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per year to foreign countries is \$2.

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All books advertised in the columns

of The Progressive Thinker are for sale

at this office. Bear this in mind.

HUBSON TUTTLE.

Editor-at-Large for the National Spirit-

ualist Association.

Mr. Tuttle has been engaged to an-

swer all attacks in the secular or reli-

gious press on Spiritualism. Send him

clippings when an attack is made, giv-

ing date and name of paper. Address

him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Should Go to School.

Here is a fit subject to send to the

Morris Pratt Institute. The item is

from the Chicago Examiner:

"Here is an additional attraction not

counted on for Centennial week.

"An earthquake is on the way to Chi-

cago. The weather man has not

found it out yet, but C. A. Wyand says

so. C. A. ought to know, for he is a me-

dium.

"People, take warning!

"Mr. Wyand is not one, however, who

will not give the good residents of the

Fair city a reasonable notice. He

writes to the Examiner as follows:

"Dear Sir—As I am a medium I saw

Chicago in an earthquake or something

like it, but just when it takes place I

did not find out, although it is not far

from us and everything looked as if it

would be badly destroyed and was told

to rite you about it Resp Yours,

C. A. WYAND.

"It seemed down town district most-

ley.

"The Centennial committee regrets

that Medium Wyand did not set the

exact day and hour. It would be a shame

to have such a thing as a seismic dis-

turbance occur when the visitors were

at Lincoln Park looking at the Indians,

for instance, or attending a reunion of

the Jones family.

"The public will be notified if the

date of the impending catastrophe is

learned in time."

It would not be risky to say this item

exhibits something near the average

bit of intelligence found among the

class of people who call themselves

fortune tellers, but there are many me-

A STORM CENTER

IN THE

Ranks of Spiritualism.

Next week we shall publish a SYM-

POSIUM, containing exhaustive re-

views of THE GREAT PSYCHOLOGI-

CAL CRIME, a book lately published,

and which has created a profound sen-

sation among Free Thinkers, Liberals,

Theosophists, Spiritualists, and those

engaged in psychic research. It will be

a paper that will excite critical atten-

tion among leading persons in this

country and Europe, illustrating, as

it forcibly will, the exceedingly great

variety of thought manifested on the

part of leading minds in reference to

vital points of interest in connection

with the phenomena and philosophy of

Spiritualism. It will constitute an im-

portant object lesson to Spiritualists,

mediums, lecturers and thoughtful peo-

ple generally. It will bring to the front

the most forcible and impressive de-

nunciation of the Book, and at the

same time a profound admiration and

endorsement of the same and its au-

thor will be given.

Sarcasm and wit, keen, cutting and

comprehensive, will be hurled at the

author, and his pretensions refuted and

demolished in the opinion of some of

the ablest minds in the ranks of Spirit-

ualism. Contrariwise, some mediums,

Spiritualistic lecturers, eminent profes-

sional men and others will cordially

come to the defense of the Book and au-

thor, sustaining both throughout, the

whole Symposium comprising a most

interesting field for suggestive thought.

The Roman Catholic Church, in order

to keep its adherents in the galling

chains of bondage, superstition and ig-

norance, has, under the guidance of the

Inquisition and its infamous leaders,

burned, destroyed or suppressed "ob-

jectionable" books, books that in any

way interfered with its long established

creed, methods and customs.

The well balanced Spiritualist, the

rounded-out, thoughtful Spiritualist, is

not afraid to grapple with any problem

that presents itself in connection with

our phenomena and philosophy, and will

not favor destroying, suppressing or

burning any book. If Spiritualism and

its revered mediums cannot stand the

criticism of the author of The Great

Psychological Crime, then they must

have weak points, not yet plainly dis-

cerned, which need strengthening.

Spirit manifestations can not be pa-

tented or copyrighted. All through the

pages of ancient and modern history

they have come to the front, and exert-

ed their influence over mankind for

great good or evil, depending, of course,

on the intelligence and moral status of

the communicating spirit and medium.

What renders The Great Psychologi-

cal Crime a work of special significance

and importance to the careful student

of physical, Spiritualistic or occult

knowledge, it approvingly admits that

all the phenomena as claimed by Spirit-

ualists, do occur, and the author ar-

dently desires to advance an interest in

them by bringing to light an entirely

new method of producing the same

without the aid of subjective medium-

ship, and asserting in language that

cannot well be misunderstood, that the

present process whereby spirits com-

municate with mortals through de-

veloped mediums, is not only unhealthy,

but really dangerous and destructive.

An ardent and enthusiastic believer

in the phenomena of Modern Spiritu-

alism, yet opposed to the mediumistic

he happens to read this editorial he

may consider himself lucky in escaping

our wrath.

However, as time passed on our an-

ger softened, the tempest in our mind

was succeeded by a delightful calm, and

the storm-tossed impulses and

conflicting emotions of our soul were

followed by a little common sense, and

we resolved to submit the book to the

flagellations of a few prominent Spirit-

ualists—or, perhaps to their endorse-

ment—each one without fear of ac-

cident or being ostracised, to express

his (or her) honest opinion of the same,

while the editor will act as UMPIRE,

seeing that fairplay is maintained on all

sides.

The author of this book, kindly en-

dorsing the phenomena, but lamenting

the method whereby it is produced, and

claiming that there is a better way to

present the same to the world, can not

be a very dangerous man—one to be de-

spised or avoided; on the contrary, pos-

sibly he may become a very useful

man; possibly by telling Spiritualists

what he considers their faults, their

shortcomings, their misguided work,

and dangerous tendencies, he may

awaken a line of thought that will do

good; possibly mediumship may not be

ALL that we have claimed for it; possi-

bly there is chance for improvement;

possibly it is not perfection itself, and

let us all hope for progress in every

line of thought, in every phase of the

phenomena, in everything pertaining to

mediumship.

