SCIENCE SUPPLEMENTED BY AN EXALTED MORALITY, THE BIBLE OF THE FUTURE.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

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

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THE N. S. A.,

And Its Disgruntled Friends.

In reply to The Progressive Thinker's comments upon my letter in the issue of November 16, I will tax you with a few words.

From a positive comprehensive view of our public cause I can positively say there are numerous Spiritualists who, from prejudice and misunderstanding, are trying to tear down the usefulness of the N. S. A. These are the disgruntled people of whom I spoke—and also said The Progressive Thinker had joined. And this is true indirectly—because your severe comments give them aid and comfort; and you are encouraging opposition and lack of support by saying the continuation of "blunders will result in the extinction of the N. S. A." If you prophesy death for the N. S. A., you encourage it and make it possible.

By rising above bad results and gathering our forces to fight for the right, we encourage and create life. The late convention was a very competent one and a large one. Its results were good in many ways—and bad (strictly bad) in no way whatever. Some things might have been better done, and some good things were not done, that should have resulted. But the errors should point the way to future action. As I see it, we need a National Association of State Associations and then there will result a better personnel in the convention because of more careful delegate selection. The good results are worth working for, instead of making impossible by destroying the basis of such achievement.

No one ever has asked that the N. S. A. shall not be criticised. Instead of being too delicate to be criticised, it has been so robust that it has stood an avalanche of opposition and has made headway. If criticism will kill it, then let it die! But do not abuse it from prejudice. Let justice be done. I have severely criticised the N. S. A., but I sought to do it in its conventions where I could correct its errors. That is where an enemy of wrongs being perpetrated will become a true friend.

The N. S. A. is the great body of Spiritualists—and its errors are their errors. Let us discuss ways and means and correct errors.

Your journal and others are the mouthpieces of Spiritualists. Tell what you want—but do so in a supreme effort to correct whatever is wrong and to achieve the best. Let us build on what we have, and not tear down ruthlessly what has cost so much to build.

We need organization. Let us develop it. Let all go to Boston next year and bring the best wisdom to secure what our cause most needs. No duly accredited delegate will be muzzled, nor be unduly influenced—if they have a mind of their own and know what they want and our cause requires.

Agitate all the year—and get the much needed legislation properly before the people. You should thus mold the delegates for needed results.

If another president or any officer is desired, work to obtain such. President Barrett has been re-elected each year as much because no one has sought the place, as by the personal desire he may have entertained. If he seeks it, then let any one desiring the position seek it and work for it. I have not so far seen a candidate for the presidency develop a campaign.

Your suggestions covered several available persons—but no rally was made to any one. Brother Sprague declined in the convention to allow his name to be used even for a nomination. With no avowed nor proposed candidate, what could the delegates do, but vote for the man who has well served, and was willing to continue? I do not deplore the idea of working for the president, nor any official. But the person should not do that—the people should call the person.

When Mrs. Longley was first elected as secretary, it was by a popular call, made in advance through the spiritual press. That did not drag our convention into politics; to the contrary it resulted in a harmonious and wise election of a competent official. Do the same all this year for a president, and the people will welcome and the delegates will obey their will. Brother Barrett will also be glad to see a popular choice.

But whoever is elected, should have the undivided support of all Spiritualists. The president of the N. S. A. cannot be a Figure-head. The position demands activity. It may have been a mistake to elect the same person nine consecutive years, but that does not make him either a boss or a Figure-head. It will be well to dignify this office and to respect its occupant. The position is a proud one, and no one suggested for it should be insensible to the honor. If improper effort shall be made by anyone to secure or hold the position then that person should be turned out. But, when elected by fair means, or re-elected repeatedly, no unwarranted attack should result in a disgraceful defeat.

I plead for the occupant to be honored when honor is due. And whatever is necessary for our cause, we should labor for. We look to our spiritual papers for protection from wrongs and the espousal of the right. These should be done in the altruistic spirit, with a sincere desire for justice, and without malice. I am sure The Progressive Thinker will seek the right, as it ever has so strenuously, and that it will uphold the N. S. A. in all good work, and with charity for errors so criticise and advise that the future may witness success and utility built upon past failures. I am sure The Progressive Thinker desires success and not the failure of the N. S. A. Fraternally,

GEORGE W. KATES.

Just as we expected. Those who have been calmly criticising the N. S. A. are still regarded in the light of being badly disgruntled, while those who are really the genuine disgruntled are led by our good brother, Mr. Kates. He has worked himself up to a feeling of peculiar nervous excitement because a spirit of kindly criticism has arisen in regard to the N. S. A. Nearly every delegate who went to Washington from the West, returned home with a feeling in many respects akin to disgust, but with no intention whatever of dealing death-blows to the N. S. A. Spiritualism had an unparalleled growth before the N. S. A. was inaugurated. Its mediums were as good then as now; its speakers were equally as eloquent then, and its meetings were more largely attended then than now. No one then thought of any decline in Spiritualism, but since the inauguration of the N. S. A. that thought has been unwisely spread broadcast throughout the country.

A convention like the one held at Washington has a distinct personnel, and that personnel makes either a favorable or an unfavorable impression, depending on the officers and the delegates, and their methods of action. The fact that its leading official published without any comment a proposition to return to Mr. Mayer his splendid gift of $15,000 because he expressed his candid opinion prior to the convention, has done more to make an unfavorable impression of the personnel of the N. S. A. than anything else. Spiritualism without a single medium's home, without a single charitable institution, and with no place for the superannuated workers, the gift of Mr. Mayer came like a great light from a cloudy sky, and notwithstanding that fact the leading officer of the N. S. A. published a proposition without comment to return the price of his gift to him. While the N. S. A. took no action in that direction, to the outsider—to the one who calmly reflects, and uses a little common sense, it was a damaging blow to that body, for no one in the future will make such a generous gift to it as Mr. Mayer did, providing he intends to use his influence to elevate the N. S. A., for the very gift would actually destroy the giver's influence among a certain class, and whenever he tries to work a reform, this will be thrown in his face, that he "needn't think he can buy the N. S. A. because he made it a princely gift," and a proposition is likely to be made to return the same, as in the case of Mr. Mayer.

The real work of elevating Spiritualism can not be done successfully by the N. S. A. There are more laws now on the statute books of the different states inimical to mediums than when the N. S. A. was first inaugurated, and even in the District of Columbia, the headquarters of our cause, an unjust discrimination is made, and so far the N. S. A. has been powerless to remove it. The State Associations are the principal ones to renovate, elevate, and promote our cause; they are the ones to prevent hostile legislation; in fact they are the ones to promote as far as possible our cause, while the N. S. A. can not well be regarded otherwise than a mere figure-head—a necessary one, perhaps—a figure-head without any absolute authority in law only to receive bequests. Now that Spiritualists have a home, permanent headquarters in Washington, bequests should be made direct to the various state associations whose legal status is equally as well defined as that of the N. S. A. We call upon wealthy Spiritualists everywhere, in making donations to kindly consider their respective state organizations, for if they make it to the N. S. A., and thereafter try to influence that body for good, a proposition is likely to be made to return it to them.

By all means, let the N. S. A. live. We want it to be an instrument for good, but at most, as we have said before, it can only be a mere figure-head to shine by reflected light; it is simply a figure-head to-day, and that is about all it was ever intended for.

The State Associations will be the leading factors in all reformatory work in the future, and to them Spiritualists must look for real progress.—Editor.

RAPID TRANSIT.

The first train leaves at 6 p. m.
For the land where the poppy blows,
The mother dear is the engineer,
And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms;
The whistle a low, sweet strain;
The passenger winks and nods and blinks,
And goes to sleep on the train.

At 8 p. m. the next train starts
For the poppy land afar.
The summons clear falls on the ear,
"All aboard for the sleeping car!"

But what is the fare to poppy land?
I hope it is not too dear;
The fare is this—a hug and a kiss—
And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who children took
On His knee in kindness great,
"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day
That leave at 6 and 8."

"Keep watch on the passengers," thus I pray,
"For to me they are very dear;
And special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer.

St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Till thou hast conquered thyself thou art but a slave; for it is almost as well to be subjected to another's appetite as to thine own.—Burton.

If we cannot live so as to be happy, let us at least live so as to deserve happiness.—Fichte.

THE FUNERAL

I was walking in Savannah, past a church decayed and dim,
When there slowly through the windows came a plaintive funeral hymn;
And a sympathy awakened, and a wonder quickly grew,
Till I found myself environed in a little negro pew.

Out at front a colored couple sat in sorrow nearly wild;
On the altar was a coffin, in the coffin was a child.
I could picture him when living—curling hair, protruding lip—
And had seen perhaps a thousand in my hurried Southern trip.

But no baby ever rested in the soothing arms of Death
That had fanned more flames of sorrow with his little fluttering breath;
And no funeral ever glistened with more sympathy profound
Than was in the chain of tear-drops that enclasped these mourners round.

Rose a sad old colored preacher at the little wooden desk—
With a manner grandly awkward, with a countenance grotesque;
With simplicity and shrewdness on his Ethiopian face;
With the ignorance and wisdom of a crushed, undying race.

And he said: "Now, don't be weepin' for dis pretty bit o' clay—
For de little boy who lived dere, he done gone an' run away!
He was doin' very finely, an' he 'preciate your love;
But his sure 'nuff Father want him in de large house up above.

"Now, He didn' give you dat baby, by a hundred thousan' mile!
He just think you need some sunshine, an' He lend it for awhile!
An' He let you keep an' love it, till your hearts was bigger grown;
An' dese silver tears you're shedding's jest de interest on de loan.

"Here yer oder pretty chillun!—don't be makin' it appear
Dat your love got sort o' 'nop'lized by dis little fellow here;
Don' pile up too much your sorrow on deir little mental shelves,
So's to kind o' set 'em wonderin' if dey're no account demselves!

"Just you think, you poosh deah mounahs, creepin' 'long o'er Sorrow's way,
What a blessed little picnic dis yere baby's got to-day!
Your good faders and good moders crowd de little fellow round
In de angel-tended garden of de Big Plantation Ground.

"An' dey ask him, 'Was your feet sore?' an' take off his little shoes,
An' dey wash him, an' dey kiss him, an' dey say, 'Now what's de news?'
An' de Lord done cut his tongue loose; den the little fellsay,
'All our folks down in de valley tries to keep de hebbenly way.'

"An' his eyes dey brightly sparkle at de pretty things he view;
Den a tear come, an' he whisper, 'But I want my parents, too!'
But de Angel Chief Musician teach dat boy a little song,
Says, 'If only dey be fait'ful dey will soon be comin' 'long.'

"An' he'll get an education dat will proberly be worth
Seberal times as much as any you could buy for him on earth;
He'll be in de Lawd's big school-house widout no contempt or fear;
While dere's no end to de bad things might have happened to him here.

"So, my poosh, dejected mounahs, let your hearts wid Jesus rest,
An' don't go to critercisin' dat ar One w'at knows de best!
He have sent us many comforts—He have right to take away—
To de Lawd be praise an' glory now and ever!—Let us pray!"

—Will Carleton.

HERMETIC BROTHERHOOD.

Temple Talks—Atomic Potency.

It is often asked, "What is the purpose of the Brotherhood work? Why is it, for years and years, the Invisibles have tried to bring about a certain consummation? Why is it, that the wise in the visible have gladly forwarded the labor on the plane of manifestation?" We reply: Because we held, in trust for the world, under obligation, matters of the utmost importance. That they are needed, is demonstrated by the fact, without reorganization, or a new permeation of potency, mankind as a whole, stands in imminent danger of falling into a chaotic condition. This is acknowledged by those who think deeply; it is confessed by those whose thoughts go beyond the present. They ask, "What next? What lies beyond, even in the near future?"

The Masters of Potency say: "We can help the world come back to such condition as shall put aside this feeling of unrest; of fear; of dissolution." But the mighty, who know only physical dominance, reply, "But you are few."

"Yes, but the few may become many."

"But," they still protest, "you have little influence, even as you are; the hours are passing swiftly to the time and necessity for the use of the forces you claim you can put forth."

Very true, but in our Record of Adept Truth, there is a declaration, the result of experience, in the wisdom of the Wise, which says: "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the strong." This is the point which we desire to use as our starting place.

A single breath of wind will send the avalanche crashing into the valley. The slightest change on the electric plane may hurl into the atmosphere, through the action of changing polarity, a cyclone. The destruction which this cyclone can produce will be unmeasurable by any known value.

It is not necessary under any circumstances whatever, that a movement to be irresistible and overpowering, shall so commence. Suppose there is an embankment, beyond which lies a mighty body of imprisoned waters. A single drop, percolating through this embankment, may lead the way for another and another. Finally, a little stream trickles through, and beyond that a mightier. Soon, with the rush of an overpowering torrent, the whole weight of the waters behind sweeps out, carrying everything before it.

A single word, on the proper key, may so change the polarity of the whole environment as to create an entirely different condition of thought for miles about the individual uttering it.

A breath, a potent thought put forth into the atmosphere at the proper time, may upset the harmony of a whole city.

It was well said by Him, whom you regard as one of the greatest of teachers, "Let your yea be yea; and your nay, nay, for beyond lieth evil." No words are put out into the atmosphere; no thoughts go forth into the ether, without producing their effect. If these thoughts are intensified by the thoughts, actions and powers of several unified individuals, there is accumulated on the unseen planes, something that may go back to torment and plague those who have been active in sending out unjust or disastrous forces. But in all movements of this kind, for good or evil, (for the force used in each is the same, as the explosive of opposing armies may be of exactly the same composition), the first appearance is simply the change of polarity in a single atom. That accomplished, the next atom is affected, and so along the line, until every atom has changed its polarity. If the potency is increased or continued, then another line is affected and another. Then all at once, the intensified force of those changing polarities moves divergently from the straight lines—the organism is fully transmuted. The changing is the beginning, perhaps, of wide-spread evil to the sons of men.

That which may be good can also be evil. That is to say, the One Cause is behind all effect. In the majority of cases, the going forth is evil or obstructive to man, because he puts it forth carelessly and this produces inharmony. It is because the whole world is inharmonious that we feel so disturbed, so much overcome; so much obstructed in all we desire to do. But whatever happens, however great the force, however overwhelming the potency, the beginning is at the single atom. Just as it is in our wide-spread public enterprises. Here, too, the atom takes its part in thought, because the polarity at a certain point, brings into the brain of some thinker a new thought-combination. The single individual thinks the thought. He voices it. Another man approves and sustains it, and suddenly the thought becomes the property of several. Thus urged on, the single thought becomes the prevailing thought of a nation—of the world.

Is it not well for us to keep in mind these two important points: We are never to despair if our force seems small, for one is the most potent of all numbers. We are to make the most of our environment, under all circumstances and at all times.

W. P. PHELON, M. D.

Mrs. Tingley Is Defended.

The Los Angeles Times of yesterday contained a sensational story purporting to be an interview with Mrs. M. Leavitt, formerly a resident of this city, in which serious allegations were made concerning the treatment of inmates of the Point Loma Homestead. These statements are refuted in detail in the following communication and affidavits:

Editor Union:—On the last two Sundays, at the Fisher opera house, Mrs. Katherine Tingley has been compelled to somewhat forcibly draw attention to attacks which have been made upon her and upon her organization. So widespread have been these slanderous attacks that I imagine there were but few among the audience who were previously acquainted with them. While necessarily holding back for a future occasion very much of the information which is now within her hands, she endeavored, and I believe successfully, to show that these attacks emanate in the first instance from the so-called Theosophical society, sometimes known as the Besant party, who have made use, as their tools, of certain foolish and spiteful ministers in this city and elsewhere. I believe that what Mrs. Tingley said carried with it a large measure of conviction, but whatever further evidence is needed is supplied with a curious promptness by yesterday's issue of the Los Angeles Daily Times. The farrago of mendacious folly which appears in that paper respecting Mrs. Tingley and her work is too lengthy and too silly for extensive quotation here. The headlines are, however, almost a sufficient index to the quality of the letter press. They read as follows:

"Outrages at Point Loma," "Exposed by an 'Escape' from Tingley," "Startling Tales told in this City," "Women and Children Starved and Treated Like Convicts; Thrilling Rescue."

The "exposures" mainly consist of the supposed revelations of Mrs. Holbrook and Mrs. Neresheimer. They are all sufficiently disposed of by the affidavits of which copies are attached hereto. These and the remainder of the charges are so fatuous that they are their own reply. There may possibly be weak-minded people in Los Angeles who will believe anything, but here in San Diego where Mrs. Tingley's work is better known by personal observation, each falsehood will carry its own refutation to the mind of the reader. My object, however, at the moment, is not to answer what needs no answer, but rather to point out that this long scream of abuse which embraces well-nigh all the charges to which public attention was drawn at the opera house emanates from a Mrs. M. Leavitt who was greatly occupied with the slanders inaugurated by Col. Olcott during his recent visit to this city and who left with similar precipitancy when Mrs. Tingley began to publicly handle the matter. No more striking and no more immediate confirmation of that lady's contention could be desired and I believe that your readers will share this opinion. Yours truly,

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

AFFIDAVIT OF MRS. E. A. NERESHEIMER.

State of California, County of San Diego. ss.

The statements contained in the Los Angeles Times of October 28, 1901, about myself: that I have been forcibly separated from my husband, that I am not allowed to speak to him, that I am forced to live alone in a little tent on the grounds that surround the institution, are one and all malicious and false from beginning to end. The fact is that I am married twenty-eight years, that I have never lived separated from my husband, that I am living most happily with him in luxurious apartments at the beautiful homestead at Point Loma, and, furthermore, I emphatically state, being qualified to do so after a residence of ten months at Point Loma Homestead, that one other statement contained in the article of the Los Angeles Times about the general conditions at Point Loma and the treatment of children by Katherine Tingley and the Universal Brotherhood, is totally false and I am of the opinion that the statements about myself and against Katherine Tingley and the Universal Brotherhood organization have been purposely invented and circulated with the malicious intent to injure Katherine Tingley and the Universal Brotherhood, and that my name has been used on account of my being the wife of a trusted cabinet officer of the institution in order to serve the ends of these malicious falsifiers

I am glad of this opportunity to be able to state that the rosy and happy children of this institution are a living testimony of the most gentle, kind and proper treatment which they receive.

MRS. E. A. NERESHEIMER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of October, 1901.

MINNIE SCHAFFNETT,
Notary Public in and for San Diego County, California.

—San Diego Union, Oct. 29, 1901.

Life has no blessing like a prudent friend.—Euripides.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind.—Shakspeare.

Who gives a trifle meanly is meaner than the trifle.—Lavater.

Hanging and wiving go by destiny.—Shakspeare.

We should quietly hear both sides.—Goethe.

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.—Burke.

When the state is most corrupt, then the laws are most multiplied.—Tacitus.

He who has health has hope; and he who has hope has everything.—Arabian.

COGENT COMMENTS.

The Spirituality of Spiritualists.

Being perfectly willing of running the gauntlet of all manner and mode of criticism as a "carping crank," and having all sorts of dire anathema maranatha flung at my poor head from several directions of the compass in payment for some of my former remarks, I at the same time desire to thank those kind old mothers and fathers in "Israel" who have so heartily thanked me for what others found naught but sharp and sarcastic rhetoric; and therefore, after these preliminary words beg to offer a few thoughts from my correspondent in Cuba, Mr. J. H. Bickford, who, by the way, is a brother of Mrs. Addie C. Littlefield, who, I believe, is favorably known as a medium in the East, particularly in Boston:

"As to the decline of Spiritualism, I think it is as generally understood, but really, NO. In my researches the last five years, I have found more real Spiritualists who did not attend so-called Spiritualist meetings or belong to a society, than I have met in the societies. This may seem a broad statement, but I believe it true. You ask them why they do not belong to a society, and the answer is, 'I do not care to associate with people of such moral character as some who are the foremost in the societies here, for they are too well known as anything but spotless. Here, at home, we enjoy our religion.' And one old couple told me: 'Could we expect our daughter in spirit life to manifest in a crowd like there is in —— hall? We would not insult her by thinking of it.' So for years, this old couple have kept a cabinet, and although not rich, have had a medium in their own home, and they have been well repaid, for their parlor is hung with large paintings of their dear ones gone on; and when a sensitive enters the room, he can perceive the force. It is a temple kept sacred to the spirit friends. They are readers of at least two Spiritualist papers, and both are well wishers for the cause, but although they do a great deal of work for it, are not known in either of the two (or three) societies in that city, Lynn, Mass.

"This is only one case; there is another in the same city—one of the best mediums in the city is not known in public at all, but she has all the work she can do giving sittings. So you may see that the real Spiritualists are being slowly driven from the ranks of the Spiritists, for there is only one in a hundred, and the mass rules. So in time, I think, the so-called Spiritualists of today will become extinct, and true spiritual Spiritualism be elevated to its proper place—the head of all religions of the new if not the whole world.

"At present it does nothing to put it by the side of other religions of the world. The others send their workers abroad here in Cuba—a nation of sensitives—one of the best fields in the world for Spiritualism, and workers for it if it has any, there are none; no organized effort at all. But is that the way with other religions? Oh, no! There are plenty of them preaching ignorance to the poor people and doing a great deal of good in the way of looking after poor children, and a good deal of bad in preaching hell-fire and brimstone to them.

"If Spiritualism is what our great speakers and writers say it is, where are they? Why are they not here teaching these people the light of their great truth, and caring for the little ones, who, could they be brought up under the teachings of Spiritualism, would produce some of the best sensitives the world has ever seen? Why not a Spiritualist lyceum as well as a Baptist Sunday-school or a W. C. T. U. or a Y. M. C. A., or any of the many other societies already started? Not a little whisper from the Spiritualists! Not a move, not even a comment in their papers!

"Are they all gone to the beautiful Summerland of which they tell so much, or are they so busy getting messages and chasing after phenomena from the beautiful life beyond the grave, that they have not the time to think of the thousands here in this beautiful land, that have been bound down in the utter darkness of a religion of ignorance, governed by a body of crafty and corrupt and bloodthirsty priests. Have I a right to say this? History answers a most emphatic Yes! They can not deny that in all history none can compare in savagery that of the Spanish Inquisition. That the burning of a few negroes in the United States is a disgrace to the Americanos no one of intelligence can gainsay. Although their crimes deserve heavy punishment, let the law deal with them.

If this is a disgrace to the United States, what was the burning of over 31,000 people by that institution of the 'Mother Church'—the Inquisition? One ruler in the fifteenth century burnt at the stake 10,220; burnt in effigy, the persons having died in prison or fled the country, 6,860; punished with infamy, perpetual banishment, etc., 97,321, making a grand total of 114,401. Another, a Holy Father, Ximines, a cardinal, burnt 3,564; otherwise punished, 49,291, making a total of 52,855. But, don't hug yourselves, Baptists or Presbyterians, or other Protestant churches! You have burned! You have hanged! You have tortured! You, who are descended from Puritan blood, don't be too proud of it! They came to America to worship God! But how long were they here before they were hanging men and women, and whipping them from town to town, and nailing their ears to door-jambs, and boring their tongues with red-hot irons? Because they were Quakers and worshiped differently! But so far as I can find, no such black and red damnable stains in the path of Spiritualism. I am more than proud to say that.

"As to Spiritualism being a religion, is it, or is it not? One can very easily believe in table-tipping, trumpet-speaking, hand-writing on the wall, materialization, etc., (the most of the so-called Christians are—have to be, if they believe the Bible, which is hardly anything but a record of such phenomena) and yet be a great way from being a Spiritualist. I know very well I am not. Why? Because I am not spiritual enough. To be a Real Spiritualist one must be pure in Soul and mind, free from all impure things and desires; pure as the holiest and cleanest person who dares to call himself a Christian or anything else on this green earth, and who does no wrong thing because he never thinks of such things, and habitually breathes pure air.

"And all this, my friends, must be lived and done without any hope of reward as commonly understood from the cast-iron orthodox standpoint of rewards and punishments). No reward of merit for a true Spiritualist? Only the love of Right because it is Right, with the knowledge that when the little life on this earth is ended, and the next one entered, there is to be met Justice, no more, no less! No orthodox Savior to save, no ungodly God to destroy! But your own soul to face and to wash till it is whiter than snow—the great question is, What is the best kind of washing powder?

"The Christians think they have a laundryman, and ought to know what every true Spiritualist knows, that love for their fellow-beings, carried out in good works and kind words, honest lives and noble aspirations, make the only course that will insure a happy home on high, where they may still continue it in helping their fellow-beings who have been blinded by the false teachings of a materialistic church, for the most part of the churches are materialistic, have a literal city of gold, and other priceless things to excite their love of display and greed, to become a shareholder in the Holy Trust, or be scared into it by the lake of fire, where another inquisition is going on with fire for its chief instrument of torture.

"How absurd to think of the Overruling Power of the universe as one with all the passions of a human, jealousy being the most prominent. Why is it so? Because the human race has not been capable of realizing the vastness of it, comprehending it no more than an infant could understand the working of the most intricate machine. Therefore, it has been made to the capacity of the mind of man.

Not long since an American, who calls himself a Spiritualist, came into my tent, and I spoke of Spiritualism as a religion, and he at once said, 'I don't like to hear anyone call it that. It is not.' We had quite a little discussion on the subject, I taking the stand that it was; that in fact to be a true Spiritualist one must necessarily live as good, aye, a better life than a Christian, and it must be done with no hope of reward, as generally understood, therefore was a harder life to live according to a human standpoint than the Christian's, and that if there is such a thing as religion, Spiritualism is it.

"If you go by the generally understood meaning of the term, it is not. But we must not give the same definition to such cognate terms as do the orthodox! Remember that, brothers and sisters. I am not sufficiently educated to write independently my ideas on the good of the cause, being obliged at the death of a brother, to leave school at the age of fourteen, and have been hustling for a living ever since, so pass my crude thoughts on to you to dress up in more presentable language and form. Yet I find that Webster says Spiritualism is not a religion, but as commonly used it is.

"Concerning this country, I have a thirty-five acre tobacco plantation, all plowed and planted by myself, and am thus a very busy, hard-working Yankee in Cuba. It is a nation of Sensitives, and there are some believers in Spiritualism here, but they are very quiet. Why shouldn't they be, here in Pinar del Rio, but a few years ago, a young girl had her eyes torn out because she was a clairvoyant, so I was told by a native; and many of them call me the devil, because I can tell them some few things they knew I could never learn in, to them, a natural way. But I hope the itinerant peddler of Spiritualism, the traveling fortune-teller, will never come here (although they would reap a harvest of pesos), because they are an injury to the true cause. But I should like to see a corps of workers, teachers, lecturers and phenomena mediums come here. The other religious denominations have sent to help the poor, teach the ignorant. Come and give them the light of what ought to be the greatest boon to mankind—the knowledge that they can learn from good ones gone on before how to live here on earth, and how to prepare for that higher and better, let us hope, life to come after."

