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MATERIALIZATION.

An Old Farmer Relates His Experience.

In reading over The Progressive Thinker I find a great deal on the subject of materialization.

Some think that there is no such thing as a materialized spirit. Only a short time ago I was at a religious meeting that was addressed by a celebrated D. D., and among other things, in speaking on the subject of spirit return he said that he would not believe that there was such a thing as a materialized spirit even if he should see one.

Now there are many persons living to-day who would be perfectly willing to come forward in any court of justice and testify that they have seen many such forms, and I am one of those persons. As I do not wish to make this letter very long, I will only speak of one of my personal experiences touching this all-important subject.

The seance was held at the house of G. B. Wallace, in the city of San Bernardino, Cal., Dec. 28, 1892. The circle was made up of just a few persons. In this letter I will pass all preliminaries, and speak directly of the materializing part of the seance.

When they were ready to commence the materialization part of the seance Mrs. Miller, the medium, of Los Angeles, stepped into the cabinet and sat down in a small low rocking chair, and Dr. Wilcox, her manager, tied her hands very firmly together with a very strong ribbon, then she leaned back and went into the trance. They dropped the curtain and commenced singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Before they had got through the first verse a beautifully dressed lady opened the curtain and stood right in front of the cabinet.

She appeared to be dressed in the most beautiful white silk. She stood there for perhaps thirty seconds, then the curtain dropped and she was out of sight. They kept right on singing, but before they had got through with the second verse a beautifully dressed lady opened the curtain and walked straight across the room to the third lady on my right. She appeared to cross the room with just as much ease as she could have done if she had been there in flesh and blood. When she held out her hands to the young lady, and she took them; then she backed right up to the cabinet door and walked back and forth in front of the door, then went in the cabinet and the young lady went back to her seat and went through most of the evening.

Now is it probable that she would have thus veiled if she had not known who it was that took hold of her hands? Well, every one can be his own judge so far as that is concerned, but the fact in the case was, it was her own mother, who had been on the other side only a short time.

After this the young lady's voice was heard distinctly. How could this be? So beautifully under the circumstances was a mystery to me, but she did, and that is all I know about it.

After this, several forms came out to different ones in the room, every one of whom could be seen by each person in the room equally well.

Finally one came to me and held out her hands, and I reached out and took them, and she pulled me across the floor with as much strength as she could if she had been in flesh and blood. She walked across in front of the cabinet a time or two, then dropped my hand and went in, and I went back to my seat.

Now, I recognized this person as my wife, before she got within ten feet of me.

After this, several other forms came out to different persons in the room, all of whom were recognized instantly. Finally she came again, and when we got up near the cabinet she dropped a kiss on the back of my left hand. Then as before she went into the cabinet.

Again several others came out as before, then she came and when we got near the cabinet she dropped a kiss on my left hand. My wife and I lived together about thirty-five years, and I think I know her kiss, but if others think not, all they have to do is to stand by their opinion and I will stand by the facts in the case, as I am a matter-of-fact man, and will settle down on nothing short of the facts in any case.

In a short time she came out the fourth time when we got up near the cabinet she pulled me right in after her, and then she spoke. She said, "cross your arms." I did so, then two hands commenced patting down my hair, and several others commenced patting me on the arms and shoulders, while at the same time some one was ringing the bell down on the floor. While others were playing on the tambourine, so there could not have been less than five materialized forms in that cabinet at the same time. After they had done this for a short time, my wife said, "Put your hand down and feel the hand of the medium." I did so and found Mrs. Miller's hands tied as I had seen them a couple of hours before.

After this they kept on singing and in a few minutes a form came out of the cabinet with a common accord in her hands, playing the most beautiful music. She passed right around over the circle and kept time to her music by touching the heads of the sitters.

When she got around, she went down into the cabinet and the seance closed. When this last lady was going around over the circle Mr. Wallace asked Dr. Wilcox (the manager) if he knew who this last lady was. He said, "I do not, but she comes to us in this way very often, and I think it is a French spirit."