Spiritualists, we do not know of a sin-

gle thing in science, in the arts, in the

domain of physics, in medicine or re-

ligion, that has attained perfection. Im-

perfection everywhere—perfection no-

where, so far as one can discern. Such

being the case, it is well to be charita-

ble of the opinions of others. It is well

to be kind, generous, forbearing, trust-

ing that the right will triumph, and

that the world will advance in the right

direction; hence we say, PREPARE

FOR THE FEAST—prepare for a rich

treat in the next and succeeding issues

of The Progressive Thinker.

The Great Psychological Crime which

has stirred up a veritable intellectual

cyclone of diverse views, comments and

criticisms, will afford the grand basis

for the detection of the intellectual

giants ranged pro and con.

The forthcoming numbers of The

Progressive Thinker will be among the

most instructive and interesting ever

issued.

The articles cannot fail to be read

with intense interest by every medium

and every Spiritualist, and every one

interested in Spiritualism as an investi-

gator, a would-be believer, or an op-

poser. They will stir thought in our

ranks, and we have no doubt will result

in good to our cause.

Ours is the Hermit Nation.

Wm. E. Curtis, the distinguished cor-

respondent of the Record-Herald of this

city, makes a sorrowful showing of the

working of our Chinese exclusion laws.

Whilst the object of the law was to

shut out cheap labor from competing

with American industry, he shows in

its workings, it excludes by strict and

even strained interpretation, "students,

teachers, merchants and travelers," a

class of people it seemed to have been

the intention of the law to favor.

Mr. Curtis cites facts in support of

his statement, and says we are quarrel-

ing with Russia because of a suspicion

her government intends to shut us out

of the ports of Manchuria, while we are

closing our ports against China, though

that government has appropriated \$600,-

000 to pay for the display of Chinese

productions at the St. Louis exposition.

It would be supposed the policy of the

United States is to allow the youth of

China to visit America, learn our lan-

guage, our manners and customs, to the

end that our trade with the oldest em-

pire on the globe would be facilitated,

and our civilization would be imitated.

Instead: By our exclusion laws, so far

as China is concerned, we are the her-

mit nation. We desire to traffic with

her people, but it must be on her soil,

through American agents who under-

stand our language, and not through

Our Fall and Winter Campaign

OUR SPECIAL ISSUE

It will be especially interesting and attractive. Our Special Issue in October, containing the views of many leading minds, as alluded to elsewhere in this paper, will be of great value to everyone. It will be a veritable Storm Center, and every Spiritualist in the land should read it. Subscribe at once and obtain one or all of our Premium Books.

Important Discussion

The above Special Issue of The Progressive Thinker will be followed at an early day by a discussion between the veteran worker, Lyman C. Howe, and Mrs. Florence Huntley. They will in a masterly manner consider the contents of the book designated as "The Great Psychological Crime." Every Spiritualist, and every Medium, too, should be familiar with what is going on in our ranks, and they can be if they will read The Progressive Thinker during the year. Send in your subscription now.

"The Light Among the Hills"

A thrilling narrative, a wonderfully interesting statement of Spiritualistic events that occurred in Vermont in early days, will appear in the columns of The Progressive Thinker sometime this fall. "The Light Among the Hills" was written expressly for The Progressive Thinker, by Mrs. I. L. Lewis, well and favorably known in the Green Mountain State. Send in your subscription now, and you will not miss a single number. Don't wait.

Our Premium Books

Renew your subscriptions at once, and thereby not miss a single number that contains forthcoming attractions. Our Premium Books can not be excelled. Read over the list in this paper, select the ones you desire, and send in your subscription at once. Don't be behind the times. Our Fall and Winter Campaign will be more brilliant than ever. Those who read The Progressive Thinker cannot fail to keep abreast of the times, and know the status of our cause.

ILLINOIS CONVENTION.

THE BURSTING OF THE SHELL: THE CREED OUTGROWN.

A Short Story, Founded on Fact. By Dr. J. H. Randall.

About fifty years ago Jacob Ormsby and his wife, Jane, lived on a farm in New England; he had passed his forty-seventh and she her forty-second year. They were born and brought up under the influence of the spirit of puritanism which prevailed before and during their generation. Their home was on the farm which Jacob's father had carved from out of the hillside wilderness many years before. They had as the fruit of their married lives two sons, named respectively, Jerry and Oliver, that grew up in the home to manhood, and were known as good, obedient children, and, as young men were respected by all who knew them.

The Ormsbys were quiet, unassuming and industrious people; the buildings on the farm for the family, as well as for the stock, implements and tools were models of convenience, good order and neatness. Jacob and Jane lived almost entirely in a world of their own; the greatest ambition of their lives was to raise their boys properly, that they might be useful men in the world. At an old-fashioned religious revival quite early in their married lives, they had been converted, and baptized, and were members of the Baptist church. During childhood, having been surrounded with the influence of pious people, it came natural to them to be ardent and devoted workers for Christianity as they understood it. It was their aim to practice every duty imposed upon them by the discipline of the creed and church.

At the time of their conversion, their boys were aged respectively, six and nine years. Religious exercises, consisting of reading from the Bible, and prayers, every morning and evening, and grace said at every meal, was the rule of the household. With mild but steadfast persuasiveness, and parental concern and authority, from time to time they talked and prayed, and did all they thought that duty required of them, to get their boys into their way of thinking, and to induce them to be baptized and become members of the church.

During the years that passed until Jerry had reached his twenty-first birthday, both boys listened to what was said to them quietly; Jerry occasionally would say in reply, "Father," or "Mother," whichever it happened to be that cornered him, "I don't think as you do."