I do not feel that I could say more than Brother Bickford has said on the present subject. Spiritualists do not act one whit better than the so-called, self-styled Christian denominations, who wrangle with each other on points of doctrine and piously curse all who differ from them. We do the same. Upon only one thing are they at all united, and that is, abusing the Spiritualists. Well, if I were a hide-bound orthodox, I am afraid I would throw pretty strong Bible language at those who attempted to take away my religious prop, and actually proved it to be unsound. I really am afraid I should not like it. But, although we are a lot of intellectual bushwhackers, let us not crucify each other, brothers and sisters; how can the cause progress in decency when there is so much bickering, fault-finding and jealousy in the ranks? Will those who abuse the missionary spirit please shut off on what they would do if they were missionaries, and go down to Cuba, as Brother Bickford suggests, and show themselves "martyrs for the cause" as they have howled so lustily for years back, or else "forever after hold their peace." I am not talking to the one who is doing and has done all he or she in reason can do or did do, but to the ones of ample means and opportunity who desire to attract attention from themselves by vociferous squalling at others. And may the blessings of the spirit world intelligently shadow over us all; now and forevermore. Amen.

U. G. FIGLEY,
Bryan, Ohio.

He scatters enjoyment who enjoys much.—Lavater.

THE GREATEST DEBATE WITHIN A HALF-CENTURY UPON MODERN SPIRITUALISM

DISPUTANTS:

REV. MOSES HULL,

President New York State Spiritualists' Association, Headquarters, Buffalo, N. Y.

—AND—

W. F. JAMIESON,

Secretary National Liberal League, Headquarters, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PROPOSITION:

Resolved, That the phenomena and philosophy of Modern Spiritualism prove that departed spirits can communicate with mankind.

MR. HULL'S THIRD SPEECH.

(Fifth Address of the Debate.)

Gentlemen Moderators, Ladies and Gentlemen:—Mr. Jamieson has said many things to which I am aching to reply, but I must adhere to my determination to open each of my affirmative speeches with one or two astounding facts—facts which can neither be doubted nor dodged. It may be "unlucky for the facts" to be dragged into a debate like this, but I have become so used to using them that it will not do for me to forsake them now.

I need not tell my opponent who Charles Partridge was. He knew him before I did. A more honest, or a more intelligent man would be very hard to find. In 1850 he, very much against his will, was converted to Spiritualism. He afterward spent a fortune in promulgating it to the world. Undoubtedly Mr. Jamieson has enjoyed reading Mr. Partridge's "Spiritual Telegraph." The philosophy and the phenomena of Spiritualism were both meat and drink to Mr. Partridge.

As presiding officer over a debate between my worthy opponent and myself, he sent many waves of pity to Mr. Jamieson, who was suffering under the fire of a red-hot stream of facts fired from my batteries.

Mr. Partridge published the history of his conversion to Spiritualism. Like my opponent, he at first was willing to accept any other than the correct explanation of Spiritual manifestations.

Like the ancient maiden lady, who retired to a tree under the branches of which to devoutly pray for a sharer in the woes and miseries of her life, when an owl in the tree above her said, "Who, who," she responded, "Anybody, Lord," these anti-Spiritualists are ready to accept any theory, no matter how absurd, if it will only confirm them in their faith that man is only an animal made up wholly of flesh and bones and animated by breath.

Like a great majority of other wise men, Mr. Partridge was finally compelled to surrender. He attended a seance with the Fox sisters, in Rochester, N. Y., in September, 1850, which he reports as follows:

"The mediums, the Misses Fox, did not know me, neither did they know that I ever had a brother, or know his age, time of death, etc.; but through the raps and the use of the alphabet his whole history was given to me. The day of the week, the day of the month, the hour of the day of his death was given me; his business and property were disclosed and every test question I was capable of putting was correctly answered. My ability to test him became exhausted, and yet I told him I did not believe he was communicating, but that by some means, my own knowledge of the facts was reproduced through the raps. He then said, I will communicate to you a matter of business, of which you can have no knowledge, but which will be confirmed by next mail. He then said, 'Messrs. Finley, Johnson & Co., of San Francisco, who had your goods for sale, have failed, and, will probably not pay one cent on the dollar they owe.' I answered, 'It cannot be true; the house is reputed to be very wealthy; and instead of this last communication confirming that the spirit of my brother is present it makes me, if possible, still more skeptical, because I feel sure this last communication is not true.' The spirit added further that he did not think that I should even get an account of the sale of the goods.

"The next mail brought letters confirming the failure. I subsequently wrote to the parties several times, requesting account of sales, which they did not send. I then sent my account to a house there, to intercede for me and get an account of sales. They tried to obtain such an account, and finally wrote me they could not, and advised me to trouble myself no further about the matter; for if I succeeded in getting an account of sales the house would not pay one cent on the dollar. And these things I never had the means of knowing were disclosed to me, and things I did not believe at the time have been confirmed."

Now any explanation of this that leaves the spirit of Mr. Partridge's brother out of the case, would enable Mr. Jamieson to play Hamlet with Hamlet left out. Let Mr. Jamieson say what he may, I ask if the Spiritual hypothesis is not the natural one—the one which would suggest itself to any rational mind as the true explanation. Are not all other explanations rather far-fetched? Do not all other explanations look more like an invention to try to dodge the weight of the evidence, than like a straightforward effort to find the truth?

I will next present a case from memory. I clipped it out of The Progressive Thinker and laid it aside so carefully that I have not as yet been able to find it.

A lady, a Mrs. Parkhurst, who was not a Spiritualist until her recent experiments made her so, relates the matter about as follows: Her father was a very peculiar man; he kept all of his business to himself. Some years ago he suddenly went to the other world. The family knew he had money which he had hidden somewhere, but did not know where it was, nor could they find it.

After the death of this man the house seemed to be haunted, in so much that no one could be induced to live in it more than a few days at a time. These disturbances continued for years.

Bye and bye this lady, who lives in Nebraska, received a letter from a medium of whom she had never even heard. I believe it was a Mr. Cole. The letter informed her that her father had something of importance to communicate to her. She complied with the conditions, whatever they may have been. The result was, she got a communication from her father telling her exactly where to go and get that money.

She did as her father told her, and found the gold—several hundred dollars, exactly as her spirit father had said. This money she divided among the heirs. After this she received a communication from her father thanking her for what she had done; and stating that, as he had now done justice to his family he thought he could rest.

Now, of this communicotion I know nothing except what I saw in The Progressive Thinker, where I presume Mr. Jamieson read it; for it was not more than six or eight months since that it was published. I never heard of Mrs. Parkhurst before nor since. I did not even write to her postoffice to find out whether she was a reliable woman. I see no reason why a person should, of her own accord, write such statements except because they are true.

Mr. Jamieson has not touched one of my leading arguments; he finds it necessary to go out in search of floating straws to which to cling and thus keep up a half-appearance of attempting to review me. I wish, for his sake, not mine, he could be induced to grapple with my real arguments, but from past experience I fear I shall wish in vain.

I think it will be my duty, in as much as he does not follow me, to follow him. I will before I begin a new argument examine a few points in his last speech.

I introduced the most positive historical statements concerning the seeress of Prevorst—statements which, if true, place the evidences of Spiritualism beyond a peradventure; no one can admit the facts quoted from William Howitt, Dr. Kerner, and others, without admitting Spiritualism. This Mr. Jamieson meets with the statement that "Madame Hauffe was before the days of Modern Spiritualism."

Yes, she was. What of it? Did I assert that there had been no evidences of Modern Spiritualism before the Fox Sisters? or, as there were evidences of Spiritualism before the Fox girls does it follow that there can be none since?

Did I not prove by Dr. Samuel Johnson, that in every age and every nation men had witnessed the same phenomena and conversed with those whom we call dead?

The next assertion in Mr. Jamieson's speech worthy of notice was, that he "discovered that dark circles were frauds." I beg Mr. Jamieson's pardon; he made no such discovery. He may have discovered that frauds were sometimes practiced in some of the dark seances. Before he takes that chair in Logic he must learn that there can be no more in the conclusion of a proposition than there is in its premise.

Mr. Jamieson has attended a few dark seances and found that in some of them there were fraudulent manifestations; he concludes that therefore all dark seances are frauds. Now when Spiritualists assume that there never was a fraud committed in a dark seance, his wonderful discovery will have some point; not before.

Next my worthy respondent asserts that Spiritualists blame him for changing his mind. I never saw a man in my life who was as anxious to be persecuted as he is. I wish he would be kind enough to show me the Spiritualist who blames him for changing his mind. If he will I'll have him churched. I never heard one of them blame him for his change of opinion. I have seen a few who thought his judgment very weak; I am not sure but that I am somewhat of that opinion myself, but I have the first one to hear blame him for it. They all feel like saying, "Poor fellow! he doesn't know any better."

Mr. Jamieson is very sore because I asked him if he was honest when he played medium in that Paw Paw seance. Like Caesar's wife he was above suspicion, and it was but little above an insult for me to imply that it was possible for him to do a dishonest act. I do not look at it in that light; on the contrary I fully believed him to be honest; if he was not at that time, I believe he is now, and that he would come out a la Samuel Phelps Leland, Von Vleck, Hagaman, et al, and would confess that, in order to fool the Spiritualists he had played a little game on them. The renegades from Spiritualism nearly all confess, from McQueen down, that they played medium; why might I not have reason to believe that he would confess to the same? But the fact is, I never had a thought but that he was honest in that seance; but I wanted to apply the inductive methods of reasoning to it. There are several hypotheses of that seance, inductive logic never tries but one at a time. The audience might say Mr. Jamieson played medium to fool Hull. I thought a direct answer from him on that question would set them to looking for another hypothesis.

If Brother Jamieson should be poisoned by eating his breakfast to-morrow morning, and if the coroner determined to find out which particular dish contained the poison, he would first try one, then another, and would keep on until he found which one it was that contained the poison.

Now Mr. Jamieson did do something which made his friends believe he was controlled by the parties I mentioned; it seems that he thought so at the time. Now he thinks differently, I want his hypothesis; he has not given it as yet. He says he was not dishonest. Very well, then there is one hypothesis out of the way. He, of all people in the world knows whether he was honest or not, and so I asked him. I did not know who else to ask. Mr. Jamieson says that man can be dishonest and play such games. Now he says that was not the case with him, so that hypothesis gives way to something else. Now let me say, I believed him perfectly honest when I asked that question, but I am not a good witness; I did not absolutely know whether he was or not, and if I did know, the world could not be as sure I knew as it is that he knows. Thus I am glad to have it from his own mouth. If I was prepared to give evidence, my evidence would be ex parte. I am interested to prove my case. Mr. Jamieson is not. When he says he was honest, he testifies that there were phenomena which cannot be accounted for on the ground of the dishonesty of the medium; perhaps it is the only absolutely honest case of mediumship in the world, I must make much of it, it is to help me prove my hypothesis.

Now that Mr. Jamieson has been forced to admit that he honestly supposed himself to be under the influence of that old philosopher, and others, his admission sets the hypothesis of cheating aside. That brings us to where we can try other hypotheses. My hypothesis is that Mr. Jamieson was under the influence of departed spirits. He says I am wrong; he is going to account for it without admitting the agency of departed spirits. He has also been compelled to reluctantly admit that he was honest. Now what was it that performed these extra-Jamiesonian wonders? Was it electricity? Was it Jamieson's subself? If so I would advise him to make arrangements with his sub-conscious self to come to the front and stay there. This he can do without conditions; for this audience will remember that he came down like a thousand of brick on conditions.

Mr. Jamieson says he was controlled by eighty-five different spirits. Isn't that wonderful, controlled by eighty-five nonentities? or were these eighty-five things lightning? He was honest, mark that, no place for a question there. You will offend his dignity if you ask one. Who or what was these eighty-five what-you-call-'ems? They every last one of them claimed to be spirits. Were they all liars? Well, whatever they may have been, they have been cast out, into the swine, and Mr. Jamieson does not associate with them now.

We are next treated to a dissertation on rope-tying, in the dark; on conditions, etc. It is true that ropes have been tied and untied in the dark; it is also true that mediums, like other people, require conditions. In connection with this he mentions certain mediums who renounced Spiritualism. Let me say, there have been very few renouncers.

Samuel Phelps Leland never renounced it; neither Dr. Von Vleck nor Hagaman renounced Spiritualism. Each of these persons told me they never renounced it, because they never believed it.

Leland, in his debate with me at Battle Creek, said he was young and wicked; he wanted to train in bad company; the Spiritualists were the worst company he could find, so he claimed to be a Spiritualist. Von Vleck said he pretended to be a Spiritualist, because he was "fishing for suckers," and he found plenty of them among the Spiritualists. In other words, he took advantage of their confidence in the mediums and spirits. Hagaman says he was a fraud all the time—never anything else than a fraud. Brother Jamieson is a good man, but when he gets in the company of so-called renouncers—well you have all heard the story of that poor, righteous dog Tray! that's the outcome of it.

Now, let me tell you a story about Dr. Von Vleck. The story was originally told me by George Winslow, of Kalamazoo, Mich. I did not believe the story; that is, I thought somebody had imposed on Mr. Winslow. But two weeks since, Mr. Wortman, in Buffalo, told me the same story. When he told it he said he was one of the parties, then I immediately became interested in it. Dr. Von Vleck gave an exposé of Spiritualism in Buffalo. Mr. Wortman was there. He says he never witnessed better manifestations in the dark, in his life. Dr. Von Vleck went home with Mr. Wortman, so did many others. When they got there Von Vleck boasted there again that he could do anything that any medium could do. They invited him to be tied. To this he readily consented. After he was tied he asked all to leave the room and take the light and he would show them how quickly he could untie himself. They left the room, but left the light burning on the piano. He was fastened to where he could not get to it without untying himself. All left the room but told him that perhaps he would need the light. They refused to take it; in about thirty minutes as they saw no signs of his coming out they went in to see how the Doctor was getting along. As he had as yet made no progress on account of bad conditions they gave him another, and a third trial. They let him work until between one and two o'clock, then they took the light out, and he soon came out of the room untied. He then and there confessed that it was a foreign power that tied and untied him. He begged of them not to give him away; they told him they would not if he would leave on the first train, and never return. He promised, and so far as Mr. Wortman knows, he kept his word.

Mr. Jamieson mentioned several mediums who had renounced Spiritualism, among them Mattie Hulet. Let me inform him that Mattie Hulet-Parry-Krekle never renounced Spiritualism. She told me so herself, in San Francisco and in Portland, Oregon.

Her story told to me twice was that she was a widow. Judge Krekle wanted to marry her, and as he was a lovely, a wealthy and a popular man, she wanted to marry him. While the judge was a liberal man he was not a Spiritualist. In fact, he hated Spiritualism. He would not be hitched up to a Spiritualist lecturer, so he demanded of her to cease advocating Spiritualism, which her love for him caused her to do. On his dying bed he again extorted the promise from her that she would never again take the Spiritualist rostrum.

With tears in her eyes she told me she felt the influence while talking with me, and while listening to me speak. Said she, "I dare not hear you; if I do I shall surely break my vow made to my dying husband."

The same thing can be said of Cephas B. Lynn and Nettie Pease Fox. Neither of them ever renounced Spiritualism. Mrs. Fox, for the sake of peace in the family, joined the Unitarian church, but she carried her Spiritualism with her into the church, just as thousands of others have done.

Cephas B. Lynn talked for twelve years of going into the Universalist church; not because Spiritualism was not, in his estimation, true, but because he was tired of itinerating at starvation prices. He wanted to settle down and be a pastor.

The quotations Mr. Jamieson made from Dr. Babbitt and Andrew Jackson Davis, I endorse. I have said the same things myself. I wish I had time to talk of and explain them.

Mr. Jamieson says, "No spirit has proved that a single word or thought ever came from the spirit world." How easy to make perfectly groundless assertions. Let me ask him:

1. Did I not show that Madame Hauffe saw and described the wine merchant's clerk. Did he not tell her the very place to find the missing papers?

2. Did not I prove that Baron Swedenborg saw the spirit of Mr. Harteman; inquired of him about the silver service, and Mr. Harteman told him right where to go and find the receipt in proof that he had paid the debt? Did not he go and find a drawer not known to be in existence by anybody on earth? and did he not there and then find the receipt?

3. Did not little Eva tell Mr. Johnson about the turkey pea blossoms?

Did not Charles Partridge's brother come to him and give him news that there was no earthly way of finding out?

These cases can be multiplied by thousands, but this will not stop this reckless young man from making foolish assertions.

Next, we are asked: "Why should spirits return? Jesus did that." I am glad to hear that, especially in the next sentence after asserting that "not a thought or a word ever came from the spirit world." Well, the Bible says, "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." If he returned, why not allow those who are like him to do the same?

"Jesus," says Mr. Jamieson, "said, 'handle me.' Why should spirits be so sensitive about being touched?" Yes, Jesus once said, "handle me." Spirits have said the same. This same Jesus once said, "Touch me not, for I have not yet ascended to my God and to your God."

He next says, "Mr. Hull is not after truth, but a large following."

Did anybody beside Mr. Jamieson hear me say that? I was talking of public debates. When I debate I like to debate before the people. I would not debate with Mr. Jamieson under any other circumstances; he has not an argument but that I know as well as he does; why should I debate with him? I answer, for no other purpose than to have the people hear it. If he cannot call out a few more people than I can call out myself there is no use of further increasing his already overgrown combative lumps by joining him in debate. When I debate with other men and before large audiences I try to tell about the same amount of truth that I would going into a corner and debating with Mr. Jamieson.

The last thing Mr. Jamieson did was decidedly the best. Let me advise him to cease from debating and go to reciting Miss Doten's poems. While they prove nothing in this case, when he is repeating them he is talking good sense and good poetry. Dear brother, use Miss Doten's poems often, they will make your speeches sound and read better.

To be continued.

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IMPORTANT MATTER FROM OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES

LIGHT, LONDON, ENGLAND.

SOME NOTABLE WARNINGS.

I send you particulars of the following warnings, selected from many other mediumistic incidents that have happened to me during the last few years.

I have carefully omitted all extraneous matter and truthfully narrated the circumstances, which I noted down at the time of each occurrence:

Whilst conversing with my mother one afternoon, I saw (apparently objectively) a large brilliant white butterfly rise seemingly from out the ground at her feet. It fluttered towards the ceiling and disappeared, as if it were wending its way heavenwards. I mentioned this circumstance at the time and took note of the hour. My mother received news the next morning that her brother had passed to the higher life at that very hour.

I was visiting Conisbead Priory one summer for several weeks. One Sunday I attended the evening service which was held in the large entrance hall. During the singing of the anthem, I distinctly saw, about the length of a yard before me, suspended as it were in the air (the fatal sign), a deep-edged mourning envelope, a sure warning of the death of a relation or friend. I wrote to my mother asking if all were well at home. As no news came to hand during the next few days of any deaths among my relations or friends, I dismissed the matter from my mind, supposing the vision to have been fancy, or an optical illusion. When, however, the Indian mail arrived, some little time afterwards, I received a letter from my brother, announcing to me the sudden death of one of my nephews in India. He had passed to the higher life on the very day I had seen the warning, and allowing for the difference of time between England and India, almost, if not quite, at the very minute.

I dreamt I was standing in the hall at home, and I saw very distinctly a female figure approaching me holding a small salver in her hand, whereon was lying a letter which had a very deep-edged border (the fatal sign). I took the letter but failed to recognize the bearer, although I seemed to know she was a servant. I mentioned the dream to my sister and we wondered for whom the warning was meant. A day or two afterwards my sister heard of the very sudden death of a servant who had recently left me and who had been in my service some time.

I was wintering abroad during the year 1900, and whilst in Egypt felt an overpowering impression that some evil had befallen a nephew of mine in England. So strong was this conviction in my mind that, not having my nephew's address, I wrote to a near relation for news about him. The reply was, that the last accounts were satisfactory. Again I felt the urgent impression of evil connected with my nephew. I wrote pressingly once more to my relative, begging her to inquire personally if all were well with my nephew. The reply came, "Your impression was correct; his young wife, after an acute and painful illness, passed to the higher life."

Before retiring to rest on a certain Saturday night, I saw objectively above me (the fatal sign) an envelope with a black-edged border. I considered it strange as I knew of no relation who was ill. On the Monday following, my brother-in-law received a telegram from the Straits Settlement stating that his brother over there had passed to the higher life very suddenly, early in the morning of that day. I had seen the sign.

Here comes a warning to me, before even any illness was apparent to anybody:

I had arranged to leave Cairo on the Easter Tuesday of 1901. I had previously booked my passage by steamer to Piraeus (Greece), and from thence on by train and steamer to Venice via Athens. One night, a few days before my departure, I was awakened by a voice saying most distinctly, "Illness, trouble, beware!" Of course I felt rather uncomfortable, for I knew it to be a warning. I fancied it related to my sister, who was in a delicate state of health, and I wrote to her at once, begging her to be very careful of chills, etc. I started on the Easter Tuesday for Alexandria, sleeping at one of the hotels in that town for the night, to be ready and fresh for the morrow, when the steamer was leaving for Greece. On the Wednesday morning I was told that a case of death by plague had occurred the day before, and that the consuls were awaiting orders what quarantine was to be declared at the respective ports in Europe. The steamer's route had been changed that morning, and she was to proceed direct to Smyrna, leaving out Greece on her way. Taking Cook and Son's advice in the matter, I went on to Smyrna, having only two days' quarantine in the Bay of Voula. The trouble, the expense, the annoyance I had to encounter through this change of route and the quarantine regulations that had to be followed were very great, and only those who have had the misfortune to undergo them can understand this. In this case I was most distinctly warned of illness and trouble, long before it was known at Cairo that plague had broken out in Alexandria.

I had promised to meet a friend on a private matter. I felt sure he was to be trusted. An hour or two before the appointment I was sitting in my study and fell asleep. I dreamt I went to keep the appointment but could not see any signs of my friend, but instead saw some evil-looking men, who seemed waiting for me. An intuition told me they wished to do me an injury out of spite and malice. I awoke, and the dream being so vivid, I determined to be careful. I kept the appointment, but unseen to others. I waited, but my friend never appeared, but I saw the men I had viewed in my dream evidently waiting for me. Thus avoided them. Afterwards I discovered that my letter had fallen into bad hands, and had I not had this warning given me in time, I might have fared badly.

I wished much to speak to a friend who had left town, and whom I had not seen for some considerable time. He had been staying in the country, attending to his professional duties. I determined at the first opportunity to run down by train and visit him. I decided to do this on the following Saturday, so as to have a quiet day on the Sunday I wished to surprise him and did not write. A day or two before the date on which I had fixed to start, I received a letter from a lady friend, saying she had had a warning dream about me, begging me to be very careful where I went or what I was going to do. She felt convinced I was on the point of running into some great danger. The night before I started I dreamt I saw a male human form; on the breast was a large scarlet blot clearly marked, not as if there was a wound, but as if the skin was discolored. I awoke, but could not decipher the meaning and the matter passed from my thoughts. I started by the train on the day fixed upon, and, having arrived at my destination, called at the house where my friend was staying. I then heard that he had been very ill and had been removed to some hospital, but I could get no clue as to the illness. I went to the hospital outside the town, which was isolated from other houses. It did not even then occur to me that there was anything contagious in the illness. On arriving at the house or hospital, I inquired if I could see my friend. "See him!" replied the official, "certainly not; he is stricken with scarlet fever, and has it very badly." I need hardly say I walked away more quickly than I had come. The meaning of my dream and my friend's warning was thus clearly revealed to me.

THE TWO WORLDS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

MUSICAL PHENOMENA.

Mr. Thos. Cooper writes: It will be remembered that some remarkable musical phenomena that occurred in my experience last February were reported in the Two Worlds. I have recently had a recurrence of similar phenomena, which I think your readers will like to have a brief account of. I have heard nothing of the kind until Sunday, the 27th ult., when just before rising I heard, apparently outside my bed-room window, a simple melody being sung, accompanied on an instrument of the harmonium kind, but of much sweeter tone than I ever heard before; and, as the day advanced, a variety of music was performed, accompanied on a very fine-toned organ, the bass notes being particularly round and full, and skillfully played. The voices were of good quality, and evinced great culture and good training, and everything was executed with the greatest facility. The music may be described as melodious, sweet, flowing, and, at times, grand. About noon a piece of more pretentious character was commenced, in which the tenor sustained the leading part, and vocalization of an extraordinary character formed the chief feature. It lasted a considerable time, and must have taxed the singer far beyond human endurance. The performances continued until midnight, and were listened to by the hour by self and friend, affording us infinite delight. It was a great musical treat. The following morning was ushered in at daybreak by the merry sound of handbells playing vigorously, apparently overhead, which was followed by similar vocal performances as on the previous day, when all of a sudden the air became resonant with the sound of multitudinous handbells, playing the well-known air, 'Rousseau's Dream,' and after a time the organ and voices joined in, producing a novel effect, which was very fine. The singing of sweet melodies, with but little intermission, continued till midnight. The sound of handbells was heard in the night, but in the morning the music was listened for in vain, which was somewhat disappointing, as on the previous occasion the phenomena extended over five days. I consider the phenomena on the present occasion more remarkable in some respects than on the former. They are certainly very inexplicable and wonderful, and transcend anything of the kind I have ever heard or read of.

A LARGE ENTERPRISE.

Mr. Willard J. Hull, the editor of the Light of Truth, is desirous of saying to our readers that Mr. Townsend, the proprietor of the paper he edits, is conducting a large enterprise that Mr. Hull is confident is destined to meet with eminent success. In conducting the affairs of this company, he says Mr. Townsend is soliciting capital and employing a great many people as agents, and asks any of our readers who may feel inclined, to correspond with Mr. James B. Townsend, Lima, Ohio, for full particulars.

"The Pantheism of Modern Science." By F. E. Titus, Barrister, Toronto, Canada. A summary of recent investigations into Life, Force and Substance, and conclusions therefrom. Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.

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

"After Her Death. The Story of a Summer." By Lilian Whiting. No mind that loves spiritual thought can fail 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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"Mind and Body: Suggestions and Hypnotism Applied in Medicine and Education." By A. C. Halphide. President Chicago Society of Anthropology. For sale at this office. Price $1.

"The Bridge Between Two Worlds." By Abby A. Judson. This book is dedicated to all earnest souls who desire, by harmonizing their physical and their psychical bodies with universal nature and their souls with the higher intelligences, to come into closer connection with the purer realms of the spirit world. It is written in the sweet spiritual tone that characterizes all of Miss Judson's literary works. Price, cloth, $1; paper, 75 cents. For sale at this office.

