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VOL. 29.

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NO. 754

### THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING

Did it Begin in Italy After the Fourteenth Century, and in England About the Year 1500?

Further citation from "The Rise of English Culture."

A colored map of the world, assigned to the tenth century, but undoubtedly drawn later as the fourteenth, is to be seen in the British Museum. In it Jerusalem is made the center of the habitable earth. That city, whether on a map or in a legend, becomes the center of Church romance. No such place was known before the old Roman time. In the reign of Hadrian (117-138) there was a strong place in Syria known then and thereafter as Alia Capitolina. Not a coin, not a genuine Hebrew inscription on stone or parchment has ever been discovered to bear witness to the occupation of the place by a warlike people of Hebrews or Judeans. The Children of Israel—i. e., the Muslim—conquered the land of Syria and the city of Aelia, and they, with slight interruption, have been its masters ever since. They call the city the Holy Place, or the Holy House, and their right to do so has never been successfully challenged. The legends of the Muslim concerning the Holy Place are to be found in the Koran and in the great Chronicle of Tabari. They are ignorant of any Jewish occupation. It is not the least probable that the name "Jerusalem" was applied to the Holy Place of the Muslim in Syria until some time after the fifteenth century. It is not the Jews nor the Muslims who are responsible for that application. The Biblical and Talmudical writers mean by "Jerusalem" an ideal city, where the tribes of Israel dwelt together. In a secondary sense the term may denote any Jewish in Spain, in South Italy, in Holland or France. (Notre Dame is la France." D. W. Marks.) The passionate love and pride expressed toward "Zion" and "Jerusalem" have certainly never been generally felt toward the city in Syria, nor indeed toward any city of whose inhabitants the majority are not of Jewish blood. About the beginning of the thirteenth century it seems that the excitement about Syria spread among the Muslims, and we hear of a number of them following the fashion of pilgrimage. But if the words ubi bene lo patriam hold good for the Jew, it is not in Syria that he has ever found his most beloved Jerusalem or Aelia.

It is clear that they, employing their usual artifice in the interpretation of the Psalms and Prophets, have converted the Jerusalem of poetry into the Jerusalem of center of a geographical system.

The table of the Holy City having been made tributary by the Roman Empire, Pompey was inserted into the Latin literature by the Benedictines. It is corruptly called Solima, which name they inserted into many Latin poets.

Its proper name is El Mokeddass, the Holy Place, or Sanctuary, in the Mohammedan tradition. It once bore the name of Ila (Gographie d'Edrisi traduite de l'Arabe, 1838).

This author writes at a time when, owing to the influx of Christian pilgrims into Syria, his belief has been partly confused by listening to the tales. The principal manuscript in the Royal Library of Paris is dated 1344, a statement entirely untrustworthy. The ideas, however, of this geography may be fairly considered as those of the traveled and instructed Moslems, who visited the West during the Middle Ages.

He appeared to have learned English names from the Norman French; some are scarcely decipherable. Dartmouth, however—notable in Chaucer—appears as Diermouda, Dover and London as Devers and Londre. But what are Gloucester and Gharcafort?

He sees at Rome the Palace of the Prince called Pope, who is mightier than all the princes of the earth. He refers to three Metropolitan Sees, Antioch, Alexandria and El Mokeddass.

The latter, he says, is the most recent. It did not exist from the time of the Apostles, who seems to be a clear indication that the Arabian was aware of the absence of Christian antiquities at the Holy Place. He adds that it was instituted for the glorification of the Holy House; again, an indication that the Muslim regarded the Christians as holding the junior branch of their own sacred tradition. He says there is a church in Rome modeled after the temple of Jerusalem, that there is another of St. Peter and Paul, and that there are 200 churches in Rome.

It is a French monk who writes under the name of Sulpicius Severus, garbler of Roman history, who tells us of the lion and the she-wolf who ate of vegetable food at the hands of the men of God, as if they had been by nature herbivorous. And why not since the Hebrew prophet had sung of camivora eating straw like the ox?

The discovery of America in 1492 ended the first great conflict of the church with science. The leaders of religious thought had offered a stubborn resistance to the reports that the earth was a sphere. But when the fact could no longer be denied they resolved to make the best of the situation. So they Christianized the new world and then set down to the task of composing plausible legends in the Portuguese, the Spanish, or Italian interest, in which members of great families, patrons of religious houses, were represented, in the void of all authentic reports and memories, as discoverers of the East and West Indies. In this way (ideals of Gama, of Columbus, of Amerigo Vespucci arose.

There is no publication relating to the discovery of the East or West Indies that bears the least resemblance to contemporary narrative. We have nothing but the usual smooth, plausible tales of origins.

The clerical artist is everywhere apparent, the world is viewed through a clerical medium. The great ambition to subjugate the new world to the

### FINDING THE LIGHT.

RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE.

How One Individual Found the Light in Spiritualism.

To the Editor:—I want to notice in the first place the article written by Brother James L. Dow, of Manhattan, Kans., in No. 747. I sanction every word of it and rejoice that we have those among us who are not ashamed to proclaim the whole truth. It was so good and appropriate that I read it before our society Sunday evening. Some may think it pretty tough on mediums. There is not one word said in it against true mediums or mediumship; but does everlastingly rip up the backs of fakirs.

Some say, "Oh, you must not look for fraud, and you won't find it." That is a likely thing now, isn't it?

How can you find fraud if there is no fraud? I am only 19 months old in the cause, but I look the dilemma squarely in the face. I used to go to it blind, but I have eyes, yet make no boast or pretension of being wise; but some people have found out they can not fool all the people all the time.

Brother Dow closes with an appeal: "Will you help us eradicate this evil?"

Yes, with all my heart.

How shall we commence?

I think it can be done by shunning every appearance of evil, and living as noble, grand and pure a life as is in our power. When we all do the best we can, I think we will have but little trouble. I also think we have too many parties among us who are not of us, and we will always be in confusion as long as we retain them. What we want is all wool and a yard wide; then we can wear garments white as snow, and will shine as brightly as the noonday sun. We have many that want to be Spiritualists and church members at the same time, and I never saw one yet who tried to carry a pail of water on both shoulders but what one would slip over.

When I was an orthodox, I was an orthodox, but now I am a Spiritualist and make no pretensions to orthodoxy. Some think we must not say anything against the orthodox religion, for fear of hurting feelings of some. Well, I do not believe in hurting anyone's feelings, but we must tell the truth if we tell anything, for if we use deception to inveigle them into our meshes, we become as low and contemptible as the fraudulent medium.

I know that true, honorable people of a different religion from mine respect me for the reason I stand pat to my profession. If I was a turn-coat I would not expect to have friends, nor even any respect shown me. Take one of these deceiving ones and they are no good in their churches nor with the Spiritualists. What we want and are striving for is harmony, and without it we will never succeed. It is not in number, but in quality, we do not gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles.

"Pure Mediumship," by Madame Roberts, of Oregon, is another good article and has that certain sound. Oh, why cannot all be like it.

Our dear sister, Mrs. L. L. Lewis, wrote such a grand piece, "The Light Among the Hills." My desire is that she will have it put in pamphlet form so it can be scattered world wide. Very few either old or young would lay it aside till they had read all. It is almost an everyday affair, and such good lessons are taught in it. I have seen many faces and forms; heard their voice and had impressions, but I seek more and will not rest till I can see and talk to my dear departed at will. I feel to say with Martha, on the evening of her last night with her aunt and Mrs. Austin, "I have done my best. I have done all I know what to do. I have done all in my power. I have hoped, prayed and waited, and I will not give up. I can almost see their faces and hear their voices that I long to see and hear, but something is lacking, only one little touch and I fancy the line of communication will be established."

Oh, that we all might have this self-same desire. How long till we would have a different world, and a different people all around us.

They who seek will find, and to those who knock, it shall be opened to them. If we knock and seek in the right manner we will be rewarded in such a measure that will be to our everlasting good.

Let us place our aspirations at the very heights, and then try to attain unto it. If we want to live noble, grand, pure lives, we must seek earnestly. We have many battles yet to fight before justice and purity prevails in our land.

Papal Empire, to baptize every new geographical discovery with the names of Christ, Mary and the Saints.

One would have supposed that so soon as it became known that the facts within the ken of many a plain, illiterate sailor contradicted the statements of our Christian cosmographers, and of the Bible on which they founded themselves, church teaching must have been discredited and utterly overthrown. That it was not so is a proof partly of the enormous strength and influence of the church organization, partly of the languor of intelligence which resulted from inveterate indulgence in falsehood.

The romantic stories of Ireland were not heard of until some time in the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries. It is impossible to admit that there were Benedictines in Ireland before, at the earliest, the thirteenth century. The earliest table of literary culture in that island in early ages conceals the fact of its dense ignorance.

Paris has been, at least from the Revival of Letters, an important center of culture. The Benedictines were the founders of its schools at some time a little earlier, though not much, than the schools of Oxford and Cambridge. But a history of the Paris Academy was not attempted until the seventeenth century.

As for history, in any modern sense of the word, or indeed in any sense

I am sure we have the help of the spirit world back of us pushing us on to victory, and the more zealous and earnest we are the more help we are assured to receive.

It is not natural for any of us to help those who do not try to help themselves; so if we expect, we must work.

It is the grandest pleasure of my life to search for knowledge of the life that we inherit when done with this mortal inheritance; yes, that is the word, inheritance, because it is nature's unchangeable law, and is our portion; also is ours at the present time, although our sight, hearing, and senses are so latent that we can scarcely conceive the fact, and the more sensitive we become to nature's laws the more impressive this fact will appear to us. The inquirer may say: "Sir, pray tell us what course we must pursue. Shall we fall down upon our knees and implore one or all of the gods for instruction?"

Nay, my brother, that day is passed for me. To my mind, the first thing required in anyone is to be in possession of a submissive will or mind, open and free to accept the truth wherever it may come from, and is what I term the quickening of the soul or inner man, and is brought around in different ways; some, one cause; and some another. I can only speak for myself. Philosophy and phenomena are inseparable and go hand in hand, and I know and am certain that if I obey or disobey nature's laws I will suffer or be blessed in the act as the case may be. Mine was caused by the sudden passing out of a dearly loved one. I tried to pray to God to give me grace in my broken down manhood to bear the trial, I tried to think God was just, even in permitting such a heinous crime. I tried to think that Christ's blood would atone for all the wrong. My condition got worse and worse. There was a great mystery overshadowing all. I was finally advised by some to go to Camp Chesterfield, and that there I would find out all I desired. I went not knowing, but hoping. I attended a couple of seances, heard a lecture or two, came home and before two days passed I began to see everything in a different light.

About the first thing I denounced was some of the doctrines as taught in the Bible. I looked upon people as beings instead of creatures. I began to recognize the laws of nature, and to ignore the works of an anthropomorphic God; and more and more I have cultivated a more sensitive nature (or it has been given me), for I am in possession of it; and not long after this, one day as I was walking down the street with my joys and sorrows all within my own breast, and thinking of the cause I lately had learned so well to love, and of the deplorable condition it seemed to be in, the thought came to me, how can I stand up for it? I am weak, ignorant and unlearned. Then, like a flash of lightning, my dear child stood by my left side and said as plainly as mortal ever spoke, "Pa, we will stand by you."

O, blessed thought that has been to me hourly ever since. I know it. It is a fact. We have the spirit world to back us, and I put a thousand times more confidence in them than I do in a God that would cause or permit the death of his only child to satisfy the sins and wrong doings of others. Now I know that all will suffer for their own iniquity. We can't put it off on someone else. The day of retribution is sure to come to each one of us. The more evil we do the more we will have to suffer, and the more good we do the more happiness we will enjoy; consequently hell and heaven, so to speak, are here. Which do we enjoy?

I see now as the fruits of good labor a nice little society that is organized and which get from house to house nearly all winter. We have now rented the G. A. R. hall for six months, and have held four meetings, of which we are proud. We meet at 2 p. m. and 7:30 p. m., with fair audiences. We have no speaker at present but hope soon to have. We have as fine a test medium as I ever saw. She lives in our midst, and we are well pleased, and hope to see the society grow till we can erect a nice temple of our own. I am led to believe this is all a personal matter, and the philosophy of Spiritualism can be taught only to those having hearing ears; and when it is demonstrated by phenomena many will say it is all of the devil. Nevertheless this change must come, if not in this time of flesh, it will come in spirit life. Really spirit life is all the life there is. This life is but transient; the other life of which death, is as it were, the partition—just like stepping from one room into another, or from sleep to wakefulness. May the angel world bless and assist you in spreading the truth.

Elwood, Ind.

J. L. FOSTER.

whatever, the serious attempt to ascertain the past cannot be traced higher than the time of Francis I. (1515-1547).

WM. HENRY BURR.

(To Be Continued.)

**CALLS BIBLE A PACK OF LIES**  
CANON HENSON, OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY, SHOCKS ANGLICAN AND NONCONFORMIST ENGLAND.

**Demands a New Faith—Sir Oliver Lodge Declares Doctrine of Atonement is Survival of Barbarous Times.**

As set forth in a cable dispatch from London, Eng., to the Chicago Tribune, Canon Henson, of Westminster Abbey, in the Contemporary Review, attacks the Bible, and especially the Old Testament, declaring "its incredible, puerile or demoralizing narratives" are "a pack of lies, too gross for toleration."

The Anglican world is amazed at the question with which Canon Henson concludes his remarkable article. He asks: "If the faith of the church in the divine Christ, living, present, and active, really built on an empty tomb?"

The canon's onslaught on the Scriptures has amazed England, Anglican as

well as nonconformist. A great cry has gone up from the established church, and the Archbishop of Canterbury has been overwhelmed with public and private appeals for the canon's punishment.

**Demands a New Christianity.**  
Simultaneously with Canon Henson's attack comes a demand from Sir Oliver Lodge, principal of the University of Birmingham, and one of England's noted scientists, for a "re-interpretation of Christian doctrine," or, in other words, a revised Christianity.

Sir Oliver Lodge shocks the believing people of England by declaring that "the doctrine of atonement, as the concrete form is a survival from barbarous times." He repudiates the belief in "an angry God appeased by the violent death of Christ."

Seldom has England's religious feeling been so profoundly stirred as by the articles of these two men.

Inspiration is attacked. Canon Henson declares that "inspiration" is now allowed to signify to the "truth of any statement in the Bible which cannot be substantiated at the bar of reason and evidence."

In the New Testament he finds little to offend much or conscience, "but whether much or little, it will have to go the way of the Old Testament prodigies."

He recommends supplementing the reading of the Bible in church with "Christian compositions which have no

Something in Reference to Materialization.

To the Editor:—I have been greatly interested in reading in your paper the different articles contained therein upon "materialization," and the offer of \$1,000 to be paid for the production of one genuine spirit form.

While I am only a "student" of the different phases of Spiritualism as manifested through mediumship, still I am endeavoring to get and give the truth. During the years 1900-1903, while residing in Cleveland, Ohio, I attended about one hundred materializing seances conducted by the following mediums, Mr. C. H. Fingers, Mrs. Kemp and Mrs. Effie Moss. With two of these, there were some eight or ten of us who had private seances once a week for a time. Personally I did not go, as some do, for tests nor to find fraud. I went to study materialization, to study the spirit forms, the mediums, and as well to study those who came. My first object was to obtain proof as to whether any spirit form could materialize, and having proven this, then to learn further concerning the possibilities.

First, I desire to say that I have received absolute materialization, impersonation, etherization, and transfiguration at the cabinets of every one of the above named mediums. I have seen some spirit forms whom I plainly recognized. I have talked to some of them several minutes at a time. I have had them walk across the circle about eight feet from the cabinet and sit down on a chair beside me, and talk. Besides this I have had some of my friends verify their appearance at the cabinets through other mediums, sometimes when fully entranced. I also have had my own friends tell me in my own home that they did appear to me.

However, notwithstanding all this I have also witnessed at a few seances some manifestations which were not what they purported to be. I have had the "spirit guides" of the medium attempt to personate my friends. While it was a genuine materialization of a spirit form, it was fraud in purporting to be my friend. Again at one seance I was certain that a young man sitting next to the cabinet was used to personate a spirit.

The spirit world has imparted to me that we make our own conditions at seances, and I have seen one of our select private seances with eight regular attendants and only one skeptic, nearly spoiled through the one who proved to be antagonistic, and thus hindered the spiritual work.

What I would like to see would be this: That our National Association arrange certain test conditions, and then advertise that any and all materializing mediums who would endeavor to meet said conditions would be granted a certificate stating that they had honestly complied with said conditions and had been successful (if they were); and further that all mediums competing should be paid their actual expenses of travel etc., to take test conditions, providing they produced genuine materialization, but pay their own expenses if they failed. I say that for the sake of our cause, we can well afford to spend any reasonable sum to prove beyond controversy that we have genuine materialization, and were I in that phase of work I would gladly endeavor to submit to reasonable tests and receive therefore the endorsement of our N. S. A.

ALBERT W. WADSWORTH.

Harbor Beach, Mich.

That Thousand Dollar Reward.

I have been considerably amused by our California brethren's reward for the production of "one materialized spirit," but not surprised, for psychologically the step from the ultra gullible to the ultra skeptic is a very short one.

Now I am not a materializing medium nor any other kind that I know of, but if the concurrence of four of the five senses amounts to evidence, I must say that I have seen materialized spirits—not in a dim, sepulchral light where one could be imposed on by a mask, but a light in which slight facial blemishes, such as moles and freckles, could be plainly discerned, and I have had them walk out five or six feet from the cabinet and converse with me on subjects known only to myself. Further I have seen them both materialize and dematerialize entirely outside of the cabinet in plain view of not only myself but twenty-five other persons, each of whom had met and conversed with spirit friends they knew in life. If all this is evidence any one can get it first-hand and a great deal more by going to Kansas City, Mo., and attending the seances of W. W. Abner, 3422 E. 10th street, at the cost of one dollar.

Spiritualism would gain nothing by getting this reward. These people who confess to being gullied by such a transparent humbug as Elsie Reynolds, would be very poor judges to pass on a genuine materialization; even I could give their report but little credence and what would the unbelieving world say? They would say about this: "Here is a party of professed Spiritualists who have been running a fake materializing show and been detected in their fraud. He offers a fake thousand dollars reward for a true materialization, and rings in a confederate as a genuine medium; certifies that this medium is O. K., and pretends to pay him or her a thousand dollars."

This is about the reputation a true medium would achieve by winning this money and his conscience would be just about like it would if he had successfully negotiated a gold brick to an ignorant countryman, even if he did donate the amount to the N. S. A.

It was perfectly right for these California people to expose Elsie.

I know there are fakes working the materializing racket as well as many other forms of mediumship, but because a sharper passes a counterfeit dollar on me it would not be sane to set up a howl and declare there is no genuine dollars in existence.

