

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

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THE MAN HIMSELF.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

CHAPTER FOUR.

Spiritualism has, for half a century, been demonstrating the direct relation between man and manhood; and at the same time emphasizing the littleness of man the mortal in a way the believer has not thought of. The truth we are now grasping has been present in the phenomena—always present in the shape of limitations. Both man and manhood were there, but we have only, and can have only, the experience of man, and his crude attempts at interpretation. There have been abundance of facts; many a so-called wise man has made a fool of himself by denying the facts, denying them because they would not fit into his theology or philosophy.

There is, first of all, the primal fact that spirits return; an absolute fact, as well established as any other fact in nature. The caterpillar dies as a caterpillar, and passes into the cocoon stage. He will never be a caterpillar any more. He goes on another stage and becomes a butterfly. His experience as a caterpillar is either lost altogether or merged into the greater life to which that caterpillar, like a leaf and a man, always belonged. But the butterfly is only another kind of leaf of the same identical tree, and the butterfly experiences are no more lost than those of the caterpillar. But they carry for us the very lesson we are seeking.

A mighty change came to that caterpillar. We know though he did not, that the personal butterfly was but the continuation of the personal caterpillar, and that the experiences of the caterpillar were not lost although they could not be expressed by the butterfly. They belonged all the time, to that branch of the tree of life in which all such experiences were really embodied. It is just the tree and the man all over again, but with an intervening expression of life added between the caterpillar and its tree. Do not we find the same intervening expression existing between man and manhood?

The unlearned lesson of "spirit return" is that man does not make a leap from one kind into manhood. His first shrivels, and our limited sense crisis "death," and becomes itself, as the caterpillar may bemoan over its brother in the cocoon. Modern Spiritualism shows us our brother man in his next stage, and we are able to see the light of his truth, to see something of the effect produced by that change. The man was always a limited expression of manhood. Some day he passes on and unfolds as a spirit. His experiences as a man belonged to manhood. His experiences as a spirit also belong to manhood, but there is much less direct interest in them. The direct interest is between the spirit personality and that of the man. It is almost, but not quite, as limited as that between the butterfly and the caterpillar.

We might stop here, and mark the extraordinary limitations which prevent a "leaf" from unfolding into manhood. His first shrivels, and our limited sense crisis "death," and becomes itself, as the caterpillar may bemoan over its brother in the cocoon. Modern Spiritualism shows us our brother man in his next stage, and we are able to see the light of his truth, to see something of the effect produced by that change. The man was always a limited expression of manhood. Some day he passes on and unfolds as a spirit. His experiences as a man belonged to manhood. His experiences as a spirit also belong to manhood, but there is much less direct interest in them. The direct interest is between the spirit personality and that of the man. It is almost, but not quite, as limited as that between the butterfly and the caterpillar.

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CAPT. ELISHA MORSE.

The Veteran Has Passed to the Realm of Souls.

To the Editor:—No doubt you and many readers of your paper will remember Capt. Elisha Morse, of 621 O'Farrell street, San Francisco, Cal., and formerly a resident and well-known business man of Minneapolis, Minn.

It becomes my duty to record the fact that on Sunday, January 11, at 1:30 p. m., he passed to the higher life, after a prolonged season of illness and intense suffering, during which time his friends hoped that the brave struggle he was making to hold to the body might be rewarded with success, and they continue to have his genial presence and companionship a while longer as they journey down the pathway of life. But a stern and irrevocable fate, or shall we say law? decided it otherwise. And, loosing the moorings on this side of the sea of life, his barque was glided gently outward beyond the range of our vision, and the confines of time, and guided by unseen hands, has made the farther shore, and found his home, of which he was so certain, on the hilltops of eternal life.

As his devoted wife, Dr. Cora A. Morse, so aptly expressed it, "his faith was colossal," but his faith was supplemented by knowledge which gave perfect assurance and left him no shadow of doubt.

To him the spirit world was a reality and the meeting there, a joyous one, far anticipated with a keen sense of pleasure and happiness which left no room for fear or forebodings. He was for upwards of thirty years a Spiritualist, unequivocally and without reservation, or apology.

He was born in South Paris, Maine, January 12, 1831. The second birth being so near his first, he made an almost exact period of 72 years.

He leaves four sons and a daughter, George A. Morse, Wm. D. Morse, Edward P. Morse, Frank VanVick Morse, and Mrs. Walter C. Leach, most of whom are residents of Minneapolis, Minn. There are also brothers and a sister and step-mother in South Paris, Maine.

Mr. Morse joined the ranks of those who went forth in defense of the Union in the Civil War. He went as a lieutenant and earned the position and honor of a captain. For seventeen months he was "in" at the front. Prison and no one in this generation can have a realizing sense of the suffering endured which caused those who survived the terrible ordeals of that place to come forth with ruined health, and broken constitutions, as their portion for future years.

That he lived to the age of seventy-two was largely due to his natural temperament, a happy, genial, sunny, and cheerful spirit, and to the constant, faithful ministrations in his own home by his declining years which Mr. Morse, filled, as his life has been, with home duties, her work as a physician and for humanity's good in so many, many ways, has never been too busy to attend in loving ministrations personally, and to her and the invisible ones with her, he turned for the spiritual light and food which made the way so bright, as time passed on, and his exit so easy. At the time he looked up, saying, "It is morning," and a white light settled upon the brow, spreading over the features visible to all, which remained hours after the breath had ceased, a beautiful and expressive witness of immortality and the soul's victory over death.

Beautiful flowers covered the casket and were all about him. In a large star of violets Mrs. Morse had set in white flowers, "it is morning."

The gleaner girls, who have met as a club of students, in this home for years, had the familiar name by which he was known to them, "Daddy," in a beautiful floral offering and many loving friends dropped a rose or a spray of flowers upon the silent form as they passed on.

Mr. Morse could sing with remarkable power and clearness to the last and was loved to sing. We shall remember always the gatherings in their house and that voice singing all the old-time songs, and the new songs as well, and shall miss him, shall recall the reunions and the good times with a feeling of sadness that they are past, until we meet again in the New Home and sing once more.

He made all arrangements for the funeral services, and even the pages of the hymnal were found turned to the songs he had chosen.

An address was given by my inspirer, followed by a touching tribute by his long-time friend, Dr. E. A. Lewis. A choir, all valued friends, led by Miss Fonda (a sweet-voiced soloist) with Mrs. Sadie E. Cook at the piano, rendered "The March of the Titans," "Beautiful Life," "The Island of Sometime," "Good Night, Good Night, I Am Going Home," and "It is Well With My Soul." The body, according to his request, was taken to the Odd Fellows' Cemetery for cremation, and we turned away with a feeling that much of light and joy had gone with him and the prayer that oft he might come and shed over us some of the New Light which had certainly come into his life through the victory over death.

MRS. R. S. LILLIE.
San Francisco, Cal.

Your heart will be happy if it's in the right place, and is the right kind of a heart.—Anon.

The constant duty of every man to his fellow is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts, and to strengthen for the help of others.—Ruskin.

Let us not be too harsh in our judgment of men, for but very few of them are as bad as they would like to be.

The average man is very conscientious regarding the behavior of his neighbors.

A Christian isn't really much of a Christian, unless he's a Christian when there is nobody watching him.

The largest tomb in the world is the Pyramid of Cheops, 416 feet high, and covering thirteen acres of ground.

Passing and Past Glints, Gleams and Chips.

Interesting and Instructive Cogitations and Notes by Dr. J. M. Peebles.

This evening, stary above me and comfortable here below, I fell into a musing and meditative mood, inasmuch as among other matters if there could be an effect without an efficient cause, and if there could be a present without a causative past?

"Is this," I said to myself, "a purposeless, chance sort of a life; a tremulous, floating bubble; or is there involved in man's life, with its migratory, budding possibilities, a grand uplifting purpose?" The babbling boy that builds a cob-house has some purpose in so doing, though a childish one, but while logical in process, it is a long way up in thought from the boy's cob-house to this magnificent and decreasing—decreasing in the ratio that knowledge is increasing. What, then, will be the result a billion or more of years hence? Or how long can a force be a force that is perpetually, rapidly decreasing? I am musing.

The Unknowable.

Every advance in knowledge, in demonstrated science, transfers something from the side of the unknown to the known; and so in consonance with evolution, the "unknowable" is rapidly becoming the knowable, and accordingly, the "unknowable" God of Herbert Spencer is daily decreasing—decreasing in the ratio that knowledge is increasing. What, then, will be the result a billion or more of years hence? Or how long can a force be a force that is perpetually, rapidly decreasing? I am musing.

Religion.

Mention this word to a now-day agnostic, or to a materialist, and half-neglected, he cries out, "superstition," "creed!" Permit me to inform such that the great English rationalist and skeptic, David Hume, said, "Look out for a people entirely destitute of religion. If you find them at all, be assured that they are but few degrees from brutes." (Hume's Essays, XI, 428).

This is an extravagant, if not a very rash expression, but a rationalist was his author.