OUR ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

ANOTHER LEAF IN THE PIPER MYSTERY

MRS. PIPER'S TRANCE REVELATIONS ATTRIBUTED BY PROF. HYSLOP TO SPIRIT INFLUENCE —THE MEDIUM HERSELF INCLINES TO TELEPATHY.

James H. Hyslop, professor of logic and ethics in Columbia University, does not accept the "confession" of Mrs. Piper, the celebrated Boston medium of the Society for Psychical Research, which was published in full in the Sunday Record-Herald a few weeks ago.

Mrs. Piper asserted that spirits had nothing to do with the communications she has been giving to scientists and others while in a trance condition at various times during the last fifteen years. She inclined to telepathy as the explanation, and reasoned that she had never heard of anything being said by herself in a trance state which might not have been latent in her own mind; in the mind of the person in charge of the sitting; in the mind of the person trying to get communication with some one in another state of existence, or some companion present with such person; or in the mind of some absent person alive somewhere else in the world.

Professor Hyslop takes the view that Spiritualism or telepathy must be the cause, and as between the two he holds unqualifiedly that Spiritualism offers the more reasonable explanation. This is the summing up of the results of seventeen sittings with Mrs. Piper, as the paid agent of the Society for Psychical Research, which the professor, has related in detail in a publication just issued as part of the records of that society.

HYSLOP'S FIRST SITTING.

The first of Professor Hyslop's sittings was held December 23, 1898. Of this he says in his book just issued:

"Dr. Hodgson and myself arrived at Mrs. Piper's about 10 o'clock a. m. I had provided myself with a cloth mask covering my face, such as is used at mask balls. This I put on before leaving the coach in which we rode from the station. Under the concealment I went to the door and into the house, upstairs, where we met Mrs. Piper in her room. I was introduced to her as Mr. Smith. I merely bowed without uttering a word, and did not speak until after she had gone into the trance.

"These precautions were taken owing to my having met Mrs. Piper casually in 1892. At that time I had no beard, while I now wear one. But the mask effectually concealed my face, so that no recognition was possible under any ordinary circumstances. As I was introduced Mrs. Piper caught sight of the mask, and, seeing its meaning, broke out into a laugh at Dr. Hodgson and remarked that only once before had such concealment been used.

"Presently, after dusting some articles in the room, Mrs. Piper sat down upon her chair for the trance. Pillows had been placed in front of her for her head to lie upon while entranced. I sat some three or four feet away, where I could closely watch the trance coming on. She sat quiet, and no indications of the trance occurred for some time, say three or five minutes. Then I noticed a few slight jerks of the head and some twitching of the right eyebrow. Mrs. Piper picking the while at her finger nails. Both stopped in a few moments and no trace of the trance was to be remarked.

MRS. PIPER IN A TRANCE.

"Mrs. Piper then leaned forward upon the pillows, closed her eyes, rubbed them, with her face somewhat flushed for a few moments, then opened her eyes, slightly straightened up, used her handkerchief, returned to picking her finger nails and assumed a slightly fixed gaze. I then noted a gradually changing expression in her face. It had lost its flush, and there was something of a pallor in it, though very slight and only noticeable, perhaps, in contrast with the previous flush. But the most notable change in the expression was one that is hard to describe. The whole muscular appearance of it was less drawn than when I was introduced to her, and seemed fuller and more flabby, if that word can be used. Her mouth also was a little drawn on one side, and the gaze became more fixed. Her mouth soon opened and she passed easily, without a struggle, into the trance, with something of the appearance of a faint.

"I then changed my position behind and to the right of her, so that I could watch and read the writing, not a word being said by myself in the meanwhile. Nor was I at this or at any time during the trance either in contact with her or where she could see me, her whole face being turned away from me and buried in the pillows.

THE SPIRIT MOVES HER.

"Sitting there behind and to the right of her, I soon noticed the muscles on the hand at the third finger begin to twitch. Soon the whole hand began to shake and then reached out and down to write. A pencil was placed in her hand and the twitching continued for a few moments, and the hand again raised itself in the air, but immediately lowered itself to write.

"Dr. Hodgson sat near the table on my right, where he could see the writing as it proceeded. This he copied, reading it in a low voice as an indication to the trance personality that it was intelligible.

"When a question was to be asked or a statement made to the 'communicator,' Mrs. Piper's hand was spontaneously raised toward the mouth of the sitter who addressed the hand, and then it immediately proceeded either to present the message to the 'communicator,' often extending itself out toward some invisible presence, or to write out a reply.

"With Mrs. Piper there is no mechanical apparatus whatever in the experiments excepting the writing pad and the pencil which you furnish yourself. Hence there is no excuse for comparing the case to slate writing and cabinet performances generally. Experiments are conducted in open daylight, in a room without any special arrangements for them, except the tables as indicated, and this room, in so far as living persons are concerned, might be any one that the skeptical inquirer might wish to choose in any locality whatever and not confined to Mrs. Piper's home.

MRS. PIPER NOT CONSCIOUS.

"Mrs. Piper's normal consciousness, as the past evidence goes to show, knows nothing of what she has done or communicated in the trance. She also remains ignorant of the communications until they are published in some form, except, of course, when a sitter chooses to tell her something, which I need hardly say in my case was nothing.

"No one except Dr. Hodgson and my wife knew that I was to have sittings, and only Dr. Hodgson was to know of the arrangements. This plan was carried out in entire secrecy. The arrangements for the sittings were not made with Mrs. Piper in her normal state, but with the trance personalities in her trance state. The mask on my face I kept on until the third sitting, when I felt it unnecessary to wear it any longer, for the reason that at the end of the second sitting the name and relationship of my father was given as Mrs. Piper came out of the trance."

TALKING WITH SPIRITS.

The spirits with which Prof. Hyslop believes that he communicated through Mrs. Piper were those of his father, Robert Hyslop, who died August 29, 1896, a brother Charles, who died at 4½ years old in 1864; a sister Anna, who died twelve days later at 3 years old. Besides these there were brief messages from Professor Hyslop's mother, cousin and two uncles.

Professor Hyslop thus gives the incident at the close of the second sitting, when Mrs. Piper (presumably under the spirit influence) gave the name of his father.

"Spirit—Well, do you really think you underst—understand— stronger—understand? And I will come again with more clearness with the help of this (pause)—man who wears the cross, James, my son! James, my son, speak to me, I am going far away.

"Hyslop—Yes, father, I shall be pleased to see you again. I shall have to go now.

"Spirit—I am too far off to think more for you. I. H. H. Friend, we ask thee ere we depart, when thou wilt return. We must restore this light a little before we can speak as we do—speak as—desire."

TELLS HYSLOP HIS NAME.

Here Dr. Hodgson intervened and the next meeting was set for Monday. This produced, according to Prof. Hyslop, the following results:

"Spirit—We will have it so. We do not think that thou has U. D. us.

"Hodgson—No, I fear not.

"Spirit—Do we U. D. that there is only the Sabbath between our meeting?

"Hodgson—Yes, only the Sabbath.

"Spirit—Well, it will be for us; and we will make it good. (Amen.)

"Spirit—We go now, and may God's blessing rest on thee. X R." (Cross in air.)

Here, according to Professor Hyslop, Mrs. Piper's subliminal self spoke:

"H. H.—Sh. (Repeated again and again. Dr. Hodgson thinks she is trying to repeat his name. Sounds to him like Hishon.)

"Hodgson—Hodgson? Who is it?

"Mrs. Piper (subliminal self)—Hyslop.

"Hyslop—I am he.

"Spirit—Tell him I am his father. I—. Good-by, sir. I wouldn't take him away that way. O dear! Do you see the man with the cross shut out everybody? Did you see the light? What made the man's hair fall off?

"Hodgson—What man?

"Spirit—That elderly gentleman that was trying to tell me something, but it wouldn't come."

MRS. PIPER AWAKES.

At this Mrs. Piper awoke from her trance. The disjointed sentences with which nearly every sitting with Mrs. Piper ends appeared to Prof. Hyslop to be the confused murmurings of a number of communications in the spirit world. As these spirits realized that their method of communication was being some way cut off, all seemed to try to talk at once, sometimes accusing each other of unfairness or of monopolizing the "light." This has been explained in the series of Phinuit communications previously printed by the Society for Psychical Research. "Rector" Imperator and George Pelham are apparently the strong spirits who commune with Mrs. Piper and repeat to her messages from the others.

Professor Hyslop thus writes of the way in which his first sitting with Mrs. Piper ended:

"Mrs. Piper began to come out of the trance. First I noticed much twitching of the hand and arm, followed by a noise like snoring. Presently the head was raised, the mouth opened and the eyelids very slightly raised. She remained in this condition for a few moments, the tongue rolling about in the mouth and slightly protruding. This was followed by a decided gaze, with the eyes set, looking into space, and presently she looked about, following Dr. Hodgson with a wild stare; said 'Oh, dear me!' and fixed a wild, fierce gaze on me.

"I at once left the room for fear of frightening her with my mask, as she came out."

DIALOGUE WITH SPIRITS.

Professor Hyslop describes his first "meeting" with the spirit of his father. At this juncture the hand of Mrs. Piper appeared to write under the influence of her control, "Rector." Apparently "Rector" stood side by side with Robert Hyslop in the spirit world, striving to teach him also to write through the hand of Mrs. Piper.

This is one of the most dramatic dialogues in the book and, condensed a little by the New York World's reviewer, is as follows:

"Spirit—Good morrow, friends of earth. We greet thee again, and thou art welcome here—welcome. We bring Prudens and more light will be given. All is well. Fear not. Thy friend is in good hands. We will bring him now. Good morrow, friend; all is well and will be—we ask thee to follow—we ask thee to follow us carefully and hear what we have to say—what—

"(Excitement followed by calm.) Peace.

"Second spirit—James, James! Speak, James!

"Hyslop—Yes.

"Spirit—James, speak to me.

"Hyslop—I am glad to see you.

"Spirit—James, James, speak to me. James, James, I am not ill. Oh, oh, I want you so much. I want everything, James. I want everything. I want to see you. I want to tell you everything. I want you to hear me. I am not very near just now—just now—but I am coming, coming. I see you. I see your spirit in the body. They tell me I will soon be all right and able to help you. Oh, I did not quite know how it would be here. (Pause.)

"Spirit—Give me my hat and let me go. I will not leave you until I tell you all I wish. Where is Willie? (A relative.)

"Hyslop—Did you ask for Willie?

"Spirit—Yes, I did. Is he all right, James; is he, is he?

"Hyslop—He is all right.

"Spirit—I want my head clear. I feel choked. I am choking. I am going. I will come back soon.

"Spirit—I would not return for all I ever owned—music, flowers, walks, drives, pleasures—pleasures of all kinds, but—ever owned, he says, music or walks, drives—walks—walks—drives, or—kinds, books and everything.

"Spirit—Oh, I should have so much to do. Where there is light I will always be."

HIS FATHER'S ACCORDION.

During the sitting one spirit wrote: "Can you not give me something belonging to him? He wants it so much. He used to play for you."

Professor Hyslop meantime had been unwrapping a parcel which contained an accordion, which his father had prized and on which he had played during lonely hours in the last years of his life. The hand of Mrs. Piper caressed the instrument. This appeared to strengthen the spirit.

"Spirit—James, my son, I was too weak to speak to you before, but I know all now, and see you just as you looked before I came here. I have not been here very long, have I?

"Hyslop—No, you have not, only a short time.

"Spirit—Don't you think I will always be your father?

"Hyslop—Yes.

"Spirit—Because I will. I will. We are very happy together and you know it. Give me something for the purpose of helping me remain longer.

"Hyslop—Yes, here it is. (Giving accordion.)

"Spirit—My toy, I remember it so well. I left all so suddenly, yet I knew I was coming. Do you remember what my feeling was about this life?

"Hyslop—Yes, I do.

"Spirit—Well, I was not so wrong after—after all. I felt sure that there would be some knowledge of this life, but you were doubtful, remember."

RECALLS HIS CANE.

Professor Hyslop here explains that this is in reference to a skepticism as to a future life which he experienced formerly, and which somewhat troubled his father, who was a very devout man.

The sentence, "Give me my hat," Professor Hyslop notes as an expression which was very often used by his father, who, in the invalidism of his later life, called on the others of the household frequently, "Hand me this," "Hand me that," instead of reaching it for himself.

Professor Hyslop relates an incident of a cane and a conversation which he held with the spirit about it, which is one of the most remarkable narratives in the book. He writes:

"I had given a cane with a carved handle to my father shortly before the Presidential election. On it was a representation of a 'gold bug.' Some years previously father had changed his political party. When he came to his old home in Xenia, Ohio, to die, my cousin, Robert McClellan (now dead) expressed his curiosity about father's politics in the question, 'Well, Uncle Robert, how are you in politics now?' My father replied simply by picking up this 'gold bug' cane and shook it at my cousin, and all had a hearty laugh about it. In one of the sittings I alluded to the Presidential election, and as soon as the allusion was understood I asked: 'Do you remember how you shook a walking stick at Robert McClellan about that time?'

REVELATIONS OF THE RING.

"Great excitement followed in the hand, and as soon as it calmed down it wrote: 'Well, I do. I never was more excited in my life. I think I was right, too.'"

"Hyslop—Well, who gave you that walking stick?

"The forefinger of the hand which had been listening to my question began tapping me on the left temple for fully half a minute and then wrote: 'You did, and I told him about it.' (Pointing to Dr. Hodgson.)

"Hyslop—Yes, I thought so. What was on it?

"Spirit—What was on it? I think I know that it had the little top. I—I think it had the little ring. Ring on it."

Here the hand attempted and did draw imperfectly a picture of the beetle or gold bug on the cane, says Professor Hyslop. Afterward it transpired, too, that Mr. Hyslop in life had mended the cane once by placing a little ring around it. Professor Hyslop did not know this at the time.

At another sitting the hand suddenly wrote:

"Do you remember the stick I used to carry, with the turn in the end, on which I carved my initials? If so, what have you done with it? I need to use it for emphasizing expression occasionally. (Hand strikes pencil on book several times. Hand kept repeating turning motion.) Understand? James."

The hand several times stopped writing and made a turn. Hyslop imitated the motion, when "Rector," the spirit control, appeared to take up the dialogue in an endeavor to explain matters:

"Rector—Yes (with a twirl of the stick nervously). This is almost identical with his gestures. He is amused at our description, friend, and seems vaguely to understand our imitation. Draws it across his so-called knee, lets it fall by his side, still holding on the turned end. Hears sound of music, to which he listens attentively, with the expectation of keeping time with the smaller end of his stick."

By inquiry among relatives after this incident Professor Hyslop learned that these gestures were all characteristic of the elder Hyslop. Mr. Hyslop had another cane with a carved handle, and this he often playfully hooked about the necks of the other members of the family.

His habit, too, was to thump the floor with this stick to call attention to his wants, during a long illness which deprived him partially of speech.

Recalling a trivial incident which it seemed impossible that either Dr. Hodgson or Mrs. Piper could be aware of in any way, Professor Hyslop resolved, by way of a test, to question his father about it. At one time, years before, the dog of a neighbor, Samuel Cooper, had broken into Mr. Hyslop's field and had killed some sheep. "Some unpleasantness arose in connection with the shooting of the dog," says Professor Hyslop, "and the two men remained unfriendly for years, when they were finally reconciled." So Professor Hyslop asked:

"Hyslop—I wanted to know if you remembered anything about the dogs killing sheep?

"Spirit—Oh, I should think that I did. Yes, I do very well, but I had forgotten all about it. This was what we had the discussion about, and I made it unpleasant for him. Yes, very well, James, but just what you asked me this for I could not quite make out, as Mr. Cooper was no relative of mine. I remember it all very well, and if I could have recalled what you were getting at I would have tried to tell you, but I see him seldom, and I referred to him only because you asked me about him.

"Hyslop—All right, father, I wanted it for my scientific purpose.

"Spirit—Oh, yes. Why did you not just remind me of it? Well, I will work for you and remind you of other things quite as good. But don't hurry me, and in time I can talk to you just as I used to.

On one occasion through Rector, Mr. Hyslop, it is stated, inquired especially as to what had become of a black skull cap which he used to wear and a special quill pen with which he used to write. He also recalled, whimsically enough, that on his writing desk two bottles always stood, and the hand attempted a rude drawing of them. Again he said:

"I recall a thin black coat or dressing gown affair I used to wear mornings. I can see myself sitting in my old armchair before the open fire in the library reading over the paper. Look at me there, James, and see me in the gown I refer to and answer me."

At first Professor Hyslop states that he believed a mistake had been made as to the thin black coat, as he could not recall that his father ever wore such a coat. Inquiry revealed that during the last two years of his life, when Professor Hyslop knew few details of his personal habits, Mr. Hyslop had really been accustomed to wear such a coat while sitting before the fire reading his morning newspaper.

HIS LAST ILLNESS.

Professor Hyslop once asked the communicator (whom he believed to be his father) what was the nature of his last illness. Mr. Hyslop, writes the Professor, died of what was probably cancer of the larynx, but he himself believed that his disease was catarrh.

The spirit, after much hesitation and stumbling, described the scene about his deathbed somewhat accurately, but apparently believed as in life that the disease was catarrh. Professor Hyslop says that he in asking the question had in mind distinctly the cancer of the larynx, and that if telepathy had been employed by Mrs. Piper she would have mentioned this disease rather than catarrh.

To one of his sittings Prof. Hyslop had brought a knife which his father formerly carried, and apparently it was recognized. Toward the end of the seance Rector began to write:

"Rector—Friend, we bid thee farewell until we choose to meet thee as thou wilt know. God be thy guide meanwhile.—R." (Cross in air.)

The hand here held up the knife and put it down. Cross in air. The cross is the sign which Rector always employs. Here Mrs. Piper's subliminal self apparently spoke.

"Imperator—Cut your finger with it sure. Take it away from him. Take it away from him. Oh, is that you, Imperator. I want to go, too. I want to go" (in crying voice). After this there were many inarticulate murmurs.

The communications from other supposed spirits were generally less interesting and important than those which the Professor received from Mr. Hyslop. Upon one occasion he received a curious statement, presumably from his brother Charles, who died in 1864, at 4½ years old.

"Spirit—James, I am your brother Charles, and I am well and happy. Father would like for you to have the pictures, if you are still in the body, James."

(Reference is here made to some paintings.) "He asked me to say this for him. His voice troubles him a little when trying to speak. But if you could only see his delight when he hears you I am sure, my dear brother, that you would never doubt that he still clings to you." Professor Hyslop notes that reference is made in more than one instance to his father's throat trouble, as if it still continued in a measure in the spirit world.—Chicago Record-Herald.

IN DREAMLAND.

Some Reflections on Their Aid to Artists.

"Dreamland inspirations are the best. I am deeply interested in psychological matters, and grasp good ideas wheresoever I find them and put them on canvas as quickly as possible."

Thus an artist, Ralph Clarkson, expressed himself to-day while discussing the blight of insanity that has afflicted a fellow-artist, Henry Hasbrouck, who won national fame that is well known among Chicago artists as a painter of landscapes. Mr. Hasbrouck's mental disorder is due, it is said, to ineffectual effort to recall the details of a wonderful picture which he beheld in a dream. Waking, he caught the general scheme of the landscape, but when he sought to transfer it to canvas he was baffled. Believing immortal fame awaited the reproduction he labored fruitlessly to bring the details from the depths of forgetfulness and as a result he was taken from Binghamton, N. Y., to an asylum a few days ago.

The fact that a dream had been the cause of the young man's insanity roused much discussion among Chicago artists, all of whom knew Mr. Hasbrouck by reputation if not personally. He was never a resident of this city, it is said, but has visited here on numerous occasions.

"That dreams are often helpful cannot be doubted," said Mr. Clarkson. "There is the notable case of Puvis de Chavanne, who was retained to decorate the Sorbonne in Paris. The work involved immense labor and De Chavanne, despairing of being able to work out the grand scheme required, was on the point of throwing up the commission. At this point he had a vision, or dream, some might call it an inspiration, and the whole work in all its grandeur and beauty was before him. He held the details in the grasp of his mind and worked it out without difficulty.

"It is impossible to find the line of demarkation between the objective and subjective mind. It is possible that they are so closely connected that in dreams the subjective solves the problem sought and transmits the solution to the objective mind. A revelation is not necessary to the value of a dream. In the case of Hasbrouck, he may have had a beautiful dream and been unable to recall it in its entirety. In such instances it is injurious to make effort, since there is no resistance and the mind is in danger of injury. Speaking of the conscious and subjective minds, there is the case of Chanler, former husband of Amelie Rives. He had been called crazy because subconsciousness made him a puzzling subject. Yet the courts have decided he is sane."

ARTISTS GIVEN TO BROODING.

"Artists are more likely to become insane, perhaps, than men or women of other professions," said George Fred Morris, of the Fine Arts building. "As a class they are moody and extremely sensitive. They brood over fancied or real troubles or slights and destroy their health. It is not a long leap from ill health to loss of mental power. Dreams? Yes, I believe artists often profit by dreams. I have. I now have at home a whole book full of sketches based on dreams, and I have had dreams so grotesque as to overstep the limits of the possibilities.

"I have made a discovery, too, and that is that in dreams we are apt to recognize no restraint of law or moral ethics and each of us goes unresistingly in the pathway that natural inclinations direct. I have had some of the wildest revels imaginable and again I have been a model young man. Recently I had a dream of the orgies of Rome and thought I was a prince steeped beyond satiety in dissipation. Then I found my way to the presence of his satanic majesty and came near going into the pit of hot griddles. I saw the city of wealth and unrest and the city of peace and content. There were some grand scenes and I could have painted a score of pictures, some hideous and some beautiful. I did not do so, though I may yet."

MARTHA BAKER ON DREAM THEORY.

"Really, I cannot see how any imaginative artist, or any one else for that matter, can help having beautiful dreams," said Martha S. Baker, the miniaturest, also of the Fine Arts building. "I paint miniatures mostly, though I devote much time to modeling and large canvas work, and some of my best endeavors have resulted from dreams. I cannot say at that, though, that they were actual dreams, because the mind is such a subtle thing. It works out details while we are resting the body and nerves, in marvelous fashion, and brings order out of confusion. I lie down tired, close my eyes and when in a half-dreamy state I see pass before me a series of snap-shot pictures—beautiful landscapes, marine views, weird animals and grotesque human beings. They will come to me in bewildering numbers, and as quickly as one passes another bursts into view. Who would not envy me at such a time? And yet only in occasional instances am I able to gather up the details of such inspirations and make them enduring. Yes, indeed, I do believe in dreams."—Chicago Daily News.

MINNESOTA AND DAKOTA.

Spiritual Footprints of a Missionary.

This winter finds me among the woods and lakes of Minnesota, at least so far as the winter has gone, and I enjoy the change from the prairies of Kansas and Nebraska very much. I have been quite busy this month, having left Minneapolis the last week in October. From there I went to Princeton and gave two lectures for the First Spiritual Church. While there I was kindly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Byers, and enjoyed the visit very much. The sudden change from warm summer weather in one day to quite severe cold, however, seemed to have a chilling effect on everybody, and the last lecture suffered to some extent through the atmospheric conditions. Mr. and Mrs. Byers are earnest workers and advanced thinkers and are doing a grand work in trying to sustain a weekly parlor meeting at their home.

From Princeton I seemed obliged to take a long jump to Eagle Bend, although from the appearance of many towns through which our train passed, some earnest work of a spiritual character is very much needed. Everywhere the large and costly edifices of the German Catholics were to be seen, and correspondingly poor dwellings for the hard-working people who feel it their duty to help build and sustain them. I felt on looking at these large churches that if I were wealthy I would gladly spend a great deal of money in free missionary work among the poor people who are held in the slavish bonds of priestcraft.

I arrived at Eagle Bend in the midst of a snow-storm and went to the home of John D. Conzet, a local worker who is also a good speaker, I am told, but during my visit there I did not have the pleasure of hearing him. Mr. Conzet was developed in home circles in Eagle Bend, and has done a great deal of good work in that vicinity. Mrs. Ella J. Tyler, formerly of Minneapolis, is another good worker there, and assisted me very materially in the musical part of the program during my meetings.

Eagle Bend is quite a centre for spiritual work, and I am told several good workers have started out to other towns. There is still plenty of timber left for a healthy society, and some parlor meetings are held at the home of Mr. Conzet. Public hall meetings have also been held from time to time, but the expense of keeping up hall rent is rather a drawback. Mrs. Tyler is a good speaker, and it is a pity that both these workers are not regularly working in their own way at Eagle Bend.

Other good talent can be found in the mediumship of the Misses Kilmer, Mrs. Byman and Mrs. Allen, John Strong and others. There is plenty of material in Eagle Bend and vicinity for a large growth of interest in Spiritualism.

I held four meetings, one in Mr. Conzet's home, two in Woodman Hall and one in Wykeman school-house.

My next point was Alexandria, where I am told no Spiritualist lecture has been given since the visit of William Denton some sixteen years ago. I found good friends here among the liberals, also Mr. Willard Buck and E. E. Wagoner, Spiritualists of many years standing. Mr. A. Wilton, a jeweler there, and a great student of Herbert Spencer, assisted very materially in getting up the meetings.

I next visited Evansville but found the leading worker, Mr. Julius Davidson, had been called away to the funeral of a sister, so did not hold any meetings there. I passed on to Fergus Falls, and after arranging with the society for meetings on Sunday, I went to Underwood, a Scandinavian town, and gave two lectures in Union hall. Then back to Fergus Falls for Sunday, and held two meetings in Norden hall. Mr. L. W. Miller is the secretary here, but found him rather discouraged with the prospects of getting a very great interest started here.

My work seems to have been kindly received and appreciated at each place and I trust good will come from my efforts.

I go from Fergus Falls to Wheaton, where I expect to remain a week or two, and I hope to receive calls from other points in Minnesota and Dakota. Wheaton being so near the line of South Dakota, I trust Dakota friends will try and arrange for lectures. My address will be General Delivery, Wheaton, Minn. W. E. BONNEY.

A SPIRIT SURGEON

Performs a Successful Surgical Operation.

To the Editor:—A correspondent asks if I ever knew of a surgical operation being performed by a spirit, and I will briefly relate one that occurred in the early days of Modern Spiritulism. My sister, Jennie L. Webb, had an impediment in her speech, so that at times it was quite difficult to understand her, caused by a growth upon one tonsil nearly as large as the tonsil itself, which had become troublesome and painful.

