

A Michigan Mystery That No One Is Able to Solve in a Rational Way.

When she died the house was closed and they buried her near the back door, leaving her to sleep where she spent her nights during the latter part of her life. Out on the lake shore life went on as usual. The sons and daughters married and settled in homes of their own with the exception of one son who for a

MABEL FRASER.
"Continuity of Life a Cosmic Truth."
 By Prof. W. M. Lockwood. The work of a strong, logical thinker; on a deeply important subject. Price, cloth, \$1.
 "Gleanings from the Rostrum." By L. B. French. Cloth, \$1. For sale at this office.

Monday morning. I am eastward bound, camp closed, and wishes that the friends will all meet again next summer.
CLARA L. STEWART.
Whitewater, Wis.

"Astral Worship." By J. H. Hill, M. D. For sale at this office. Price \$1.

I am a genuine disbeliever in gods, goddesses, sons of gods and virgin mothers of gods, and I would induce others to be of the same mind by fair argument. Honorable Atheists are called "rank atheists—liars—fools; backed by the Scripture, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God," D

A free booklet, containing valuable suggestions for health, will be sent with each free trial bottle.

This remedy is for sale by all leading druggists.

The above books are beautifully bound in gray-green
marbled cloth, stamped in deep old-green and gold.
gilt top. Price, \$1.25. For sale at this office.

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A Menace to American Civilization. By
W. M. Lockwood. A trenchant and masterly
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It is a book of absorbing interest, should be read by every patriotic American, and by every one who would be well informed concerning the evil words and designs of the Romish hierarchy. It is a large volume of 832 pages. Price, \$2.25.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1903.

TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES.
The Price of The Progressive Thinker per year to foreign countries is \$2.

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.

Leading Protestants Bowing to Catholicism.

In the Church of the Pilgrims, Dr. Clark, the pastor, in a sermon, took occasion to eulogize both Pope Leo and Pius X. If he represents Presbyterianism—and he is a leading light—then the cycle of Protestantism as understood by the reformers of the Reformation has nearly been completed, and Presbyterianism is to merge itself in Catholicism and accept the pope as the head authority of the church, but of all government. Among other astonishing things he said:

"The eyes of almost the entire world are turned upon Rome, where the successor of the late Pope Leo is now assuming his great office. As fellow Christians, though we worship according to another ritual, as members of the holy catholic church of God, we pray that this pontiff may be a worthy successor to the saintly and learned man whose services have just been rendered to such a community. Place yourself in the community to-day are bringing to us the question of authority in religion.
"Where does religious authority begin, and how can it be found? Nothing can escape the questioning of men, and religion should not escape. The faith that makes lofty claims should be under the fierce light of inquiry. Such a spirit of inquiry is indicative of longing for purity. It is not because of a pagan or because of a religious policy that the pontiff of Rome is standing for the greatest authority. It is because he speaks with God's voice and with God's thought.
"If this venerable church appeals to thoughtful men and exercises so mighty an effect on the human mind, shall we refuse to believe that God speaks to that bishop of that church?"

Shades of the Pilgrim Fathers, to what pass have come your descendants and the doctrines for which you sacrificed your home and country and sought the more tender mercies of the savage wilderness! Think of Calvin hobnobbing with Catholics, and preaching that the pope was ordained by God, and "speaks with God's voice and with God's thought!" What more can be asked of the most zealous Catholic?

The death of the pope has been used for free advertising, and by every possible means the power and glory of Catholicism has been exploited. A senile man dies. He has high office, but one that has no cause for being, and which is a disgrace and misfortune to humanity. Another priest is elevated to the place, to continue the sham by which a host of priests live on the lilies drawn from their credulous dupes. The whole system is false. Every claim made by or of the pope is a lie; the entire fabric is based on ignorance and fashioned by cunning selfishness. Its deadly purpose has ever been to suppress freedom of thought. In fact, freedom cannot exist where this deadly upas flourishes. Its intention is to grasp the reins of American government, and then as a church authority said: "The world will be at her (Catholicism's) feet!" And yet a leading pastor of a Presbyterian church in a metropolitan city, wants Protestants to "pray" for the pope who succeeds the "saintly and learned man" who foisted upon the people of this world; and further advocates the fundamental Catholic dogma that the pope is God's representative!

MISSIONARIES IN ILLINOIS.

Attention, Illinois Spiritualists!

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague, the widely known missionaries of the N. S. A., will return to our Prairie State for work the middle of September and devote an entire month, at least, to the organization of new societies and such other active efforts as the best interests of our cause seem to demand. The summer camps will then be over and the neighboring towns and cities ought to be roused and rallied for the winter's campaign. Place yourself in communication with these workers at once if you wish their aid. The opportunity should not be lost dallying with indecision. What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.

GEO. B. WARNE, President Ill. S. S. A.
4203 Evans Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"The Kingdom of Self-Control." By Wm. George Jordan. It treats of the crimes of the tongue, the Red Taro duty, the supreme charity of the world, the revelation of reserve power, etc. Price 80 cents. For sale at this office.
"The Majesty of Calmness, or Individual Problems and Possibilities." By Wm. George Jordan. Another valuable little work. Price 80 cents. For sale at this office.

The Progressive Thinker was not born in the throes of human selfishness. We have never felt a strong desire for the wealth of this world. Half a century of toil and hardship ought to teach the most stupid that wealth does not bring happiness. The castles of the rich are the hiding-places of misery quite as bitter as can be found in the huts of poverty. Nor was The Progressive Thinker sent forth to bring to us the wreath of honor so quick to fade. All honors dropped upon the heads of men are transient as a shadow. They are generally bought at the price of peace, and cast their delusive light over the grave of happiness.

The Progressive Thinker was established for the good of our common cause, and that we might devote life's ripe years in aiding human progress. WE DESIRE TO AID OUR FRIENDS ON THE OTHER SIDE IN BRIDGING FOR THE SORROWING DEATH'S TURBULENT STREAM. WE WISH TO CAST AROUND HUMAN LIFE SUNSHINE, AND AUGMENT ITS HAPPINESS.

Our paper is not the child of a day's gestation, but it is the materialization of visions cast around years of loneliness and isolation. It began its existence without the aid of the rich, and is not backed by any monopoly or corporation. It does not, and it never will ask a dollar it does not earn. IT IS NOT THIS SPECIAL ORGAN OF ANY PERSON, CLIQUE, CLAN OR CLASS, BUT IT IS ALWAYS AN OPEN CHANNEL FOR NEWS REGARDING THE GREAT SPIRITUAL MOVEMENT AND THE PROGRESSIVE THOUGHT OF THE AGE.

It is not the limited and special friend of any single medium, lecturer or writer, but THE OPEN FRIEND OF ALL. It does not and will not conceal its business methods, or seek advertising patronage by misrepresenting its subscription list. It proposes to live an honorable life, and if death should ever come, it will die an honorable death.

Our primary aim is to give the news. We seek to furnish an organ for the expression of thought, rather than to attempt to DICTATE, OVERRIDE AND CONTROL IT. We do not propose to play the role of pope, bishop, or judge, only to the extent necessary in an honest, independent, fearless paper. The day has passed for the dogmatic and arbitrary in Spiritualistic Journalism. In short, The Progressive Thinker is not simply our paper, but it is also your paper. It belongs to all SPIRITUALISTS, LIBERALISTS AND FREE THINKERS. It also belongs to this age, and is a part of the momentous force lifting man upward. All the success it has, and will achieve will be devoted to improvements. MAKE IT YOUR FRIEND, AND HELP TO EXTEND ITS WORK.

