and it strikingly manifested one of the reasons why Brahmo Samaj in India is a success, while Spiritualism in America until now has proved a failure. For no intellectual excellence, no educational merits, no energy and no effort, however strong and enduring, will ever be crowned with success, unless we work in the right spirit. In the spirit of the meek and lowly Nazarene, whose whole life and death was one great and sublime self-sacrifice, and whose work is still going on and never will be accomplished until the ideal of a perfect manhood, as he taught and represented it, is realized on earth in individuals and in society, or in other words until the kingdom of heaven is established among us. If we get some of his spirit and try to realize it in our lives as well as in our teachings and in our relations to our fellowmen we shall succeed and nothing can stop us.

I do not mean to say that we should become orthodox Christians. I know that no church has as yet accepted Christ or followed him. But every church, however narrow and bigoted and unprogressive, has some little atom of his life-giving spirit, and that is all the secret of its success.

I honestly believe that the Christ idea, the idea of a perfect man, introduced into the world through the teaching of the rightly understood and evolved, is the highest and noblest idea ever born in flesh. And I believe furthermore that if we incorporate that idea in our weak and languishing organization, we shall have found the center we need to gather our scattered forces around, and we shall commence to grow and develop to the strongest and most successful of all religious bodies the unseen world has ever seen. For ours is a higher view of life, a nobler and more exalted position, than has been held by any religion hitherto known, and yet our mission and purpose is hardly clear and scarcely begun. We shall conquer and succeed, but not until we clearly see and know what we are about and also are agreed about the means to reach our goal. Man perfect—a realized Christ ideal—that is what we strive for. Everything else is of minor or secondary moment. Let us then organize to find this destiny and accomplish this end: The evolution of a perfect manhood.

HOMO SAPIENS. (To be continued.)

First Society of Cleveland, O.

To the Editor:—It is some time since I have availed myself of sending a communication to your paper; with the termination of a six-months' engagement for the Spiritual Society of this city I do so. The society referred to is the First Spiritual Society of Cleveland. I have wondered why, when others send communications to your paper, referring to the work done in Spiritualist circles, no mention has been made of this society, when in fact it is the first in Cleveland. I can say after six months' successful work, those who are at the head of that organization merit commendable mention. They are earnest men and women who have sacrificed much for Spiritualism, and the only reason why the meetings have been abandoned is the lack of finances.

Since my work commenced here last October, I have been called upon to officiate for the Spiritual Society of this city. I was called to the higher life December 23, 1900, and more recently, Mrs. Sophronia Wilkenson, aged 84 years, wife of Simon Wilkenson, a Spiritualist of fifty years' standing, entered the higher life March 19, Mrs. Mattie E. Beardsley, aged 38 years, a medium, passed on, February 2, and Mrs. A. E. Bacon, 83 years, of Middlefield, O., April 4. At the funeral services for Mrs. Wilkenson, I was assisted by Mr. Dell Herick.

I shall be in this city until the middle of July, when I visit Briggs Park, Mich., where there is going westward to Denver, Colo., where I shall make my home in the future.

Cleveland, Ohio. LOB F. PRIOR.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1901.

Out-of-Date Creed.

The Chicago Journal of April 2, reports the remarks the day before, of Rev. E. H. Curtis, retiring moderator of the Chicago Presbytery, which, says the Journal, "caused many of his listeners to gasp for breath." It adds: "Most of the delegates agreed Rev. Curtis was right. What surprised them was his boldness." We quote an extract from the pulpit's address:

"We are weighed down with a Confession of Faith which no longer represents the sense of the Presbyterian church. We are away behind the times. We are conceded over the glory of our history, church and faith, and that our church is expanding and broadening their circle of influence. I do not think that Calvin, the Westminster father, would think now as he did when he was upon earth, and for this reason, if no other, I believe we should believe what we believe to be the truth and do what we think is right without thought of creed."

It is presumed wonders will never cease. All the old churches are ambitious to get rid of their stale creeds, whilst Spiritualists, of all persons in the world having the least need of one, are contending with each other as to what their shall be. How would it do to wait a few years longer, when they can wait the discarded creeds of all the old sects, tied up in bundles of a dozen, and, like packages of onions in the open market, offered at 5 cents a bundle, and counted dear at that?

They Love Each Other.

For models of hate commend us to Christian sects when warring with each other. The wars between Catholics and Protestants, waged for centuries, are familiar illustrations. To revive the quarrel in a small way let a public lecturer expose the vices of a mummy. A strong police guard should be provided in advance, and it would be well if an underground passage was provided for the escape of the offending lecturer.

The strife frequently runs quite as high between opposing sects as between the parent bodies. A late cablegram from the Austrian capital, tells of a religious quarrel at Grosswarde, Hungary, which ended, April 4, in locking the doors of a church in which their opponents were engaged in worship, then setting it on fire. Forty-five escaped, badly burned, while ten lives were sacrificed.

Don't let us be too hard on the Chinese Boxers, nor on Kurds, for their wars on Christians. These outside contentions are bonds of union between Christians. But for them these "brothers in Christ" would be cutting each other's throats, or making holocausts of them.

Straws Tell.

Emergency Hospital, a Catholic Institution at Iron Mountain, Mich., was closed by Bishop Els on the 3d inst., and the nuns were ordered to leave the diocese. An ecclesiastical scandal, says the press report, was the foundation of the affair. The real trouble, however, was doubtless the publicity the affair received. A novitiate, Ellen Hogan, was charged with insanity. She had told some things to the prejudice of Mother Superior, and the institution, among which was the charge of drunkenness. The Probate Court heard the case and adjudged Miss Hogan sane. The Bishop then threatened the matter and closed the institution.

Every nursery, cloister, monastery, parochial school, hospital, or other ecclesiastical institution, doing business with closed doors, should be open to visitors at all hours day or night, by suitable persons appointed by the civil authorities. In addition every nun, and every person doing service or held under restraint in such institutions, should have daily opportunity, free from inspection or interruption, to deposit in a box, only subject to inspection by civilians, any complaint or grievance of their own, or coming under their observation.