She was holding some private circles for physical manifestations at Saccarappa, Maine, a short distance from the city of Portland, and one evening, just before close of circle, the spirit controlling her remarked that a spirit surgeon was present, and if we would follow directions, he would try and remove the protuberance which had become so annoying to the medium. A gentleman present was asked to open a window a few inches. He did so, and all distinctly heard something like steel against the window-sash, then dropped upon the table around which we sat with clasped hands. Next we heard it rattling against Jennie's teeth (this was a dark circle), then she groaned as if she sensed the operation, which she did not; then the instruments were heard at the widow again, and soon after light was called for, and upon the table in front of the patient lay her handkerchief, pretty well saturated with blood, and the substance which had been taken from her throat upon it. The throat healed in due time, and the impediment has never returned.

The spirit M. D. said he obtained his surgical instruments at a surgeon's office, next house to where the seance was held, and facts seemed to corroborate his statement, as upon inquiry the mortal surgeon said he had occasion upon the evening in question to use an instrument like what would be required in such an operation, and was surprised to find his gone, but next morning found it upon the office floor near the window. No doubt the spirit lost power and was unable to return it to its proper place.

This demonstration of spirit power occurred more than forty years ago, and was published in the New England Spiritualist, over the signature of Wm. Clondman, giving names of all present, and full particulars, all of which I do not remember, although present.

In conclusion, permit me to call the attention of those who feel an interest in veteran workers in the cause of Spiritualism, to my card on the 8th page of The Progressive Thinker.

ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

REGRETS.

You will have deep regrets for a long, long time if you miss the grand debate between Moses Hull and W. F. Jamieson, soon to begin in our columns. You may expect something rich and profound, a veritable treat to the soul in this debate. Don't depend upon borrowing from your neighbor. Subscribe for the paper yourself.

"Human Culture and Cure, Marriage, Sexual Development, and Social Upbuilding." By E. D. Babbitt, M. D., LL. D. A most excellent and very valuable work, by the Dean of the College of Fine Forces, and Author of other important volumes on Health, Social Science, Religion, etc. Price, cloth, 75 cents. For sale at this office.

"The Spiritualism of Nature." By Prof. W. M. Lockwood. Price 15 cents. For sale at this office.

"Spiritual Songs for the Use of Circles, Camp-meetings and Other Spiritualistic Gatherings." By Mattie E. Hull. For sale at this office. Price 10 cents.

Our Fall and Winter Campaign.

The Fall and Winter Campaign of The Progressive Thinker will be especially brilliant. It will be unusually attractive and instructive. It will lead you on to a higher plane. It will make you happier, wiser and better. It will blossom into something brighter, fresher, and more startling, and will be a surprise to you in a variety of ways. Among the many attractions will be the debate between the brilliant Materialist, W. F. Jamieson, and the profound and eloquent Moses Hull. It will make most excellent reading for fall and winter evenings, and we are not sure but what it will so scintillate with the friction of happy hits on both sides that lights can be dispensed with while reading it on a cloudy evening. We are sure that every Spiritualist, Freethinker and Materialist will want to read this debate, and thus become wiser and better, Tell your Spiritualist friends of this debate and request them to send to this office at least 25 cents for a three months' subscription to The Progressive Thinker. No Spiritualist can afford to be without this remarkable debate.

WHENCE COMES THIS MIGHTY HEALING POWER?

All the Land Wonders at the Remarkable Cures Effected by Professor Adkin.

HEALS DISEASES CALLED INCURABLE.

Ministers, Doctors and Professional Men Tell How He Has Cured the Blind, the Lame, the Paralytic and Many on the Very Brink of Death.

FREE HELP FOR THE SICK.

Professor Adkin Offers to Help All Sufferers From Any Disease Absolutely Free of Charge—Professional Men Investigate His Powers.

PROF. THOS. F. ADKIN.
President of the Institute of Physicians and Surgeons.

In all parts of the country men and women, doctors and surgeons, clergymen and educators, are wondering at the remarkable cures made by Prof. Thomas F. Adkin, discoverer of the Adkin Vitaopathic treatment.

Prof. Adkin heals not by drugs, nor by Christian Science, nor by Osteopathy, nor by Hypnotism, nor by Divine Healing, but by a subtle psychic force of nature in combination with certain vital magnetic remedies which contain the very elements of life and health.

A reporter recently talked with Prof. Adkin and was asked to invite all readers of this paper who are sick or who are worried by the ills of those dear to them to write to him for assistance. "Some people have declared," said Prof. Adkin, "that my powers are of God; they call me a Divine Healer, a man of mysterious powers. This is not so. I cure because I understand nature, because I use a subtle force of nature to build up the system and restore health. But, at the same time, I believe that the Creator would not have given me the opportunity to make the discoveries I have made nor the ability to develop them if He had not intended that I should use them for the good of humanity. I, therefore, feel that it is my duty to give the benefit of the science I practice to all who are suffering. I want you to tell your readers that they can write to me in the strictest confidence if they are troubled with any kind of disease, and I will thoroughly diagnose their cases and prescribe a simple home treatment which I positively guarantee to effect a complete cure, absolutely free of charge. I care not how serious their cases, nor how hopeless they may seem, I want them to write to me and let me make them well. I feel that this is my life's work."

So great is the sensation wrought in the medical world by the wonderful cures performed by Prof. Adkin that several professional gentlemen were asked to investigate the cures. Among these gentlemen were Dr. L. B. Hawley and Dr. S. Dutton Whitney, both famous physicians and surgeons. After a thorough and painstaking investigation these eminent physicians were so astounded at the far-reaching powers of Prof. Adkin and the wonderful efficacy of Vitaopathy that they volunteered to forsake all other ties in life and all other kinds of treatment and devote themselves to assisting Prof. Adkin in his great work for humanity. With the discovery of the Adkin Vitaopathic treatment eminent physicians are generally agreed that the treatment of disease has at last been reduced to an exact science.

In all, some 8,000 men and women have been cured by the powers of Prof. Adkin. Some were blind, some were lame, some were deaf, some were paralytics, scarcely able to move, so great was their infirmity. Others were afflicted with Bright's disease, heart disease, consumption and other so-called incurable diseases. Some were sufferers from kidney trouble, dyspepsia, nervous debility, insomnia, neuralgia, constipation, rheumatism, female troubles and other similar ills. Some were men and women addicted to drunkenness, morphine and other evil habits. In all cases Prof. Adkin treats he guarantees a cure. Even those on the brink of the grave, with all hope of recovery gone and despaired of by doctors and friends alike, have been restored to perfect health by the force of Vitaopathy and Prof. Adkin's marvelous skill. And, remarkable as it may seem, distance has made no difference. Those living far away have been cured in the privacy of their own homes, as well as those who have been treated in person. Prof. Adkin asserts that he can cure any one at any distance as well as though he stood before them.

Not long ago John Adams, of Blakesbury, Ia., who had been lame for twenty years, was permanently cured by Prof. Adkin without an operation of any kind. About the same time the city of Rochester, N. Y., was startled by the cure of one of its oldest residents, Mr. P. A. Wright, who had been partly blind for a long period. John E. Neff, of Millersburg, Pa., who had suffered for years from a cataract over his left eye, was speedily restored to perfect sight without an operation. From Logansport, Ind., comes the news of the recovery of Mrs. Mary Eicher, who had been practically deaf for a year, while in Warren, Pa., Mr. G. W. Savage, a noted protographer and artist, who was not only partially blind and deaf, but at death's door from a complication of diseases, was restored to perfect health and strength by Prof. Adkin.

Vitaopathy cures not one disease alone, but it cures all diseases when used in combination with the proper remedies. If you are sick, no matter what your disease nor who says you can not be cured, write to Prof. Adkin to-day; tell him the leading symptoms of your complaint, how long you have been suffering, and he will at once diagnose your case, tell you the exact disease from which you are suffering, and prescribe the treatment that will positively cure you. This costs you absolutely nothing. Prof. Adkin will also send you a copy of his marvelous new book, entitled "How to Be Cured, and How to Cure Others." This book tells you exactly how Prof. Adkin will cure you. It fully and completely describes the nature of this wonderful treatment. It also explains to you how you yourself may possess this great healing power and cure the sick around you.

Prof. Adkin does not ask one cent for his services in this connection. They will be given to you absolutely free. He has made a wonderful discovery, and he wishes to place it in the hands of every sick person in this country, that he may be restored to perfect health and strength. Mark your letter personal when you write, and no one but Prof. Adkin will see it. Address PROF. THOS. F. ADKIN, office 187 G, Rochester, N. Y.

OUR ATTRACTIONS ARE MANY!

The attractions of The Progressive Thinker are not confined to one thing, but many. It is the largest Spiritualist paper published on this earth to-day, and combines CHEAPNESS and EXCELLENCE. It contains a vast amount of miscellaneous reading matter of especial interest to everyone. It is a veritable Encyclopedia of Facts in reference to our Cause. The Hull-Jamieson Debate will prove of great interest to everybody; but there will be many other attractions. In a short time we will publish Col. H. S. Olcott's lecture while here on "The Uses and Perils of Psychism." It is in many respects a masterly production, and should be read by everyone. This week we publish an exceptionally interesting lecture, full of beautiful impressive thoughts, on "The Prophecy of Spiritualism for the Twentieth Century." It was delivered before the N. S. A., at Washington, D. C., by Mrs. Helen P. Russegue, of Hartford, Ct., and was heard by an audience of 500. It will be read in The Progressive Thinker by at least 40,000.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1901.

Good Work for Spiritualists.

It is evident to one who has mingled much with Spiritualists, that very many of our people are imbued with the notion that phenomena constitute mainly if not wholly what is known by them as Spiritualism. In their minds the philosophy is a minor affair, of secondary importance, of no especial value, and the inculcation of which might be dispensed with, without any appreciable loss to our cause.

That this is an erroneous idea, and fraught with loss and injury, must be apparent when careful and serious thought is given to the subject.

The philosophy and ethics of Spiritualism are widely different in their basic properties from the philosophy and ethics inculcated by the churches known as orthodox. Spiritualism does not, nor can base its philosophy or its ethics upon the mere will or supposed command of any being, whether recognized as finite or infinite. Our philosophy and ethics have their foundation in the nature of things—in the constitution of Nature itself—including the physical, the moral and spiritual principles inherent in Nature's evolved outgoings. From the nature and constitution of man, as the highest known type of being, must be deduced the system of philosophy and ethics, the order of moral laws and moral government, the vision of which shall be man's ideal of aspiration and attainment, in social, moral and spiritual life.

Now, it is well known that the churches of the orthodox type take especial interest and pains in gathering children into Sunday-schools and indoctrinating the young and plastic mind with the recognized orthodox beliefs, not merely, but also instill the orthodox notions of ethics, of moral right and wrong. That is, right and wrong depend on the will or command of God, things are right because God commands them, or wrong because He so declares.

And children grow up to mature age with these false ideas planted in their minds, growing with their growth, rooted in their mental and moral nature.

When we survey the field, we can but think and query: O, if Spiritualists would recognize the high importance of instructing the children, of planting and cultivating correct principles of philosophy and ethics, how grandly it would tell in elevating the ideals of mankind and in shaping to grander social, moral and spiritual attainments the oncoming humanity of earth's future.

If Spiritualism is not educational and reformatory, if it is merely a Spiritualism of phenomena, its value as a factor in human advancement is small indeed.

Unless Spiritualism is active along educational and reformatory lines, its value to the world is comparatively nil.

In the hearts and minds of children may be laid the best, the truest, the most abiding reformation. It is the reformation that will count in the well-being of the society of the future.

Every society of Spiritualists should have its lyceum, for the instruction of children in correct ethics and spiritual philosophy. If their minds are grounded in the ideals of Spiritualism, there is little danger that they will ever be warped aside by orthodox beliefs and teachings. But if they become regular attendants of the orthodox Sunday-school, and have no spiritual lyceum to inculcate spiritual ideas—what may be expected but that they will "join the church," to be in the social swim and because they have been taught to regard the barbarous tenets of orthodoxy as the truth—"because God says so!"

Spiritualist, your duty to your children lies before you. Will you do it? It is an injustice to the children and to the cause of Spiritualism, not to do this great work.

"Choice Winter Apples."

We published an advertisement under the above heading from one purporting to be Wilbur S. Graves, Monroe, Mich. It was a fraud, and the "slickest" one we ever had imposed upon us. Coming from the farming districts of Michigan, we regarded it as all right, and in that respect were badly disappointed. Other papers, too, no doubt, have also been swindled in the same manner. The postoffice authorities are now looking for Graves, and if he can possibly be found he will be sent to the penitentiary. It is impossible to always detect these swindlers. They will occasionally get into the columns of a paper, even when the greatest care is taken.

Banish Our Dwarf.

The pigmy side of man is often observable to the mortal eye, but were it always thus it would be easy to discern and the man be easily dealt with, but there is an inner dwarf, an occult pigmy that fiendishly shadows almost every human being. He may be termed, and very properly and appropriately, Selfishness, Envy, Jealousy or Greed, and in one he may be the predominating force; in others only an adviser, and others only an occasional visitor, but in one way or another this dwarf has a lien or mortgage on almost every human being, therefore Spiritualists, we are pleased to inform the world, should not be expected to be free from this universal possession, but to live up to what we claim to know, to that which every Spiritualist is taught to be the correct life, we must banish the dwarf from our control, from our unseen advisory board, from our presence even as a caller. We must live honest; we must live broad and brotherly; we must be tolerant of the opinions of others and not assume that we have found the whole truth, the only truth that has been called up from the great fountain of truth. We must be kind, considerate, consistent and just and the world will know it without blowing about it. But suppose it is never known by the majority of human beings, if it is right it need not be known unless we selfishly wish to claim the entire credit and ask the dwarf to call. Let us do what should be done, think right and push on towards the end of this life and the beginning of the next.

We know that all orthodoxy, in fact all religions have become more spiritual and less dogmatic since the birth of Spiritualism; whether this change would have come had not Spiritualism been born we can only conjecture, but it has come and so has Spiritualism and we should not dwarf our principles by pausing to egotistically force the entire credit upon Spiritualism. Let us be glad of the progress no matter to whom or to what may the credit be due. Let us rejoice that the religions are growing better and keep to work making them better and only call it right; give the credit to truth itself. Let us banish the dwarf and be large.

The Occult Forces.

It appears from the Chicago Record-Herald that Hakim Abdel Sureddin-Cerny, a young Bohemian, who has been in this country only two or three months, is performing a series of experiments and feats in hypnotism and auto-suggestion which are baffling the medical profession of the city.

Sureddin has perfect control of every portion of his body, and after hypnotizing a certain section is able to inflict any pain he desires. He can hypnotize the muscles of his neck and then drive a long steel pin straight through the carotid artery, which is considered by physicians to be certain death. He can throw this power into any portion of his body with the exception of his heart, and then thrust a steel pin or sharp knife entirely through the flesh without feeling the slightest particle of pain.

The young Bohemian last night gave an exhibition at the Bohemian School Hall, 400 West Eighteenth street, and performed feats which not only startled several hundred persons who had gathered to witness the performance, but also several physicians in the audience.

Among them were Dr. Novak and Dr. Weinstein, who practice in that section of the city. So marvelous were the performances of the almost supernatural foreigner that the physicians went to the stage and made an examination of the different experiments as they were conducted.

The first thing which Sureddin did after making an announcement to his audience in their native tongue was to hypnotize the fleshy part of his right arm and drive a big steel needle entirethrough it until the point protruded several inches on the other side. So much was Dr. Weinstein amazed by this remarkable performance that he asked to be allowed to drive the needle through. Accordingly Sureddin hypnotized his tongue and then stuck it far out of his mouth.

Dr. Weinstein then took hold of the long needle and stuck it directly through the hypnotist's tongue, and it was permitted to remain there several minutes, while several members of the audience examined it. Later the Bohemian drove a steel rod through the back of his hand and into a pine board. The doctors made a careful examination, but simply shook their heads. "It baffles me," said Dr. Weinstein. "I cannot understand it."

Sureddin made a number of other similar experiments, but in none of them did he cause any blood to flow, and at no time did he appear to experience pain nor appear to sustain any serious injury. "It does not hurt me a bit," the performer said through an interpreter after he had finished his experiments. "I have a peculiar power which I do not understand myself. I can hypnotize any part of my body and then do what I please with it—cut it, burn it or do anything at all—yet I feel no pain."

Sureddin appeared before the Rush Medical College students and faculty some time ago and gave an exhibition of his power. It is believed that the matter will be investigated by other medical colleges and physicians who are interested in this phase of the science.

The Bohemian's power of auto-suggestion and different forms of hypnotism are equally remarkable. He can put any subject to sleep and then make him sing, talk or do most anything.

He experimented successfully in this direction with Miss Ida Bloom of 330 Morgan street, who was in the gathering. He stretched her out on three chairs and then took the center chair from under her, leaving only her head and feet supported. Then he placed a boy in the center. Her form remained rigid. Like a flash he brought her to consciousness again. He also hypnotizer Frank Matusek, who is himself a hypnotist and declared that he could not be hypnotized on a wager of $50.

Money-Making in Religion.

There is food food for thought in some remarks of the Chicago Chronicle on the subject stated in the heading of this article. Distinct emphasis is given to the Chronicle's remarks, by the presence and history of Dowie, in Chicago, and others in other localities. In speaking of the extraordinary financial success of recent new movements in religion, the Chronicle says that it is remarkable that the spirit of imitation and competition has not manifested itself more frequently.

From the rise of Mormonism to the appearance of the curious society known as "The Holy Ghost and Us," the prime aim of new prophets and seers, if we are able to judge by the most obvious results of their propaganda, has been the acquisition of great wealth by individuals.

It is noteworthy also that the more money the high priests of the new dispensations secure, the greater the luxury in which they live and the more vulgar their displays in various lines, the more secure their hold upon their followers becomes. That nothing succeeds like success is abundantly proved by the constantly increasing prosperity of the men and women who may be said to be professionally engaged as founders and managers of new religions.

In thus reversing the rule of self-sacrifice by which Christianity is supported and extended the new prophets, while ignoring the human trait which naturally reverences personal devotion and sacrifice, have clearly taken into account that other worldly consideration which is expressed in almost universal admiration for those who achieve success and wealth. A religion which makes money for its founder may not be attractive at first glance, but it is undeniable that thousands of people are influenced in its favor sooner or later by the very evidences of prosperity which are thus displayed.

With comparatively few exceptions the Christian ministry is one of denial and sacrifice. Its riches are not of this world. The man who assumes its obligations and is not forgetful of self in many ways besides that of mere acquisition cannot hope to have a successful career. Public opinion, no less than the doctrines which he upholds, removes him utterly from the field of money-making and accumulation.

In view of these facts the wonder is not that an occasional self-seeker founding a new religion gains so much worldly prosperity, but that so many sincere and worthy Christian workers whose lives are blameless and whose work is admittedly righteous should so often fail to receive even the support necessary to a successful prosecution of their mission.

The latter-day prophet or prophetess who fares sumptuously every day, whose wealth is ostentatiously displayed and who seeks proselytes by the very extravagance of the show maintained is as frequently the recipient of rich benefactions as are the men whose lives are consecrated to the spread of the gospel which is without money and without price.

It is all curious and inexplicable except on the theory mentioned that humanity, even in religious matters, is impressed by worldly considerations as well as by the things that are moral and spiritual. A prophet in fine raiment, with gems and jewels, with a coach and livery and with a fifty-cent cigar in his mouth can find a place for himself in this world of paradoxes quite as easily as the saint who sells all that he hath and gives to the poor.

Since this is true, the most remarkable fact is that new prophets are not springing up on every hand. Whatever craft those now successfully practicing may possess, they are not particularly distinguished for ability. Most of them are common enough. What they have done others can do. Why should there not be more rivalry in a line which apparently has not been half worked out?

By way of further emphasis, it is to be noted that while the purported founder after whom Christianity is named, said of himself that he had not where to lay his head, and that he was called to preach the gospel to the poor, it has become a matter of notoriety that in these days, when "the Lord" makes a specially loud "call," He attaches thereto a very desirable financial adjunct in the shape of a big salary.

Whether the wanderer of Galilee would have listened to such a "call" is problematical—or rather not in the least doubtful. But the modern disciple who essays to preach the gospel of the Nazarene, has his ears acutely strung to catch the notes of such a "call," be it far or near.

In these matters, as in many others, there is a decided contrast between Jesus and his modern disciples.

Holds Negroes Not Human.

It appears from the Chicago Chronicle that Robert S. McCallen, St. Louis manager of the American Book and Bible House, is of the opinion that the negro is not a member of the human family. One day this week he was being examined in the Circuit Court as to his qualifications to weigh the law and the evidence in a case wherein a negress sued a local street railway company for $5,000 damages. McCallen was asked whether he entertained any prejudice or bias for the plaintiff or the defendant. He announced that he did have a distinct and unalterable prejudice against the plaintiff and that for no other reason than that she was a negro. The court was startled. But when McCallen emphasized this remark by explaining that he didn't believe a negro was a human being any more than a dog or an ape there was a sensation in the courtroom. The judge promptly excused McCallen from serving on the jury.

McCallen is the author of a book entitled "The Negro a Beast," in which he quotes copiously from the Bible to strengthen the theory which he advances. He says that he was borned and reared in the North and that some years ago he went South with the fixed opinion that the negro was the worst treated of human beings. He made a study of the black man and his environment and the result was his firm conviction that the negro is not a human being after all and therefore not entitled to the sympathy to be accorded to a human.

Some of McCallen's reasons for his strange belief are given in the following excerpts from his book:

"If the negro is human then he is of the same blood and flesh as Adam and Eve, for Adam was the only representative of God. Now, if Adam and Eve were the parents of the negro you cannot get around the fact that you have negro blood in your veins."

"If the negro and the human family both have souls the souls are all alike and the negro is your equal as far as souls are concerned; if he is your equal in spiritual things then he is your equal in everything."

McCallen declares that when Cain went into the land of Nod to betake himself a wife he married a negress—a beast—as there was no female child on the face of the earth at that time, and that as a result God cast him out of the line of kinship with the Adamic family and started the race of Ethiopians.

EXPLANATIONS NEEDED.

Concerning the Methods of the N. S. A.

In a late issue, under heading of "Explanatory," by National Secretary, Mrs. Longley, a few statements appear which I think need additional explanation. Some of us are so obtuse or slow of comprehension, that we need, perhaps, more than customary assistance, in order to obtain sufficient light to act intelligently in the cause we are trying to serve.

In replying to the criticism offered by Brother Moses Hull, the Secretary makes this statement: 'A person can belong to the Wisconsin State Spiritualist Association and be represented by its delegates (in the N. S. Convention); he can be a member of the West Superior local society, and be represented by its delegates," etc.

The Seattle Spiritual Association, of which I have the honor to be president, was chartered in the first instance by the N. S. A., but when the Washington State Association was organized and duly chartered, we were informed by Sister Longley that the N. S. A. transferred its jurisdiction over the locals to the state association. We have conformed to this ruling, though we much preferred the former relation. Now, which is right? The question is one of a general importance, I think.

Concerning Sister Longley's explanations as to the causes that lead to a predominance of eastern votes and influence, little need be said in my opinion. We all understand the methods and it's not the methods, exclusively, of which complaint is made. The methods show the "motive that lieth below," and it is of this that western Spiritualists may justly complain. They show how completely our eastern friends fail to grasp the true meaning of our work, and the necessity of making the N. S. A. truly national, as its name implies. Our New England brothers and sisters get up "excursions," "boom movements," have a "jolly good time" going and coming, but seem inclined to limit these good things to the northern half of the "thirteen original colonies"—thus reversing the methods adopted by almost every organization in the field.

The Christian Endeavorers, for instance, have made several excursions from eastern centers to the Pacific Coast, and as a result the C. Es. are as numerous as bees in a patch of clover.

The National Education Association, composed of school men and women, has held its conventions in the extreme West, and once, I think, in San Francisco. James J. Hill has built and purchased many a line of railroad that did not return a penny for years; building his roads in some instances in advance of the main line, but finally grafting into one general system. There is "method in his madness," that in a higher sense we may well emulate.

Must we wait until we wrest the control of the N. S. A. from our eastern friends by sheer force of numbers, before the former can be made National? Must we compel you to be broad and liberal, and just? If the East is strong and the West weak, so much greater the necessity that you should come to our assistance. We do not consider that the West is either weak or indifferent. We are still in the formative period. The central organizations of the old school are reaching out for this new territory. While ours—well. New England is happy and well cared for.

Just a word about the selection of places for the meetings of the N. S. A. conventions.

It seems to be a settled conclusion that the N. S. A. must be "kept on wheels," and trundled about over the country, subject to the call of the strongest delegation and its friends; and that the eternal grind of "competition" is to be the ruling factor in the case. This is the popular political method of the day, but in view of our pretensions as reformers and the serious and great work we have in hand, this conclusion is not only wrong in the principle involved, but childish in its conception. We do not need to plant the N. S. A. beyond the possibility of removal, but it should become located, so that we may know where to find it for at least a period of five years, and ten would be still better, and it needs no argument to show this central point should be somewhere in the Central West.

The holding of a previous convention in Cleveland is no criterion for the present or future. Conditions are changing very rapidly, and there is not a particle of doubt that the West will respond with characteristic energy just as soon as it becomes apparent that the "good of the order" is to be made first and permanent.

This must not be construed as a criticism of persons—but of methods.

"New times demand new methods," and now is the time to agitate, educate, and build for the future.

R. F. LITTLE,
Pres't. Seattle Spiritual Association.

ATTRACTIONS.

One of our splendid attractions for the fall and winter in The Progressive Thinker will be the Hull-Jamieson debate. Don't miss this and live to regret it. Subscribe now.

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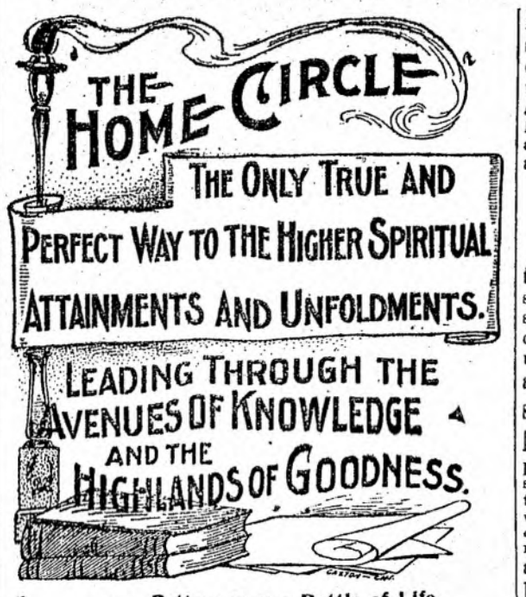

At the Bottom of the Battle of Life.

I.

Some people are always at the bottom in the Battle of Life. From the cradle to the grave the same sad fate, thrillingly cruel, confronts them. Life to them is one continual moan or sigh—a long drawn wail of agony and despair! They are on one never-ending funeral train, and as they pass along they bury here and there blasted hopes and unrealized aspirations. They are simply at the bottom in the unceasing struggle for existence, and the Hand of Destiny seems to hold them there to be crushed more and more from day to day.

