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

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## TO PROTECT PHYSICIANS

Against Spiritualism, Osteopathy and Christian Science.

The physicians, I. e., the allopaths, in Utah, are trying to pass a bill in the legislature for their protection against the above-mentioned natural healers. No wonder that in these enlightened times, the old school of allopathy and its application of poisonous drugs are played out; the old-fashioned medicine man's practice is limited to the most ignorant people and as our universities increase the number of these physicians every year, the competitive system makes it hard on them; but a small part of them can make an honest living. Besides their criminal side-lines, they begin to raise artificial bills on every trifling sickly attack, so that everybody fears to call on this kind of a doctor. They are struggling for a living, they are fighting for their lives, and they are therefore worth protection. In other words, they demand to crucify the redeemers of mankind, to do away with men like the Jews did with the great Spiritualist and medium, Jesus of Nazareth.

But I think we elected good, honest and intelligent men to our legislature, and we trust that they will not condemn anything before a thorough investigation. So, I for one, will testify to the great benefit of the now progressive methods of natural healing through Spiritualism and osteopathy.

My wife had been suffering with a so-called milk-leg or cramp-veins for twelve years and the pain of open wounds was almost unbearable. She consulted many of the prominent physicians in the East as well as here in Salt Lake City; she was treated at home and in hospitals and every one of her wise doctors declared that an amputation of the leg would be the only remedy, or else prepare for death.

For about three years I and my family are Spiritualists; we are convinced of spirit return, and as soon as we got reliable connections with our spirit friends in our own church, we also got medical advice. The spirit of my wife's first husband, Dr. H. Krick, who, in mortal life, was a prominent physician, appeared and promised to cure her if possible. He prescribed some medicine to quiet her nerves, as he said, and also compressions for the wounds. This and magnetic treatment were applied for about two weeks, when the wounds were perfectly closed.

"Now, I need physical help," he said. "Go to an osteopath, take Dr. Ramer, in Salt Lake City, and we, together, will do the rest." Dr. Ramer treated her for about three months, and to-day she is perfectly well.

Besides this spirit doctor, there are two spirit Indian medicine men in our home; they are very strong magnetic healers. They not only cure every sickness in our family, but also many friends of ours have been cured by these Indians in my personal opinion, and I wouldn't exchange him for a dozen of those allopaths who signed that petition, or rather certificate of ignorance, to the legislature of Utah.

There are now at least 10,000 Spiritualists in Utah, who more or less enjoy medical treatment from their spirit friends. So of course the allopaths need protection if they don't want to starve.

As to the osteopaths the foregoing will be proof enough how far ahead they are of the allopaths in science, and what a blessing they are for mankind. They don't use a knife or medicine, and still are able to cure nearly all diseases. While the allopaths use the knife in treating appendicitis, killing most of their patients, the osteopaths use about \$300 to \$500 apiece, the osteopath cures surely without a knife or medicine and without charging an enormous fee for his services.

Christian Science is on the road to Spiritualism, and as soon as the leaders will have investigated the latter a little more, they will see the great natural truth, using the same remedies for our suffering brethren.

Now, what will the lawyers do against these healers? Will they prosecute spiritists like Dr. Krick? I warned him, but he answered jokingly, "I am not afraid." Or do they want him to undergo a medical examination and pay a big license fee?

Could a living soul think of hindering an osteopath to cure people so surely and so cheaply as he does? His treatment is similar to Professor Lorenz's method, the noted physician from Vienna. Would the state of Utah prohibit him to heal within its boundaries? O santa simplicities!

The question might come up, what to do with all our physicians who increase in number every year. And true enough, they are a burden on the public; they are placed wrong. Let me say first, that they need a higher education yet! Their diploma of which they are boasting now, is no good for medical practice as long as it doesn't include a certain knowledge of our natural law. They think they know it all as soon as they feel that diploma in their pocket, but there are every day new developments in the law of nature and we all have to learn continually in order to fill our mission on this planet. Such is manifested by Spiritualism, and our universities ought to provide in future for such instructions!

All these highly educated men ought to be made exempt from our competitive system; they ought to be salaried by the state, county or city. We need a revolution in the medical application; we then find that it is easier to prevent than to cure disease, and our physicians will then be able to keep us all in a healthy condition, while it is in their interest at present to keep us sick as long as possible! We need them in the insane asylums as well as in prisons. Do away with the muscular power; instead of a rough soldier, let a highly educated physician handle those unfortunate. Three-fourths of all patients in the insane asylums can be cured through Spiritualistic scholars. A good many are obsessed by bad and sometimes by harmless and even good

## A POETIC MESSAGE.

A Poem Written by Invisible Hands.

The following poetic message was handed to us by a man who is widely known and highly esteemed, but who, owing to the delicate nature of the relations, and tender sentiment, declines to give his name to the public. He says, that during a private seance with Mrs. Gertrude Wright, spirits spoke to him through the trumpet, the last one being his first sweetheart, who died over forty years ago, and who has often come to him in both private and public seances. After talking with him in a manner to establish her identity, if she had not given her name, which she did, she said, "If you will take the medium's hand in yours, to form a battery, I will write you a message." There was a blank paper pad and a pencil on a table in the room, and in total darkness, this poem was written on several sheets, by an invisible hand, and as sheet after sheet was torn from the pad, they were placed on his lap. The poem is without title, or signature, but no signature is needed, as the recipient has no doubt but that it was written by his long-lost sweetheart.

DR. T. A. BLAND.

The Poem:

My dear one, 'neath the palm-tree I wander in those spirit glades, And wait for that best time to be When you, dear one, can come to me.

From those supernal groves of light I oftentimes wing my rapid flight, And leave celestial bowers of bloom To meet you in the seance-room.

Dear one, I know the time is nigh When your soul will ascend on high, And tread the paths I've trod before, And be with me forever more.

Clear are the rivers flowing through That land of light that's ever new; Progression stamps the way above Where souls together dwell in love.

Temples of thought on our blest shore Proclaim the truth forevermore; And heralds to the earth plane send To teach that life doth never end.

Black Superstition's day is past, The reign of Truth is here at last; And you whose life has been for right, Will claim in full your lot of light.

O, Joy of Joys! when face to face, I meet your spirit in embrace, And in the summerland so fair Forevermore our love declare.

Some see spirits, and a physician thinks it is imagination; some hear the spirits talk, and the very wise old-school medicine man calls it hallucination, etc. All these patients are mediums, and a physician who understands spiritual manifestations can easily relieve those afflicted victims.

We need them also to treat all the ailments; we ought to take pity on all the inmates of penitentiaries; they are sick and diseased. Most of the criminals are misled or obsessed by evil spirits, and they ought to be treated accordingly, and discharged when cured. Our barbaric system to kill a man for a crime is wrong; we ought to try to cure him, and if that is not possible, if his natural life is too short, to keep him in prison until he can be cured by doing more evil, but to prepare him for the spirit world and to help him to fill his mission on earth as good as possible.

It is dangerous to kill a beastly murderer, as he being in the spirit world, will commit the same crime.

Czolgosz, for instance, was obsessed to kill McKinley. He said himself, that he had no motive or reason to murder McKinley; he never had a grudge against him until three days before the deed; the idea to do the crime came into his mind, and he could not help himself. It is plain that he was merely a tool, not for an earthly subject, but he was a tool of an evil and deadly spirit.

He himself was not responsible, and to kill him, although right by law, was not only unwise, but also unjust in the eyes of a Spiritualist who understands our natural law.

Even minor crimes can be traced to obsession and bad influences; a drunkard is a victim of such evil spirits. A drunkard has the same passion in spirit life as he had in the mortal body and, influencing the mortals to drink, he also enjoys it.

A brutal murderer, when beheaded, right after his crime, has no time on earth to become a better man. All we do is, that we pray with him, let him confess and repent and then console him. This plan appeals to the conscience as being in accord with the highest conception of right and justice.

This briefly summarized revelation of Spiritualism is of the greatest importance to the rising generation. It forms a social, moral, and spiritual foundation on which to build the superstructure of the earth life.

Teachers, parents and friends should see to it that those beautiful heart and soul-inspiring revelations are taught to the children, that their lives may be blessed, and made useful thereby, and the change called death may be happy in the consciousness of a well spent life, and a happy reunion with the loved ones gone before us, in the homes not made with mortal hands, but of the kind words, deeds and loving actions, congeniality, brotherly and sisterly love, displayed to one another in this dark, unsympathetic world.

SPRIT WILLIAM GALT. Through the inspirational mediumship of E. J. Beaulieu.

Oh, friend, never strike sail to a fear. Come into port grandly, or sail with God the seas.—Emerson.

G. M. HEIN. Salt Lake City, Utah.

I sometimes hear a person say: "I don't see any good in him." Then you are no seer. Look deeper, and you will find the God in every human soul.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

## SPIRITUALISM.

It Stands Forth as the Great Revealer.

In order to understand and realize what Spiritualism has revealed, it is necessary to take a brief glance at man's ideas of himself, and the great hereafter that would come to his mind. Man in his efforts to understand himself, was guided by his senses, and reasoned from what he could see, hear and handle. His idea was, that which failed to appeal to his senses had no permanent existence, so that his very being depended on his body—without it he could have no existence.

He longed for a continuation of life. There was so much left undone, so many hopes within his heart left unsatisfied, unrealized, that made life a mockery, if death ended all. The tolling millions called for conscious rest, rest for the weary. While love within the hearts of the many longed for the touch of an angel mother's hand, or the faint whispers of some loved one, that did not come. It looked forward to a reunion, some day, somehow, with the eyes of faith, but how? where? when? were questions that no one could give satisfactory answers to. No one knew, but hope whispered, have faith, and wait for that best time to be when you, dear one, can come to me.

The earth itself would be changed and made a suitable dwelling-place for mortal man. The sea and the grave would give up their dead, and the mortal would put on the immortal; all would be changed in the twinkling of an eye.

Thus peace and hope comforted many a troubled mind and heart, and brought peace and joy to those who were able to embrace their imaginings. These did not satisfy all, there were many doubting Thomases, who demanded proof; they learned that after death the body was resolved into its constituted elements, and these mingling with those of the atmosphere, were taken up again by other organized forms, and became a constituent part thereof. Thus the fair picture painted by Hope and Faith, was seen to be no more than a dream that came to naught.

It was left for Spiritualism to reveal the how, when and where of the continuity of life. By the use of the senses, it proved that man was dual in his nature, Spiritual and Physical, and at death the body was cast off, while the spiritual body which is unseen to the physical eye, continues to serve the true man, (the Soul).

The soul has a body suitable to its higher needs and aspirations. The spirit world has been revealed, not as a New Jerusalem, fenced around with jasper walls, and having pearly gates, through which the billions are admitted, but as a real world having trees, flowers, streams, lakes, mountains and temples of justice, that go to make up a real world, but as far advanced of the material world as the spirit body is of the physical body. Love, Truth, Kindness and Justice should be our first and last thoughts, and that alone will give us our unquestionable title to the mansions that are prepared for us in the world beyond.

Those freed from the care of our earthly bodies, could pursue those thoughts and studies, and get those thoughts and ideas which our earthly bodies prevented. The weary toiler finds himself free from drudgery in order to supply his wants. But we do not enter into a state of endless rest (Folded hands are ever weary; Selfish hearts are never gay). We wait and work awaiting our consoling to us, inviting our energies, and the spark of talent may have to unfold and develop to a full fruition, under such conditions our work will be a continual happiness.

There the mourners will find those that are dearer than life, restored to their hearts once more. We are separated by death, and reunited by death. And oh! how the world mourns its dead; those who are ignorant of the revelation of life and truth, and may grow weary in the task, and seek to solve the mystery by putting an end to their earthly existence.

Every case of suicide is an evidence of the world's need of the revelation of Spiritualism, and the solace it can give. The conditions under which happiness is to be obtained hereafter are also revealed by Spiritualism, and the perplexity arising from the conflicting schemes of salvation is disposed of forever, and the mind and heart are set at rest, forever in regard to the death problem. The only way to obtain salvation is to do that which is right at all times, and all places, for as we sow, so shall we reap. This plan appeals to the conscience as being in accord with the highest conception of right and justice.

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## CONTINUITY OF LIFE.

Prof. Lockwood Says It Is a Cosmic Truth.

Prof. W. M. Lockwood, of Chicago, who is widely known and highly esteemed, has recently filled an engagement at Little Valley, N. Y., speaking to intelligent and appreciative audiences. His introductory discourse he said in part:

"We live in an age of progressive thought and scientific research, covering a vast field of cosmic process, tending to enlarge and broaden the sphere of the human intellect—to widen the channels of commercial and national industry, and to make better the social relations of mankind, while demonstrating the truth of individual existence in realms of life beyond the dissolution of the physical or visible body. Before this tidal wave of scientific thought, introducing the twentieth century, the schisms and speculations of ancestral ages melt like the snowflake on a June morning; and the platitudes and sophistries of prehistoric ages are relegated to the waste-basket of time. There is no department of past forms of thought that is free from this scientific scrutiny, and no concept of life, social, religious or political, but will ultimately bow before the incoming light introduced by scientific analysis. The genius of this age of investigation asks for no special favors at the shrines of human beliefs, in any department of human opinions. It dares to penetrate every seeming mystery of nature, and to investigate the most sacred claims of man which have been engrained on the canvas of time. Human faiths, however time-honored and worshipped, are not exempt from the penetrating searchlight of scientific reasoning, and they must give way to the increasing demand for precise data in all avenues of human knowledge. Facts, and not faith, is the watch word of the hour. The liberated intellect, of man cries, 'Give me facts; I do not want longer the unproved dogmas of ages; let us have the truth that can be demonstrated.'"

"With these mighty inductions of scientific discovery, comes the knowledge of the unity of nature, and her processes. Nature is not dual; she does not build up under the potency of some pagan deity of the past, to be torn down and destroyed by some more powerful demon of evil and hate. These positions of a Homeric age have been a hideous nightmare in man's religious nature and a stumbling-block to intellectual progress for thousands of years. Two comparatively modern scientific discoveries demonstrate the poverty of these ancient platitudes. The first of these discoveries shows that all of the material forms of nature contain some of the elements of nature—that is to say, that the elements which are found in a certain kind of wood may be found in varying proportions in other woody fiber. Many of the elements found in a common rose-leaf, for instance, may be found in the leaves of other flowers, but in divergent proportions. A chemical analysis of the human brain discovers elements known to be factors in the development of life, and in the plasmatism of life. Indeed, the great truth is that all of the varying forms of matter are composed of elemental energies uniting in each existing form upon some special plane of what is known to some as polar organization. Thus we trace unity of general method in all forms of life and development throughout the infinitude of cosmic processes."