This done and nuns and nunsmeries, their prototypes priestesses in charge of the temple of the goddess Vesta, at Rome, would soon be institutions of the past.

The Banner of Light.

The Banner of Light celebrated the forty-fourth anniversary of its birth, April 11, by issuing a special number, in covers, containing contributions of much value and interest, from many of the prominent workers of former and present days. It is illustrated with fine cuts of Emma Rod-Tuttle, Hudson Tuttle, Cora L. V. Richmond, Andrew Jackson Davis, J. Clegg Wright, Mrs. M. T. Longley and Dean Clarke.

History or Myth, Which?

Charlemagne, otherwise Charles the Great, came to the throne of the Franks—French—A. D. 768, and became Roman emperor A. D. 800. In 772 he made war on the Saxons for the extension of the Christian religion. He subjected the Lombards to his rule and faith in 774. His victory over the Saxons was complete in 777. Thence he crossed the Pyrenees and made war on the Arabs and Moors in Spain, leaving there to suppress an insurrection of the Saxons, executing 4,500 prisoners in a single day. When completely subjected he made the people submit to baptism and become vassals. He extended his raids into Bulgaria and Hungary and everywhere erected the cross as evidences of his victories.

In 800 Charlemagne commenced an Italian campaign, to support the then Pope against his rebellious Roman subjects. Victorious, he was crowned by the Pope Emperor of the Romans.

To aid his authority in conquered provinces Charlemagne established bishoprics in Spain and Germany.

Wars were incessant throughout his reign, and blood flowed like water to establish the faith. The people hated Christianity, so the country was laid waste, and every means known to tyrants were resorted to to crush the inhabitants. Thirty-two years of the fiercest and most passionate warfare was waged, and the line of march could be traced by the bones of the men who fell defending their homes, and in opposing the despised religion. At Verdun, at Aigney, at Bavaria, the action of the conquerors resembled the work of savages.

Charlemagne died in 814, but his fame lived on, and his chivalric deeds were told in story and song for ages after. He was canonized and became a saint in 1105. His glory as extender of the faith will never die. Such, in brief, is what the historians tell us of this formidable Christian hero of the 8th and 9th centuries, one of the greatest men the world has ever known, according to their representation.

But note, good reader, "all is not gold that glitters," and all is not history that paragon leaders write for such. John Fiske, M. A., LL. B., Assistant Librarian, and late lecturer on Philosophy at Harvard University, author of numerous books, among which is "Myths and Myth-Makers," now open before us as we write, page 190, says:

"The Charlemagne of romance is a mythical person. He is supposed to have been a Frenchman, at a time when neither the French nation nor the French language can properly be said to have existed; and he is represented as a doughty crusader, although crusading was not thought of until long after the Karolingian era. The legendary deeds of Charlemagne are not confined to the ordinary rules of geography and chronology. He is a myth, and what is more, he is a solar myth—an avatar, or at least a representative of Odin in his capacity. If in his case legends were not controlled and rectified by history, he would be as unreal as Agamemnon."

Then the author tells of this historic Karl, and says, he "corresponds in many particulars with the mythical Charlemagne, born 1045, died 1729, librarian of the College, Louis le Grand, and a Catholic Father, pronounced by Dupin as "among brotherhood," said: "The ecclesiastical history of the first twelve centuries is absolutely fabulous." Then recalling the fact that all history during that period was written by the priests, how much trust shall we place in the barbed acts of the so-called historic Charlemagne? Is it not very probable the historic and the legendary characters are identical in fact? It would be a positive pleasure if we could roll up the curtain which obscures the past, and see what lies beyond. We are hopeful this pleasure will be ours when the awful fever of this mundane life is over.

An Honest Preacher.

The death of Rev. John Jasper, mentioned in these columns last week, deserves more than a passing notice. He was a man of truth, who taught what he believed, and lacked the art of the rhetorician and the vice of the dissimular to impose falsehood on the world in its place. A child of nature, versed in the Bible, and believing it to be just what his superiors taught him, he could not preach else than what the heaven-inspired volume revealed. His "Sun do move" discourse is in point. With the text, "The Lord is a man of war. The Lord is his name," Ex. 15:3, in 1878, he said:

"The earth is square and immovable. The sun is in the east and moves towards the west. The Bible says the sun stood still. Is anybody going to say the sun was standing still before Joshua told it to stand still? Do you think Joshua would have asked the privilege to stop the sun if she had not been moving? This morning when the sun rose she was over there—pointing to the east. Now, in the name of God, could the sun get from that side of the house over to this—pointing to the west—unless it moved?"

"Now, Solomon was certainly a scholar. Do you know he was the man who said: 'The sun riseth and goeth down, and hasteneth back to the place she moved from.' It is nonsense to say the sun does not move. Every man who ever read the Bible knows the sun do move, that the earth is flat, has corners, and rests on pillars."

The preacher quoted a great number of passages from the Bible in support of his positions, and of course carried his uneducated supporters, late slaves, with him.

For centuries the whole Christian church, sustained by Popes and prelates, maintained the same Bible truths. They imprisoned, tortured, burned at the stake those brave thinkers who dared tell what science revealed to them. These truthful interpreters of nature were heretics, and denied the revelations of God, and had no rights Christians should respect.

But another age is on us. The revelations of the telescope have been everywhere accepted, save with the few still living Jaspers and their ignorant followers; and yet preachers, educated in our colleges, conceded to be men of letters, will stand up in their pulpits Sunday after Sunday and maintain the Bible is inerrant; that every word in its sacred pages was inspired of God, and must be accepted as such; then brand as infidels those who insist to the contrary. Others may respect such teachers. We do not.

They do not easily rise whose abilities are repressed by poverty at home.—*Journal.*

A Startling Revelation.