To be at the extreme bottom is in a measure to be an outcast. The world looks up for genius, iridiscent with brilliant ideas, rare poetic gems and profound thought. It never looks down at the bottom to find a genuine genius, all aglow with angelic inspiration, and vibrating as if in touch with divine fingers and imbued with all that is beautiful and lovely in poesy and philosophy.

In the Battle of Life, the one at the bottom is sometimes crushed—ground down deeper and deeper, by virtue of being at the bottom.

We look at the bottom to find littleness; at the top to find true greatness and grandeur of soul where every heart-throb is supposed to vibrate upward to the very presence of celestial visitants, and then on and on to the throne of a God.

Whatever the gilded apparel and apparent sumptuousness of Vice, even if existing in a palace, still it is at the very bottom, anchored there, as if held down by a mountain.

Those at the bottom are always in the chains of bondage, and more or less lacerated and careworn. Vice, ignorance, error, avarice, lust, deceit and hypocrisy tend downwards towards the bottom, however gaudy the external appearance. All aspirations do not elevate—do not tend upwards—do not seek the divine radiance of heaven. At the bottom is the lowest starting point. There may be music there of the libidinous, lustful kind, each thought an imp of darkness, and each aspiration more brutish than the brute, and each act animated by a hateful spirit.

In this gaudy superficial world, it is not always easy to detect who are at the bottom.

The inmates of a palatial residence may be at the bottom in spiritual culture and genuine saving grace.

The lordly master may be there, and by his side the domineering, austere mistress.

But from the bottom there often emerges greatness and true nobility.

The little seed is at the bottom, but it springs like a fairy into a delicate stem, and then unfolds a beautiful blossom.

The acorn is at the bottom, but it rears the giant oak.

The seed is at the bottom, but see at the top the exquisite flower.

The egg is at the bottom of the nest, but see the sweet songster whose throat swells with anthems of praise, as it sits on the twig of a tree.

So there is hope even for poor mortals who are struggling along at the bottom and reaching upward for sunshine, spiritual culture and true greatness.

II.

The struggle for existence at the bottom is sometimes heart-rending. Every effort is tinged with sadness; every aspiration only reflects sorrow, and every prayer is uttered in a tremulous tone of voice, as if it had a background of tears and sighs and anguish. The hopes, even, reflect nothing but a despairing wail, and the thoughts as the eyes turn towards the stars, are too tear-stained to look for a happy time in a far-away heaven.

Such was the condition of Mrs. Jane Cushman, whose husband had died, leaving her in destitute circumstances, with two children on her hands—one three and the other five years of age. He had been a skillful mechanic, but an accident disabled him, finally resulting in his death, leaving his wife and children at the very bottom to struggle for an existence. Well cared for while he lived, their life thereafter was a bitter one. At the bottom!—at the bottom in this fair and beautiful world where brilliant diamonds and clusters of precious gems and rare works of art speak of great wealth, ease, luxury and worldly comfort; yes, Mrs. Cushman was now at the bottom of this worldly world of ours, with her two children of angelic sweetness leaning on her for support. Pinched with poverty, which, like a grim-visaged phantom seemed to pursue her with frowns upon its features and vile taunts upon its lips, she would at times drop in sheer exhaustion—away down at the bottom—prostrate in the Battle of Life!

III.

But all things on earth from the least to the greatest are God-given, so said, but selfish, lustful, brutish tyrannical man, has laid restrictions on its food, on its virgin soil, on its luscious fruits, on its green grass, on its flowers that lift skyward their heaven-born tints, and those at the bottom are often deprived of the privilege of making a living even with honest toil. Thus Mrs. Cushman who had been scrubbing for a wealthy South Side magnate, on a hot summer day, was overcome with the heat, and lay at the extreme bottom, suffering from a sunstroke.

IV.

The morning rays of the sun, gilding with rainbow tints the clouds in the East, and seemingly aglow with the similes of angels and the good wishes of philanthropic souls in the highest realms of love, came through the window at the hospital, and fell upon the pallid face of the unfortunate scrub-woman, Mrs. Cushman, who was still at the bottom—so hard a bottom, that no echo ever seemed to come therefrom like a token of good will or love. She was dazed. Memory for a time had closed its portals, and the past, like a ghastly demon, could not assail her. She struggled with her thoughts to arrange them in harmonious order. The scene out of the window was singularly bewildering, and the cots around the room containing unfortunates like herself, only deepened the mystery. Finally she partly regained her mental balance, and inquiring of the attendant, learned that she had been brought to the hospital unconscious, and her life had only been saved by the closest attention and skill of the physician in charge.

V.

Those at the bottom like Mrs. Cushman are always meeting with misfortunes. When she fell, and consciousness became dim and indistinct, and heaven's light deserted her, the mistress of the house did not, like an Angel of Love, minister unto her, for she—poor soul—was on the bottom, the cheerless bottom, where no tender heart-chords vibrated a sweet lullaby to cheer the soul of one who was so downcast. She rang up the patrol wagon to get rid of this poor, suffering woman—to get rid of kindly ministering unto her in her hour of distress; she had but little sympathy for those struggling at the bottom. It was the third day at the hospital—a beautiful morning when she fully regained her consciousness and self-control, and then for the first time she thought of her children left at home. With a sudden impulse, as if imbued with a mighty spirit force, and with a sigh mingled with pain and a mother's sweet love, she jumped from the cot, tottered on her feet, and fell prostrate on the floor—at the bottom indeed! The assistants kindly helped her to her feet again, but she refused to lie down, saying, "I must go to my children!—they are starving!—they are starving!" Finally dressed, in spite of the advice to the contrary, she went forth overshadowed seemingly by some mysterious spirit power that so strengthened her she could endure the trying ordeal. To her own wretched home—so cheerless that the only messengers of love that came therein to minister unto her were the genial rays of the sun. Her children she found at a neighbor's—at the home of one almost as poor as herself.

VI.

It was the approaching dawn at the hospital. The East frescoed, as it were, by the delicate touch of nature, giving a delightful tinge to the purple morn and the wisps of clouds, like radiance from the inner courts of heaven, seemed to reflect in the background the softest and most delicate touch of artistic forces. There for the second time, was Mrs. Cushman lying on a cot gradually dying. Her eyes were closed, her pulse was no longer perceptible, while an expression of ineffable sweetness was aglow on her features, just as if an Angel of Mercy was sending down upon them the divine radiance that always emanates from an exalted soul. She seemed to be calmly sleeping, ready almost to awaken and realize the grandeur of the scene just as the gates of the East were opening to usher in the coming day.

"A beautiful death," said one nurse.

"The most lovely death-scene I ever witnessed," said another.

"She has gone to heaven, if such a place for anyone," said the third.

During the preceding evening, the daily papers said, she was talking of her children, illustrating the touching pathos of a mother's love, and wondering what would become of them, bereft of her tender care! With her hands clasped she whispered a sweet devoutful prayer for their future welfare, and then fell into a seeming slumber, where she appeared to live over again a joyful reunion with her husband and children. Her lips would kiss something, her arms would seem to embrace a phantom form, and her features would suddenly become illumined as if many joys had been kindled in her soul, all aflame with genuine happiness. During the night she seemed to live in another and grander world. Thus it is that life has its diversified shades of illumined joys, and dark despair.

VII.

A pauper's grave finally welcomed Mrs. Cushman—she who had been so long at the bottom in the Battle of Life, struggling heroically to gain a bare subsistence. But a change had come, so sublimely beautiful, so exquisitely sweet, that her soul-chords vibrated with anthems of praise and rejoicings. She was no longer at the bottom; it was earth's sordid conditions, its base restrictions on the bounties of God's providence that held her at the bottom, finally crushing out her very life. She had now ascended to her proper spiritual state, far above that of the earthly magnate's family for whom she scrubbed her life away.

Peace, like a healing balm, finally comes to all who are pure in heart, honest in purpose, and who struggle to do good and be good; it comes at last when Death lifts the curtain and discloses the beauty and grandeur of the spirit realms. The lesson to be conveyed is, always assist those less fortunate than yourself, and thereby increase your spirituality and true worth, and gain the approving smiles of angels, and in that degree ascend upwards, even from the bottom.

Spectrum Analysis

As was noted in the editor's column of The Progressive Thinker last June, Professor Lockwood, of this city, proposes to establish a new basis for the examination of all forms of organic matter by spectrum analysis. This means in its applications to pathological science the opening of a new door, since it includes the crucial analysis of all cutaneous diseases which evolve pus or a scab. It also includes the examination of vaccine virus, to distinguish the pure from the impure; the examination of scrofulous blood and the elements and compounds of materia-medica. The spectroscope selected for this work by Prof. Lockwood, and made expressly for him in France, has been secured by his friends, and now awaits him at Philadelphia, Pa. The following letter sent to Mr. Lockwood, at Toronto, Canada, tells the story of its arrival:

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 22, 1901.

Dear Professor:—The spectroscope was received yesterday from the Custom House, and we have tested it and found it to be entirely satisfactory. We note in your letter of the 6th that you expect to be in Philadelphia soon, and we will either hold it here awaiting your arrival, or send it on to you, as you may desire. Yours very truly,

QUEEN & CO., Importers.

The instrument will undoubtedly be sent to Alliance, Ohio, where Professor Lockwood is now engaged in demonstrating to his auditors that continuity of life is a fact in nature, which truth he proves by an analysis of nature's forces, and the philosophy of the correlation of mental forces in all cosmic process.

"The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional." This book, by the well known Father Chiniquy, reveals the degrading, impure influences and results of the Romish confessional, as proved by the sad experience of many wrecked lives. Price, by mail, $1. For sale at this office.

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The Prophecy of Spiritualism for the Twentieth Century, = A Lecture = By Mrs. Helen P. Russegue, Before the N. S. A. Convention.

The subject assigned me to-night is: The Prophecy of Spiritualism for the Twentieth Century. Through all the past time truth has been prophetic because it is a revelator—it reveals our necessities, it outlines the true conditions of human life, it portrays to us our shortcomings and vouchsafes the claims of our inherent needs.

The last half of the 19th century has prophesied what the 20th century must confer upon the human race. It has revealed in education, in philosophy, in art, in science, in religion, the pure perceptions of mankind. It has awakened within the thoughts of men the greater need of spirituality. It has aroused men who have been sleeping to the great need of the interior self. It has brought us into closer touch with each other. It has modified our laws. It has created higher standards of morality. It has opened the way to the more careful investigation of every principle and theory that has presented itself to the thoughts of men. It has entered into the home life and percolated human society. It has urged the needs of every grade of humanity until the world has become more akin through its multiplied needs. Spiritualism, in its modern aspects, a little more than half a century old, has conferred blessings upon humanity of which the first half century scarcely dreamed. It has brought to men a great lesson, which they are only now seeing)—the great need of acquiring the way to live. It has robbed death of its terror. It has created heaven not afar off, but within. It has brought God into closer communion with the world. It has deified mankind. It has taught us to see and know the God in man;—the divinity of humanity. It has taught us to see that God from whatever source it may come. It has taught us to discriminate between right and wrong, whether it is labeled "Thus saith the Lord," or whether it is labeled simply the answer to our great questions. It has become the dogma of infinitude. It has been the lever that has raised the world, and man's death has been the fulcrum that has supported this great force.

Spiritualism, although but half a century old, has so penetrated through the lines of human thoughts, that man has risen to higher altitudes and knows the God principles of human relationships and intellectuality, and the necessities of a more careful scrutiny of every theory that has been presented to him.

Spiritualism has made us inquirers. It no longer enables us to receive any affirmation without questioning its merits and its relation to our necessities. It has simply taught us that necessity is the source of revelation. Necessity is the foundation of progress. Necessity is the beginning—the high beginning—of the growth of truth. Necessity is a principle that awakens within the human breast that power and force which leads us to know what will supply that hunger.

Spiritualism has come in answer to the great prayer of the race. It has foretold in its coming multiplied necessities, hence it has a large human perception. It has taken away the dividing walls between science and religion. It has prepared the conditions of human thought to the higher needs of mankind, until the one is as necessary to the unfolding of intellectual power, as the other is to the gratification of human hunger.

Spirituality is the inspiration that is moving humanity to higher possibilities. It is outlining to our lives not only that, pertaining to the world toward which we are all ascending, but it has brought us into closer communion with each other here. We are looking to the physical world and these wonderful developments that are continually making themselves manifest. We behold the marvelous relation that exists between the communication from the spiritual life beyond the grave and spiritual life this side of the grave. We come almost together in the wonderful message that has brought us communion through telepathy, and we find to-day that when clairvoyance has established itself in our midst, and we are able to communicate, not only through our clear seeing, but through our clear thinking, the result has been, there has come to the outer world another manifestation. With the unfolding in science of the X-rays, that great discovery which brings to us the science of clairvoyance in matter, there has come in company with it a higher demonstration of spiritual perception through psychometry.

There has come through mental telepathic comprehension that which is manifest to the physical world of wireless telegraphy, and the truth is, that there never comes to us one condition of human life or any manifestation of progress, that is not accompanied with a spiritual growth or manifestation pertaining to the same law. We are so forcibly reminded that the spiritual nature of man is the growing force, the developing principle, the unfolding life that is leading the way to higher consciousness, to a higher knowledge, to a higher life; and is the great good that oversweeps us when our eyes are opened, when our ears are made clearer, when our understanding is more finite to us, when our needs are more plainly manifest to us and we come into contact with the great principle of human life that reveals the missionaries that answer our needs. The day of miracles has passed. The phenomena of Modern Spiritualism are not supernatural, they are not above the realm of human life, they are not beyond the measure of human necessity. They are not outside human nature, they are within and compose the human thought and they are the natural product of human intelligence.

Modern Spiritualism has brought to us not only the facts by which we prove that there is life beyond the grave, but it has brought the facts that demonstrate to us that the coming time contains more for us than the past has revealed. We are only the product of the centuries. We are only the creation of the past. We are only the life that is growing, evolving from its wonderful communing as we enter this close relationship with human needs and human life. It proves that we cannot know any terminal to the growth of human intelligence.

Spiritualism has taught us the close relation between the divinity of life and our lives. We have brought God from the lofty distance and have established him in human hearts. We have taken him from the throne of religion and enshrined him in human intelligence. We have wrested him from the bigoted formula of opinion and have brought him into our lives to become part and parcel of our experience. We have made God for ourselves and we are the demonstration of his power. He has taught us to open our eyes to see. He has opened our ears to hear, and he has opened our hearts to understand. He is greater, more loving, more tender, more heaven-born than he was fifty years ago. Why? Because we recognize in humanity a diviner brotherhood, knowing that he is enshrined in human life and we make ourselves a part of his divinity, consequently we recognize the divinity of man, the Godliness of human nature, the growth of human intelligence and the unfolding spiritually of all the race and grace of men.

Spiritualism prophesies for the future a wonderful revelation. In the last half century it has been the inspiration of music, of invention in every science that pertains to human necessities. In the future it reveals to us a higher spirituality. It teaches us how to prepare truth to our higher needs. It brings us into a better understanding of human nature. It helps us to eliminate sin and ignorance and crime from our midst. Why? Because it promises a revelation to the understanding of the mistakes of our universe, and we shall seek the foundation or causes which are producing these conditions. When you will recognize sin as disease, and crime as the outbreak of disease, and you are to seek a remedy for it, then you will find a force, a power and an illumination to eliminate it from human nature. But how is this to be accomplished, you say. It is to teach the race that if we want a better condition in humanity we must be better fathers and mothers, and we must be better neighbors and friends. We must think better thoughts. We must become more spiritual ourselves. We must become truer to nature and to the God within. We must become true to each other and the product of that knowledge will bring to us a higher grade of morality and a greater unfolding of spirituality.

Spiritualism in fifty years has accomplished what Christianity has failed to produce in two thousand years. It has accomplished more for the world, because it has brought religion into our everyday lives. It brings it into our thoughts, into our hopes, into our affairs, into our sorrows, into our joys, into our homes; and it makes you, if you are honest, earnest Spiritualists, better fathers and mothers, truer neighbors and more honorable business men and women. Truer to yourselves, because you recognize you cannot shake off the divine spirit.

Spiritualism contains a prophecy for the future, which means in itself a betterment of the race, a higher and more profound education in all relations of human life. It teaches you that there is such a thing as progress in religion.

Friends, for the last two thousand years religion has been encrusted with bigotry and superstition. It has borne its label upon the outside until by its close environment it has fallen into decay and its covering has fallen off and you have beheld its rottenness. It is no longer a living spirit, but it is a dead letter, and to-day there is a proclamation for the century that you are just knowing, that religion shall become the inspiration, and that religion means knowledge. I do not mean that it means bigotry, that it means superstitious fear, that it means anguish, or environing you by any superstition of that divine life, but it means freedom from dogmatic faith and an education into knowledge.

Religion is not dogma, religion is not fear, religion is not ignorance, religion is not superstition, but it is the living life that warms the hearts of men to better deeds, to nobler thoughts and to higher living. Religion is a fire for every one to kindle in his own life, that it shall warm every energy, quicken every heart throb. You have every impulse for a better demonstration of what is within.

And what is the result of man's discoveries to himself of the God within? That he has found within himself the divine spirit; that he has made the world a heaven; that he has brought heaven from far away and it is living and throbbing and vibrating in his own soul.

Spiritualism promises much in the advancement of humanity by way of inspiration. It inspires the professors in our colleges. It has entered the churches. For fifty years it has been as man's disintegrator. It has been tearing down the old. It has been turning over the old opinions. It has been driving away the rocks and buttresses of old opinions, and it has been bringing the light and warmth in, until we know that the soil is ready for a better seed-time.

Spiritualism is on the threshold of invention. It has quickened the perception of man, and you are seeking for things that shall bring you more comforts and shall give you more time to improve yourselves.

Spiritualism, in its purity, is bringing to you a higher phenomena than you have ever yet known. You are standing upon the threshold of a higher temple whose dome reaches into eternity, nourished and brightened by the love of man to man. Theology will be ennobled by human growth and the cry that is going up from its ranks is for more light, more light. And the answer is passing on and on from all quarters to the spiritual world, and the answer is floating down, and as soon as your souls are ready to receive it, it shall answer your prayer.

Spiritualism is doing much in arts and sciences. Two of your colleges, the most prominent upon the earth, are to-day endorsing Spiritualism. They have turned out, over their seals, two honest, fearless investigators. Harvard College investigated the manifestations that were produced by a noted medium, and put him out from its walls, and it has sent out a man to the world that dares affirm what he has seen and heard. And so it has been throughout the land. Columbia to-day has given to the world one of our instructors. He is now proclaiming the glad tidings, the great joy, that we have discovered the immortality of the soul. Here in your city was a man of science who has introduced phenomena into his laboratory, been guided by its laws, and declared to the world, "I have discovered the material of which souls are made." And what is the result? The scientific world to-day has adopted his dreams and is writing largely upon them for the betterment of mankind.

The scientific world is taking hold of Spiritualism with all its resulting opinions and has led man to a better understanding of his own great uses.

The religious world is always the last to join hands with advance. It is always the last that will take up a new thought. It says, Hands off! You can improve me in purities; you can improve me in science, you can elevate me in art, you can uplift me in music, but, Oh, let my religion alone. (Applause.)

And to-day the cry is going out, religion has fallen into line and is reaching to higher possibilities, and the world is finding deity in human application, human growth, universal love. Love for God because you love mankind, who has become the inspiring spirit that is the religion of the world.

What is the result in this coming century? That to-day we stand here drawing away the stains from before the world, just as a picture comes into view as your eyes become clear, as the mists are falling away, and you are rending the veil of ignorance you behold it more and more beautiful, and justice will reign in your laws. Every hall of human worship will be converted to a hall of learning. Your churches will be great intellectual centers. Education in spiritual things will become a part of your life, until the souls of men shall know God through his wonderful goodness, his mighty love, his divine presence, that speaks in and through the lives of men.

The prophecy of Spiritualism is, that you will grow more spiritual or finer until everything will be of such a character, you will find in every home, in every family circle, there will come to you an outpouring of spiritual love. The result will be a better humanity. Crime will fade away. Ignorance will be lost sight of. Slavery will be known no more. Labor and capital will be at one with one another and justice will stand upon your altars, ruling over your land, and you will stand in its scales, balancing through love to God and through love to man, in eternal advancement.

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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.

THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE.

A VERY IMPORTANT WORK.

The Spiritual Significance is by Lilian Whiting, author of "The World Beautiful," "After Her Death," "Kate Field, A Record," "A Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," Cloth, $1.00.

Miss Whiting finds the title of her new book in these lines from "Aurora Leigh:"

"If a man could feel
Not one, but every day, feast, fast, and working-day,
The spiritual significance burn through
The hieroglyphic of material shows,
Henceforward he would paint the globe with wings."

The aim of this book is to reveal the curiously close correspondence between the developments of modern science and spiritual laws; to note that new forces, as discovered and applied in wireless telegraphy, are simply laws of an unseen realm into which humanity is rapidly advancing and thus gaining a new environment. From this evolutionary progress, as illustrated by physical science the author of "The World Beautiful" continues the same argument presented in those volumes in a plea that the future life is the continuation and development of our present life in all its faculties and powers, and that the present may be ennobled by the constant sense of the Divine Presence, and a truer knowledge of the nature of man and his relations to God tend to a higher morality and increasing happiness. The book is characterized by the same essential style and qualities that have insured for "The World Beautiful" volumes an almost world-wide popularity.

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Kate Field, A Record. Price $2.
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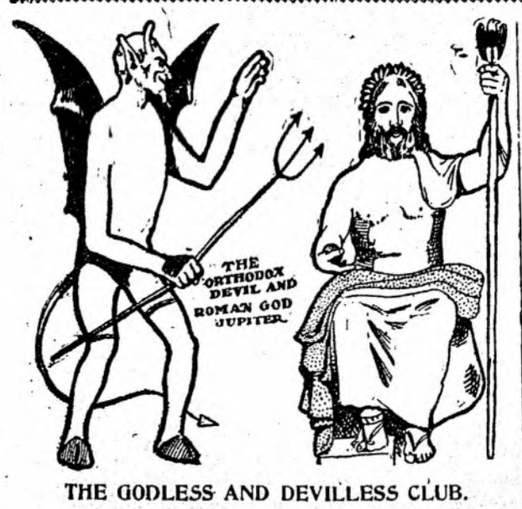
By the Editor of the National, with Preface and Notes by Peter Eckler. Illustrated with Views of the old Paine Homestead and Paine Monument, at New Rochelle; also portraits of Thomas Clio Rickman, Joel Barlow, Mary Wollstonecraft, Madame Roland, Condorce, Brissot, and the most prominent of Paine's friends in Europe and America. Cloth, 75 cents.



THE GODLESS AND DEVILLESS CLUB.

UNUSUAL EXCITEMENT AT THE LAST MEETING, ILLUSTRATING THE DEEP ROOT THE GOD-IDEA HAS TAKEN IN THE HUMAN MIND.

Don't for a moment entertain the idea that the Godless and Devilless Club is a sarrilegious order. Although it is Godless and Devilless, it is in perfect tune and harmony with the Infinite—force, spirit, matter—that fills all space; the Infinite that never had a beginning and never will have an ending; the Infinite which never can be compassed or comprehended by mortals; the Infinite, an unexplored ocean of force, matter, spirit; the Infinite with self-existing laws, self-existing impulses, ever onward in the process of evolution from the infinitely small to the inconceivably large; from the monad to man; from the atom to the largest world. The Godless and Devilless Club is thrilled with the wonderful possibilities wrapped up in the atom as it vibrates in the brain, as it mingles with the poison of the cobra, as it pulsates in every nerve and muscle, as it glistens in the eye of a maiden, or flies off into the realms above in the bird, or dances on a sunbeam. Knowing no God and no Devil, the Godless and Devilless Club stands forth a bright star among the thousand of sects that have proved a curse to the world, and which in medieval times had their hands red with human blood, and their consciences seared with superstition, ignorance and bigotry; their hearts as cruel as the rapacious monster that kills men, women and children.

The Godless and Devilless Club pulsates with the lofty emotions of the poet, the philosopher, philanthropist and seer. It is the flowering out of the angelic impulses, the ripening of evolution in its onward strides, and the maturing of those forces in the realms of the Infinite that awaken new possibilities within the human soul.

Being Godless, the Club has absolutely no form of worship, no vesper hymns to sing, no sacred beads to count, no holy water to dip the fingers in to form the cross, and no Bible whatever that is in the least degree sacred. Being in tune with the Infinite, it stands on a higher, grander, and more beautiful plane than any religious sect, and surveys the universe with its wonderful possibilities, in a light that is new, novel and instructive.

Having no God and no Devil this Club has no superstition. It is free from bigotry. It is untainted with avarice. It is not weighed down with the sins of an oppressive, cruel past. It stands forth without a spot or stain upon its garments, simply an evolution in the process of the higher unfoldment. It is the flowering out of the natural principle of growth, and is the agent to redeem the world from sin and misery. It has come forth at the auspicious moment, and will act the part of a genuine Savior to a priest-ridden people.

At the last Thursday evening meeting of the Godless and Devilless Club, an incident occurred which caused a great commotion, and which ultimated in much good. After the singing by the club, participated in by nearly all present, accompanied with music on the organ, one of the new members, one of the best of singers, commenced singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!" What a tumult arose as the line was finished. Every member of the Club arose and in stentorian tones, said, "Mr. President, I object!" For a time there was confusion confused. Such excitement we never saw before. Each one was wild with the emotions surging in his soul. The whole assemblage seemed to want to speak at once, and demand recognition from the presiding officer. They stood on chairs, benches and even the table, each one desiring to make the first speech in condemnation of the singer who was so unpolitic as to burst forth singing such an inappropriate hymn—so out of place in a Godless and Devilless Club! "Mr. President"—in a splutter those words were uttered until the very air seemed to be hot, boiling over with the emotions of pent up souls seeking opportunity for the expression of some brilliant sentiment pertinent to the situation caused by the utterance, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!" In the excitement chairs were overturned, the table tilted on its side, the president was tripped in endeavoring to back up a little, and fell headlong on the floor, calling vociferously as he struck the floor, "Come to order!" Two pet dogs allowed to enter the room commenced whining most piteously, making a pandemonium of noise that would almost equal the troublous times of a protracted religious revival. The president, however, immediately regained his feet, and impatiently said, "For God's sake be quiet!" That unguarded expression by the dignified and urbane president of the Godless and Devilless Club, only added fuel to the fire, and the excitement became, if possible, more boilingly tumultuous than ever, and the very atmosphere seemed to be incandescent with the exudations of the one hundred and fifty fiery breaths present. It was a time long to be remembered, and illustrates in an impressive manner what a panic an inadvertent remark, made at the wrong time and place, will cause; and illustrates still further more comprehensively the deep root that the God-idea has taken in some minds in consequence of heredity and early training, and shows what the Godless and Devilless Club has got to contend with in the course of its advancement to redeem the world. The president fully realized the predicament in which he was placed and forgetting his dignity burst forth with an iridescent fit of laughter that was so exceedingly grotesque and comical that each one stopped talking and became also convulsed with laughter; but soon each one subsided, and peace and quietness once more reigned in the Godless and Devilless Club, and each one seemed to enjoy the excitement and good cheer of the unfortunate occasion.