This last lady was not within six feet of the floor at any time while she was out of the cabinet, so the chance for hypnosis in her case was not very brilliant.

The one thing that interested me most in this spirit's case was the peculiar tinting of her dress. The material of which it was made appeared to be the finest silk, but the finest flower that ever grew never had more beautiful tints. All the rest of the women appeared to be dressed in the most beautiful white silk, but this French lady's case was an exception as stated.

Now what sort of nonsense would there be in a person's coming and telling me that there was no such thing as materialized spirits? I am perfectly well aware that there are many frauds connected with the department of materialization, but Mrs. Miller was not one of them, at the time I was speaking, if she ever was. I have been in many materializing seances, but have spoken of only one here. I might speak of others if occasion called for such action on my part. Corona, Cal. A. B. GLEASON.

MY VIEWS.

The Bible is largely a book of symbols. While I do not believe in all the miracles therein related, I believe in their symbolic representations. As every fable that has come down to us through the ages is based upon some fact, so every miracle teaches some vital truth in nature or life. While for me there is no food for the soul in the forms and rites of religion, I still have a more abiding and resting faith, than many of those who profess to believe in all the dogmas and creeds of the church. I look within and near and not to something without and far away for guidance. Intuition is my divine instructor, mediator and deliverer. It is in this way that God speaks to my mind.

I have learned that the fiery furnace will not burn me, nor the den of lions harm me, and that the same power that protected Daniel and the three worthies, is still extant. I have learned to follow the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. I have witnessed the dividing of the waters and been allowed to pass through seas of sorrow, difficulties and disappointments, unharmed.

If we could read the signs of the times, fall in with the trend of the universal mind, how much easier life would be. Health is constantly striving to overcome disease, truth is ever battling with error.

I do not believe in any God with human attributes, nor in any mechanical theory of the creation of the universe, nor in any printed scheme of "the plan of salvation." The heart, and not the mouth, is the organ of worship. "God requires no external adoration from my soul." You cannot forestall fate, cheat destiny, or change the foreordained forces in the moral or physical world.

In the fight that mankind has made for liberty of thought, thousands have been tortured, beheaded and burned at the stake, and untold numbers imprisoned and banished. The finest literature ever produced has been written in exile, in prison, in degradation and suffering. But you cannot fetter thought, imprison an idea or banish truth. Seed that has lain dormant for centuries under proper conditions springs forth into life.

Error can be hemmed in, circumscribed but not obliterated. Even now there is darkness enough in the earth to put out the light; ignorance enough in India, China, and other parts of Asia, to blot out intelligence. There is cold enough stored in glaciers and poles to freeze the life out of the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

There is the sunset of nations and of civilization as well as the sunrise. There is the dawn of the morning and the twilight of the evening. Nature in all of her courses moves in grand mysterious cycles. History is constantly repeating itself. Principles that are primal and fundamental never die.

Human nature must always, under similar circumstances manifest itself the same. "Nature always keeps her equipose." The centrifugal and the centripetal forces are constant in their operations. Along with the progressive principle moves a certain sure reactionary spirit which sooner or later brings the world back to the place of starting.

Life and death, darkness and night, good and evil, balance each other. Because a man says that this civilization shall pass away the same as all prior civilizations have passed, it is no sign that he is a pessimist, — on the contrary he is a progressivist. Has not each civilization, the same as each system of religion, been in advance of the one that preceded it?

"The world is growing better, not regularly and at measured pace, but by sudden movements, by great revolutions, terrible struggles, contests in which civilizations flitter and go out like bubbles on the water, and new nations and higher civilizations arise, take their place, in turn growing strong and then beautiful, then corrupt and weak, and then going the way of oblivion."

The same forces that built up the patriarchal family, the feudal system, kingdoms, empires and republics, are still at work today. No new powers have been added to the universe. Everything is old; only the combinations and discoveries are new.