Religion is a moral sentiment, equally Christian and pagan. Cicero, speaking of the gods, defined it as "that virtue which has to do with the worship of a higher nature known as 'the Divine.' The Rev. Lyman Abbott said the other day in Chicago, while addressing a class of students in the Theological Seminary, "Religion is the life of God in the soul of man; while theology is what men think about this life in the soul of man. There should ever be a sharp distinction made between theology and religion. The latter is innate in the soul of man, and has no reference to creeds. It is merely the talk for a preacher. He further said, 'I do not believe that he has lost his power; that the living presentation of God's word can never lose its full force.' Just what this person means by the 'word of God,' I do not know; but I see and hear and feel more of the 'word of God' in the hills of the valley, the roses of June, the cypresses from orange groves and the music of mocking-birds than I do in Jewish and Hindu Bibles. True religion and science, (when not debauched by priestly hands in their exegeses); are natural co-workers. Speaking phrenologically, the side and the back-brain relate to matter, mercenary and selfish; science and philosophy pertain to the front brain, and religion to the coronal brain—the upper seat; the soul's part. Reader, in what part of this brain structure do you most live, and function?

"Courtesying" to a Chicago Lady De-nied by Royalty.

It is well known to all newspaper readers that Lord Curzon, the present Viceroy of India, married a Chicago girl, who is now a lady of rank? No pathway, however, is absolutely free from a "courtesier."

The Delhi correspondent for the London Express says, "A great discussion has here occurred among the ladies of title as to whether they ought to courtesie to Lady Curzon... It has been finally decided that courtesies shall not be given to Lady Curzon." The editor of the London Express here very graciously adds:

"The decision is in strict accordance with court etiquette. The wife of a viceroy, often erroneously called a vicereine, has no official rank; she is accorded no salutes, and none of the public honors which belong to her husband by right of office.

"Lady Curzon, by strict precedence, is merely the wife of a baron, and she is not to be saluted as a peeress, as she is not. The Duchess of Portland, or the Duchess of Marlborough to courtesy to her would be to elevate her to royal rank."

While this grave decision is eminent-ly English, it is oppressively severe and ponderously ineffectual on Chicago.

The wives of millionaire Chicagoans have been talking and boasting that "one of their 'dear friends' was now a vicereine in India." Bless! Nothing of the kind. The Chicago fire was a great calamity, a mighty-little affair, however, compared to the Chicago elite being coolly told that Lady Curzon "has no official rank," and that the Duchess of Marlborough need not "courtesie" to a vicereine! And what is more troublesome, and non-international, England has the audacity to editorially throw this—all this into the face of Chicago, regardless of her coal famine!

Old, Old Times.

Yesterday I procured a catalogue of rare books from Frank Hollings, Hol-

born, London, and opening it, the first book notice that met my eye was this: "Spiritual Teacher"—Twelve lectures on Nature and Development of the Spirit, written by Spirits of the Sixth Circle, R. P. Ambler, Medium, thin 8vo, cloth, New York, 1852.

"Thereby hangs a tale!" At this time some fifty years ago I was preaching in the city of Baltimore, a slave state, where human beings were put upon blocks and bought and sold like cattle in the market. In memory's mirror I can see myself in those long-ago years of pulpitiating, wearing a long, black cloak, a neat white necktie, dainty kid gloves—a la la the parson, par excellence. And yet, I was honestly, honestly, I believe everything that I preached—but mark, I did not preach the "fall of man in Adam," nor the "vicarious atonement by substitution," nor the dogma of "endless hell torment." It had, however, leaked out somehow—people will talk—that I had investigated and was favorably inclined to Spiritualism.

Think of me, darling! This R. P. Ambler, above-named, who afterwards became a Unitarian preacher, was lecturing at this time in Baltimore upon Spiritualism, and he had the audacity to ask me for an exchange of pulpitiary services! I granted the request, and when I was a Christian "tempest in a teapot!"

One of the members of my church was holding in prison at that very time a slave girl as security for a debt, which in those slavery times was considered the most honorable thing religiously righteous; but to let an upright, eloquent lecturer into my pulpit to give the latest proofs of a future existence, (which I had hoped for and had faith in) through present spiritual manifestations, was unspeakably impolitic, bordering upon the encouragement of rank-and-file heresy. Only the presence of the wealthy church-member quieted the alarm.

Spiritualism vs. the Harmonial Philosophy.

The late Emma Hardinge Britten, ever enthusiastic, eloquent, and at times extreme in statement, while residing at 345 West street, New York, what she thought of Spiritualism, religiously righteous; but to let an upright, eloquent lecturer into my pulpit to give the latest proofs of a future existence, (which I had hoped for and had faith in) through present spiritual manifestations, was unspeakably impolitic, bordering upon the encouragement of rank-and-file heresy. Only the presence of the wealthy church-member quieted the alarm.

"EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN"

To the above, Andrew Jackson Davis, in his published reply, wrote, among other things, the following, in his Herald:

"I do not believe in the orthodox scheme of salvation. I do not believe in the identity of Modern Spiritualism and magic. I do not believe in 'original sin,' 'atonement,' 'faith,' and 'regeneration.' I do not believe in the existence of the 'elementals,' or 'elementary spirits.' I do not believe in reincarnation, nor that any foreign spirit can displace our own. I do not believe in 'mediumship.' What I do believe is this: I believe in one absolutely perfect God—both Father and Mother.

"I believe that man physically was evolved from the animal kingdom. I believe that man spiritually is a part of the infinite Spirit. I believe that every person is rewarded for goodness and punished for evil, both in this world and the next.

"I believe in the universal triumph of truth, justice and love.

"I believe in the immortality of every human being. In a sensible communion between the people of earth and their relatives in the summerland, and in the eternity of the true marriage....

"I do not promise to believe to-morrow exactly what I believe to-day, and I do not believe to-day exactly what I believed yesterday. I expect to make progress within every succeeding twenty-four hours."

If this be the genius and essence of the "Harmonial Philosophy," I see little or no difference between it and what the late illustrious "M. A. Oxon," of London, denominated the "higher Spiritualism."

"Light" From Far-Away India.

The Anglo-Saxon is a natural truth-seeker. While holding in his left hand all clearly demonstrated truths, his right hand is held up to heaven, as if to seize the freshest and highest truth attainable. The American is also a truth-seeker, and so, too, in a measure, is the Hindoo, our Aryan brother.

Before me lies the last number of the Prasottara, a Theosophical monthly, published in Benares, India, which city is reputed to have 3,000 Hindoo shrines. In one of the Benares temples I saw a large white bull striding about, and in another temple dedicated to monkeys, I saw more than a dozen of these chattering, fighting brutes being fed by some Hindoo temple-servers.

Here follow a series of questions in this Theosophical Prasottara to be answered by the editor, something as my old friend, Hudson Tuttle, answers question in The Progressive Thinker, which may interest Spiritualists and especially Theosophically inclined Spiritualists:

"The Hindoo scriptures name fourteen lokas, viz., Atala, Vitala, etc., and Bhurloka, Bavarloka, etc." In some places only three lokas are given. How

are we to reconcile these classifications?

"Are all the planes from the astral to the Maha-paranirvanic plane called by the term worlds of effects, or is the term confined only to the astral and devachic planes, and if so, why?"

"Are the seven planets of our planetary chain, round which the present race of humanity must evolve, 'worlds of effects,' and is there Karma with its responsibilities in each such planet when humanity goes there, just as we have in the case of this planet, the earth? Are the same 'worlds of effects' attached to each of these seven planets?"

"Does one period called a Yuga correspond to Theosophy, anything in the rounds, and races and periods, and if so, how?"

"What is the bearing of death-pollution on the religious aspect of one man's life? Is it necessary to observe it, and if so, how should it be observed, and why?"

In verse seven there seems to contain a blunder. What that is, please explain. Sridhar Swami alluding to Budhavart Maya, as we read in Theosophic works, was an Atlantean. The Atlanteans were famous for the construction of machinery. Buddha was a man of India. How could all these be consistent with each other?"

"In Bhagavad Gita, (Chap. X, sl. 22) Shree Bhagavan has said that He is Samaveda Himself, and also in a Vedice Mantra a bridegroom is said to be Samaveda while a bride is Rigveda. What is the meaning of this? The Rigveda is the Vedice hymn that people the better land of immortality. They also show the beauty of mesmeric or magnetic power when used for high and holy purposes. Mesmerism and hypnotism should no more be confounded than chemistry and alchemy, or Spiritualism or spiritism."

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.
Battle Creek, Mich.

When at this point a non-God-fearing sinner away in the rear of the camp, yelled out: "Who in the devil's name where there are able artful children are? Some of my neighbor's children require food and clothes and schooling—now—right now!"

And so India needs now—right now, education, sanitation and cargoes of rice, rather than to know why several thousand years ago "Samsava" became Purush, and Rigveda, Prakriti."

Was Andrew Jackson Davis Magnetized and Developed into Clairvoyance by Prof. Grimes?