When Spiritualism first came into the world it only consisted of the communications from the unseen and the direct philosophy thereof, but to-day it reaches out its long, motherly arms and draws to its bosom ALL THAT CALLS ITSELF OCCULT.

It embraces portions of astrology, mental science, theosophy, etc., and it looks out upon the immeasurable space, the limitless depth, the unknowable breadth and length of the universe and says, "Thou art mine and I am thine."

It knows no creed or narrow God. It knows no prayer, but the innate aspiration of the human soul.

It knows no master but wisdom and truth.

It knows no low, no high; JUST THE GOOD, THE TRUE, THE PURE.

It knows no hate and contempt, but love, and sympathy, and fellowship.

It recognizes no incurable inharmonious; though its followers may wrangle, the result will be peace and right.

It knows no tie that binds the light from human minds.

It knows no better heaven than can be established upon the earth.

It knows no hotter hell than the guilty conscience in the flame of consciousness.

It knows no devil but the angry passion, envy, jealousy, deceit, licentiousness and hate.

It knows no barriers to progression; even death is the doorway to a life of change and evolution.

WHERE IS THERE A MORE PROFOUND SCIENCE, A MORE BEAUTIFUL PHILOSOPHY, A MORE MORAL AND REASONABLE RELIGION THAN IS PRESENTED IN SPIRITUALISM?

Notwithstanding the great variety of opinions among our patrons The Progressive Thinker has always been exceptionally prosperous. It has had about 14 years of continuous prosperity, and we see no evidence to-day that the same will not continue. The great diversity of minds that the paper must deal with is illustrated in the following letter:

To the Editor:—Not meaning to speak anything derogatory of your paper, I feel at liberty to say as an old-time original Spiritualist, who has withstood the shock of contest and opposition for forty years, that I as a true Christian Spiritualist, and one who believes in a Supreme God or Intelligence, and that Spiritualism does not rest for its support upon science or any materialistic base, but is a high and pure form of religious belief, followed invariably by a strict moral, upright and religious life of practice in all who profess it, and a continued effort on their part to advance and progress in this life and beyond, as men and women endowed with eternal life. I regret that any spiritual newspaper should permit a red-mouthed, blasphemous Atheist or Materialist, to take up his Atheistical Winchester and take a blasphemous shot at the Supreme Being whenever he sees proper to do so in his wrath at those desiring to be Christians. I regret that your paper permits such blasphemous correspondence, and that it continues to print matter to the correspondence of those who believe in and atone to, a living God and Supreme Being over and over. I also regret to state that I have no patience with the efforts of the N. S. A. and the Spiritualist Institute to organize Spiritualism. It is like trying to mobilize or bottle up pure ether. I have no patience with the stinky mediums, who remind me of hot-house plants in January, and whose declamations from the rostrum make the spirit world hang their heads in shame and humiliation. There are

Wm. Leadbeater, Charles Daborn and Mrs. Richmond. They function in deep water, and treat on the grand principles of Spiritualism. They do not fill the paper with dishes of phenomenal and camp-meeting hash, like the most of your correspondents do, who write to get any one except the common illiterate reader.

Dadeville, Mo. R. A. C. MACK.

The above from our well-meaning brother, illustrates in a very marked but pitiable degree what The Progressive Thinker has had to contend with in maintaining a strong and secure foundation on which to stand. There are many who want to control the columns of the paper to suit their own peculiar idiosyncrasies and narrow views, utterly forgetful of the fact that what may be distasteful to them affords a joyous feast to others. They are intolerant of the rights of others; they desire others to see through their eyes, and think through their minds, and tread the same path they are treading, and be like them in all respects. That never will do. Freedom of thought must be tolerated. Those who cannot stand or endure that method will stop the paper, and put out the light for them that contains some of the grandest thought of the present age. They can retire to darkness, if they choose. Spiritualism has done much to redeem the world from the deleterious effects of ignorance, superstition and intolerance. Those who occupy its rostrums are among the brilliant lights of the present age, and each one is doing a special work that counts for GREAT GOOD, and we deeply regret that our good-meaning brother Mack finds nothing to commend outside of Mr. Leadbeater, Mr. Daborn and Mrs. Richmond. But even his views must be kindly and charitably tolerated, while humanity will continue to advance. He can extinguish his own light, but not that of others.

"It Seems Just a Gift From God."

As set forth in The American of New York City, controlled by a master spirit of music, but ignorant herself of even the simplest elements of the art, a new musical wonder has been disclosed to New York.

She who possesses the remarkable gift of improvising, at the piano, the most difficult compositions, is Mrs. Ellen McAllister Spencer, of Chicago. She is the daughter of the late Judge William King McAllister, who was for twenty-five years senior judge of the Appellate Court in that city.

Mrs. Spencer has an inexhaustible repertoire, the ability to interpret any theme, but is unable to memorize a bar, or to play by note, yet she is able to sit for hours without fatigue and play with perfect expression, technique and conformity to all the rules of counterpoint which she has never studied.

This strange power has never been explained by scientists, nor has Mrs. Spencer any idea whence it comes. As a child, Mrs. Spencer took a few music lessons, but her interpreter became discouraged and said she could never become a musician.

Twenty-five years ago, Mrs. Spencer, then a young girl, with her sister and several girl friends, was sitting at a table in a darkened room. They had their fingers joined, trying to see if they could hear "table rappings." It was the prank of young school girls, and none of them regard the matter seriously.

Suddenly Mrs. Spencer's sister's fingers began to move and she had an uncontrollable desire to play the piano. Her friends urged her to try, but she failed ignominiously. Then Mrs. Spencer seated herself at the piano. She seemed possessed by some unseen power and her fingers flew over the keys, producing the most beautiful harmonies. For three hours she sat there fearlessly, and she should lose the strange power which she had so suddenly acquired, while her companions sat amazed at her performance.

Lately Mrs. Spencer, who is visiting Miss Emma V. Pitkin, daughter of the late John R. Pitkin, the founder of East New York, and Woodhaven, at No. 129 New York avenue, Brooklyn, gave a recital for the benefit of a representative of the American.

One had only to suggest a theme, and the performer would interpret it unhesitatingly on the piano. Her improvising was classical and required the most difficult fingering. At times, there seemed a similarity to Gottschalk's "Last Hope," Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," a Bach Fugue, or a "Nocturne" by Chopin, but this was only in style and never in melody. One of her selections resembled the ancient music of Zarlino, the Italian composer of the sixteenth century.

"A Storm at Sea" was suggested, and for twenty minutes the player held her listeners spellbound with her interpretation. When asked to reproduce it she played something wholly different, interpreting the same theme, and a third time produced a different composition on the same theme.

A classic waltz reminded one of Schumann, and a heavy selection brought to mind Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," yet in none of these did the player take from any of the great masters more than the movement.

"I do not know what it is, nor the force that impels me," said Mrs. Spencer. "I simply cannot help it. I seem to be not myself, and to have no power to direct my thoughts. My fingers are guided, and I have no idea what the harmony is to be any more than you have, and when it is once played it is lost to me forever. I cannot memorize anything that I have heard, nor can I play anything by note."

"I am not a believer in Spiritualism. It seems just like a gift from God."

She is a medium, of course, and recognized as such in Chicago.

The College of Fine Forces.

Dr. Babbitt informs us that Mr. William Smith, a philanthropist of Geneva, New York, is about to build a large institution of Higher Education on the beautiful banks of Seneca Lake in Geneva, to consist of several buildings. One of these Dr. Babbitt expects to use as a Temple of Higher Science, for which he has waited so long, and from which he expects to send much important principles over the world more effectively than he has been able to do heretofore. The buildings are in process of erection at this time. Hereafter Dr. Babbitt's address is to be Geneva, N. Y. For the present the beautiful California diploma will be bestowed on graduates.