A little judicious circumspection will protect any society from frauds.

A materializing medium who cannot produce phenomena in a light strong enough to allow the ready detection of masks and disguises is either not sufficiently developed to give public seances, or is a fraud.

The medium who only has a stock company of spirits, George Washington, Joan of Arc, and other celebrities not personally known to the audience is a fraud, because the spirits of friends and relatives of those present are more likely to come and manifest themselves than are strangers who have long since passed away. These latter do perhaps sometimes come, but at the same seance others that can be identified should be demanded.

J. T. McCOLGAN, M. D.

Areot, Tenn.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind; none can be called deformed but the unkind.—Shakespeare.

of the doctrines we have inherited from medieval and still earlier times, cannot wisely and inoffensively be modified?"

Sir Oliver at this point shocks his religiousists by declaring that he regards the "doctrine of atonement in its concrete form as a survival from barbarous times," repudiating the belief "in an angry God appeased by the violent death of Christ."

Mr. Lodge, in declaring the doctrine of the atonement in its concrete form as a survival of barbarous times, says: "I would not be dogmatic in such a matter but surely it generally is recognized that although the sufferings and violent death of Christ were the natural consequences of his birth and so far in advance of any age and although the pity and horror of such a ghastly tragedy has a purifying and sacramental influence, yet we now are unable to detect in it anything of the nature of punishment, nor do we imagine for a moment that an angry God was appeased by it and is consequently disposed to treat more lightly the sins of men here now or any otherwise than they have been treated by a constant steadfast, and persevering universe."

**New Light Breaking In.**  
"We are now beginning to realize a further stage in the process of the atonement. We are rising to the conviction that we are a part of nature and so a part of God—that the whole creation is traveling together towards some great end. We are no aliens in a strange universe governed by an outside God. This strengthening vision, this sense of union with divinity—this is what science will some day tell us the inner meaning of the redemption of man."

**Hostile to Christian Tradition.**  
"It would be idle to deny," he concludes, "that the credit of the Scriptures is seriously shaken in the public mind, nor can it reasonably be doubted that the tendencies of popular life as at present prevailing are in the main hostile to Christian tradition."

In another and similar article Canon Henson, dealing with Christ's resurrection, asks: "Is the faith of the church in the divine Christ living, present and active, really built on an empty tomb? For myself, I prefer to believe that no such intimate vital connection exists between the truth of Christianity and the 'traditional notions of its historical origins.'"

**Atonement a Barbarity.**  
Sir Oliver Lodge asks, "now that religion is becoming so much more real, whether the 'formal statement of some

better than the things he sees, analyzes, and knows of? Is man no better than his horse? Oh, then, was man made in vain? Why his longings, his hope, aspirations and desires, if he may not know that this life, and all life, is endless? He knows there is growth, that change is written on all. Evolution is a fact. Telepathy is now a scientific fact, and the Psychic Research Society has sent forth a mass of facts that should convince all men of reason that spirit return is a fact. Then would Tennyson, if he lived now, say:

"We have but faith, we cannot know." No, he would say, spirit return being true, Job is answered. The human race is free! There is no death, and man, intuition, in the ages, was far better than his reason. Spirit return is the greatest event in all time. M.

### THE OLD, OLD HOME.

When I long for sainted memories, Like angel troops they come If I fold my eyes to ponder On the old, old home.

The heart has many passages Through which the feelings roam, But its middle aisle is sacred To thoughts of old, old home.

Where infancy was sheltered, Like rosebuds from the blast; Where girlhood's brief elysium In joyousness was passed;

To that sweet spot forever, As to some hallowed dome, Life's pilgrim bends her vision— 'Tis her old, old home.

A father sat, how proudly, By that old hearthstone's rays, And told his children stories Of his early manhood's days;

And one soft eye was beaming, From child to child 'twould roam; Thus a mother counts her treasures, In the old, old home.

The birthday gifts and festivals, The blended vesper hymn, (Some dear one who was swelling it, Is with the Seraphim.)

The fond "good-nights" at bedtime— How quiet sleep would come, And fold us all together, In the old, old home.

Like a wreath of scented flowers, Close interwoven each heart; But time and change in concert, Have blown the wreath apart.

Like angels above come, If I fold my arms and ponder On the old, old home. —Anon.

—Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied.—Shakespeare.



## JONATHAN KOONS.

One of the Old Workers Whose Materializing Circle in Ohio Created World-Wide Attention.

To the Editor:—Having read many articles in your paper on the subject of the God Idea, I will send you a copy of a written communication from an ancient spirit given in a trance at the home of the late venerable Jonathan Koons. I had the honor and pleasure of his companionship prior to his passing on to the spiritual realm. I also have many times since had the pleasure of receiving communications from him through the mediumship of his son, Nathan W. Koons, who now is at Temple, Ohio. He is about 68 years old, and is by no means a weak physically, mentally or morally. His character is above reproach, as is that of his two brothers. I am acquainted with them, both holding official positions. Their brother-in-law, Alvin Taylor, held the position of postmaster at Temple, Pa. Koons' youngest son, Britton Koons, is a human walking encyclopedia.

It is rather astounding how any intelligent person can endorse the dogma of the God Idea which, in my opinion, has caused more trouble in the human family than any other false doctrine. Brother A. H. Nicholas and Sister Clara Watson and many other similar ones around the true keynote to the subject. I enjoyed the symposium, and can not see that the truth of Spiritualism will lose any prestige. Brother Francis, you are doing the greatest work (assisted by the spirit world) of any man I have ever read, and I am in my seventy-third year, and have read the history of all religions, read nearly all the standard writers on materialism; also read the spiritual philosophy for over thirty years.

W. A. THOMPSON.

Murphysboro, Ill.

Question:—For the sake of the members of this circle, will the spirits favor us with a few brief remarks relating to the doctrine of the Bible and of the Bible God as it reaches us?

J. KOONS.

Answer:—There are Bibles many and Bibles Gods many. Some devotees claim to use the Bible as the absolute rulers of heaven and earth; all of whom should have written their infallible guide books of wonders containing a diversity of standard rules for the strict observance of human species, which conflict materially in their mandates, their ethics and their philosophies, especially in the astronomical questions of the beginning of heaven, and geological records of fossils of the kingdoms of terrestrial and celestial orbs and planets without number.

God is a spirit invisible, that no mortal hath ever seen nor ever can see. (Christian Bible).

According to this Bible admission, it was not this God who dictated the Bible. The creation of the heavens and the earth, neither was it this God who planned the ark, nor the God who entered into a league with Abraham, nor the God who wrestled with Jacob, nor the God who exhibited his hidden parts to Moses, nor the God who incarnated himself in the flesh of Christ with all his absolute power and will; these Gods were personal and subject to ruling elements of matter. Then arise one, "Who is God, omnipotent and all-pervading, so as to address the carnal senses of man with his omnipotent mastery?"

Answer:—It is that all-pervading, imperceptible vital element with its incessant oscillation from centripetal centers to centrifugal peripheries, of systemized kingdoms of condensing subtle fluid essences, spirit fluids and atomical formations of physical compounds, all acting reciprocally with due regard to each other's positive and negative forces.

It is in the internal of this invisible God occupant of space infinitum, where conditions are altered for the procreation and generation of magnetic and electric vibrations of ponderable elements for the generation of centripetal and centrifugal extremes and points of gravity for the diverse embodiments of dissimilarities of ponderable substances into material formations, as we now behold them in space, innumerable, with their spiritually developed and developed embodiments in their various characters and colorings beginning its first visible manifestation in physical formation and animal life in the fecundation and polypara genera, resolving into diverse species of fish, reptiles, birds and mammals, until the consecutive compound proceeds of the essential elements arising from the diversity of consecutive formations arising from these chemical laboratories resolve their living, their spiritual and immortal essences into the crowning summit of physical life in the image of man, whose immortal spirits, or the gods and personal representatives of the imperceptible and invisible god of material forms, who are embodied in the form of Elohi, or the Bible god of modern days. In consequence of the many torturing complications, corrections, expulsions, and interpolations of human doctrines, and the political Bible speculations of knaves and fools, the Christian Bible is at present an incomprehensible bundle of facts and fictions, and unworthy the names and the character of its line of inspired law-givers. Man is the temporal embodiment of the divine nature of god, and the departed spirits of man are the divine essence of god and man's duty to God's own spirit within is to act in harmony with his (man's) own divine nature, and to serve god carnally, is to obey lawfully the divine constitution of his (man's) own carnal nature without a lack or excess of moral duties to himself and others, and avoid excessive submission to his physical lusts and gravitations, lest every offender will suffer the penal rewards of his own transgressions in both spirit and flesh, according to his acts whether eternal or temporal.

The members of this circle who are prepared to announce that this was not written with mortal hands, will please attach their signatures.

King, First and Second Presidents of the Band of ancient and remote earthly deities (exit and exit). Geo. D. Hascall, M. D., Carter Wilkey, M. D., D. Bates, Joseph Barber, Margaret Bates, Newcomb Graves, Alvin Taylor, J. R. Koons, T. M. Wilkey, Robert Taylor, Mrs. Dr. Hascall, Lydia Hughes, Jno. B. Tippet, C. M. Brookins.

## THE REWARD.

Give a grain of kindness,  
Lend a grain of love;  
Find an idle moment  
To perform the deeds of love.  
It will help you, and help others,  
To lend a helping hand;  
The reward will be likened  
To the many grains of sand.  
Live not a barren desert,  
For by your deeds you're known,  
Each deed as judge will stand,  
When you from earth have flown.  
—L. B.

## From the Pacific Coast.

The Pacific Coast Veteran Comes to the Front With His Views on an Important Subject—Commercial Mediumship Weighed and Analyzed.

The question of fraud in real or simulated mediumship seems to agitate the minds of many writers in 'The Progressive Thinker,' and the conclusion reached is, that the extensive frauds are working great injury to our cause, and also preventing very many from investigating its claims. Having been a somewhat careful looker-on as well as an active participant in the work, I crave the privilege of submitting some facts and conclusions respecting the status of Spiritualism as connected with the fraud manifestations. The first fact I present is, that the fraudulent shows are nothing new. They began almost with the first mediumistic manifestations. They were quite extensive in the fifties.

The first party I encountered was a Mr. Hulme, who started out from Springfield, Mass. He came down to Boston and astounded the people by his wonderful tests. But he went out to Malden and there a Mrs. Morrill lived in his overcoat pocket an ample collection of newspaper obituary notices, which he had given as spirit tests the evening before. He used to give spirit music after going to bed, by covering his head and blowing on a mouth harmonicon. His last mediumistic feat, of which I had knowledge, was diving off from a wharf in Cleveland, Ohio, and coming up with a watch in his hand which he said the spirits had brought from his boarding place and thrown into the lake. His spirit "control" remarked that "he got the watch but it came d—d nigh drowning the medium."

Another Massachusetts Yankee became a famous tipping medium. He astonished the Bostonians and the people of Worcester, and then went to New York City. He was very precise as to where his table must stand in the room, and had prayers to open his circles. But in New York, Dr. Hallock and some other old Spiritualists were so lacking in piety and reverence that they took up the carpet in the seance room, and found that the floor had been taken up so as to admit a lever to be placed underneath, and two wires came up through the floor, one of which was under one leg of the table and the other under the foot of the medium. Tippings were easy—the "conditions" were all right and beautiful messages were spelled out.

The first man to go from Boston to see the Fox girls was Lafayette Sunderland, and his daughter and adopted daughter were the first rapping mediums in the city. A certain deacon in the Unitarian church in Charlestown became a very zealous Spiritualist. He happened to get acquainted with Sunderland's adopted daughter, and esteemed her as an excellent medium. Her spirit mother, as was claimed, rapped out a message urging the deacon to send out her daughter as a medium missionary to convert people to Spiritualism. He listened, and finally concluded to comply, and I saw him count out some hundred and twenty dollars in gold coin and place in her hands. In a few days she ran off with a brother of the notorious Dr. Hatch, the first husband of Mrs. Richmond. I never heard

## On Materialization.

Regarding the many pros and cons relating to the materialization of a spiritual entity, a brief reference to the subject by a student of psychic phenomena may not be inappropriate at a time when the spirit of distrust seems to infuse itself into the every elementary investigation of this subject.

I say elementary, for, indeed, are we not invading the threshold of a life which, after ages of sophistry, speculation and psychological dissertation, will be as capable of our solution as now?

Notwithstanding the specious, and oftentimes fallacious theories of the various schools of philosophy, always elaborately supplied with tenets to fit the various phases of nature which are new to us, are we nearer to a problematical interpretation of a physical or vocal materialization than was the half-frightened Marcus Caedecius when the voice, coming from "where"—called him to him while passing on a Roman highway and told him that an early invasion of the Gauls must be expected, and exhorted him to immediately acquaint the plebeian tribunes?

Coming across the centuries from that time to this, concrete evidences of continuous life have been presented innumerable times in the various phases known to students of occultism, now to uplift the disconsolate mortal, and again as an inspiration to some genius for the discovery or development of the hidden secrets of nature in aid of the material progress of humanity.

That materializations do occur, has been fully demonstrated and cannot be made a subject of discussion, as anyone living in, or visiting, Washington, D. C., may at any time determine by attending a circle of Mr. Pierre Keeler or Mrs. Mary Keeler.

However, in addressing myself more particularly to those who have given some attention to the various manifestations which are constantly occurring, I am unable to understand what essential good is accomplished by alleged members of various psychic research societies in persistently antagonizing and refuting phenomena which have been positively established and have been repeatedly witnessed by the same parties at different times, different places and through the mediumship of different persons.

I have witnessed hundreds of materializations in company with other interested friends. In the presence of thirty other people, and with sufficient light to distinguish every person in the room, I have seen a form rise up, apparently out of the floor, resolve itself into a man immediately upon attaining a normal stature, give his name, shake hands with the audience,

of her afterwards. This was Von Fleck, Pay and others of the same ilk, sometimes posing as mediums and at others as expositors.

There was, there still is, too inducement to fraud. One is fame, the other is money. Some are impelled by one, and some by the other. But those were the times when Spiritualism made its most rapid progress and secured its largest harvest of converts. It then had the ear and attention of the people far beyond what is the case at present. The frauds had little or no influence in checking the advance. The important question is as to the cause of the great change. That fraud has some small influence need not be denied, but there is something deeper and far more potent in producing the change complained of. And without that something else the frauds would have remained comparatively powerless. In the early days "commercial mediumship" was the exception, not the rule. Now it is the rule, not the exception.

In Boston, Ada Hoyt, now Foye, was the first medium I ever knew personally who took pay for seances. In Charlestown, where we had audiences ranging from 500 to near 1,000, there was not a single paid medium, but there was at least fifty mediums, and some of the best I have ever seen. Lecturing through Massachusetts, New Hampshire and in Maine I never, in those early days, saw a commercial medium except two or three in Boston. But there were circles everywhere, and manifestations everywhere, and, as matter of course, there were converts everywhere. There was no attempt at public, mediumistic show-offs. No urging or epwading phenomena upon the people. Those who desired them usually got up a circle with their friends and some one or more would be found to be mediumistic. The only public manifestation of mediumship was trance speaking after the lecturing had been commenced by myself in Boston.

The commercial phase seemed to some extent a necessity when the first mediums were so overwhelmed with applications for sittings as to take up most of their time; but gradually it became contagious until it has become a regular profession, as much as that of lawyer or doctor, and for the same purpose—money-getting. This platform and other forms of public methods of mediumistic show furnishes the grand opportunity for the fakir to get in his work. The change of base on the part of a large portion of Spiritualists in pushing our phenomena upon people instead of waiting for them to seek them, furnishes the frauds the chance to push themselves forward. The result of this change of base is an almost total transformation of communications. Very largely the so-called "messages" are simply fortune-telling. Love affairs, business matters, changes, are the topics mostly dwelt upon, with some little Spiritualism thrown in as seasoning.

It is hardly necessary to say that until all this external show-off is discarded there can be no cure of the fraud evil. It is altogether too strongly entrenched to be overthrown by an occasional exposure of a single person. The credibility of the great mass of Spiritualists is the fruitful field where frauds continue to reap abundant harvest.

Summerland, Cal. J. S. LOVELAND.

walk around the room clapping and gesticulating, and then deliberately announcing, presumably for the edification of those present, that he would partially dematerialize. He thereupon disappeared, apparently through the floor, leaving his body from the waist still exposed. He raised himself up again and once more slowly disappeared until only his head could be seen resting on the floor. A third time he appeared and, reaching his normal height, he sank through the floor, to all appearances, and disappeared from view.

His conversation continued without interruption during this remarkable manifestation until his final disappearance. The phenomena itself occurring in the middle of the room and several feet from the cabinet. This is but one illustration of many others equally remarkable.

Having made a careful examination of the surroundings to eliminate every suspicion of the intervention of human agency, I am not able in the presence of phenomena of this character to admit that my alleged subliminal consciousness is imposing upon my objective self to the extent of requiring me to believe that what I see, hear, feel and converse with is fancy and distorted imagination.

This would involve a complete identity of the alleged transliminal impression upon the objective consciousness, an absolute uniformity of widely divergent temperaments and a total-elimination of the individuality of every person in the room to establish the necessary hypnotic condition requiring the perceptive faculties to act with the minutest precision with respect to each person present.

To postulate the materialization of a thought-form projected upon the plane of our objective vision by the medium is equally untenable, for the reason that the materialized entity is quite an unexpected visitor to a member of the circle, who is a total stranger to the medium, and whose identity is established only by the interchange of reminiscences well known to, but quite forgotten by the sitters. Any attempt to analyze the condition here stated, transcending all human knowledge, by empirical apriorism, can receive little sympathy in the modern conception of a materialization.

In making the above I offer no pretense at any explanation of the phenomena, but will accept the general interpretation, trusting that the Society for Psychical Research, always unwilling to accept any proposition which is not readily defined by some accepted theory of its votaries, will improve in its manufacture of terms and conditions which have clouded every investigation called to its attention.

Washington, D. C. CHARLES W. KLEE.

## A PROTEST.

"The Laborer is Worthy of His Hire."

I noticed in a late issue of The Progressive Thinker, an article from the pen of Mrs. M. Klein. She thinks that healers and others working for the good of humanity should make no charge for their services, but accept whatever is given them, as a free-will offering, for it is a work of love they are doing. I have noticed the same sentiment expressed by other writers. It is quite evident that class of people have not been paid in that way for their services.

A successful healer must have a composed mind unharassed by the thought of rent coming due, an empty coal bin, or wife and children needing food and clothing. If one has wealth to back him, he might use his heaven-bestowed gift free of charge, but not otherwise. The world has not arrived at that degree of spirituality that a healer can do his duty by himself and family, by trusting a generous public to pay for services rendered.