There is a tendency for all forms of life, thought, actions, customs, institutions and civilizations to repeat themselves. Who has not noticed the continual rotation of fashions, art, decorations, styles of dress and living, and even the trend of thought. Today there is a tremendous backward step towards the teachings of Plato, Aristotle, and the philosophies of the ancient stories and mysteries. Churches are moving towards liturgy; Republics are gradually dropping democratic simplicity and assuming more and more the pagantry of royalty.

There is a vast difference between the unostentatious manner in which Jefferson was inaugurated president of the United States and the spectacular display attending the last inauguration of President McKinley, and the inauguration of President Roosevelt. Whatever is addressed to the senses moves the people more than that which is addressed to the judgment and understanding. Few ever stop to reason from cause to effect; if they did many an altar would be torn down, many a hero would be burned in effigy.

All true prophets have been unpopular in their day and generation. Every reform was once in the minority. Every principle of liberty, of religion, of freedom, and of morals, was once in the minority. But has not the verdict of the world, in all ages, finally put the seal of truth on the judgment of the minority? It is not political or religious principles that control the great masses of men, but political and religious prejudices.

People are all the while clinging to the non-essentials, in politics, in religion, and in all the matters that affect their personal and public interest. They believe that some political party is going to redeem the country. They believe that some church or creed or manner of worship is going to save their souls. They lay great stress on fast days, on some sacrament, on some ordinance appointed by man and not by God.

We are all hero worshipers. Shadows become substance. Gigantic systems of religion are built up and rest upon myth and fable. Some things can be reasoned out, some can only be felt by the heart and known by the intuitions. You cannot define God in words, you cannot picture Him in thoughts and in the imagination for He assumes no form. Nothing can be defined. Words are arbitrary. What is poetry? What is genius? What is sanity or insanity?

As one mystery clears up another deepens. We can only approximate at the truth. It is claimed that no mathematician can make a perfect angle. Every position taken by science is liable to correction. The line between the animal and the vegetable kingdoms cannot be drawn; even the mineral world appears to be no longer dead, inert matter, but living, moving substance. Every animal, tree and living thing follows its own individuality. Each successive generation and kind adheres well to the type. By what power? None can answer.

The longer we live the deeper our study, the more we doubt and the less we believe. The present is as little understood as the future; time is as mysterious to us as eternity. Civilization is the mother of all kinds of vice, pauperism and crime. She warms and nourishes within her bosom the very vipers that destroy her life. But it would seem that every animal that ever lived, every institution that ever existed, and every virtue that was ever exercised, was necessary in the great plan of the universe; and that every vice that has ever been tolerated was the natural outcome of life and the world in which we live.

Religious dogmas, political creeds, constitutions and revolutions, are born, not written or put up to order according to some preconceived pattern or model; — the seed that produced them had to be a long time sown, before the fruitage appeared. Not a word was ever used or a principle promulgated until there was a necessity for such word or principle. Crimes are defined, penalties imposed to restrain and punish the vicious; — if there had been no such classes, there never would have been a criminal code enacted or a jail or a gibbet.

Laws are the mirrors which reflect the general sentiment of the people. They form a correct likeness of the moral, religious, and intellectual state of the public mind. Religion, speech, morals, are all largely a question of geography and the age in which a man lives. Public opinion is greater than law, stronger than statutes and more binding than treaties. You cannot legislate what people shall eat, drink or wear. You cannot say what day they shall keep holy, or what kind of a doctor they shall employ or system of healing they shall adopt. People will have allopathy, homoeopathy, hydropathy, Christian Science or mental science, and no law interfering with the choice of the individual will ever be successful.

Laws accumulate, creeds multiply, new parties, new sects continually arise, but the world is no nearer a general consensus of opinion than it was a thousand years ago.

A CHAPTER ON DREAMS.

An Explanation of Their Nature and Causes.

Dreams are, as a rule, involuntary impressions, or rather impressions unconsciously by will of the sleeper.

All dreams have their causes, as experience and experiments have proven; and by taking note of dreams immediately upon awakening, we can, in a majority of cases, trace the cause.