Of Mediumship in Sunday Newspapers.

Many of the Sunday newspapers have recently published an account of a wonderful exposure of mediumship. While a disbeliever in "table rappings" and "dishes of hash," I am not averse to a "descent from the ranks of Spiritualism," who is "giving away the secrets of his former profession of mediumship." There are really two of these self-devoted and conscience-stricken "deserters," one is "Homes" and his wife Mrs. Fay. If they were spiritual mediums, they were unknown to Spiritualists. Is the original and only Eva Fay, or some one taking her name? Is "Homes" taken to gain prestige from that of Home? Spiritualists have believed Eva Fay to be a clever trickster, and have been indifferent as to her claims as a medium or exposé, as paid her best. In the days of her publicity, she made no claim in her circular advertisement to mediumship.

Be that as it may, what trust can be reposed, what integrity or honesty expected of those who confess to having gone through a career of deception, imposing on the most sacred feelings and sentiments, for a few paltry dollars?

It is a wise choice of time and place the writer makes, or awaits for. These precious deceivers dare not make such claims at home. They are at Vienna, and hence have no fear of contradiction of any pretension they make make.

What are the tricks? One two are described. One is the tying of Mrs. Fay behind a screen, and the playing of music to distract the attention of the audience. The committee find her apparently just as she was assured at first. It is said "in this respect Mrs. Fay is a first-class medium, being remarkably speedy and nimble in the necessary manipulations. The other trick is "materializing" a ghost before the audience. To do this "under the black dress" is concealed the white robe which she wears, as well as a wig and a palm branch. Placed behind the screen, she slips off the black dress, and appears before the awe-struck circle, retires, and "it is but a question of a few moments for her to don the black dress, conceal the wig and branch, slip the band around her neck, with which the committee tied her, and she is again before them, removed the deception is complete."

Well, suppose Mrs. Fay does these tricks in this manner, what does it prove? That she is a rather clever trickster and nothing more. When a medium gives a seance, the first thing the committee does is to examine the dress, to ascertain if the screen is really a screen, or if there is any exchange for an entirely new suit. What success would the wonderful Mrs. Fay have had if subjected to such an ordeal?

The "exposure" is of the counterfeit, of the confessedly counterfeit, and if this pretentious pair ever gave seances as mediums to Spiritualists, their "manifestations" were trifling, and to pretend they were of spiritual origin, was in fact, a fraud, and should ostracize them from the society of right-thinking people. They are not "ex-Spiritualists." They never were Spiritualists or mediums. They never had recognition from Spiritualists. They were and are a simple trickster.

If a counterfeiter should make a public display of the mold in which he cast false coin, and explain his method of preparing the metal for bogus dollars or half-dollars, and how he put them in circulation, it would not prove that there were not men engaged in stamping good money, or that all coins were as worthless as his own. It would be a confession of his own crime. From headline to finish this "exposure" would have it believed that all mediums were like Mrs. Fay, and all manifestations, tricks which she performs under precisely similar conditions. The facts are, the conditions are in no case the same. Like all sleight-of-hand performers Homes and Fay dictate what these conditions shall be and if not complied with the "manifestations" fail to appear.

The press is a great power for good—or for evil. When journalists, because of the ignorance and bigoted narrowness of their conductors, misrepresent and label a cause, boorishly refusing a word in its defense, or in showing the malicious falsehood of such attacks, they become enemies of the public weal, and inquirers over free thought and speech.

When they further add to this the desire to cater to the prejudices of their readers, they enter the field of "yellow journalism," which gives the blazoned lie prominence and preference over the unpopular truth.

HUDSON TUTTLE,

Editor-at-Large N. S. A.

Cremation—Evaporation.

To the Editor:—My son, Dr. John Greer, who recently departed this life, preferring cremation to burial, his widow, agreeably to his request, had his body cremated, at Graceland cemetery, and those of us who witnessed this last tribute are made to think that Cremation—or more properly, Evaporation—is the proper disposition for the dead. There is nothing in it to shock the sensibilities. No roasting, no cooking, no odor. The corpse in the coffin is placed in retort. The iron doors closed, and except a few ashes, all that was mortal of my son went out into space, guided up in the form of white vapor, to mingle there with other white vapors, and to again descend in the form of rainfalls, or snow, or hail, to fertilize the soil in the gardens of Nature.

The vegetable fiber in the coffin, and the animal fiber in the corpse, are reduced to ashes. The ashes of the coffin being lightest remain on top. The ashes of the corpse, on bottom. These latter ashes are a few pounds, at most, are collected, and given to the "nearest family relation."

In this manner of disposal, of the dead there is none of the horrors of the grave, the earth worm, or the growl some process of putrefaction.

But there is one objection, and only one, I know of, and that is, including in the retort, for consumption, the coffin with the corpse. That is not necessary, and should be discontinued. But then with such economy, the coffin-makers and undertakers, might suffer.

Chicago, Ill. DR. R. GREER.

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, or to the Christian Religion to the Year 200, etc. A condensed statement of facts concerning the efforts of church leaders to get control of the government. An important work. Paper, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

"Mindless Dishes." Very useful. Price 10 cents.

"A Conspiracy Against the Republic." By Charles B. Waite, A. M., author of "The Christian Religion to the Year 200," etc. A condensed statement of facts concerning the efforts of church leaders to get control of the government. An important work. Paper, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

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

"Healing Causes and Effects." By W. P. Phelon, M. D. Price 50 cents.

"The Kingdom of Self-Control." By Wm. George Jordan. It treats of the crimes of the tongue, the Red Taro duty, the supreme charity of the world, the revelation of reserve power, etc. Price 80 cents. For sale at this office.

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Utica, N. Y., Aug. 27.—The New York and New England ministerial conference of the Evangelical Lutheran synod of Missouri, Ohio and other states in session at Utica, adopted resolutions, saying in part:

"Whereas, it is clear that the president in officially sending condolences to the papal secretary of state on the death of Leo XIII., and other officials in similarly paying their respects, have country blood and not any authority whatever, to speak in behalf of all Christians of this country without distinction of confession, and have thereby actually and practically denied the aforesaid governmental principles (referring to separation of church and state) for which the authors of our country bled and died, and abused their office and violated the trust and confidence reposed in them by the people.

"Therefore, Be it resolved, that we, satisfied that in this we are voicing the sentiment of all loyal Americans, do most earnestly and emphatically protest against any action taken by the president and other public officials with reference to the demise of the late pope whereby accorded official recognition to the papacy. And furthermore we protest any act or move on the part of the government officials, high or low, irrespective of party affiliations, whereby the traditional lines separating church and state might be obliterated, and the very pillars on which rest the glorious liberties of this country be shaken."

Copies of these resolutions signed by the committee were sent to President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay.

This Evangelical Lutheran Synod's head is level-straight and American as a plumb-line. In the name of the American people, President Roosevelt had no business to telegraph condolences to the papal secretary of state on the death of Leo XIII. However esteemed the late pope may have been by the American people, as a man, as a pope he was not held in such universal favor as to call forth any such expression from the head of a nation of diverse religious views, whose prominent characteristic of the divorce of church and state.

Even an independent or personal message of this character from the president of the United States, would have been in bad taste, and from a political viewpoint, as a Catholic vote-catcher, on the eve of a presidential election, its wisdom is questionable. The reflection that the president of the United States sent a message of condolence on the death of the head of a church which is held accountable by thousands of people for the assassination of the lamented Lincoln, is far from pleasant.

Animus of Romanism.