Magnetic healers, and all who practice drugless healing, are handicapped by an ignorant public, who will go to a

medical practitioner for a cure of their ailments. Some of our best healers cannot support their families by their gift, on that account, and are obliged to follow other business.

Quite recently, a gifted healer has come before the public in this state. He makes no charge, but takes the free will offering. A young man who had been lame for several years was benefited so much by one treatment that he gave the healer \$15, keeping just enough back from what he had with him, to pay his fare home. A wealthy lady received a corresponding benefit and gave the healer one dollar.

It is not the wealthiest that are the most generous. J. R. Francis is doing a work of love by placing the price of his paper so low that it can reach the homes of the poor. Could he do the great work he is doing to-day, if he practiced the "free-will offering" plan to his subscribers?

A good nurse many times does more to save the life of a patient than does the medical practitioner, and surely her work is one of love; how much, think you, would she get for her days and nights of toil if she depended on the free-will offering?

A healer should have a sliding scale of prices. Let patients pay according to their means. That is the method I

adopt, and I always have more or less free patients on my list.

The wait-out mediums who are now subsisting on charity are a fine object lesson of the free-will offering plan. Let those who advocate it try the same method for a few years, in their business. It is the duty of every one to take adequate compensation for their labor, that they may not in their declining years become dependent on the labor of others.

If people understood nature's laws in regard to health, and would follow them, they would need little assistance from others.

Fresh air, sunshine, and pure water are conducive to health. All stimulants are harmful—tea, coffee, tobacco, alcoholic beverages, and stupefying drugs.

Each fruit should take the place of animal food.

MARY A. INGALLS.

Antwerp, N. Y.

"Karmic 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. Price 25 cents.

## WISCONSIN.

Doings of the State Spiritualists Convention at Whitewater.

The convention of the Wisconsin State Spiritualists Association is now a thing of the past. It convened April 19, 20 and 21, at Whitewater. It was preceded by a reception the evening of the 18th, given by the faculty and students of the Morris Pratt Institute, to delegates and visitors. It proved a very enjoyable affair.

The fifth annual convention is considered the most successful Wisconsin has ever held, from every point of view. Nature smiled throughout the entire time and if it could be considered an omen, the coming year will be most successful. Not a shadow of inharmoniousness passed over the meetings. All were at the best. No better talent could have been secured. Those taking part in the program were Prof. W. P. Peck, of St. Louis; Prof. A. J. Weaver, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Clara L. Stewart, Mrs. Frances Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Hull, W. J. Irwood, and the teachers and pupils of the Morris Pratt Institute. A complete program was given by the N. S. A., consisting of Dr. Warren, Vice-President of the N. S. A., and president of the Illinois State Spiritualists Association; Mr. O'Dell, President of the Michigan State Spiritualists Association; Mrs. Catlin and Mrs. Francis, of Chicago; Max Gentzke, missionary for the N. S. A. Though their time was mostly spent in the committee room, how and then they lent us their presence and added much to the pleasure of the convention. Mrs. Richmond paid us a visit, arriving in time for the reception and spending two full days. We would gladly have retained her with us, but her home people had arranged to celebrate her birthday, and reluctantly we had to bid her good-bye, hoping to see her in Wisconsin again.

Tuesday morning was a business session. After committees were appointed, and the necessary business transacted, the meeting was declared informal and many short speeches were made. No more interesting meeting was held. Depth of wisdom, earnestness of purpose was manifested in every speech, but the flashes of wit saved saved them from being grave.

The afternoon was devoted to business. The evening meeting was opened with music and invocation, after which Mrs. Richmond spoke briefly in her inimitable way. She put her finger on the regular address of the subject, "Evolution and Immortality." He handled it in a masterly manner. Then came the messages by Mrs. Frances Wheeler, and all seemed pleased.

Wednesday morning and afternoon the regular business of the convention was transacted and laws were enacted that will surely prove beneficial to the association. To show how thoughtfully every matter brought before the convention had been prepared pertaining to the needs of the association, only one amendment was lost, and that was to change the time of meeting.

The evening brought forth good things indeed. After the usual form of opening, Mrs. Richmond spoke upon the subject "Evolution." She handled it in a manner that bore out the reputation she has established. Then came the messages by Mrs. Frances Wheeler, and all seemed pleased. Mrs. Hull bore upon the platform a beautiful bouquet of carnations and roses and with fitting words presented it to Mrs. Richmond as a token from the convention of their appreciation.

Mrs. Richmond responded with an improvised poem. Mrs. Wheeler then came to the platform and gave as many messages as the time would admit of. Thursday morning business session, at which officers of the association were elected. This part of the business moved as smoothly as did all previous business, and resulted in placing at the head of the ablest men in the association, Mr. Will E. Brown. He was the unanimous choice of the convention.

Thursday afternoon brought forth an unusual feature in convention programs in Wisconsin. A memorial service in memory of J. S. Cowan, a member of the board of trustees; Mr. J. E. Hyde, and Mrs. Mary Severance, pioneer workers. Mr. Erwood and Mrs. Hull were the speakers. Mrs. Hull wrote a poem for the occasion and it was sung by a chorus at the opening of the service; later on Mrs. Sanford sang a solo rendered by her at Mrs. Severance's funeral. The service was beautiful and impressive. Mr. Erwood closed with a benediction, and standing with bowed heads indicating their respect and love for the arisen friends.

Then followed the most unique program ever presented at any Spiritualist convention ever held. The pupils of the Morris Pratt Institute carried out to perfection a program prepared by themselves, illustrating the work done at the College. The only teachers taking part were Mrs. Jankie, the teacher in oratory, and Miss Chaffee, assistant in several branches. Oh! that the world might have looked and listened. Then there would be no need of soliciting funds for the Morris Pratt Institute. The Spiritualists all over the world would be talking of Our College. Gold in silver and silver in gold into the coffers of the Institute. There can be no question in regard to the life of the Morris Institute. It cannot die.

Thursday evening opening, music and invocation. Then came a beautiful service wherein Mrs. Frances Wheeler and Mr. Will E. Brown renewed their vows to dedicate their lives to the spiritual work. Both of them possessed ordination certificates, but being Wisconsin workers, desired to have the endorsement of the Wisconsin Association. This the convention was most happy to do. On account of their already possessing legal papers it was not necessary for the president of the state association to perform the ceremony to make it legal and the convention delegated Rev. Moses Hull to that pleasant duty which was most beautifully performed, using words most fitting under the existing condition. Prof. Weaver gave the charge and his words were appropriate for the occasion.

Then followed the regular address of the evening by Prof. Peck. The subject he chose was "Spiritualism the Coming Religion." If I could flash before your vision a picture it would portray this audience with every eye riveted upon him, every face expressing interest in his words. No restlessness, but a quiet, calm, still, motionless. They seemed to forget there was such a word as time.

Past president, Clara L. Stewart, was then called for and was enthusiastically greeted. She spoke briefly and to the point. She took part in the program at different times, but her time was filled with many duties and she was able to attend the meetings only a few minutes at a time.

Our message medium was next upon the program, and going down among

the audience, gave many messages to an expectant people. Mrs. Frances Wheeler is a medium that the association feels proud of. She is an earnest, conscientious worker. She has long been tried and proved true. She has a pleasing personality and wherever she holds a meeting is generally called to return.

With a few remarks by the president the convention adjourned. Many thanks are due Mrs. Jankie for the selections rendered by her at different times during the convention; they did much to enliven and put every one in good humor. The music conducted by Mrs. Sanford, showed her skill as a director and no convention held by the W. S. S. A. abounded with so much good music. I feel that I must not ask any more space in your valued columns and fear I have already encroached, but the half hour has been told.

REV. NELLIE K. BAKER, Secretary of the W. S. S. A.

Portage, Wis.

## Onset Wigwam.

To the Editor:—I was surprised and grieved by reading in The Progressive Thinker of April 23, the issue of falsehood and truth in relation to the Wigwam at Onset, as taken from the Boston Post.

There is no "peculiar sect of Indian worshippers at Onset" as never was. The members of the wigwam society known as the Onset Wigwam Co-Workers are mostly Spiritualists and the society is chartered and known as such.

It may be "the only wigwam of its kind in the world," but no materialized spirit, red or white, ever appeared within its walls. Persons of both red and white have come out of the "scalping songs," "the death songs and love gifts" were always lacking except in the imagination of this reporter. Instead of being "reproduced with startling fidelity,"

All mediums with their controls have always been welcomed within the wigwam, no distinction being made between red, white or black. The assertion that "No white spirit has dared invade the sacred precincts" is as false as most of the article in question.

The next assertion, "To a woman, Mrs. Mary C. Weston, the wigwam and the Onset Wigwam Co-Workers owe their being," is equally false and takes from the earnest co-workers of the wigwam the credit justly their due. We know nothing about the "plety" of the "old Indian chief Onset," but do know that the membership of the wigwam does not exceed 200.

"Beneath (the picture) is painted a golden chain, each link of which represents a member of the society whose initials are entwined in the chain." Just think, 600 members, 600 links. What a chain! Friends Denton and Petersen must have overlooked that chain, else they would have changed their opinion as expressed in their letter in the same paper.

The origin of the wigwam (two years before Mrs. W. came into it) was the result of the refusal of the part of the Onset Day Association to give to Indian controls full liberty in the yearly temple meetings. Mediums were often controlled by Indian spirits who, being ruled out of these meetings desired a place where they could have equal liberty.

One day, (Sept. 21, 1891), the writer, with no particular plan in view, started for a walk. He met several persons all bound for the hill below the pickets as they expressed it and joined in with them. We found a number of people there and others were coming. No call had been issued for a meeting and no one seemed to understand why or for what purpose they had met, but the subject of conversation was the treatment of Indian controls by the Association. The call was in the air and people continued to come, till finally the meeting was called to order to more fully discuss the question. Mrs. Josephine R. Stone was chosen chairman. Mr. J. H. Young secretary, Mr. Vaughn, treasurer, and the Wigwam society was then and there organized.

Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Young, Miss Jennie Rhind, Messrs. Vaughn, Young and many others became active co-workers at that time. Meetings were held during the winter and socials and suppers were arranged in order to make money with which to purchase a lot and build a wigwam.

In 1893, just when most needed, Mrs. Weston came into the movement, sent, as we firmly believe by spirit influence, and with her help we were able to build a larger and better wigwam than we otherwise could have done.

After Mrs. Stone's departure, Mrs. Weston was elected president, which office she will hold as long as she so desires. Mrs. Weston has never posed as a "wealthy woman," nor has she had any special "followers," or set herself up as the head of the "most peculiar sect in this country," nor is her summer home "the headquarters of the Indian Spiritualists" or "other leaders of the faith." Mrs. Weston is respected and loved by her many friends, and is very kind to the few Indians who make Onset their summer home.

Mrs. Weston has done very much for the wigwam, making the interior a place of artistic beauty, a fit place for spirit friends to expend their healing powers and develop mediums to benefit humanity. May many years be added to her life and her true friends be many.

The wigwam was incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts, October 23, 1893, and its charter reads, "for the purpose of teaching and practicing the doctrines of Spiritualism; holding circles and seances, and making use of mediumship for religious purposes." Onset, Mass. JAS. R. YOUNG.

## MY MOTHER.

The rain is falling on thy grave, dear mother,  
I am alone and longing, dear, for thee,  
I have not found, I shall not find, another,  
So true of heart, so loyal unto me.

All the glad hours that we have spent together,  
All the love heart talks, dear, I miss them now;  
Silent and sad I sit, and wonder whether  
Thy spirit hand d'gh touch my aching brow.

I thank God that he called thee to him, dearest,  
With that sweet smile on thy beloved face;  
And now in dreams when thou to me appearest,  
O pain and care thy features bear no trace.

Mother, dear heart, 'twas springtime when you left me;  
The flowers you planted bloomed and withered, too;  
Of thy pure fellowship hath time been robbed,  
Mother, I fain would sleep and wake with you.

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

## A VERY IMPORTANT CALL IS MADE.

A GENEROUS OFFER, AND A CALL TO SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Spiritualists at Large:—A generous offer has been made by a prominent Spiritualist in this city to give ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS to the needy and suffering. The N. S. A., for the benefit of needy mediums, provided the Spiritualists at large will contribute another thousand dollars to the same relief fund by the first of June next. The N. S. A. is now paying out a large monthly sum in pensions to worthy mediums; the calls for aid increase and the fund is constantly being depleted. Let every generous soul who has not already done all possible for this worthy object, kindly send contributions, large or small, to the following address, each will be acknowledged with thanks. The generous man who makes the offer desires to be unnamed by the public.

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

## NEW BOOK.

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## GENIUS AND WISDOM.

Short Message Written Under Inspiration.

Genius is said, by world's scholars to be knowledge and memory of world facts. Viewed from our vantage ground, we seem to know that it is a divine endowment. The power to perceive and grasp world facts is within the individuals so endowed, and therefore can enter and concentrate their thoughts upon those things they seek to master. Such men and women have the true system equipt and are not swayed by any fleeting opposition or opinions; and are, therefore the men and women of destiny and the natural leaders of the masses in life's pursuits. They become a power for general achievements of good and true blessings.

The paths of true wisdom can not be found and entered except in the spirit of humility and sincerity. The entrance to the so-called occult mines are of easy access and many tourists enter them from motives of curiosity or possible selfish gain. These explorers possibly learn some useful lessons, but true wisdom is not found therein. There is no progress on those routes through occult mines. The paths are winding round and round, no upward course is therein provided, and no matter how long these explorations are continued they always bring the tourist back to the same point from which they started, weary and nothing gained.

Some of them grow indifferent to all efforts at finding the great prize—truth, but others realize their mistake, seek and find and enter the paths where true wisdom doth abide, which paths lead upward into continuously increasing joy and blessing.

Wisdom is a compound of all that is worth having. Wisdom and the understanding how to use it, are health, wealth and happiness. Each one's mental and spiritual development is manifested in his thoughts as they are expressed in words and deeds. Mediums and persons of genius as well as inventors are more sensitive to the impacts of higher vibrations than the masses. Their brains are fulcrums upon which fall and rest induced thoughts concerning the things that are to have birth into material expression. These first thoughts sent forth many times in exchange and supplementation. Thus shade after shade, substance and force is added until what is purposed is shapen for its proper externalization.

The medium's as well as the inventor's will and energy are always in proportion to the strength and purity of the first and consecutive thoughts put forth, and as thoughts are ever the results of desire, desires should be pure. Desire is stimulated by sight, by hearing and by sensation, but all the sense and brain faculties work together in the producing of thought and reflections, etc.

The formation of new brain cells is a continuous process in active brains. Each new brain cell sends forth its own fibres for the connections corresponding to the intelligence and vitality sought after; thus man's stock and store is multiplied.

Now as to the difference of brains shallow or filled with wisdom, it is a marvel to behold. At birth the brain of a child is not full-formed and only a few brain cells are feebly active; nevertheless it is the dwelling for the spirit and equipped for all primary purposes. The soul is busy with the unfolding of fibres and drawing of substance from the furnace of the brain. Soul and spirit are the tenants of this form builded for them to be active in and through. The brain is the main room in this house and is therefore the rest and workshop of the spirit the soul is absorbed in and active through all the nerves or fibres of the mechanism of the form. All the chambers of the brain as they are built are furnished by the processes of thought and thought exchange.

Here we invite some reflections on this, viz.: Many, yes, millions of mortals run their courses of earth-life from infancy to old age and sink into what is called childishness. They cannot remember things, cannot reason nor comprehend the import of any world facts, etc. Why is this? Simply because their brains were not properly builded and stored with useful knowledge. They had thought only of how to satisfy the animal or material wants and needs.

All such mental activity at the expense and neglect of thought after wisdom, shrivels the brain. Those cells which should be active in putting out fibres for truth, knowledge, etc., are neglected and become defunct as time passes, because not used. Hence many old people we behold simply the original child's brain, no development for immortal use.

All such begin life on the other side as helpless as babes. Their earth-life has been a failure even though they had prospered in world's good, they are puppers spiritually.

Van Wert, Ohio.

## A Neglected Opportunity.

On the 21st of last January a young lady school teacher of Bedford, Ind., rose from the tea-table at her boarding house, at 6:30 in the evening, to go a short distance in the town. She had not proceeded three squares before she was stricken down by some unknown assailant and murdered. The crime was committed in a very public place, the end of an alley and her body was dragged into a cashed and left, where it was discovered early next morning. There were indications that a struggle took place in the end of the alley; for her tam-o'-shanter cap, her gloves, and her hair-pins were picked up there. In her cashed she had a small purse, and she was found lying face downward near the carriage. Since then no discovery has been made as to who committed the horrible deed. Some detectives were employed at a high price, who came and blundered around a couple of weeks in a most stupid way, but their investigations were fruitless, and simply proved that they were incompetent mind readers.

I state and call attention to these facts to question the validity of another subject that Spiritualists have given much credit to. Nearly all readers of this article will remember Prof. Buchanan, who a couple of years deceased. He was a man of very speculative views in science, boundless in egotism, and yet with much merit and independence in his views about the mind and its relation to existence. Prof. Buchanan took great pride in claiming to be the discoverer of a new science that he named psychometry. By this, it was claimed, certain sensitive persons could take an object and by holding it in the hand, or placing it to the forehead, they could come into such intimate relation with its nature as to be able to clearly perceive its history and the various accidents that it had been subjected to in the past. He had an enthusiastic disciple in Prof. S. J. Denton, who published a book on this subject that is very curious and treat it in a very comprehensive way. Prof. Denton had faith

## RUNNING COMMENTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

I am glad that you give space to these divergent views; all that you do not offer or recommend mining stocks to us.

Either The Progressive Thinker is steadily improving, or my mind is growing more observant of its other virtues; it contains at times as much humor to the square inch as "Puck" or "Punch," and some of the funniest because of the apparently serious frame of mind in which much of it is written.

One of the articles aforesaid was written by C. W. Stewart, of St. Louis, Mo., apparently in defense of mediums. He claims that no scientist could perform his work if subjected to strict test conditions. Not only can scientists do so, but they can repeat their achievements and demonstrate every step, in any process, to the satisfaction of all sane observers—something the average test medium either cannot or will not do. A similar article, of earlier date, which seemed to be intended as a defense of test mediums, was that signed G. H. Walser, Liberal, Mo. This writer asserted that mediums were not to be classed with common working people, but were so "sensitive" as to require a different style of treatment. This claim of being superior to the average mortal, was made of old by princes and priests. It is now the cry of the "O. C. P. D. E." As witness Pope: "Honor and shame on no condition rise; act well your part, there all the honor lies."

Also Burns, in "Honest Poverty," from which (though lately included by Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle in a brilliant contribution) this verse is taken: "What tho' on hamely fare we dine, wine hoddin grey and a' that; gie' fools their silks and knaves their wine, a man's a man for a' that." For a neat characterization of the place-pride or purse-pride, see Burns' "Special Epistle to John Lapraik," especially last of sixteen and all seventeenth verses.