"The second, but by far the greatest discovery, is the revelation of the nature evolves formative, or shaping forces as the real entities or soul of things; while what we see, the visible, is only the phenomenon of the invisible shaping energy. Thus we see a flower; but the visible flower is only the external appearance of some invisible vitalizing energy, which, in the plasmatism energy lies within it, it is beyond our grasp. We see a tree, for instance, and we note the growth and development of a tree from year to year. It maintains its individuality. It does not change into another kind of tree. It grows larger from year to year, but its invisible soul principle, directs its growth. Nature not only co-ordinates with this soul principle as a special shaping energy, but the soul principle itself develops with each succeeding energy, supported and sustained by the life principles of elemental forces found in the laboratory of infinitude."

"With these discoveries of the unity of nature in developing her heterogeneous forms of growth from her infinite variety of elemental substances, and that all phenomena of the shaping energy or plasmatism, which is the real and central fact in her evolutions, there is gradually dawning upon the progressive intellect of this age a new thought; that this invisible life energy of plasmatism and bioplasmatic existence requires the constant reactions of molecular change to support and grow the invisible soul or life, and so what we see of the external or any form of existence is the result or phenomenon of the shaping energy or life principle permeating its organization. Thus the life force and shaping energy of a violet, is a distinct individuality, and it is functioned by its own receptive polarity, to attract from the ether of space by the action of light just the elemental forces selective to its growth. It does not attract unnecessary elements; hence it will never become a pumpkin vine. In like manner each flower throughout the floral kingdom, has its individual receptive and selective functions; each developing in accord with the shaping energy and life principle we call the soul."

"Indeed, every type of existence from monad to man, possesses this vital soul force. All relations in nature are invisible relations. They are psychic relations; they are the reactions of the energy or life principle permeating all the chemical experiments or compound forms of matter we can make. All chemical relations are invisible modes of motion. All processes of affinity

## GRAND SUCCESS.

Spiritual Developments in Flushing, O.

December 5, I arrived at Flushing, Ohio, from Cleveland, and found my son, Wm. H. Brewer, holding circles for automatic writing, receiving messages for different ones who had friends in the spirit world. Through my impressions he got a double slate, and obtained independent messages. But the interest was growing, and after talking the situation over, we concluded that it would be best to get a good medium to come here and demonstrate that there is a reality in spirit return. I communicated with Mr. Dillon, the treasurer of the National Spiritualist Association of Wheeling, W. Va., in regards to obtaining a good trumpet medium to visit us and give some seances, and Mr. Allen W. Kaiser, trumpet medium of Deshler, O., was sent to us. He held three seances. They were very successful, especially the first two, in which the spirit guides requested that a developing class be organized, and nine members were chosen by the spirit side of life during the seances. We were instructed to select three more to make the class of twelve in number. They were chosen, but we started with nine, and seven still remain with us. We had our first meeting, Dec. 30, 1902. We opened with the Lord's Prayer, and followed it with spiritual songs. Spirit lights came in abundance and raps upon the stand in the center of the circle, upon which lay a banjo, the strings of which were plucked, and a trumpet medium, Mr. Guide, Dr. Gilbreath, who has taken control of the class and gives instructions individually. After the first two meetings we were instructed to meet twice a week, which we have done up to present date. Our demonstrations have been wonderful—every meeting a grand success. We have added some new members who are well-read and highly intelligent.

I will now tell you about our last meeting, Jan. 27, not quite a month since our first one, which I feel is almost beyond description. We met with ten present, five males and five females. Good thoughts and harmony prevailing we opened as usual with prayer and singing, the guides keeping time upon the stand. My Doctor took control and gave new phases to the new members. Hands were materialized and displayed the process, three clairvoyants, one healer, two materializing mediums and one clairaudient. I pray that our experiences may encourage all who may be investigating Spiritualism, that they may find it a grand success as it has been proven in this place to those who have tested it and found Spiritualism the light of truth.

MRS. S. A. BREWER.

Flushing, Ohio.

are invisible. Gravitation is an invisible relation of matter to the electro currents of the earth's magnetic energy. Electricity is the product of molecular excitability, an invisible reaction. Discharge is an invisible form of motion acting upon, and in the vascular system. The processes of digestion and assimilation are an invisible process. The molecular changes taking place in the glands of the physiological anatomy of man are beyond vision. All nature is infinitely co-related by principles of polar affinity, and in the vascular system, there could be no growth or development of foods and flowers. This co-relation extends into every department of cosmic process, and the same polar affinity, no less than his physical organism, has its co-relations. Mind is co-related to mind, and conscious states to conscious states throughout the infinitude of time and space. Wireless telegraphy demonstrates the principles of this truth in a wonderful way. An electrical field in Chicago responds to the vibrations of the same polar field here. Mental telepathy is an exposition of polar co-relations.

"These relations of one individual consciousness to another have been demonstrated by our psychic research societies thousands of times; and, may I add that these co-relations of the conscious soul of man extend to spheres of existence beyond the limits of our earth existence. Every expression of life, whether plasmatism or bioplasmatic, is a symbol of the activities taking place in the form we see. All nature expresses her growths and reactions in symbols. Man expresses his relations to his fellowman by symbols. Human consciousness is eternally related to human consciousness by symbols of sign or symbols of sound. Human consciousness has no other means of communication, and the spirit would employ both of these methods in communicating with the mortal. These principles of co-relations and communication have always existed, but have remained undiscovered for centuries of time. They are the basic principles in the philosophy of Modern Spiritualism. Hence you will see that Modern Spiritualism draws its inspiration and facts from the established inductions of natural philosophy."—Cattaraugus Republican, Little Valley, N. Y.

"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.

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## MRS. CLARA WATSON VENTILATES HER

VIEWS ON VARIOUS IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Spiritualists have had the name of being "queer," and really it seems in these latter days we are earning the sobriquet. The strange ways of Spiritualists are set forth in the great desire that has been developed within them during the past decade or so to come in as seconds, or in other words to play the role of followers and imitators of the instead of leaders and builders of the new. It is pitiable indeed that Spiritualists, with the sublimest system of thought and philosophy at their command, should let slip the grand opportunity that is theirs to aid in building the great humanitarian structure of practical benefit to the world, along original lines. After Spiritualism had for forty years bravely battled its arch enemy—the Christian church, and sought to free the human mind from the errors it had taught, and release the individual from the bondage of useless forms and ceremonies that religion had imposed, then to face about and make of Spiritualism a religion, and build it up on the same old methods used by the enemy that we are still compelled to fight, is a sad commentary on the movement.

The opportunities for good that Spiritualism had, and that I believe was intended by its original promoters both from the spirit side and the mortal side of life, seem to be waning, and instead of being a religion, it is now being organized and temples builded and all the paraphernalia of sectarian churchmanship introduced. Pastors, Rev. ordinaries, Gods and Bibles, Christenings, amens, etc., are all coming in and the great effort now is to work for "our church."

And then, too, we are getting so very "plous" that no persons but those of "good moral character" can join us, and of course the "pastor" will be empowered with the office of acting judge of who is moral and who immoral and surely, Mr. Editor, some of your contributors will not stand a ghost of a chance of getting in, for our writings are considered heterodox by the pastor and "awful bad."

And then, too, the old supposition called the "Lord's Prayer" has come to be a part of our "worship" and a Spiritualist service is not considered complete without the mumbling over of that meaningless combination of words. It is becoming quite the fashion now for our speakers to close their lectures and funeral addresses with this second-hand borrowed or appropriated formula of speech.

One of our leading speakers thus closed a funeral service in this vicinity some time ago, and a Christian lady who had been in attendance was heard to remark that she "did not know what business a Spiritualist had with the Lord's prayer," and I feel to echo the sentiment.

I once had a prayer sprung on me at a funeral service where I was called to officiate, and I was greatly disturbed thereby, because it was all out of joint with the occasion; entirely out of place in the service. A friend of the family, a Spiritualist, was asked to make a few personal remarks and the lady sprung that old prayer upon us.

It was mortified beyond degree. The Methodist minister at the place and a good portion of his church were present, and I thought how disgusting it had been to them, as it is to me myself, to see Spiritualists imitating their ways just to curry favor of them. For a Christian to repeat the Lord's Prayer is consistent, for it is in accord with their thought, but why Spiritualists should use it is past comprehension, for in sentiment it is entirely at variance with the principles of Spiritualism.

Let us briefly analyze this famous prayer. First, it presupposes a personal God, and that that personage is of the same race, gender, and dwell on earth. "Our Father who art in heaven." Here in the first clause is embodied three ideas; all of which are contrary to the principles underlying Spiritualism. That great force, or power or energy or something which Spiritualists sometimes call God, is neither as well as father, which is really the negative and positive, the feminine and masculine forces of nature, and must of necessity be impersonal, and thus this God is no more in heaven than in hell.

Heaven is harmony and hell is discord, and our God that the N. S. A. has named Infinite Intelligence, reigns in both.

"Hallowed be Thy name." I suppose the name referred to here means the word God. Hallowed means holy and holy means pure—free from stain, and how that name can be holy as applied to that personage with which the Lord's prayer has always been associated and without which the prayer is meaningless, is one of the strange problems we meet. Jehovah God—the God of the Christian (and the Lord's prayer is Christian), was jealous, angry, treacherous, deceitful, lustful, murderous, warlike and fierce. How, then, can his name be holy?

"Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Now if heaven is God's kingdom and he rules there as king over all, and his will is done there, all of which is claimed by the system that gave us the Lord's prayer, then I cannot see how Spiritualists can desire such a kingdom established on earth. If the kingdom of heaven in the sense in which the Lord's prayer is given were established on earth, there would be the strange anomaly of the stagnation of enterprise with everybody engaged in active employment, which would consist in singing praises unto God every hour, every day, every month, every year. No, that would not be quite all for there might be an occasional war to break the monotony, for it is remembered that in those wonderful visions that St. John had on the Isle of Patmos, he was given a picture of war in heaven. Someway the old red dragon with his angels worked their way into heaven and created a disturbance and war was de-

clared between Michael the archangel, and the dragon, and fought to the bitter end; the dragon was defeated and cast out of heaven into the earth and was "reincarnated" as the Devil and Satan, and his mission is to deceive the world. (Revelations, chapter 2.) And then again in heaven it is said they never marry nor are given in marriage. And if God's kingdom was established on earth how would it be? Maybe we are not quite ready for that kingdom.

"Give us this day our daily bread." Think of a Spiritualist asking this favor of any God. Of all the billions and trillions of times this prayer has been repeated, no indication comes that God or any one of the gods, is running a baker's shop; and if they were the probability is their wares would not be distributed gratuitously; the gods have all been noted for demanding full returns for all favors granted, even the degrading servitude of humanity. There are just two ways of getting bread or any other eatable; to earn it or get it without earning it, and in either case, no god has anything to do with it.

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." O my! How do Christian mortals forgive the trespasses? With the bullet, the bayonet, the fagot, the guillotine, the gallows, the electrocution chair; with courts of justice (or injustice), with imprisonment, with fines, with scorn and contempt. Let a person or persons trespass against another in any way, and as individuals, as communities and as nations, how quickly the courts of law are appealed to! how soon war is declared and the whole machinery of strife, carnage and destruction set in motion. If then, God forgives us, we forgive, punishment will be meted out to us more direful than the tortments of the fabled bottomless pit.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Now, this pleading addressed to the old Jehovah God is quite in order, for according to the record he led the people into all kinds of temptations, traps and evil; but for a Spiritualist to so implore the Infinite Intelligence God is too ridiculous for consideration; for a personage or principle having infinite intelligence, why have too much intelligence to engage in the pastime of tempting humanity to sin.

"For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory forever." Think of Spiritualists ascribing this to the God of the Lord's prayer! It is too silly. If then, God forgives us, we should be guilty of squandering valuable time in repeating words which, if even possessing any significance, have been lost in their too common usage.

The query recently appeared in The Progressive Thinker, To what focus is humanity tending? That query is known as Spiritualistic or many of them are tending toward theology just about as fast as time and effort can carry them. Religion, churchmanship and theology form a trinity or a holy trinity, and inseparable. It had been hoped that our new school would be conducted along original, up-to-date, independent, progressive, humanitarian lines, and not tumble headlong at the first clip into the rut of the narrowest sectarianism; even drawing the lines tighter than any dyed-in-the-wool orthodox church. Any person of good moral character can become a member of the great church of the new Wetwater Spiritualist church. In the face of past developments (the facts of which I would not be privileged to here relate) such a statement must make angels weep in pity or laugh in derision. With crime increasing, with drunkenness among my own sex becoming more and more common (and how terrible this fact), yet Spiritualists draw their garments of self-righteousness about themselves and through their creed tell the poor, unfortunate, erring ones: You are sinners, and you must be saved by a very class that needs the benign influence of Spiritualism, shut out by the "holier than thou" feeling haunted by the world.

The Christian church takes in people of all kinds of character and of no character, and tries to reform them and sometimes succeeds. But the new Spiritualist church, the new Spiritualist tendency? Toward ritualistic worship, with more thought of pomp and splendor, fashion and rivalry in church display, than of effort at bettering humanity. And yet we know that above the clamor for Spiritualist churchmanship are heard the clarion notes of a few brave souls who are working to keep Spiritualism upon the basis and within the realm of naturalism where it belongs, giving to the world the great truth of the continuity of life and of spirit return as facts in nature and destined to bless and uplift humanity, with no need for the useless forms of fashionable, costly worship.

In closing, let it be suggested to those Spiritualists who need a written formula of speech for a prayer, to be handed down from the holy past, that they let the Lord's prayer have a rest and substitute the prayer of Socrates: "O beloved Pan and all ye other Gods of this place, grant me to become beautiful in the inner man." This prayer is shorter than Jesus' prayer and more comprehensive, for if we are beautiful in the inner life it will be apt to work its way outward, and no person can be truly beautiful that is not good, and if goodness reigns the world is redeemed.

Wonder what the stickler-for-God critics are going to do with Prof. Lockwood's splendid article on Causation, in the issue of January 24?

CLARA WATSON.

Jamestown, N. Y.

"After His Death, The Story of a Summer." By Lillian 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 ethical phases of Spiritualism, and 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.