The home was often visited by the leading members of the church as well as the pastor, and every winter a revival was inaugurated and conducted from ten to thirty days, at which the father, mother and the boys were nearly always present. They were invariably hospitable to their visitors, and exceptionally accommodating to their neighbors. The pastor, as well as the lay members, from time to time would try to argue the matter with the boys, and pray for them with a holy energy and the steadfast purpose of converting them; but the boys never exhibited any serious interest, and were apparently indifferent to all these efforts made to make them hear the doctrines of the religion professed by their parents. As regularly as Sunday came, parents and boys usually went to church together, unless sickness in the family or duty to a sick neighbor prevented; and this continued until Jerry left home, and after that time until Oliver passed his twenty-first birthday.

The Sunday immediately following this event in Oliver's life, he got the horses and carriage ready for the family, which then consisted of himself and parents, to go to church, as that had been his special chore for some time previously. Having assisted his mother into the carriage and given the reins to his father, he turned and went into the house, instead of taking his seat with them to ride to church. His father stood waiting for him several minutes, under the impression that he had forgotten something that he wanted, but as he did not return, he called, "Come, Olly, don't keep us waiting, it's time to go."

Coming to the door of the house he had entered, Oliver replied: "I don't care to go to church to-day, father. I prefer to stay at home and read."

"You don't want to go to church, and you're going to stay at home all day and read. Why, what's the matter with you?" said his father, whose face reddened, and his eyes expressed astonishment, as he seemed to realize that his will and authority was about to be antagonized.

"There's nothing the matter with me, father, except I do not think as you do about it."

"Look here, sir," said his father, "it is my will that you come along and go to church with us. You never opposed your will to mine about this duty before, and why should you now?"

"I am a man, father," said Oliver. "I am of that age now that mankind holds me responsible for my own acts, and this I have learned when you sent me to school, and I shall always respect you for it, but I have opinions of my own about religion, and religious duties; hence, I am not going to church to-day nor any other time in the future, except when I want to."

Jacob Ormsby had been brought up to believe "spare the rod and spoil the child," and in the early training of his boys he had used strap and whip freely. As these boys, however, developed physically large in comparison with himself, under the sense of fear, undoubtedly, that they might realize their strength some day and turn upon him, he had seldom threatened or used that method of punishment after they entered their teens, but Oliver's dignified manner and firmness in asserting his selfhood, and his determined purpose, expressed in the language he had used and the tone of his voice, brought his father's wrath to a white heat, under the impulse of which, he dropped the reins, took the whip from the socket in the carriage, his wife as he did so saying, "Don't, Jacob, don't."

His face, eyes and manner revealed that burning thoughts were raging in his mind at the organization of opposition to his will; he advanced toward his son, who with his large manly form, being over a head taller than his father and broad in proportion, came to meet him. When within about three feet of each other they stopped simultaneously, and gazed into each other's eyes. The calm demeanor of the young man checked somewhat the soul-consuming wrath of the old man, though he trembled from his head to his feet under the fire of his passion as he said: "How dare you have any opinion about religion that is against mine? Didn't I raise you? I think I know my duty. You ought to know that what I will you to do is for your salvation, and to save you from the consequences of your sinful soul in its fallen state."

"That's all right for you, father," said Oliver. "I've always obeyed. But remember, I'm not a boy now. I'm a man, and you're a man, and it's natural for men to differ in their opinion about many things, and so it happens that you and I differ about religion. We needn't have any serious fuss over it, unless you want to make it. Go to church, father; you and mother go right along, and get all the enjoyment you can out of your religion. It can't be helped as I see, because Jerry and I don't think about it as you do."

Bitter was the idea to him of accepting the inevitable, he however, so fully realized that his son in a physical sense at least, had the best of the argument, that he turned from him, entered the carriage and drove off. Not long after this disagreement, which had been the second of the kind between this father and his sons, Oliver left home to become a fireman on the railroad.

Some years before, under nearly similar circumstances, Jerry had left home, and in the meantime had risen from the position of engineer; he had got married, and settled in the village of S—Y—, Vermont, a short distance from the old farm where he was born. He got a wife that he

loved, for she made his home as much of a paradise as it is possible to make a home on this earth; through her he had realized the joy and ecstasy of knowing he was a father. During these years his association with the duties and cares of home-life, he developed into what the community considered one of its best citizens. This was only natural to such a nature as his when the devotion of his affectionate wife is taken into consideration, and that during part of the time when he could be with his family, he reveled in the sunshine of bright eyes, the smiles of innocent rosy lips, dimpled chin, and the melody of the voice tones of his baby girl, when in playful mood. The sickness came which terminated in death, and he experienced the grief that comes to all loving hearts when they lose the objects of their affections and tenderest care; and, especially, when those objects, as they did in this case, consist of a wife adored and a child idolized. These two beings made the sun of the soul-system around which all his thoughts and energetic actions revolved to create a home-world, wherein he might have every uplifting satisfaction obtainable from consciousness in his life.

At the time of the funeral of his baby girl, and a little later when he buried his wife, he was considerably censured by his father, and the neighbors who were church members, because the funerals were conducted without any minister or religious ceremony. From the day that he reached man's estate, and left the home of his parents to cut his own path in life in the world, he had given up attending church regularly, although he had deep convictions as to what constituted man's moral duties to his kind. The so-called world's people who knew him in business and social relations, regarded him a clear thinker, and an exceptionally self-reliant man, whose ideas upon most matters that he had anything to say about were based upon good logical reasoning. After the burial of his baby girl and wife, he began to investigate the opinions of the people about him, and to compare them with one another, and what he considered Nature's laws for the regulation of human conduct; he found a great diversity of ideas along these lines; much greater than he had ever realized while under his father's roof. The loss of his dear ones, and the breaking up of his family circle had the effect to draw him frequently to his mother.