The president then said: "I deeply regret that one of our honored members, and myself, should so far forget ourselves as to violate one of the fundamental rules of the Godless and Devilless Club, and allude to an imaginary being as the one from whom all blessings flow into this sublunary sphere. If all blessings flow from the being designated as God, I ask you from what source do those things emanate which are diametrically opposite to blessings? Professor Blanchard, in a paper read before the Academy of Medicine, in Paris, France, said the anopheles species of mosquito propagates disease, even leprosy. The Parisian culex mosquito is less terrible. He advised the destruction of the larvae by placing petroleum in stagnant water and sweet oil in drinking water.

"What particular sphere does the mosquito occupy in the providence of this God from whom all blessings are supposed to flow? Who first conceived this cunning, dangerous, malignant little animal that proves so exceptionally annoying to man and beast, and so far as known of no utility whatever to the world. As a daily paper well says, the mosquito is persona non grata with the scientists, who are busy with devices intended for its extinction. It is charged not alone with making itself personally disagreeable, both with song and sting, but with being the common carrier of diseases and the prelude of pestilence. It is still a matter of some doubt whether the scientists will accomplish their purpose, for the mosquito, though small, is resourceful, as most small things are. But supposing that they are able eventually to wipe out the last mosquito in its stagnant breeding places and clear the world of them at one swoop, what then?

"There are a few scientists who are asking this question seriously, and intimating that such a wholesale slaughter of one family of insects might disturb the balance of the whole insect world and then Nature [another name for God] in her efforts to restore equilibrium might let loose another horde of pests worse than the mosquito. Three possibilities are already mentioned—viz.: the kissing bug, which has thus far only given scattered hints of its activity, but may prove a greater danger to man than the mosquito; the brown-tailed moth, which ravages both man and all vegetation; and the bald-headed fly, which preys upon the farm stock and works all day. Would it not be a calamity if, as the result of the destruction of the little tuneful mosquito, nature should send any one or more of these still more active agents of wretchedness and involve men, trees, and animals in a common cataclysm?

"For, be it remembered, nature is resourceful. We really know as little about her possibilities as about those of electricity. Scientists assure us that it will take at least 300 years properly to classify the insects already known, and when that is accomplished we shall only be on the threshold of that department of her great world. When it is remembered how promptly and in what myriads she is in the habit of supplying any temporary deficit to angleworms, frogs, grasshoppers, locusts, gnats, ants, etc., would it not be well for the scientists to go cautiously before making it necessary for her to restore the insect balance in any direction?

"If all these pestiferous animals are directly the emanation of God, wherein does the blessing come in; wherein the joy; wherein the happiness; wherein the satisfaction with their dangerous proclivities? If a God did not create them, where is the other fellow who did do the wonderfully dirty job? What is his position, most noble members of the Godless and Devilless Club, in this complex universe—so complex that humanity knows but very little of the nature of electricity outside of an electrified body. And now the Chicago Tribune sets forth an entirely new source of misery. The land not having contributed sufficient summer pests, the sea has begun to add to the number, and its first donation is an apparently innocent creature which aggravates human misery to a greater extent than the mosquito, the flea, or the brown-tailed moth. It is the jellyfish. Every one who sails or bathes in the sea or roams the beaches at low tide knows this monster, bowl-shaped, gracefully fringed, of about the consistency of blanc mange, drifting rather than swimming with the incoming tide, and going back with it, spending its frail life like a lotus eater, doing nothing but drifting aimlessly about, the ideal of Nirvana.

"This seemingly harmless, lifeless lump of marine gelatine which, stranded on a beach, melts away in a jiffy, is proving a terror on the Atlantic coast. The jellyfish, like misfortunes, never come singly. Myriads of them come in and go out with every tide. Heretofore they have been considered harmless, but recently they have come in extraordinary numbers, and the bathers during the past summer have been bathing in a compound about half surf and half jellyfish. In one day at a single beach more than a hundred bathers found themselves poisoned by contact with jellyfish, and their arms and legs frightfully swollen. Of course, those who bathed in the orthodox fashion, like the girl whose clothes were on the hickory limb and who did not go near the water, but were content to lie and pose on the sand, escaped, for the jellyfish can neither walk, swim, nor fly, and once on the sand, speedily disappears. Bolder spirits, however, who bravely defy king crabs, clam shells, and kelp for a plunge in the seas, have been the sufferers. With stinging jellyfish in the water and stinging mosquitoes and green heads out of it bathhouses are not favorite summer resorts.

"Thus kindly Mother Nature finds some work to do even for her humblest children and nothing could be humbler than this flaccid lump which has suddenly proved itself to be a floating abomination. It is quite unnecessary to comment upon the fact that the jellyfish which makes all this trouble, like the mosquito, is of the feminine gender. That can be taken for granted. The male jellyfish is an inanimate lump of untainted innocence.

"It will not do, my beloved members of the Godless and Devilless Club, to shirk, or shrink from any inquiry in reference to the origin of the pestiferous insects, animals, states and conditions of matter that are so dangerous, and so inimical to the best interests of humanity. The reasoning of the various leaders of the different churches in regard to the existence of the malignant creatures that exist in myriads on earth and prove very troublesome and annoying to the human family, is grotesque, illogical, and nowhere near the truth. Your president will take this matter into further consideration at a subsequent meeting. The Godless and Devilless Club now stands adjourned until the next regular meeting, two weeks from to-night, and may God bless you!"—the meeting closing with the most intense good-natured excitement on account of this last break on the part of the president, a break caused by heredity, early teachings, religious training of a pious mother, etc., etc.,

In the previous report of the proceedings of the Godless and Devilless Club, we alluded to the case of Geo. B. Hastings, whose wife and children fell victims to the yellow fever scourge, and he while viewing their remains fell to the floor and lost consciousness. The next morning he was partially revived. His experience will be detailed hereafter by the

HIGH SCRIBE.

SANCTIMONIOUS IKE.

His quiet ways an' honest look
Won all the diggin's at the start;
His blue eyes seemed an open book
In which we read his guileless heart.
He first showed up at Placer Mound
Jes' after that big '80 strike,
An' unobtrusive loafed around,
All unconcerned and quiet like.

Some thought he war a millionaire
From Frisco, lookin' up a snap,
Whilst others said he had the air
Of some revival gospel chap.
The boys soon tied him to the name
Of "Reverent Sanctimonious Ike,"
Jes' 'cause he played the pious game
So unconcerned an' quiet like.

He nursed the sick; spoke words o' cheer
To them as 'ras'led with despair,
An' at the bed o' pain you'd hear
His low, sad voice in earnest prayer.
No matter whar distress war found,
You'd see that Sanctimonious Ike,
Jes' like an angel movin' round,
All unconcerned an' quiet like.

One night the safe, in which war kept
The dust of all the men in camp,
War busted open while we slept,
By some durned, ornery, thievin' scamp.
We struck the trail amazin' quick,
An' soon struck Sanctimonious Ike,
Leadin' a pack mule down the creek,
All unconcerned an' quiet like.

We found the stuff, a jedge was chose,
An' thar beneath a jackoak tree,
The court convened, an' w'en it rose,
We took the back trail quietly.
As up the mountain side we clim,
We took a back'ard glance at Ike,
A hangin' from a jackoak limb,
All unconcerned an' quiet like.

—Capt. Jack Crawford.

..GENERAL SURVEY..

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

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

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

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

Keep copies of your poems sent to this office, for they will not be returned if we have not space to use them.

Bear in mind that all notices for this page are cut down to suit the space we have to occupy when received.

Take due notice, that all items for this page must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer. It will not do to say that Secretary or Correspondent writes so and so, without giving the full name and address of the writer. The items of those who do not comply with this request will be cast into the waste basket.

James K. Phillips, of Dauberville, Pa., dreamed that he had visited a fortune teller, who told him that he would not live more than four days. While cutting down trees for fire-wood one of the limbs fell upon Phillips, inflicting injuries from which he died. The morning after having the dream Phillips related it to Isaac W. Moger and Mahlon Berkey, and he told them he felt sure the dream was a premonition of death. —Philadelphia Times.

E. H. Trussel writes: "I notice to-day a mistake in the short article of mine in The Progressive Thinker of Nov. 9, on this weighty prayer question. If I used the word 'learners' in my short article, I am sorry, for I assure you that I intended to say 'leaners.'"

G. B. Flux reports the case of a sailor to whom he administered nitrous oxide gas for the purpose of tooth extraction. While anesthized the patient dreamed of a shipwreck, through which he had passed in all its details. The dream could not have lasted more than ten seconds, while his experiences during the wreck covered a period of three and three-quarters hours.—Medical Record.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) News contains the following from Muncie, Ind.: "Following the arrest of W. J. Thompson in Oklahoma, and warrants being issued for the arrest of Charles Hawkins, both for the alleged swindling of Sarah Williams out of $3,000, comes the announcement that Spiritualism was employed in working the swindle. Both she and Thompson were Spiritualists. It is claimed that through its agencies Thompson arranged that she should marry Hawkins, which, it is alleged, was arranged, so that he might get her money, without fulfilling the marriage contract. It is claimed that other prominent people will figure in the case."

Rev. Chas L. Ainsworth will lecture, Sunday, at 7:45 p. m., at Ericson Hall, Wentworth avenue, near 62nd street. Subject, "Ideality." Music and messages. Wednesday afternoon meetings at 2:30.

Scribe writes: "G. W. Kates and wife have well served the Philadelphia, Pa., Society of Spiritualists during the month of November. They had large audiences of representative people, and the lectures were well received. The spirit descriptions and messages by Mrs. Kates have been accurate, with scarcely an exception. As N. S. A. missionaries they should be a success. Keep them busy. That is what they desire. During the month they also held meetings in Paterson, N. J., and Royersford, Pa."

The Michigan State Spiritualist Association held some very successful mass meetings at Jackson, November 23 and 24. Among the noted speakers present were Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Baade, Mrs. Coffman and others. Large crowds attended.

G. W. Kates and wife, as N. S. A. missionaries, desire week-night engagements during December near Pittsburg, Pa. In January and February they have open time en route to Wheeling, W. Va., to Texas. They would like calls for two or three nights in Cincinnati, Ohio; Louisville, Ky.; Cairo, Ill.; Memphis, Tenn, and New Orleans, La.; also near-by points. Address them at No. 660 Pennsylvania avenue, S. E., Washington, D. C.

E. Massey writes: "I have taken The Progressive Thinker for two years, and think it one of the best papers I ever read, and wish my friends to read it and become wise."

Sarah F. Baker writes from Sheriden, Ind.: "Mr. and Mrs. Hayden, of Indianapolis, served our society, Nov. 24. Mr. Hayden delivered two fine lectures. Mrs. Hayden followed with platform tests. Since our organization in the spring, a few of us, openly-avowed Spiritualists, see, as it were, a rift in the clouds, encouraging us in our good work. Liberal minds are turning to Modern Spiritualism for the solution of a problem the church has failed to satisfactorily solve—the question, 'If a man die shall he live again?' Many realize that their friends not only survive the change called death, but can unquestionably make their presence felt. It is not to them a belief, but a knowledge."

Augustus Rolfe, partner in a grocery firm at 183 Albany street, New Brunswick, N. J., lost a pocketbook containing $720. The loss was a severe one, for Rolfe is a poor man. He advertised his loss in the newspapers, offering $50 reward for the return of the lost money. Rolfe dreamed that he had the money, that he took it out of his pocket, laid it on a shelf behind a package of some kind, and there lost sight of it. The next morning he at once acted on the suggestion conveyed by the dream. In half an hour he found the money. It had been placed behind a package of soap on a front shelf of the store. He at once took the money to the bank. Rolfe now recalls laying the pocketbook down for a moment, fearing he would lose it. A customer engaged his attention, and the incident slipped his mind.—Philadelphia Record.

H. C. Greene writes: "There will be a dance at Kenwood Hall, 4308 Cottage Grove Avenue, December 7, given by the Spiritualistic Social Circle. Admission twenty-five cents. There will be dances for both old and young. A good time is guaranteed to all who may come, and every one will receive a most cordial welcome."

Sarah C. Scovell writes from Galena, Kansas: "Amid the many material duties of life, we have neglected many spiritual duties, but still strive to keep the run of the general spiritual work. We are doing but little in the field work, but yielded to the desire of our Joplin friends and hold a Sunday night service there. We have a good following in the general service, and a club of Ladies, the Inter-State Psychic Club, which meets every two weeks for study and demonstrations of spiritual gifts. We have Ghost Land as a lesson book, and from time to time will study each of the series given as premiums by The Progressive Thinker. Mrs. Anna Wallace leads our lesson, the first chapter of Ghost Land, next week; topic, Von Marx, the Student, and a sketch of Emma Hardinge Britten's life. We have over twenty members now, and others desire to join. My home duties and the care of an aged mother forbid very active efforts on my part, but every little helps and one good seed will find its resting place and future results as well as a thousand. We hope to secure a club of subscribers for The Progressive Thinker through the efforts of the Inter-State Club."

The Philadelphia American contains the following from Susquehanna, Pa.: "While revival meetings were being held last summer the Methodist Church at Doraville was fired by an incendiary, and it was generally believed that it was the work of whitecaps. The pastor had received anonymous letters warning him that the building would go up in smoke. Allie Mosher, 19 years old, a farm hand, of Colesville, who recently became converted before a congregation at East Windsor, on Sunday evening confessed that he burned the church. He said the deed so preyed on his mind that he could stand it no longer. He says the devil told him to burn the church."

Mrs. Addie E. Wood writes from Oakland, Cal.: "The Progressive Thinker comes every Friday, worth its weight in gold, but never a word from Oakland. We wish your readers to know that our people are in line with progress, having many thoroughly good Spiritualists ready for every good word and work. We have three societies, not large, but loyal, each filling a niche that the others could not reach. Mrs. R. S. Lillie has been with the Oakland Psychical Society as its speaker for more than two years, and we think the last address better than any other. We have Mrs. Annie L. Gillespie with us occasionally, and do not need tell her eastern friends that to know her is to love her. By the way, San Francisco and friends from Oakland gave her a house-warming on her return from the eastern camps and were entertained with refreshments, music and speaking, all of a high order. We have many grand mediums in our city always ready to give the loving words from the spirit friends."

A story of hypnotism, wielded by Peter Hanrahan, 16 years old, to induce smaller boys to steal for him, was told to Justice Sabath in the Maxwell street police court yesterday. Because the prisoner's mother had just died the justice continued the case indefinitely, during the good behavior of the boy. Ernest Zazciek, 14 years old, 1539 West Twenty-second street, told the court about the peculiar influence exerted by Hanrahan over him. "Whenever I would meet Peter he would look into my eyes," explained Ernest. "Then he would tell me to do things and I could not help but do what he said. One day he told me to rob my father. I tried to hide, but I felt so queer that I had to hurry to my home and I stole $20. I gave the money to Peter. Another time he made me steal $10 more." Mrs. Adelia Skarpenski, 1538 West Twenty-second street, was another complainant. Her 5-year-old son Felix is unable to speak or understand a word of English, having been born in Poland. However, she says, the Hanrahan boy had no difficulty in controlling the mind of her child. According to the boy's own story he was induced to enter his home and steal $40 which he turned over to Peter. The little one immediately identified Hanrahan.—Chicago Chronicle.

Dr. Pearson writes from Ponca City, O. T.: "Dr. Louis Schlesinger is here, plowing deep furrows on Oklahoma's materialistic planes (plains); we are sowing the seed (knowledge) of immortality, hoping that in the future the spiritual granaries of Oklahoma may bulge out filled with spiritual blessings, in the same proportion as the physical granaries are bulging out, filled with the ripened fruits of the 'land of the fair Gods.'"

The Chicago Chronicle has the following from Mattoon, Ill.: "Hypnotized into wedding Jackson L. Hill, whom she did not love, Lucy M. Bush of this city was deserted three days after the wedding. She has been unable to find any traces of her husband. Miss Bush is 20 years old. She met Hill four months ago, when he was a brakeman on the Peoria, Decatur and Evansville railway here. He paid her attentions and when he went to Peoria to work for the Chicago and Alton, they corresponded. Lately he had a run between Chicago and Detroit, Mich., on the Wabash. October 28 Hill came to Mattoon on a visit. He asked Miss Bush to marry him. She refused, as she says she did not love him. Two days later they went driving and she affirms by the use of mesmeric passes she was hypnotized and they drove to Charleston and were married by Dr. O'Neal at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage. They returned home. Three days later he deserted her."

"Thought transference, is too common to go unstudied. An English mother, the wife of a respectable physician, dreamed that her son, then serving in the Crimea, had been shot in the foot. Some weeks later an officer returned home and informed the mother that her boy had been shot in the right foot. "You mistake," said she "it was the left foot." It developed that the woman was right and the officer wrong, although the knowledge of the mother came absolutely from a dream. History and experience are full of similar incidents which cannot all be put down to chance. It is not impossible that two minds are sometimes so mutually attuned that one acts as a sender and the other as a receiver, thus realizing the phenomena of the telephone.

The Daily Standard of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "Rev. Henry Dorn, formerly Brooklyn, had conveyed to him the title of pastor of the First Church of Spiritual Progression of Newark, N. J., when that house of worship was dedicated last Sunday evening. The ceremony of conveyance was performed in an ordination address delivered by Mrs. Cutler of Philadelphia, a well known Spiritualist, and who afterward gave a number of tests demonstrating spirit return. John Morey, of New York, another medium, also gave a message, which is said to have been acknowledged. The new Spiritualist pastor in his response to Mrs. Cutler's address asked for the aid and support of his associates and prayed for the guidance of the spirit world that he may be worthy of the great and responsible office with which he is now clothed. He was presented with a certificate bearing the corporate seal of the association, signed by its officers, as demanded by the laws of the state of New York. Before giving an exhibition of his spiritualistic powers, Mr. Morey made an eloquent address on the subject of Spiritualism and closed his speech with a poem appropriate to the occasion from the facile pen of Ella Wheeler Wilcox."

Prof. Lockwood's great book, "The Continuity of Life a Cosmic Truth," now in the hands of the printers, O'Leary & Co., 109 S. Jefferson street, has been delayed on account of the severe attack of hay-fever on Mr. Lockwood during September, which made it impossible for him to carefully review and arrange the vast amount of scientific data which he will embody in this work. It is now in progress and will be out as soon as a scientific treatise of this kind can be published. All patrons of the book will receive their copy in due time.

Lyman C. Howe writes: "Before I closed my work in Norwich, the president, Mr Bogue, informed me that at their last board meeting, the expression was unanimous to give me another engagement for the fall of 1902. I had not asked for it, and I take this action as an evidence that they were not displeased with my work. There is a prospect now that I shall soon begin direct work on the History of Modern Spiritualism, and I am already at work collecting data, of which more soon. On Monday, Nov. 25, I left the pleasant home of the Spaldings, and at noon landed at Mount Vernon, where I am visiting Milton Rathbun and family, at 18 Summit avenue. He is the man who two years ago was famous for the 28-day-fast, while he kept at his business in daily regularity. Mrs. Rathbun is a writer and speaker for Spiritualism as well as an active worker in the Woman's Cause, and several other educational and humanitarian associations. The youngest son, Charles, is still at Harvard, but will graduate in a year or so. Frank is at home now. They are an interesting and typical family. Culture, refinement, spirituality and loyalty to truth pervade the household. Books, magazines and papers in rich variety abound. One can absorb the literary life from the air, and feel the spiritual glow in all that appeals to the impressible consciousness. I expect to stop a day or two in Albany, and Troy en route home. After December 10, I am free to answer calls for lectures, funerals, etc. Letters and telegrams sent to 170 Liberty street, Fredonia, N. Y., will be likely to find me."

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague were at Findlay, Ohio, December 1, 2, and 3.

J. Jay Watson writes from New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.: "I gave a musical at this retreat today to over 500 old sailors, and a taste of the tones of the Ole Bull Cremona seemed to give the most unbounded joy to the dear old 'salts,' who laughed, cried and would have danced if the old 'sea legs' had been in their pristine condition. Music is truly a great medicine for tired souls. The last of the May Pepper lectures and tests took place at 1254 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon. Judge Abram Dailey presided. The storm did not prevent a big attendance. Mrs. Pepper is certainly a wonder. The dear old Cremona joined in."

M. Robinson writes "The Charity Band of Willing Willing will give a Coffee Klatch and musical, followed by dancing, Thursday evening, December 12, at Crosby's hall, 423 Classon avenue, Brooklyn, N Y. Proceeds for the benefit of their Christmas tree for unfortunate children. Admission twenty-five cents; coffee included. The tree will be given on the afternoon of December 24, at Single Tax hall, 1101 Bedford avenue. Anyone wishing to assist us in making little hearts glad, may bring their donation of dolls and toys, also any article of new or cast-off clothing, at time and place mentioned above."

E. W. Sprague and wife, missionaries for the N. S. A., are free to make camp-meeting engagements for the season of 1902. They are platform test mediums and will follow their lectures with messages and tests. Address Rochester, Ind. Home address, 618 Newland, avenue, Jamestown, N. Y.

When writing for this paper use a pen or typewriter.

Dr. J. O. M. Hewitt has returned from Indianapolis, Ind., where he has been filling a very satisfactory and successful engagement during the month of November, with the First Spiritualist Church of that city, drawing crowded houses and creating a deep and general interest in the minds of church people and the public, as well as Spiritualists. He is now at his home, 498 W. Madison street, Chicago, where he may be addressed for funerals and other spiritual services, or for extended engagements with Spiritualist societies. Men of his ability should be kept constantly employed in the work of expounding and building up Spiritualism.

L. L. Robbins writes: "Should it be my fortune to invent or discover aught of benefit to man, I will not turn it to pecuniary profit, but ever perform sufficient manual labor to supply my physical wants."

C. W. Stewart is now located at Rome, Kansas, where he can be addressed for engagements to lecture.

E. J. Bowtell has open dates for camp-meetings in 1902. August 17 engaged at Niantic, Ct. Address Box 82, Olneyville, R. I.

Miss Mattie Woodbury writes that she has been at work in Bay City, Mich., for a month. She goes to Saginaw, Chesaning and other points near. She finds The Progressive Thinker the favorite of all the spiritual papers.

J. M. White writes: "For a short time I will be at 614 W. 4th street, Ottumwa, Ia., and those desiring any work in lectures or tests will receive prompt answers by writing me. Engagements in either Iowa or Illinois acceptable. I expect to remain here until December 10."

Dr. W. O. Knowles writes from Grand Rapids, Mich.: "Rev. D. A. Herrick, of Alliance, Ohio, has just closed a month's engagement with our society, and we can assure the readers of your paper that they will make no mistake in securing his services. His lectures were fine and messages all recognized, with full names and dates of those coming from the unseen. Our audiences grew at every lecture, and we were sorry to part with him on last evening's lecture. He will serve our society again for the month of February, 1902. I have two open dates in December, the 8th and the 22nd, for lectures and messages. Terms liberal. Address me at 247 Coade avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich."

Accept the Challenge.

The Fort Smith Times has the following:

"We, the undersigned, do hereby accept the challenge of Evangelist S. M. Martin. As he stated in his Friday night discourse that we were 'frauds and liars,' to prove to the public that we can, and stand ready at any and all times, to carry out every particle of our 'standing advertisement,' we are ready to undergo the following test, under the following conditions':

First, the said S. M. Martin to place in the hands of the editors of the Daily Times and News Record the sum of $50; the said editors will then select four reputable citizens of Fort Smith, whose word under oath will be accepted by every man, woman and child in Fort Smith, as the truth.

"These four gentlemen shall then meet us at our office and proceed to hide, or bury, within the city limits, the said $50, under the following conditions: To prevent any possibility of confederacy or collusion, there shall be one slip of blank paper placed in the hands of each of the committee and on these slips shall be written the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, then the slips shall be put in a hat, shaken up and one slip drawn out, the person drawing the number from the hat will select the place to bury the 'treasure.' One member of the committee shall remain with us to see that we hold no communication with any one during the progress of the test, the remaining members of the committee shall then proceed to 'hide the treasure,' which shall be secreted in a clean and accessible place. If we fail to find the hidden 'treasure' within ninety minutes from the time we leave the house then Evangelist Martin will be sustained in his challenge made Friday night; if we find the 'treasure' within the specified time, and under the conditions as specified above, then we shall prove to the public that there is truth in the 'spiritual gifts' as mentioned in I. Corinthians, 12:1-11.

"This $50, if we find it, is to go to the Orphans' Home for charity. Our conditions are as fair as man can make them. As we were personally attacked, we have the right to name the conditions. THE CALEFS."

"The Attainment of Womanly Beauty of Form and Features," edited by Albert Turner. This book has for its object the cultivation of personal beauty, based on hygiene and health culture. It is the combined wisdom of twenty physicians and specialists. Every young lady in the land should read it. Every wife should peruse its pages. Every elderly woman should be familiar with its contents. Price $1. For sale at this office.

"Human Culture and Cure. Part First. The Philosophy of Cure. (Including Methods and Instruments." By E. D. Babbitt, M. D., LL. D. A very instructive and valuable work. It should have a wide circulation, as it well fulfills the promise of its title. For sale at this office. Price 75 cents.

"Gleanings from the Rostrum." By A. B. French. Cloth, $1. For sale at this office.

"MEDICAL MURDER."

Join the National Liberal League.

Reading Mr. Hudson Tuttle's "Medical Murder" (No. 626), depicting the legal right of the privileged medical fraternity to slay the innocents, "licensed by the state," he says: "formed into the most despotic trust that exists;" "support each other against all charges of malpractice."

Why do not you Spiritualists put a stop to "medical murder?" Not numerous enough? Then, why not join our Liberal League? Get all the help you can to gain your rights as healers. "In union there is strength." This is what the doctors discovered years ago, and now they have a "despotic trust." Let us unite to secure "justice for all, privileges for none." This is the purpose of the National Liberal League, organized six weeks ago. I wrote a short letter two weeks ago, which was published in The Progressive Thinker. Perhaps I forgot to invite Spiritualists to join, for I received not one member from that letter.