"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.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1903.

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

HUDSON TUTTLE.  
Editor-at-Large for the National Spiritualist Association.

Mr. Tuttle has been engaged to answer all attacks in the secular or religious press on Spiritualism. Send him clippings when an attack is made, giving date and name of paper. Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE PUBLIC.  
All money in donations or collections intended for the N. S. A. Mediums' Home or Relief Fund, should be sent to this office to the secretary, if not directly paid to our authorized missionaries, who can show a missionary certificate of later date than October, 1902. No other is authorized to collect money for this association. Contributions, large or small, are gratefully accepted.  
MARY T. LONGLEY,  
N. S. A. Secretary,  
600 Pennsylvania Avenue S. E., Washington, D. C.

An Object Lesson in Black.

Two negroes confined for long terms in the Eastern Penitentiary, Pa., after retreating to their cell, which they jointly occupied, became engaged in religious dispute. They argued till nearly morning, when one fell asleep, and the other remaining engaged, beat in his skull, and cut off his head. When the overseer came in the morning bringing their breakfast, he found that the murderer had wrapped the body of his victim in a blanket, tied the dismembered head in an old shirt, and laid it on a small table—Exchange.

Horrible! yes, but it is the time-honored way of settling religious questions. In fact it is the only way, for they cannot be settled by reason. The more reasoning and argumentation from the data at hand, the deeper in the quagmire, the contestants sink, and if there is reasoning with a gleam of light of knowledge, the whole fog-bank disappears as mist clears with the rising sun.

The negro was filled with the same "pious rage" that has made conspicuous for religious zeal, a countless host of kings, popes, priests and saints. There have been long ages, when to brain a heretic, or one who did not believe with the popular faith, was regarded as a deed acceptable to God.

Constantine the Great, founder of Christianity, was so steeped in crime and blood, that no priest of the splendid faith of the old pagan religion would absolve him, but a Christian father was ready to send his polluted soul to heaven!

The sword, the gibbet, the fagot's flame, have been acceptable means of grace, and untold millions of the earth's best and bravest men have perished by the most cruel tortures, because they disagreed in belief from their neighbors. The same spirit lines, confined, bound, and fettered, it is true by laws, but always recognizable. It is to be seen in all religious journals—the ugly tiger claws of theocratic despotism. To report falsehoods and slanderous defamations of liberals and Spiritualists, is a part of pulp trade. To invent lies about prominent freethinkers, and repeat "death bed" scenes, and "ecstatic" ravings, is never better than a constant practice. They use the means at hand, to rend and tear the heretic; social ostracism, defamation, sneers and public contumely; were the physical means of torture in their hands, who can doubt their using them?

The negro murderer silenced his opponent. They may have disputed over the personality of the Holy Ghost, and the victim maintained that the said Ghost "proceeded from the Father," while the murderer held that the "procedure was from the Son," and that hence as proceeding through the Son, as an eternal generation, of an un-begotten, eternally proceeding, and mutually begotten, were one and indistinguishable. That is a question which the great minds of the church wrangled and fought over for ages, and it is never better than a hard nut for two ignorant negroes to settle otherwise than to crack each other's skulls. The only way such divine revelations can be received is through cracked skulls.

They could not settle the dogma, any more than councils and popes before them, except in one way. It silenced dispute, and the most ignorant, and brutal opponent lines vanished. Horrible! yes, and religious history, since man unfortunately had an incomprehensible religion to cravo with the nightmare of the incomprehensible, has been a continuous horror.

"Religion as Revealed by the Material and Spiritual Universe." By E. D. Babbitt, M. D., LL. D. A compact and comprehensive, and a number of letters and discourses on religious and philosophical, historic, analytical and critical; facts and data needed by every student and especially by every Spiritualist. One of the very best books on the subject. Price paper, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

Hell Defended.

What orthodox ministers of various persuasions think of hell is a matter of some interest to Spiritualists, who are on the way to the "bad place," in the estimation of the "good" folk who run the mental machinery of the ecclesiastical mills.

As stated by the Chicago Chronicle: "Canon Roberts talks like a lunatic," said Rev. Dr. Francis J. Barry of the Holy Name Cathedral, in discussing the sermon of Canon Page Roberts of St. Peter's church in London, concerning hell and purgatory.

Canon Roberts, after a wholesale condemnation of all hell is theology, deplored the fact that while science and philosophy underwent changes for the better from century to century, theology stubbornly held to the same views from age to age. The early fathers of the church, he said, preached entirely of the wrath to come, and while the reformation of the sixteenth century deepened the belief in material hell fire, and the bottomless pit, the Roman Catholic church mitigated the horrors of the doctrine by the doctrine of purgatory.

"That is certainly news to me," said Father Barry, "that the Catholic church picked up the doctrine of purgatory in the sixteenth century. The motto of the church is 'semper eadem' and its doctrinal teachings are unalterable, because they consist of the teachings of Jesus Christ and cannot be improved. The church has always believed in an unending hell and it is not at all particular to explain away the literal fire."

"The church has never believed in the annihilation of any soul that God has created, and it has never believed in the ultimate restoration of any soul that has gone to hell. Canon Roberts may call it cruel, unjust or anything he pleases, but that is, always was and always will be the doctrine of the church."

Rev. Dr. F. A. Hardin, corresponding secretary of the Methodist Superannuate Relief Association, said: "Whenever a minister preaches against hell, he is a sign that he is going to hell and he knows it. It is not true, and the more the pity, that the Christian doctrine does not change, and change for the worse. The doctrine of hell is not preached nearly as much as it should be, and it is a patent fact that conversions have fallen off in the same ratio."

"I do not believe there is in hell any material fire, but there is in the hearts of the lost an enemy to God which is worse than any material fire and which is a fixed and unalterable relation to all eternity. There is no worm there except remorse, but that is enough. Every sin carries with it forever a characteristic and appropriate spiritual misery. It follows that every man's hell will be different, because all characters and all spiritual histories are different. The doctrine that the souls of the wicked are annihilated at death, or in some future state of existence and the doctrine that souls once in hell are subjected to discipline with the result that they are ultimately restored to the favor of God are mischievous errors without any foundation in the word of God."

Canon Roberts was not living in the fear of hell for his own portion he would never attack the doctrine."

Rev. Dr. A. D. Traveller, secretary of the Methodist City Mission and Church Extension Society, said: "Put me down as believing in a straight Methodist hell, without any intermediate unconscious state, without any doctrine of the annihilation of the wicked and without any doctrine of their ultimate restoration. I do not believe in literal hell fire, but I cannot say that I believe the punishments of hell will be indefinite, but I do believe that they will be unending and hopeless."

"I do not think the greater part of the human family will go to hell. In a Christian land those who willfully reject the gospel will be lost, but in heathen lands many will be saved without a knowledge of the gospel. Jesus Christ is called the light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world, and I have no idea that his saving power is confined to Christian lands. The doctrine of hell is preached than it used to be, but I do not complain of it, for every preacher must be his own judge in that matter."

Rev. Dr. J. A. Rondthaler, pastor of the Fullerton Avenue Presbyterian church, said: "Canon Roberts complained that the doctrine of hell does not progress, but it seems to me that it does. Now, I believe in hell, but not in the way the doctrine was held 500 years ago. I do not believe, for instance, in material fire in hell. The fires in hell consist in the remorseful memory of unrepented sin, every particular sin inflicting on the lost soul its own peculiar and appropriate suffering. That is not much like the middle ages, is it?"

"Then I am by no means sure of the eternity of punishment in hell. I believe, in one sense, in annihilation. That is, I believe that whenever a human soul reaches such a state of opposition to God that there is nothing in it to save, then it will cease to exist. Whether that result will take place at death or after an existence more or less prolonged in hell it is not for me to say. "I may say also that I hold the correlative doctrine of restoration, though not so positively. I may say at least that I entertain a hope of the final restoration to the favor of God of every soul that is not so irretrievably bad that it will absolutely perish and be annihilated."

As to those who will escape hell altogether, I hold that all will go to hell who do not believe in Christ. I hold to a broad definition of Christ. I believe incarnate goodness is Christ and that multitudes of the heathen believe in Christ who have never heard of him as we have."

Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Fowler, pastor of the Centennial Baptist church, said: "I cannot see how Canon Roberts could speak of the doctrine of hell as stationary through all the ages. I am sure the church is not stationary, and as much as it was formerly. The pulp of today likes the constructive side of Christianity. It likes to dwell on the joy and blessedness of serving God instead of eternal punishment for not serving him, and I do not at all regret the change."

CLAIRVOYANCE.

The Faculty Is Possessed by Animals.

To the Editor:—I notice an article in January 24 issue, from the pen of Georgia Gladys Cooley on "Clairvoyance in Animals," which interests me greatly, having had similar experiences.

A few years back I had a Japan spaniel; the animal was sensitive in the highest degree; he faintly with fright at the sight of a large mastiff, having never seen a dog before. The first that I noticed that he was gifted with second sight, I heard him snarl and snarl and then whine most pitifully. I looked for the cause and not seeing any, took him in my arms and seated myself in a chair; thereupon he reached over and growled and whined backing under my arm as though another dog was endeavoring to climb to my lap to reach him. With my hand I made a motion and said, "Get out, who and whatever you are!" I then placed my hand over his eyes and rocked him to sleep as I had often done when he was nervous.

After that I noticed him darting under the sofa, whining and snapping, and almost moaning with fear. At last one peaceful day I asked my invisible friend to show me the cause of my pet's fright, as I had been told that I fed him too highly, and petted him too much. Shortly after I saw a vicious-looking animal, wicked and sneaking, with a stump tail, brownish-gray body, his locomotive powers were on three legs, he using the fourth one for "down brakes." I was not long in dispensing with his company. I forbid him ever to return. I had no little pet trouble.

My little pet dog was now distinctly his spirit as it departed from the body. It was the color of light ashes. It went down the steps just as he had done daily, stopped and looked as though undecided where to go, then another condition received him, and I saw him no more.

A little more, much-loved kiddy did with a hesitation. I did all that I could to prolong its stay in the body, but alas! the time came for him to go. I laid him on the hearth rug, he gave one agonized cry, his body dragging along two feet before the spirit was freed. I saw that spirit depart.

I was the owner of a very intelligent white cat, which would walk across the room, put down her head and listen for the sound. She would walk over my hands when I would play for her, meowing and evince the fondest delight, then jump down to chase something out of the room, with her tail and back raised to some extent with authority. I saw nothing, but she evidently did.

Why not animals have clairvoyance? I think they do. It is a part of the great whole, our bodily nature, and the overpowered called God the soul, why not? All nature is beautiful, divine, and wonderful. How little is known and understood concerning the inner consciousness of either man or animal, but I fall to see where, or comprehend where, the right comes in to debar the animal immortality and give it to man alone. I may not seem logical in my reasoning, but I will say that I positively know that animals are gifted with the shock of death. I not only believe, but know beyond a doubt.

We have a fine horse, a beauty, his silken coat rivals the amber. He is sensitive to a word, will not brook an insult, and shows a griefed spirit when neglected. He is perfectly trained, obeys his command, and is a true and true; yet he will refuse to pass a blue or white car, he abhors the color. He shows very plainly that his eyes see that which ours do not when driving along the dusty paths of Golden Gate Park.

Not long since, without any apparent cause, he stopped, crouched to the ground, snorted, reared and plunged and tried to run. I closed my eyes to what I feared, when behold there was an Indian astride of his back. I asked for help and the red-skin disappeared. The horse snorted, trembled, looked back, then broke into a stride that took us quickly from the haunted spot.

For my part I wish to meet the animals that I have loved and petted in this life, and to meet them in the "over there" would be joyful. All the dear things, including my birds, who have welcomed me with sweet songs, their hearts beating with joy that I was with them again. All that have passed through the beautiful change of death are glorified and made pure. In my selfishness I have mourned for them, and missed their expressed and clinging love. I want them to recognize me and to tell me that the home that I have builded without hands, and that I have one "be it ever so humble."

I am willing to accord the animal his rights and extend to him my sympathy in this life of trial, humiliation, sad wrongs, and maddening abuse. I must believe that the concept of man will be somewhat troubled with remorse when death clears away the mists and he sees more clearly the selfishness that he has practiced toward the animal, who oftentimes is far more intelligent.

However belief proves nothing. All that we can rely on are facts proven spiritually and scientifically. Science leads to practical, hard truths and stubborn knowledge. Science stops at the higher. It leads in paths by the still waters of peace. It shows spotless light grown in harvest of gladness, the banner of life in triumphant gladness. It points to the summit where no wave of discord can reach the soul whose journey through matter has been over the high-road of conscious right, where faith is made whole, and the beloved are again united; where songs of welcome resound through the archways of eternal progress.

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NOW IS THE TIME!

Attention: Spiritualists of Illinois!

Spiritualists of Illinois, Attention! Help arrange a missionary route in our state for our widely-known workers, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Sprague. They may be secured by authority to organize new societies, or visit old ones if desired. Their labors convince the wavering, rally the scattered and rouse the lagging and faint-hearted! Do you need them in your town? Immediately write Brother Sprague, 971 South Main Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Act at once: GEO. B. WARREN, President Ill. S. S. A.

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ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

His Good Name and Fame Defended.

To the Editor:—The Progressive Thinker, No. 659, contains an article of interest and instruction from the pen of the venerable pioneer, J. M. Peebles, M. D.

There seems to be a natural tendency in the minds of many philosophers, "adepts" and experts (?) in spiritual science to look with discredit, slightly tinged with the coloring of contempt, when viewing the stupendous works of A. J. Davis, and his former co-workers.

We say co-workers—this might imply that they wrought on the same exalted plane occupied by the seer of Poughkeepsie during the years 1845-1848 inclusive. We do not mean that—because he, in 1848 stood on the apex of the shining "Mountain of Power," while his co-workers were still climbing the rugged steps of the "Mountains of Use and Justice"—that ranged far below the firm feet of the broad and noble-minded seer.

Permit me to ask those who are unwilling to grant Mr. Davis the full credit and confidence which his marvelous life-works demand, where, in the broad field of literature, sacred or secular, ancient or modern, oriental or occidental, in prose or in poetry, can be found such a striking individuality as the now venerable, but seemingly forsaken seer—Andrew Jackson Davis?

How seldom is he quoted by the "scribes" or cited by the "rulers" of the rostrum. Public teachers as a rule, while they are profuse in quoting from others, never mention him as a writer of commands respect for his marvelous gifts as a teacher of spiritual truth, neither is he presented as a fair model for sincerity, honesty and purity in motive.