The staid and dignified Presbyterian is almost startled out of its wits by a fact in the Census Report. The goblin this time is Mormonism. The wall sent up by the churches over polygamy, advocated by the Bible and practiced by nearly all its empyrean characters, brought about its suppression, and the goblins congratulated themselves that the abomination was suppressed. The fact was soon made apparent that the new church was stronger without the proscribed doctrine. It became still more a thorn in the flesh as a living object lesson of how all religions are founded. It held up a disagreeable picture before their eyes of faith. Says the Presbyterian:

"It is foolish to close our eyes to the spread of Mormonism. It is no local affair. It is an active propaganda. Its missionaries are active and aggressive. During the past year they made 63,000 converts. This gain in membership is considerably larger than that of the Presbyterians and Methodists combined. It shows a shrewd, cunning and persistent propaganda, which should be circumscribed in all justifying ways by Christian workers. Mormon emissaries go among the unwary and the ignorant, and get hold of those who are most easily duped and persuaded. The impostors should be exposed wherever they appear upon the scene, and the community cautioned against their evil influences."

Just think of the poor, ignorant, yet wily Jos. Smith, getting the manuscript of a third-rate story, claiming it for a divine revelation, entering the religious field against the churches of 2,000 years' standing, and winning in the race for converts!

More members in the past year than both of the great sects of Methodism and Presbyterianism! All their organization for propaganda, books, tracts, papers, missionaries, evangelists, camp-meetings, revivals, millions of dollars in churches, and millions to the hundreds of millions in running expenses, and yet the despised followers of the Latter Day Prophet, ahead!

Is it true that the "Mormon emissaries" are the only ones who go "among the unwary and ignorant, and get hold of those who are most easily duped and persuaded?" Why is a Mormon who goes out preaching to the unbelieved a missionary or evangelist?

At revivals who are they who become influenced to come forward? Is it not always the "unwary and the ignorant?" Where shall a single leading man of thought be found who belongs to the church? The ranks of the churches are made up of those who do not think; of those who have been educated into their belief, at home and in Sunday-school. Evangelists, therefore, on the one hand, and ignorance of their audiences, on the other, are the causes of their success.

Well, what are the churches to do with the Mormons? The goblins hounded them out of Kirtland, O., where the first move was made to found a society, expelled them from Nauvoo with pitchfork and shotgun. They took their weary way across the then unknown desert, carrying their households with them. In their wanderings they came to that marvelous country around the great Salt Lake. There far away from all other influences, they founded a state by themselves.

That it has attracted is proven by its vigorous growth. The Latter Day Saints are a moral people. They are law-abiding and devout. When it comes to exposing the "Mormon emissaries," what is there to expose? Now that polygamy is cut off, what is the dreadful crime of the Saints?

Is not this all prejudice accumulated by some two generations of slanderous accusations, and the envious hate which dislikes to see anything outside itself prosper?

The Revolution Goes Bravely On.

It is not in Protestant countries only that the people are repulsing creeds and those who make them, but hostility is shown in every country where civilization has gained a foothold, and science has made any progress. The revolution against Spanish authority in the Philippine Islands had its origin in hostility to the priestly class. So, too, in Cuba. Revolution after revolution followed each other in quick succession in Mexico, and was only terminated by confiscation of church property, and the expulsion of the Jesuits.

Spain every little while is disrupted by contentions between the established church and those who oppose it. It is intimated that a revolution there is now imminent, the Catholic church, sustained by royal authority, being the real cause of the feud.

Advices from Valparaiso, Chili, so late as April 4, shows there is a powerful element hostile to church rule in that country, as we know is the case in all the South American Republics. We quote an Associated Press dispatch as follows:

"An anti-clerical demonstration was made in the streets of this city Tuesday, April 2. The Spanish drama, 'Electra,' which caused riots when it was performed in Spain, was to have been performed here. Fearing an outbreak of feeling, the mayor ordered the police to close the theater."

"A large crowd gathered and marched through the streets uttering shouts against the clergy. The cabinet crisis is still unsolved. The executive will meet with great difficulty in organizing a ministry which will satisfy the liberal element in control in congress."

In every country where civilization is most advanced, there is the greatest dissatisfaction with modern methods. This is especially because of hostility to creeds, but is largely due to a determination on the part of the clergy and their backers to compel everything to move in church grooves. They struggled for a whole century to cripple the business interests of this country by suspending Sunday mails and closing postoffices. Until the railroad interests had grown too powerful to be affected they labored to stop every railroad train each week for twenty-four hours. Ships must be tied up at their wharves, and furnace-fires must be put out so laborers could listen to the silly drivelings of a hired ecclesiastic while telling what he did not know about hell.

This thing has gone on until the regulation has come, and, according to Rev. Dr. Mackay, quoted in another editorial in this issue, people have become "asked to own themselves Christians."

The hostility to church rule has only just begun to assume form. It will be more intensified each year, and in a single decade it will be so pronounced all the world can see it. Mark these words.

Sunday at the Fair in Buffalo.

The Sunday fanatics are up to their old tricks as practiced at the time of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Apparently they have lost none of the disreputable and dishonest features of their former tactics, and not content with staying away from the fair on Sunday, as is their right to do, they are determined to prevent all others from visiting it on that day, which they have no right to do.

The Chicago Chronicle truthfully and pertinently says that the Sunday crusaders have organized an attack on the Buffalo pan-American fair which is to be opened on May 1 with great ceremonies, in which President McKinley and the officers of several states will participate. Rev. Mr. Hathaway, secretary of the American Sabbath Union, leads the assault.

"We have," said Mr. Hathaway, "protests from a million people, nearly all from the State of New York, against Sunday opening at Buffalo." He said that he had "felt the pulse of the country," and that it throbbed against an open Sunday at the Buffalo fair. Asked how he "felt the pulse," he answered: "Ministers take a vote of their congregations and then send us the number who favor Sunday closing."

This is a sort of referendum which will not be accepted by reasonable people. The result of an honest popular vote can be ascertained only when both sides take part in the election. The statement that "millions" voted on this question when the "ayes" only were taken in the sectarian churches is probably an exaggeration. There are not "millions" of attendants at all the churches in New York of the class to which the question of Sunday management at the Buffalo fair was submitted.