To the Editor:—I just read in your paper an editorial on the Animus of Romanism, that is the best I have read for some time. How true we Americans need fear nothing only the Catholic church. Why, go to Detroit and you can see the young Catholic men drill night after night up at Dix avenue in that city, with the very best of freemasonry. I asked a Catholic what their object was to drill their men that way? "Oh, well, says he, 'they drill the young men in the public school also.' I asked him where? 'Why in Washington they drill them in public school.'"

No one can get on the police force nor in the fire department unless he is a Catholic. In Detroit I understand they have a few colored men on the force there that are not Catholics, merely so they can deny it when questioned. A Protestant lady, a friend of mine, went to the Catholic church one Sunday, on Michigan avenue in Detroit last summer, and she said the priest stamped and said: "Keep your children away from the cursed public schools. You have no business there. You know they are." They preach it there that in less than fifteen years they will have America Catholic, and then they will rule to suit themselves. And then hell will be loose. A friend of mine told me that he for fun teased a Catholic woman several times in regard to going to the priest to confess and pay him money and have her sins forgiven; and so one day she got mad and pulled her finger in his face and said, "I will tell you one thing. It will not be many years before we Catholics will dance on the Protestant graves in this country." It shows that it is talked among them what they will do when in power.

PETER BOYER.

A Striking Manifestation.

To the Editor:—I take delight in telling your readers of a manifestation that occurred in my home one week ago last evening. A lady friend, who is my guest, was seated with me in the parlor, lights very low, not a soul in the house save ourselves. We were conversing on the subject of life and death, and regretted that we understood so little the language of symbols. The rooms on second floor are all communicating rooms from the parlor on down into the last room, which is a common sitting-room with a bay window. The lights from the street give it a pleasant subdued shade, that one feels very much at home with the invisibles in. We were talking when I glanced at my friend to note why she did not reply. I saw both hands raised, and saw there was something in the direction in which she was so intently gazing. I said, "What is it, Martha?" She seemed speechless. I arose and stood by her side to look in the same direction, when lo! in the doorway to the room above referred to, stood a being about six feet high. It was clothed in white, with an indescribable head-dress, in the right hand was a scroll, the left hand was by its side, on the third finger of the hand was a sparkling ring more bright than diamonds, which seemed to emit a light that reflected the whole being. My friend was too agitated to utter a word, and when she did speak, she cried out, "Look, look, quickly!"

It was one of the most benign, excited faces that my soul could conceive of, which she was so intently gazing. I said, "What is it, Martha?" She seemed speechless. I arose and stood by her side to look in the same direction, when lo! in the doorway to the room above referred to, stood a being about six feet high. It was clothed in white, with an indescribable head-dress, in the right hand was a scroll, the left hand was by its side, on the third finger of the hand was a sparkling ring more bright than diamonds, which seemed to emit a light that reflected the whole being. My friend was too agitated to utter a word, and when she did speak, she cried out, "Look, look, quickly!"

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A SEGMENT OF ANGELIC WORK.

A Place Where the Spirit World Draws Near to Earth.

To take boys adrift on the city streets, says the Inter Ocean, or huddled in filthy rooms of cheap tenements to sunlight, spacious rooms of spotless cleanliness and to 300 acres of woods and fields; to take boys steeped in vicious sciences and habits of crime, to industry, neatness, and order; to take boys used to coarse talk and usage and show them gentleness, kindness, love—such is the work of the Illinois Manual Training School at Glenwood. In the silence of the country, in the midst of trees and flowers and flourishing fields, this school has an ideal situation.

There is nothing here to remind them of the city; they are miles away from the cigarette and the saloon; there are no policemen or patrol wagons in sight. This wholesome country environment is a valuable aid in the improvement of these boys, the majority of whom have grown up in the slum streets of Chicago. Air and light are cheap and plentiful at Glenwood; every dormitory is a corner room with big windows on two sides, and from the spacious lawns you cannot see anything in any direction but outdoors.

Then they have real milk and butter out there; the boys themselves help milk the forty Holstein cows and make the butter and cheese. In summer they pick blackberries, and currants, and gooseberries that are made into real jam for them to eat in winter.

Each boy has a tiny plot of ground, which he plants with anything he likes. Nearly all plant flowers, and they take time out of their play hour to dig and weed and water them. This is significant; when you see a street boy voluntarily going down on his knees to weed a flower bed you know that something good is sprouting in that boy.

Three Hundred Boys at Glenwood.

There are 300 boys from 6 to 19 years of age at Glenwood; the greater number, however, are between 9 and 14 years. The same 300 do not all remain in the school throughout any one year; they are constantly being placed in homes in the West, either as adopted children or as apprentices. As many as twenty different families are often represented in the school. The colored children are treated as equals by every one.

The school aims to fit boys for home life. The Glenwood school is a home for dependent boys. Any boy sent there by a court of record is accepted, provided he is not diseased in mind or body; there are, however, about twenty maimed and crippled boys. The object of the school is not so much to give the boys the benefit of institutional life as to make them fit for adoption into families. The management wishes to keep the boys here no longer than is necessary to give them that training and discipline which would make them desirable acquisitions to any well-regulated household. The school takes the helpless children of afflicted and unfortunate parents, and homeless waifs exposed to cold and hunger, and to scenes of debauchery and crime, and shelters and trains them for a higher and better life.

Placing Boys in Families.

A delicate and difficult part of this work of saving the boys is placing them in suitable families for instruction in some trade or business. This is always done with the understanding that the boy will be treated as a son. A satisfactory placing for a child must be an agreement before he undertakes to keep him until he is 21; feed and clothe him; teach him some useful occupation, and keep him in school for three months in the year. A boy is always sent on three months' trial, at the end of which time he may or may not be indentured to the person desiring him.

When children are sent to this institution it becomes their legal guardian and relatives cannot interfere with them. The institution continues to hold the legal control of the child after he has been indentured, and reserves the right to remove the child if he is not well treated. If the party receiving the boy becomes dissatisfied after a fair trial, he may return him at his own expense.

The Glenwood boy has a half day's schooling five days in the week. There are no vacations at Glenwood; the school "keeps" all the year around. The principal has had many years' experience in the Chicago public schools, and aims to keep the boys in line with the best of the Chicago boys. Frequent changes in the membership of classes and having two sets of children each day makes this rather difficult. The boys who remain in the school long enough complete the eighth grade. The six large schoolrooms are attractive, with green plants, pictures, curtains, and interesting examples of the boys' work in composition and drawing.

Manual Training.

The manual training school is exceptionally well equipped. Mr. Dudley, the general manager of the school, thinks it is the best owned by any institution in the West. In the blacksmith shop they forge simple tools, such as hammers and wrenches, to sell. Several of the boys are very busy now on a pair of handsome andirons for the great brick fireplace in the library of the farm. A colored boy about 14 years old is very proud of a long heavy chain he has made to be used in pulling out stumps and hauling them away.

In the machine shops forty boys finish up the articles forged by the blacksmiths. There are nearly as many boys who are learning to make shoes, belts and suspenders. Another set of boys do carpenter work; they make a variety of things to sell, from a towel-rack to a carved and polished mahogany table.

The work in all the shops is made as practical as possible. This seems expedient for several reasons. Many of the boys stay for so short a time that this is the only profitable way to teach them. Then in this way each boy is self-supporting, that is, enough things are sold to pay the instructor and to pay for the material used.

In the steam laundry some of the boys are at work six days in the week. They handle the big machines, that press the sheets and pillow-slips or iron shirt waists by hand with equal cheerfulness and precision.

The baker's assistants, in their white caps and aprons, are a happy lot, and they turn out excellent bread.

But the most coveted places at the school are those in the printing shop. The brightest boys get out a very creditable monthly paper, The Glenwood, besides printing all the legal forms and pamphlets for the institution.