The reader may ask why this is so? Because the standard that limited his action toward humanity, that persecutor and misrepresenter his clear conception of spiritual truth, was placed too high for those who declare themselves to be the instruments of exalted "oriental controls" at the present time.

Often, it has been declared in public by the enemies of Spiritualism that Mr. Davis was immoral in his conduct before his marriage with Mrs. Dodge.

Many times we have heard Spiritualists in private conversation make the same unjust charge. If either of the parties were in possession of the facts, they would not so earnestly declare such unjust and grave charges.

Let it be clearly understood that, had it not been for the self-denying and generous act of that much-trusted and noble-minded lady, Mrs. Dodge, the world of ungrateful mankind would not have received that precious work, "Nature's Divine Revelations"—a work that transcends all literary triumphs that ever preceded it in the march of the ages.

Dr. Peebles quotes Mrs. Hardinge Britten as saying through the columns of the New York Herald: "I have heard Mr. A. J. Davis from the rostrum, and read in his writings repeated protests against the vilest concepts of materialism and the material philosophy of which he was a representative—with Modern Spiritualism, which he uniformly denounced—ignored and frequently spoke of in terms of ridicule and insult."

The answer to this grave question seems to imply that there must be a mistake somewhere. Indeed, the public mind, Mr. Davis says in his reply to Mr. Britten: "I do not believe in the identity of Modern Spiritualism and magic."

The harmonical philosophy is not mentioned in Mr. Davis' reply, and it would seem that it was not the point at issue at the time. There is a mistake somewhere. It seems strange that so good an authority as Mrs. Hardinge Britten should declare Mr. Davis to be in opposition to the basic truths of Spiritualism—if it was not true.

But how are we to know at this distance of time—and Mrs. Britten has gone to the spirit realm to receive her well-merited reward for a long and faithful term of well-performed duty—one would like to read her testimony, given through some reliable source.

It is within the range of probability that the Herald—an enemy of Mr. Davis—might, for purposes unknown to us, have mutilated her written article.

"Uniformly denounced, ignored and ridiculed with insult Modern Spiritualism." How strange this language sounds when quoted as the expressed sentiments of A. J. Davis. No such language is written in his great works, and the hostile of his work, "Nature's Divine Revelations," known as "orthodoxy." No such language could be found in his vast literary work that would bear the interpretation of "ridicule" or "insult!"

The readers who are acquainted with history, as given in that collection of precious treasures called "The Magic Staff"—think a moment!

Andrew Jackson Davis, the unresisting, non-combative child, and boy of delicate constitution—the tender, mother-loving, sympathizing, unpretentious youth, the spiritually sustained, calm, resolute, generous and fully developed man, the only one who has consistently held, and fearlessly leaned with unshaken confidence upon his "Magic Staff" during all his great trials—would he descend to "accuse and insult"—with the open heavens above him? Doubtless, in accord with the written testimony of reliable witnesses. The early years of the spiritual movement were distinguished by the stormy gusts of bitter prejudice, and the arrogant assumption of leadership—which Mr. Davis stood opposed to.

Mr. Davis declined the leadership, and refused to be "hooded as the head" or the center of any organization among men. He was an intense lover of individual freedom, and independent action. If the reader will turn to the "Magic Staff," pages 201, 202, the facts are there written concerning the statement so often repeated that "Prof. Grimes was the first man who 'magicked' A. J. Davis."

To save space in your columns, the reader is requested to turn to "The Magic Staff," pages 344-346, and 394-397. On the pages cited is the record of the noble act of Mrs. Dodge who so significantly aided the cause of Modern Spiritualism.

The incidents—honorable and free from impure motives, which has called forth slanderous declarations from pulp and the secular press, and many insinuations, and distrustful expressions given out by Spiritualists who were unacquainted with the history actually presented in the pages above cited.

It is said to think that one so remarkably endowed with spiritual gifts, whose mind is exalted to the loftiest wisdom known to mortals, whose life has been devoted to the work of relieving humanity of its burden of ignorance and physical suffering—should depart from the scenes of earth like a cloud—a cloud that was generated in the cold heart of factional prejudice, and waited over the mental world by the poisonous blasts of withering slander—should go home to his many spirit friends with the stigma of impure motives, and insinuation of purpose resting upon his immortal name.

Downy Mich. C. F. COLE.

A LECTURETTE.

The Subject: Are We Well Sheltered?

I look out over the long reach of snow-clad fields, far away to the horizon of forest which stretches darkly against the darker sky. Night is fast coming, and the rising wind sighs in sounding gusts and seems to penetrate the walls of the room even to the blazing fire. There are frost needles in the air, and the window-panes are gathering strange foliage at their corners. Zero, and a blizzard wind cruel, cold and merciless, drifting the snow in fantastic forms. Warm, luxuriant, comfortable within, the evening lamp is lighted, and we may take our ease! Yes, if it were so of all the world; if to the bright glasses with which came only waves of gladness from without.

But it is not so. In the wall of the mind I hear very strange voices; the moan of herds on the western ranches exposed to the merciless storm; of myriads of birds and beasts, enduring with pitiful patience, and above all, over all, the stifled cry of human agony. It is a night of pain, and the waves thereof converge on the cozy fireside, as voices along innumerable wires to a central office. They cannot be cut off. They cannot be sent on other connecting wires. All must carry the burden of their rending tale of despairing hope and utter failure in the struggle for life.

Can we be happy, with every surrounding pleasant, a warm fire, a cozy home and loving company? Not while there is suffering for others. Full fruition comes only when there is not one in all the world resting on us, a way of pain. More emphatic is made our discontent, if we would while away the hours by reading the news of the world. Surely there are magnificent deeds to record and fraternal thoughtfulness that will brighten the shadows. Read, and you will ask, have they forgotten to mention good deeds and noble thoughts, or are there none to record? It would appear that the waves of suffering, despair and crime have broken on the press and crystallized in columns for even the most calloused to see!

"Last night a watchman at the railroad depot, heard a stifled cry in a dark corner, and, investigating, found wrapped in a bundle of rags an infant almost frozen." He sent it to the infants' home.

There is no waste of sentiment in this brief item, yet what hideous pictures it presents! What suffering will a mother endure, before her maternal instincts are destroyed and she deserts her child? Was it born in shame, the product of a too trusting heart betrayed? Then think of the long drawn out agony and fear, and helplessness against the curse of the world, and after all the agony, the despair leading to the desertion of the child! Poor mother! Poor child! Despicable, unfeeling society! Or perhaps, a child that would have been received with loving care, but driven by want snarling like a wolf at her footsteps, with tears and an aching heart the mother leaves it, with a prayer that it may receive from charity what she cannot give.

The next item is of "an old lady past four score years, once wealthy, reduced to poverty, deserted by friends, was found by a policeman in a room, without fire, almost insensible from the cold."

Is there ingratitude comparable with that of the child, who forgetting the years of care and helplessness against the curse of the world, and after all the agony, the despair leading to the desertion of the child! Poor mother! Poor child! Despicable, unfeeling society! Or perhaps, a child that would have been received with loving care, but driven by want snarling like a wolf at her footsteps, with tears and an aching heart the mother leaves it, with a prayer that it may receive from charity what she cannot give.

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# A View of Death from a Scientific and Psychic Standpoint.

# = An Address =

By Dr. Jas. E. DeWolf, through the Lips of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

Dear friends, many known in the mortal form and many unfamiliar to me when I was here: The first thought is one of hesitation, that through the lips you have been accustomed to watch and the voice you have been accustomed to hear, I should give a message to you; not of my own voice but of one that is loaned to me for the occasion, through those guides that we have mutually received lessons from.

The first thought after the change was: Then I saw through a glass darkly, now it is face to face. Which transposition of the text is permissible, I trust, from the present standpoint. But the greater thought is:

"How wonderful is Death;  
Death and his brother Sleep;  
One pale as yonder beautiful moon,  
The other radiant as the morn  
When throned on ocean wave  
It blushes o'er the world."  
"How wonderful is Death!  
The awakener of the soul."

The awakening that comes to all surely cannot be unusual. Not every babe that comes to the household is the most wonderful thing in the world. So every experience, I believe, of the change called death, the birth into the higher life is the most wonderful experience, because it comes to the individual, to the person.

For many, many years death had ceased to possess any terror or shadow to me. Those who knew me on earth will bear testimony to this. There was no fear of death and no reluctance when the time came to pass through it. It was ever an interesting study to me, and often when earnestly caring for those who were passing on, and sometimes caring more tenderly for those who remained, I watched with the eye of a student to see whether there was any indication that the spirit, in passing through this change, could be aware of its various stages, of the various processes of what is called death.

I was interested in this from a scientific standpoint, as well as later from a psychic standpoint. It seems to me that human lives are so helpless about this thing that is called death, they seem to be so stranded and at sea when it comes. I often longed to give my own knowledge to the people watching around the bedside of the dying one, so they might at least turn their thoughts toward the spirit state into which their friend was entering. You know how hopeless it is when people are bowed down with grief, when they feel their personal loss; it is so difficult to turn their thoughts to something they cannot see. There is so much resisting of the tide on the material side of life that the people on earth do not see that which comes with the great flood-tide of spirit life. Therefore I resolved that when the time came for me to go, I would, if possible, watch and take note of every step of this change.

With the usual egotism and conceit of one who has studied anatomy and physiology and who knows the body well, I thought I could tell of all stages of its change by watching the progress of its dissolution. I had watched my own case for a number of years. I was not over-anxious; I cared much for my body, but I said from time to time, when the final change came I would be prepared. Prepared by the Soul-Teachings not to fear death. It seemed to me that this would be the chance for me to study the change from the spirit standpoint. So I thought I would know when the spirit left the body.

So when the days and weeks and months went by and I saw the falling of the physical body, I prayed to be taken. Afterward I said to myself: "Now these are the times, these last days and hours, in which I can take up this theme of pursuing the processes of the intelligence separating from the body."

Of course there were the usual things; there was the tender tie that clung yet to the bodily form; there were those left on earth. But even this did not deter me, because I knew the change was approaching. When at last it became evident that I must leave my body, for I had watched the pulsations, I knew how many there were and how many there ought to be, I knew when the ebbing of the tide of life was there. I always dreaded the effect of narcotics, but when the attending physician wished to administer it I consented, but I thought it would interfere with my observations of the physical dissolution. At last when it was thought necessary it was administered; but instead of dulling my observations, it seemed rather to quicken the mental perceptions, though it deadened the bodily pain, consequently the suffering. The principal thing that seemed to interfere most with my study toward the closing was the anxiety of friends, who were beginning to gather around the bed. While I was absorbed in the changes that were coming to me, they would want to know if I knew them; and just as I was in abstract thought over something puzzling passing through my mind they would suddenly ask, "Do you suffer any pain? Is there anything you want, anything we can do for you?"

I would recommend to all who have friends passing on not to ask "Do you know me?" "Are you in pain?" "Do you suffer any?" or any of those trivial questions. If you knew the great urgency of that which is coming to them, of that which they are passing through, the great urgency of that which is dawning upon them, you would not think of those things; you would not have them turn back, a smile is like loving words, a pressure of the hand oftentimes suffices to make you know that the loved one is aware, but it cannot be stopped. It is like trying to interrupt the tide that is coming in by wishing it to go out, or to go out by wishing it to come in. Do not try to interrupt the life tides; you cannot at such a time.

As I felt my pulse gradually receding I felt, also, my consciousness gradually increasing. I knew more than ever the people all around me; I was conscious of their thoughts; I wished they would speak, I did not want to listen. I was there, that I could see easily enough. But I suddenly became aware psychically of perceiving what they were thinking about. Instead of a great loss of consciousness, even under the influence of the medicine given, I was still perfectly conscious through the physical organism, more conscious than before. But that which puzzled me was, however, that as I grew conscious mentally of their thoughts I seemed to forget about the body, and I wondered if I would forget to know actually when the body died. Of course, for all human science, it seemed to me that would baffle my purpose. I grew more and more conscious of the pervading thoughts of my friends and those who were nearest and close to my bed, until I grew perfectly aware of what they were thinking.

Then that which seemed of more urgency: I grew aware of a great luminous presence that at first seemed like an atmosphere; still I was clinging to the body and counting the pulse beats of the receding tide of life of the body. There! at last a great burst of light came upon me, and I saw the countenances familiar to me, long passed away, those that I had known here, and those I knew although I had not known here, and I forgot all about the essential part of watching the body. Forgot it utterly! I was so alive, so intent upon watching these friends around me, that until it was said by one in attendance, "He has gone," I did not know that I was "gone." I knew nothing about what death had been to the body or what had transpired as the means by which I had left it. I seemed to grow into this luminous, super-conscious state. Instead of losing it seemed increase into the quickening in thought, in perception. But the magic of it all was, that the bodily breath went away without my knowing it. I had no struggle; I did not realize that there was any struggle. There simply was enlargement—if I may use that term—enlargement of my being, the gradual unfolding into another atmosphere: As if this room were suddenly to expand and grow light and very populous and the people who are here were to grow more luminous to your understanding. That was the way it seemed. There was no wrench, no mental or

spiritual strain. It did not seem any effort. I only knew when they said, "He has gone," I could gaze. I do not think I gazed with the physical eyes, but I gazed through the sympathy of those around. I saw my body there; saw what seemed to be myself, and not myself, lying there. I think it did not look to be alive, but I, I was more alive than ever I was in the body. The first conscious thought, the first thrill, was that of Freedom.

It had been quite a long siege with my physical infirmities and the body had begun to drag; I was always aware of it in the months that the disease was encroaching, and the freedom from this was something surpassing. Although every kindness, every sympathy had been given me, everything had been done to assuage the bodily condition; but if you had been tethered and swathed in every limb, fettered in every movement and then let free you could begin to realize the consciousness of the spirit at that moment of being free. The wings of birds have given to one the thought of freedom. "I feel as light as air," you frequently say with reference to the feeling of buoyancy that you have in perfect health. But these are clouds compared to that sense of freedom from the limitations of the body. The thinking was clearer and more rapid. The perception of such things as I was ready to perceive seemed instantaneous; and the recognition of friends was not quite the most overpowering thing that came to me, it was a part of this change and freedom, and there was great joy in experiencing it. But the most perfect expression is that thought of Freedom, and the something, that I can carry to your minds by no other word than Illumination. The Illumination of the spirit to perceive friends, people and spiritual things. This seemed to come almost instantaneously. It has come with greater power since.