Mr. Hathaway was asked whether people who favor an orderly yet liberal Sunday have not the right to attend the fair on Sundays to view the beautiful works of nature and art just as they would take a Sunday walk through the city park? "No, they have no such right," answered the fanatic who

Deals damnation round the land. on all who disagree with him on the Sabbath and other theological questions. The managers of the Chicago World's Fair had to meet the question in the courts and drove the Sabbatarian cranks from the field. The same Sabbath association controlled by Mr. Hathaway produced enough influence in Congress to secure a provision in the \$5,000,000 St. Louis fair act that the appropriation should be forfeited if the fair was open on Sundays. Members of Congress who voted to abolish the army canteen while sustaining the saloons attached to the Capitol restaurants required that a Sabbath which they never keep themselves in Washington should be kept in St. Louis by the fair authorities.

The Buffalo fair authorities are not hampered by the terms of such an appropriation. So they will open the gates of the fair on Sunday for the instruction, elevation, comfort and enjoyment of the great public.

Undertook Too Great a Task.

It is told of his Satanic majesty that he engaged in all sorts of wild adventures, and makes princely pecuniary advances to aid shrewd schemers in business, only requiring his proteges to turn their souls over to him unconditionally when they leave their bodies.

It is told of old Split-foot, on one occasion he undertook to back up a newspaper enterprise. He had carried through successfully every variety of extravagant adventures, and furnished money without stint to make them successful, and he had no doubt of his ability to supply the needed cash to keep a news journal afloat. But the experience proved a severe lesson to him. He met the constant demands for money for a time with promptness; but bills came in so often and of such large amounts, he found ruin was inevitable if he fulfilled his obligation. What could the poor Devil do but forfeit his contract? He did so, remarking, "A soul costing so much is not worth damming."

Cogitating on the matter, and knowing how ambitious Mr. Carnegie is to avoid dying rich, perhaps he will allow us to suggest that he come to the aid of some liberal journal, and furnish it with the necessary backing. Though generous in supplying Library Buildings, he has not yet undertaken to fill them with books, furnishing whole libraries, not hundreds only, but thousands, as The Progressive Thinker has done, and is doing.

Should Mr. C. attempt to do what we are sure the Devil will not, to back up the cost of supplying this paper and its needs, we apprehend he would insist on an abandonment of our Gift Enterprise at the very threshold of his undertaking. Well, that is where Mr. Carnegie and The Progressive Thinker would fall out. An empty purse has little value. Let him erect his Library Buildings. They are ornamental to a city, and to the eye, at first glance tell of vast tomes, filled with the wisdom of the ages; but it is our task to fill them with books, furnishing whole libraries, not hundreds only, but thousands, as The Progressive Thinker has done, and is doing.

The ebb and flow of tides, the mighty marches Of worlds round worlds, each in their certain course, Show that design the universe o'er-arches, That all things seen obey one Central Force."

The inner and the outer rays of this Solar Being waft together and apart in motion as in breathing—becoming the inner life of all creatures, the living presence everywhere.

We believe in salvation from darkness, ignorance and bigotry, by character, the educated will of enlightened manhood and womanhood.

We also believe in progress, in a law of progress leading mankind onward and upward forever, as fast as man will make conditions for his advancement. Up the spiral rounds, through eternity. The truth in a philosophy was well put by Longfellow. He says: "This earthly life when seen hereafter from heaven, will seem like an hour passed long ago; that long, laborious, full of joys and sorrows as it is, will then hardly visible to the far-reaching ken of the disembodied spirit. But the spirit itself soon onward. And thus death is neither an end nor a beginning. It is a transition, but from one state of existence to another. No link is broken in the chain of being, any more than in passing from infancy to manhood, from manhood to old age. Just observe what a glorious thing human life is, when seen in this light; and how glorious man's destiny. We behold all around us one vast union, in which no man can labor for himself, without laboring at the same time for all others; a glimpse of truth, which by the universal harmony of things, becomes an inward benediction, and lifts the soul mightily upward. The feeling of our dignity and our powers grows strong when we say to ourselves: 'My being is not objectless and vain. I am a necessary link in the great chain which from the full development of consciousness in the first man, reaches forward into eternity. I can never cease to work, and consequently never cease to be. What men call death cannot break off this task,

An Imperfect Exemplar.

Rev. Dr. B. Roberts, of Kansas City, in a late discourse wherein he reviewed the teachings of Confucius and Jesus, said of the latter:

"The ethics of Christ are not suited to the present world. 'To be poor here in order to inherit the kingdom of God is not the policy that heaven follows. Jesus pursued, except by their lips. To be poor here in order to have a reward in heaven is no hurt. To be smitten on one cheek and turn the other is so violently opposed to nature's first law that a man who practiced it would be regarded as imbecile or insane. To love one's enemy is unnecessary and impossible. To return good for evil is unjust. To take no thought for the morrow is imprudent. To forsake father and mother, wife and children, and follow me, is a heavy sacrifice. If any man is fanatical, and would rightly subject a man to arrest by the humane officer. To live as Christ lived would reduce a nation to mendicants and dissipate homes, industries and happiness."

THE SUNSHINE OF THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

Let us sing the joy of our free faith! Sunshine is the cause of health and life, physical as well as moral. It is the joy of living in the light of love, good-spiritedness, knowledge, the "music of the spheres," which gladdens our hearts. Beliefs that do not beget joy in the minds and hearts of those who entertain them are not likely to be true.

Reasonable joy is the test of sanity. For joy is quite compatible with health, purity and goodness. The joyous man may well be innocent, grateful, kind and brotherly. Human nature like the animal nature blackens in gloom and in darkness. Vice, crime, sin, selfishness flourish in the shadow. Darkness and spiritual death go together. A joyous world must be a perfect world. This is shown in the anxiety of sects to make it appear that their members alone are happy.