Many of the boys are kept busy in the fields. The Glenwood colony usually use all the vegetables, fruit and hay produced on 400 acres of land. In the year they are fortunate in having sold over hundred dollars worth of hay to roll.

Baseball and Gymnastics.

The boys have a baseball park and outdoor gymnasium, where they freely disport themselves under the eye of an

instructor. Here everybody has a good time. The older boys play baseball with their drillmaster, while the little fellows crowd around Mr. Dudley.

"Mr. Dudley, I can stand on my head," cries a 7-year-old. "Want to see me?"

Mr. Dudley laughs, and nods to the youngster, who painfully balances his feet in the air while the other boys stoop down and peek at his face to see how he feels. When the legs begin to waver unceremoniously, Mr. Dudley says, "Well, all right."

Then the young acrobat, very red and proud, faces his commander. "I could 'a' stood it longer."

Other little fellows do various stunts. Some form a ring and under the watchful eye of Mr. Dudley a little black boy, and a spunky strawberry blonde boy in the most scientific manner. They give and take in perfect fairness and good nature till Mr. Dudley declares the match at an end. The cheerful, manly spirit of these boys both at work and at play is remarkable. Many of them show real courage and self-reliance to each other. Everybody looks out for the cripples, and one boy whose legs are cut off close to his body is cheerfully carried about by the larger boys.

As a reward of merit some of the boys are allowed to act as caddies once a week for the members of a country club who play golf near Glenwood. The boys are allowed to keep 25 per cent of their earnings; the remainder is spent for special improvements on the place.

The Glenwood boys want a swimming pool, and already have a considerable sum toward building one. One lady has given \$1,000 for this purpose.

In cold weather the boys spend their evenings in the sitting-rooms of the cottages, reading and playing games. These rooms are furnished attractively with growing plants, cheerful pictures, curtains, and plain chairs and tables.

Equipment of the School.

There are eight two-story brick cottages on the grounds, in each of which thirty-five or forty boys live with a matron and one of the teachers. The cottages are always taken to Sunnyside cottage first, where they are cleaned up and trained till they are fit to leave the awkward squad for the main body of boys. Each cottage contains visitors' room, sitting room for the boys, wardrobes, where each boy has a locker; a large lavatory, where each boy has a numbered towel and a toothbrush, and the dormitories.

The well equipped hospital has eleven beds besides six beds in the convalescent ward. During the last seven months none of the boys have been ill. This remarkably good record is largely due to their life in the open air, the scrupulous cleanliness of their dormitories, and their wholesome, well-cooked food.

All these cottages are absolutely spotless; there is not a speck of dust or a sign of disorder anywhere. Each white iron bed has its snowy spread and pillow sham. The floors and staircase are scrubbed to miraculous whiteness. All this work is done by the boys.

Besides the cottages, there are six other brick buildings: the chapel (where all attend church and Sunday-school), the schoolhouse, the administration building, etc. One of the most attractive buildings in the grounds is the new farm house, of brick and white stucco, completed last spring. This cost \$10,000 and was given by the Commercial Club of Chicago.

Discipline Without Restraint.

One of the striking things about the Glenwood institution is the lack of restraint. The place is not fenced in; there are no locks, bars, or patrolmen. The boys must appreciate what is being done for them, for it is very seldom that one runs away, while the graduates of the school often come back to visit it. Last Fourth of July twenty-five young men, who had once been members of this school, spent their holidays at Glenwood.

The boys have military drill every day. They go through their maneuvers with great precision and spirit. When going from one building to another they always form in line and march in good order.

It is a fine sight to see the whole 300 boys march into the big, airy dining-room. They sit at long tables and carefully spread with fresh, white cloths; every boy has his clean napkin, plate, bowl and spoon. The boys file in to music till each one stands opposite his own place. At a signal all sit; at another bell tap they chant a simple grace. After that everyone unfolds his napkin and waits quietly until he is given his portion of food. There is not the least sign of disorder; the whole 300 seem as polite and gentle as well-trained boys at their father's table.

This noble work of helping dependent boys to become good citizens by training them to habits of gentleness and cleanliness and teaching them useful occupations is carried on with an endowment of only \$25,000 and an income from the state of Illinois of \$18,000 a year. The cost of the school is about \$40,000 a year, one-half of which is raised every year by individual subscriptions. There is still an income from the few boys whose friends pay something toward their board in the home.

Oscar L. Dudley, General Manager.

It would be impossible to understand the remarkable degree in which cheerfulness and self-reliance are instilled in these school boys without knowing something of its manager and founder, who is really a father to the boys. Many years ago, while Mr. Dudley was the working force of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, he began to be interested in children who were cruelly treated. Through his efforts the society changed its name to the Humane Society, thereby indicating that it concerned itself with the care of children as well as animals. It was only sixteen years since Mr. Dudley was caring for ten homeless boys that he had picked up in various parts of Chicago. Some of these boys he kept in his own home, and some he found homes for among his friends. That was the actual beginning of what is now the Illinois Manual Training School Farm at Glenwood. When the school was first chartered Mr. Dudley carried on the work in Norwood Park; two years later it received the splendid gift of 300 acres at Glenwood.

Thus throughout the entire life of this institution one man has devoted all his energies to its advancement. Mr. Dudley's genuine love for the boys is the real force that makes the school the great success that it is.

JANE WILLIAMS.

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

THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

(Continued from fifth page.)

of the National Spiritualists Association, the following Declaration of Principles were adopted:

First. We believe in Infinite Intelligence.

Second. We believe that the phenomena of nature, physical and spiritual, are the expression of Infinite Intelligence.

Third. We affirm that a correct understanding of such expression, and living in accordance therewith, constitutes the true religion.

Fourth. We affirm that the existence and personal identity of the individual continue after the change called death.

Fifth. We affirm that communication with the so-called dead is a fact scientifically proven by the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Sixth. We believe that the highest morality is contained in the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you do ye also unto them."

What extreme tolerance is here expressed. The early people of earth saw the beauty and grandeur of the sun and called it god; the pagans, so-called made images of wood and metal and called them god; the savages, so-called, read the language of the winds, trees and birds and called it the Great Spirit; later, yet in the line of progression, spiritual conceptions were formed of this Creative and Sustaining Energy, and Jehovah, Jove and Lord, Buddha, Brahm and Allah were declared deities. Each of these from the devout sun worshiper to the enlightened (?) devotee at the secluded shrine of Buddha or tapered altar of Jesus are sincere, and have the manifestation of their highest conception of the Supreme; recognizing the right of privilege and expression as well, Infinite Intelligence includes or excludes none, but declares the fundamental principle of modern Spiritualism to be Truth, and leave each to judge from his individual aspect as to application.

The second principle here stated includes and sanctifies the grain of sand and revolving world, the crawling worm and soaring bird, the jabbering beast and reasoning man—all nature is touched with the illuminating energy of possibility. The worm will make the butterfly with glittering wings, the mud will produce the lily, spotless white and expressive of greater laws than man can analyze, the egg will give forth the life expression of fowl after its kind, and man who reasons of it will grow in spiritual expression until he clasps the highest height that his most imaginary ideal has fashioned.

How expressive is the third statement—the marriage vows of Knowledge and Trust. To understand Life—oh, to analyze a blade of grass! oh, but to know the motor power of the smallest expression of life. When we declare our belief in the Intelligence of the Infinite and live a life of Trust, unfaltering in storm or calm, we begin to read the meaning of these holy manifestations, and those which we cannot demonstrate we love for we know that they are every one the expression of Infinite Intelligence. What Comfort is ours when we know that all is Go (od)! What happiness, what bliss, when every sinner appears before us as a pure white soul clad in the rags of prodigality! When every creeping, crawling thing seems so radiant with life—bliss possession that we cannot give, hence will not take—that we can see the prophecy of higher expression, then are we beginning to understand the workings of the Infinite.