Several times in my hearing, Prof. Grimes has stated that he "magnetized and developed the clairvoyant mediumship" of Mr. Wm. L. G. Davis. There is not a particle of proof of this outside of his bare assertion, which must be taken cum grano salis. Neither Levington, Fishbough, Brittan, nor Dr. Lyons knew anything of Prof. Grimes' mesmerizing the Poughkeepsie seer; and I venture the affirmation that Dr. A. J. Davis has no recollection of it, and further, before me lie the first and second volumes of the old "Univercosm," published in 1848, and in its issue of Feb. 5, of the above year, there appears a very able and able, historical narrative, from the pen of William F. Bacon. Here follows a verbatim quotation:

"Mr. Davis, having never received an education beyond the simplest rudiments which may be acquired at a common school, and being totally unacquainted with books, his mind, up to the time when he entered as a sheet of paper unsouled and unwritten upon. If all these considerations are allowed their due weight, and we add to them his peculiar susceptibility to the magnetic process, it will seem that if there can be such a thing as independent clairvoyance, we may reasonably expect to find it in him.

"Mr. Davis' first introduction into the magnetic condition (which occurred before he was 17 years old) was a mere unpremeditated incident, the experiment being casually proposed for amusement than for any other purpose. But even on first entering the state, he exhibited clairvoyant powers to which no one who saw him had ever witnessed a parallel. He was afterward frequently thrown into the state by the same operator (Mr. Wm. Lovington, of Poughkeepsie, where Mr. D. then resided), and soon became a subject of general curiosity, on account of his wonderful powers. He was tested in every possible way, and even the most skeptical of those who visited him were either convinced or totally confounded. But after submitting to a course of some months, he pre-emptorily refused to be subjected any longer to any experiments except such as might be involved in useful applications of his powers. He then directed his operator to employ him in the examination of the sick, and in the treatment of their diseases, in which employment he continued, meeting with astonishing success, from the winter of 1843-4, to the spring of 1847, being during the latter part of the time connected

with Dr. S. S. Lyon as his magnetizer. Shortly after Mr. D. commenced being magnetized, his mind, while in the abnormal state, began gradually to unfold itself in the direction of the sciences and general philosophy; and independent of books, or suggestions from scientific men, he gave forth many novel and truthful ideas. His perceptions of scientific facts, however, were at first somewhat indefinite, and his mode of expressing them was often liable to be misunderstood; but in this respect he evinced a gradual improvement up to the time when he commenced the publication of his remarkable book. This took place about the first of December, 1845, and when Mr. Davis was but little over 19 years old—the book having been announced nearly a year previously.

"We would have it distinctly impressed upon the mind of the reader, that Mr. Davis, in his experience and labors as a clairvoyant, was never governed or dictated in any essential respect by the sympathetic influence of the operator's will. On the contrary, in his moments of perfect lucidity, when he assumed the entire responsibility of his own sayings and doings, he was not any other person in his presence, could ever have the least influence over his impressions, as has been demonstrated by frequent occurrences. Relying on his superior wisdom while in the clairvoyant state, both of his magnetizers consulted him, and implicitly followed his directions in regard to all important plans and pursuits. It was by his direction that Mr. Lovington relinquished his former business and commenced with him, the practice of medicine; it was Mr. D. himself (under influences which he has not spoken of, which we have before spoken) who originated the idea of the book which is now before the world, and of which he is the author."

These historical passages show very clearly that the education of the distinguished A. J. Davis was from a boyant clairvoyance, and not from the invisible helpers that people the better land of immortality. They also show the beauty of mesmeric or magnetic power when used for high and holy purposes. Mesmerism and hypnotism should no more be confounded than chemistry and alchemy, or Spiritualism or spiritism.

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Battle Creek, Mich.

IN EXCELLENT CONDITION.

The West Michigan Spiritualist Association.

To the Editor:—In your paper of Jan. 24, you publish an article that does us a gross injustice as a camp, and also myself personally, and I feel that when you know that it is erroneous that you will be glad to correct it.

I refer to an article of Mrs. Bacon, of Lake Helen, Fla., wherein she so gracefully calls me a person who is not only given to exaggeration, but deliberately accuses me of writing an article that I knew to be false, and then sent it to you for publication, knowing it to be such.

I do not know where the lady got her information, nor do I care. All I do care for is that she does not know what she is talking about so far as our camp work is concerned, nor the money paid by any individual, nor their ability, to meet any call that might be made on them for any sum that might be assessed against their subscription of capital stock.

I wish to make this statement in the most forcible manner possible. We are going to have a camp at Grand Rapids this year, and we are going to endeavor to make it as great a success as any of our past camps. And I do not want any person to make any statements to the contrary. Mrs. Bacon to the contrary. Neither will we listen to them and remain silent.

She says that she is sorry to see anything burden the columns of your paper that is misleading, etc. She also holds out the thought that some one is to be misled in this matter. Now I will give the readers of your paper the names and occupation of our charter list. D. A. Herrick, public lecturer and medium, too well and favorably known to be commented upon; W. S. Gunn, capitalist, furniture manufacturer, a man that has been identified with many of the leading industries of our city; Frank A. Baldwin, machinery manufacturer; Geo. M. Matthews, druggist; Emmet E. Dietrich, superintendent of the largest veneer and panel plant in the world; A. E. Peckham, superintendent Herold-Brown Shoe Co.; Dan W. Hill, president of Grand Rapids Brass Works; William Fry, chief operator Western Union Telegraph Co. I will not fill the paper with any more names, but will say that they are all men of business ability and persons who command the respect of their fellow-men and associates. And more than this, we have the promise of many of our citizens to help us in the matter of establishing a permanent camp. We are incorporated under the state laws of Michigan, and propose to do our business in a straightforward manner. Our camp will open on the 4th day of July, and continue until August 31. We have already engaged Mrs. A. E. Sheets, and have corresponded with B. F. Austin and Mrs. Gillespie and hope to secure them both. Nothing will be left undone to secure the best talent in the field, and that is what makes good meetings. If Mrs. Barton is well enough, and we feel confident that she will be, we will have her with us again this year.

The state meeting will be held here next week and all things point to a revival in the cause.

Hope that no one who reads this article will mistake its meaning, and that in the future people will be more guarded in their statements and that "Justice will be done." I am,

THOS. H. HAYNES,
Secretary West Michigan Spiritualist Association, Grand Rapids, Mich.

There is nothing more troublesome to a good mind than to do nothing.—Fishbough Hall.

LIFE AND EXPERIENCE IN SPIRIT LAND

A Series of Letters From Henry Ward Beecher Through the Mediumship of Carlyle Peterslea.

LETTER NUMBER SEVEN—Continued.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I shall leave this matter to the jury. Gentlemen of the jury," and he turned and faced the large concourse of spiritual beings, or people, for we call them people here just as you do there, "is there a God, or, is there not?"

A confused murmur arose, but no definite reply. "We will put the question in a different form, then. Has any person present met God face to face, or seen God?" and the crowd answered with one acclamation, "No!"

"You hear what the people say, Mr. McKinley?" "I do," replied the President, sorrowfully. "I admit that I am excessively disappointed."

"Mr. McKinley," I said, "you have not been here long. Let us retire to my private study and talk this matter over. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Garfield shall accompany us." So we three entered one of my private apartments, I had a small table spread with luscious fruit and wine. I must stop here to say that our wine is not like the wine of earth, but earthly wine is a type or symbol of something that is higher. We quaff here a delicious beverage that is not intoxicating but nourishes and inspires the spiritual form and is exhilarating to the soul. So we four took seats at my table—and I also want to say that it is as necessary to have homes here as on earth. You can see at once that we need privacy and do not always wish to be in a crowd any more than you do there. One could see that Mr. McKinley was curious and interested. We now resumed the conversation. "Why do you feel so bitterly disappointed, Mr. McKinley?" I asked. He looked surprised as he answered.

"How would it be possible not to feel disappointed, after a long life of devotion to God and my country, that now I am shut out of heaven, and the Most High has concealed himself from my view?"

"All owing to mistaken ideas and wrong teaching in childhood, my dear sir," replied Mr. Lincoln.

"Now here is a point," said Mr. Garfield. "If you were shut away in the kind of heaven that we were all taught existed for the good and holy ones of earth, you could do no more for the earth or your loved country, America; neither could any one of us. You, together with Mr. Lincoln and myself, were cut off from your earthly body just when you had reached the point of your greatest interest in your country's welfare, and at the time when you were the most useful to it. Do you not still feel a great interest in your country? Do you not still desire to serve it—to interest yourself in its welfare?"

The President's face slowly brightened at these words. "Most assuredly," he answered. "If I might be permitted to do so."