It is frequently held by conservative persons that the alleged faith of the Spiritualists, and the "come-outers," is incapable of affording joy. We may often hear them talk of the sadness, and the shelterless condition of the "Radicals," as we are often called. So far as a "Radical" is a rooted man, a man grounded on the bed-rock of truth, life, love, human helpfulness, I think we do not mind being classed as "Radicals." But this sadness cannot be proved. The melancholy is taken for granted as a thing that needs no proof, as if it were a thing of course. That could not but follow from their beliefs.

These croakers think our world is so dark, the Savior is inaccessible, our destiny so gloomed, that we cannot help being "blue." The Romanist claims a superiority to the Protestant, contrasting his own bright-heartedness with the other's painful anxieties.

Even Theodore Parker professed a deep compassion for those who could not share his faith in the soul's intuitions of God, life and immortality. I must personally plead guilty of sharing this view with Parker. When we know the glory of the Light we cannot help feeling compassion for the blind. We are stirred to pity for those who cannot see, who cannot trust their own souls. But when we find those who put out their own spiritual eyes, who court the darkness rather than the light, then indeed we grieve as those who have but little hope; for we recognize that men must free themselves from the delusions of priestcraft, that one cannot do it for another. When the mind is thus diseased the patient must mainly minister to himself, must learn to trust his own soul; the light that is, or ought to be, within him. "But if his light be darkness, how great is that darkness!" The lamp of the inner life is then wanting.

But it is still true that there are sad people in all faiths and there are joyous people in all faiths. These matters are the results of temperament, and of "liver," and would exist under any form of faith. The springs of gladness are within. They abound in that inner life. The inner light and world of cheerful brightness is as distinct from the mortal mind humors of a sick man, as the trust and galaxy of childhood are different from the muscular contortions of a galvanized cadaver.

"A simple child, That lightly draws its breath, And feels its life in every limb, What should it know of death?"

Such a child, abounding in life and hope is the "New Philosophy," as sane and cheerful as Franklin in his best days. "God gives all things to industry." "Diligence is the mother of good luck." "Forewarned is forearmed." "He that can have patience can have what he will," etc.

For Franklin no less than Emerson, saw that this universe is run by law, not by luck. Nor is the spiritual philosophy without a deep, sane, and abiding faith, a faith founded in truth and verified by experience.

We know the fatherhood of the spirit-world. What could pierce primordial darkness but the rays of the central and eternal light?

We believe in the brotherhood of humanity. We are all created by the same law. And what is that law? The attraction of the inner life. "It begets all things by the blending of essences, extracted from other formations. Through thus blending all things become new, yet nothing is taken from; nothing is added to, the great almighty whole."

The angels are but our brothers and sisters of a deeper and more spiritual growth. No creed to confuse them with the central spiritual sun, the first cause.

"Look through nature on to nature's God; The vast of blue above; below, the bright green sod. And all the jets that give the rainbow shading. Teach us that mind and soul are all-permeating. The ebb and flow of tides, the mighty marches Of worlds round worlds, each in their certain course, Show that design the universe o'er-arches, That all things seen obey one Central Force."

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**A Funeral Sermon Preached by Elder H. W. B. Myrick, of Gentryville, Mo.,
March 16, 1901.**

matter we have that noble commentator, Dr. Campbell saying: "Our Lord's descriptions of the abodes of de-

"It must be so, Plato: thou reasonest well.
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality."

After Greece in the march of Time and the birth of empires came Rome. Rome that ruled the world. Rome with her forum, her senate, her coliseum, her art and sculpture. Rome boasting of Epicetatus, Marcus Aurelius, of Cato and Seneca, of Sallust and Tacitus! And Rome inherited from Greece, whom she vanquished at arms, not only treasures of temporal worth but wealth of culture. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul, of gods and demi-gods, flourished at Rome as well. From India and the dawn of history to Rome and the advent of Christ we find the belief among men in the hereafter

There was only one way by which Jesus could prove that he had "abolished" death. If Columbus had never returned from his voyage, vain would have been his journey upon the unknown sea; but he came back to announce his discovery to the waiting world. So it is said of Jesus that "he showed himself alive after death by many infallible proofs." Those who saw him and knew him before death saw him and knew him after death. "He showed himself alive after death," says Luke, the historian "Alive after death." O what wonderful words if true! And we believe them true!

When the body of flesh is wasted by disease, emaciated and bereft of its youthful vigor and beauty, then, even in its pitiful wreck, we love and cling to the dear **Q** because the "ties that bind us" are not of the flesh but of the spirit. "Though the outward man perish yet the inward man is renewed day by day." And it is in that "inward man" that our affections are nourished and have their being. Do not be disturbed by any fear that we shall be unknown and unloved "over there." You will be you, and I will be I over there, and if associations and kindred interests have bound us heart to heart, if the sacred bond of love have united our souls in a pure and sacred fellowship, these things shall endure. Death cannot abolish friendship nor break the golden cord of love.

So we say good-bye to our dead, but not forever. We shall be with him yet again. This sorrowing old mother and wife—these grieving children—all shall meet beyond the grave. Then, in a moment, grief, and fear, and bitter disappointment, and weary waiting will be forgotten. Amen.

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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.

Let us ask what the mission of Spiritualism is, and what the duty of its followers? Is it to probe into the past life of those who have made mistakes; who may have been the victim or victims of circumstances over which they had no control—did not understand how to con-

When do you derive the authority that permits you to criticize the poor unfortunate mariner simply because he does not manage his craft as you in your egotism think you would? Remember, brothers and sisters, that it is an apparent fact in the world's history, that the men who have been the shortest of the glory derived from right doing, are often loudest in their accusations against their neighbors and co-workers. Think you not that it would be more in keeping with the teachings of your beloved Spiritualism, if you as individuals, or collectively as the case might require, would remember that tidal waves sometimes sweep far inland, and when receding oftentimes bear with them the wreckage of empire, or urge their treacherous bosoms to the sea, and so secure in their imaginary stronghold, and thought that they and their loved ones at least were safe from the dangers that threaten to engulf their less fortunate brothers and sisters. Think you not, friends, that it would be wise, yes, even advisable, for the world's good, to take the space publishers devote to unkindly and uncharitable letters, and print in large, bold, black type, the words, "Let him without sin cast the first stone," and it might be well to add for the benefit of unfortunate humanity who have made mistakes, be they great or small, "Neither do I condemn you; go and sin no more."