But the first knowledge of it was Illumination. The one who had been by my side during all those years of earthly life in the human state seemed to be that Illumination. I owe it to her here to say: That I perceived that my spiritual illumination had largely been through her when I was on earth. Through her without my knowing it. I thought I knew a great deal about spiritual things. But knowing it with the mind and perceiving it with the spirit must be different; I know what the mind missed I perceived in the spirit largely through her. And if you will accept this and not consider it too personal, I will say, that my illumination at that moment of entering into this consciousness of spirit life was through her who remained on earth. A great light surrounded her, like that which illumined the saints in pictures, and which I perceived came from within and from above, from those who taught, guided and guarded us.

In this twofold light, of those who surrounded me in spirit life and her light upon earth, I perceived this Great Luminous Presence. Now let me state, Illumination is not a vision of the eye, it is the perception of the spirit. It, of course, comes primarily from the soul, as you all understand who are aware of the Soul-Teachings, but it is not perceived until it reaches the spirit and mind. The consciousness of this Freedom and Illumination was such that if there had been a great voice, as large as the world, I would have liked to have shouted it! Shouted it! to you who are my friends, to many who were my friends and to those who are strangers.

I never recovered from the thought of proselytizing. The one, who was luminous always, by my side always said: "But all are not ready for these things; you must not talk this to every one." But I thought if they were not ready they would not be harmed by it. Among those to whom I had talked were the few people who gathered around there where I lived. These also were luminous; they entering into the knowledge of this passing on as if it were a part of that which they had been prepared to accept. They tried to make it manifest, even through their sympathy, that this knowledge was not lost upon them.

Now the psychic fact is: That when first entering spirit life we are less in sympathy oftentimes with the spirits who have passed on before us and beyond than with those who love us and were much with us on earth. My psychic sympathy returned to those left on earth. How would they feel? What would they think? I saw they were wonderfully prepared for this change, and for any change that might come to their households. Missing the bodily presence, they still understood that which had been entered into.

Now so natural did this seem, this process of dying, as it is called, the awakening, the being born, that although I could not succeed in studying it, although the body was sloughed off like something that was an excrescence and I slipped away from it without a struggle, or knowledge of it—so natural does this seem, I said: "If I could tell these friends and other friends how it seemed to me, they will not only not dread the change when it comes to them, but they will not dread it for their friends, and they will know that there is no suffering in the change. If I told them in my own simple way, that this is release not only from pain, but from the limitations of the body; that one enters into greater perception, according to one's state, than they had in the body. The things the people long to think, long to do, would like to be aware of, they can be aware of. But they will think differently by the time the change comes to them."

In a simple way I want to tell you this; I want to do it, for after all if you are not ready for this thought I will not reach you, but I want to add my voice to the thought; that death is as natural to those who die as being born is to those who are born. You do not usually pity the babe that enters into earthly life,—though you might many times—yet rejoice at the coming, you are glad, there is a great light in the habitation frequently (sometimes there is a great shadow where there is poverty, want and pain). But in this added birth, this spiritual birth, there is a great light. I know many are born into spirit life who are shadowed in the earthly life, but they do not thereby enter into deeper shadow. There is no human life that, according to the degree of its human existence, is not freer in taking this next step, called death.

Then what one is in spirit life must, of course, depend upon what one is when here; no more nor less am I then in spirit than when with you. That which is essentially me now is no more than that which constituted me then, which perhaps you did not always see, which did not always manifest itself through the form; perhaps the body was too over busy, or the brain was too over busy for it to always manifest itself. But I find many theories have vanished like the breath of that body. I do not know where they have gone. Sometimes when we die, I am told by those who are wiser, we die to our false notions as well as to our bodies, that the things that seem to us so real, so manifest, so palpable in human life are not so at all. I was quite well prepared to know this because I had been taught it, yet it is quite different to realize it.

But a very strange thing is, it is not difficult to understand, perhaps, that you will be free and feel free when separated from the body, with its limitations, its pains, its sufferings, its inability to hear far or see far, or walk far, all these limitations you are glad to be free from, but, dear friends, the most marvelous part is, that a great deal of our work is done for our bodies; a great deal of our work is for our bodies, and then to have that all cut off, to leave one free from the anxiety of thinking what one will do for the body, is the greater part of freedom. At first one might be almost lost; might feel as though he was out upon the sea without chart or compass. But I find if you trust yourself to the billows you are liable to get along better than if you tried to resist them. When one finds one has no physical body there is no use of thinking what one will do to care for it, to eat, to drink, to wear or to be well or be warm, and of course having little time to attend to one's own body when in health and being oppressed by the knowledge that one must attend to it when not well, it is a great relief to lay it aside with its thought of work for mortal, physical, existence and be perfectly free to think about themes and subjects that do not relate to daily bread.

Not that we are separated from our kind. I feel more sym-

pathy with those who need daily bread on earth, if possible, than when here; more sympathy for those who do not know the way to get their daily bread; more interest in devising ways and means to help them. For such as are in the body who are all the time under the strain and stress of trying to keep up, I feel greater sympathy for these. But to have the knowledge that I do not have to provide for the body, that I do not have to carry it with me, that my thoughts are free and fetterless, that I am attracted to the ones that are attracted to me, that these great subjects, which to the human mind are subjective themes, are the main basis and purpose in life, is something worth considering.

Our friends, the Christian Scientists, have tried to teach a great many people to be in this state while yet in the body. But they find that they cannot ignore the physical side of existence. You may ignore much that depresses and obstructs the thought because of the suffering, but of course the habitation must be cared for, the instrument must be kept in order, kept in tune, often by physical methods, (I freely admit) often by spiritual ways it has to be kept in tune. But when you have no body, when you have no thought of the realm that includes caring for the body—it is a great stride. So I am not surprised to find that many spirits who have no thoughts on other things are obliged to live in such psychological sympathy with earthly existence after the body is dead, to keep up the semblance of physical existence and the semblance that is surrounding it; for they would be lost without it. Because when you consider the average human life and the many hours that are devoted to caring for the body, you may well wonder what you will all do when you are dead and have no bodies to think about. But through the Heavenly Love the divine order of things is such, that for every new condition there is new adaptation, and every one who dies or passes through this change is, through some process, adapted to the change, whether that person be what is called high or low, whether the intellect is great or small, there is adaptation to the state that is entered into.

New themes come to one in the spirit state just as readily as new scenes come to one when traveling on the earth. When you are traveling you do not want to take your own local geography with you or your own habitation with you, you want to study the new scenes that you are entering upon. So in this new state of existence the mind and spirit become readily adapted to these new conditions of knowing things without asking about them; to have an answer to your questions before you have time to think about them; to be in a realm where people know what you are thinking about, where language is not needed to express or to tell your thoughts. This lack of ability to express one's self in human language becomes less painful. Spirits, who by the law of adaptation are your teachers know what you are thinking about.

It is a great relief not to have to ask questions. Sometimes we used to make mistakes when asking questions of the Guides here, being puzzled for words. Now even before the thought is fashioned, the very wish to know brings the answer. It is the great fulfillment of answer to prayer. For even if we do not know we are praying, when we wish to know anything if the answer comes, that is answer to prayer.

This great knowledge through perception, of knowing things without seeing them, or hearing them; without being blinded by the sight or made deaf by the hearing. You know very often people hear things that give them an entirely wrong idea. Very often people say things that do not convey the correct statement to the mind. Now to know things without seeing wrong or hearing incorrectly is, to me, a wonderful thing. To know what my friends are thinking; to have been attracted by one and another since this release; to have been as near to them as to my own human habitation is a great and surprising part. Some one thinks of me in Chicago; I am here; some one thinks of me elsewhere; I am with that one. I perceive them, I am in sympathy with them straightaway. This is why spirits, not being limited by time and space, there is more of their presence possible than when they were in the human state; though even when on earth you think intently of them and they will be psychologically present. But this presence that is born of the great attraction of friendship, of the ability of people to be with their friends, is that which the spirit becomes aware of. Earthly friends not seen for years are at once made palpable, their state, their condition, their regret, their sorrow, their wish to know about one. All that relates to the individual that has passed on becomes more plain and clear than it was before. Sometimes, if friends do not understand each other there is better understanding.

You know death is a great clarifier, it sets your friends who pass on in a new light when you are still on earth, you think of them differently. That is as it should be, if you think of them with the spirit instead of with the human sense and human selfishness. Death is the great reconciler; you always feel reconciled to people—nearly always—when they are dead. That goes to their spirits, the knowledge of that reconciliation enters into their state. Those near in friendship, those who are near to you on earth, whom you wish to see, but cannot on account of bodily distance, are the ones of whom you are aware, the ones you have visited many times. I have visited those I have not seen in human life for many years. I thought of them and instantly had conversation with them. It is like sitting at a telephone, or it is more like wireless telegraphy, it brings you to the one you are thinking about, that is the only one that can answer what you are thinking about.

This solves the question about "unscrupulous" spirits impersonating your friends. In this wireless telegraphy only those can commune who are in sympathy in spirit. I am the only one that can answer your thought concerning me. No other spirit is attuned to that thought, no other spirit can answer. No other spirit perceives it. Therefore I say, that much of this thought concerning the personating of your friends is a mistake. It is an earthly mistake just as messages that get perverted. The mistakes are shadows from the earthly side. Something is wrong with the machine; something is out of order with the "vibrations" as you call them. This response can only be from the one that your thought is intended for. There are fewer mistakes in the spirit realm than in earth states, because the bodily senses do not interfere. I cannot speak or think in accord with a spirit with whom there is no sympathy—either by fellowship, by seeking for knowledge or by imparting it is one near me. I am in sympathy with all that need me, I, if they are in need of something I can give, I can answer impersonally, but I cannot respond for that which I cannot give, I cannot answer for that which is not intended to reach me.

Therefore, many spirits of different states pass to and fro without recognizing each other. Many might be, to use a human phrase, in this room without knowing each other's presence at all. This is why a clairvoyant may describe one spirit and not know of another that is for some one else; all is according to adaptation. This is why there are so many difficult problems in what is called ordinary Spiritualism. But the answer to all these questions comes later. That which has come to me, is this great Freedom, this great Illumination. It has not receded, because the light of it and the source of it does not recede.

While there is not adequate knowledge to explain fully the state and condition in which one finds one has entered, there is still adequate knowledge to explain what his living thoughts, his living consciousness, his living awareness is, and that it is the carrying out more fully perhaps of the individual or personal bodily existence.

I am not disturbing myself now about other propositions. Of course the theological proposition long since ceased to worry me. The perception of the soul is taken as the means of solving the different questions and problems to be solved. But that which does interest me is that this change, that which pertains to it may be understood by all.

Dear friends, in the thought of the mechanical, dynamical,

physiological aspect of death, there is naught to fear. In the greater aspect that you have known of the light of Spiritualism, who have been led into communion with your departed friends, who understand that they exist; especially the light you have in the Soul-Teachings you understand about Death. It is the great benefaction of human existence. I have entered into that benefaction with all humility; with all appreciation of the blessings that the earthly life afforded, with all knowledge of what was the import of that life. But for the rapture of that one moment of exaltation, when aware of being set free from the physical body, and yet of being more near to the loved upon earth, I would have passed years of physical suffering and torture and would have accounted it no hardship or privation.

## CLOUDCROFT.

From the valley far below us, from the sand, and desert shore,  
From the bleak hills and the gray hills that around us stand  
Once more,  
Slowly up through sands like silver, with the loud clear  
sounds of bells,  
And the engine, shrieking loudly, mighty Progress' story  
tells.

On across the broad, low level, rising all the time,  
Through the dust we look so eager for the mountains we  
shall climb;  
Presently we've passed that journey and begin to feel that  
thrill,  
As the throbbing of our engine takes us bravely up the hill.

Then we see a bit of greenness, and the waters sparkle  
bright,  
And the hills around us gleaming with their verdure come  
in sight;  
Into scenes of royal magic that we hardly hoped to know.

Then the passing panorama, here and there a graceful curve,  
As the cars on which we're sitting, turn about with careful  
swerve,  
Higher still and yet still higher, till we're looking down be-  
low,  
To the many turns and bendings where steel tracks come  
and go.

Some one kindly pointing for us, bidding us all look and see,  
How the railroad is seen up yonder, or back there below the  
tree;  
While our hearts are beating gladly and our minds are reach-  
ing out,  
At the wonders of Dame Nature all royally spread about.

Then again we hear the whistle, then we hear the bells once  
more,  
And we stop at Alamogordo, where we've never been before;  
Just a little respite, changing to another car, where we,  
With a better observation, start once more in pleasure free.

Up and up, and up, ascending, till the clouds seem very near,  
And the tree tops 'neath us bending like a magic scene ap-  
pear;  
Still we're climbing up the mountains, here strange cottages  
we find,  
With such beauties all around us, so thought should be in-  
clined.

For we're going upward, onward, till at last the garden  
place—  
Happy Cloudcroft! pleasant, graceful, meets us with its smil-  
ing face.

Here the hand of man is wedded in with nature's glorious  
plan,  
That the beauty and the sweetness all around us may ex-  
pand.

Hand of man and art of nature, together blended here we  
find,  
And the Lodge House is established, while its greetings are  
most kind;  
There is something sweet and pleasant, kindly greetings, joy-  
ous faces,  
Till we feel that we are welcome to these grand and glorious  
places.

Cloudcroft! long we shall remember every spring and every  
fern,  
Every rock-ridge, every great tree, every corner, every turn.  
We'll remember how our horses bore us gladly on the way,  
We'll remember morning's brightness, we'll remember close  
of day.

How the stars came out in splendor, in the great vast vaulted  
blue,  
Looking down so soft and tender with their loving eyes to  
you;  
We'll remember how the whisper, like a voice almost divine,  
Talked to us with sacred language as we journeyed through  
the pine.

We'll remember how the robin sung his welcome song at  
morn,  
How the beauty of the place ever seems just freshly born.  
And I say, with all these women, every woman of the Press,  
Wishes Cloudcroft joy and promise; prophesies its great  
success.

JENNIE HAGAN BROWN.

## WHAT STRIVING DOES.

If all the end of this continuous striving  
Were simply to attain,  
How poor would seem the planning and contriving.  
The endless urging and the hurried driving  
Of body, heart and brain!

But ever, in the wake of true achieving,  
There shines this glowing trail;  
Some other soul will be spurred on, conceiving  
New strength and hope, in its own power believing  
Because thou didst not fail.