Jane Ormsby was overflowing with expressions of sympathy by words and deeds for the unfortunate; she was, however, made up of such a peculiar physical constitution and intellect, that she matured slowly; the nature of love, wisdom and absolute justice from the standpoint of a well-balanced human brain, then, she could not comprehend; she had accepted from her psychological environment as true, and in no manner to be questioned, the religious tenets in those days pervading the minds of many piously disposed people, which had been formulated by the John Calvin and Jonathan Edwards school of theologians; such as the fall of man, total depravity of every human being born, the inevitable destruction of infants, and the certainty of eternal misery being the portion of everybody that did not repent, believe, be baptized, and join the church. Under the influence of her creed, with her sense of duty as a Christian, on one occasion when conversing with Jerry, she said:

"My son, my heart aches for you. I pray God for you daily. But oh! my son, my first born, you still seem blind to the awful fate impending over the unrepentant. Your child taken from you; your wife taken from you; your home destroyed; your life so full of comfort and the promise of joy a few months ago, now desolate, and I believe it is because you have not served God as you ought."

Here she visibly trembled, tears filled her eyes. Mother and son were seated near each other. Under the impulse arising from the intensity of her emotions, she clasped one of his hands and in a pleading manner continued: "Oh! my son, why do you not see the righteous judgment of God in these afflictions; receive the Savior, repent and believe before it is too late? I know you are not a Christian. My God! My God! What can I do to save my son, and stay the awful doom for him and his family? Oh! God, have mercy on me!"

Jerry was always gentle with his mother. She was a little body, not weighing over one hundred pounds when in the best of health. He was also invariably firm in his argument against her ideas on religion. When this outburst of her pent-up emotions took place, he watched her very closely and listened to all she said without the slightest movement to interrupt her; the sad and pitiful tones of her voice, with the vibrations of her whole trembling being, as she clasped his hand, stirred him with a sense of very tender consideration for her, such as he had never before experienced. She had often expressed herself to him before, but never had she used language quite so strong, nor exhibited her emotions so intensely wrought up by the subject. With one of his hands he clasped both of hers, and at the same time with the other he pressed her head to his breast and said: "There, there, little mother, don't cry and feel so bad about me. Everything in this world was all right before we came into it, and it will be all right when we get through with it. I believe that sometime we will be in another world, and we will realize it, and we will be happy if we shall have done the best we know how for the good of others needing our care while we are in this world. And I believe everyone born or that may be born will sometime realize it. According to my knowledge of other folks, Mother, you're the best woman on earth. You know I don't want to hurt your feelings, but it's no use talking your fears to me about my destiny, and the condition which you imagine now or hereafter of my wife and baby. Why, mother dear, they are angels now. I know it as well as I know that I live and hold you to my heart. Things that you see and hear, you don't believe, because you know; and I have seen and heard my wife and baby several times since I buried their bodies."

His mother raised her head and looking at him with her tear-dimmed eyes and an expression of astonishment said, "How strange you talk. I can't help believing you, my son, for I have always found you truthful. How happy such an experience and the thoughts that come with it must make the passing hours of your life. But, my son, may you not be mistaken? May not such thoughts be put into your mind by the tempter? I have my fears that it is not right to harbor them, for we are told, 'straight and narrow is the way and few there be that find the road that leads to heavenly happiness, while broad is the road that leads to destruction.'"

"We don't agree about this subject, mother," said Jerry. "I don't see God's laws governing us as you do, and if I've got to fry for it, then fry it. Why mother, this little body of yours with its great big sympathetic soul, so truly human, yet so impregnated with divine love, is made up of such elements that I believe if you saw a hell, such as some of the preachers have pictured to us in their sermons, you'd start such a genuine spiritual force to arouse heaven that the other angels with you would quickly quench the flames of purgatory and hell with tears, and stop the misery and human suffering we are told is in them."

Deeply touched by the thoughts he suggested, yet shadowed by the creed of her professed religion, his mother said: "How can you talk so? And yet—" when she was interrupted.

"Damnation!"; this being the only word approximating to profanity that he ever used. "Mother, I'm only human. I can't help thinking just as I do about this matter. How's a man to believe what he knows he can't? How's he going to convince himself that he's made by a Maker wicked and more inhuman than himself? I'll tell you, little mother, it

isn't natural for God to curse his own work when it is as good as he could make it, and torture his own creatures besides. Talk about it being divine, just and holy. It isn't. It's brutal. It's more brutal than the act of that old sow we once had that ate all her pigs. You're mistaken, mother, God is in better business than that of increasing human misery—running a hell and purgatory, and through some of the preachers around here trying to keep in the minds of naturally rational people pictures of the meanest qualities of character in human nature; but, little mother, I love you, anyhow, and always shall."

Oliver Ormsby on leaving his home thought himself very fortunate in going into a position as fireman on the same engine run by his brother; his ambition was to qualify himself for the position of engineer. Thus it came about after being separated over four years, the brothers had got together again. They lived in the same boarding-house, worked together almost daily, riding on the same engine, and occasionally visiting the "old folks." Life glided along very smoothly with them for several months, when the approach of spring brought heavy storms that resulted in a great washout occurring at a place on the railroad, over which Jerry had ridden almost daily for over four years, and where it was never dreamed possible for such a thing to happen to the road. Just after the breaking away of the soil beneath the track, Jerry's engine with a heavy freight train struck it. It was a very dark night the wind was fierce, and the rain was pouring in torrents. Where the washout broke took place, and for several hundred feet each way, the road extended along the side of a steep hill, it being forty to sixty feet to level ground on the lower side, the upper side being the sloping hill extending some hundreds of feet above. By some unusual vibration of the big steel, iron, brass and wood machine, alive with fire and steam, that he was guiding, Jerry had a sudden sense of danger; he whistled "Down brakes," and at the same moment warned Oliver to prepare to jump. It was too late. He had barely uttered the warning when feeling the sensation of tipping he jumped from his engine, that with its twenty freight cars was running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, just as the mighty machine with its load, turned on its side, and plunged down the embankment, making a mass of broken and bent steel and iron, with wood broken, smashed and shivered into splinters, scattered around for several hundred feet.