"You are not only permitted," said Mr. Lincoln, "but there is a natural law of our being which forces us to do so. A mother loves her child. A natural law of her being forces her to love it. She cares for it and provides for its wants. A natural law forces her to do so. Really, she cannot do otherwise unless, indeed, she were a monstrously unnatural being. A man loves the country in which he was born. A natural law forces him to do so. He desires its prosperity and likes to have a voice in making the laws by which it shall be governed. A natural law of his being forces him to feel this way. It would be unnatural and monstrous if he were to feel otherwise, and, more especially, one who has stood at the head as its ruler or president. Instead of being permitted, my dear Mr. McKinley, a natural law forces you to feel this way. You would be a most unnatural monster if you did not; and this is what we mean when we say, natural law forces us to do this and so."

Mr. McKinley's eyes were fastened upon Mr. Lincoln with the utmost interest. "Am I to understand by this, then, that Spiritualism is true—that I can return and still work for and help my country; that I can return to those I love, to those who mourn for me and need my care so much—that I can still cheer and aid them?"

"You certainly can," replied Mr. Lincoln. "And a natural law will force you to do so."

"God be praised!" ejaculated the President. "I knew, Mr. Lincoln, that you believed something like this before you were sent out of your body by the bullet of the assassin. Is it possible that you were right and I have been so much mistaken?"

"It is not only possible, but true," replied "Uncle Abe," as I once loved to call him, somewhat as I liked to call my country "Uncle Sam." It makes them both feel near and natural.

"Then God and heaven are myths?" said McKinley, looking somewhat lost and dazed.

"Yes; as commonly understood," I answered. "But, dear Mr. McKinley, you are in heaven now, the most beautiful heaven imaginable, as you will discover when you begin to look about you. You are, at present, somewhat deflected and disappointed; but this will soon pass away. But there certainly is not a personal God that we, any of us, have ever seen, and when your mind is relieved of that thought, you will begin to feel the utmost interest in your own life, in this heavenly world in which you find yourself, in the earthly world and all appertaining to it, and in the dear ones who mourn you as lost until they, too, pass over the river of death."

"And so they will electrocute Czolgosz?" said the President meditatively. "I told them not to hurt him but, of course, I know they will not obey my words. Poor, foolish fellow; why did he want to kill me? Why, I would not have harmed a hair of his head; and if he had come to me and said, 'Mr. McKinley, I am a poor man who can scarcely earn my bread,' I would have helped him, would have given him some position if I could have done so. I never turned any man away who needed my help. I was trying my best to aid the poor and oppressed by looking after the prosperity of my country. I now feel more sorrow and regret for the horrors he is to pass through than for myself."

"Well, here it is again, Mr. McKinley," I said. Wrong teaching and wrong ideas. See how much there is to be made right. There is work—for you as well."

"This law of electrocuting and hanging is most stupid, most cruel," said Mr. Lincoln. "I do hope we shall be able to influence the world below to abolish such barbarous laws. I will never rest until we do. Beecher, you are with me heart and soul, I know, as you were with me heart and soul on the slavery question."

"Heart and soul, Mr. Lincoln! Yes, I will help you with all my might, mind and strength. Have you often met Booth, Mr. Lincoln?"

"O, yes; often—very often—and Galtueu," he continued, looking at Mr. Garfield—yes; but we have not much sympathy in common."

"No, I suppose not."

"Well, Mr. Beecher, you were not assassinated. You are not one of us, it seems," he went on with a smile. "You were permitted to die a natural death."

"I think not," I replied. "My death was most unnatural."

He stared at me in amazement. "Why, my dear sir, you were not shot?"

"Was I not? Therein you are mistaken. Admitting that my mortal body escaped the assassin's bullet—but my soul was pierced through, and through again, by a slanderous assassin who was too cowardly to shoot my body and so sent shafts of malice, one after another, through, and through my soul. Ah, gentlemen! It is better to shoot the body than the soul."

"You are right!" exclaimed the three gentlemen in a breath. "Indeed, you have suffered more than any of us. It is not the body that suffers so much, after all, but the soul—the spirit."

"Have you forgiven your enemy yet?" asked Mr. McKinley.

"I hope so. I have tried to; but the wounds will rankle, sometimes."

"If, as you say," on Mr. McKinley, "we can return to earth and its scenes, I should really like to be the first to meet Czolgosz. He thinks, poor fellow, that he has killed me. Why, I never felt more alive in my life," and the President arose and stretched himself. "Dead? Shot? Killed? Why, I am not dead, nor shot, nor killed. It seems very strange; but what part of me was it that really was shot? Of course, I know that I have been through a crisis; but death has never touched me at all. Truly, I am getting well. It seems that a portion of my outer covering has sloughed off, that is all."

"And that is all," we replied at once. "Why, man, you will soon be yourself again, with powers a thousand fold increased."

"Poor Czolgosz," said the President; "perhaps he bulled better than he knew. Poor, ignorant fellow; he is much to be pitied; but the world below is thirsting for his blood. Ah, what better are they than he was? He thirsted for my blood, and they thirst for his. But revenge is a boomerang. It injures the ones who throw it more than those it is aimed at."

The President now began to manifest the utmost curiosity concerning everything around him. His eyes roamed about the room and rested inquiringly upon each article it contained—the table, the chairs, the sofa, the book-case, which occupied one entire side of the room—for, as I said, this room was my study—the pictures, and through the open door a piano was visible. A soft carpet covered the floor, and a golden grate, set around with ancient tiles most beautiful to look upon, the fruit and wine upon the table.

"Mr. Beecher," said he at last, "I am puzzled. I am non-plussed. How can it be possible that I find such things here? If I did not know positively that I had passed through that which is called death, I should consider myself dreaming. How can it be possible that such things as I see about me exist here in a heavenly or spiritual world? Why, these things are real, that is, they actually appear to be real. They are real," he continued, striking the table softly. "This table is real to my sense of touch, even. O, it is very mysterious—mysterious indeed!"

"Listen," said I, and rising, I went to the piano and struck a few keys. The President leaned back in his chair. A dazed look passed over his face and he closed his eyes. It was almost too much for him. There were a couple of French windows in the room, leading out upon a wide veranda. I asked the gentlemen to take seats on the veranda. I must pause here to say, we did not light cigars, for pure and progressive spirits do not indulge in the vile habit. We seated ourselves and gazed out over the transcendently beautiful scene, and there are many scenes on earth that look somewhat like it, only here the scenery is vastly more beautiful.

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"Why, yes," said Mr. McKinley, leaning forward as he looked down from the veranda. "Why, yes; some of them actually look as though they were laid in silver, gold and precious stones."

"They really are," I said, "for what you perceive is ethereal matter, and the angels or spirits, here love beautiful streets. You did not expect to see water, trees, shrubs, waving grass and flowers, I know."

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Mr. McKinley looked a little grave, then bowed, smilingly. "I think I should, sir; I really think I should."

"And yet, there are many gates of pearl here," said Mr. Lincoln, "for the spirits and angels love peace and purity, and often shut themselves in, by gates of pearl, away from vice, impurity, and wicked, murderous thoughts." Would that Czolgosz had been surrounded by gates of pearl!

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Moral Sense Colors.

Relative to Their Influence Upon Human Conduct...Something for the Thoughtful to Think About.

THE REMARKABLE RESULT OF RECENT EXPERIMENTS IN COLOR PSYCHOLOGY, CONDUCTED BY PROF. ELMER GATES IN HIS LABORATORY IN WASHINGTON, AS PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK WORLD.

THE COLOR THEORY OF PROF. GATES.
(Written by Him for the World's Sunday Magazine.)

There are certain emotions which retard circulation, respiration, digestion, produce pallor, hasten fatigue, and other emotions which do just the reverse. Fear causes a cold perspiration that differs chemically from that due to joyous labor. Anger fills the mouth with a bitter taste. By tracing the good emotions life and health are promoted, while the bad emotions shorten life.

Thus, even in its chemical nature, the universe is moral.

Now, recently I have been able to prove that pleasing combinations and contrast of color produce anabolism (or the life-producing force), and that discords of color and unpleasant combinations thereof augment katabolism (the life-destroying force). The conclusion is obvious that colors do this through aesthetic emotions, which, when pleasant, act as all other pleasant emotions, and when unpleasant do as other unpleasant emotions. I have shown that the fatigue point occurs less quickly under emotions due to pleasant colors and more quickly under emotions due to un-aesthetic combinations. Thought has no such relations. Colors affect metabolism (the process of physical life) only through emotion, and intellectual states only in so far as they produce emotions.

ELMER GATES, Professor of Psychology and Psychiatry, Washington, Jan. 22.

A SCHEDULE OF THE MORAL EFFECT OF COLORS.

Red	Violent Passions, Rage and Love
Blue	Sentimental Affections
White	Peace, Quietness and Virtue
Yellow	Ambition and Lust of Power
Purple	Meanness, Craft and Cunning
Green	Suspicion, Jealousy and Envy
Brown	Honesty, Goodness, Equality
Gray	Meekness and Demureness

Through recent remarkable experiments by Prof. Elmer Gates, of the Laboratory of Psychology and Psychiatry at Washington, D. C., it has been discovered that colors have a distinct moral (or immoral) effect upon the human mind.