Not thine alone the glory—nor the sorrow,  
If thou dost miss the goal;  
Undreamed of lives, in many a fair to-morrow,  
From these their weakness on their force shall borrow—  
On, on, ambitious soul!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Success.

## THE COURAGE OF TRY IT AGAIN.

There are three kinds of courage in this world of ours,  
Which help to make projects go through:  
There's the courage that comes, like the blooming of flowers,  
When our life, like the springtime, is new;  
There's the courage which comes at emergency's call,  
To the weakest, most timid, of men,  
And then there's the kind that is noblest of all—  
The courage of "try it again."

To patiently labor, the end not in sight,  
When failure seems drearily nigh,  
To cheerfully plod through the darkness and night,  
And conquer our task though we die;  
To carry a smile when the outlook is dark,  
And the path leads through swamp land and fen,  
Ah! this is the courage which makes a bright mark—  
The courage of "try it again."

—Ethel Maude Colson.

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## THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE.

### A VERY IMPORTANT WORK.

The Spiritual Significance is by Lillian Whiting, author of "The World Beautiful," "After Her Death," "Kale 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 could 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 elevated 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 quality that have insured for "The World Beautiful" volumes an almost world-wide popularity.

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Then is the Time to Devote to Spiritualistic and Occult Subjects.

During the long evenings of the coming winter, when sitting by the fire, thinking, dreaming of children far away in the busy marts of life and of those in some fairer land, you will grow sad and weary with life without something to read to remind you of the future. The Progressive Thinker in your home will come like a weekly messenger from the Spirit Land, bringing peace and soul comfort.

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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 as terse, 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 is 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.

Horace E. Fakin: Q. A correspondent of the Hartford Evening Post states that Carver, a follower of the infidel Paine, charged him with refusal to pay his board bill, and describes him as a filthy drunkard, really disgusting. Grant Thorburn substantiated these charges in his memoirs, saying: "Paine was the most disgusting being I ever met in the street. Through his impudence his countenance was bloated beyond description and he looked as though God had stamped his face with the mark of Cain. A few of his disciples, to hide him from the gaze of man, had him conveyed up-town, where they supplied him with brandy till he died." Is this true?

A. Add to this, the horrible death scene reiterated by ministers who preach a warning to unbelievers, and the falsehood is complete. It is what Robert Ingersoll aptly calls "an orthodox lie." It is presumable that President Roosevelt had read this account when he called the man who did such a "filthy little atheist!" Paine was in no sense an infidel; he was not filthy, and not remarkably "little," although if a dwarf, it is not a disgrace.

The same question was answered in this department a year ago at length, but the lie, given to the world by religious slander, continues to be circulated by the same intolerant bigotry.

In the authentic life of Paine, introducing his complete works, and in Vale's Life, the accusation of Carter resolves itself into a protest by Paine because he thought the charges exorbitant. Carter became angry and wrote abusive letters which were afterwards used by the enemies of Paine. It is recorded of him that he was scrupulously clean in his habits, but slovenly in dress.

His disease was dropsy with complications which made him a great sufferer. His mental faculties remained unimpaired to the last, and he "expired peacefully without a struggle." He was not a drunkard, and retained in advancing age remarkable strength, physical and mental. If he lived to old age he would be contented as a somewhat conservative Unitarian.

"Quo." Q. Why are the pastors afraid of the spirits?

A. This question needs the story that comes with it for explanation. A spirit came to a certain circle and claimed to be a brother of the Congregational minister of the town. He wanted him to come to the next session, for he had a message for him. With a good deal of urging and vows of secrecy, the clergyman attended. When the shadowy face of his brother appeared and called him by name, the pastor became so afraid, and as the form became more distinct, he jumped to his feet and with an undignified agility which would have called out an encore on the burlesque stage, dashed through the door.

The next Sunday the pastor, scarcely recovered from his affliction, preached a sermon on Spiritualism, taking the story of the witch of Endor for his text, and declaring it all the work of the Devil!

Indeed, it is perplexing to a common mind, why the pastor should be frightened at the appearance of his brother, whom he would have, if a stranger, traveled a long way to see. Stranger yet, that he should so rashly conclude that the spirit, so like his brother, was the devil!

Admitting it was the devil, the pastor ought not to have been afraid. It was business for which he is paid to wage battle royal with his Satanic Majesty, and it was a rare opportunity, meeting him face to face, to have a fight to the finish. Instead of being frightened, he should have been enraged, and he should have fought without fear even of a word back.

Thinking the matter all over, the only plausible explanation is that the spirits may make unpleasant revelations. "Dead men tell no tales," may be nothing to those who think they can explain by silence an explanation applicable perhaps in this instance, but there are general causes which by striking at the doctrines taught by the pastors make all quake with fear.

If they really believe what they teach, they would welcome all spirit comers, because these would confirm with unimpeachable testimony. They know that their doctrines are assertions based on other assertions, and have no desire to bring in witnesses whom they cannot control.

Good Deacon Brown comes to a circle and declares that he was greatly disappointed in not finding Christ awaiting him, and that after a long search he had not found the pearly gates of heaven, with God on a white throne.

In fact he found everything different from what he was taught in the church, and his prayers and meditations did not cancel his selfishness and sharp practices. And Jim Smith, who never professed religion, or "came to Jesus,"

insists that he has never yet made the acquaintance of the devil, and is in no more fear of hell than while in this life; in fact finds things agreeable and to his mind! By the teachings of the pastors since St. Paul went missionarying, Deacon Brown ought to be in the throne room, and Jim Smith breathing sulphur fumes. If they are not, but enjoying lives continuous of this, with environments according to their aspirations and desires, what becomes of all these religious schemes to save souls that are not lost? Not lost, not degenerate, but struggling onward and upward, as a plant expands by growth to the actualization of its inherent possibilities!

Why do pastors fear the spirits? Oh, it is sweet to palliate and compromise, and declare that Spiritualism is a graft on Christianity; the Bible inspired by spirits through mediums; writers, that St. Paul and the disciples were chosen because they were mediums; that the miracles all are of spiritual interpretation, and Spiritualism only a clearer expression. Sweet to those who are breaking from old beliefs which they fear to cast wholly aside. But let them not delude ourselves that we can build permanently on such foundation. Our interpretations will never be received by those who see in the Bible and miracles only support for dogmas utterly false and vicious in their tendencies. Christianity may be so soiled, as to be synonymous with Spiritualism, but it is not the understanding of its believers, present or past; not that of the rigid creeds to which we must go for its real significance.

Taken in the latter sense, Spiritualism bears the relation to it of day to night, of the zenith to the nadir.

We may deceive ourselves into the belief that we are popularizing our cause by imitating church forms, and harmonizing it with the doctrines of the churches; it will not be long before these pettifoggish methods will overwhelm us with their sham.

The church dogmatism teaches man's degradation, from the estate of an angel to that of a demon; lost from God, and saved only by abject faith in Christ's redeeming sacrifice.

The Science of Spiritualism teaches that man is a being of evolution from degradation, through the highest attainments of this life, into the next, where he will enjoy infinite possibilities of advancement by inherent growth. He is not lost from God. His tendencies are not toward evil but righteousness. Not being lost, he has no need of a savior.

Reconcile these and you have performed a task to which the reading of this riddle of the sphinx is a child's pastime.

Why fear? Why should a man on a railroad track fear the oncoming of the Twentieth Century Express? When he heard the rumble and the roar, he would clear the way with agility only equaled by the pastor when he left his brother at the séance.

## THE PSYCHIC PROBLEM.

Something in Reference to Automatic Writing.

To the Editor:—I read the article of R. B. Dutton, of Lincoln, Neb., on the subject of writing automatically, with interest, for I have for the past few weeks had the same experience. I had been told by one in our regular circle that if I would sit for I would become an automatic writer. I sat twice a week at a regular time, with light out, for one hour. The first writing I obtained was December 14. The hand and arm felt as if filled with a magnetic current—a pulsing motion; then a scribbled line would make, for a page or more, blending into letters and finally words in such a manner that no one can tell where the words really do begin; the mind being passive the words forming themselves until the first few words naturally suggest those which should follow. I would not say that it was my own mind, or not that was prompting the words, when the words would be supplied that were not what I should have suggested to place there, and all the time I would not see what was to be ahead of a few words. The first few writings were signed by one who was a girl schoolmate of mine, and who passed to spirit life at the age of 14 years, in 1865, and who has at all places and all mediums I have seen, tried to be recognized, without success. When a few months ago I was asked to write a few words, I wrote the name of the girl, and she said that it was not of my own mind, and here is the point I wish to make:

After several communications another took possession for a couple of times and writing in a more scientific manner. I took it for granted that I was developing to be controlled by more experienced forces and was satisfied. One night I gave the expression that I wanted to be controlled again by the young lady, and I naturally expected a few words, but I kept perfectly passive to such desire. After a few minutes' waiting my hand felt very different from that of any time previous, and in a bold hand dashed off a few pages of nothingness, for lack of proper control (he said). I was so disappointed that I did not sit again for a week. Then another lady controlled me and wrote in a fine hand, and although nothing of much importance, it left me feeling easy. Later the first lady has taken possession again and tells me why others took her place and in several of these writings, covering from five to twenty pages of the ordinary school pencil tablet, many strange ideas are advanced that come from no awakened memories of thoughts of my own, and so I inwardly feel that they are what they purport to be, direct communication by writing from the spirit forces.

GEO. W. LANGDON.  
Springfield, Mo.

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and morrow of the present and thoughtless, would have intimidated or frightened away an avenger of less importance or with a lighter mission.

Patently it tells and waits the fruit of its labor. Many sheaves are already garnered, but the future holds the bountiful harvest. As a moulder of public opinion and a reformer Spiritualism has first place, for it changes or controls all lines of thought for the better. No one can become a genuine Spiritualist and remain an idle drifter upon life's surface. No thoughtless person can become converted to its philosophy and fail to apply its teachings to his or her daily life. No student or teacher of science can honestly investigate its phenomena and claim, without having her mental horizon broadened thereby. No man or woman wise or ignorant, can escape its influence when facing the subject, and indirectly all must be influenced by it.

We see then, that Spiritualism has a mission everywhere with everybody. It reveals the truth, stripping it of the false covering and beating off the barriers clinging to it, the masks hiding the bushy serpent, it, so that all can see and approach its pure fountain for wisdom, purification, inspiration and strength.

If it can do all this, is it not a benefactor to humanity? It is doing what other religions of the world have failed to do.

## THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

Experiences and Lessons in Mortal Life.

Adverse to the uplifting power of Spiritualism, dogmatic theology has set its seal at the grave, removing all possibility of hope after death, by proving with creed and dogma the certainty of doom or destiny at that stage of mortal progress, and so rendering hopeless the life which cannot claim to attain to salvation before the death of the physical body. This heavy burden born of the fear that death may come and find us outside the pale of theological salvation, has been the greatest load on the conscience of the world, and the most powerful drawback to its spiritual enlightenment. What unspeakable slavery to the mind and consciousness, while confined to the rigid narrow limits of human growth and development, to strive continually to overcome that which may bring but an eternal penalty! Earthly prisons are illuminated palaces in comparison with this terror that has taken such a deep hold on the human mind.

Once let a ray of hope pass into the darkness of that prison—once set men free from that still greater despotism, the annihilation which materialism teaches, the belief that we have but the present day to live and then be blotted out forever—once awaken the soul of man to the presence of that which present obstacles have been, and all present difficulties overcome, the way is open and free and bright with hope—then something has been done to mark an epoch in human progress and development, to establish the great living fact of a new revelation. And this is precisely what Spiritualism has done and is continuing to do every day. It is the new life come into this world, the new dawn, the new light piercing the thick and heavy walls of theology and materialism, that have hitherto held the world in darkness, gloom and terror.

The first message to any human heart from beyond death's portal is that which gives to man which usefulness, because it solves the mysterious problems of earthly existence which have hitherto been the perplexing puzzles of mankind.

It has long been the habit of sneerers and scoffers to stand off and ask what is the real service of Spiritualism and what good has it done. The question of usefulness is the question of progress. The greatest exaltation which lifts nations highest in the scale of civilization and brings every faculty into the best condition for man's life on earth.

Professed utilitarians commonly declare that only the useful is that which pertains to the present life and the present hour. The strict materialist is wont to say that one world at a time is enough for him. That can be called useful to man which leads to development, the highest and best energies of his being. That which pertains simply to the physical life only is the mere shell of existence. That is the most useful which makes man aware of the ultimate intention of physical life. The highest utility in human life is that which shall illumine and make palpable and plain the meaning and object of existence.

Therefore, the supreme usefulness of Spiritualism is that it unchains and unfetters the human will; that it makes the human judgment free and fearless; that it gives strength to the understanding by imbuing it with a knowledge of the true purpose for which life is given; that it reveals to us the upper strata of human existence; and that it makes the world know there is something for which all toil is performed. The problem of utility is solved when it is seen to let a ray of light pass through the prison-house of gloom which is built up from a superstitious fear of death.

Spiritualism teaches that there is far more to life than the mere routine and turmoil of daily existence; that after death are not given to us to be extinguished, like a candle, at death; that aspirations do not die with the body; that hopes are not excited within us only to be mocked with final extinction. Its true service is in giving needed daily strength, making daily burdens easier to bear, in lightening sorrow and in assuring man that he never has been and never will be, that the real treasure of existence are at his door and in his heart.

That spirit existence is a reality is silently but surely making its way in human life. The world without it is without life and light. The knowledge of Spiritualism makes bright the human pathway and fills every heart into which its illuminating rays enter with joy, gladness and peace. As we love to wear clean raiment, not so much to appear well in the sight of others as because cleanliness is best, so shall we come to love the pure thought of goodness because it is the most desirable, the whitest and fairest, and incites the desire to serve in human existence the purpose of the spirit, to understand its office in guiding and governing the daily life.

Spiritualism relies on no church tradition nor scripture as the last infallible rule; it declares that the canon of revelation has never been closed; it sees inspiration in all true history; in nature's perfect works; in the works of all true mediums. It lays down no creed, asks no symbol, reverences exclusively no time or place. Its temple is all space; its shrine, the good heart; its creed, all truth; its ritual, words of love and utility; its profession of faith, a true life; its every desert, in the School of Life, the open air of the living world, gives balm for our wounds, a pillow in the tempest, tranquillity in distress. It takes all the helps it can get, counts no good word profane, though a heathen spoke it, and no life sacred, though a priest or prophet may have uttered it. Its redeemer is within; its salvation within the mind and heart; its oracles within.