Now, that "Farmer" Riley will not undertake to capture the \$1,000 offered by Messrs Hale and Cherry, my last hope of someone arising to do so is destroyed. So I should like to suggest that those gentlemen place the \$1,000 in some safe investment; and, if they do, will stake my reputation as a prophet, that within a year they will depart this life and go floating over the "State" of Arizona (as a late California spirit has) their heirs will readily find "eminent counsel" to gravely divide the money, according to the time-honored precedent established by the monkey that undertook to parcel the cheese among the cats.

A neighbor who has attended circles held to produce "materialization," trumpet-speaking, etc., for about thirty-five years, tells me he has yet to witness the first genuine phenomena of this kind.

Among others, advertised as eminent in their line, saw the "world-renowned" Independent State-writer, "Dr." Slade, whose chief renown while here consisted in an absolute refusal to give sittings to those who required fraud-proof conditions.

As Hudson Tuttle well says in No. 748 (of the same offer): "The challenge is made, and the answer is 'No.' It should be taken in the same spirit. If materialization is possible, here is an opportunity to set the fact before the world and silence opposition. It is useless to hedge and plead excuses. There are no excuses. If the challenge is not taken, materialization will disappear from the evidences of Spiritualism."

It is amusing to read those articles entitled "Nuts for Jameson to Crack." Such tales must be "nuts" to him. Is it possible those writers expect to convince anyone by such miraculous relations? When such marvels as took place, at the home seances of the late Dr. J. B. Bouton, here in Liberal, failed to convince Mr. J. (although warranted as genuine by "leading citizens") what but failure awaits the efforts of those vendors of mental "nut-foods"?

If stories would convince intelligent people of the truth of "materialization," Independent State-writing, trumpet-speaking, etc., and other "darkness," all would have been convinced years ago. About the only "spirit materialization" most of us can expect to witness is the animal and vegetable life around us; perhaps, too, it holds most import for us at present.

To the discerning reader, many of the articles written to describe the performances of Red-painted mediums, and to protest against fraud-proof surroundings, are their sufficient condemnation. So I would not that their pens be stayed, but incline to say, with Macbeth: "Lay on, Macduff, and damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'"

Liberal, Mo. HUGH MURRAY.

that his wife was a very reliable and unerring agent to discover the past record of any material. According to his view the intervening time that had transpired since an object had passed through any period of its existence, was no bar to ascertaining its record at that time. His wife could hear the trumpet through the forest, by simply holding the petrified tooth of one that lived ages ago; or she would shiver with cold being in contact with some relic of a prehistoric age, and the world was overglazed in the glacial ages.

Now, understand, this has nothing to do with mediumship, or is no part of Spiritualism. It is a separate gift and a separate science. It is a power or force at all. If so, let us return to the Bedford murder case. The body was dragged into a cashed and left, where it was discovered early next morning. There were indications that a struggle took place in the end of the alley; for her tam-o'-shanter cap, her gloves, and her hair-pins were picked up there. In her cashed she had a small purse, and she was found lying face downward near the carriage. Since then no discovery has been made as to who committed the horrible deed. Some detectives were employed at a high price, who came and blundered around a couple of weeks in a most stupid way, but their investigations were fruitless, and simply proved that they were incompetent mind readers.

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

The first time I ever saw Lemuel Sanson was upon the street of the little New England village of Nelson, and it came about in this way: A poor old horse that had been for some time struggling along the muddy road with a heavy load, became exhausted or discouraged and stopped, refusing to go, and the young man who was driving began to beat the poor creature unmercifully.

I paused upon the sidewalk near the scene of action, wanting to interfere, but not knowing how. Men, women and children hurried past me, but aside from a few muttered exclamations of sympathy, no one seemed to notice the scene in the street. Just as I was getting desperate enough to resort to some course of action that would relieve the horse, a man came out of one of the stores and walked briskly up to the wielder of the whip and laying his hand lightly upon his shoulder, said a few words in a low, calm voice. It seemed to me they must have been magic words, for the whip was almost instantly lowered and its owner stood transformed from an apparently cruel and heartless creature into a not bad-looking young man, smiling and obliging.

After a few moments' conversation, the young man tossed the reins over the horse's back and called out cheerily as he hurried down the street, "O, that is all right; I'll get Jimson to hitch on ahead and pull me through."

The man who had gone to the rescue of the horse, after patting the creature's neck, turned and came slowly back to the sidewalk, and I took a good look at him. I saw a strong, well-built, healthy-looking man about forty years old, with clear, honest gray eyes, and a face upon which purity, kindness and strength were unmistakably stamped. There was nothing about his personal appearance that would command a second look, and yet there was a subtle something about him that seemed to lift him above or set him apart from the average men—a dignity, a nobility that commanded attention and respect. Several farmers were standing upon the steps of a little grocery store and I approached one of them, and asked him to tell me what he thought of the man who had just passed. He was very persuasive, and "Who is that man?" indicating the retreating figure of the man in whom I had become so suddenly interested. The man to whom I had spoken looked at me meditatively for a moment and then rousing himself said: "Him? O that's Lem Sanson—lives up the hill where you see them red barns."

"What sort of a man is he?" I asked. "O, he's a good fellow," said my informant. "He's got a good deal of learnin'—went off down below somewhere when he was a boy to learn to be a doctor, but his mother took sick afore he had been gone a great while and he had to come home to help her through. Yes, Lem is a good, honest, kind-hearted feller as ever was, but he's deaf-heard queer about some things."

"What things is he queer about?" I persisted. "My informant eyed me suspiciously for a moment, but he loquaciously continued, and he went on cheerfully: 'O lots of things. He won't eat any meat, for one thing—flesh, he always calls it, and he won't have a cracker called upon his place unless he has to put it out of misery, and then he takes chloroform to do it—pretty funny, that! Is! And if he sees or knows of anybody's abusing a dumb critter, he's always right around handy and takes a step to it. I guess he's got such a sick way with him and talks so gentle and good-natured he always gets his way and nobody ever gets mad at him."

"Thank you," I said, and as I walked slowly down the street between the rows of straggling houses I had unconsciously been thinking of those words, and I found no other of the "Lem" Sanson type of manhood.

It was late in the afternoon of a beautiful day in May that I climbed the hill in the direction of the "red barns." The eastern hills were bathed in a flood of glory, and the paper birches upon the sides of the hills and thick with the golden glow, while the narrow valley and the nearer western hills were wrapped in shadows. From the tender green boughs of the sugar maple the red-breast robin sang in exultant joy, and other songs and sounds were arising everywhere. From the dark water of the willow-fringed swamp where the sweet flag and water lilies were growing, to the rock-crested peak of the highest hill where the poplars shook their golden green tassels in the breeze, all nature throbbled, thrilled and quivered with life. Even the ancient-looking barns which formed the half-ruined fence beside the roadway showed the influence of green and gray moss growing upon their backs.

Along beside the stony road I traveled little rivulets came rushing, leaping and roaring along desperately intent upon getting somewhere quickly, and upon their soddy banks delicate ferns, blue violets and red-wake-robins were growing. I paused at short intervals to inhale the cool and fresh air of life-giving air, and it was nearly dark when I approached the farm yard from which an intermingling of various sounds greeted me. The shrill neigh of the horse, followed by a soft cooing whinny, the low moaning of expectant cows, the bleating of lambs, the call of a rooster followed by a loud flapping of wings, and the barking of a dog were all distinguishable to me as I listened.

Presently the owner of this bedlam of sounds came in sight. He wore a battered straw hat, overalls, frock, and rubber boots, but he looked every inch a king in his own right. His presence seemed to lend a dignity to the humble surroundings, and the work he was doing assumed an exaltedness that I never before knew that it could possess. I introduced myself and asked permission to take some views of the hills and fields, building, and farm animals. I was kindly received and a cordial permission was given me to do as I could keep me over night.

"Certainly, if I was willing to take things as I found them."

As I followed my host toward the vine-covered, tree-sheltered cottage which was his home, he told me that he was living alone for the present, as his aunt and only living relative was away upon a visit, but he had plenty of simple food and pure water and pure air, and he might have added an abundance of flowers everywhere. This was the beginning of our acquaintance, which as the days went by soon ripened into a friendship which time has never weakened.

About the middle of June, at Mr. Sanson's request, I moved my personal belongings to his house and spent the remaining two months of my stay in Nelson at his home. As I look back to that time now, I think it was the most delightful two months of my life. I found Mr. Sanson a man of a high moral and liberal ideas of life and living, who took a keen interest in all the vital questions of the day; a man who found

goodness and beauty in everything and everything; in fact, those qualities in the sunshine of his presence seemed to spring into existence as if by magic. He was a gentleman in every sense of the word, and during the three months in which I was almost constantly in his society, I never knew him to speak a harsh word to a living creature or make an unkind remark to anyone. His very presence seemed to radiate kindness and sympathy as the sun radiates heat and light.

One hot, stifling evening in August we went out upon the back piazza and sat down. The northern sky was a mass of black jagged-edged thunder clouds, from which the lightning flashed and quivered, and occasionally there was borne to us the low rumble of thunder and a whiff of cool air. For some time we sat in perfect silence and watched the slowly approaching storm, and then in the dim light saw a large hawk fly into his master's arms and nestle there.

"Poor Tomkins, you are getting old and some day will leave me for the happy hunting grounds," said my friend as he gently stroked the creature's fur.

"Sanson," said I, moved by a sudden impulse, "I wish you would tell me why you never eat meat or permit the slaughter of animals upon your farm."

"For a moment only the subdued voices of nature broke the silence, and then in a voice strangely tender my friend answered:

"I will tell you, Wilton, for we are friends and you will not doubt or misinterpret me. When I am about to relate to you a story, I am a much younger man than you see me now, and I was attending a medical school in London. I had been there about a year and was getting much interested. I was full of ambition and fancied for myself a brilliant career. In fact, I thought of very little but success and such things as pertained to that all-important personage. I did not consider myself bad or reckless in any sense of the word, for I was strictly moral in my outward life and had none of the habits usually classed as bad, but I often read, thought and said things that I would not have wanted my mother to have known about."

"It was a dreary night late in November, and the rain poured incessantly and beat against my window panes with a force that kept calling my attention to the fact. It had rained steadily all day and being Sunday I had not gone out at all, and I passed my usual evening in my room, reading and writing. As the evening wore along, I felt more and more uneasy. I was dissatisfied with the world; with my acquaintances, my occupation and surroundings, and more than all else with myself. The longer I thought, the emptier my life seemed. I wondered if the brilliant career I had planned for myself would not be filled with regrets and unsatisfied longings. I remembered how when I was a small boy I used to amuse myself for hours beating upon my mother's brass kettle, and at the thought I laughed scornfully and said to myself, 'If I win the applause of the world, after a time it will mean no more to me than the beating of my kettle.' I had never given any special thought to any life beyond this present stage of existence, but to-night the thought haunted me and returned with renewed force each time I thrust it from me. Is there a life beyond death? If so what is it like? Will the acting, the suffering and the desire of our present life, and the desire of our future life, be the same? What are the things that we shall wish that we had done or left undone when we have passed the change called death? Will all the qualities that go to make up the character of the individual here survive death with him? These and similar questions kept continually rising and answering in my mind. From these thoughts I was at last aroused by a knock upon my hall door. I started, and exclaiming to myself, 'Who on earth has come here at this time of night—' it was ten o'clock—and in this pouring rain? I arose and opened the door and disclosed a female figure muffled in a long cloak and thick with the golden glow, while the narrow valley and the nearer western hills were wrapped in shadows. From the tender green boughs of the sugar maple the red-breast robin sang in exultant joy, and other songs and sounds were arising everywhere. From the dark water of the willow-fringed swamp where the sweet flag and water lilies were growing, to the rock-crested peak of the highest hill where the poplars shook their golden green tassels in the breeze, all nature throbbled, thrilled and quivered with life. Even the ancient-looking barns which formed the half-ruined fence beside the roadway showed the influence of green and gray moss growing upon their backs."

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about my strange guest that commanded respect and obedience.

"For a little while we sat gazing into the fire in perfect silence, and then I felt that she was looking at something upon my table. I followed her gaze and noticed a book and a picture of questionable character. I felt my cheeks burn with shame. Not for the world would I have had those pure eyes look upon such things upon my table. Suddenly a great light flooded my soul and the revelation held me motionless for a time. I saw that I had that picture and the contents of that book imprinted upon my mind, and if I could not without shame have the being by my side look upon the offending article, how could I bear to have spiritual beings from another world look upon my soul—the real me—and see such imprints mirrored there. Scarcely knowing why, I obeyed the promptings of my highest self and arose and taking the book and picture from the table opened the stove door and thrust them in the blaze."

"As I resumed my seat my companion gave me a look in which tenderness and confidence were mingled—a look which seemed to say, 'I knew you would do that when you came to understand.' Again we sat in silence, my guest looking steadily into the fire, and I looking at her, and as I gazed a feeling of awe came over me, a sensation new to me as if I was in the presence of a being from another world, and yet the being by my side was surely flesh and blood."

"Who is she? Where did she come from? Why does she have such a strange and powerful influence over me? Such were the questions I asked myself. My guest turned toward me and with a smile so sweet that I felt my pulse bound with pleasure, said: 'You are wondering who I am. My name is Ellice and I am a stranger in this town.'"

"For a moment she gazed into my eyes and I felt that she read me like an open book, and instantly I began to search my own soul to see what there was of real worth about myself. My past life passed rapidly before my mental vision. It was as if a day of judgment and the God within myself seated upon his white throne judged me with righteous judgment, according to my works, and found in the secret chambers of my soul much to condemn."

"Under the disclosures made by my spirit's searchlight I writhed in shame and sorrow. Every bit of manhood in me was awakened, and I impudently new to me, impulses higher, nobler, purer and kinder than I had ever felt before stirred me to the depths of my nature. I suddenly became aware of glorious possibilities undeveloped in my nature."

"For the first time I sensed the difference between the material and the spiritual. I was no longer a man of the world, but a man of the spirit. I realized that those who live for self alone will some day have occasion to self to grieve, and the surest way to find happiness is to make others happy, and to obtain good is to do good."

"How long I sat in this way I do not know, but the spirit within me was so full of peace and joy, and my companion who had gently said: 'How many years have you lived during the last few minutes?'"

"I started; 'I have lived long enough to experience a great change,' I said earnestly. 'I am a new creature; the former things have passed away and a new world of things is before me. I was surprised at myself and the words I uttered.'"

"A light like sunlight fell upon my guest and illumined her pure face with a soft radiance and turned her wavy hair into a halo of glory—or was it the changeful glow of the fire and my imagination? I cannot say, but I know there came over me a deep, yearning tenderness, a consciousness of something lacking in my life. For the first time I felt a desire to pray and with the desire there came the assurance that somewhere there was a power to understand and aid me, and I instinctively cried out, 'O, make me worthy of thee and of this being by my side.' I reached out timidly and taking her hand lifted it to my lips and kissed it reverently. She looked at me and smiled, and never shall I forget that smile and the joy that filled my soul. I sensed the fact she understood me and nothing I thought or felt was concealed from her."

"Moved by an irresistible impulse I put my arm about her and drew her closely to me. She offered not the slightest resistance but lay her cheek against my shoulder with the calm confidence of the child in its mother's arms. For a moment—or was it longer?—I felt as if I was being borne upward and before my eyes there would lift me up to a higher life and make of me a creature noble, brave, pure and good enough to be worthy of her. My guest released herself from my restraining arm and said gently: 'I have not eaten food since yesterday.' I started guiltily and said, 'I beg your pardon for my thoughtlessness. I have not such food as I would choose to give you before you, but such as I have I will bring.'"

"Food that is suitable for you is suitable for your sister's guests," she said gravely. "What have you got?" "Bread and beef—she interrupted me with a gesture of disapproval. "I eat no flesh," she said; "in the realm from which she stepped for a moment and then continued: 'There is coming a day when humanity will recognize this important fact that God is love, and love does not permit one to take the life of a fellow creature of a humbler order to gratify an appetite no less animal. She clasped her hands as if in supplication and there was a ring of pain in her sweet voice as she claimed: 'Poor, blind, ignorant humanity! How long before you will arrive at that degree of intelligence where you will shrink from cruelty and bloodshed—the drying groan, the piteous pleading of soft eyes, the needless torture and know that it is detrimental to your well-being here and hereafter.' She paused. 'Bring me some bread and fruit and a glass of cold water,' she said. I left the room in obedience to the request, and returning shortly found her gone. Yes, she was gone and I have never seen her since unless—"

"Before us in the darkness lighted for an instant by the lightning's glare, there stood a male figure with golden hair and a face of ethereal beauty—or was it only a phantom conjured by my overwrought imagination?"

"Sanson went on after a moment's silence: 'How she went, or where she went, I do not know, but I do know that I searched for the remainder of the night, but I was in vain. The next day I picked up from the floor near where her cloak had hung a delicate handker-

chief, smelling faintly of violets. I folded it away and have it yet, and I would not part with it for the wealth of a country. From that day to this I have tried to make the most and best of myself in the truest sense of the words, and whatever the world may think of me, I have done my duty faithfully as I have seen it and have found joy and peace in so doing. I have tried to discriminate between the true and the false, between the perishable and the imperishable, and in my daily life to give the kindness, respect and sympathy to others that I want others to give to me. Who my guest was that evening I cannot know, but this I do know: Whether woman or angel I shall yet find her and claim her for my own."

A blaze of lightning filled the air, followed instantly by a crash of thunder that shook the house to its very foundations. There came a rushing, roaring sound and the great maples besides the piazza lashed their limbs furiously against it. Mr. Sanson arose and said quietly, 'The storm is upon us, let us go within.'

Bethel, Vt. MRS. L. L. LEWIS.

M. V. S. A. Camp.

The nodding of the crocuses, the singing of birds and the warmth of the sun-rays all tell us of the fast approaching season when we must fold our tents and away to the camp.

Arrangements for the success of the work are being daily completed. The meeting will begin July 31 and close August 28.

The announcements are in the hands of the Allen Printing Co., Clinton, Iowa, which of itself is sufficient guarantee of promptness and a high grade of work. The friends at the residence of Mrs. Adelaide K. Brooks, Willard J. Hull, Harry J. Moore, Mrs. Nellie S. Noyes, Clara L. Stewart, Prof. W. F. Peck, Miss Elizabeth Harlow, while as message bearers, Mrs. Gillespie, Mrs. J. A. Murtha, Max Hoffmann, Georgia Gladys Coley and C. H. Figners rank among the best.

We could not satisfactorily arrange to mention in the announcements the names of the many mediums who will be in attendance at Mt. Pleasant Park this season, but are almost daily in receipt of letters from mediums who expect to be there, and can safely assure the friends that every phase of mediumship will be represented.