power to allow them an opportunity to
 utter their own salutation and atone
 to their conscience, their fellow crea-
 tures, or their God, for whatever
 wrongs they may have done. If the
 Christ, be he man or myth, could be
 attributed with speaking words of for-
 giveness, and he lived but a few hun-
 dred years ago, surely you as Spir-
 itualists standing on the threshold of
 the twentieth century should find it in
 your hearts to do likewise. Who is
 there in the universe so great and good
 that they dare set themselves up in
 judgment over their fellow-men, or
 who so perfect that they can afford to
 point a warning finger at their
 neighbor, less they might attract at-
 tention to their own imperfections?
 The Christ, if he is destined to become
 the religion of the world, and I believe
 it is, then its platform must be broad
 enough for the whole world to stand
 thereon. Its foundation must not be
 the shifting sands of time, but the solid
 rock of truth, like unto old Gibraltar;
 its covering not a little insignificant
 roof or canopy under which only a few
 high priests and priestesses can find
 shelter. It must be the sturdy, broad
 shield, under which every living thing
 can find protection. Its charity must be
 so great that it will permeate all space,
 reaching even through the valley of the
 shadow of death, and there strength-
 ened and supported by the innumerable
 hosts who have joined the onward

ing for the sunlight of love to kindle it into active life, and thereby burn and purge away the foul wrongs done through lack of understanding the true relationship existing between them and their fellow-men.

Many there are on your side of life who, on the other side also, we do not realize that there were involved into their being a portion of that pure unblemished good which eventually will pre-eminently in mankind, making the God Good within him sovereign over the weaknesses that are a part of the individual man or woman.

Looking back over the history of the race, we find the divine spark incalculated into man from the great central source of divine life, burned but dimly, only here and there glowing brightly, while the world was burned away the barriers that had obfuscated it, and had at last come forth with its tiny light like the glow-worm, flitting here and there the midnight darkness of ignorance and superstition.

And up to now, with the help of modern Spiritualism, it should burst forth in all the splendor of the noontday sun. Spiritualism, like all things great and good, has many attributes, and from a scientific point of view, it should be applied to everything pertaining to, or concerning the human family, its mission then would be the uplifting and enlightening of the entire world's population, regardless of color, nationality or sex, helping each to understand their oneness with

...tional and intellectual standard of
...se inhabiting the earth during the
...k ages of the past, nor would it be
...t to point down the dim shadowy
...k of the future, and say to the com-
...generations, "As the world's people
...to-day so will you be." No, but,
...d, "From our vantage point, to-
...rd, light hither, the addition of your
...and all mankind." Not by pointing
...k to the dark eras of the past, but
...ward to the light already gleaming
...ough the rift in the clouds. This is
...advice that I bring; earthward, and
...d will I help every human being
...of darkness into light eternal, even
...have been lifted, for though called
...d I am never more alive than now,
...d as in my past life, I am still ready
...d to go to pull the crops from
...der false theologies, or break down
...riers that stand in the way of human
...gress. My desire is to see the human
...e, past, present and future, on the
...n foundation of Truth, guided there-
...by Love and the light of reason and
...derstanding. So, brothers and sisters
...ward, I will leave with you the ques-
...s as to what the mission of Spirit-
...ism is, and wish its followers might
...e help one another and at the same
...e help themselves.

knowledge of the nature of man
his relations to God tend to a
morality and increasing happi-
The book is characterized by the
romantic style and qualities that
insured for "The World Beauti-
ful" an almost world-wide
popularity.

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A Mother's Love.

The experience I will now relate, occurred in the year 1888, two years previous to my daughter's marriage. Her mother having passed on in the year 1875, my daughter and I were keeping house. Still we both worked outside, she in an office on Broadway, as stenographer for a railroad company. She was my only child that was left me on earth, consequently my love for her was undivided, my daily thought was for her, and hers for me. When the shadows of evening drew near, I would look forward to the pleasure of her presence to enjoy our simple meal we called supper, in perfect harmony in thought and desire. I relate these particulars in our lives, the perfect trust that existed between us, to illustrate a grand principle, or law, if you would wish to call it a law—I do not, I call it Love, for love knows no law, Love is divine and comes from the Father of all there is.

Now for the test of my power. I speak of my daughter was taken suddenly ill one day, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and came home feeling very bad, with a burning fever, and went to bed, where I found her when I came home to dinner. As I came into the room where she was, she greeted me with a forced smile, and said, "Dear papa, I felt so bad I came home." I saw she was very ill. Her face was flushed with burning fever, and my heart sank within me.

"Well, my daughter," I said, "I think you will feel better after I make you some tea, something warm to drink, and I will go and prepare it now." I started for the other room we used as a dining-room, and as I passed by the foot of the bed I laid my hand on the forehead; a great light seemed to attract my attention and I looked up, and over the head-board of the bed seemed to be a glorious light that covered the whole side of the room, and right in this radiant light, right over my daughter's head, appeared her mother and my mother, standing hand in hand, both smiling such a happy, peaceful smile, such as angels only can wear. They both pointed down toward my daughter and said "All is well," then the vision vanished away.

The vision lasted about one second of time. I said nothing to my daughter about it; I passed on into the next room to light the fire to heat some water and prepare some tea. I had scarcely got the gasoline stove going, when the door of her room opened and my daughter walked in, looking perfectly well, the fever all gone, appetite returned. She proved it by taking food and getting dinner herself, and eating, too. After dinner she related to her mother and me the office as usual, feeling perfectly well. It was Love that did it.

N. P. BRADISH.

Southern Cassadaga Camp.