Another pronounced step upward is demanded here, that of living. The fact of being is a great consideration, but that of living—of moving from place to place, of loving and hating, of smiling and frowning, of laughing and weeping, of being expressive—through these varied emotions—is a greater privilege. To realize that every human being is the result of the same Law that we are a sacred thought, but to look upon the lowliest and recognize the kinship to the extent of helplessness is "living in accordance therewith," and "constitutes the true religion." This state of being makes us loving to man, and broad in our conception of man's Maker; for if we see the mighty hand of Infinity moving the grain of sand through ceaseless rounds of progression to help in the forming of worlds, the life principle from instinct to reason, and transform the shadow to the real, then do we behold a Loving Father waiting with outstretched arms the return of his every child. If no grain of sand escapes the economy of Nature's vast demand, then surely no soul shall decay so long that he can evade the law of progression, and each must unfold expressive of the best.

The fourth principle admits of much elaboration. The death of the pollywog means the birth of a toadfrog; of the worm a butterfly; yet each of these stages of growth must, like the egg to produce the fowl, be attended with certain conditions. The frog embryo in the pollywog does not hop upon the dry land, and the worm contents itself to be encased in the chrysalis. By no more wondrous change the child unfolds to maturity; the death of childhood means the birth of manhood, yet there are many marks of the personal identity. Many turns of mind and body point to the similarity of child and man; memory walks down the corridors reviewing the trivial reproofs of childhood days, and in mingled happiness and regret links the pleasure with the pain. Growth, the certain law takes him on, experience produces prosperity, he unfolds—or even if he stays cramped by environment—the spark divine is embryo, and as naturally as development from childhood to manhood, the body is rent asunder and the shadows depart.

While no fundamental principle of Modern Spiritualism intimates that Time's shores are prison like, yet their constant changes impress us with their limitations; and when we have gleaned, as best we know, in the harvest field of mortality we rather long for the sunset glow and the kiss of eventide, when we shall lay our mortal armor off—almost as we left off knee trousers—and pass through the great doorway which stands in the midst of these busy scenes, into the realm of spiritual existence.

When one looks forward to the coming of the boatman with that expectant pleasure which comes from the anticipated journey to the land where loved ones dwell, when one gathers the flowers and gems along the path of mortal life with the thought of placing them in the way of necessity—the flowers in the wand hands of the sick rather than let them wither waiting for a coffin lid on which to place them, and the gems in the diadem of true worth rather than the crown of the bloated pet of public opinion—then it is that the coming of the boatman is looked forward to with Trust. Then it is that the even brings only radiant hues of tasks well and faithfully performed—the rest of a brief passing night to the awakening into the morning of a Higher Life.

How many of us recall personal experiences of standing with the loved one who, nearer the purple portal where the gate—Death—opened into the realms of the unseen, and have there in that hush heard the tones of those who waited to welcome the pilgrim from earth. How often the hues of that life's closing day fell upon us and we saw the illumined forms of the dear ones gone before. If these instances have not come into our personal experiences they are so well authenticated by men of integrity and sound sense that few attempt to deny them. So often the little child turns to the weeping parent and bids the tears to cease for, "Here comes grandma who says she will care for me, in that land where Death will not enter and beauty perisheth not." If the joy of the inhabitants of that land, when one of our number joins them, brings them so very close that their shining forms so hallow our sad scene that we dry our tears, then surely they who love us are near at hand when sorrow weighs upon our heart or burdens test our strength. Every people look up for guidance, every tribe recognize the presence and ministrations of heavenly beings; and who is so well prepared as those who have been mortals? They who have tasted of the conditions in which we live—know of its piercing stings and beautiful flowers, its heavy hanging clouds and bright, exhilarating sunshine—they are surely prepared to minister most efficiently to us, even as the school teacher must meet the pupil on a ground where both are acquainted.

How eagerly we look for the word from our loved one who has gone to a strange land, and how careful we are to pre-

pare conditions that we may receive their communication. The phenomena of Modern Spiritualism has proven to the satisfaction of millions of people that it is possible to know the conditions prerequisite for the communication of the so-called dead. If we trust the power that gave it and into whose charge it has gone, we surely have the Knowledge that Life is Law. This combine of Knowledge and Trust comforts us, for the portals are swung ajar, the veil is rent in twain, and the loved ones who have turned from the busy walks of mortality are the guardian mentors of our ways. Prof. Crookes, England's favorite scientist, has published many of his experiences with this phenomena and plainly states his satisfaction of its claims.

The blending of the two worlds is the great task which Modern Spiritualism is rapidly accomplishing, and its effort is to spiritualize the life of earth, rather than materialize the denizens of spirit land. The fact of angel ministrations, if a fact, as we affirm it to be, remains unchanged by our affirmation or denial; and in either case we have the present with which to operate.

The Fundamental Principle of Modern Spiritualism is Life here and now. We each and all acknowledge that humanity is the result of progression, the exact manner of which we need not discuss; the future will, when we reach it, have become the present and this day in which we contemplate the two mighty seas which lie on either side, will have melted into the past. As we see life, energy leap from height to height, though often low yet ever high, we see that it will always climb. Our Trust has wed Knowledge, and Growth marks the path in which we go; Prosperity attends us, for we faithfully do that which we know and trust what may remain. Comfort is the guardian of our freewill because the mighty and unyielding Law of Progression will carry each thing to its own place; the high and the low, the great and small—all, will attain its proper position. Therefore we believe that the highest morality is contained in the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you do ye also unto them."

This makes every home a heaven, where each individual is a master unto himself; realizing that the true master is he who serves. Every woman is an inspiration for true and noble living; and every man recognizes himself the protector of the fair sex. Since Life is everlasting we can but fill it with the sweets of service; for, as we climb from height to height, the stones of adversity dissolve beneath our feet, the stifling air of doubt melts away, and the clouds of superstition and bigotry are dispelled. The gems of human experience which are strung upon our thread of being must not be all of snowy white, as if heaven born, but some must be fire red, won by heated strife, some tinged with green as though a vein of jealousy had moved us to the gaining, and yet another of sky-tinted blue as if won by mortal sentiment which swayed us with a thought of momentary bliss and then melted into the things gone by.

Thus resting on the mighty foundation of Life, Modern Spiritualism prompts us each to live true to self, which will make us loyal to our brother's need; and such a life will prove one's worshipful loyalty to that Creative Energy that some call God, others deny because such title is ascribed, but whom all sense with that true self which prompts every soul to look upward.

The past has yielded much to form the body which clothes time, and much more has it given to fill me with the understanding which is mine; and I stand in the ever eternal present with all the harvest of this mighty epoch latent within. How much then I must give of kindness and of cheer, of comfort and of peace. While thus I live in fruitful expression of the divinity which lies deep within my soul, I have no dread and scarce a thought of that which seems a nightmare to not a few—the Future. When the curtain that hangs between the things which my present state of development makes me conscious of, and those things which the impression of these things point me to, shall have rolled away, and I stand face to face with other conditions, I can but do as I am prompted here and now to do—as I would be done by. If in the retrospection which my exalted state shall afford, I discover one of many things which my shortsightedness or impatient thoughtlessness has led me to do, I can but hope for that forgiveness which I have manifested and I shall grow in grace until each and every fault is made perfection and the frailties are made so strong that I sail, still farther in the great Ocean of Being—LIFE.

LIFE AND LITTLE MAN.

Oh, Spotless Life! Above, below, around all things,
From loathsome worm to beauteous bird that sweetly sings;
From cactus plant along the line unto the rose;
From earth to sky thy round of growth and labor goes.