Somnambulism and talking in our sleep were repeated occurrences with myself and brother when we were boys. I would be the best talker, in some unintelligible foreign lingo always, while my brother stalked out of bed in his sleep. Once we went with our father on one summer night to drive a small herd of cattle about ten miles into the city.

My brother was eight and I was two years younger. About midway on our return home we encountered a shady nook and lay down to sleep for an hour, as we had had no sleep the previous night. Upon our awakening my brother had gone. We inquired about him of a passing stage driver, who informed us that he was two miles on his way home, and in his stocking feet, and carried a large bundle. My father sent a passing man on horseback after him to bring him back. He returned, very like, crying. He had taken our coats and shoes and a lot of goods we had brought from the city, but had forgotten his own shoes. He said that he went to sleep with anxious thoughts about getting home.

Experience has shown that vital organs are pressed or rested upon, are most easily brought into action during dreams. If one rests upon his back, the weight of the head will depress the animal and social organs, while resting on the side, the organs of sublimity and hope are brought into action, and color the dreams.

Dreams originate, as a rule, from known experiences of late occurrences and of late forcible thoughts of the conscious mind. They are colored and shaped according to the organs pressed.

Experience has proven to all dreamers that they may wake, remember some of their dreams, but if they turn and thereby remove the pressure from the certain organs whereupon the dreamer rested, the dreams, if they do continue, take a far different form.

Whenever the head rests low, and the face is bent downward, the dreams will cause fear and depressed feelings will appear; just like the pessimist, with bowed head, expects and fears the worst to happen.

Disturbances in the vicinity of the sleeper will also mingle with his dreams, and color them to a great extent. The moral man may experience vivid dreams, and the wicked one bending in prayer, which in most cases cannot be understood by those who are not dreamers.

Their again upon awakening, or in a semi-sleep, the sleeper's thoughts and may shape the termination of his dreams. Our memories are treacherous with regard to dreams; they can seldom be fully remembered a few minutes after their occurrence. During the night, the man in whose general thought at any other time, except the minute he enters into sleep, dreamed forebodings will appear in his dreams on account of his negative condition and prior detected thoughts while awake.

Another phase of dreams may be traced to guardian spirits upon the plane of the brain of the sleeper, or it may be impressions from absent friends or enemies telegraphically received. But in many cases, where the last above named cause is claimed, the dreams come from a still more subtle force, namely, that "coming events cast their shadows or brightness" before them, and as the spirits read coming events through these sublimated elements, the sleeper may do the same if his organs are so attuned, which has been known from the time of old Egyptian days. If the sleeper is punctured with a sharp instrument or the sting of a poisonous animal, this also may color his dreams. Waking dreams are colored by thoughts and will of the dreamer, and elevating poetry and prose has been written under these conditions.

An overloaded head or stomach intensifies dreams.

The law that pressure on a certain organ brings such organ into action, is acknowledged even in a waking state. An Emerson, Spencer, and many others of the great thinkers, in their sittings for photos press the organ of ideality with the forefinger, and when asked concerning such an attitude they could not tell why. They may claim that the organs of ideality, firmness and self-esteem draw the line towards those certain centres, as it naturally does, but nature seems to draw it towards rest or pressure.

In common parlance, man says that certain organs rule. This is incorrect. They are all physical organs, and simply matter, while the indwelling energy or power rules through the organs of the body as best they may. To illustrate: A procession passes by our dwelling; some paces of glass may be more clear than others, and we can have a far better view through the clearer ones than through the dull ones; and thus the indwelling energy or soul acts through our physical organs, while pressure stimulates in our waking hours and in our sleep.

As general thought waves are ever in motion, dreams at times are colored by them. The scientific or inventive dreamer acquires his knowledge by being happily so constituted that such thought waves are caught up and utilized by him. Such a person is in modern parlance termed a "crank," and undoubtedly so designated on account of so many of his inventions and dreams grasping the whole, or at other times, the thought so conveyed is beyond his capacity of understanding; hence the failure where only part of such scientific thoughts are grasped, as of a single color being left out of the chromosphere.