Spiritualism is destined to reach and benefit all mankind. It has invaded the domains of history and superstition and liberated the victims of erroneous teachings, entered the citadel and released the minds thus enlightened, entered upon the work of enlightenment wherever the darkness of ignorance or false education has enshrouded the dwelling place of mankind, has wrested from the hands of educated tyranny the weapons by which liberty is desecrated or destroyed. It wins from the paths of vice the weak and erring, leading to and showing the better way. Its light is set upon the hill of truth and cannot be hid. The angels are its helpers and its truly awakened earth-life follow in its course.

Agnosticism, infidelity and skepticism sneer and scoff. The more they pray for vengeance and threaten with disaster. Amid all, Spiritualism, undaunted, marches steadily on, dispensing its benefactions, unmoved by the din of opposition. It has its mission to perform and cannot be hindered by the impediments placed in its pathway by mistaken humanity. It marches in the line of duty, overcoming all obstacles. The deafening roar and deadly opposition from the learned and thoughtful, increased in volume by ridicule, super-

and morrow of the present and thoughtless, would have intimidated or frightened away an avenger of less importance or with a lighter mission. Patently it tells and waits the fruit of its labor. Many sheaves are already garnered, but the future holds the bountiful harvest. As a moulder of public opinion and a reformer Spiritualism has first place, for it changes or controls all lines of thought for the better. No one can become a genuine Spiritualist and remain an idle drifter upon life's surface. No thoughtless person can become converted to its philosophy and fail to apply its teachings to his or her daily life. No student or teacher of science can honestly investigate its phenomena and claim, without having her mental horizon broadened thereby. No man or woman wise or ignorant, can escape its influence when facing the subject, and indirectly all must be influenced by it.

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If it can do all this, is it not a benefactor to humanity? It is doing what other religions of the world have failed to do.

By the teachings of those who have ascended to the spirit world, we learn that our souls are destined to unfold, and sometime, in the ages yet before us, we must, in the line of progression, bloom into the glorious fulfillment of the possibilities so closely enwrapped in our spiritual nature. If we are wise we shall hasten that fulfillment, invoking the presence and co-operation of angel friends and spirit helpers to augment and let us so love that we may, as the angels say, "hear falling from sweet cadences upon our ears, 'Well done, good and faithful child; enter thou into the rest and joy which is thine just reward.'"

A. H. NICHOLAS.  
Summerland, Cal.  
(The End.)

## A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

I dreamed of a golden night,  
And of a silver star  
With five-pointed rays of light  
Gleaming from afar!

I dreamed of a golden night,  
When peace on earth should dwell,  
And God's declared will  
Pierced the very heart of hell!

I dreamed of a golden night,  
When men shall brothers be;  
When there is buried out of sight  
The thought of misery!

I dreamed of Love's golden bands,  
Of Brotherhood to be;  
When races clasp each other's hands  
From far across the sea!

I dreamed of the golden day,  
When Beauty's dulcet voice  
Shall on our heart-strings play,  
And all the world rejoice!

I dream of a golden time,  
When Truth is more than King;  
And Love serene, sublime,  
In Music's joy will sing!

I dream of the joy of life,  
In this bliss of beauty bright,  
When war and denouncing strife  
Is buried in the night!

I dream of the joy of bliss,  
Within sweet Beauty's eyes  
As she feels her lover's first kiss  
'Tis to her, Paradise!

I dreamed that a world of love  
In the art-soul of the race,  
Descended from above,  
To take its human place!

I dreamed of Love's sweet birth  
In a Madonna-child—  
And o'er the joy-crowned earth  
The tiny star-specks smiled.

I dreamed that the stars in glory,  
Marshall'd in array,  
Told each other the story  
Of Love's baptismal day!

I dreamed of the golden hour  
When God moved on the earth—  
Love is the motive-power  
That brings all thoughts to birth!

I dreamed that Love was a passion  
Of growing divinity!  
And a crown of joy the fashion  
Of the godhood of the free!

And the silks and satins of wealth  
Were for the human race—  
This earth is a heaven of health  
Speaks each expressive face!

Then there is joy in living,  
And life is a science and art;  
Each one taking and giving,  
Each one doing his part!

Each one in love with the other,  
As felt in the God-made plan;  
Each one a sister or brother,  
Each one a woman or man!

JOHN A. MORRIS.  
Los Angeles, Cal.

THE POET OF THE FUTURE.

To the Poet of the Future I would wave  
A halting hand;  
I can see him in the rising nations  
Stand.

Oh, his eyes are clear, far-seeing; and  
his tongue and sapphire pen  
Speed afar the law of ages to his weaker  
or brother men.

Oh, his life is clean and highborn in the  
sovereignty of God;  
He discerns the rise of being from beneath  
the velvet sod;

From his hands depend no shackles; to  
no power he bends the knee;  
And he breathes by right of being, the  
pure air of the free.

Oh, the Poet of the Future, he will read  
the lesson right;  
How the constant upward struggle of  
the world from put its right.

Proves a grand impulse eternal that  
shall lead man ever on;  
Till his footsteps cleave the glories of  
the ages yet to dawn!

He will tell how all the beauties and  
the strength of ages  
Having fruited into mankind's dormant  
chrysalis at last;

Now the ages without number in their  
onward course run;  
Yet the rightening, purifying work of  
mankind is not done.

Oh, great Poet, in only visions, in the  
aching of our breast,  
We foresee your power and goodness, and  
we give you this best:

Let your love be wide as mercy, deep as  
soundless, waveless sea,  
All unselfish as the angels, Help to set  
this people free!

BESSIE BELLMAN.  
Howard, Kans.

How Some of Our Readers Can Make Money.

Having read the success of some of your readers selling Dish-washers, I have tried the work with wonderful success. I have not made money in any other way for the last six months. The Mound City Dish-washer gives good satisfaction and every family wants one. A lady can wash and dry her clothes in two minutes. I got my sample machine from the Mound City Dish-washer Co. of St. Louis, Mo. I used it to take orders and sell. I showed the first day. The Mound City Dish-washer Co. will start you. Write them for particulars. Ladies can do as well as men.

JOSEPH P. M.

## HERE AND THERE.

A Vision of Great Significance.

For the information of the few who cannot distinguish between a dream and a vision, I shall say, in brief, that a dream occurs during sleep, a vision is presented in waking hours but the mind is so absorbed by the subject before it that it cannot cognize material objects. The vision of the future will be said on this subject, but I refrain.

Long before daylight on Wednesday morning, January 28, I lay awake in bed and my thoughts ran on in this wise:

"The rich 'good' man has a large funeral. The poor 'bad' man has a very small one. Why should we honor the one and despise the other? Both are the creatures of law and circumstance. Nature does not mete out rewards and punishment, her wheels go around and crush all who get under them, whether good, bad or indifferent. There is prima facie no moral government over this world. Then a passage from the New Testament was presented: 'The poor and the despised hath God chosen, yea, and the things that are not bring to glory are here.' Here we see that mundane law and divine will are opposed the one to the other, so, as St. Paul says, 'I cannot do the things that I would, and Jesus said, 'Judge me not.'"

As I reflected upon these things I came under the conviction that I was standing in front of a little country school house. I entered it and perceived that a poor man's funeral was in progress. A coffin of rough boards was in front of the desk and facing it sat a little girl 10 or 12 years old. The congregation was composed of three or four men and women and half a dozen boys who seemed to have come for sport. A rough man in the desk, trying to make a speech, amongst other things he said, "The deceased lost his wife many years ago and then went 'to the bad.'"

On the way to the primitive burial place, I said to a man near me, "whose funeral is this?"

"Oh," said he, "it is Jim Badun's, a farm-hand, a miserable cuss, no one has any respect for him."

"The preacher said he lost his wife," said I.

"Yes," answered the man, "but I guess she wasn't no account neither." While the rude coffin was being lowered into the grave, the little girl wept bitterly and when she heard the sound of the clouds falling on the pauper's coffin, she screamed in agony. A poor old woman tried to lead her away, but she sprang upon a high grave and with her little hand clenched above her head, she exclaimed in a loud voice:

"You! all of you! dared to lie about my father; you said he was cruel to me, that he whipped me and abused me. You lie! you lie!" she cried, "he loved me too well for that." Then the old woman (possibly her grandmother) led her away.

I followed them to a shanty on the roadside. The little girl when she entered it sank exhausted to the floor. I don't know how it happened, but I found myself kneeling by her side.

As I awakened from my semi-trance, I heard the most beautiful music I ever listened to. I closed my eyes and listened. It was a sweet, low chant.

Come from the silent cemetery,  
Come from the willow's shade,  
Where weary nerves long overwrought,  
And humble dust are laid.

And hearts are mated well,  
And ever, and for evermore  
Unseparated dwell.

Rest on, sleep on, rest ever  
Oh, clothing of the soul;  
Rest on, sleep on, rest ever,  
The flesh has reached its goal.

Then a living picture was presented—the figures large as life, and beautiful their draperies. A number of lofty personages clad in white robes were there. These robes were gathered in around the neck and fell in classic folds below the feet and hands. And the poor farm-hand was there, his head resting on the shoulder of an angel-woman. He began to awaken and when his eyes recognized his long-lost wife, a smile of ineffable joy illumined his features.

I spoke to the angel-woman.  
"Madame," said I, "who are those in white raiment and hence come they?"

She replied: "These are they who have come up out of great tribulation." "Will that farm-hand ever be like one of them?" I inquired.

She answered, "Wait and see." When the "dead" man was fully awake he clasped his hands and prayed, "Oh, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, take away the dark mantle which has covered me from birth, and give me freedom to love Thee."

Then one brighter than the rest came and placed a white robe upon him, saying, as he did so, "Thou shalt have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

Then my vision faded away.

Note Explanatory.

It may be asked, if the music was low, how I could hear the words which were sung and if I heard them, how I could so exactly remember and transcribe them? I shall reply that I did not hear them at the time, and if I had heard I certainly could not remember them. But after I had the rest of the article written, I felt a strong desire for the words, and they were given to me by mental impression. I never considered myself mediumistic, in the ordinary sense, nor have I ever executed "automatic writing," yet impressions on my mind are as real as if spoken or written outwardly. I hope this explanation will be satisfactory, particularly to enquirers who are not familiar with details.

THOS. HARDING.  
Sturgis, Mich.

THE LAW OF SOUL EXPRESSION.

A raindrop fell from the crystal clouds  
Into the river's rush;  
The stream swept on, unconscious,  
In the forest's mighty hush.

The raindrop small nor the river great  
Knew whence they came, nor why,  
But the cloud above as it hovered low  
Spanned the horizon-sky.

Action is a surging stream  
That hurries on and on;  
Unconscious of its source of power,  
It comes and goes—is gone.

Thought is the raindrop's silent force  
That slimmers here and there,  
Tossed by the breath of passing breeze—  
Nature's soft whispered prayer.

Love is the cloud that broods above;  
Passing first through Thought  
It bursts untrammelled through and waste  
Into achievement wrought.

Thought and Action, seeking the "Why,"  
May hurry hither and thither,  
But Love above first feels then knows  
The Whence and Why and Whither.  
—Will Win in Chicago American.

## A PERFECT ELECTRIC "AGTINA" POCKET BATTERY

EYESIGHT DEAFNESS

RESTORED CURED

y the Great Eye Restorer and Only Catarrh Cure

ACTINA is the marvel of the nineteenth century, for by its use the Blind See, the Deaf Hear, and the dumb utter intelligible words. It is a simple, safe, and reliable remedy for all cases of Catarrh of the Eye, Ear, and Throat. It is a simple, safe, and reliable remedy for all cases of Catarrh of the Eye, Ear, and Throat. It is a simple, safe, and reliable remedy for all cases of Catarrh of the Eye, Ear, and Throat.

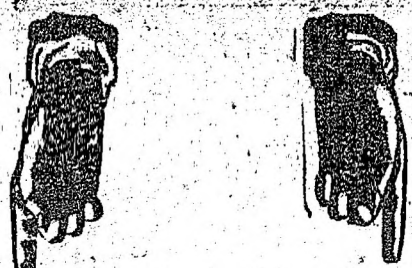
Mr. F. W. Harwood, Springfield, Mass., says: "I have used 'Actina' and it has cured me of Catarrh of the Eye, Ear, and Throat."

Robert Baker, 80 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., says: "I have used 'Actina' and it has cured me of Catarrh of the Eye, Ear, and Throat."

Prof. Wilson's Magneto-Conservative Garments

Cure Paralysis, Rheumatism and all Chronic Forms of Disease. These garments are as puzzling to the physicians as is the wonder-working "ACTINA." It should greatly interest every one afflicted with any form of disease.





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**DR. G. E. WATKINS,**  
66 Highland Ave.,  
Newtonville, Mass.



**SOME ADVICE.**

Freely Given to Editors and Others.

A few days ago the article was read to me, concerning Miss Teller, formerly from Colorado. I have nothing to say of her or her people. But I do not think an advertisement of that class should be sanctioned by being printed in our leading spiritual paper. It belongs to the purely commercial or speculation class, and when it has the influence or backing given to it by our papers, it in the end works injury to our cause. Truth in regard to the continuation of this life, and how to live to gain or make the most progress in the next, is what we should seek to learn from our mediums, not how we can make a corner on coal or oil or any other product of Nature to benefit ourselves, and by so doing injure our neighbor, even if her 'ad' could be made true, which I freely say I do not believe can be done. I have spent twenty-three years in Colorado, most of time actively engaged in mining, fourteen years in

## An Extraordinary Investment Opportunity

**7 Per Cent Dividends Guaranteed From the First.**

A few months ago Dr. Peebles incorporated his medical business at Battle Creek for the purpose of perpetuating the work he has been instrumental in starting and carrying to a point where success is a certainty. The Doctor recognized the fact that through his system of treating and teaching the sick he was doing a world of good, and in order that he might extend it to the point where it would shed its influence upon every city, town, and hamlet of this broad country, and at the same time be perpetuated beyond his day, he decided to incorporate his interests and dispose of a share of his holding to those wishing to become interested in such a profitable and worthy enterprise. Now that the success of the business is assured by its past success and present earnings, he invites every Spiritualist

wishing to invest any amount, whether it be large or small, (from \$10 up) in a good, safe, and established business, GUARANTEEING 7 per cent dividends per year, with excellent prospects of from 15 to 18, to write him for full particulars of this extraordinary investment opportunity. It is the Doctor's desire that this stock be held entirely by Spiritualists, and to further this purpose the Board of Directors have decided to place the entire amount of the outstanding stock at the disposal of Spiritualists, or those interested in advanced thought or advanced healing. Every dollar received from the sale of this stock goes into the treasury for the purpose of further improving and building up the already growing and prosperous business.