It is a fair conclusion, from Prof. Gates' theory, which is based upon a series of wonderful demonstrations obtained by the use of scientific apparatus, that colors not only do possess a distinct moral influence, but that this is the only direct effect which they do produce. In other words, their first appeal is to the emotions and "they affect the intellectual states" (to use Prof. Gates' own words) "only in so far as they produce emotions."

The meaning of this latest discovery in psychology is of a rather revolutionary character, if fully analyzed.

It shows, for instance, that black, instead of being a sign of woe chosen at haphazard for that purpose, possesses in itself an inherent quality of sadness and was instinctively selected for mourning because of its possession of that quality. It not only typifies sorrow—it creates it.

White the Color of Morality.

It shows that red is used to represent the more violent emotions of love and rage, because that color possesses the independent power of arousing those emotions, in some degree, in the human heart.

It shows that white, with its negativeness, produces no violent effect upon the emotions and is therefore moral.

It shows that purple—the imperial purple which Rome has transmitted to succeeding generations—arouses in the human heart ambition and the desire for power.

Although Prof. Gates is the first scientist to announce a theory from which the moral influence of colors may be deduced, there have been many instances of a tacit recognition of the fact by artists of the canvas and the stage.

Mrs. Fiske, for example, in "Mary of Magdala," now running at the Manhattan Theatre, dresses the part and the stage itself, during the scenes that deal more particularly with the life of the erring and sinful woman, in a deep and suggestive tone of red. When she was told by a writer for the Sunday World Magazine the other day of the theory regarding the moral effect of colors, Mrs. Fiske did not seem surprised.

"I always dress according to the emotions and character of the part I am to portray," she said, "and for this reason I have a red color scheme in 'Mary of Magdala.' Red is the character color of the woman."

Indeed there is the highest warrant for the theory of the inherent immorality of red in the Scriptural reference to the sins that are "as scarlet," and history has furnished supplementary testimony in the "Scarlet Woman" and in the "Scarlet Letter," which Hawthorne used so picturesquely in one of his greatest romances.

Mrs. Fiske, speaking further of the morals of colors, said: "My costumes in 'Frou Frou' were studies of frivolity in shades of light blue and pink. In 'Tess' I wore the white of my bridehood and the soiled pink of my London lodgings. Nothing could better portray Tess in colors."

The Testimony of Duse.

Eleonora Duse was, perhaps, the first actress who expressed the psychology of color. Her first season in New York was marked by a storm of comment and criticism on her peculiar gowns. The Italian artist did not deign to explain, but when she returned to her native heath she laughed at the Americans who were unable to understand why she made her costumes in the "Wife of Caesar" a perfect holocaust in color, so that she might express the innate depravity of the woman she represented.

Dr. William S. Wadsworth, Assistant Professor of Psychology in the University of Pennsylvania, has for years pursued the study of color effects upon the human mind, and has performed experiments which indicate the moral effect of colors.

Experiments of Dr. Wadsworth.

To a visitor recently Dr. Wadsworth gave a little bottle of purple liquid, and asked him to hold it up to the light and look at it attentively. First it fascinated, then dazed the subject. At last it blazed before his eyes like a glittering phantasm, and he could stand it no longer.

Dr. Wadsworth then selected a vial with a particular shade of green and handed it to the subject with the same instructions. Scarcely had the visitor looked through it before he was seized with a nervous spasm.

"Oh, it gives you the shakes, does it?" said Dr. Wadsworth; "well I have struck your keynote, that's all."

Dr. Wadsworth has a new form of apparatus to test physically and exactly the emotional effects of various colors. A man sits at a table and presses down a key topping a powerful steel spring. He is told to keep it pressed down hard. So long as his attention is not diverted he does so, and a little wooden finger, connected with the key by wire and resting lightly on a revolving blackened cylinder, draws an almost straight line as this cylinder is revolved.

But when a transmitted purple light floods through an aperture close to the man's face his attention is so much diverted from the key that the little finger scratches a line of angry, topping waves on the cylinder. Purple is turned off and scarlet is turned on. The waves are not so stormy, but still quite accentuated. Next comes yellow and so on. The height of the wave line on the cylinder designates equivalents of emotion. The higher the wave the greater the emotional effect of the color.

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A Tablet of Fifty Colors.

Dr. Wadsworth has a little tablet made up of fifty or sixty colors in sheets, one below the other, and when he flips these colors adroitly with finger and thumb your deprecation of their gamut is quite as ecstatic a sensation as when you keep on dipping your hands in boiling water. The sequence of colors stirs you profoundly, and if it is kept up for any length of time makes you exceedingly responsive from a standpoint of nerves.

The worst form of torture which the "purple East" has ever devised has been that of color. The twelfth grade of initiation into the Buddhist mysteries—the perfection of "astral" education, so graphically described by A. Conan Doyle in "The Mystery of Cloombur"—is the so-called "color test." The neophytes are ushered into an extensive and lofty room, and at a given signal the whole surrounding space is flooded with an excruciating tint of purple light. It is reported by reliable witnesses that not more than three-quarters of those thus penned in are alive at the end of several hours, and that all the survivors are more or less frenzied.

When one is thoroughly exhausted the eyes are invariably bloodshot. The readiest and quickest relief for this physiological condition is to bathe the eyes with green.

Whistler's Blue and Yellow.

Whistler, the artist, created a sensation in London when he had a dining-room furnished in blue and yellow. He chose the antipodes of color—beauty and viciousness—not the bold color of passion that red expresses, but the low, sneaking badness of yellow. He found it a perfect balance. It has been copied the world over.

And yet a short time ago Miss Alice Roosevelt instinctively refused to sleep in her room in the White House because it had been decorated and furnished in these colors.

"I love the blue," said Miss Roosevelt, "but the yellow is horrid. It is the association of truth and meanness."

From time immemorial yellow has been associated with traits that are contemptible.

A yellow dog has no friends in history. His color has made him a thing apart, while his mongrel brother whose color is black and tan is accepted and loved.

Murderers have described the optical sensation of their rage as a sudden mist of swaying crimson, in which every instinct vanishes except that of killing.

Satan is represented as red when he is not black. He has never been insulted so far as to be painted yellow, for, after all, he was once an angel. Mephistopheles is also red.

Blue may be called the color of true love. The whole gamut of the emotion that keeps the world revolving on its axis may be expressed in its varying tints.

Gray is the color of meekness. It is demure, quiet and calm.

Brown is matter-of-fact, honest and good. Green is sad, suspicious and hopeless. It is not a bad color, but it is a depressing one. Furnish your rooms in green and you will take an unpleasant view of life.

The actinic waves produced by different colors have inevitably the same effect upon the human mind. Upon each brain it is a question of balance and counter balance. The timid girl will atone for her timidity by having her room draped in vivid tints—the courage colors.

Violet the Psychic Color.

The hypersensitive creature will manage to surround herself with hues of violet—the psychic color.

The literary maid will tell you that she cannot write with proper enthusiasm without being surrounded by yellow. It is the color of schemes and plots.

It is the belief of color faddists that you attract refined or vulgar associations by the chemical effects of the colors you wear.

A Chopin nocturne may now be played in colors, or an aria drawn in outline by sensitized transmitters. Remington in England has invented the color organ and formulated a color scheme.

Each note shifts the sand on a metal surface into strange geometrical figures, the repetition of the same note bringing always the same formation upon themselves.

man arose in class-meeting afterward and told how Cartwright had done him up, and he had become converted.

Cartwright arose and said: "Yes, brethren and sisters, I mauled the grace of God into him!"

Perhaps this strenuously pious Kokomo Christian was merely emulating Peter Cartwright, thinking to maul the grace of God into his wife.

It seems almost a pity she was not as strong and strenuous as he, and had not mauled his head with her rolling-pin until he should have acquired a proper sense of woman's rights.

After all, is not this Kokomo episode, in a manner, all of a piece with the methods of those strenuously pious folk who hale into court and fine or imprison those who "violate the Sabbath by working on Sunday?"

It is not of the same quality as various other means employed by Christians in all ages, to coerce people into a strong logical thinker, or a deeply important subject. Price, cloth, \$1.

"Longley's Beautiful Songs." Fourteen beautiful, soul-inspiring songs, with Music, by C. Payson Longley. Price by mail, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

"Continuity of Life a Cosmic Truth." By Prof. W. M. Lockwood. The work of a strong logical thinker, on a deeply important subject. Price, cloth, \$1.

"Longley's Beautiful Songs." Fourteen beautiful, soul-inspiring songs, with Music, by C. Payson Longley. Price by mail, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

"Trashy, Brutal, Damnable."

Rev. Dr. Hirsch's indictment of the regulation Sunday-school class of literature, affords very reading. At the same time it may be useful as a danger signal denoting roads to be avoided by authors of progressive lyceum literature.

As stated in the Chicago Chronicle, Sunday-school books were denounced as "silly, trashy, brutal and damnable" and as "poison worse than carbolic acid, which should be labeled with the skull and crossbones and locked up." These were the words of Dr. E. G. Hirsch at Temple Israel, St. Lawrence avenue and Forty-fourth street, in a sermon on "What Shall Children Read?"