Pocatello, Idaho.

"So many Gods, so many creeds, So many paths that wind and wind, When just the act of being kind Is all the sad world needs."

Norwich, New York.

I shall do what little I can to hasten the day when this earth shall be covered with homes, and then by countless firesides shall sit the happy and the loving families of the world — Ingersoll.

Deliberate with caution, but not with decision and promptness. — Tolson.

THE IMMORTAL BARD.

Shakespeare When on Earth Was in Direct Communication With Advanced Spirits—So Says Louis James, the Renowned Actor, in the Dramatic News.

I have just arrived from Long Branch, and my purpose in coming to the city is to attend a book sale where I hope to secure some rare volumes which I mean to add to my library. Reading and the contemplation of Nature are now my principal enjoyments, although when I meet an old friend I can shake his hand with as keen a delight as ever. Do I still retain my love for Shakespeare? Indeed I do; but I do not care to give it too free an utterance for fear of being dubbed a pedant. I have played in all of his plays that hold the stage, and I am not without hope of meeting him when I shake off this vestige of a body and rise to those heights of superlative life where all true poets and artists dwell.

Do I believe that such a glorious fate is in store for me. What a question. Does not everything point to the continuity of life? Physical science demonstrates that there is nothing lost, then why should the spiritual essence that molds, controls and animates matter be destroyed when the body part of us curves in some form? Having acquired a conscious individuality there is no power in the universe that can deprive me of it. It were the wildest madness to imagine that God created us only for the earth, and as a thinker I frequently conjecture what now may be the musings and aspirations of the poet-actor in his more exalted and sublimated state of being.

Since when did I become inoculated with this belief? I have always thought on these lines, but it is not often that I give expression to what I think. I do not wear my heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at, nor do I think every man I meet is capable of understanding such a subject. No close student of Shakespeare can question the truth of his soul's immortality, and there is no doubt in my mind, but that during his residence on this earth he was in direct communication with those advanced spirits who have penetrated the arcana of existence, and who shaped his thoughts into those glorious forms that will forever bewitch and charm humanity by their beauty. Strong, healthy and happy as I am, I look forward to the change called death with unalloyed pleasure.

"Men must endure Their going hence, even as their coming hither; Ripeness is all."

What I have said may be too abstruse and mystic for publication; but those initiated in the occult will understand me, and for those who will not or cannot understand I am not concerned. The genius of the true actor is not dissimilar to that of the poet. He hears and sees with the ears and eyes of the soul, and very often when I sit on the veranda of my cottage at Long Branch, gazing on the sea when night has unveiled her hair and the stars shine shyly as they feast upon her sumptuous beauty, I hear and see things that were not in saying that the invisible world is peopled, and that we have only to open the doors of our souls to enjoy the companionship of the angels. Mors Janua vitae—Death is the gate of life eternal.

WILLIAM OXLEY.

An Appreciative Memorial Tribute by a Friend.

The contemplation of the life and actions of a good man, and the study of the various phases of his character are a never-failing source of profit and pleasure during the years he is with us in the flesh; and though a regard for his feelings may restrain the expression of one's appreciation, surely when he has passed on to that field of strife one may be permitted to give vent to one's pent-up thoughts by dwelling for a short time on the excellencies that have given so much delight and afforded so much exemplary instruction.

For the past eight years it has been my privilege to be so closely associated with Mr. William Oxley as to have every opportunity of becoming personally and intimately acquainted with all sides of his character—his experience so valuable that I reckon it the greatest treasure of my life's history, and I deem it an honor to be permitted to pen a small tribute of reverence to him by delineating, however imperfectly, those qualities of heart and mind that commanded the admiration and affection of his fellows.

His was truly an eventful life. Full of trials, difficulties, disappointments and bitterness, such as fall to the lot of few. They were met with undaunted courage, borne with heroic fortitude, and conquered by patient perseverance, untiring energy and unwearying love. His brave heart encountered obstacles but overcame them, turned reverses into victories, carried him through the black shadows that lay in his path to the brightness of victorious day. To know him was to love him; to be loved by him was to possess a jewel of priceless worth.