When Jerry jumped he happened to strike the ground without sustaining any serious injury. Help and lanterns were soon obtained; hunting and overhauling the wreck was proceeded with through the night and part of the next day, until those that were injured, and those that were killed were taken from it. Oliver was crushed to death between the engine and tender. Jerry was so deeply affected that he could hardly talk, while those to whom disaster had come were being looked for, though he directed and tenderly assisted in handling the remains of his brother, and taking them to the old homestead.

Oliver had always been vigorous, healthy and overflowing with activity; his sudden death was a terrible shock to his parents, particularly to his mother. Jerry was opposed to having a formal and ceremonious funeral, though he finally consented to arrange all the details pertaining to it, in compliance with the wishes of his parents. His mother at the time being in poor health, he feared that the strain and shock to her emotional nature would be more than she could pass through and live.

The Rev. Joshua Mather, physically, was a tall, well-proportioned man. The general contour of his features was of the Andrew Jackson type. Aged about sixty years, his hair originally black, was considerably mixed with gray; he had piercing black eyes. He kept his face cleanly shaved, habitually dressed in black broadcloth, and wore a standing collar, with a steel spring stock, black silk-covered, which aided him to keep the muscles of his neck and head rigidly set in one direction. To the casual observer he appeared very dignified and exceptionally pious; careful character-reading people of the world, however, believed this artificial, unnatural, and affected for private reasons of his own. He especially experienced great satisfaction in alluding to himself as a "soldier of the cross," and a "champion of the true faith." Nothing suited him better than conducting funeral services among the people not of his creed and church; on such occasions, in his own estimation he towered to great importance, for he was fully aware of the opportunity it presented for him to make a profound and lasting sensational impression on those whom he wished to convert, and if he was not successful in converting, he regarded as lost in their iniquity and sins forever, and doomed to eternal torment.

He was the pastor of the Baptist church of which old Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby were members, and had been officiating in that capacity over thirty years. A modern Theosophist familiar with his ideas would have said he was a reincarnation of the combined spirits of Cotton Mather, who lived in the time of the Salem and Danvers "witchcraft craze," and of whom he was a descendant, and Jonathan Edwards. He was one of that class of preachers that was quite numerous fifty years ago, but are very scarce now, that assume to know all about God, Creation, and the destiny of the human family, as set forth in Calvinistic theology. He did not believe in any half-way measures in talking to sinners about their inherent total depravity. He taught that a person to be saved from the "wrath to come" must be old enough to understand the naturally iniquitous origin of all mankind—that he must acknowledge himself a vile creature and worm of the dust; must openly repent of his sins; confess belief in the Lord Jesus Christ as his Savior, and his acceptance of the Holy Bible as a revelation written by the finger of God, and handed down to Moses from heaven as an all-sufficient guide in all the affairs of human life, and that there was no knowledge outside of it worthy of a moment's consideration. Any person who would not do this, in his judgment, was of no account, except to make him feel and think about the misery and suffering he would have to endure from the wrath of an avenging God, who knew just what he would be from the beginning of his life.

As the pastor entered the home of the Ormsbys, on the occasion of Oliver's funeral, the talking in low tones among the friends and neighbors assembled to pay their last respects to the deceased, ceased. He looked the people over from room to room, conveying in the expression of his countenance the thought: I have a very important duty assigned me, and by the help of God I'm going to do it, though this house and the heavens fall; and who be unto any one that shows levity, or tries to divert attention from these solemn services.

Selecting and marking a chapter in the Bible, then taking the hymn-book he arose and in a stern and solemn voice, read:

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound;
Mine ears attend the cry;
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie."

"Great God! Is this our certain doom?"

The manner in which he emphasized every word in the first stanza, and the first line of the third stanza, of this old-time hymn, and the long-drawn-out tone in which it was sung, cast a gloomy shade over the thoughts of the audience. It was evident to the worldly-minded people present that they were going to get a tongue-lashing such as they had not had in some time—that he had no sympathy to waste upon this occasion, and that he could not have selected any hymn better calculated to intensify the grief, and thus torture the heart and life of the mother of the deceased. He then read a chapter from the Bible and made a prayer so long and so tedious, and of confessions of the awful wickedness, sinfulness, and absolute worthlessness of himself and the people in the sight of God, that probably not a person who heard it, not professing his creed, that possessed good common sense, to have escaped listening to it would willingly have exchanged places with the corpse.

He then read the following stanzas from Watts' Hymns:

"There is a never ending hell,
And never dying pains,
Where sinners must with demons dwell
In darkness, fire and chains."

"Have faith the same, with endless shame
To all the human race;
For hell is crammed with infants damned,
Without a day of grace."

This having been sung in the same soul-harrowing manner as the previous hymn, the Rev. Joshua Mather had the appearance of being, in his own estimation, fully armed and equipped as a "soldier of the cross" to make a deep and lasting impression upon the worldly people present, in the interest of religion and his church. There was not a sign of sympathy in his face, nor a tone expressive of tender consideration for the grief of the mourners in his voice; he was firmly poised under the influence of the theological dogmas he professed to believe, in one sense as an iceberg, and in another as a tyrant. In a slow, very imprudent manner he read the following:

"But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."

"As we said before, so say we now again, if any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed."—Galatians 1st chapter, verses 8-9.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned."

Laying down the Bible and straightening himself up to his full height, he said, in part:

"What I have read to you is the language of the Holy Bible. The first is from St. Paul, and the last is from our Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, as recorded in the 16th chapter and 16th verse of the Gospel of St. Mark. The meaning of these texts is very plain; no controversy is possible that can alter the decision that has been reached by the men of God in our faith in relation to their meaning. God, and His Son, the Lord Jesus, in this holy book, say what they mean, and mean just what they say."