"The child of to-day is the man of tomorrow," said Dr. Hirsch, "and no one needs to be told that his reading is of infinite importance. Not every book is a good book, and not every good book is fit for immature minds. There is in our day no end of books that are intended simply to kill time, so that even if there were no motive but an economy of time a careful selection would be necessary.

There are peculiar risks run in child literature. On the one hand, they frequently attribute to children too much knowledge and too high a degree of intelligence. But, on the other hand, they are just as apt to deny to the child the thought and reasoning power which we all know he possesses. This last danger is increased in the goody-goody, insipid stuff which some people write out of their own consciousness and promulgate in the divine name, and against which the child nature instantly rebels.

Have you ever tried to read an ordinary Sunday-school story? If you know you know that my condemnation is not at all exaggerated. For there is not a single note in this trash that rings true to the life or character of the child. In these books all sorts of impossibilities are calmly assumed and God is dragged into them in the role of a brutal and bungling policeman. These books have indeed been issued against religion, and it is no wonder that they have robbed many children of their religious belief, for the only wonder is that any escape.

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"Of all the silly things in this world the ordinary Sunday school story is the silliest, and as to the degree of intelligence of the boy who reads it, there is no level of silliness. There are no words in the Anglo-Saxon tongue that would adequately characterize their stupidity. Beware of this literature. Label it 'poison,' put the sign of the skull and cross-bones on it and lock it up, for it is worse than carbolic acid.

"The theology of these books is illustrated by the story found in all of them of the boy who goes fishing on the Sabbath and as a punishment gets drowned.

What a consolation to the boy who has calculated to give the child, if a father of clay were to act so brutally the grand jury would indict him.

"The rewards they hold out are as much out of character as the punishments. You will read in these books of the boy who saves his mother from schoolmates and is rewarded for it. The boys in the class have been guilty of some childish inpropriety and the hero of the story, instead of exhibiting a proper class spirit, becomes a sneak and informs the teacher who are the offenders. In the story the reward he receives for his treachery is a kiss from the teacher. Let us hope that it was not a punishment when a reward.

"Another of these heroes for simply attending Sunday-school is rewarded on his return home with a box of candy. This is putting a premium on gluttony, to begin with, but it is also inimical to the development of a healthy morality. The moral of the story is that we shall do only that which pays.

"These Sunday-school books are worse than any dime novel. Their theology is damnable and their morality is below the freezing point. Even if they were not liable to these objections, they should be condemned for their literary style, for they contain so much bad grammar and baby talk that they are a cruel infliction on the child. Indeed, it is not so much baby talk as monkey talk. These books all belong in the index expurgatorius.

"Now, what shall we say of allowing children to read fairy stories? An estimable lady has said that they were not to be tolerated, because they had a moral about them, but I do not agree with her. A great German scholar contends that the child in his development into manhood passes through all the successive stages through which the race has passed while developing into civilization. This is true, and as the race passed through a mythological stage so the child passes through a fairy tale stage.

"In this period of life the child is poetical and gives life to the lifeless, personally to mere things, speech to the mute and love to objects incapable of human passion. But it is all a solid reality to the child.

"But now we ask what are our children to read after they have graduated from the nursery and outgrown fairy tales, and to this question I answer, in the first place, that they should not read tales of war and bloodshed. These are the tales that have the real moral squint. The heroes of these stories are what are called 'flag savers.' The title pages of the books have glaring pictures of the Stars and Stripes. They are full of blood and gall. Their heroes are the heroes of the sword and musket. These stories confound patriotism with militarism. They lead to overestimate our national greatness. Their stereotyped formula is, 'We can lick any people on earth.'

"Now, the best I can say for this literature is that it is not quite so bad as the next kind I shall mention, which is the 10-cent detective story sold to the children at the candy shop. I have noted of the candy shop keepers is here. In China it is said the candy is poisoned, but it cannot be more poisonous than the dime novel. Indeed, no literature on earth is worse than the dime novel except the Sunday-school story."

In closing his sermon Dr. Hirsch expressed the opinion that too much credit is given in juvenile literature to people of colossal wealth who give away large sums of money.

As a sample of real benevolence he told of a poor woman on the west side, with six children, who took into her home and cared for the four children of another poor woman who had to go to the hospital. He sneeringly contrasted with the splendid charity of this woman the acts of men of fabulous wealth who founded a great school or gave away \$100,000, and recently did woman in New York who had just inherited \$2,000,000.

A NEW CATECHISM.

By M. M. Mangasarian, Lecturer of the Independent Religious Society of Chicago.

"The old catechisms have become mellowed with neglect. The times in which they were composed, and composed are dead—quite dead. In this new catechism Mr. Mangasarian expresses the ideas of the age and time in which we live, and puts it in the form of questions and answers. It is a most

excellent work, clear and concise, covering a vast amount of ground in a small volume.

While it is not a Spiritualistic book, he should bear in mind that Voltaire, Paine and Ingalls were not Spiritualists, yet they have done a vast amount of good, and we would place this book with theirs.

Four thousand copies were sold in London in six weeks, and it is soon to be translated into French. This book is for sale at this office; price, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

The lectures on the fifth page by Mr. Mangasarian is thoroughly interesting. Those who desire a copy in pamphlet form can secure one for 5 cents, by addressing him at No. 230 La Salle avenue, Chicago.

An Earnest Word to Spiritualists. Dr. Hirsch's characterization of Sunday-school literature may seem somewhat harsh, but his views, in fact, have been expressed, though in somewhat milder form, by capable orthodox churchmen and educators.

Taking this judgment even in its mildest form, it affords sufficient reason in itself why Spiritualists should form and support their own peculiar Sunday-schools, the Progressive Lyceums.

Saying nothing of the literary character of the orthodox Sunday-school pabulum, there is the still worse character of the religious teachings impressed on the minds of young children, the abhorred dogmas set forth as the teachings of the infallible word of God, to doubt or reject which is to imperil one's soul and incur God's eternal wrath in hell.

The children are taught not to doubt, not to inquire, but to accept and believe all the monstrosities embodied in orthodox faith.

And yet Spiritualist parents, who do not believe a single item or word of these teachings, will send their children to Sunday-schools where their plastic, impressive minds are saturated with these dogmas, and justly damnable, unreasoning, and mind-crippling influence.

LITERARY.

Lillian Whiting's Book about Boston.

Out of the wealth of quotable anecdotes, description and character sketching, and other good things furnished by Lillian Whiting in her latest book called "Boston Days," it is difficult to decide which to call when there is so much good to select from.

Miss Whiting's good to select from. The book deals with the Boston of the Puritan era, the transcendental period, and of to-day. Her description of Mrs. Anne Hutchinson of the Puritan period is as follows:

"She was essentially a modern woman three centuries in advance of her time. Anne Hutchinson was a born mystic, a transcendentalist, and a holder of a belief not unlike that now springing up under many phases and names, and everywhere recognized as the highest interpretation of spirituality. She believed in the direct intercourse between the individual and the Divine spirit, which the Puritan clergy held to be a sacrilege and a heresy. They regarded the doctrine of 'Inner light' as a peculiarly objectionable heresy, and when Mrs. Hutchinson claimed to have evolved a knowledge of the Divine truth from her own consciousness, they denounced it as blasphemy. She was a born social leader, and as the only life of that day was the religious life... Mistress Anne called together her woman friends and preached to them... She became the fashion, the craze, the fad of her day. But the stern and narrow Puritan spirit rejected her; has not the world always stood its prophets?"

Of it, W. Emerson says: "The absence of all literary culture impresses one with the peculiar spirituality of Emerson's message. Direct from heaven it seemed to fall on the white paper. No material medium interposed. He kept himself unencumbered by detail and free to receive spiritual impressions. The quality of his life permitted him to transmit and transcribe them."

She quotes a paragraph from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes at a London Club dinner, when he said to the Bishop of Gloucester and Mr. Havelock, when the talk ran on thought, intelligence and brain-waves: "I think we are all unconsciously conscious of each other's brain waves at times; the fact is, words, and even signs, are a very poor sort of language compared with the direct telegraphic between souls. The mistake we make is to suppose that the soul is circumscribed and imprisoned by the body. Now the truth is, I believe I extend a good way outside my body; well, I should say at least three or four feet all around, and so do you, and so do our extensions that meet. Before words pass, or we shake hands, our souls have exchanged impressions, and they never lie."