In all his business dealings he was known for his untarnished honor, his spotless integrity, his perfect justice. His employees valued him as a master who not only dealt fairly with them but took an active interest in their personal welfare and exhibited an open-handed generosity in times of stress and trouble that proved him to be their friend.

Those who "eat at his feet" marked the breadth and activity of his mind which never paused in its search after Truth, refusing to be bound and fettered by the shackles of dogma, and welcoming every ray of light wherever found, treasuring every gem of knowledge wherever discovered. Verily, a "Master in Israel" he modestly claimed to be only a student—a student of life and its manifestations. Herein he never slackened; his penetrating glance perceived "Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in every thing;" his heart was constantly uplifted in loving adoration to the One Life that manifests itself in all, by all and through all.

His person is removed from us, but his work remains, his influence endures, the memory of him is sweet, and we glory and take comfort in the sure conviction that his transition is to a state of greater perfection, wider liberty, increased power, enhanced joy and glory that shall never fade but shall endure through all eternity.

ROBERT RACE.

Broughton, Manchester, Eng.

STRIKING DREAMS.

The Lessons of Sixty-five Years of Life.

To the Editor:—In reading your three volumes of "The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World," I am more and more enlightened upon spiritual topics.

I am grateful to the unseen forces, for the privilege of studying the doctrines and sentiments of such intelligent mystic authors.

The subject is one that should interest all persons who believe in spirit life, and the spiritual world.

May the good angels surround you, and all of those spiritual writers of said books, with peace, happiness and prosperity in your earthly careers.

And may angel bands escort each one of the authors, through the valley and shadow of death to the celestial spheres, as the prayer of the writer.

All for the good, now may you be spreading the light and the truth of spiritual knowledge.

As I am now in my declining years, I reflect much upon the experience I have had in raising a family of children, and of the great responsibility therein.

I have had dreams and visions through all the past years, that seemed to guide my life. Before I was ten years old, I had an important dream, that made a deep impression upon my mind, so much so, that I related it to my parents, and ever kept it in view.

I thought in the dream, that myself and many companions left our homes, and soon arrived in a country of romantic scenery, containing hills, valleys, mountains, rivers and beautiful land escapes, covered with flowers and green verdure. But, with all such beauty around us, the land was covered with snakes, and it was so dangerous at times, that we crawled upon our hands and knees.

I was awakened by the dream, and thought it over, but went to sleep again, and dreamt the same experience over.

After Fort Sumpter was fired upon, I enlisted in the Union army, and followed Old Glory for more than four years, and the country and dangers I saw in my dream were ever before me, while in the Southland.

When our army was at Tullahoma, Tennessee, Rosecrans gave me a commission to go back with others to Ohio on recruiting service, but not long after I, re-enlisted and went over that country again in a more extensive degree.

The double dream indicated to me, that I was to pass through that dangerous and beautiful land twice. I had other dreams, while quite young of seeing large crowds of men together, and frame stands for public speaking, and I would be walking in the midst of them.

All along life's eventful journey, manifestations through dreams have been made clear to me afterwards. It is a wonderful event, to have sixty-five or more years of life on this mundane sphere! In that many years, we meet multitudes of human beings, and form a short acquaintance with many individuals; but they are soon gone from our view, and they are less from our memory. Memory's storehouse has been filled to overflowing, and in the great future, it may all come back to our senses, and we can exclaim, glad memory, or sad memory of life's reminiscences.

Many souls that we have known were so kind and social in their nature, that it was pleasant to enjoy their friendship and society.

On the other hand, men and women we have met, appeared to be selfish, narrow-minded and cruel in their demeanor and actions.

But hope, friends, love and friendship, with those with whom we have associated, have cheered us along life's rugged pathway.

May the spiritual light and truth in our lives ever grow brighter and more glorious, until we reach the perfect life over yonder, is my sincere desire.