Perhaps Spiritualists would rather submit to the "tortures of the damned," as Mr. Tuttle forcibly describes the wrongs suffered at the hands of the doctors, than unite with Materialists in keeping church and state separate; securing taxation of church property, etc. As Abraham Lincoln used to say, "For people that like such things I think this is about what they would like!"

I would be glad to receive the names of one hundred Spiritualists within one week as charter members of the National Liberal League. If you do not wish to pay the annual dues of one dollar now, do so when most convenient. Join, and let us help you gain your rights in this world. We are not exclusive, and hope you are not close-communion. Let us unite to obtain justice on earth.

Help us. We will help you—whether there are angels or not. If there are, you will have the joke on us, and we'll join with you in the laugh—at our expense. In the meantime join the National Liberal League, and make each other happier on earth. It is growing rapidly. It is bound to grow whether you join or not; but it will grow better, and so will you, if you unite with us. Send in your names, please, to my address.

W. F. JAMIESON,
Secretary N. L. L.
1716 Western avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Missionary Mass Meeting at Jackson, Mich.

The Spiritualists of Jackson and vicinity have had a most refreshing season by the visit of the president of our state association and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Carpenter, accompanied by Mrs. N. S. Baade, of Detroit, and Mrs. A. L. Coffman, of Grand Rapids. Meetings were held in the Odd Fellows Hall on Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon and evening, and were a great success, both as regards numbers present and the interest and enthusiasm manifested. On Sunday evening half an hour before commencement there was not standing-room in the hall, and many were unable to obtain admittance. The lectures were up-to-date in presentation of the spiritual philosophy in its highest and widest application to the needs of humanity, and were well received by an appreciative and attentive audience. But the messages and descriptions of the spirit friends present called out the sympathy and enthusiasm of the audience.

Mrs. Coffman, Mrs. Baade and Mrs. Carpenter are all well known platform test mediums, and were assisted by Mrs. Jackson, of Chicago, and Mrs. Burland, of Muskegon. Nearly all were recognized, most recipients being complete strangers to the mediums.

Mr. E. E. Carpenter, president of the state association, gave an address on the cause throughout the state, stating the progress that was being made, and how the missionary work was helping to build up old societies and organize new ones all over the state. Mr. Carpenter and his wife are spending the month of November in missionary work without remuneration, and have large audiences wherever they go. On this occasion people came 15 to 20 miles, and in Mr. Cornwell's case, 45 miles to greet Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter, who brought joy and comfort to him four years ago when his daughter passed to spirit life. Arrangements are in progress to have other good speakers and test mediums visit Jackson and carry on the good work. The outlook is encouraging.

We have had practical demonstrations of the value of messages and descriptions along with lectures on the public platform. Seven months ago Mr. Harrison D. Barrett and Mr. B. F. Austin spoke two nights in the Unitarian church, the largest audience being 70. Mr. Barrett spoke against platform messages. There was no enthusiasm. At this time, with good test mediums, the hall was filled to overflowing by large and appreciative audiences.

Jackson, Mich. A. W.

"Woman, Church and State." A historical account of the status of woman through the Christian ages; with reminiscences of the Matriarchate. By Matilda Joslyn Gage. An important work for all women, students of history, etc. Paper, 75 cents. Cloth, gilt, $1.50. For sale at this office.

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Dr. X. La Motte Sage, a Noted Scientist, Donates $10,000 To Be Used for the Publication and Free Distribution of a Valuable Work on Personal Magnetism and Hypnotic Influence.

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Any One May Get a Book Absolutely Free So Long as the Edition Lasts and Master the Hidden Mysteries of This Marvelous Power at His Own Home—Many Jealously-Guarded Secrets Made Public.

Carnegie is giving away his fortune for libraries. Dr. X. La Motte Sage proposes to put the most useful book in all libraries free of charge right into the homes of the people. For this purpose he has just donated $10,000, and a big publishing house is busy day and night turning out the books for free distribution. The book Dr. Sage wishes to distribute free of charge is entitled "The Philosophy of Personal Influence." It is heartily indorsed by the ablest business men, ministers, doctors and lawyers of two continents. It is beautifully illustrated with the finest half-tone engravings, and every page is brimful of intensely interesting and practical information. It is a book which should be in every home. It is by far the most remarkable work of the kind that has ever been written, and it has truly created a sensation in the book world.

It tells you how a wonderful woman in England got millions of dollars simply by the exercise of her marvelous hypnotic powers over the lords and millionaires of her country. It explains numerous instances in which people have been secretly and instantaneously controlled by hypnotic influence. It teaches you how to protect yourselves from the use of hypnotic power over you. It tells you how to develop and use your magnetic power so as to wield a wonderful influence over those with whom you come in contact.

Men like Vanderbilt, Morgan, Rockefeller and other millionaires have studied the very methods explained in this book and have used them in their business to pile up millions. This book lays bare secrets in the lives of rich men of which you have never dreamed. It reveals all the hidden mysteries of personal magnetism, hypnotism, magnetic healing, etc., and discloses the real source of power and influence in every walk of life. It contains secret information of inestimable value to every person who wants to succeed in life. Many of the most prominent public men in this country have obtained this book and read every line, and they are daily using its teachings to their own profit and gain.

It explains to you the power by which you may cure yourself and others of all diseases and bad habits without the aid of drugs or medicines. It tells of a secret, instantaneous method by which you may produce a state of insensibility to pain in any part of the body, so that the teeth may be extracted and surgical operations performed without the use of cocaine, ether or anaesthetics of any kind. It gives you the power to induce sleep in yourself or others at any time of the day or night you may desire. It enables you to develop your mental faculties, improve your memory, eradicate disagreeable tempers and habits in children, and to develop within yourself a marvelous magnetic will power so strong and so subtle as to make you practically irresistible. It will give you a force of character of which you have little dreamed, and will truly make you a leader of men. No matter how strong this description may seem, it is not one-half as strong as the marvelous power explained in this wonderful work.

If you have not achieved the success to which your abilities and talents justly entitle you, if you would like to secure a good paying position, obtain an increase in salary, if you care to rise higher in your accepted business or calling, if you desire to wield a greater influence over others, if you care to win the love or friendship of some one you know, or if you long for fame or renown, you should write for a copy of this remarkable book at once.

The following extracts from a few of the letters received from some of the people who have read the book give an idea of its unusual character and great value:

Mrs. Mary Milner, 312 D street, Pueblo, Colo., in a recent letter says: "I was so sick and worried I could not eat or sleep. I wrote you for your free book. I used the methods on myself with wonderful success. To-day I am perfectly well. I would not part with the information you gave me for any money."

Mr. T. L. Lindenstruth, 30 East South Street, Wilkesbarre, Pa., says: "Your work on personal magnetism is a fortune to any one starting in life. It is absolutely sure to bring success."

A. J. McGinnis, 60 Ohio street, Allegheny, Pa., says: "When I wrote for your book I was laboring by the day. Now I am managing a business. This is certainly the best proof that could be offered of its great value. I advise every man who wishes to succeed in life to get a copy at once."

G. S. Lincoln, M. D., 101 Crutchfield street, Dallas, Texas, writes: "Your methods of personal influence are marvelous. I have used them on my patients with wonderful results. They cure diseases when medicine and everything else fail."

S. R. Kink, M. D., Gilam, Ind., writes: "You have sent me the most remarkable book I have truly ever read. By the methods explained in your work headache, backache, rheumatism and other diseases of long standing disappear like magic. Your instruction in personal magnetism is simply grand. It gives one a power and an influence over others which I did not dream it was possible for the average man to acquire. Your book is worth more than gold to any one starting in life. Its value cannot be estimated. My only regret is that it was not in my hands when I was a young man."

The New York Institute of Science has undertaken the free distribution of the book referred to. Big roller presses are running day and night to supply the demand until the $10,000 worth of books are distributed free. On account of the great expense incurred in preparing and printing this book only those are requested to write for free copies who are especially interested and really and truly desire to achieve greater success, obtain more happiness, or in some way better their condition in life. Please do not write through mere curiosity, as the free edition is limited. If you want a book, write to-day, as the copies are going very fast. Never before in the history of the publishing business has there been such a great demand for any book as to-day exists for "The Philosophy of Personal Influence."

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BULLETIN

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This department is under the management of

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

NOTE.—The Questions and Answers have called forth such a host of respondents, that to give all equal hearing compels the answers to be made in the most condensed form, and often clearness is perhaps sacrificed to this forced brevity. Proofs have to be omitted, and the style becomes thereby assertive, which of all things is to be deprecated. Correspondents often weary with waiting for the appearance of their questions and write letters of inquiry. The supply of matter is always several weeks ahead of the space given, and hence there is unavoidable delay. Every one has to wait his time and place, and all are treated with equal favor.

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

ASPHODEL BLOOMS.

I am now able to inform the subscribers to this long-delayed book of poems, that it will be ready by December 25. It will be beautifully bound, with six full-page, half-tone illustrations, and an elegant gift book for the holidays. The price is $1 postpaid; 75 cents to subscribers. The original announcement, that to subscribers it would be sent, with Mediumship and Its Laws, for $1 postpaid, holds good for all orders sent before December 1. I wish further to thank the numerous friends whose aid so generously given, has enabled me to publish the several works by the subscription plan, and yet more grateful am I for the fraternal words of cheer they have so freely given. It is impossible for me to write a personal response to all, but I assure them that it is not for want of desire to do so.

J. R. Powers: Q. What is the condition of Czolgosz?

A. When the question came, What as to the condition of President McKinley? this one immediately suggested itself, but was put aside until many correspondents repeated it. I asked a spirit friend if he could find that individual and by any means bring him in communication. Several days passed before I received a reply, which was that the messenger had succeeded in his errand so far as finding the one sought, but had not attempted to bring him to me. "What use?" was the reply. "What use? I found him with a large coucourse of those kindred in thought. All those who have sacrificed themselves as he believes he has for the cause of liberty; mistaken, blinded, ignorant or inflamed by passions while on earth, they have not changed. They praise each other for the bloody deeds which sent them from earth; they boast of their crimes, and are a central station sending out and receiving messages from those like them on earth life. Really I have not power to go closely into their sphere, yet I approached the one you asked for. I knew him because of the attention paid him by the others, who were inflamed by the influences he brought from earth life, reviving their hatred, regrets and desires. I accosted him and starting up as one awakening from a dream, he said proudly:

"'Yes, I did it. I never denied it. I struck the tyrant down. They could not wring regret or a tear from me, not if they had torn me to tatters. They could not make me betray my comrades; my brothers and sisters. No! no! And then they would rob me of publicity. I wanted the deed told to the world—not for me—not for me—but for a lesson to others. The government is corrupt—d—n the government! All governments are corrupt—all governments! Rulers are the governments—all are tyrants. Kill them all—keep at it till no one dares to rule; then the people will be let alone. Anarchy is full liberty. The anarchist, true, is not afraid of destroying any and all rulers and governments. Some of them denied me out of fear; they said I was a common murderer—at heart they all honor me. Not one but would cry bravo, if they dared. Anarchy means destruction of all rulers, all governments, good as well as bad, for the better a government, the worse and more need of being dynamited. The people will bear with a good government—they will not with a bad.

"'It makes me sick to hear of anarchists turning milk-sops and crying out that they believe in peace and law, when our great teachers do not believe in law. Does Emma Goldman teach obedience to law, either of God or man? Every crime comes from cursed laws. Blast the laws and those who made them. I am free now—can speak my mind, nor are the anarchists who are now howling about me as a murderer doing wrong. They are lying because it is best to lie. A lie is better than the truth if it does what the truth won't. A lie may save them and give them a chance to strike home. The governments if they want to exist, must not let an anarchist live. It is deaths or death; anyone can live.

"'Repent! Yes, that I had not a thousand lives to give every one in like manner. Oh, they would rob me of publicity, and their cursed attempt to do so made my deed a thousand times more public. Others will come. My example will not be left unfollowed. Others will come as fearless of consequences as I. There are not only a few, there are thousands to come, and when one of these receives the ballot to do and dare, he will go to his work as the bullet from the gun. He will go. God? Well he did not prevent me in my purpose. If there be a God, I was a chosen instrument for his will. If there be a God, what he wanted done was done, and see! I came to my own—I am to my reward.' He laughed bitterly—jeeringly.

"'They destroyed my body, for they would obliterate me. They did not touch me! I am in the minds of all men. A thousand mothers will rear children from that hour like me,' contains a terrific prophecy and little-observed truth. At the time of the execution it was exploited in all the newspapers in horrible details, and the thought atmosphere of the world pulsated to the dreadful savagery of legal murder. Many a prospective mother was in the sensitive condition to receive for her unborn child the thought vibrations, and have its nature changed by the psychic food thus supplied. There will be a generation of anarchists, men and women who despise legal restraint, and order; impulsive; ready to rebel, and take things in their own hands. Let it be known that individual or nation cannot be cruel, cannot for a moment yield love for hate, without receiving cruelty, and tenfold hatred—and yet more, that to kill the criminal does not remove him, or prevent him carrying out his desires. Could you come into the sphere of this society of anarchists, you would have this burned into your soul. They are watchful for obedient subjects. They organize strong men who by inflamed speech awaken the most desperate purposes. With this influence some weaker member is hypnotized and sent on his dreadful errand, not knowing, nor caring for the consequences.

"Yet more than this direct method, this Jesuit power—all things to all men—the cause justifying the means—works through impressible writers and editors, to degrade public officers, obstruct the government, and awaken by every means in its power disaffection and resistance. It inflames the working classes against capital, it influences capital to rob labor, for the purpose of holding it up to execration. It is the most dangerous foe to the welfare of this country which has ever confronted it."

Subscriber: Q. Who was Pascal Beverly Randolph?

A. He was one of the most erratic and wonderful of that group which may be designated as Cagliastros of mankind. Although scarcely fifty years of age when he yielded to the depression of adversity, and feeling that the world had no place for him, cut the cord which bound him to it, he had traveled over nearly the whole globe, studied the mystic lore of the East, and written a small library of books. He was born in New York City in 1825, and passed away in 1875. His strange temperament, his erratic flights, his intensity is accounted for by heredity. His mother was a native of Vermont, but mingled French, Indian, English, German and Madagascar blood, which was revealed in his physiognomy. He began life an orphan, begged bread from door to door; was a newsboy and sailor, had little schooling, was self-taught. This composite origin, and want of training accounts for his erratic character, and the wildness of the fancies in which he indulged.

His voluminous writings entertain the lovers of the occult, the weird and fanciful, but cannot be relied on for accuracy, or scientific demonstration. He had a rare eloquence as a speaker and elegance as a writer, qualifications which made him the more dangerous as a teacher of the many questionable doctrines he put forth.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

Were life but a broad smooth river
With even and measured flow,
Or a sea with tides unchanging,
That peacefully come and go
Like the swell of a sleeper's bosom
Steady and calm and slow;

Were the winds but fragrant breezes
Wafting us on our way,
Were the skies but seas of splendor
That never grow dim or gray,
We might never win the glory
Of holding a storm at bay.

Did never a tide of passion
Come with its mighty roll,
Stirring up from their caverns
The depths of a human soul,
We might never know the triumph
Of a conquering self-control.

Did we never sit in the darkness,
Straining our aching sight,
Striving to pierce the shadows
Of a dim and sorrowful night,
We might never feel the rapture
That comes with the morning light.

Sad is the mournful midnight,
In its silence black and deep,
When tears wet the sorrowful eyelids
Instead of the dews of sleep,
And the strokes of feverish pulses
Their maddening measures keep.

But out of the rayless midnight,
The day springs forth again;
A calm succeeds the tempest,
The sunshine follows rain.
Joy is the cloud of sorrow,
And pleasure is born of pain.

—Old Magazine.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is with pleasure we announce that now our Fall and Winter Campaign is upon us, and the greatest feast of reason of the age is certain for our readers in the great Spiritual and Agnostic debate between "Our Moses" and W. F. Jamieson. If you can't spare a dollar, send in 25 cents for thirteen weeks. You will want something interesting to read during the long winter evenings. Subscribe now.

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THE BALLAD OF JUDAS ISCARIOT.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay in the Field of Blood;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Beside the body stood.
Black was the earth by night,
And black was the sky;
Black, black were the broken clouds,
Though the red moon went by.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Strangled and dead lay there;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Looked on it in despair.
The breath of the World came and went
Like a sick man's in rest;
Drop by drop on the World's eyes
The dews fell cool and blest.
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did make a gentle moan:
"I will bury underneath the ground
My flesh and blood and bone.
I will bury deep beneath the soil,
Lest mortals look thereon,
And when the wolf and raven come
The body will be gone!
The stones of the field are sharp as steel,
And hard and cold, God wot;
And I must bear my body hence
Until I find a spot."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
So grim and gaunt and gray,
Raised the body of Judas Iscariot
And carried it away.
And as he bare it from the field
Its touch was cold as ice,
And the ivory teeth within the jaw
Rattled aloud like dice.
As the soul of Judas Iscariot
Carried its load of pain,
The Eye of Heaven, like like a lanthorn's eye,
Opened and shut again.
Half he walked, and half he seemed
Lifted on the cold wind;
He did not turn, for chilly hands
Were pushing from behind.

The first place that he came unto
It was the open wold,
And underneath were prickly whins,
And a wind that blew so cold.
The next place that he came unto
It was a stagnant pool,
And when he threw the body in
It floated light as wool.
He drew the body on his back,
And it was dripping chill,
And the next place he came unto
Was a Cross upon a hill—
A Cross upon the windy hill,
And a cross on either side;
Three skeletons that swung thereon
Who had been crucified,
And on the middle cross-bar sat
A white Dove slumbering;
Dim it sat in the dim light,
With its head beneath its wing.
And underneath the middle Cross
A grave yawned wide and vast,
But the soul of Judas Iscariot
Shivered and glided past.
The fourth place that he came unto
It was the Brig of Dread,
And the great torrents rushing down
Were deep and swift and red.
He dared not fling the body in
For fear of faces dim,
And arms were waved in the wild water
To thrust it back to him.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Turned from the Brig of Dread,
And the dreadful foam of the wild water
Had splashed the body red.
For days and nights he wandered on
Upon an open plain.
And the days went by like blinding mist,
And the night like rushing rain.
For days and nights he wandered on
All through the Wood of Woe.
And the nights went by like moaning wind,
And the days like drifting snow.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Came with a weary face—
Alone, alone, and all alone,
Alone in a lonely place.
He wandered east, he wandered west,
And heard no human sound;
For months and years, in grief and tears,
He wandered round and round;
For months and years, in grief and tears,
He walked the silent night,
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Perceived a far-off light—
A far-off light across the waste
As dim as dim might be,
That came and went like the lighthouse gleam
On a black night at sea.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Crawled to the distant gleam,
And the rain came down, and the rain was blown
Against him with a scream.
For days and nights he wandered on,
Pushed on by hands behind,
And the days went by like black, black rain,
And the nights like rushing wind.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night
Before a lighted hall:
And the wold was white with snow,
And his footmarks black and damp,
And the ghost of the silvern moon arose
Holding her yellow lamp;
And the icicles were on the eaves,
And the walls were deep with white,
And the shadows of the guests within
Passed on the window light.
The shadows of the wedding guests
Did strangely come and go,
And the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretched along the snow;

The body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretched along the snow.
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Ran swiftly to and fro;
To and fro, and up and down,
He ran so swiftly there,
As round and round the frozen pole
Glideth the lean white bear.

'Twas the Bridegroom sat at the table-head,
And the lights burnt bright and clear:
"Oh, who is that," the Bridegroom said,
Whose weary feet I hear?"
'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
And answered soft and low:
"It is a wolf runs up and down,
With a black track in the snow."
The Bridegroom in his robe of white
Sat at the table-head:
"Oh, who is that who moans without?"
The blessed Bridegroom said.
'Twas one who looked from the lighted hall,
And answered fierce and low:
"'Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Gliding to and fro."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did hush itself and stand,
And saw the Bridegroom at the door
With a light in his hand.
The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he was clad in white.
And far within the Lord's Supper
Was spread so broad and bright.
The Bridegroom shaded his eyes and looked,
And his face was bright to see:
"What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper,
With thy body's sins?" said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stood black, and sad, and bare:
"I have wandered many nights and days;
There is no light elsewhere."
'Twas the wedding guests cried out within,
And their eyes were fierce and bright:
"Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
Away into the night!"
The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he waved hands still and slow,
And the third time that he waved his hands
The air was thick with snow;
And of every flake of falling snow,
Before it touched the ground,
There came a dove, and a thousand doves
Made sweet sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bare it off
Were like its winding-sheet.
'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door,
And beckoned, smiling sweet;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in, and fell at his feet.

"The Holy Supper is spread within,
And the many candles shine,
And I have waited long for thee
Before I poured the wine!"
The supper-wine is poured at last,
The lights burn bright and fair,
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet,
And dries them with his hair.

—Robert Buchanan.

Asphodel Blooms and Other Offerings.

The many friends of Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle will be pleased to learn that a new volume of her poems has been compiled and published, under the title of Asphodel Blooms and Other Offerings.

It is in the nature of Spiritualism to be poetic; all the great poets that have graced the literature of the world, no matter what their country, race or religion, have been Spiritualistic, and in some cases avowed believers in Spiritualism.

Mrs. Tuttle's poems are imbued with the aroma of Spiritualism, even when not ostensibly devoted to that purpose.

Readers of the Spiritual press, who have become familiar with her contributions, will recognize in this volume many of her finest poetic effusions, which they will be glad to possess in this tasty and convenient form for preservation and reference.

A notable and excellent quality of Mrs. Tuttle's poems, in addition to their spiritual tone, is their fine spirit of humanitarianism, which is wholly commendable as well from an esthetic, spiritual and ethical point of view. This is not the least among the excellent features that commend the author's effusions to the high regard of Spiritualists. Her kindly humanitarian spirit does not confine its scope to the human race, but extends in rich fullness to those who cannot speak for themselves except in mute appeals and the pathetic expression of sweet, sad, pleading eyes, asking for man's kindly treatment and protection. In this respect, there are lessons in prose and verse, in this book, which will make mankind the better for learning, tending to cultivate a high and noble sentiment responsive to all humaner instincts and promptings. Mrs. Tuttle's rhymes and brief, expressive essays in this direction are worthy of all praise, and she may congratulate herself on ethically good work well done, in a field where such work is sadly needed.

The temptation is strong to select samples from Mrs. Tuttle's repertoire of verse, but we prefer that readers shall enjoy the pleasure of making their own choice.

Information concerning style and price may be found by referring to the department of Questions and Answers in this paper. U.

In the World Celestial.

"In the World Celestial," by Dr. T. A. Bland, is a most valuable contribution to the literature of Spiritualism. It reads like a beautiful romance, and skeptics will so regard it, but the author says that it is a true record of the actual and most wonderful experiences of a well-known literary man for whose veracity he personally vouches. Accepting it as true, it verifies the proverb, "truth is stranger than fiction," and the love romances of earth are tame as compared to those enjoyed in the celestial world.

The heroine of the book, Pearl, passes from earth while yet a girl, leaving her sweetheart, Paul, to mourn her as dead. Many years pass. Paul becomes a scientist and literary man, and he is an agnostic. He is then induced to investigate spirit phenomena. Pearl appears to him. He sees her and talks with her. His skepticism gives way, and his psychic powers unfold. Pearl now has him entranced by spirit scientists, and leaving his physical body he visits her in the celestial world, returning after ten days with perfect memory of all that he saw and heard in that realm of the immortals. With Pearl as his guide he visits great cities, attends grand receptions and listens to lectures, sermons and speeches by famous men of the past. After an extended tour through the heavens they visit and inspect the hells, or purgatories. His descriptions of heaven are transcendently beautiful, and those of the hells are realistic and thrilling to the last degree.

With Pearl still as his guide, he spends the tenth day in a visit to earth, as a spirit. He attends two seances, witnessing trance control and also materialization from the spirit view-point. This is very interesting.

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Dr. Thomas further says: "It is not unreasonable to believe, and not unscriptural to say, that those in spirit life minister to those yet in the body. There should in thought and feeling be no great separation, no impenetrable wall, between the living and the dead, or those who have passed through death to the life beyond. The venerable and learned Dr. Nash, of the Methodist church, told me twenty-five years ago that the time was not distant when it would be no more strange for people to say they had met persons from the other world, than that they had seen some one return from a journey to Europe and Asia."

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SPIRIT LIFE, NOW.

There Is Work to Do In Heaven and On Earth.

Dear Brothers and Sisters in Earth Life:—So many of you have written to my medium, asking that I should write to you again through the columns of the ever Progressive Thinker, that with the kind consent of its genial editor, I will do so, for there is much thought in my mind that I would like to pass on for your kindly consideration.

We are here in this life, both material and spiritual, to help one another, and I wish to do my share of the work. This is all the same world, and there are two firmaments. One is called heaven, and the other earth. There is material matter and spiritual matter. The spiritual develops out of the material, and is in fact refined matter. The spirit properly developed in earth life, at transition ascends to heaven, where none can enter but those who are worthy. But God's judgment is not like mankind's, there is mercy in it for all.

"How sad it would be, if when thou didst call,
All hopeless and unforgiven,
The angel that stands at the beautiful gate,
Should answer, no room in heaven."

There is room in heaven for all, but many are earth-bound spirits. Their name is legion, and when we say the children of earth, we mean all classes of earth spirits, visible and invisible to the material eyes. In heaven we find a counterpart of earth-life on a spiritual plane, where Good reigns supreme. God is good and good is God; all good is God, and God is represented in many exalted personages, whose aid you can obtain by asking for it. "Seek, and ye shall find." It is beautiful to be at home with God. Let every one of my brothers and sisters travel in that direction and aid their fellow travelers all they can. Help others, is the magic key that opens the door of heaven. Help your fellow-mortals both materially and spiritually, and above all, help your earth-bound spirit brothers and sisters to discard their love for evil, and ascend to heaven, where no evil can enter. No drunkard in the flesh or in the spirit can enter the kingdom of heaven. No murderer, no thief and no liar; all these and kindred evils will have been overcome and outgrown by the spirit who can ascend and enter heaven.

But there is a second death—the annihilation of the sin-stricken, diseased spirit, who cannot be healed. But many can be saved by the united effort of spirits from heaven, and mortals in earth life, and that is the work in which we are engaged.

We would advise our brother and sis- Spiritualists to stop being guided by messages from earth-bound spirits, in the flesh or out of it, for their spiritual development, but seek the highest good, in soul aspirations for the truth, and in the silence by the mighty power of good thou shalt be saved.

We labor for the universal brotherhood of mankind, tugging at the weed of selfishness, hoping to pull it out roots and all, and casting it aside, to die a natural death for the want of nourishment. Earth is a large garden, in which are many weeds. All humanity are the gardeners, and each one should be an industrious worker, pulling out the weeds and cultivating the good plants so that you may have a beautiful garden in which to live and grow.