Dr. A. T. Still, the founder of osteopathy, will be on the grounds with charts and diagrams and will give many practical talks along the line of anatomical study of the human body. Osteopathy has demonstrated that drugs are not essential to the cure of disease, and thousands shout with joy at their redemption from the narcotic drug and the sheeny knife. Osteopathy opens her doors to men and women alike, and today is patronized by the most cultured, intelligent and progressive people. Spiritualism is ever ready to harmonize and co-operate with every enterprise that will break the long rule of pain and sorrow, and with magic-like power sweep man into possession of that health and strength, peace and plenty, that we know is rightfully his by inheritance.

An "Improvement Club" is being organized with the hope of making very available spot a place of beauty. Aatorium is hinted at, and if it does not materialize it will only be from the lack of faith. I have thought if God be our protector, why not trust Him? If the friends of the "celestial spheres" are our guides, why not trust them? Why not bring all the things that we have reserved into the great temple of truth and learn to be true to ourselves, just to our neighbor, and above all obey the dictates of the spirit. Then there would be a perfect revival outgrowth in life practice. We would elevate labor by taking part in it and building Mt. Pleasant Park into one of the most beautiful nooks on earth.

Applications and reservations for tents, cottages and rooms are being received. Mrs. Carroll, of Davenport, has taken quarters for the summer. Mrs. Ashford will open Case Cottage next week.

Transportation companies are being conferred with, the Diamond Jo line of steamer having granted the usual half-rate—but more of this later.

If you wish your friends to know more about Mt. Pleasant Park camp, kindly send their names and address to

MOLLIE B. ANDERSON, Clarksville, Mo. Secretary.

LET THE ANGELS COME.

Can you learn the golden lesson? Can you let the angels come? Open up your doors and windows, Let them in your peaceful home.

Can you welcome all the comers, Can you bid them easy be, Make them feel they are no roamers When they come to visit thee?

Did them take a chair for comfort, Did them eat and sup with thee, Let them not be empty, suffer For thy want of sympathy.

Let them not come begging round thee, Craving for thy light and love, Make them happy with thy music, Peaceful as the cooling dove.

This is now your earthly mission, Wake the joyful notes to them, Strengthen up their weak condition, Let them touch thy garments' hem, Let them bask in thy own sunshine, Do thou feed and nourish them.

MRS. S. A. VAN BLARCOM, Lily Dale



# Do Souls Go Visiting?

Do They Converse With Others Whose Bodies Are Asleep?—Interesting Experiments Made by Students of Psychic Forces.

The results of years of scientific investigation of dreams was given before a large audience in Geological hall, West Fifty-eighth street, New York City, by Charles W. Leadbeater of London, who is visiting in this country under the auspices of the Theosophical society. His conclusions, he says, come from experiments made with the assistance of a number of theosophical students. These are some of his deductions:

That the soul of a true man leaves its body during sleep and may then be more or less fully conscious according to the degree of its development and be capable of receiving impressions, moving freely, visiting places at a distance, and conversing with other souls, whose bodies also are asleep.

## Physical Brain Reviews Events.

Though a soul is thus away from its physical body, the latter, nevertheless, possesses a kind of half-consciousness of its own and the physical brain is occupied with a mechanical review of past events either of the day before or of a longer antecedent period.

From these conditions there result two classes of dreams. One includes what may be called true dreams or visions—knowledge of something happening at a distance at that time or a prevision of something which afterward comes to pass. These are recollections of what the soul during its travels really has seen or done. The other or commoner class is a vague recollection of the half-conscious vagaries of the physical brain. An ordinary confused dream with its incongruities and impossible positions is a mingling of the two.

## Dreams Should Be Weighed.

The speaker advised his audience to avoid the two extremes of opinion on the subject; neither to accept the dreams with implicit faith, which brings worry or trouble, nor to commit the equally foolish mistake of condemning their teaching as nonsense, but to observe carefully and note with precision the vivid, important dreams and let time decide their worth or truth. In that way he said it will be possible to build up a science of dreams.

## The Dominant Motive.

In one of his very instructive letters, Mr. Wm. J. Curtis, the special correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald, in describing the scenes and characteristics of Benares, a sacred city of the Buddhists, in India, says:

"The Hindus fear their gods, but do not love them, with perhaps the exception of Vishnu, the second person in the Hindu Trinity, while Brahma is the third."

The remark serves to emphasize what must appear to be the really dominant factor and influence in modern Christianity—fear.

Revelation evangelists hold up to view lurid portraits of an angry God and an endless hell for sinners. Fear is the great propelling motor—to escape the wrath of God, and the terrible flames of hell, is urged as the motive to "seek salvation." Hell is painted in all the horrors possible to be conceived by the heated imagination of the super-heated mentality of the evangelist, and the fears of the susceptible listeners are wrought upon until they feel impelled to rush, half-crazed, into the "ark of safety."

In the creeds of orthodoxy, hell is a prominent feature, so much so that without hell and the dark background of a wrathful God who will wreak terrible vengeance on the "wicked," a creed would hardly be considered as of standard orthodox quality. The eyes of every soundly orthodox minister or deacon would look askance at such a creed, as of suspicious character if not downright heretical.

As might be expected, the religion of most who call themselves Christians, is a religion of fear, rather than of love. Fear of hell is hardly consistent with real love of a Being who, having brought us into existence, may possibly—not to say probably—visit us with eternal damnation because of failure to come up to the requirements of the plan of salvation. And if Christians really are generally very honest with themselves they would acknowledge their abiding fear of finally falling short of salvation.

"Perfect love casteth out fear"—but how many Christians possess it? A disciple is reputed in the New Testament to have asked: "Are there any who have saved?" and Jesus replied, "Strive to enter in, for many shall seek to enter in and shall not be able."

If orthodoxy be true, heaven needs not be very spacious to contain its population of the saved. Will it count among its inhabitants those whose motives in seeking salvation are wholly selfish, actuated by fear of the damnation of hell if they do not become converted?

How much of the popular religion today is not merely and truly a manifestation of selfishness? Among Christians as among the Hindu worshippers, "they fear but do not love their gods." However greatly they may differ in other respects, in this respect they are alike. Were it not for fear of dire consequences if they did not, they would never appeal to God or the gods for favor.

## Priestly Influence in Politics.

A striking and very instructive exemplification of Papal clerical influence and methods in politics is afforded by a "political trial" which, according to a dispatch from Berlin, has been attracting much interest and has recently been brought to a sensational conclusion, somewhat to the confusion of the clerical complainants. According to the dispatch, Herr von Wolski, editor of the Polish newspaper, Gornostajski, published at Buthen, in Upper Silesia, was indicted by the Cardinal Prince Bishop of Breslau, Dr. Kopp, and by several other high dignitaries of the Roman church, for publishing in his paper statements to the effect that the Roman clergy, high and low, exercised an illegal influence on the electors of Upper Silesia during the last general election, with the object of returning a clerical candidate and of defeating the Polish Democratic candidate. The clerical German candidate was named Letocha, and the Polish candidate's name was Korsant.

From the beginning the trial abounded in sensational incidents, and it was evident that the editor could adduce overwhelming evidence to justify his articles. The first day of the proceedings showed clearly that, although technically Herr von Wolski was the defendant, it was really the Prince Bishop and his clergy who stood arraigned before the bar of public opinion. One witness after another testified to the undue influence exercised by the priests on the voters. Poles who were otherwise good Catholics were refused absolution because they subscribed to the "Pravda" newspaper, and he who would not regard those as members of the church, and would refuse them the sacraments, who took part in the Polish agitation.

Workers gave evidence to the effect that when they went to confession they were ordered out of the church by the priest because they were socialists. Others were threatened with violent expulsion from the church.

Another priest, speaking from the altar, advised the women of his flock to use the bromstick on those who sought to circulate literature on behalf of the Polish national candidate. "Beat him until his jumps full," was his elegant way of putting it. "Dirty brats" and "swine" were some of the epithets applied from the pulpit to the Polish agitators, and in more than one case extreme action was refused to the dying until they declared that they did not read the radical Polish journals. Another priest spoke of Herr Letocha as resembling Christ and of Herr Korsant as resembling Judas.

After two days of this astonishing evidence, and with the promise of still further revelations, the Cardinal Prince Bishop telegraphed to the court with drawing the case in every particular. To this the court agreed, condemning the Cardinal to pay all the costs. The result of the trial is a triumph for the Polish party and a signal defeat to the Germanizing section of the church.

It may be stated that similar tactics have been employed in our own country, to drag Catholics to vote in accordance with the desires and behests of the priests.

"Death, Its Meaning and Results." By J. K. Wilson, of the Pennsylvania Bar. An absorbingly interesting volume, of decided value. A narrative of wonderful psychic events in the author's experience. Cloth, 60 pages, illustrated, \$1.25.

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

## A SERMONETTE.

An Old Minister's Game of Roulette.

It is a strange, sad, and, in a way, glorious story—that of the Butte City minister and his game of roulette.

Old and feeble, he is turned out of his church. Homeless and penniless, he looks with moist eyes upon the aged wife for whom he is no longer able to provide.

Long ago he began work in his chosen profession, and for more than a generation he preached the Word of God to the best of his knowledge and ability, backing up his preaching by a pure and blameless life.

But the time came when the eye, once like the eagle's, grew dim, and the voice, once like a bugle call, became feeble, and the congregation told the old man to go.

There were other churches, but they all wanted young ministers, with thick, glossy hair, and bright eyes, and strong voices and the old man could nowhere find a large.

But there was the wife of his youth, as dear and beautiful to him as she was when, in the long ago, she stood up with him under the orange blossoms—and his old heart beat hard and fast as he pondered over the question, "How shall I care for her?"

But he could not ponder long. Hunger would not wait. Shelter and clothing were necessities that would admit of no parleying, and he must do something, and do it quickly.

And so the venerable man took any kind of work that came along, no matter how menial it was. He did jobs in about all the kitchens in the Butte hotels. He washed dishes, and scrubbed floors. He peddled; but the income was small and he kept falling behind.

He was willing to work, and he did work, uncomplainingly, bravely; but the proceeds of the work failed to foot the bills.

Finally he went to the employment office, hoping to get some place that would afford him the small compensation he required, but nothing turned up, and, in sheer desperation, the old man did something that was very unministerial—he turned gambler!

With the last dollar he had in the world he rushed into a gambling establishment, where a game of roulette was going on. He put a dollar on the red, and it won. He left it there, and again it won. Then he tried the others, winning with them all, and when he left the place he had in his pocket \$1,500 in cash.

The rough cowboys, burly miners and slick and span professionals looked on with sheer amazement as the white-haired old clergyman entered the place, approached the table and put down his money; and their hearts were hard indeed if they begrudged the old man a dollar of his winnings.

To many there is something that borders very close on the sacred and the holy in the efforts of a preacher's account of his strange venture.

"I turned gambler for a short time," was desperate. I have won money enough to take us to California, where I can start life over again. It might have been wrong, but I don't think it was. God must have put it into my head to try roulette as the last resort, after my efforts in every other direction had failed."

There is no irreverence in this—not half so much as there is in the sort of Christianity which would deliberately turn a faithful old pastor out to starve.

God may or may not have told the poor old clergyman to go into that gambling den; but if God is as just as He is represented as being by the theologians, in the "great day of reckoning" He will try hard to forget the fact that once upon a time the venerable minister won that \$1,500 at roulette.—Rev. Thos. B. Gregory in Chicago American.

In the above Mr. Gregory has written a very good sermon, but he left unmentioned the best part of the moral, viz.: If God is just and records a punishment of any kind in the "final judgment day" against this old man for his game of roulette, He assuredly will accord to those of the church who turned him out to starve, a greater punishment. It is not uncommon to hear of a people turning a faithful old broken-down horse out upon the commons to shift for himself, and even that is a cruel and inhuman act, but when a minister has served his flock until he is no longer useful—a drawing card—to the church he has exhausted all his energies in building up, and then he is cast out, and his wife and child, and the church casts him drift upon the cold, surging stream of a busy world it is a Godless and soulless institution and the God he has worshiped is blind to justice and to the dues of His faithful servants.

It is a curious thing that God failed to remunerate him sufficiently for his years of labor to permit this old man to lay up something "for a rainy day," that must come in an average lifetime, when the "Devil" did it in a few hours at roulette. It is another instance of the Devil being better to the servants of an orthodox God than that God himself.

DR. T. WILKINS.

## Australian Totemism.

Among the many curious freaks of human development, few are more curious and fanciful than totemism. In relation to this subject, the St. James Gazette, of London, England, says that an interesting report of the investigations by Prof. Baldwin Spencer into the question of "totemism" in Australia is given in a Melbourne paper. Various myths, it seems, exist as to the origin of the totem. The aborigines believe in what they call the dream times lived beings, half animal, half plant, which were transformed into human beings, and wandered about making the natural features of the country. Each ancestor carried a stick, and with that stick the spirit of the ancestor is associated. Each place where an ancestor has wandered is believed to have a spirit, such, for instance as an emu spirit, a kangaroo spirit, and so forth; and each child born in that particular place is, say, an emu child or a kangaroo child, and so on. Thus it is that each child has its totem.

As to the ceremony, if a woman or child see it, the eyes are put out or death inflicted. The professor was initiated by one group, and was thus permitted to see the ceremonies. The initiators debauched themselves with opium, and their own blood, and, after going through a grotesque dance, related to the natives the doing of the ancestors. The aborigines believe that reincarnation is continually going on, so that many living people are accepted as reincarnations of some celebrity. As to the religious or magical aspect, every person believes he has influence over the animal plant and mineral world, even to the extent of causing it to increase. As a rule, the totem is edible, and in the great majority of cases the totem is the food supply, wherefore the power of increasing the totem is of importance. The aboriginal rarely eats his own totem, but he has no objection to giving it to others to eat.

# Read and Thought.

A Lecture on Newspapers, by Hudson Tuttle.

It is said that the newspaper is an educator. Yes, and sometimes it is a great deal more. Some papers are high in tone, while there are others no more than sewers into which are thrown all unclean things. We must sift out the bad and if possible avoid getting smudged with the slime.

We sit down at an evening and the newspaper offers its society. If there is no one else to talk with, it is best of company, better company oftentimes than those who are with us. It comes from the heart of the great world, quivering with the surging tide of human life. There are serious and serious; light and heavy reading; tragedy and comedy; dry as dust statistics and sparkling wit, that all tastes may be suited.

There were many good things in the last paper. Especially attractive this story of the escape of a lie.

One day a lie broke out of its enclosure and started to travel. And the man who owned the premises saw it after it had started, and was sorry that he had not made the enclosure lie-tight. So he called his swiftest Truth, and said:

"A lie has gone loose, and will do so much mischief if it is not stopped. I want you to go after it and bring it back or kill it."

So the swift Truth started out after the lie.

But the lie had an hour the start. At the end of the first day the lie was going lickerly split, and the Truth was a long way behind and getting tired.

"It has not caught up yet. It never will."

In the "funny column" were some witty sayings, not many, for the funny men are of a past generation and one wants a wicker to laugh at current jokes. The jokes are all antediluvian.

It's a terrible wrench to one's confidence in human nature when your family physician says he is sorry to find you ill.

The girl who married for money really has a look on her face after marriage that indicates that she is having trouble in collecting her salary.

Some of these jokes are thrusts which pierce the armor of shams that are invulnerable to reason. As Billings says: "What the world wants now is less religion and more common sense."

With the wealth of a man in the world, and you're going to get cheated three times out of five, even then."

"My boy, do you not know that it is wicked to catch fish on Sunday?" said a clergyman to a boy fishing off a bridge he was crossing on his way to church.

"Guess I haven't missed much yet," replied the boy, "haven't had a bite, but you know where the wicked go?" asked the preacher.

"Yes, they practice law a while and then go to the legislature."

Of children's prayers there are many examples, but this is peculiarly interesting: "Small girl, but precocious, after the following prayer before retiring: 'God bless papa, mamma, and Aunt Jule, and make me a good little girl. An' now God, please take good care of yourself, for you well know you're the boss of the whole bakery!'"

At the bottom of the column, to fill up a vacant space, is two lines from Carlyle: "The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by."

We take exceptions, for it is not so much number as amount. A man may have only a few things to bless him and yet be vastly blessed. As for instance, Tim Hunkin, who has only four things: health, a wife, a child and a shovel, and yet if the world was placed on one side and Tim's wife and child and shovel on the other, barring his health, he would say there was no choice at all.

On the news page are horrible things under black headlines, telling of murders, brutal assaults, unnumbered crimes, lynchings, robbery, repeated over and over until it seems that villainy and brutality are in the ascendancy. The newspaper writers make a joke of murder and facetiously call

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The Committee Visit Whitewater, Wis. The committee appointed by the N. S. A. to investigate the condition of the Morris Pratt Institute at Whitewater, Wis., were in session there on April 19, 20, and 21. They carefully and critically everything pertaining to the institution, and the report will be given to the public in due time. The following named persons composed the committee: Mrs. Caroline Catlin (chairman), Dr. G. B. Warner, Dr. O'Dell, Max Gentzke and Mrs. Carrie Francis. Moses Hull speaks very flatteringly of the efficiency of the committee, and has no doubt excellent results will flow from their labors.

"Handy Electrical Dictionary." A practical handbook of reference, containing definitions of over 10,000 electrical terms or phrases. Price 35 cents.

hanging "stretching hemp," and electrocution, "toughing the cotton." The public are deluged with the gruesome spectacle of a man suspended by the neck, because of immoral effects, but the newspaper turns on the lime-light and with horrible detail and blood-curdling pictures inflames the imagination more than witnessing the terrible affair would do. The miserable prisoner is made a hero to the gawking crowd. When the noose is put around his neck he defiantly shouts, "Oh, I don't fear to die. Jesus, beloved Jesus is with me. Jesus has made my yoke easy to bear. I shall soon be at rest in his bosom." The preacher prayed, and blessed him and then he launched him into eternity. Did any one believe that Jesus had granted the prisoner full pardon? They all said they believed and then fulfilled the law which said that he had not been pardoned at all, which was just what every one really believed!

A murderer by saying he relied on Jesus, slipped right through the hangman's noose into heaven! Not so the victim on whom he had wreaked his vengeance, who unfortunately did not have time to say his prayers before the bullet struck him. He was an unbeliever and hence bound for hell, and there his spirit is now being his murderer is shouting the praise of Jesus by the throne! More unfortunate, the suffering spirit has no one to pay the priests for saying mass for his relief, and will probably be overlooked and forgotten in his never-ending torments!

As nearly all the murderers go straight to heaven from the scaffold, it is doing them a great kindness to send them immediately after confession and not test their honesty by allowing them to come in contact with the world.