Those are grand thoughts which pass through the brain, under the influence of spirit power. There is no power in the universe more lovely than love and spiritual power.

It is all in all, like God in nature.

It is cheering to aspiring souls to realize that we are eternal spirits, passing along to a higher destiny.

All doubts and fears pass away, when souls are born of the spirit.

When we learn through a spiritual source that in our continued life, we can realize a higher existence through progression of spirit influences, and meet our loved ones and friends over there, we rejoice in the unexpressable.

Then how precious is life, not only here but hereafter! Enlightened spiritual beings realize that there is an inward man, that endureth forever, while the outward perishes and returns to the bosom of mother earth to mingle with its elements. That out of decayed bodies arises vegetable matter that produces the grass, the flowers, and the vegetables that sustain life in man and beast in this manner: the body may be resurrected. The spirit is the living principle in all things in nature. It causes the brain to think and the eyes to see, and behold—God everywhere. Finite minds cannot comprehend all of the mysteries in earth and sky, but the spirit can progress more and more over yonder.

On the earth plane, aspiring souls desire to learn all they can about the past, present and future.

Bedford, Iowa. W. S. FRANKLIN.

EVER LOOK UPWARD.

The small praise thou'lt less the love, Ever look upward.

Dull earth below, the stars above; Ever look upward.

No more we'll think of toll and strife, When free from earth's turmoil, so rife; Ever look upward.

Let not distress enshroud thee 'round, Ever look upward.

If hard the cross, — more fair the crown, Ever look upward.

The days and nights, so filled with pain, Shall prove at last, our blissful gain; Each tear-drop wipes away a stain; Ever look upward.

Thou' Life's sweet "Hopes" go drifting by, Ever look upward.

Thou' scaling tears bedim the eye, Ever look upward.

The tears that wet our faces here, Shall prove pure gems, beyond, my dear; They'll gain for us the higher sphere; Ever look upward.

LOU ELLA YOUNG.

Camden, Me.

CITY OF LIGHT ASSEMBLY.

Notes of Occurrences at Lily Dale, N. Y.

If the first week of the assembly portends the success of the coming weeks, then, of a truth, will the prediction for the most successful season of its existence be verified for 1905.

Each year in the past, since the grounds have taken on the semblance of a miniature city, we have thought nature could not improve upon this beautiful spot; each year the grass seemed greener, the trees and flowers more perfect, the lake more beautiful, the white and gold of the lilies floating on it and calm bosom more intensified, their fragrance more subtle. This year, we have the aggregate of all past beauty plus the result of the new management's effort to make realistic the new name, City of Light, as given by the president, Mrs. Abby Louise Pettengill.

To this end the majority of cottages and other buildings have been painted white, and wherever it can be, this color-embellishment is utilized, about the grounds.

During this first week of the assembly Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving, Mrs. Annette J. Pettengill, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn and Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond have ministered most acceptably to the intellectual and spiritual needs of the large and interested audiences in the auditorium.

Pioneer Day was especially a "red letter day," particularly to the saintly pathfinders of the New Thought seated on the rostrum; dear old Aunty Pearl, now 91 years old; Mrs. Mary J. Ramdell, Chicago, Mead and Mrs. Henry Smith, Mrs. Cummings and Mrs. Sully, of Buffalo, N. Y.

The heart-interest in all pertaining to Lily Dale is as young, fresh and green with these dear old pioneers as it was in the early days when, in the vigor of young manhood and womanhood, they cleared the new beautiful grounds of underbrush, and made bonfires of the old debris that hindered the pitching of tents, which in those days was the only available method of gaining a habitation.

Most touching and beautiful were the tributes paid these dear old people by Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn and Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving, platform speakers for Pioneer Day.

Among others who will appear as teachers of the new thought during the season are Rev. Thomas McClary, known as the Western Chautauque lecturer, Gen. Elmer Littlefield, Susan B. Anthony, Rev. Anna Shaw and Dr. John Geddes of London.