Of the Boston of to-day Miss Whiting says among other things: "Boston, like Paris, has her Quartier Latin, where the most interesting things happen. There in a semi-Bohemian region in which are located several of the best buildings and other artistic or semi-artistic headquarters, which is a part of the city that is very much alive... It is not far distant geographically from the fashionable portion. It is within a half-dozen blocks of Commonwealth avenue, of Beacon street; but while these thoroughfares are monotonously quiet, with decorous rows of private houses broken now and then by a smartly dressed hotel that vies with its neighbors in luxury, fitting-up, this artistic Latin-like quarter abounds in students who pour out of its club-rooms or restaurants in great numbers; with artists, men and women, who perhaps live in their studios, make their coffee over a gas stove, and dine at a restaurant. It abounds in lectures; in the followers and practitioners of occult science and mental healing; in Spiritual mediums—what you will. You will perhaps be accosted on the sidewalk by a neatly dressed woman, with refined courtesy of manner, who offers you a card bearing the legend, 'Divine Science Home.' You may be favored with a gratuitous copy of 'The Prophetic Star-Gazer'; you may be gently entreated to attend a lecture on the 'Science of Creation from the Standpoint of Vibration'; or invited to a course on 'Psycho-Physics'; you may be asked if you understand 'Mental Chemistry'; you may be invited to the home of 'Rest, Recuperation and Regeneration'... Lectures in this region discuss such topics as 'Primal Force'; 'The Bondage of Moral Sense'; and 'The Elimination of a Supply.'"

These "Boston Days" will be found most interesting and instructive reading by all sorts and conditions of readers, full of anecdotes and sketches of widely-known Boston characters. A chapter is appropriately devoted to "Concord and its Famous Authors," and many beautiful illustrations of prominent persons and places are given. It is published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston. Price \$1.50.

SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

FREE LITERATURE.

A Card to the Public From the N. S. A. Secretary.

To the Editor:—Kindly allow me to make the following statement in the columns of your good paper. Recently, the N. S. A. Editor-at-Large, Mr. Hudson Tuttle published, and other spiritual papers, the fact that the N. S. A. annually prints and distributes hundreds of dollars worth of free spiritual and other liberal tracts, and advised all who care for the same to send to this office for a supply. Evidently our good friend, Mr. Tuttle, forgot to say that there are hundreds of thousands of Spiritualists in this country, many of whom read the papers, and are eager to receive anything we have to offer free, and the result of this article is, that we have been deluged with letters, asking for copies of our leaflets, from one copy card, to fifty; some asking for a large bundle to be sent. On these applications, but half a dozen have sent postage stamps for the tracts, and but two dollars and twenty-five cents in money have been received towards postage or printing bills. We have sent what we could spare to each applicant, but could not of course send large bundles as requested.

Some of the applicants are from N. S. A. chartered societies, and to them we feel that we must be as generous as possible, as they are loyal to this association, and pay per capita dues, therefore their money aids in paying the bills of the N. S. A., those for printing and postage included. We have no special printing fund, and have to take from the general fund to cover all this expense, and unless more donations come in, the treasury is empty. Of course, we will have to be small. We feel that those who apply for tracts, who have never cared enough for the N. S. A. to contribute a dime towards its literary or benevolent work, should at least send postage to cover the cost of sending the supply they ask for, and it is for this, these lines are penned. Of course, our chartered societies, who are willing to send tracts postpaid, each tract reaching such a society goes to many individuals; we ask that all, when they have read the tracts will pass them along, and that the same may be kept moving till too worn to read, that may benefit from the same.

In addition to what has herein been given, I find it a duty to warn the public against a man calling himself "Harry Mitchell," whose real name seems to be "Harry Tuttle," or vice versa; he is traveling the country claiming to be a member of the N. S. A., and agent, and collecting money from mediums, ostensibly to secure them the protection of this association. He is not known by our N. S. A. people, and we do not authorize him or anyone to collect funds except our own representatives. Of course, if N. S. A. has no status agents, and no individual members.

MARY T. LONGLEY, N. S. A. Secretary, 600 Pennsylvania Avenue N. E., Washington, D. C.

"Just How to Cook Meals Without Meat." By Elizabeth Towne. Excellent. Price 25 cents.

"In the World Celestial," by Dr. T. A. Bland. Interesting; instructive and helpful; spiritually uplifting. Cloth bound; Price \$1.

The Triumphs of Man. By Dean Clarke. The sentiment of this poem is well expressed by its title. The course of man's onward march from lowest estate to his present grand position, his noble achievements in growth physical, mental, and spiritual, are clearly and succinctly portrayed in smooth, poetic, but terse, whose fine rhythm is pleasing to the ear, like as the tuneful numbers of sweet music.

The author has done his work well, with good taste and judgment, and we feel sure that no purchaser will feel to regret, or fail to be pleased.

Further, we may say that those who may kindly purchase this poem, but will also enjoy the pleasure of having added a brother in his misfortune, who has need of their kindly assistance at this time.

Single copies will be mailed postpaid for one dime and a 2-cent stamp. Ten copies for \$1 and three 2-cent stamps. Address Dean Clarke, 7 Winthrop Street, Boston, Mass. And with the dimes, stamps, and dollars, send your kind, healing thoughts.

The World We Live In. By E. A. Brackett. Banner of Light Publishing Co., Boston, Mass. Price 75 cents, bound in cloth.

A series of very thoughtful and instructive essays on "The World We Live In," "Through the Ages," "We Are One," "The Unknown," and "All in All," preceded by Preface and Introduction. The author is distinctly a Spiritualist. His theories are in no way speculative, and may be read with mental and spiritual profit by all classes of thinkers.

The Culture and Care, Para-physiology of the Aura, including Methods of Development. By M. D. Babbitt, M. D., LL. D. A very instructive and valuable work. It should have wide circulation, as it would fulfill the promise of its title. For sale at this office. Price 75 cents.

"Love—Sex—Immortality." By Dr. W. J. Phelon. For sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

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 to distinctly understand that our space is inadequate to publish everything that comes to hand. However much we might desire to do so, that must acquit of 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 competitors. 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 in all cases be adjusted to the space we have to occupy, and in order to do that they will be abridged more or generally have to be less; otherwise a thirty-line item is cut down to ten lines, and ten lines to two lines, as occasion may require.

Take due notice, that all items for this page must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer. If we do not do so, the Secretary or Correspondent will not send it 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.

Keep copies of your poems sent to this office, for they will not be returned if we have no space to use them.

You should sign your own name and address to the items you send in; otherwise they may be cast into the waste basket.

The messages given through Carlyle Peterlesia and now appearing in The Progressive Thinker, were written about two years ago, hence are in harmony with events referred to in them.

The Sunflower Club of Detroit, Mich., an auxiliary to the Church of Spiritual Unity, held its second musical and social, Tuesday evening at the residence of the pastor, Rev. Marguerite St. Omer Briggs. An excellent musical and literary program was rendered, Dr. and Mrs. Marvin assisting. Coffee and cake were served.

G. W. Kates and wife will hold meetings in Cincinnati, Ohio, each Sunday during February. They have open week-nights for near-by places, also desire calls for spring and summer months. Address them as above, or to 600 Pennsylvania avenue S. E., Washington, D. C.

Moses Hall passed through the city on last Tuesday, on his way home to Waterville, Me., lecturing at Columbus, Ohio, and other places, and collected a goodly sum for the Institute. He reports his monthly in a flourishing condition.

Nicholas Becker, of Dixon, Ill., has received all the letters he can psychometrize for the present. Don't send him any more.

Chicago Spiritual Alliance Society, Lakeside Hall, corner 31st street and Indiana avenue. Services at 2:30 and 8 p. m. Sunday evening, February 8, 1904. The Hon. R. Gilray will address. Mr. Gilray is a prominent lawyer in this city and an ardent student of science and natural laws. He is familiar with the Bible and will undoubtedly interest you and give to you much knowledge.

His subject on this evening, "Biblical and Modern Phenomena." Mrs. May and Mrs. Phoebe will give readings and Elmo will give psychometric readings and tests.

Dr. P. S. George will leave for Oklahoma, February 3, to be absent about three weeks. He would like to correspond with societies and others while here. He could stop at a few places on his return trip. Address him at Anadarko, Oklahoma.

A paper speaks of the Fort Huron (Mich.) haunted house, as follows: "A combination of a button hook and a 12-year-old girl made a Spiritualist medium at Fort Huron that completely fooled the people. In the latter part of the year, a police, sheriff and the Methodist minister. It remained for a newspaper reporter to solve the mystery. The girl simply tapped on the bed with the button hook and answered questions by making one rap for a, two for b, and so on down the alphabet. That was about as good as Dollie Williams' exploits in Central Lake.

H. Ellis writes: "Being a barber, I meet a great many people, and I have convinced many and started others to investigate the matter of spirit return. I hope that you will have the grand success that you so justly deserve."

An Oskaloosa (Iowa) paper says: "The meeting conducted by Harry J. Moore and Mrs. Eva McCoy for the Spiritualistic cause were quite well attended. At the meeting the same course of events, the first sign of any emotion or feeling since Sept. 28, when the girl fell into the trance. Since the first of the year she has been recovering under the care of Dr. J. G. Munselle. For several days she has been able to dress herself. She is sleeping soundly. Over a year ago the girl had a similar attack, though of shorter duration. She had not talked for three weeks and later said she was not aware that she had been asleep more than through one night.

A GRAND PRIZE MASQUERADE BALL.