What would a resident of another planet think of the people of this, were his information gained from the newspapers? Saturated with crimes of every name, cess-pools of moral corruption, flowing out in nauseating streams, his conclusion would not be favorable to the brutality everywhere manifested. Is it not possible for the papers to present a brighter and happier view of passing events? Or is the world as bad as represented? Or is the world as good as it is represented? Why do you not give the good deeds of every city as well as the bad; the charities, the helping hands extended, the wise thoughts expressed? "All these are expected," said the level-headed editor.

"We make news of the exceptional. It is expected of all citizens to do right and if we told that story no one would want our paper."

Then the world is so good at heart that the telling of it is not news! What have those croakers who are always groaning over the increasing wickedness of the world to say to this? Is not the catastrophe they so eagerly anticipate, in their own minds? A sort of madness that makes them think the world is whirling round when it is their own added brain?

Rarely will you find an allusion to Spiritualism. That is because it is too good! A whole page to the details of a prize fight. Twenty rounds with all the brutality luridly described by brutal reporters, forcing down upon the number of slugs, baseball, horse racing, news from the battle field, half a column on the brawl of two Irish washerwomen, a raid on an unmentionable house, a cutting affair by Italians, a dozen or more divorce suits started, various church notices, and yet not a word about the spiritual meetings that filled the largest hall in the city!

It is more popular to speak of the Pope and how he received American snobs, and what "His Holiness" desires this government to do!

We could not adjust the affairs of the Philippines without asking the Pope what we should do to please him and the "Holy church," and as he said, so was done to the letter.

But we can afford to wait. Spiritualism is young. There is a plant which takes deep root while nothing is visible above the soil and for weeks and months matures in its subterranean retreat. Suddenly the soil parts and up springs a plant, a flower, the fragrance of all the air, the fragrance of the world. Thus Spiritualism sends its roots through the soil of the past, maturing in the ages, and now is bursting forth into wonderful bloom.

Need of a Better Education. A man in New York advertised for a boy of sixteen, good in figures and writing, for ten dollars a week to commence. Nineteen of the applicants were rejected because they could not write or spell well. The remaining boys were given the example to find the interest on 126.80 for four months, fifteen days, at 5 per cent. Only one succeeded and received the place. Three boys were graduates of the New York Grammar School, and a number were from the higher grades.

Surely if such is the products of the schools, something is wrong in the instruction. A good hand-writing and correct spelling go a long way in education, and their neglect is fatal. Have not the makers of text books made the lessons too namby-pamby, so easy that the child's mind is weakened, not strengthened? The kindergarten play is like a diet of weak gruel.

Ohio Spiritualists, Attention! The sixth annual convention of the Ohio State Association of Spiritualists will be held in the city of Columbus, May 27, 28, and 29, in the Board of Trade auditorium. Three sessions will be held daily during the entire convention. All societies are earnestly requested to send their full quota of delegates, and individual members are urged to be present in person. Business of importance is to come before the convention, in which every Ohio Spiritualist is interested.

Local societies and members desiring to offer amendments to the constitution must file the same with the secretary prior to April 25, 1904, as none can be legally acted upon, received after that date.

Full particulars regarding program, etc., will be given in a future issue of The Progressive Thinker.

By the President, Wm. H. Curran, Ohio. GARRIE FIRTH CURRAN, 123 Indiana avenue, Toledo, Ohio.

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SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1904.

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.

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## National Suicide.

The restriction of immigration has become one of the most vital questions. The founders of the republic saw the vast country extending westward, and its occupancy seemed to them the one thing desirable to make this a great nation. Under the flag all who fled from the tyranny of the old world might find refuge. It would be free to all nations. For a time the class of people who came was desirable. English, German, Scandinavian and Irish. These assimilated with the nation and became American. They were devoted to the principles of liberty, were intelligent, thrifty, and quickly absorbed. This stream has ceased to flow at its flood, and other races are keeping up the number. Croats, Slavs, Bohemians, Poles, Hungarians, Italians are swarming to our shores, incredibly ignorant, brutalized by the tyranny of ages, without the least idea of what a free government means, or capability of absorption and becoming Americanized.

The mining lords and captains of industry are responsible for the coming of these hordes, and secure them because they will endure the more, and work cheaper than Americans. Although there is a law against importation of contract labor, its evasion brings these people here. They would not come if agents sent among them did not win them by inducement. This is proved by the fact that each consignment, under a leader, knows just where to go when they land, and are immediately received in mine, furnace or factory.

The dense ignorance of these people is almost incredible, and their poverty deplorable. Of 451,000 Croats, Slavs, Poles, Lithuanians, Bohemians, Italians and Hebrews landed in the country last year, 150,000 were illiterate, that is, without the least education, and the remainder scarcely more than able to write their names and read. 300,000 had less than thirty dollars in their possession. Of the 79,000 Scandinavians landing in the same time, only 24 were illiterate, and the average education was incomparably higher.

These statistics are eloquent in their appeal for a restraining action by this government on the coming of these unwashed, illiterate, and brutalized people who are whenever occasion arises, ready for violence and crime. Their presence is a constant menace to the national life.

## New Thought and Broad Thought.

While so much is being said and written about "New Thought," and however much of good may be included in that cult, as also in Christian Science and Suggestion as healing factors, there is much cogency and point to the remarks of Dr. E. D. Babbitt, as published in his late work, Part Fifth of Human Culture and Cure. Says the Doctor:

We must transcend the New Thought system to some extent, and reach out into the Broad Thought, which latter embraces both spirit and matter, instead of aiming mainly at the mental and spiritual alone in its therapy. It is constantly being taught by mental curists that we must rest only in God and get help only from God, ignoring all the lower influences, all the wonderful forces of nature in which "every bush is alive with God." It is grand to aspire after as much as possible of divine perfection and to realize that we have a portion of eternal spirit within ourselves, but when a flighty transcendentalist declares that you are the great "I Am," or as Swami Vivekananda of India says: "You are omnipresent and omniscient," "you are the sun and the stars," "you are all God," you should spurn such falsehoods and with due humility, combined with mighty resolutions and a sense of your kinship with angelic life, press forward toward the infinite perfection. You should realize that the Deific Fulness whose life measures eternally and whose presence fills billions of worlds, must send its illumination through vast grades of being downward and downward before it reaches a style of life coarse enough for us mortals to appropriate and comprehend. Do you not believe and even know that ascended human beings, under the law of evolution must have risen to angelhood, to archangelhood, and some to godhood? These who not aspire after as much as possible of divine perfection and to realize that we have a portion of eternal spirit within ourselves, but when a flighty transcendentalist declares that you are the great "I Am," or as Swami Vivekananda of India says: "You are omnipresent and omniscient," "you are the sun and the stars," "you are all God," you should spurn such falsehoods and with due humility, combined with mighty resolutions and a sense of your kinship with angelic life, press forward toward the infinite perfection. You should realize that the Deific Fulness whose life measures eternally and whose presence fills billions of worlds, must send its illumination through vast grades of being downward and downward before it reaches a style of life coarse enough for us mortals to appropriate and comprehend. Do you not believe and even know that ascended human beings, under the law of evolution must have risen to angelhood, to archangelhood, and some to godhood? These who not aspire after as much as possible of divine perfection and to realize that we have a portion of eternal spirit within ourselves, but when a flighty transcendentalist declares that you are the great "I Am," or as Swami Vivekananda of India says: "You are omnipresent and omniscient," "you are the sun and the stars," "you are all God," you should spurn such falsehoods and with due humility, combined with mighty resolutions and a sense of your kinship with angelic life, press forward toward the infinite perfection. You



# The Battle Ground Among Spiritualists.

FROM A LEADING LAWYER.

He Comes Forward With a Plea That No Medium Accept Mr. Hale's Offer—He Advises Mediums to Not Make Merchandise of Their Gifts.

That \$1,000 offer for a genuine materialization. Well, is it possible that in this day, after so many years of contact with the spiritual realm through the agency of the sensitive of this earth plane, and after so many evidences of the phenomena of materialization, vouched for by so many distinguished and undistinguished investigators, there are inquirers who will be willing to risk a small fortune upon the proposition that such phenomena can not be found to exist as emanations from the spirit side of life?

I notice in a number of your paper that certain parties in California who claim to have been deceived at a seance held by Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, have made the proposition to pay the sum of \$1,000 for a genuine materialized form in their presence, and that such offer is considered one that should receive attention by mediums who have been or claim to have been developed for that phase of manifestation, and The Progressive Thinker, that exponent of true Spiritualism, that organ of the spirit world, so to speak, that open forum for the spread of free thought, has really considered and advocated an acceptance of this gage of battle by some one of the many developed materializing mediums.

I do not wonder that our Brother Jamieson looks upon this wager with much satisfaction; he does not believe that any manifestations ever emanate from the spirit side of life, or in fact, as I understand it, he does not believe that there is any spirit side of life at all, but that people who really believe in the truth and integrity of spirit manifestations, deny the possibility of materializations in face of all the proof which has been given thereof, passes my understanding, and ought to take the doubters out of the ranks of Spiritualists, and place them among either the materialists or the agnostics.

Sir William Crookes thoroughly investigated that phase of manifestations, as appears by his book, and vouches most clearly for its integrity. His investigations have never been successfully challenged that I am aware of; neither can they be, for when a scientist of his known standing, after patiently, carefully and scientifically investigating and experimenting upon a given subject, makes his conclusions known to the world, such conclusions ought to stand unless successfully challenged.

In almost any other matter the world would accept the conclusions thus ascertained and brand them as facts, but in this most (to the world) unreasonable matter of communication with the so-called dead by any means whatever, the world hesitates, and rightly so, too, for Sir William Crookes evidence is only evidence in such a weighty matter as the proved continuity of life to him, and his co-laborers to whom the manifestations were given. All other people want to know and see for themselves.

But to the proposition of paying this great sum of money for a demonstration of this phase of spirit power which shall entirely satisfy the doubter. It would seem to me from all the evidence that I have been able to absorb upon this question of spirit manifestations, that such evidence is not kept like molasses or other commodities on tap, by mediums, to be drawn upon at pleasure or on demand. I have been an investigator of spirit phenomena for about ten years. I have been favored with much evidence that has convinced me of the fact of spirit communion. Among the many phases of manifestations has been that of materialization.

At a seance at Clinton camp, Mrs. Tripp (now Critchett) being the medium, a form emerged from the cabinet, took me by the arm and signified that it wanted a passage from the cabinet to the door of the cottage. This was made by a removal of the chairs and the sitters. I was then conducted outside of the cottage door, and we, both mortal, myself, and form, spirit, or otherwise, stood in the bright light of the gasoline lamps, so bright that every feature was distinguishable clearly, long black hair, black eyes, dark complexion, and but few spoken words. Directly we again entered the cottage, and I thought of course this was an impersonation; it must be the medium's personality is being used, but before reaching the cabinet, and while at least six or eight feet distant, with a little exclamation of apparent sorrow, this form vanished from my sight and that of all the other sitters. While I still watched, it seemed to go through the very floor at my feet. I was then convinced that a true effort to manifest by what is called a materialization had been accomplished.

Again Dr. Aspinwall in his life time was a personal friend of mine, and I frequently attended the seances given through the mediumship of his wife at Minneapolis. I was a vice-president of the camp called the Northwestern for some of the years of its existence, while he was its honored president. One day the news came to me that he met the shock called death, and I attended his funeral ceremonies and assisted in bearing his mortal remains to the tomb.

A few weeks after that I attended a seance given through the personality of his wife, Mrs. Bessie Aspinwall, at which seance there was absolutely no opportunity for fraud or deception of any sort, either by confederate or other means. At that seance I was asked by the medium to occupy the wanted chair of the Doctor and assist the spirit friends as far as I was able in their manifestations by such magnetic power as I possessed, and by such words of encouragement and kindly greetings as might be conducive to the establishment of those sympathetic conditions apparently so useful in this class of manifestations. I did as requested, and when the seance was about half through, counting time as the measure, a form emerged from the cabinet which I recognized at once as the counterpart of the Doctor. I was greeted by it and asked to vacate the chair I was occupying, as he said he wished to sit there himself. I did so, but before doing it, I took particular pains by observation and feeling to ascertain whether it could be an impersonation, for confederacy was entirely out of the question under the circumstances of the room and conditions. By feeling carefully of the arms and body of the form I found that instead of it being that of the medium, it possessed none of the characteristics of the medium's personality, and it could not be a confederate for the reasons stated. I therefore greeted the manifestation as pure and true. The Doctor then took the vacant chair, and after a few seconds arose and greeted all the sitters, for all were accustomed to being there, and thanked us for our encouragement given his wife by being present, and then in plain sight of us all he slowly and gently dematerialized in full view of the sitters.

It seems to me that much of skepticism as to this phase of spirit manifestation arises from the known fact that much of the so-called materializations are merely impersonations through the power of the spirits—an involuntary personation by the medium, perhaps transformed and transfigured to portray to some sinner the person and presence of some departed

friend. This is largely in evidence at all seances for this phase, and because of the inability to discern between the true materialization and impersonation, much of the feeling that materialization is impossible exists. I know that I have attended many seances where the most of the manifestations were personations, but the medium was entirely unconscious of the same. To my mind such a manifestation is equally worthy of a place among true spirit manifestations, as is the ability of the spirit to occupy for the moment and manifest through a form manufactured by the spirit chemist to suit the occasion.

I presume it is what is known as full form materialization that the parties offering this prize seek to investigate. As I understand it, most of the spirit phenomena, such as slate-writing, spirit photography, painting and letter writing, are all of them manifestations of the materializing principle, but whether it is possible for a manifesting spirit to occupy with its spirit personality for a moment a built-up form in the similitude of a human being is the conundrum that agitates our friends from the Golden State, and for evidence of which they seem willing to part with a goodly share of the coin of the realm.

It is passing strange to me that any doubt should be cast upon the power of the educated spirit to thus manifest its presence. It certainly is no harder for an educated spirit, one who has been able by searching in its new environment for new methods of overcoming the laws which seem to dominate this mundane sphere, to occupy this built-up form, than it is to impress upon sealed paper long writings; to impress upon closed slates long and varied messages; to impress upon clean canvass beautiful portraits, and in fact to accomplish many of the phenomena which among all Spiritualists passes without challenge.

It would be interesting to know just how and what sort of a tribunal would have to pass upon the "merits" of the materialization, provided any medium should accept the challenge, and it occurs to me to ask, did any of these challengers ever have the pleasure of seeing a pure spirit? Did they ever feel a pure spirit? Did they ever sense the presence of a spirit so as to know it was present? If not, then, how would the challenge be decided? In all of the investigations I have been privileged to make along this line, it has been necessary to take some things for granted, among which is the proposition that the spirit has the power to thus manifest if the medium is genuine, therefore the whole test would seem to relate to the honesty of the medium. My experience is that the medium does nothing except to submit him or herself to the uses of the unseen powers. The medium passes into a seeming unconscious condition, goes to sleep, so to speak, and whether anything occurs or not, the medium is not conscious of it; the medium passes very close to the portals of the grave in all of these seances, and in fact the last seance I attended the medium was compelled to invoke the aid of a physician for over two hours before a normal condition was reached; therefore the medium might be a winner of the money and yet not be considered as entitled to the same.

Concluding, I sincerely hope and trust that no medium will undertake to make merchandise of his or her gifts by submitting his or her psychic powers to the rude and coarse test of a money deal. A medium who would so do would, in my judgment, be condemned by all lovers of the cause of Spiritualism. Any medium of my acquaintance who would submit to the challenge would forfeit my respect at once, and I think I voice the sentiments of all Spiritualists who are not given over to the desire of making the truths of spirit return through this phase, known to the world no matter at what cost to the cause in general; for if the challenge should be accepted by some medium thoughtlessly, and a failure should occur (which I have no doubt would be the case) our cause would suffer immensely thereby.

No, friends, Spiritualists, let the challenger of the power of the spirit severely alone. Let him obtain his evidence of the fact of spirit return by the patient investigation of many mediums and their gifts. Let him "work out his own salvation" as we have all done, and then he will prize the truth the more than if he can purchase it as is desired by this bold challenge. ANDREW C. DUNN.

Winnebago City, Minn.

"Gladly We Spiritualists Welcomed the Call."

How gladly we Spiritualists welcomed that call from Mr. Hale of Los Angeles to produce one materialized form and receive \$1,000. How sure we were that there would be a scramble among mediums to secure the rich prize and the honor and fame that would go with it.

How many of us thought we knew just the one to take it.

With what faith and honesty did our editor assure all (No. 741) that "Mr. Hale who offers this large sum, is in every way responsible, and is a very fine gentleman in all respects." Nor have we heard the man, his means or his motives questioned, and he certainly has not hedged his offer by an unjust condition or restriction, yet weeks have passed and not one medium has offered himself for the test, nor has one replied to Mr. Hale in a way that would do credit to a very small school-boy. Many of our stalwarts in the ranks of Spiritualism have tried to beg our mediums into line but they will not face Mr. Hale.

Does it not look suspicious? Are the words of our far-seeing Hudson Tuttle in a late number of The Progressive Thinker, prophetic where he says that the time may come when materialization will not be considered a phase of mediumship?

What are the thousands to do who have built up their faith in Spiritualism on the manifestations of materializing mediums?

What would our mediums do if some one would now offer \$1,000 for a genuine trumpet voice? The keen eye of orthodoxy and the world is upon us, and its smile burns like a "white hot brand." Shall we plead? shall we protest, or shall we manifest? W. H. PELKEY, D. D. S.

Merchandise of Their Gifts.

To the Editor:—Mr. Hale offers \$1,000 for one materialized spirit—a legitimate offer. Every materialization seance is a commercial commodity, and none are held under any other conditions whatever. The sitters exchange their dollars for the privilege of seeing what is designated as a materialized spirit form; but, strange to say, when a man offers \$1,000 to witness a materialized form, instead of the lone standard dollar, then the "wise ones" raise their hands in "holy horror" and advise no medium to accept. The gifts of mediumship are a merchantable commodity everywhere. They are rarely considered anything else; and being strictly a commodity everywhere, everyone who is not a consummate dunce will analyze very carefully the character of the goods he receives. And the goods delivered to you, should be of little consequence to others—you must examine for yourself all that is delivered to you.

New York. JAMES KEECK.

MRS. LAURA M. HYLAND, AND ELSIE REYNOLDS.

Last week we published a communication from a Pittsburg (Pa.) paper, in which Miss Harlow, a brilliant lecturer, alludes to the Blue Book which contains stock tests and which unprincipled mediums and conscienceless tricksters utilize from the platform as emanations from the spirit realms. Coming from such a prominent source, the remarks made by her can not fail to make a profound impression throughout the ranks of Spiritualism, and induce the question, "Whither are we drifting?" The publication of the letter alleged to have been written by Elsie Reynolds, wherein instructions are given whereby the public may be deceived, has set people to thinking as never before. And now comes Mrs. Laura M. Hyland, of Sawtelle, Cal., with a communication in regard to Mrs. Reynolds which will be read with profound interest.