From mortal to mortal man dost thou arise
And strive enough for some rare thing, immortal prize
To gain, what thou art far above, beyond the whole;
Beyond and over every living breathing soul.

Oh, Perfect Life! The universal all in all;
O'er every planet, star, moon, sun or little ball
That flies through space in search of place to whirl and be
A world within a world through all eternity.

Eternal Life! How grand thou art, unselfish, true
And full of strength and wisdom and of blessings, too,
And yet, poor man, in his great growth of self-conceit,
Imagines oft that he is all of life complete.

But at the grave where o'er his form so still and cold,
The little stones and clouds of clay are being rolled,
In soul he sees and knows how small is mortal man
In this great whirl of Life's eternal growing plan.

Man sees when he has laid away his weary frame,
That Life continues on beyond the earth the same,
And all his worry lest the world should miss him not,
Was there interred with those old bones and soon forgot.

The world moves on and children rise to take his place,
The breath is closed and soon the horse forgets his face,
The flower blooms and sweetens Spring with fragrant scent
And falls to earth and back to dust, its virtue spent.

The sun shines on and sheds no tears of sorrow there;
The moon revolves and shines with brightness just as fair,
The rains descend, the clouds pass on their busy way,
And Life remains unchecked the same each passing day.

Though man may own by purchase-right, large plots of land,
There comes a time to pass along and lose command;
There comes a time when all such gain is lost to view,
When Life transports his little soul beyond the blue.

Eternal Life! How grand thou art! unselfish, true,
And full of strength and wisdom and of blessings, too,
And yet, poor man, in his great growth of self-conceit,
Imagines oft that he is all of life complete.

DR. T. WILKINS.

The fathers [of the church] laid down as a distinct proposition that pious frauds were justifiable, and even laudable; and if they had not laid this down, they would nevertheless have practiced them as a necessary consequence of their doctrine of exclusive salvation. Immediately all ecclesiastical literature became tainted with a spirit of the most unblushing mendacity. Heathenism was to be combated, and therefore prophecies of Christ by Orpheus and the sibyls were forged, lying wonders were multiplied, and ceaseless calumnies poured upon those who, like Julian, opposed the faith. The veneration of relics and the monastic system were introduced, and therefore innumerable miracles were attributed to the bones of saints or to the prayers of hermits, and were solemnly asserted by the most eminent of the fathers. The tendency was not confined to those eastern nations which had been always almost destitute of the sense of truth; it triumphed wherever the supreme importance of dogmas was held. Generation after generation it became more universal; it continued till the very sense of truth and the very love of truth seemed blotted out from the minds of men.—Locky's History of Rationalism.

LIFE BEYOND DEATH.

Being a Review of

The World's Beliefs on the Subject, a Consideration of Present Conditions of Thought and Feeling.

Leading to the Question as to Whether It Can Be Demonstrated as a Fact.—To Which Is Added an Appendix Containing Some Hints as to Personal Experiences and Opinions.

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IN ALASKA.

A Sketch of Travel and Wonderful Scenes.

For two weeks we camped at the Indian village of Yakutat, where there is a Moravian mission, founded about fourteen years ago. These missionaries deserve a good deal of praise for the work they have done toward advancing the mental and moral status of the Thlingets (Klilnaks) of which the Yakutats are a clan.

At one time, twenty or thirty years ago, on Kautack Island, three miles from the present village, which is on the mainland, there was established a colony of Siberian convicts, by Baron Olenyok. They were very industrious, built several ships and did beach-mining; however, the natives burned the fort and massacred the settlers. To-day this island is the burial place of the Yakutats and the home of the seal-eaters.

On July 16, we broke camp at Yakutat and started on a voyage of sixty miles to Disenchantment Bay, in an open boat 21 feet long and five feet deep. Thirty miles of open sea to cross, but we had "Eddie Johns," one of the best white guides of the country with us, and he was familiar with the route, so no one was apprehensive of any danger, and, too, we were glad to get away from our late camping-place, for the Alaskan pest, mosquitoes, had caused us no end of suffering, and we hoped that in the glacial country, where we were going, it would be too cold for them.

Our first day's journey was only about 15 miles, as we did not leave Yakutat until 1:30 p. m., and concluded to make our camp for the night at Indian Point. As our boat was small, and there were no trees, the water was much disturbed, and in the sunlight we saw the flashing, glistening fins of thousands of salmon. Our guide suggested that we have some for supper; it did not take him long to spear two, so we dined upon fresh fish. After making camp secure, we, my daughter and I, walked to a point about a mile distant, and from there saw Mt. St. Elias and her companions in all their pure, cold grandeur. Would that my pen were facile enough to draw for you the picture presented to our sight. Can you fancy a placid, blue, and green water each wavelet catching the kisses of the departing sun, and blushing into rosy beauty, dotted here and there by well wooded islands, and forming a crescent in the background, with mountains, mountains, mountains, some of which could reach; and all clothed in their eternal snows. Mt. St. Elias gleaming like a white Egyptian pyramid, once seen, never forgotten. Mt. Augustus, not so symmetrical, but with many sharp peaks and angles, and Mt. Cook serene, positive in attitude! Human speech fails one, when in the presence of such great vastness. And there gradually came upon me the feeling of utter desolation, inspired, no doubt, by the thought of man's inability to build, or even to reproduce in a small way, such grandeur. How little we know, after all, of the creative intelligence, and of the forces of nature that have been at work in the ages past, that are at work to-day—God's hand is, after a fashion, hidden from man!

As it was hard to leave our observation point, but my daughter's hands pointed to 9:30 p. m., even if the sun was still two hours high, and we had learned from past experiences that we must go to bed first to tomorrow's day would be a long one.

July 17, we were up at 4 a. m. The sun had beaten us by an hour and a half—in fact we had had but one hour's darkness in the 24. We covered 35 miles, passing Hat Island, Knight's Island, and others unnamed; the thirty miles of open sea made, and we felt but a slight swell. However, on our return trip, we learned that the waves could dash against our frail ship, and that it took good management and a cool head for us to pass safely over.

That day we had a splendid view of Massena Cape, one of the largest, it is not the largest in the world, but as we drew near the northwestern shore of Yakutat Bay we could plainly see many great mountains—this country had at one time been a great glacial bed. How coldly majestic must have been those great mountains then, clothed eternally, from crest to base, with their white mantles of snow, while those great ice rivers nestled in their arms. Ah, man! can you create such a thing, in your laboratories of science?

At 2:30 p. m. we were ready to camp, and as it had commenced to rain, we decided to remain at Indian Camp. 'Twas here that for years, the natives who have gone into Disenchantment Bay to hunt seals, bears and mountain goats, have spent days and we found such evidence in way of bark houses and bones of animals long since departed.

To the southwest, and five miles away was Dalton Glacier; ten miles further, just beyond Gull Island, was Hubbard Glacier, and an active one at that. All night our slumbers were disturbed by the sound of breaking, falling ice—it seemed as if an endless thunderstorm was raging.

In the morning what a sight awaited us! The bay was full of great icebergs and floating ice, in all fantastic shapes imaginable, and we amused ourselves by dubbing some of them classically. Our fancy led us to see "Poseidon" driving his sea-horses; "Winged Mercury," flying, and with bow and arrow dashing "Atalanta," the swift huntress, with her dog following after, and "Circe" with her enchanted cup.

Poseidon gave us an exhibition of his horsemanship, for while driving upon the crest of a wave, he caused his team to dip their heads into the sea (the burg turned over) and when righted again they were transformed into glistening caves of ice. Oh! so blue and cold! Yet as the sun shone upon the mass, one could but think of sparkling jewels.