### A Remarkable Showing

The company has been organized about eight months, and on the 1st of January, 1903, the business paid a 7 per cent dividend on the Preferred Stock. If you are interested in a safe invest-

ment, one on which 7 per cent dividends are guaranteed, with almost a certainty of much higher ones, write for circulars and full particulars. Address

**DR. J. M. PEEBLES, Chairman,**  
Battle Creek, Mich., Box 2421.

Aspen. I know that there was many a man put his last dollar into a hole, because the spirit told him to—or rather the medium did. But I have yet to learn of one place where a success was made by mining under a medium's direction. There were some of our old and best mediums tried in Leadville, and all the other mining towns, but failure was the order of the day everywhere.

Mediums who claim to be "world renowned," or advertise in any form, only by the simple word medium, should be left alone by all. No higher aim can a person have than that of being the instrument through which those in the spiritual can communicate with those in the mortal form, and it needs no bargain counter advertisement to keep them busy if they are true to their calling. But when they assume to run worldly affairs, as well as spiritual, it is too hard a task, and soon they are known as liars, proving the wisdom of the Lord, when he said to Ananias, stand forth that he might take his proper place at the head of the class.

Our personal friends no doubt impress us all with thoughts of what to do, not to do, and we all thank them for it. But it is not reasonable that any medium has a corner on that class of spirits who can tell truthfully how to find Nature's deposits, as against the many who have tried and failed. Do not encourage them by printing their advertisements. If it was only the rich that fell in this trap it would help to distribute their money, but it is usually the poor who are the victims. Yours, for the truth only,

J. E. FREEMAN,  
Eureka Springs, Ark.

**Note From Dean Clarke.**  
I wish to call the special attention of every reader to the editor's brief, but comprehensive review of my poem, "The Triumphs of Man," which may be found in the last column of the fourth page of The Progressive Thinker, of February 7. I hope that the kind suggestion in the latter part of it will be acted upon by all of my personal friends, very few of whom, as yet, have sent me orders for my pamphlet. Though I am handicapped by a nervous malady that, at present, very much impedes the use of both hands and arms, and which has entirely disqualified me for public labor, I want every Spiritualist to purchase my poem for its own merits, not out of pity for its unfortunate author. It surely is well worth the pitance charged for it, unless all the scholars, who have examined it and reported to me, are mistaken. It is being called for by those capable of weighing its worth. One of the chief members of the N. S. A., after reading it, paid for fifty copies, and the greatest philosopher in our ranks, A. J. Davis, has purchased twenty copies for "missionary work." I hope to do good with it, as well as to get aid by it, and I solicit orders for it, believing that the benefit will be mutual. One request, and I have done. Will those who send postage stamps, please refrain from sticking them to their letters? With thanks to all who have sent in their orders, I pray that their number may soon be largely increased. With heartfelt gratitude to Editor Francis, I am trying to be of some use yet.

DEAN CLARKE.

## Let Wisdom and Love Guide Us Eternally!

**Your Attention Free to Read To Our Words!**

The circulation of The Progressive Thinker extends not only to every State and Territory in this country, but to all the republics and every country in Europe, sending forth its volumes of rich and convincing proofs of immortality; also an invaluable occult library at mere cost, and adding one more each year. It is time to be more strenuous in circulating literature.



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Remember, please, that we have only two books which we send out now for 25 cents each. We cannot allow you to select any other book or books in their place.

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Every person who sends in a yearly subscription to The Progressive Thinker can have until further notice, the two following books for 25 cents each: "The Religion of Man and Ethics of Science," by Hudson Tuttle, and "A Wanderer in the Spirit Lands." Both exceedingly valuable, and though widely different, each one fills an exceedingly important niche in the literature of Spiritualism.

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Lastly all of these NINE valuable Premium Books here announced are sent out, all postage prepaid, for \$2.75, a price never before equalled in this country or Europe. The following is the list:

#### NINE REMARKABLE BOOKS FOR \$2.75.

1—The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World, Vol. 1.

2—The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World, Vol. 2.

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**Read This Carefully Before Remitting.**

When you send in your subscription to The Progressive Thinker, carefully look over the books which you desire in this list, and their price, and send for them. They are very valuable. They are intensely interesting. They are elevating in tone and will do you good. In remitting do not fail to enclose a dollar for The Progressive Thinker.

These nine books, substantially and elegantly bound, and printed in the neatest style of the printers art, will be furnished to our subscribers for \$2.75, a price which modern machinery and enterprise has rendered possible in The Progressive Thinker office only. Sending out these books, however, at the prices we do, does not reduce the price of the subscription of the paper, apparently or otherwise, a single cent, for that cannot be afforded for less than one dollar per year, in view of the fact that we publish such a vast amount of reading matter.

## A NEW TREATMENT

The Sick Rejoice at the Discovery of a System of Treating Chronic Diseases That Is Curing Thousands and Formerly Termed Incurable.

Read His Valuable Booklet, "A Message of Hope," It Will Fully Explain This Wonderful System of Treatment, and Tell You How You Can Be Cured.



Dr. J. M. Peebles, the famous physician and scientist, of Battle Creek, Mich., after twenty-five years of study and experimentation, has made discoveries and perfected a system of treatment that promises health and strength to all. The Doctor claims that disease is abnormal and can be positively be overcome. At the age of eighty-one he is as hearty and vigorous as most men of forty, and he says all they can wish to do is to command good health as he has done it. They can do it.

Dr. Peebles has, no doubt, done more for suffering humanity than any other man living. With the aid of a corps of distinguished scientists and specialists, he is curing more chronic diseases than any other physician in America. Many of his cases are of cases that had been pronounced incurable by some of the most celebrated physicians of the country.

Mrs. Edgar Andrews, of Alma, Mich., who was cured after suffering for years with catarrh, asthma, heart disease, and kidney trouble, says: "I don't believe I would have been alive to-day if it had not been for you. My sufferings were terrible and no one could help me."

E. G. Briggs, of Portland Ore., says: "Many doctors tried to cure me of my kidney and private trouble, but all failed until I took yours. It was just what you claimed for it, and I gladly recommend it to all."

Mrs. C. Moore, Reserve, Kans., who had suffered for years with stomach trouble, dyspepsia, and female nervousness, writes: "When I began your treatment I was in bed for two weeks, and in three months I was doing all my own work for a family of six."

Word Norman of Doe Run, Mo., says: "I suffered from fits for twenty-one years, and when I began with you had two every nine days. I took your treatment one month and was cured—have not had a single attack since."

Mrs. Belle Anderson, Palouse, Wash., who suffered for years from kidney and private troubles, says: "You did me more good in the few months I treated with you than all the doctors I treated with in the ten years I was suffering."

**FREE**  
The Doctor has written a book called "A Message of Hope," for the sole purpose of explaining his wonderful method of treatment to the sick and suffering. If you are sick, or have a sick friend, you should write for it, as it is very valuable to those in poor health. It will tell you the key to perfect health, and will brighten the rest of your life. If you desire it the doctor will give you a complete and full diagnosis of your case, the cause of your trouble, and will tell you how to get well. Write to-day, and address Dr. Peebles Institute of Health Ltd., 22 Main St., 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, Jan. 5, 1903, at his home in Port Huron, Mich., Daniel E. Pace, aged 52 years. He was a life-long Spiritualist, convinced that he was a mediumistic power; a man of sterling qualities, he was respected by all, and many friends gathered to listen to the address given through D. A. Herick, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Henry C. Sessions, of Cortland, N. Y., passed to spirit life, Feb. 2, 1903, aged 66 years. He was one of the dearly beloved brethren of Spiritualism. A man of sterling qualities, he was respected by all, and many friends gathered to listen to the address given through D. A. Herick, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

ADAM SESSIONS.

Passed to spirit life, January 22, at the age of 82 years; William Henry Leeper, of Cooper, Kalamazoo county, Mich. He was the oldest pioneer resident of that part of the state, having lived in his home, where he died, over fifty years. He had been a believer in the Spiritual philosophy fifty-four years, which to him was a reality. A large number of friends and neighbors attended the last rites. Dr. W. O. Knowles, of Grand Rapids, officiated at the funeral. The singing was by Mrs. Clara B. Perkins and Mrs. Caroline Miller. A. F. HAYNES.

Passed to spirit life, at Grand Rapids, Mich., Feb. 7, Seymour Gooding, aged 81 years. For many years he was an ardent Spiritualist. While his eyes were for many years closed to the beauty of this world, his whole comport was in seeing and conversing with his spirit friends. He passed away in the home of his daughter, Daurinda Knowlton, and also leaves a son, George, who, knowing that father has opened his vision to a more beautiful world than this, is comforted. Services were conducted by D. A. Herick, Mrs. Herick assisting with solos.

COR.

The passage to spirit life of Maria Paine Swain, wife of Dr. G. W. Fowler, of Lynn, Mass., aged 67 years, occurred at her home, 26 Highland avenue, being due to heart failure. She was the daughter of Nathan and Mary (Sawyer) Page, of Henshirk, N. H., who, in their early married life, lived in Lincoln, Vt., where the subject of this sketch was born. Associated with the "liberals" in religious thought, her attention was called to Modern Spiritualism, and after a thorough investigation of its philosophy and phenomena she became convinced of the truth of its claims, and for nearly forty years has been its most earnest advocate, contributing liberally to its support, having many warm friends among its advocates. Her home was ever open to its lecturers and mediums. She was a woman of great fortitude and courage, having always a kind word of sympathy and encouragement for the afflicted, and always helpful to the poor in a quiet and unostentatious way.

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### SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

It is important when a meeting is suspended, that notice be given us, so that inquirers may not be misled. We want to have notice of all meetings being held here in public halls at the present time.

Spiritual Church of the Philosophy of Life. Sunday evenings commencing Nov. 23, at 897 Washington Boulevard, near Western avenue. Mrs. Squire, rector.

First Progressive Church of Christ, Spiritualist, holds services every Sunday night at 8 o'clock, at 124 Dearborn street, second floor, between Madison and Washington streets. Rev. A. Lundberg will lecture and conduct services. This church is in no way a business concern, but will endeavor to be a home and a help to every honest seeker after truth, who wants to investigate Spiritualism and find out for himself whether its claims are true or not.

Spiritual Union Church meets every Sunday at John Schott's Lodge Hall, corner Belmont and Racine avenue. Speaker, Hon. R. Gilray; Charles J. Peterson, Pres. Edward and Mr. C. A. Owen, test mediums. Services, 8 p. m.

Church of the Spirit Communion, Kenwood Hall, 4808 Cottage Grove avenue. Conference and messages at 8 p. m. Lecture by Dr. J. O. M. Hewitt at 8 p. m. Lectures by H. F. Coates and 8 p. m. plenty of good music.

The Progressive Society holds services at 183 E. North avenue, corner Burling street, every Sunday at 3 and 8 p. m. Lectures delivered in English and German by Mrs. Hilbert, assisted by Mrs. Schwab and other good speakers. Tests and good music at all services.

The Spiritual Research meets every Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, in Van Buren Opera House, corner of Madison street and California avenue. Good music and singing. All are invited to attend.

Band of Harmony, auxiliary to the Church of the Soul, meets at room 608 East Hill Building, 49 and 51 Randolph St., every first and third Thursdays of the month, beginning afternoons at 3:30. The ladies bring refreshments. Supper served at 6:15. Evening session begins at a quarter to eight o'clock. Questions invited from the audience, and answered by the Guides of the Church. Name poems given to strangers.

The Englewood Spiritual Union meets at Hopkins Hall, 523 W. 63d st. Conference meeting at 2:30. Lecture followed by messages at 7:30. Every Thursday at 2:30 the Ladies' Auxiliary holds services at which good mediums serve with tests and messages.

The Spiritual Science Church, 77 Thirty-first street, America Hall. Mediums' conference at 3 p. m. Lecture, followed by tests and messages, at 8 p. m. J. Q. Adams, President.

The Church of the Soul, Mrs. Cora L. Richmond, pastor, has resumed its regular Sunday services for the season. The meetings will be held until further notice at Hall 309 Riverside Temple, corner Randolph and State streets. Sunday-school at 10 a. m. Mrs. S. J. Ash, superintendent. Discourse by Mrs. Richmond at 11 a. m.

The Spiritualistic Church of the Students of Nature hold services at Nathan's Hall, 1555 Milwaukee avenue, corner Western avenue, Sunday evenings, 7:30 p. m. Mrs. W. F. Schumacher, pastor.

Church of the Spiritual Forces holds service at Thurman Club Room, corner 47th street and Cottage Grove avenue, every Sunday. Conference at 3 p. m. Lecture at 8 p. m. Conducted by Isa Cleveland.

Sunday services, 8 p. m., Becker's Hall, Corner 4th and State streets. Dr. D. Besler, psychometric and trance medium.

Chicago Spiritual Alliance Church meets every Sunday at 3 o'clock sharp, and 8 o'clock sharp at Lakeside Hall, corner Third, first street, and Indiana avenue, where truth-seekers and investigators, as well as Spiritualists can enjoy a pleasant afternoon or evening. First-class speakers. Tests and messages by carefully selected mediums. Excellent music by (Blind) Lefroy Drake. Mrs. May Elmo, medium.

The Brotherhood of Spiritual Truth Society meets Sunday at 8 p. m. Services conducted by J. K. Hillis and wife and other mediums, who will from time to time address the meeting and give tests and spirit messages. Meetings will be held in Temperance Hall, 330 West Thirty-first street. All are invited to attend and co-operate.

The First Hyde Park Occult Society holds regular meetings every Sunday at Alliance Hall, 323 E. 56th street, between Monroe and Kimbark avenues. The best talent available will be secured to give interest at every meeting. To spread the truth is the object of this society.

The Great Roman Anacanda. By Prof. Geo. P. Rudolph, Ph.D., ex-priest of the diocese of Cleveland; O. A sharp and pointed letter to Bishop Horstmann. It is good reading, and should be widely distributed, that people may be enlightened concerning the ways and methods of Rome and its priesthood. Price 15 cents. For sale at this office.

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