"The decisions that have been reached are, 'By the decrees of God for the manifestation of His Glory, some men and angels are predestinated to everlasting life, and others are foreordained to everlasting death.'"

"Our first parents, being 'reduced by the subtlety of the tempter, sinned in eating the forbidden fruit. By this sin, they fell from their original righteousness and communion with God, and so became dead in sin, and wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of the soul and body; and they being the root of all mankind, the guilt of this sin was imputed, and the same death in sin and corrupted nature conveyed to all their posterity. From this original corruption, whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to evil do proceed all transgressions."

"My beloved, these are the foundation principles of our most holy Christian religion. To repent of sin, believe these principles, and accept the Lord Jesus as our Savior is the road to salvation. To reject them is the road to eternal misery."

"Every unbeliever and infidel I have ever known of, that has dared to raise his voice or use the pen against the holy scriptures, and these doctrines of the Christian scheme and plan of salvation, has incurred the wrath of our everlasting, just and merciful God; has been cursed in life, to the gateway of death, and doomed to suffer in torment eternally. There is no escape, my unconverted hearers, for you, unless you make your peace with God."

"Voltaire, that great French philosopher, so-called, and an infidel, with all his scholarly ability, lay upon his bed in disease and suffering for many months, and then died in agony, as the judgment of God in his wrath, whom he had blasphemed; and yet how merciful is God to his fallen and totally depraved creatures that are constantly sinning against His kingdom and glory."

"History shows to us that Tom Paine, probably the wickedest man that ever lived, and the boldest infidel, because he dared write 'The Age of Reason,' had meted out to him an awful punishment. He was visited by the judgment of God, and made to suffer a terrible death, and finally buried like a common pauper. This, though, was not the worst of it. God in His infinite love and wisdom, in our behalf, pursued him after he was dead, and not only cursed him, but cursed and blasted the lives of his infidel friends and admirers, as I shall be able to prove to you."

"Some years after the death of Tom Paine, one of his friends, that defended his life and book in which he criticized the holy scriptures, who resided in England, came to this country and incurred the expense of taking up his remains, desiring to take them across the ocean and re-inter them in England, and erect an enduring monument over them. But God would not have it. He brought disaster upon this man's business from the day he got Tom Paine's bones in his possession. He was brought to a bed of sickness with one of the most loathsome diseases, and from which he was taken to the debtor's prison, by his creditors whom he tried to rob, and there died, screaming and calling on God for mercy. After his death, his effects were seized by the law and sold for the benefit of his creditors at auction. Among these effects were found the bones of Tom Paine, stored in the garret of his house, and when offered for sale under the auctioneer's hammer, were purchased by a button-maker. Thus did God doubly curse him, in his wrath, by having his bones made into buttons."

"Thus we see to what a low and despicable end God was able to consign this wicked infidel, and his friend and admirer, who tried to reflect honor upon his memory."

"Just think of what it would be to your bodies, and your souls? To be sawed, cut, turned on a lathe, bored, filed into buttons, shavings and dust, and at the same time cursed to endure everlasting misery, in a lake of fire and brimstone. And yet this is no more than a just punishment for the presumption of daring to reflect against the holy decrees of God, as expressed in the doctrines of our religion."

"This, however, is nothing to what it is possible for God to inflict upon unrepentant sinners. It is a sad duty we are called upon to perform this day. We have come to the house of mourning which is better than the house of feasting. We are here to perform this solemn rite of burying this young man, who has been cut off in the full bloom of a promising life of usefulness, by the wrath of an avenging God."

At this point there was a very perceptible sensation among his listeners, particularly the mourners. Some of those present looked at each other as if they would like to say, "Do you believe that? I don't." The preacher proceeded:

"The grim destroyer, death, has claimed his own in this case in a horrible manner, and it should be a terrifying warning to sinners. There can be no doubt this is a judgment upon him because he did not repent, confess belief, receive the Savior and make his peace with God. Oh! my hearers, what a calamity is this among you, to be thus suddenly and unexpectedly summoned to answer before the bar of the eternal God, our sins upon our souls, with no goodness in us, knowing that if a just judgment is rendered, we will be cast into outer darkness, from His presence, into hell—a lake of fire—a seething fire, there to suffer forever and ever."

"Beseech you to solemnly think at this hour of the punishment that God can inflict upon you. The torments you will have to endure will be immeasurably greater than being in a brick-kiln, or a fiery furnace. In view of the terrifying fate of the deceased, I beseech you all, to take warning in time, and flee from the wrath of God to come. Oh! my hearers, my bowels yearn for you. When death, grim monster that he is, comes to you who do not believe, and may be cut off out of the fold of the church, as this young man has been, your souls will be tormented alone, that will be hell enough for them, but at the last great day, when the sea and the land shall give up their dead, your bodies will join your

(Continued on seventh page.)

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Of all the organs of the human body, the eye is the most delicate in its structure and the most sensitive in feeling. For these reasons it is especially liable to disease. Gravel, rheumatism, sore eyes, myopia, tritias and astigmatism are some of the most common disorders that affect it, and these frequently result in total blindness. Oculists and physicians either advise costly and painful operations for these complaints, without any guarantee of success, or else deem the victim to be incurable. "Actina" is a valuable home remedy, and is a pair of spectacles. Science, however, has discovered a wonderful remedy for these disorders of the eye, whereby torturing operations are eliminated. This great remedy is in the form of a pocket battery and is known as "Actina." It is a home treatment and is so easy to use that the patient. By its use thousands of people have been cured of these disorders of the eye after eminent specialists have pronounced them incurable. "Actina" also makes the use of spectacles unnecessary, by restoring the weakened and unnatural conditions, and these cures are permanent. "Actina" is sent on approval post-paid. It is an infallible remedy for diseases of the eye and ear. Write to day, and you will receive, absolutely free, a valuable booklet, "The Eye," Wilson's Dictionary of Diseases. Address the New York and London Electric Association, Dept. TB, 929 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

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This is the author's posthumous work left in MS. to a few of his private pupils in occultism, and also Volume I is a valuable addition and at a library of occult subjects. Spiritual astrology is especially elaborated. Alchemy, Talismans, the Magic Wand, Symbolism, Correspondence, Penetrations, etc., are a few of the subjects treated of in a scholarly and masterly manner, showing the author to be familiar with his subjects. You cannot afford to be without it, as well as all his other books, viz.: The Light of Egypt, Vol. I, bound in cloth, \$2; paper, \$1. The Light of Egypt, Vol. II, bound in cloth, \$1.50; Celestial Dynamics, cloth, \$2.00.