The Chicago Spiritual Alliance and the Spiritual Science Union Societies give a Grand Prize Masquerade Ball and Entertainment, Saturday evening, Feb. 7, at K. of P. hall, 144 East 22nd street, near Michigan avenue. 25 grand and valuable prizes given. Special attention. Prof. Franigan furnishes the music, and it will be the best in the city. Send your address to W. J. Elmo, chairman, 40 East 31st street, and he will mail you prize list and program. Tickets 25 cents.

Gottfried Michaels writes from Milwaukee, Wis., giving several warnings and tests which proved true.

C. C. Bryan writes from Sherman, Tex.: "You are justified in saying your paper leads them all. Many of its articles are profound. It seems that brainy vibrations naturally drift into your sanctum."

The Houston (Tex.) Chronicle says: "The Independent Liberal Spiritualists will hold their weekly social tonight at the residence of the president, Mr. Thomas Muat, in Brunner. By request the lesson will consist of an exposition of a revelation made directly to Mrs. F. E. B. Shaffer by a messenger from heavenly spheres; even as recorded by scriptural writings was done in olden times. If angels ever spoke to men, they must have done so according to laws; even as telegraphy is possible now in harmony with the principles of natural law. Since law is unchangeable, else it could not be law at all, it must be operative now, if exercised in a like manner. The title of this revelation is 'Cyclic Dawn of Spiritual Day; or, the Mystery of the Dark Ages Revealed.' Also a continuation of last Thursday evening's lesson."

"Progressive" is the title of the Higher Life. Mrs. Shaffer will also announce for consideration by members several important steps she has under advisement relating to the future progress of the Independent Liberal Spiritualists' Association."

John Beyer writes from Sterling, Kansas: "We organized the First Spiritualist Society of Sterling, Kansas, on the 10th of the following officers: President, John Beyer; secretary, Ella Winget; treasurer, Dr. Wm. Schett; trustees, Geo. W. Bruer, Marion F. Cantwell and Mrs. P. Harper. We have 23 members enrolled. Mrs. Etta S. Bledsoe and Mrs. Inez Wagner have been with us during the entire week and did such good and efficient work in giving lectures and trumpet seances, that brought about a spiritual revival in Sterling. The last ten days we have had with us Dr. Julian P. Johnson, lecturer and spirit magnetic healer, and Mrs. Kirsten Russell, test medium. They have worked together so efficiently, and did such good work during their stay, that this community is stirred up as it never was before. The people are getting real hungry for the truth. With such a grand revival, I don't see before us but intend to have some good mediums here often, to feed the hungry souls and we feel assured that Spiritualism has got not only a foothold in Sterling, but it is destined to grow; all indications point in that direction. Dr. Julian P. Johnson and Mrs. Kirsten Russell are making their headquarters at Wichita, Kansas."

Mrs. Amanda Coffman writes: "I will serve the Independent Church at Toledo, Ohio, for the month of February. Will answer calls for funerals anywhere in the state during the month. I have a few open camp dates still left. Address me at Toledo, Ohio, in care of General Delivery."

C. C. Guraion writes: "Let me compliment you by saying The Progressive Thinker has improved in general tone and depth throughout articles fifty per cent in the last four months."

C. A. H. Laudon writes: "No wonder crime is increasing, but the world is not retrograding. The people are just awakening out of their 3000-year-old dream."

J. B. Smith, of West Winfield, N. Y., has gotten out an instructive little pamphlet on "Instructions to Parents in Child Culture." We make a brief extract: "In the written life of Napoleon Bonaparte it is stated that his parents were in all circumstances, requiring a great struggle for the necessities of life, and for months before he was born his mother accompanied her husband through the campaign with Paul in Corsica, experiencing the rigors and deprivations of war. Her sympathies became strongly enlisted for the success of the army; she studied thoroughly the plans of the campaign and army tactics, giving a strong bias to the mind of her son, who became the most wonderful general of the age. The next example was told me by Prof. L. N. Fowler, lecturer on self-culture: Mrs. B. was asked by an intimate friend how she came to have such a bright and beautiful daughter. In answer, she said: 'When my husband and I were married, it was for love, and my husband was always shown the same courtesy since marriage as during our courtship. Soon after we began house-keeping we were invited to a party in the neighborhood. We were well acquainted with the people we met there. We had games, fine music and dancing and enjoyed the party very much. Several months later my daughter was born, and since her birth we have governed her with love, which never failed us. I never allowed myself to become excited or to worry about anything. We expected a bright and beautiful child. To us she seemed to be the blossom of our lives and it would have been a wonder indeed if she had been anything else than pleasant and good.'"

H. writes from Boston, Mass.: "The annual meeting of the Onset Bay Grove Association was held at the Hotel Essex, Wednesday, Jan. 14, at eleven o'clock a. m. In the absence of President Whitmore, vice-president Millard presided. Much business of importance was done, after which the following board of officers was elected for 1903 and 1904: President, J. Q. A. Whitmore, Newton; vice-president, O. A. Miller, Brookton; clerk, Maj. Chas. F. Howard, Foxboro; treasurer, Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., Onset; directors, Chas. W. Hutton, Newton; H. H. Burgess, East Wareham; J. B. Hatch, Jr., Boston; Walter C. Pressels, Brookline; D. L. Whittemore, Newton. The meeting adjourned at 2 p. m."

A. M. G. Wheeler writes: "I have been working for our cause three months in California, in Santa Ana, having excellent success. Our society meets in G. A. R. Hall every Sunday evening and Wednesday afternoon. I have brought right to many and am highly appreciated. My method of teaching, and the society is headed by some of the best people of the little city. Dr. W. B. Selloek is president of

When writing for this paper use a pen or typewriter.

TAKE NOTICE.

All books advertised in the columns of The Progressive Thinker are for sale at this office. Bear this in mind.

that community. Henry D. Noel was before the court charged with "holding himself out to be a physician without having been duly registered with the state board of health." In his defense he produced a stack of diplomas of graduation. The setting forth that he was graduated by the "American College of Sciences of Philadelphia," and that he was competent to practice suggestive therapeutics and mental healing. Witnesses, principally women, said that they were treated by him at his office. He used no medicines, but subjected them to the "laying on of hands" process which is used by hypnotists to induce sleep. When the patient was in the proper receptive condition, he suggested that the disease would disappear. He was not always successful, although some of his patients said they felt better after the seance. In leaving the office he sold occasionally a patent medicine which he used as a tonic, not as curative agent. He was fined \$125, appealed, and is in jail in default of bonds.

W. D. Gray writes from Louisville, Ky.: "The Church of Spirit Communism held service at the hall of the Barbers' Aid, on Sunday night, the re-opening of the church with the pastor, Mrs. Annie Thronson, on the rostrum. The subject, 'What is Heaven,' was very ably handled. After the lecture, tests were given, and all acknowledged as correct. Many were total strangers, who were well pleased with the result. Officers of the church: President and treasurer, German Bryant; vice-president, George W. Funk; secretary, W. D. Gray; pastor, Mrs. Annie Thronson."

A. Scott Bledsoe writes from Topeka, Kansas, that on the 2nd of a week's meeting in Sterling, Kansas, held by Mrs. Etta S. Bledsoe and Mrs. Inez Wagner, of Topeka, Kansas, a very excellent society was organized with twenty-three members, and a charter issued to them by the state association. John Byer was elected president and Mrs. E. Winget, secretary. They are earnest workers in Sterling, and good speakers and mediums with the highest correspondence with them. The work in Kansas is doing well; the great need being more workers."

Lora Holton writes from Bartonsville, Va.: "I find the cause of Spiritualism at a low ebb in this vicinity after an absence of twenty-five years. Where once flourished a live society nothing is left but a large hall, built by those now gone to the spirit world. There are two or three here who once were active in the promulgation of Spiritualism. I would like to ask why the descendants of those who were once so active in the cause of Truth, do not continue in the work? Something must be radically wrong in our methods. But what is it? Where does the fault lie? We all know the cause is not dead, and can never die; and I see its supporters consist of a few local and instrumental, which was of a high order, also lecture and messages; and judging from the intelligence which was displayed in our audience I am prompted to say it will not be long before the masses will be with us. Let us unite and it will be long until Spiritualism will be the universal belief of the world. I want to extend a cordial invitation to all. We meet at 8 and 9 p. m."

Jonas Goldsmith, president, writes from 403 Oakley street, Evansville, Ind.: "The Society of Spiritualists of Evansville, Ind., is now having the most successful season since it was organized in 1892. We opened our church the first Sunday of last October, and had our first paid speaker in charge, Brother A. Scott Bledsoe, of the Kansas State Association. We opened our doors to the people and made no charge to gain entrance, but all meetings are free. Brother Bledsoe, who is a grand speaker, soon had the church filled in spite of bad weather. He stayed with us for ten weeks and we expect to have him with us again. Next week Brother Omer A. Edgerly, an other fine worker. He also succeeded in drawing large audiences and his work here was highly appreciated, and we also expect to have him with us again next season. He stayed five weeks, then came that grand worker, Frank T. Ripley. His lectures are good and full of interest to all who hear him, and his tests are simply grand. 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