To the Editor:—Word has come to me from various sources, that many persons are of the opinion that Elsie Reynolds is not the author of the letter which was published in The Progressive Thinker, issue of April 2.

These persons have asserted themselves, in their beliefs, that the letter was written by Mr. Robert Hale or myself, with a view to injure Mrs. Reynolds.

Let me assure them that the letter is a genuine production from the pen and mind of Elsie Reynolds, and received by myself through the postoffice.

Nor is this the only one. I have about thirty similar letters; hundreds of names and platform tests; and information given about materialization, written by Elsie Reynolds.

It is hardly possible, and not at all probable, that Mr. Hale or myself would dare to compose such a letter, and have it sworn to by a notary public, to be the original writing of Mrs. Reynolds.

Mr. Hale and I are fully acquainted with the law in that respect.

Nor is it reasonable to suppose that the editor or publisher of The Progressive Thinker would risk the publication of such a letter, if it is not genuine.

Their reliability is worthy of consideration; their honor and reputation are at stake; they are men who have no right to think or believe in such matters—they must know.

They are not exempt from the law.

Furthermore, the publisher of any periodical fully realizes the grave importance and consequence of publishing libelous matter in his paper.

If this letter in question is not a genuine copy of the original letter written by Mrs. Reynolds, let her defend herself.

Let her come to the front and proclaim her innocence.

It is more than likely that The Progressive Thinker will grant her space in its columns for her defense.

Will she do so? World you not do so, if any one connected your name with such a serious letter? I know that I would.

The law is very ready to defend the innocent, and if Mrs. Reynolds has been wrongfully misrepresented or accused, she will deny the charge publicly.

Self defense is human nature.

The reason of the publication of said letter is: That it is high time to take the dark and horrible stains from the sacred name and cause of Spiritualism, that are placed there by unreliable persons, posing as mediums.

There is but one way in which to eradicate these shameful wrongs, and that is with the powerful weapon of Truth.

There is nothing so painful nor so deadly as deception; the seekers, investigators and believers have been deceived far too much.

When one is awakened to the realization that his beloved dead have been and are trifled with, and made puppets of by so-called "mediums," who have no conscience, who do not care to discriminate between right and wrong, and who make common merchandise of our cherished dead, and their beloved memory—when one comes into a full knowledge of these affairs, it is time to act.

Spiritualism needs strong defenders; if we love our cause, we should be ready to defend it at no matter what cost.

There is much reconnoitering to do; very much that is unpleasant, if we would throw the enemy; yet it must be done in order to establish pure methods; true and high principled workers, who are honest within themselves, and honest in the great creed of the most beautiful, but the most imposed on religion in the world—Spiritualism!

There are persons who have said that I have wronged Elsie Reynolds, in having gained her confidence, and having secured information as to the methods of her tricks and then exposing them.

I did not intend to wrong her; I intended to right her wrongs, hoping to bring about universal good, as the ultimate result.

How could I give forth the knowledge if I had not obtained it?

If a person wants to learn the workings of unscrupulous people, he or she must be as one of them, for the time being—hard as it is, it must be done in order to gain the desired intelligence, and then use that knowledge to purify the atmosphere of the germs which the deceptive ones have created.

It is each one's sacred duty to promote wholesome, clean and generous brother and sister love, and honest workmanship.

For over thirty years has Mrs. Reynolds carried on her unholy work.

I have no bitter feelings toward her; no one should have; she needs pity and sympathy, for she surely cannot realize what the deep results of her actions are, or will be.

She does not understand the Karmic law, or cause and effect.

Let no one, no matter how terribly he has been deceived; no matter how keenly the realizations of the deceptions hurt, let no one send out an unkind or an uncharitable thought; send out loving and tender vibrations to our poor and misguided sister. It is a message from our Savior—"Love ye one another."

Love is harmony, and through harmony alone comes happiness and advancement.

It is our united and sacred duty to defend our beloved ones who are in the spirit life; it is our right to forbid the so-called "mediums" in making of them, a commercial mart.

We should all have the earnest commiseration and compassion for the living ones, especially for those who are trying so hard and eagerly to lift the veil be-

tween the visible and the invisible worlds, that they may see therein.

With such feelings and such actions Truth will soon be brought to the foremost ranks; better conditions will prevail with the workers in the wide fields of Spiritualistic phenomena; a better understanding will be had of the celestial and the terrestrial world or worlds; a universal love will then exist among our fellow-creatures.

Think for yourselves, search for yourselves, act for yourselves; in doing these things faithfully, honestly and well,—heaven will be near at hand.

Very sincerely yours, LAURA M. HYLAND.

Sawtelle, Cal.

## LETTER FROM MR. HALE.

He Makes a Plain, Straightforward Statement, So That All Can Understand His Position.

To the Editor:—I notice occasional articles in The Progressive Thinker, mostly from dupes or confederates of professed materializationists, who are constantly suggesting various ridiculous considerations for modifying a proposition I made to mediums through your paper some time ago, which consisted in an offer of \$1,000 to anyone who would come to Los Angeles and produce a single materialized form of a person from the spirit world.

This plain statement I am willing to submit to the verdict of all mankind and the angel world as being fair, honest, just and right.

Let me say once for all, that I am a business man, well known in this city, and am certain that I know what is required in cases as in this one, for an honorable business transaction; and so take no chances with anyone who attempts to dodge a legitimate deal, for then it is evident he is a trickster. Unless he complies with what is honestly open and clearly on the square, he can have no business with me. For example, I wish to call the attention of the readers of your paper to an article written by Mr. E. J. Schellhous, found in No. 749, issued April 2, in which is submitted a proposition from W. W. Aber, authorizing Mr. Schellhous to invite me through the columns of The Progressive Thinker to come to Kansas City, Mo., and remain ten days or any definite time, and "if at the first, second, or third seance a genuine materialized spirit appears outside of the cabinet Mr. Aber is to receive \$1,000."

I wish it to be distinctly understood I did not propose to take \$1,000 in my pocket and travel through the country trying to find some person to whom I could pay it for proving to me the fact of materialization—a matter I would be too glad to know. If I wanted to spend money and time traveling to find true materialization, I would not need to pay \$1,000, but simply entrance fees to seances. I have no time for this, as my business is here, and so in place of risking the loss of time and money, I offer good inducements for an honest medium to come here.

If a medium really knows he can produce materialization, he is running no risk for the \$1,000 would be ample compensation, accompanied by good conditions, with good, honest, kindly disposed Spiritualists, besides a profitable trip to a most delightful and genial climate.

If there be no medium who will accept this, it will certainly leave in the minds of the whole world of thinking people a strong evidence against the claim of the phenomena of spirit materialization.

ROBERT HALE.  
831 Wall Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

## "A Festering Thorn in the Side of a Beautiful Tenet."

An article in The Progressive Thinker of April 23, signed by E. M. Vail, sets forth what he, Vail, would do to convince Mr. Hale of the propriety in handing over his \$1,000. I quote from it the following:

"I would probably prove positively to the committee that the form presented must be the materialization of a disembodied spirit, but would guarantee to do so only negatively. That is, the conditions would be such that every possible opportunity for deception by the medium, or confederates, would be eliminated, and yet the materialization take place. I would not guarantee that ink, or such things daubed on the materialization, would not afterwards be found on the person of the medium, or that if the form should be held and not allowed to return to the cabinet the instant desired, or the circle broken, it would not be found to be the medium, for such things may naturally happen and hence are never tests of fraud."

My goodness! If the medium thus caught in the act has not thereby proved himself a fraud, then there is no limit to the gullibility of Mr. Vail. All Spiritualists deplore the prevalence, not the exposure of performers for the money, such as Mrs. Reynolds of San Francisco, but so long as Spiritualist associations will take no steps to separate the genuine from the spurious, these nefarious swindlers will remain a festering thorn in the side of a beautiful tenet.

Denver, Colo. ARMA.

## "Follow Up This One Thousand!"

To the Editor:—I am glad to see you follow up this \$1,000 challenge, for one materialized spirit, and not let the subject drop, thereby leaving the public to point their fingers at us and say, "We told you so!" This subject is of equal importance to that of the last symposium regarding the alleged "Crime," as it is termed. Of course any student of the philosophy can not consistently but come to the conclusion, that the materialization of a spirit under proper conditions is not any more mysterious or improbable than the formation of frost flowers on the window pane, or the condensation of viewless gases producing water; but it is harder for the ordinary spectator to believe because they have been accustomed to the former and not the latter.

G. R. BICKNELL.

It is no man's business whether he has genius or not; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and unforced results of such work will be always the thing God meant him to do, and will be his best.—Ruskin.

We are members of one great body, planted by Nature in mutual love, and fitted for social life. We must consider that we are born for the good of the whole.—Seneca.

We have a debt to every great heart, to every fine genius; to those who have put life and fortune on the cast of an act of justice; to those who have added new sciences; to those who have refined life by elegant pursuits.—Emerson.

Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.—Hosca Ballou.

The battle royal in the human soul is the craving for spiritual against material gratification—mental against physical enjoyment.—Anon.

Temporal laws rather punish men when they have transgressed than form them to be such as transgress seldomest.—Milton.

## RESTORES EYESIGHT.

Spectacles a Thing of the Past.

"Actina," a Marvelous Discovery That Cures All Afflictions of the Eye and Ear Without Cutting or Drugging.

A marvelous discovery has been made by this Scientist and Inventive Genius, Prof. W. C. Wilson. He has invented a restorer known as "Actina," through which all afflictions of the eyes and ear, such as blindness, cataracts, sore eyes, deafness, etc., are cured without cutting or drugging. It is a simple contrivance, known as the Actina Pocket Battery, and through it the patient cures themselves in the privacy of their home. It not only abolishes the butcheries and torturous methods practiced by oculists and aurists, but at the same time perfects the vision and hearing.

Nov. W. C. Goodwin, Moline, Kansas, writes: "My honest opinion of 'Actina' is that it is one of the most marvelous discoveries of the age. It saved my eyes from an operation."

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## 754

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## A. SCHOPENHAUER ESSAYS.

Translated by T. B. Saunders. Cloth, 80c. "Schopenhauer" is one of the great philosophers who can be generally understood without a commentary. All his theories are drawn direct from facts, to be suggested by observation and to interpret the world as it is; and whatever view he takes, he bases it on his appeal to the experience of common life. This characteristic endows his style with a freshness and vigor which is rarely found to match in the philosophic writing of any country, and impossible in that of Germany.—Translator.

## THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

Historical and critical review, with replies to an objection. By G. W. Brown, M. D. Price, 10c.

## THE LEADING WORKS OF

E. D. BABBITT, M. D.

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QUESTIONS  
AND  
ANSWERS

This department is under the management of

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

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

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

HUDSON TUTTLE.

**B. F. French: Q.** Is it true that the planets Mercury and Venus, do not revolve, but always keep the same face to the sun? Have astronomers been telling us, up to the present of the length of days on the planets, and the length of the year? Is it true that on account of the small size of Mars, only carbonic gas forms its atmosphere, and hence life cannot exist there?

**A.** The smallness of Mercury, its diameter being only 3,000 miles, and its proximity to the sun, makes it difficult to be seen by the unaided eye, or even by the telescope. The heat on this planet is so great that water can exist there only as steam, and the vaporous atmosphere conceals its surface. The method by which the rotation of a planet on its axis is ascertained is by observing a spot on its surface and counting the time in its moving across the disc of the atmosphere of Mercury conceals its surface, it will be readily seen that such measurement is impossible. It may or may not turn once on its axis at each revolution around the sun. There are spots on Venus which were supposed to indicate a period of 23 hours and 21 minutes, or about that of the earth, but this has been called in question and the time fixed at nearly 225 of our days. It rotates around the sun in 224 days, 7 hours. If the latter is correct, the planet turns the same surface to the sun. One side is always involved in night, the other to the day.

But these observations are by no means proven, and appear at variance with other bodies of the solar system, with the exception of the moon.

Mars has an atmosphere, and that it can only retain the densest of the gases, depends on the solution of the problem of the elasticity or repulsion of gases as counteracted by the attraction of the planet. Of late it has been ascertained by some scientists that hydrogen and other lightest of the gases, constantly escaped from the influence of gravitation, into space, and only the dense gases permanently remained. Gases are permitted to enter other planets, and the atmosphere of the earth contains blended gases, extends further than has been usually stated, it has a limit and that is when the elasticity of the lightest gas is exactly balanced by gravity. There is little or no evidence that there is a burning heat on the day side and Arctic cold on the other. The observations made seem to show that the two periods are not exactly the same, and hence after something like 700 or 800 years' night, there is a day of equal length. If Venus revolves on her axis in 23 hours and 50 minutes, there are other considerations which in Mars and Venus would prevent the existence of living beings on those planets.

**S. E. Chaffin: Q.** At what date were women admitted to colleges and universities? To what church did Thomas Jefferson belong?

**A.** Oberlin College was the first school to offer to women the same educational advantages as to men, and place the sexes on an equality. In 1853 Antioch College followed the example. In 1860, the Iowa State University. In 1855 the College of St. Mary in Ireland first granted degrees to women.

Thomas Jefferson was a Freethinker of the Thomas Paine class, though by nature more conservative.

**C. K. Flenderka, Utah: Q.** Is there any hope that Spiritualists will make an organized effort to co-operate with the Socialists in the present political struggle for readjustment of the present unbearable social economical conditions? My motto is every Spiritualist should be a Socialist, and every Socialist a Spiritualist.

**A.** A Spiritualist takes in all the conflicting beliefs, and a man, a Democrat, Republican, a Socialist or a mugwump, and yet believe in its manifestations. There are perhaps Spiritualists who are Socialists, but few in comparison to those who have other political alliances. It would be wrong to this great majority to force them to accept the Socialism of the present, and further a great deal depends on what is meant by socialism, for it is the most befogged word in common use. It means the desperate assassination of Nihilism, or the peaceful revision of the social order by growth, which is simply another name for what the people are doing every day—amending and revising to adapt the government to new demands and conditions. If by socialism is meant government ownership of the

railroads, telegraphs, telephones, the buying and selling of products, the paternal supervision of the people, which perhaps is its most usual significance, why has Spiritualism anything more in common with it than has Methodism?

Because we believe our existence is preserved after death; that spirits can return and communicate with the living; that make us all into nihilistic Socialists?

To say nothing about the truth or error of socialism, nothing could or should the cause more disaster than to place it under the leadership of the Mosts and Goldmans. Almost without exception, these leaders are nihilists, not only of government, but also future life. It is amusing to see the banner of Socialism with the "Altruism" blazoned on it, planted at the front, and to hear the cajoling of self-appointed leaders, in attempting to persuade the rank and file assemblymen and the like. All the time the papers published by Socialists are the most bitter and tolerant of Spiritualism, and refuse a line in its defense! Oh, no; Spiritualism cannot become the cat's paw of Socialism. Whatever there is good and true in socialism it assimilates and makes its own, as it does of all political parties and religious sects, but it refuses to be labeled by any of these.

The duties of government are not to exercise a paternal care over its citizens, and provide for the incapable. Its obligation is to allow every individual freedom in his own sphere of action, and when this is done, the responsibility lies with the individual. There are things which the nation must do as a whole, as schools, roads, postal service, etc., but in the affairs of life, the individual should be free to think and to act.

Social conditions may be bad now, and the wealth enormously gathered by a few, but the workers are a higher wage, better clothed, better fed, better housed than ever before. He may not receive his just share, but he is receiving much more than in the past, and will have his position continually elevated. If bad now, they might be unbearably worse under social paternalism. The experiment has never been tried, and among a free people. Before revolutionary measures are adopted, or untried schemes taken as the foundation planks of a new political party, it should be considered what failure means. Nations cannot go back after the fact, and the start is again fresh. If there is a blunder it cannot be erased. Socialism, even with the sugar coating of "Altruism" will not gather in Spiritualism.

If admitted to be the most just cause, Spiritualists might advocate it as individuals, but Spiritualism as an organic movement, it would not be consistent to attach to this or any party, clique or sect.

**Anxious: Q.** I am a poor woman, and would like to learn this mediumship business, so that I could earn more money and live easier. Will you please let me know how and where I can be instructed?

**A.** In the first place mediumship should never be used to "make more money and live easier." If "Anxious" would inform herself on this subject, she would understand that she cannot go out and purchase the qualifications of a medium. These are gained by a natural and God-given faculty. Years of patient practice. There are already too many so-called "mediums," whose first object is to live easy and have money. They press this desire to dishonesty, and fake the manifestations they cannot have in a legitimate way. Nothing can be more dishonorable or contemptible than such characters. Mediumship should be sought for its own sake, without a thought of its being sold or having a value in the market. Even the humble labor of a scrub-woman, is a thousand times preferable to such mediumship as "Anxious" seems to desire.

## SPIRIT VOICES.

O! Often, soft and low,  
A voice of long ago  
Speaks tenderly to me  
Across the mystic sea;  
It calls me, as of yore,  
From that Elysian shore,  
Where roses and the silent tide  
Of waters deep and wide.

In wakeful hours I hear  
A voice long silent here;  
I feel its kindly presence  
And its lovingly understood  
The spirit's telephone  
Brings back again to me  
A deathless melody,  
Embedded in sweetest tears,  
Although unheard for years.

With those who come and go  
I wander to and fro,  
Or fate's allotment fails;  
But often with the din  
Of earth's commingling  
Far voices are heard  
Of distant Sabbath bells.

As faltering on the strand,  
Among the wrecks I stand;  
I feel under the waves  
Steal o'er the stream of death;  
I feel a presence, too,  
Though hidden from my view,  
And old-time voices ear  
Again I know, I hear.

Before my mortal eyes  
I see no Paradise;  
That land of limpid streams  
Appears alone in dreams;  
But voices from that shore  
Come to me o'er and o'er;  
The wailer in my ear  
"The loved, the lost, are here!"  
New Philadelphia, Ohio. DOC.

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## RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Great Poet and Philosopher Communicated with Ella F. Porter, 208 Lenox Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

It is with deepest gratitude that I have entered the sacred precincts of this seance room, where is granted me the inexpressible pleasure of controlling the sensitive forces of this day's chieftain. My dear ladies, allow me first to thank you most heartily for this rare chance given me by your unselfish goodness, of sending my thoughts to receptive minds upon the earth plane. Your noble spirit father, my little sensitive, kindly granted me the privilege of visiting you to-night, for the time ago in earnest conversation with him in my home in the spirit land, he informed me of these Sunday seances of his beloved daughter, whose fine psychic powers had attracted so many progressed spirits of this higher life. As I know that spirit telepathy is an assured fact in the universe, I rejoiced exceedingly over the good news that there were receptive minds upon earth who had discovered its beneficent truth, and so, in order to prepare your mind for my coming, I sent my thoughts to you in the spirit land, and have recently, and I was much pleased that you recognized so readily my influence, and sensed in a degree the inspiration I sent.