GENERAL SURVEY.

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

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

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

ITEMS.—Bear in mind that items for the General Survey will in all cases be adjusted to the space we have to occupy, and in order to do that they will generally have to be abridged more or less; otherwise many items would be crowded out. Sometimes a thirty-line item is cut down to ten lines, and ten lines to two lines, as occasion may require.

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

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

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond's next lecture will be on "The Value of Mediumship in the Spiritualistic Field." The meetings are held at Masonic Temple. This lecture will prove especially interesting.

The meeting of the Illinois S. S. A., at Hopkins Hall, 528 West Third Street, Chicago, October 18, bids fair to be one of the largest held to date in our state. Although primarily for business purposes, time will be found for some excellent addresses and message-giving by worthy mediums. Make it a point to be present at both 2 and 7:30 p. m. Carry your lunch and enjoy the social hour with the speakers.

Celia Rinehart Wall writes: "In Kansas, Ill., there are some good Spiritualists who would like to have the N. S. A. missionaries come here and form a society."

M. Larkin would like to make engagements with societies of Christian Spiritualists, to lecture on Bible Spiritualism and kindred subjects. The South preferred. Address 1962 Curtis street, Denver, Colo.

Cyrus Emery writes: "We wish to correct Brother Henry Boone's statement regarding the Puritans who, he says, came over in the Mayflower. The Pilgrims came over in the Mayflower; they were seeking religious liberty. Roger Williams sought the same when he went to Rhode Island, escaping the persecution of the Puritans. My ancestor came over in 1635, was persecuted and fled for entertaining Quakers. He went to the free land of Roger Williams to escape the persecution of the Puritans."

First grand entertainment and ball, given by the Spiritual Union Society, Saturday evening, Nov. 14, at Heuser's Hall, 576 Larrabee street, corner Wisconsin street. Admission 25 cents. Prof. R. S. Ray, director.

Father's Boylan, of St. Lucy's Roman Catholic Church, Jersey City, announces that he will put up his raft for a raffle—2,000 tickets at \$1 each. Gambling is one of the saintly characteristics of popery.

W. F. Jamieson and wife are coming to Chicago next week, to live here this winter. Mr. Jamieson writes: "I purpose giving more time than ever to increasing the sales of the 'Hull-Jamieson Debate.'"

Mrs. Maggie Waite writes: "On Sunday, September 27, the Metropolitan Spiritualist Church, at 3337 State street, Dr. Angus, of Toronto, Canada, gave the address, which was well received, followed by readings by Mrs. McCoy, of Cleveland, and Mr. Kinkaid. Both mediums did excellent work. The services were closed by the reading of the answers and spirit messages, given by Mrs. Maggie Waite, pastor of this society. On Sunday, October 11, Dr. J. H. Randall will deliver the lecture. His subject will be 'Spiritualism as a Science.' Sunday, October 4, Dr. White gives the lecture. Communications at all meetings by Mrs. Maggie Waite and others. The Progressive Thinker is on sale at the door and eagerly sought for."

Mrs. S. A. Garber writes from Des Moines, Iowa: "The Ladies Aid Society of the First Spiritualist Church was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Garber Friday afternoon. It being the lady's birthday, the Aid Society tendered Mrs. Garber a surprise. Plates were laid for 36. The table decorations were smilax and roses. The out-of-town guests were Mrs. Bliss-Greene, of Chicago, and Mrs. Jennie Hagan Brown, of Texas. Mrs. Brown rendered one of her impromptu poems for the occasion. Mrs. Garber received many beautiful presents and tokens of remembrance. Mrs. Jennie Hagan Brown has served our society the past two Sundays. Too much can not be said in praise of this charming little lady. Her work as a speaker and a missionary has no equal. She has strengthened our society and made many new converts. We should regret that more of our public speakers and missionaries are not like Mrs. Brown. Saturday afternoon she spoke to the inmates of the Home of the Aged. Her only recompense was to see those dear old faces light up with pleasure and hope at the beautiful sentiment expressed. Such has been her work while here and our one regret is that we are not able to keep her. The Spiritualist society, assisted by the Ladies Aid Society, will tender Mrs. Brown a farewell reception, at the home of Mrs. Florence Wicks."

Dr. C. R. Warner writes: "Disguised by a growing mustache and the tan of country life, I had the pleasure of sitting unidentified through Prof. R. S. Ray's meeting, at 207 Lincoln avenue, Chicago, Sunday, the 28th. It was a comfort to remain silent and study the worker and his methods, as well as the people gathered in his commodious home, to the number of about one hun-

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE THIS OFFICE WILL BE CLOSED ON SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.

Take due notice that items for this page in order to insure insertion must contain the full name and address of the writer. Otherwise they may be cast into the waste basket.

Wanted—A medium who can cure obsession and can bring testimonials that will prove him. Send a person is invited to call at No. 5550 Rhodes avenue, second flat.