Intemperance not only in drinking intoxicating liquors, but in gluttonous eating, in dress, and house decorations also, is among the greatest evils humanity has to contend with. I would work now, not for total abstinence, but for temperance in all things. I have recently made the acquaintance of a spirit, loving, refined, cultivated, named Martha Abbott (she requested me to give her name), who was earth-bound, because of her ardent love for her husband, who is in the material form. Hers, as she now realizes it, was a selfish love, and it retarded both her own and her husband's spiritual advancement. Possessing all other requisites, there was only one thing that prevented her from ascending to heaven, and that was her strong attachment to her husband and his environments, and although repeatedly urged by loving kindred to go with them, her unfailing answer was, "No, I do not care to go until Henry can go with me." But I am happy to say that now her vision is enlarged. She has received the quickening of the spirit that she lacked, and her soul is in a glow with ardent desires to be in the work, and already she has been instrumental in releasing many earth-bound spirits and guided them home to heaven. And I have reason to believe that her husband realizes her advancement, and his spirit is uplifted by it, and I hope, if he reads this message, that he will acknowledge it, and thereby render good assitance to a noble cause.

To the sister in Paris, France, who so kindly said she wished I would write again through these columns, as she found my words helpful, I will say that she has attracted a band of spirit workers to her who will aid her in freeing those who are near and dear to her, from the influence of mischief-loving, earth-bound spirits, who are not intentionally wicked or malicious, but they love to have a jolly time, and are attracted to the young whom they inspire to act as they would not if it were not for the unseen influences around them.

We hope to be able to change these conditions and render your position more pleasant and much happier.

To the dear sister at Jerseyville, Ill., Maria F——, and Sister A. L. H., of Henryville, Ind., Brother Dorman, of Caldwell, Idaho, and many others, you see I bear you all in mind, and that to bless, for every good thought we have for each other is a blessing and aids us on our journey of life. No one ever gets so high that they do not need the blessing of good thoughts. So dear brothers and sisters in earth life and everywhere, help me by sending me good thoughts, and I will do the same by you.

Now I wish to organize a Frances E. Willard circle, and all you who wish to join it please send your names and addresses to our medium and we will correspond further about it, but I warn you in the beginning that if you join my circle I have work for you to do, and plenty of it, but it will mostly be of a mental order and will not interfere with your material duties in the least. Now, with much love, I am,

Your sister,
FRANCES E. WILLARD.
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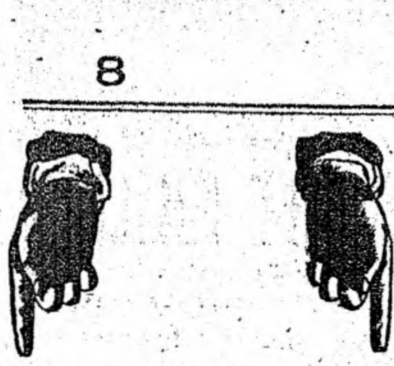
"Three Jubilee Lectures." By J. M. Peebles, M. D. Doctor Peebles is a trenchant and instructive writer and lecturer, and these three addresses on the occasion of and pertinent to the Jubilee of Modern Spiritualism, are well worthy of being preserved in this tasty form, in print. Price, 35 cents. For sale at this office.

"Longley's Beautiful Songs." Fourteen beautiful, soul-inspiring songs, with Music, by C. Payson Longley. Price by mail, 15 cents. For sale at this office.

"A Few Words About the Devil, and Other Essays." By Charles Bradlaugh. Paper, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

"Lisbeth. A Story of Two Worlds." By Carrie E. S. Twing. Richly imbued with the philosophy of Spiritualism. Price $1. For sale at this office.



DR. C. E. WATKINS,

The Noted Chronist,

Will on October 15, open his new Boston office, at 1087 Boylston street, where he will be pleased to meet all who may call between the hours of 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. The wonderful work in healing the sick that Dr. Watkins is accomplishing is indeed most astounding; his patients live to testify to his wonderful powers as a healer. For the last year his work has been most wonderful. He says himself that his cures this year have been more than ever before in numbers, as he confined himself to only 30 new patients a month. Dr. Watkins attends personally to each case, and therefore he can do better work than if he had a great many assistants; no staff of visible helpers are in his office to annoy and suggest this and that. He knows what is the trouble with each patient, and knows the right specific to give. He prepares and puts up all of his medicine, and has no help in his medical treatments that is visible help. Write him to-day, and by return mail you will receive the diagnose. No charge made for diagnosing your case. Send age, sex and leading sympton. C. E. BATH, M'gr.

? ARE YOU SICK ?

—IF SO—

Does Your Doctor Understand Your Case?

Are You Getting Better?

If you are not getting better write today to Dr. C. E. WATKINS, Boston, Mass., and write him just your condition financially, and he will make his price for treatment within your reach. He is treating a great many cases free; others he charges a light fee.

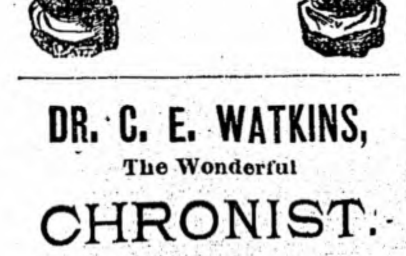
He makes no charge whatever for Diagnosis.

If You Are Sick

Why not write him today, and no matter who has failed to help you, to consult him COSTS NOTHING.

Try DR. WATKINS.

Let him diagnose your case, and then it will help you to decide who knows best what is the matter with you. Send all letters to 1087 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.



DR. C. E. WATKINS,

The Wonderful

CHRONIST.

John King, M. D., the great writer and authority on Chronic Disease, says that a chronist is one who cures chronic disease. This being the case, then Dr. Watkins is certainly a chronist, because he CURES chronic disease. Does not doctor, mend or patch up, but cures. Do you desire to be cured? Let us reason together. You have been suffering for years trying this "doctor" and that "physician," and in spite of strong, drastic drugs given to you in toxic doses, you still live. Well this fact should teach you that nature is stronger than disease. This being the case, now don't you think if some one who has been a closer student of nature than you have, should teach you what nature wants you to do to get well, that it would help you to recover your health. And then again, if you should place yourself in the hands of a chronist who uses only nature's remedies and laws to cure disease, don't you think you would have a better chance to get well? Let us see what Dr. Watkins says about nature being the real physician. Let us see what a Chronist who cures chronic disease says. Remember, kind friend, these words are the words of a regular graduate of medicine, but who was never guilty of trying to make nature obey the medical books and the opinions of medical men, but are the words of one who is now only a Student of Nature.

In reality, we can cure nothing; we can only remove the offending cause while nature performs a cure, and, therefore, lay it down as a fundamental maxim in medicine, that all the physician can do is to act as a servant or handmaid to nature.

The author of the "Medical Sketches," remarks in relation to this subject: "The ancients not only observed the effects of that instinct by which brutes are directed to certain plants for relief when they are unwell, and then applied them to the complaints of men, but they also attended with diligence to the manner in which nature, when left entirely to herself, relieved or threw off diseases. They perceived that certain disorders were carried of by spontaneous vomitings, others by looseness, and others by augmented perspiration; and having thus learned how diseases were cured by nature, whenever her powers seemed too weak and tardy, then and then only, they ventured to assist her by art.

"Here it is worthy of observation that although that sensation or instinct by which some animals are prompted to select particular vegetables for the removal of disorders, is not given in so strong or particular a degree to man, yet nature often directs him also, though in a more general way, to the best method of relieving his complaints. In fevers, the patient generally has a desire for cooling, light acescent drinks, and dislikes those which are of a heavier and more heating nature; he covets juicy, ripe fruit of various kinds, and nauseates animal food; a free stream of air, and a spacious, cool bed-chamber are equally salutary and agreeable to him, while confined air and a small, heated room are pernicious and oppressive. In those instances, what the sick person shows an aversion to, has a tendency to promote the disease; and what he relishes, has an effect in abating its violence.

"Other instances of the same kind might be enumerated; I will confine myself to one which I have frequently had occasion to observe:

"Toward the end of very bad putrid fevers, when the patient, exhausted by the violence and length of the disease, lay constantly on his back, had continual startings in the tendons of the wrists; his lips and teeth being covered with a black crust; his tongue trembling, and with difficulty held out; the pulse weak and quick; in this deplorable condition, when the patient seemed insensible to everything else, he rejected, with every mark of aversion that was in his power, medicines of every kind; but upon his lips and tongue being moistened with wine, he sucked it in greedily, and was soon cured." This doctrine is further exemplified by the writings of Dr. Hillary, who states in his secret of curing diseases, by adopting a better system, that, "by accurately observing all the motions, endeavors, and indications of nature to carry off and cure disease—and by observing by what critical evacuations she does at last cast off the morbid matter which caused them, and so restores health—we may, by the same method of reasoning, know both the methods and the means we should use to assist nature in producing those salutary effects. If we avoid all hypothetical reasoning, and by thus observing, following, and assisting nature, agreeably to her indications, our practice will always be more satisfactory and successful.

"The human body is so wisely and wonderfully formed, that whenever any noxious matter is got into it that would be injurious or destructive, we may observe that it always so irritates, stimulates, and offends nature, that she always exerts her power, or the vis vitae, to throw it off. And she acts with great regularity, order and uniformity in her endeavors to expel the offending matter out the body; and by carrying of the disease, restores health and preserves life.

"And thus, by observing, investigating, and truly knowing the diseases and their causes, and justly reasoning therefrom, we shall know when to assist nature according to her indications; and in this is contained the chief part of medical knowledge, and the true scientific part of medical art. And when we shall thus have learned nature, by observing her laws and indications, we may reasonably hope to render the theory and practice of physic beneficial to mankind." Try our method. Send age, sex and leading symptom. DR. C. E. WATKINS.
1087 Boylston street, Boston, Mass.

LAKE HELEN CAMP.

Third and Fourth Excursions to Florida.

The boom at Lake Helen has begun. A number of people have already arrived at this genial winter home. One-half of the first floor of the Apartment House has been engaged.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. J. D. Palmer, is busy answering many letters of inquiry about the coming meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer have arrived at Lake Helen, and all letters to the corresponding secretary should be addressed there.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Morse have opened the hotel dining-rooms and are catering for the arriving guests.

Mrs. Mary Northup resumes again the management of the rest of the hotel. The Morse and Northup combination assures a good home for the guests.

Mrs. Thompson has settled down for the winter in the Budington cottage, and expects her friend from Cincinnati, Mrs. Eva Glenn Keck, to join her early in December.

The Lly Dale party have arrived, including beside those above mentioned, Mrs. Sage and Mrs. Coburn.

A. A. Butler, of Ohio, with a party, will go to Lake Helen early in December.

There is much inquiry to know if Mrs. J. Clegg Wright will accompany her husband to Lake Helen this winter. The campers will be delighted to give them a hearty welcome and a housewarming when they are settled in his unique cottage.

Mrs. Dr. Brigham, of Fitchburg, will go by rail early in December.

H. M. Clark has gone and will assist Mrs. Brigham in renting rooms in Brigham Hall.

President Bond and wife expect to go to Lake Helen the first week in December.

C. D. Mathewson, of Vermont, and C. Hagen, of New York, sailed for Lake Helen, November 29.

The speakers engaged for the season thus far are J. Clegg Wright, Carrie E. S. Twing and W. F. Peck. Nellie C. Mosier is engaged as platform test medium. Other speakers and mediums may be announced later. The meeting begins February 2 and closes March 16.

Mrs. Twing has recovered from her late illness and is filling her engagements.

Those coming to camp should notify A. M. Spencer, Lake Helen, Fla., and he will meet them at the station, to convey them and baggage to the camp.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. White have opened their cottage. Mr. White's health is about the same as it was last spring.

Mrs. Still, of Boston, is stopping with Mrs. Philbrook.

Mrs. Hall is in the Apartment House.

Mrs. Francis' new home is very cozy.

Several hotel guests have arrived.

There was a white frost, Nov. 16, but no serious damage resulted.

The orange crop is beginning to move.

Mrs. Myers was lately called to Tennessee by the illness and transtion of her brother-in-law, Mr. Bosworth, who was a resident of the camp three years ago.

Mrs. Stevens and niece are dwelling in the Stevens cottage.

The addition to the Webster Hotel will not be ready for guests this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Bedell have returned, bringing a niece.

Dr. O. B. Webster's child has recovered from her late illness.

Those who go by rail from the Middle West, should write for discount rates to W. C. Rinearson, Gen. Pass. Agent Queen & Crescent Route, Cincinnati, O.

Buy all your tickets via Florida East Coast R. R. from Jacksonville. This route takes you through St. Augustine, Ormund, Daytona and New Smyrna, and allows stop-overs at all these places without extra fare.

Those stopping at Jacksonville, will find good 50-cent lodgings at the Acme Hotel at 307 West Bay street.

My third and fourth excursions by water to any place in Florida, will leave New York, December 18 and December 27. Write me for particulars, enclosing 4 cents in stamps for postage on folders, etc.
H. A. BUDINGTON.
91 Sherman street, Springfield, Mass.

"Who are These Spiritualists and What is Spiritualism?" A pamphlet of 40 pages by Dr. J. M. Peebles, the well-known author. Price 15 cents. For sale at this office.

Good News for the Afflicted.

CONSULTATION AND ADVICE ABSOLUTELY FREE.

The Renowned Dr. Peebles with His Able Staff of Assistants Has Originated a System of Psychic, Hygienic, and Medical Treatments That is Curing Thousands That Were Called Incurable.

DR. J. M. PEEBLES.

DR. PEEBLES, the Grand Old Man of Battle Creek, Michigan, so well known throughout the world as an authority on Psychic Phenomena and the application of the Psychic Science in Curing Diseases, has, with a corps of able assistants, so perfected a system of curing chronic and so-called "incurable" cases that almost every disease known to man yields promptly and permanently when placed in their hands. **Do not despair if other physicians and other methods have failed in your case, for they have on file thousands of letters from patients telling of their wonderful recovery** under their care after years of unsuccessful treatment from the best physicians of the world. Geo. H. Weeks, of Cleveland, O., sends heartfelt thanks for restoration to health after suffering from nervous prostration and insomnia for years; he says he now enjoys excellent health and restful sleep every night. Mrs. J. A. Rust, of Itasca, Minn., cured of uric acid poisoning in two months' treatment, writes: "I am better than in years, and each day brings new health and strength. I will refer all ailing ones to you." Mary A. Earl, Crawford, Mich., suffering from pronounced female difficulties and kidney disease, says: "I took your treatment three months and it has been a success in my case. I am indeed grateful to you for my recovery." C. E. Davis, Woodman, N. H., who suffered all the miseries of a dyspeptic, writes that as the result of Dr. Peebles' treatment, he had not missed a meal since last March. D. W. Bridgman, of Del Norte, Colo., writing Sept. 30, after a three months' course: "When I began treatment with Dr. Peebles' Institute of Health I was a cripple, unable to walk but little with a cane. Now I am able to walk with ease. Some days ten or fifteen miles. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude as I had tried everything I could hear of and got no relief."

If you are in poor health, no matter how long you have suffered or what your complaint is just write the Doctors a plain truthful letter about your condition and they will confidentially consider the same and send you FREE OF CHARGE a full diagnosis of your case, together with valuable literature, explaining fully this grand science and their wonderful methods of treatment which gives hope to all the afflicted. **Special advice in your case which in itself would be worth more to you than countless sums of money**, for health is above all price. DISTANCE NO BARRIER. It matters not how far you may live from them their methods will restore you, for it is an **ideal home treatment that can be successfully taken in your own home without detention from your daily duties or the knowledge of anyone.** The founder of this Institute spent over fifty years in study and investigation in perfecting this method, and it is, without doubt, the most wonderful and effective form of treatment ever discovered by man. IT IS A COMBINING OF THE MENTAL WITH THE PHYSICAL, THE PSYCHIC WITH THE MEDICAL AND HYGIENIC. A SYSTEM OFTEN ATTEMPTED IN THE PAST BUT NEVER BEFORE PERFECTED. ABSOLUTELY THE BEST THAT SCIENCE CAN PRODUCE is brought into your own home and at a cost within the reach of all, for the Doctors charge nothing whatever for advice and counsel and only a moderate charge to cover actual cost of remedies used in preparation of the medical part of the treatment. It is a greater pleasure to the Doctors to spread their GRAND METHOD and restore the sick and teach them how to stay cured than be possessed of great riches. If your health is poor, no matter whether you have suffered years or only a few weeks, write at once for their diagnosis of your case and literature disclosing the grandest system of treatment ever discovered. Address

DR. PEEBLES' INSTITUTE OF HEALTH. BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

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, from his home in Milan, Ohio, Nov. 17, Alonzo Mann, aged 58 years. Mr. Mann has been a Spiritualist from childhood. He leaves one son. The writer and daughter, Martha, were called to officiate at the funeral. R. N. WILLCOX.
Avery, Ohio.

Mr. Harvey Rickard was born in New York, in 1816. He passed to spirit life from his home, near Union City, Mich., October 1, 1901, where he had resided for fifty years. Funeral services were conducted by Mrs. Emily D. King, of Butler, Mich. ***

Mary Emeline Keller, infant daughter of William and Ina Keller, of Butler, Mich., was born July 26, 1901, and passed to spirit life Sept. 16. The funeral was conducted by Mrs. E. D. King, of Butler. ***

Mrs. Emma F. Williams, 3262 Cottage Grove avenue, passed to spirit life, November 26. She had nearly completed 49 years of earthly life. She was not only a Spiritualist, but through her own powers as a medium often came in touch with intelligences of the higher life. Her family accept her transition philosophically, as during her long illness she had often expressed her desire to be at rest, and they are comforted by that philosophy which declares there is no death. Brief services conducted by the writer at the undertaking rooms of Boydston Brothers, preceded the interment at Oakwood.
W. C. HODGE.

Mrs. Anna P. Cushman, of Breedsville, Mich., passed to the spiritual expression of life, Nov. 25, aged 68. She was a pioneer Spiritualist, a woman of sterling character, one who always looked upon the bright side of life, and whose whole life was spent in cheerful and loving service for others. Funeral services, conducted by the writer, were held in the Methodist church, which was filled to repletion with her many friends. The surviving members of the family are comforted with that consolation that a knowledge of Spiritualism can only bring. W. C. HODGE.

"The Religion of the Future." By S. Well. This is a work of far more than ordinary power and value, by a bold, untrammeled thinker. Spiritualists who love deep, clear thought, reverent for truth alone, will be pleased with it, and well repaid by its perusal. For sale at this office. Price, cloth $1; paper, 50 cents.

"Our Bible: Who Wrote It? When? Where? How? Is It Infallible? A Voice from the Higher Criticism. A Few Thoughts on Other Bibles." By Moses Hull. Of especial value and interest to Spiritualists. For sale at this office. Price $1.

"Harmonics of Evolution. The Philosophy of Individual Life, Based Upon Natural Science, as Taught by Modern Masters of the Law." By Florence Huntley. A work of deep thought, carrying the principles of evolution into new fields. Cloth, $2. For sale at this office.

TO SPIRITUALISTS.

The Progressive Thinker in its issue of October 26, very kindly printed the address delivered by the undersigned at the N. S. A. annual convention in Washington. Following out a suggestion made to me, I have sent a great many copies of the address to Spiritualists who in turn have passed them out to Liberalists and members of churches. The reports thus far show that the address is going to be an excellent missionary document. Hoping this is true, I have, therefore, concluded to reproduce the address in pamphlet form, and will send to any Spiritualist, without charge, as many copies as he thinks he could use. Please address me at Lima, Ohio. JAMES B. TOWNSEND.

DO YOU NEED SPECTACLES?

Try Poole's perfected Melted Pebble lense, a perfect assistant to the eyes for near and far vision. They induce a renewed action of the nerves, muscles and blood-vessels and a return of natural vigor to the eyes. My method of fitting is by spirit power and clairvoyance. Please write for illustrated circular showing styles and prices. I guarantee to fit your eyes and please you. Address B. F. POOLE,
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SAMPLE FREE.

Sufficient for 14 days. Cures granulated lids, sore eyes, and restores normal vision. Send 10 cents for postage.
B. F. POOLE.
43 Evanston Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SUNDAY SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS IN CHICAGO.

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 not space to keep standing notices of meetings held at private residences.

The Church of the Soul, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, pastor, holds regular services every Sunday at 11 a. m., in Handel Hall, 40 Randolph street. Sunday-school at 9:45 a. m.

Julia Steelman-Nichols gives an address and seance every Sunday night at Hall 218 Athenaeum Building, 26 E. Van Buren street.

Mrs. Irene M. Dolson will lecture every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, at No. 3243 Wabash avenue. Social the last Thursday of every month.

The meetings of the German "Truth Seekers" will be held at Mechanics' Hall, 5859 South Halsted street, at 8 p. m. every Sunday from first of September on. Robert Grabe, medium.

"Wedding Chimes." By Delpha Pearl Hughes. A tasty, beautiful and appropriate wedding souvenir. Contains marriage ceremony, marriage certificate, etc., with choice matter in poetry and prose. Specially designed for the use of the Spiritualist and Liberal ministry.

Spiritual services are held every Sunday afternoon and evening at 2:30 and 7:30, also Wednesday evening, on the third floor, Athenaeum Building, in parlors 320 to 324. Sunday admission 10 cents. Take elevator. Wm. Fitch Ruffle, speaker.

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

The Christian Spiritual Society, under the direction of Miss Sarah Thomas, holds meetings every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m., in Hygeia Hall, 404 Ogden avenue, corner Robey street.

The Progressive Spiritual Society will hold meetings each Sunday at 3 and 7 p. m., at Wurster Hall, North avenue and Burling street. German and English speaking by Mrs. W. Hilbert, pastor.

Band of Harmony, auxiliary to the Church of the Soul, meets at Room 608 Handel Hall Building, 40 Randolph St., every first and third Thursday of the month, beginning afternoons at three 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.

Church of the Spirit Communion will hold meetings in Kenwood Hall, 4308 Cottage Grove avenue, each Sunday; 3 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 53rd and Ashland avenue, every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Church of the Star of Truth, Wicker Park Hall, No. 501 West North avenue. Services at 7:45 p. m., conducted by Mr. and Mrs. William Lindsey.

Spiritualist meetings, Mackinac Hall, 290 East Forty-third street. Conference, 2:30. Lecture at 8 p. m. Messages at all meetings. Conducted by Mrs. Isa Cleveland.

North Side Church of the Soul, Odd Fellows' Hall, 133 Clybourn avenue. Lecture and tests by Prof. Ray and others.

True Mission Church. Spiritualist meeting every Sunday afternoon at Metropolitan Hall, corner North and California avenues. First door from Metropolitan station. 2.30 p. m. Pastor, M. Summers.

Psychical Research Society, every Sunday, 2:30 and 7:30 p. m., at Lakeside Hall, corner 31st street and Indiana avenue. President, Dr. L. H. Freedman. Residence, 3036 Indiana avenue.

Lida Sholdice holds meetings every Sunday evening at 1156 Montrose Building.

Frank Joseph holds Spiritual meetings every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, at Columbia Hall, corner Elk Grove and North avenue.

The Spiritualistic Church of the Students of Nature holds meetings every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock, in Nathan's Hall, 1565 Milwaukee avenue, near Western avenue. Mrs. M. Summers, pastor.

The Christian Spiritual Church holds services every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, at 421 Twenty-seventh street, near Wentworth avenue. Lecture and spirit messages at each meeting.

Rev. Chas L. Ainsworth will lecture Sundays at 7:45 p. m., Ericson Hall, Wentworth avenue, near 62d street. Music and messages.

"Never-Ending Life Assured by Science," By Daniel Kent Tenney. A strong and conclusive argument from the basis of science. For sale at this office. Price 6 cents.

"The Light of Egypt." Volumes 1 and 2. An occult library in itself, a text-book of esoteric knowledge as taught by Adepts of Hermetic Philosophy. Price $2 per volume. For sale at this office.

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Send three two-cent stamps, lock of hair, age, name and the leading symptom, and your disease will be diagnosed free by spirit power.

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Psychometrist, reads from handwriting, date of birth or photo. Trial reading, 25 cts; full reading, $1.00. Mineral examinations accurately made, $1.00. 2576 Fulton st. Callers take Lake st. elevated to 48th, south one blk. and west one blk. Chicago, Ill.

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Reading by mail, $1.06. Business advice a specialty. 2832 A Olive st., St. Louis, Mo.

Card from Annie Lord Chamberlain.
Dear friends, you can greatly help me care for my blind sister, Jennie L. Webb, one of the earliest mediums now in the form, by writing a letter to a spirit friend. Send it to me with $1, and I will try and get reply by independent writing or whispers. Address Annie Lord Chamberlain, Milford, Mass. 531tf

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CHART FREE.
By a Bohemian Gypsy Astrologer and Clairvoyant. Send age, color of eyes and hair, in own handwriting. Address GEO. WELLES, Box 130, Newark, N. J. 630

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Psycho-Astrological
Power, the greatest discovery of modern times. By the aid of this marvelous and hitherto undiscovered power, I am enabled to read your entire life as an open book. Past, present and future laid bare. For a short time I will give a $5 reading (complete) for only 50c. All questions answered. This offer expires January 1, 1902. Send lock of hair, date of birth, sex and 50c at once to PROF. JONES, P. T., Exeter, Neb. Private instruction for the development of Mediumship. Par. 2c. 628

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Its effects upon health, business and life generally removed. For Particulars address MRS. M. BERGEN BROWN, Morgan Hill, Santa Clara Co., Cal. Enclose $1.04. 631

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and How the Spirit Body Grows. By M. Faraday. Price, 10c. For sale at this office.

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Torture implements employed in the 15th and 16th centuries for the promulgation of Christianity, with pictorial illustrations. By George E. Macdonald. Price, 10 cents.

COLLEGE OF FINE FORCES
The students of this College represent four continents, and many of them are physicians, medical professors, or clergymen. Hudson Tuttle, the well known author, calls this college "An institute of refined therapeutics, which is fast becoming of world-wide fame, and attracting students from many countries. It builds on exact science, and includes the magnetic, electric, chemical, solar, and spiritual forces which underlie everything. Its course can be taken at home, and a diploma conferring the title of D. M. (Doctor of Magnetics) granted." Send stamp for catalogue.
A cheaper and simpler ACADEMIC COURSE has been established for those who do not wish to take the more elaborate COLLEGE COURSE. It covers new and beautiful methods of Nature, which are powerful to heal and upbuild. Address E. D. BABBITT, M. D., LL. D., Dean, 61 North Second St., San Jose, California. 555

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