However, we could not remain on shore and indulge in idle fancies, for it was time to continue our journey, and the guide. For the first three hours of the day we were moving about trying to dodge icebergs and floating ice, so had no time to comment upon the mountains about us, but had to guide the boat, plus about us, but had to guide the boat, busy, too.

part, fed by three minor glaciers—rivers of ice. It cannot be crossed only by winged animals. Great pinnacles of ice deep crevasses! How deep, no man may tell! Boom! bang! crash! land with a mighty roar and swish, a large mass of ice was in the bay. No need to stretch the imagination and say, "Why, a great battle was fought, but you hear the artillery!" for were not forces of nature warring against each other? For fifteen miles we had an unobstructed view of the two glaciers—Dalton and Hubbard—then as we rounded Highwater Island, they were lost, for a time, to sight, but what a grand panorama was presented to us! Disenchantment Bay, snugly nestled in the embrace of snow-clothed mountains, like a rare green emerald surrounded in its setting by pearls of the purest whiteness, and like jewels are these mountains—no language with which to speak to the human heart, nor has man an interpretation by which he may break their ages of silence. All that can be done is to remove the head-covering, and stand within the sanctum-sanctorum of God and trust that unto the soul will the voice of nature speak!

I'll never forget the beauty of Disenchantment Bay. At first I wondered why "twas so named, but after we had camped at "The Alders" a week, and saw no sign of life, except the sea fowls, pinnacles and seals, it was no longer a mystery. While there we climbed mountains, visited moraines and glaciers, and enjoyed the water, but when we turned our faces homeward, it was without regret, for man is a social animal and must have a few of his kind near him.

The return voyage was made without accident, and on the 8th of August we left Yakutat Bay for Seattle, benefited by the weather, and by the fact that our summer's outing. However, there are other places in Alaska that we wish to see, so once more may I turn my face westward, and hope to see you there, though. In fact, I think my own country has more beautiful scenery than has Switzerland, and I long to see it.

LOIS F. PRIOR.

Vicksburg, Camp, Mich.

Learning that my mother, Mrs. E. V. Wilson, was at Vicksburg camp, I followed her, and although a stranger, met so many friends that I remained till the close. It is truly a spiritual camp, and a beautiful place, and I hope next season will see many of our Chicago people there to rest, if nothing more. Sunday, Aug. 16, I followed the speaker, Rev. B. Austin, with tests and messages. All seemed well pleased, and I had more calls for work than I could attend to.

Miss Fraser is a wonderful little woman, and rightly named "the mother of the camp." She holds a firm hand over the government of the camp, and the boarding-house made one look forward to the next meal, the dining-room so neat and clean, fresh flowers on every table, and three of the nicest girls to wait on us all. The two who had charge of the kitchen were, without exception, the best that could be had. Frank Felker, who had general charge of plants, and whatever he could find to do, had a cheery word for all.

This year Mr. Nesbit, one of the cottage owners was busy helping put up a lot of large lights for the grounds. Another, Mr. Abraham Powers, donated a bell to use next year. A number of friends have promised to build, and one sure, and to dedicate it to the memory of his wife. To me it seems a better monument than stone.

All of the tents, lodging-houses, rooms, were kept with such neatness, and all that could be done to make camp people and strangers feel welcome, that it seemed good to be there. When it broke up all left with regret. Mr. Russell took charge of the music—a womanly woman whose soul went out to all. She was assisted by Miss Mendon, a fine musician, only a girl yet, with a rare musical gift. But before I close I must not forget to mention Miss Mabel Fraser, the camp reporter, who enters heart and soul in her work, and who, I hope, we all hope will yet take more active work in the field.

Mr. and Mrs. Rawson are old campers and friends of the cause who entertained my mother so well that she looks twenty years younger, and says she is going next year.

The only thing lacking was no papers on the grounds; but next year will hope to find them there.

ISA WILSON KAYNER.

Lake Sunapee Camp, N. H.

The week opened well, the weather being delightful. Aug. 18, at 2:15 p. m., readings by Mrs. Edith L. Browne.

Aug. 19, at 2:15 p. m., a reading, and at 7:45 p. m., a seance by Sadie L. Hand, of Boston, which was well received. Aug. 20, it rained until noon, and at 2:30 p. m., the Ladies Fair opened and was well attended. The Mystic Table had one hundred bundles on it, and all sold in less than one hour. Ice cream and cake went like hot cakes, and the fair was a success, thanks to everybody.

Aug. 21, at 2:15 p. m., a lecture and test by Mrs. Sadie L. Hand. All was well received, and at 7:45 p. m., a seance by Mrs. Hand, and all was in harmony.

Aug. 22, at 2:15 p. m., a lecture by Mrs. Sadie L. Hand, and a few delineations were well received by a small audience.

The Ladies' Aid annual business meeting for the year closed. For president, Mrs. Addie M. Stevens, of Claremont, N. H.; first vice-president, Mrs. C. E. Gove, of Riverdale, N. H.; second vice-president, Mrs. Hattie Burpee, of Sutton, N. H.; secretary, Mrs. H. Newman, of Washington, N. H.; treasurer, Mrs. Harriet Comstock, of Newport, N. H.

Aug. 22, at 10:45 a. m., a lecture by Sadie L. Hand. At 1 p. m., a seance by Mrs. Hand, who gave good tests, well received. At 2:15 p. m., a lecture and test by Mrs. E. V. Wilson, on Spiritualism and its Work, to a good audience, and they were well pleased.

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SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

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

Church of the Spirit Communion, Kenwood Hall, 4308 Cottage Grove avenue. Conference and messages at 8 p. m. Lecture by Dr. J. O. M. Hewitt at 8 p. m. Messages by H. F. Coates and others. Plenty of good music.

The Spiritualist Research meets every Wednesday evening 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.

The Spiritualist Church of the Students of Nature hold services at Nathan's Hall, 1505 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 of 47th street and Cottage Grove avenue, every Sunday. Conference at 8 p. m. Lecture at 8 p. m. Conducted by Mrs. O. V. O'Connell.

The Englewood Spiritualist Union will not hold any meetings during August; but the Ladies' Auxiliary will meet as usual Thursday afternoons, at Hopkins' hall, 528 West Sixty-third street.

A Spiritualist Temple has been opened by Mrs. Schwan, at 523 Belmont street. Services held every Sunday and Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Tests and music at every service.

Dr. Sholdice holds services Sunday evenings at 7:45, at 205 Lincoln avenue. The First Hyde Park Occult Society holds regular meetings every Sunday at Alliance Hall, 323 E. 55th street, between Monroe and Kimball avenues. The best talent available will be secured to give interest at every meeting.

Chicago Spiritual Alliance Church meets every Sunday at 3 o'clock sharp, and 8 o'clock sharp at Lakeside hall, corner Thirty-first street and Indiana avenue, where truth-seekers and investigators, as well as Spiritualists can enjoy a pleasant conference or evening.

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The Third Church of Progressive Truth meets Sundays at 3 and 8 p. m. at Van Buren Opera House, corner of Madison street and California avenue. Good music and singing. All are invited to attend. Mrs. Schaeffer will conduct the meetings.

The Spiritualist Society holds meetings every Sunday at 3 and 7:30 p. m. at 207 Lincoln avenue. Lecture and tests by Prof. R. S. Ray, pastor.

The Englewood Spiritualist Union will open its fall meetings the first Sunday in September. Lecture in the evening at 8 o'clock. Conference in the afternoon. The Ladies' Auxiliary will meet Thursday afternoon. Hopkins' Hall, 528 West Sixty-third street, Englewood. For further information, address Geo. Hamilton Brooks, 6600 Normal avenue.

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