There was no lecture. Aside from invocation, benediction and songs, the entire evening was devoted to message-giving. The readings and answering of questions before unfolding the slips on which the auditors had written them constituted the programme. It was a session of great interest and served to convince one that Prof. Ray has genuine psychic development and commendable sincerity of manner. Only the future experience of each individual can attest the absolute accuracy of the answers given, but the medium's mission is confined to giving what is given him on the instant from the unseen workers. Spiritualism has a triple responsibility. It must prove intercommunication between spirits and mortals, establish the actual value of such messages and teach how the worthless and utterly unreliable element can be totally eliminated therefrom. Prof. Ray seems every way deserving the success now attending his week-day and Sunday evening meetings."

E. J. Bowtell lectured at Pine Grove, Niantic, Conn., September 6, 13 and 20. Can now make engagements for dates for 1903-4, Sundays or week nights. Address 262 Pequot avenue, New London, Conn.

Jacob Schuur writes from Warren, Pa.: "Ever since the close of Lily Dale there has been with us Mrs. Elizabeth Demore of Pittsburgh. She is a medium of rare ability. Those who receive readings from her, although agnostics, and other people who belong to various creeds must acknowledge her wonderful power."

Mrs. Amanda Coffman, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes from Conneaut, Ohio: "The summer has come and gone and the camp season is over. I began my camp work with my home camp, at Reed's Lake, Mich. Was there nearly three weeks. July 23, I reached Island Lake camp, where I failed a week's engagement. I have many pleasant memories of my first visit to Island Lake. From there I went to Haslet Park, Mich., for a week's engagement. From there to Lake Brady, Ohio, by way of Detroit, Mich. At Detroit I was met by Dr. and Mrs. Fish and taken to their beautiful home, where a reception was tendered me after a rest and a delicious repast. I arrived at Lake Brady, Ohio, and after a rough voyage on the old Lake Erie. But I soon recovered in the genial magnetism of loved friends. This was the banner year at Brady. This was my fifth engagement. I was happy to find the camp so prosperous. From there I went to Lily Dale, N. Y., arriving at the close of the camp. This grand old camp with its natural scenery to please the eye, and gladden the hearts of those who visit it, never was more beautiful than it was this year. I am proud that a sister woman can manage in such a superior way as did good Sister Pettengill, making all feel at home. I began my fall work with the society at Conneaut, O., the banner society of the state. I cannot say too much in praise of the management and the earnest workers of this society. The hall is crowded every Sunday and the social function is a decided success. Great good is being done and many new converts to our beautiful philosophy. I will be here until October 12. I am to assist Harrison D. Barrett and others at a mass-meeting, October 25, in Cleveland, O. I will be happy to meet the many friends who thought the state was this meeting. I hope the Spiritualists will rally to help Brother Hemmert in making this meeting a decided success."

Regular writes from Detroit, Mich.: "The Earnest Workers installed the officers for the ensuing year at their hall, 333 Michigan avenue. President Badger will begin the series of instructive and interesting addresses the second Sunday evening in October. Talented speakers will be engaged for the winter, by the Spiritualists, and the work is a higher standard than ever before. The Tuesday evening socials at the homes of the members are becoming very popular. The last social at the residence of Trustee Nash, was a delightful success. Through these fraternal meetings new members are pouring into the society. The friends of Mrs. Potter attended her in her last sickness and were comforted by her to the end. A silent tear. Mrs. Rose Ferris will speak at Cleveland and adjacent towns for two weeks. Her Tuesday and Friday evening circles will be resumed October 16, at her home, 259 Grand River. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford enjoyed a happy silver anniversary at their home, surrounded by their many friends. They were recipients of many beautiful tokens of regard. The colonel of the Brotherhood of Light at Arboles, Colorado, rounded up a year of success. The outer council is located in Detroit."

Mrs. Isa A. Cross writes: "The Hyde Park Occult Society held its election of officers on Monday, September 28. Mr. H. L. Stewart was re-elected president; Dr. P. H. Harmon, vice-president; Mrs. Place, financial secretary; Mrs. Silberhorn, treasurer. Mrs. Cross was appointed corresponding secretary. Communications were appointed each to look after different parts of the society's work, making it less burdensome than for a few to do it all. Mr. S. B. Cady will lecture on October 11, and Mrs. E. Kline will give us something from our friends on the other side. Services every Sunday evening at the hall, 323 East 55th street. Jackson Park car passes the door. Come early, as we shall commence at 7:45 sharp, and close at 9:30 if possible. All communications should be addressed to me, No. 560 East 55th street, Chicago, Ill."

John Woolman writes: "We beg here with to let you know about the advent of a new child in the large family of Spiritualistic knowledge. We have already christened it and its name is the Universal Occult Society, which will meet every Sunday evening at 3118 Forest avenue, in the Masonic Home Temple. The Hon. R. Gilray will be the Dean. He is a gentleman who is widely known among the Chicago Spiritualists as an inspirational speaker. He is a medium whom the 'boys upstairs' think a great deal of. He will be assisted by

When writing for this paper use a pen or typewriter.

TAKE NOTICE.

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

ALWAYS GIVE YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS WHEN SENDING NOTICES AND COMMUNICATIONS FOR PUBLICATION, OTHERWISE THEY WILL FIND THEIR WAY TO THE WASTE BASKET.

Brother John W. Caldwell, who has a wide experience in the realms of spiritual knowledge and lucid work, and in this connection we will state that Bro. Caldwell will inaugurate at once a lyceum in behalf of the young folks who will be instructed in the beautiful truth. Sister G. W. Aitken, a psychologist of wondrously endowed power, will give to the anxious and inquiring ones the positive knowledge that there is no death. Our society we propose to make a home of strength for the young folks, and give them the knowledge of the future. Sister G. W. Aitken, a psychologist of wondrously endowed power, will give to the anxious and inquiring ones the positive knowledge that there is no death. Our society we propose to make a home of strength for the young folks, and give them the knowledge of the future. Sister G. W. Aitken, a psychologist of wondrously endowed power, will give to the anxious and inquiring ones the positive knowledge that there is no death. 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