On April 7, the remnant of the people left at Southern Cassadaga Camp, about twenty-five in number, met at the auditorium, called together by Vice-President A. A. Butler, of Brecksville, Ohio. Mrs. Van Duzee, who has been a successful platform speaker for many years, spoke inspirationally on Thought. Mr. Budington, Mrs. Rathbun and Mr. E. Bond, spoke with much feeling, of the good work being done, not only here, and at this time, but the influence that would go forth into the twenty-two states that have been represented here the past season. A sadness pervaded that all social pleasures must so quickly come to an end. The past winter has been one of unusual interest, and a financial success. We can predict a bright future for Southern Cassadaga camp.

The climate here is all that can be desired, and improvements are being made to meet the demands of all who wish to escape the discomforts of a more rigorous climate. The social life has been varied and interesting, and the entertainments continuous and of a high order, and enjoyed by young and old alike. Each vied with the other in making the annual session of this camp a success.

The camp is beautifully situated on high, sandy ground, covered with tall, graceful pines, and to the east and south are a chain of beautiful lakes. A more beautiful location cannot be found in the state of Florida. The high altitude and resinous atmosphere of the pines makes this locality beneficial to all afflicted with catarrh or lung trouble, and the exceedingly soft water and the sun shining almost every day, drives rheumatism and other ailments away. My wife came down here an invalid, and today she is feeling better than she has for years. I am rid of a troublesome rheumatism, and if possible, next fall I shall return to Southern Cassadaga Camp.

A. A. BUTLER.

Mount Pleasant Park Camp, Ia.
The M. V. S. A. Camp-meeting at Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa, will open July 28, closing Aug. 25. All signs are pointing to a most successful meeting. With such talent as Dr. Peebles, Oscar Edgerly, Moses Hull, Jennie Hagan Brown, A. E. Tisdale, Mrs. Cooley, Dr. Nellie Mosier, Prof. W. F. Peck, Miss Flora Kaye and others, the programme will be most satisfying. There is promise of plenty of phenomena also. The announcements will reach the people the middle of May at the latest.

STELLA A. FISK.

Sec'y M. V. S. A.

MEDIA, AWAKE.

Awake, awake, O media!
Arise in honor and might,
No longer bow the servile knee
To "Neath foot suspicion's blight."
The banner of sweet Spiritualism
No longer trail in dust,
Nor suffer more her hallowed lips
Defiled by wanton lust.
Within the sacred temples
Where sound the angels' feet,
Let truth and purity alone
The earnest seer meet.

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No Sorrow Shown at a Funeral.

A very novel funeral ceremony was performed at the Dexter Sampson company's undertaking parlors Saturday afternoon over the remains of Miss Meda Hoskins, who died at her home, 1335 Thalia street, a few days ago.

The old feature of the obsequies lies in the fact that no evidence of conventional mourning were present. The handsome casket was covered with pure white velvet. The top was strewn with calla lilies and other white flowers, which were also banked entirely around the coffin, and its sides festooned with smilax, giving to the whole the appearance of an immense floral piece. The pallbearers, as well as relatives of the deceased, were clad in ordinary street costume, instead of the usual somber black, and the entire depression that generally pervades such functions was entirely eliminated.

The family and friends of the young woman are Spiritualists, and in accordance with their creed, that death is but transition to another sphere, whose spirit forms are able to communicate with those nearest to them on earth, they decided to treat the matter merely as a fond farewell to one who will return, instead of indulging in protracted grief.

The funeral sermon was preached by Mrs. Nickless, who frequently addresses the meetings of the local Spiritualist society at Harmonial hall, and music was rendered by members of the choir. Several poems, appropriate to the occasion, were read. The burial took place at Rosecliff Cemetery.

Miss Hoskins was 28 years old at the time of her death, and had been an invalid for several years, so that her demise was not unexpected. Both she and her mother, Mrs. Kate Hoskins, who is a trance medium, are well known in Spiritualistic circles.—Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

[Obituaries to the extent of ten lines only will be inserted free. All in excess of ten lines will be charged at the rate of fifteen cents per line. About seven words constitute one line.]

Passed to spirit life, at her home in Kinmundy, Ill., April 5, 1904, Mrs. Julia Herrick, wife of George L. Herrick, aged 80 years, 10 months and 16 days.

Brother Charles Tillotson, of Hill City, Kansas, passed to spirit life, from that place, April 2, 1904, aged 73 years and 8 months. Since 1854, Brother Tillotson has been a pronounced Spiritualist, never for a moment concealing the light he had. He and his estimable companion took considerable pains in distributing Spiritualist literature, of which they always kept a quantity on hand, both of papers and books. A discourse at the funeral was delivered by the writer to a large concourse of friends and neighbors.

D. W. HULL.

Passed to spirit life, from Los Angeles, Cal., March 28, Miss Meda Hoskins, aged 44 years. Equally strong and fearless in defending truth and denouncing pretense, her life and work as a conscientious medium, will be a lasting monument to the cause of Spiritualism. She leaves a mother and three sisters behind her. The obsequies were conducted by Mrs. Edith Nickless.

A. L.

James R. Smith was born in Whiteside county, Illinois, December 15, 1841. He enlisted in Co. B, 13th Illinois Infantry, in 1861, serving three years and five months until honorably discharged. He was married to Sarah J. Langdon in the spring of 1866. Following a long and painful illness, he passed to spirit life, March 29, 1901. A son and two daughters survive him. He was a kind and loving father, a good citizen and a true friend. Services conducted by the writer.

DR. J. A. BAILEY.

Passed to spirit life, April 1, Mrs. Catherine Ward, from the home of her son, Benjamin Ward, Corfu, N. Y. Jehiel Ward, her husband, passed on more than three years ago, and she was lonely and expressed a desire to go to him. They had lived more than fifty years together in loyal wedlock. Five daughters and five sons blessed their fireside, all of whom remain to mourn the loss of the kindest of parents. In 1875 Spiritualism reached them in such a manner they felt compelled to investigate, and learned its truth. Mrs. Mary C. Von Kandler and Mrs. Sarah A. Walters, two of their daughters, have been faithful advocates now for more than a score of years, and the old homestead was often filled with neighbors and friends, who received their first light in their home.