Before the seance opened to-night, when you were quietly resting in your easy chair, I tried once again the language of sympathy, to which you responded readily, for you felt my hand grasp your left arm, and you read my thoughts clearly, which I flashed upon your frontal brain.

Do not be surprised when I tell you this fact, that for many, many years past, I have known your nature, and have responded to your heart longings when you read my writings, by sending to your soul through the ether air a sympathetic chord of vibrations which uplifted, soothed, strengthened and attuned to perfect harmony your whole earnest nature.

From keen observation and repeated experimentation of your psychic powers, I have discovered a long-sought and pure channel of inspiration, which I can easily use to give some of my ripper, progressive thoughts to the world.

From my spirit home above, dear little lady, I can read your mind. I can see the loving heart-throbs which beat for humanity, and the eager, half-smothered impulses of your higher nature which long for expression in the field of poetry, music and art.

I understand so well the deep inner working of your mind, that I can help you greatly to desire to benefit and comfort you all in my power. So faint not, falter not, I pray thee, for you are now on the right and upward path which will lead your spirit eventually to the Kingdom of Peace.

A beautiful home on the earth plane you will enjoy for many years, and your ripened spirit takes its upward flight to the world of souls where I reside. But the good you will yet eventually accomplish upon the earth plane through the right use of your fully-developed psychic powers, will be most marvelous, my dear lady, for you are the open road between the two worlds, and the chasm which once divided the two spheres is now bridged over forever, and communication established between the seen and the unseen by the aid of this new and wonderful discovery of spirit telepathy.

Broken hearts thus be healed; all true lovers will not be separated; the link which unites them will remain unbroken by this boundless knowledge of spirit return, which the whole world will some day realize and accept.

Like the discovery of radium, when its laws are fully understood and obeyed; radium that can be used on the earth plane, will yet accomplish marvelous results when rightly used; that man little dreams of at present. Time alone will reveal its wonders, and its tremendous power for good or evil in the world.

Now, dear ladies, may I hope in my next interview that Mr. Porter will kindly notify me the time to come, that I may have the privilege to give to the world a message, on the following theme, "The Philosophy of Life."

The hour is too late to-night for that purpose, so I will return at some future time to enjoy that pleasure, to voice my thoughts to humanity. Will you bid you good evening, with my grateful thanks and blessings upon your daily life, and continued prosperity.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## The Philosophy of Life.

All life is only evolution. Whether the life principle is in the form of plants and flowers, trees and rocks, in the animal, vegetable and mineral, matters not; Life is still evolution; and man, the highest type of animal, is also the lowest type of the spiritual on earth, in his present stage of progress is the highest expression of the law of evolution, which is an illustration of life in a constant, conscious and unending series of changes, which continue forever in an eternal round of cycles, on forevermore through long aeons of eternity.

As the spirit ever progresses through all these finite changes, which constitute the grand life system of evolution, the heavenly pattern grows broader, brighter and clearer before the ever-advancing vision of immortality, which the soul in moments of rapture, dimly perceives (as higher and higher ideals constantly appear and allure with tempting charms the earnest soul marching upward in obedience to the Law of evolution).

Why murmur, then, at one's lot, or the portion of life assigned him? Why despair of ultimate success, even though one's present environment is of the darkest? Even though the heavy burden of life in the form of this little planet's heat, is almost too heavy at times for the fainting spirit to bear!

Consider, oh, ye weary toilers, that your present life of care is but one drop in the grand ocean of existence, is but one sand on the shores of the eternal River of Time, which flows for all of God's children.

Think and reason in this clear, concise, philosophical manner, that your present life with its ceaseless round of duties and crippled labors, is but one of a series of endless and natural changes in the ladder of evolution; only one life experience, so infinitesimally small when compared to the whole, endless chain of life expressions, which every child of the Infinite, the Oversoul, must eventually pass through in obedience to the powerful law of evolution in the philosophy of life.

Life, glorious, abounding life, ever was, is, and will be. The whole boundless universe is teeming with vital life in varied forms of expression. No matter how small or trivial in outward appearance, every spark of the divine life is precious and necessary to the balancing and right adjustment of the whole universe of nature.

When viewed with the clear light of reason, all lives are useful and fulfilling their mission, though the casual eye they may appear as mere weeds and dark blot upon the shining landscape. Remember, he is thy brother who has

thus fallen, a child of the same Infinite Father, and despair not so cruelly his loathsome existence. Blame not thy fallen brother, but instead, follow nobly the higher philosophy of life, which tells you to stretch forth your hand, and give succor and help to the weak and sinning.

For what is sin?  
Who can tell? It is a  
Though clothed in silks and satins, and bedecked with jewels rare, many a daughter of Eve, wearing the fair semblance of virtue, may not be as worthy with him as a poor wretch with a tattered bark on the shores of Time.

Oh! for a higher Philosophy of Life! Many a poor mortal, with aching heart, in need of a helping hand from his brother-man, stumbles and falls in dire distress on the rugged road of life, for lack of the divine element in the present philosophy of life on earth.

Cultivate this spirit of brotherly love, oh, ye mortals! Cherish tenderly and reverence devoutly all the higher virtues, and struggle bravely to gain them, for your own spiritual possessions. The higher, grander, nobler philosophy of life, become manifest, and the light of the new spiritual dispensation, which is fast approaching your planet, Earth, will throw a golden halo of love over the hearts and homes of man.

Extend to thy brother over all the land the right hand of fellowship, and with him all good works for the uplifting and spiritualizing of humanity.

From my home in these upper realms, do I view with thankful heart the steady growth and advancement of the world's noblest men in these higher spiritual truths of a pure philosophy of life.

A religion broad and comprehensive, soul-stirring and lovely, which embraces all the grandest principles of a true, unselfish life—a religion, both humanitarian and creedless, wherein all souls over the broad land may meet and blend in harmonious anthem of praise and thanksgiving to the great Oversoul of the Universe, will soon be established on this planet earth; a religion embracing all creeds and systems, on whose broad platform all may meet in one convivial feast of good cheer and brotherly love, the most vital and beneficent of which will be gladly recognized and accepted, the communion of spirits and mortals.

The blessed knowledge of this golden truth will give to the world an added impetus for good, and will be one of the most powerful factors in the spiritualization of humanity.

Life changes and manifold surprises, which open rapidly to one's interior vision, when the philosophy of life is rightly understood.

May this address from my ripened spirit be received and read upon earth by many of those advanced souls who are deeply interested in the true philosophy of life. May my thoughts, thus voiced through the sensitive organism of this psychic great thrays and comfort the hearts of many of my true friends and well-wishers in the earnest desire of the arisen spirit of

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

## PRAYER PRAYER

It is Critically Analyzed by an Idaho Philosopher.

Prayers are not to be gauged by their bulk, but by their weight, for excuses are a coward's shield, and prayers a coward's last resort. Prayers and blandishments are uttered daily to an unknown God. The latter is expected to reconcile, while prayers are the ramparts of the individual against the world of sorrow, and the deluge of the enemy's blood in time of war have proven inefficient, as divers parties often pray "fermost" each other. Man prays for peace while preparing for war, and prays for harmony while encouraging strife in trade and competition. Yet a Christian, who is sublimely in prayer and announces himself a crawling earth-worm and sinner, his ire would immediately arise if a brother Christian should declare him to be such. What inconsistency!

This much as an introduction to my subject, "What is Prayer?" Has our inter-day prayers any force? Yes, about as much as a curse would have. Each sends vibrations of its kind, and the reflex on the prayee will be in accordance therewith; but we have a soul-prayer apart from the mumbling of senseless platitudes, and what force can that have? Does it alter Nature's laws, or make special concerns to the injury of others? No, friends; but it raises or lowers the individual to a different spiritual strata. To make this more plain, let anyone to a kind or heroic act, and note the feelings and sensation it brings, in contradistinction to the sensation experienced after a low or degraded act has been committed. The noble soul is exalted, and his physical plane, while the soul or ego feels happy or depressed; and in either case said soul is a denizen of a sphere above or below the plane physical at such time. Therefore in summing up, we find that man by prayer has either lowered or elevated himself by soul-prayers, while the lowly and degraded soul, who has not been altered or elevated, he has only brought himself in harmony with such certain sphere under said law. Here we find also that it may be as easy for every reasoning being to be happy always, by sending happy and prayerful thought waves, as by sending mournful, depressed and selfish thoughts, which poison the air that others will have to breathe.

"Laugh, and the world will laugh with you; cry, and you will cry alone," is a trite old saying, and if harmony is our highest aim in this world or the next, let us, then in all kindness try to make the world more cheerful by sending blessings and earnest hopes for betterment in the depraved and wicked, for certain to us unknown causes may have fostered the brutal tiger in one man, the snarling coyote in another, the groveling sloth in a third, the thieving ape in a fourth, and the obscene nature in a fifth, while the majority of none of these have been able to bring to the surface the inert "higher" possibilities. Send around without approach, kindly thought waves without approach, kindly feelings without approach, and above all, live a manly example, and thus we may prepare a life-long sermon without saying a word.

The ancient Teutonic School of mystics have better voiced the soul-prayers than we are to-day. In their white and black magic, they would place themselves prayerfully in higher or lower strata, when they could bless and cheer a fellow man, or curse and heap revenge and gloom upon an enemy. They exerted a mighty power, but those early ages, devoid of the love of humanity in general, left no progressive tracks upon the sands of time; but their doings have bequeathed to us lessons, which, though they may be greatly benefited, are not rightly applied, namely: That by wrong-doing we carry the effects of the same with us, and only by effort can our soul-prayers be perceptibly above "it," and it also teaches that, in their white magic, to pure thought waves our ego can rise to the level of the highest and purest felicity attainable in the future life. A very remarkable book. Large, octavo, 260 pages. Price \$1.75.

Pocatello, Idaho. C. J. JOHNSON.



## LIST OF CAMP-MEETINGS.

Send in Your Dates and Names of Secretary at Once.

Interest in the various Spiritualist camp-meetings has commenced, and secretaries of the same should report at once to this office, so that proper corrections as to dates, etc., can be made.

Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa.

The camp session of the M. V. S. A., Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa, will open July 21 and close Aug. 28. For program and address Mollie B. Anderson, secretary, Clarksville, Mo.

Maple Dell Park, Ohio.

The American Spiritualist, Religious and Science Union will hold a camp session at Maple Dell commencing July 24 and closing Sept. 1. Lucy King, corresponding secretary. Address with stamp, Box 45, Mantua, Ohio. The grounds will be open for family reunions, Sunday-school picnics, and Sunday meetings, etc., from June 1 to Sept. 15.

Chesterfield, Ind.

Chesterfield (Ind.) camp-meeting opens July 14 and closes August 28. For programs and other information address Lydia Jessup, secretary, Chesterfield, Ind.

Forest Home, Mich.

The fifth annual camp-meeting opens at Snowflake, Mich., July 31 and closes Aug. 21. Write to Mrs. Ruth Eastman, secretary, Manassas, Mich., Box 69, for full particulars.

Unity Camp-Meeting.

The Lynn Spiritualists Association will hold meetings every Sunday at Unity Camp, Saugus, Center, Mass., commencing June 5 and ending Sept. 25. For full particulars address Mrs. A. A. Averill, 42 Smith street, Lynn, Mass.

Freeville, N. Y.

The dates for the Central New York Spiritualist Association Camp-meeting, at Freeville, N. Y., are from July 23 to Aug. 22, four weeks and five Sundays. Owing to the protracted and severe illness of our secretary, Miss Victoria C. Moore, I am acting secretary, to whom all letters pertaining to the camp should be addressed. W. W. Kelsey, President, Cortland, N. Y.

Mt. Pleasant Park Camp.

Now that we are nearing camp-meeting time, the question with many may be, where shall we go this year, and how long can we arrange to stay. There are several very desirable camps located in many states, but the writer is yet to know of a pleasant one than Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa. Nature has been very lavish in the beautiful hills where the camp is located, overlooking the Father of Waters, the Mississippi river, less than a mile away. There is ample shade from many large trees, which are an inspiration to the weary traveler, and the gentle August breezes waft them to and fro the music they produce is truly restful. These having the camp in charge have not forgotten the flower beds; many of them are in evidence and the flowers speak to them that understand their flowery language, and bid them welcome to Mt. Pleasant Park camp.

The program for this year is an exceptionally good one. Many very able lecturers have been engaged. The musical and other entertainments are all of a high order. Clinton people turn out in large numbers at the Thursday night musicals, and Friday night dances, knowing from past experiences that they will have a good time.

The accommodations at Mt. Pleasant Park are good and very reasonable. For those that enjoy fishing, the Mississippi river has them "on tap" all the time, and for those that want to take a day or two on the grand old river, there is not any pleasant trip than from Clinton to Rock Island and Davenport. The magnificent scenery is just as fine as it was when our good Indian friends made it their home, and guided their canoes down the swift current.

There are many things in favor of Mt. Pleasant Park, but time and space in The Progressive Thinker will not permit any more at this writing. Send your name to Mollie B. Anderson, Clarksville, Mo., for a copy of the program, and to the printer, make up your mind to go to Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa, for the month of August, and have a general good time, meeting many new friends and a host of old timers who could not be persuaded to go anywhere else but Mt. Pleasant Park, where the sunsets have become famous, and the stars shine with an added glory.

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"Beyond the Veil." A Sequel to "Reading the Veil." Being a compilation, with notes and explanations, of narrations and illustrations of spirit experiences spoken, written and made by full-form materializations; setting up a scientific and personal verification of "What We Shall Be," and a code of ethics, requisite to the most speedy realization of the highest and purest felicity attainable in the future life. A very remarkable book. Large, octavo, 260 pages. Price \$1.75.

## THE NORTHWEST.

A Few Notes of the Work in Seattle, Washington.

Wonder if the friends in the East would not like to know what "we" are doing here in our "neck of the woods?"

We really have had quite a boom. In the first place, we were greatly pleased to have a call from Dr. J. M. Peebles and his young friend and companion, Dr. W. Thurber. They remained with us twenty-four hours, stopping off while en route from San Diego, Cal., to their home in Michigan.

We secured the Unitarian church, and although the meeting was not advertised, and too, it was Thursday night, there was a splendid representative audience to listen to the eloquent words of the noted traveler and lecturer.

It is needless for me to dwell upon Dr. Peebles' talk; he is the same strong, clear, logical speaker that has stood before the world for so many years, and that is one of the bright lights that serves to illumine the way for us younger ones, if we can do our work, as well as he has done his, then will we be worthy of our Master!

Dr. W. Thurber is a young man of very pleasant address, and pleasing ways, is young in the work, but is a splendid instrument in the hands of the spirit guides. We had the pleasure of hearing from them. We are informed that the mantle so long worn by our elder brother is to fall upon the shoulders of the younger. May all good and peace come to him. May he as faithfully go on with the great work as has Dr. J. M. Peebles.

We regretted that they could not remain longer with us. Two days ago we had a second surprise. Our dear friends, Mrs. Laura G. Fiken and Miss A. Stegman, on their way to Chicago, from Australia, paid us a visit. We had two splendid lectures from Mrs. Fiken. In her own inimitable way, with her pleasing personality, winning friends for her wherever she goes, she addressed a large audience at K. of P. Hall, Sunday afternoon at 3:30, April 10. Many times were her eloquent remarks broken into by the applause which some striking point called forth, and when done, the Spiritualists of this city, were glad to clasp hands with a woman so strongly pronouncing in her religion—Spiritualism—as is Laura G. Fiken. May she go on and on, higher and higher in the true work that she is doing.

At 7:30 p. m. the capacity of our hall was tested to its utmost and our sister received a young reception. One of the pleasing features of the evening was the excellent music.

The two treats, the visits of Dr. J. M. Peebles and Mrs. Laura G. Fiken, following so soon after our anniversary and Easter celebrations, have caused an impetus in things spiritual in this city, and now we feel greatly encouraged in the work we are doing. Would that more of the eastern workers that are visiting this coast would "drop in," the "latch-string is always hanging on the outside" and we will give them a warm welcome.

A word about our society and its able officers, who are doing so much to make our work in this city a success, must be said ere I am done. Mr. R. S. Little, the president is the right man in the right place; he is ably assisted by the board. Much is due Mr. Little, however, for his diplomacy in handling the many vexing questions that arise during the month. He is a cool, clear-headed impartial man, that has the gift to harmonize all factions.

Mrs. Lapworth, a tireless little woman, is president of the Ladies' Aid, and is doing a great deal, aided by the ladies of the society, to gather in the dime and dollars that are so indispensable.

Last, but by no means least, we would speak for Mrs. G. A. Stetson, who has charge of the Social Club, organized for the purpose of building a Temple. She is also the teacher of the dancing class, all moneys paid in from this class go to the building fund, and we are hoping that ere another year passes we will have a Spiritualist Temple in the Queen City of the Northwest.

LOUIE F. PRIOR.

Seattle, Wash.

If It Were the Last Day.  
(Copy of a letter mailed to the Cleveland Press.)

Dear Sir:—In a recent editorial you ask the pertinent question: "If you had but one more day to live, what would you do with it?"

Speaking simply for myself, I would call to my home a few of my closest friends, and with my good wife, reveal in spoken emotion the many happy hours we had spent together, seated where, by unshaded windows, the beautiful sunshine could stream its blessed radiance, so that I could drink to my soul the glad, sweet picture of earth and sky; trees, lawn, and flowers I love so well.

Only one thing of pain would beset me. The keen regret that must come from thought of parting from the faithful sharer of all my joys and sorrows, hopes and fears and from the close companion whose friendship has filled my later life's journey with the beautiful pleasures it has known.

Surely we should have the near coming change to the world beyond.

Not with bated breath of alarm and dread; of something born out of superstitious imaginings, knowing not what yet fearing the worst that could possibly happen. No! but rather in the calm serenity of assurance, that the transmigration of souls has as good a home in this beautiful world to enjoy, with full capacity for its fullest enjoyment, could not become transformed into a God of vengeful wrath, imbued with vindictive desire to degrade and torture his own handiwork in punishment for mistakes made in the weakness of their human condition.

That the change would simply be sleep before a new awakening out of the pains and disabilities of this poor, weak earthly body into a brighter realm of progress to things ever higher, sweeter and better; added to the unspeakable joy that would come from father and mother, who made for me my first taste of heaven in my boyhood home.

Would there be aught of fear or dread in these short, closing hours?

Why should there be? Not one atom I possess that was not earned by my own honest industry, untainted by injury to a fellow, and which will rightfully belong to my good wife when I will be gone