COR.

Passed to the higher life, March 23, 1901, at Vancouver, B. C., of consumption, in her 39th year, Mrs. Bertie Ordway, beloved wife of Henry H. Ordway. She leaves two sons and two daughters, all of whom are looking forward to a happy reunion. Both parents are Spiritualists, and have taught it to their children.

M. C. ORDWAY.

Sheldon P. Eddy passed to spirit life, March 10, 1901, at his home near Maples, N. Y., after suffering from a short time. He was born December 17, 1822, in the town of Byron, Genesee county, New York. Was married to Helen Rhoades, of Napoli, April 10, 1850. Services were held at the house, conducted by Mrs. Clara Watson, who spoke words of comfort and inspiration that soothed the aching hearts of the bereaved ones. He had been for many years a firm believer in true Spiritualism, and thus by his teachings made his life one for an example.

Passed to spirit life, from her home at Springfield, Mich., Feb. 19, 1901, Mrs. Olive Pratt Andrews, aged 80 years. She was a Spiritualist for more than fifty years, a medium and seer. Her life was filled with kind and noble deeds. She was a most excellent nurse to the sick, and never refused to comfort the sick and afflicted. Her aged husband and five children still remain on earth, but are comforted with spiritual philosophy.

DR. H. C. ANDREWS.

Passed to spirit life, from her home, Jan. 29, 1901, Celia M., daughter of Wm. and Emma Hunn, aged 22 years. She was a kind and devoted friend, a true Spiritualist and medium, and passed on as she had lived, in a knowledge of Spiritualism. Her parents and a brother mourn her untimely transition. Words of consolation were spoken to the bereaved.

DR. H. C. ANDREWS.

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Sunday Spiritual Meetings in Chicago.

The First Spiritual Church of Chicago, Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley, pastor, holds services every Sunday at 11 a. m. in the Hall, corner Oakwood and Ellis avenues, every Sunday at 7:30 p. m. Lecture and spirit messages at all services. Take Cottage Grove car to 39th street.

The Church of the Soul holds services in Handel Hall, 40 Randolph street, every Sunday at 11 a. m. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, pastor. Home address, 3802 Rogers Park, Chicago, Ill.

Band of Harmony, auxiliary to the Church of the Soul, meets at Room 608 Handel Hall Building, 40 Randolph St., every third and fourth Thursday of the month, beginning at 8 o'clock.

The ladies bring refreshments, supper served at six o'clock. Evening session commences at a quarter to eight. Questions invited from the audience, and answered by the guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. Always an interesting programme. All are welcome.

The Progressive Spiritual Church, G. V. Cordingley, pastor, 6th floor Handel Hall, 40 Randolph street. Services at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Take elevator after 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Take elevator after 2:30 and 7:30 p. m.

Church of the Spirit Community will hold meetings in Kenwood Hall, 4308 Cottage Grove avenue, each Sunday, 8 p. m., conference and tests; 8 p. m., lectures by competent speakers. Tests by H. F. Coates and others. All are invited. Good music and seats free.

Truth Seekers meet at the Teutonia Hall, corner of 63rd and Ashland avenue, every Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock.

The Chicago Liberal Society is a non-sectarian association for the encouragement of morality, the promotion of education, the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge, and the inculcation of truth in the place and stead of error and superstition. The Temple services of the society are held every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock in Corinthian Hall, Madison Temple, 17th floor, and are in charge of Thomas B. Gregory. You are cordially invited to attend the same.

The Spiritualistic Church of the Students of Nature holds services every Sunday evening at Nathan's hall, 1565 Milwaukee avenue, corner Western avenue, at 7:30. Mrs. M. Summers, pastor.

The Independent Spiritual Society, G. N. Kincaid, president, will meet each Sunday evening at 8 p. m., 77 Thirty-first street. (Auditorium) hall. Good speakers and test mediums have been engaged.

The Spiritual Research will hold meetings every Wednesday at Van Buren Opera House, Hall B, corner of Madison street and California avenue. Beginning at 2 o'clock.

The Englewood Spiritual Union meets every Sunday, at Hopkins' Hall, 528 West 63rd street. Conference and tests at 2:30 p. m. Lecture at 7:30. Will C. Hodge, present speaker. The Ladies' Auxiliary meets at the same place every Thursday, at 2:30 p. m. All are welcome.

Everybody welcome, L. H. Brewster, secretary.

Lida Sholdice holds meetings every Sunday evening at 1166 Montrose Building.

Send in notice of meetings held on Sunday in public halls.

Bear in mind that only meetings held in public halls will be announced under the above head. We have no space to keep standing notices of meetings held at private residences.

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FOR a moment stop and consider. The Progressive Thinker is the one original dollar Spiritualist paper. It introduced a new era in the ranks of Spiritualism. Its success financially has been all that could be desired. Notwithstanding the rise in the price of print paper, it has still maintained its status as the only one dollar Spiritualist paper. Not only that, but the Divine Plan in its business with its subscribers—a portion of the profits of the office returning to them. Just think of the Seven Premium Books being sent out to our subscribers for \$2.35. After paying the postage of these seven books, and the expense of mailing them, all that we have left is \$1.60. You can readily see that we are furnishing them for less, by far, than the actual cost to us.

We do this work in accordance with The Divine Plan, in order to assist in forming the nucleus of a library in every Spiritualist home. Read carefully our premium list, and you will certainly want to become a subscriber. The Progressive Thinker, if not so already, and obtain the books we announce.

"After Her Death. The Story of a Summer." By Lillian Whiting. A mind that loves spiritual thought can find to be fed and delighted with this 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 at this office. Price, cloth, \$1.

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"Poems of Progress." By Lillian Whiting. In this volume, this peerless poet of Spiritualism has read in her varied moods, "from rapture to gay, from lively to severe." It is a book to be treasured and richly enjoyed by all who love genuine poetry and especially by Spiritualists. The volume is tastefully printed and bound. Price \$1.

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