Along with all this intellectual panoply is interspersed refreshments of a lighter nature in form of rowing on the beautiful lakes of Cassadaga; semi-weekly dances, which occur on evenings of special excursion days, Wednesday and Saturday; cycling, auto-driving, bowling, and all else in which young and old alike take delight in this beautiful "City of Light."

The lyceum is also a feature of no little importance here, and the director and assistant were particularly fortunate in having the aid of Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn of Boston, in organizing lyceum work this season. While Mrs. Allyn is a recognized power on the platform, still it is evident to all who take cognizance of her work that with the child-like her power is superlative! Fannie Allyn would drop from the highest realms of eloquence, possible to the human mind—yes, from heaven itself, at the cry of distress from a little child, and an audience might wait until she had given relief if that were within her power.

The first public entertainment by the City of Light Lyceum was given Friday night. Much of the attendant success was due to Mrs. Allyn's indefatigable energy and effort to help the children. Her "Tribute to America" was most effective, especially the flag salute which has been adopted by

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1905.

WORDS OF CAUTION.

You should not send money in a letter. You may do so a dozen times safely, and then the next remittance may be lost or stolen. Secure a postal order for five cents, and then you are perfectly safe, and will save yourself annoyance and trouble.

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.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Any person donating one dollar to the Mediums' Relief Fund of the N. S. A., will, if desired, receive one set of spiritual tracts and one copy of "The Mediums' Relief Fund," a booklet of choice spiritual poems. One contributing two dollars to the fund will also receive a copy of "Leaves of Truth," a cloth-bound book of instructive spiritual matter.

MARY T. LONGLEY.

N. S. A. Secretary.

600 Pennsylvania Avenue S. E., Washington, D. C.

Physical Immortality.

Thus far in the history of man it has been found an unsolvable problem to permanently defeat Death. Whether an eternity of existence in flesh and blood form, on this ball of earth, were really desirable, even if practicable, is quite doubtful, if not entirely out of the question.

In view of the unlimited amount of human perversity and general "cussedness" exhibited by the human race, from Adam's time till the present, and still prevalent in variant manifestations, we surmise that old Adam himself, if he were living today, and however much he might have progressed intellectually, morally, physically and spiritually, would be tired of earth life, and long to be translated to higher, purer and more spiritual realms, where his freedom of growth would not be impeded by the clogging environments incident to earthly existence.

So when Prof. Albert P. Matthews of the University of Chicago, offers us everlasting life in the flesh if we will accept and adhere to the scientific system of dietetics now being worked out, we can only look askance at the offered gift, as of doubtful value at the best. For, we ask, would our best good be accomplished if we really possessed the offered fleshly immortality?

There is one thing that appears to be overlooked in the scheme of those who are working out the scientific system of dietetics and that is, to insure our earthly immortality. Will the exact observance of the perfected scientific rules of diet, render us immune not only from disease and bodily decay, such as now results from the wearing out of the bodily organs, and old age, but also bring us exemption from death by accident, such, for instance, as by drowning, a railway crash, the bullet of a burglar or other thing?

No doubt much may be done by judicious dietetic rules, etc., to conserve health and prolong life; but the whole analogy of nature, as we observe it in this present existence, indicates that the earthly body of man was never intended to become immortal nor will it ever become so.

And so we may well come to the conclusion that instead of striving to make our bodies immortal, it were better that we exercise ourselves to the end of making our spiritual natures worthy of immortality.

A Test That is a Test.

Rev. J. W. Stokes, down there in Dublin, Georgia, preached a sermon the other day, showing who were Christians. He made the following quotation to establish his point:

"Hereby know we that we dwell in Him, and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit."—1 John 4:13.

That is a test for the Christian himself, but proves nothing to an outsider. If experience had not demonstrated that men can lie we might accept their statements that they "dwell in God, and God in them," but in this age of the world it will not do to accept such interested evidence.

Jesus is represented as having given a test that is clear, pointed, and is probably reliable. It can be applied by any one, at any time, and anywhere. It should be convincing to saints and sinners alike. See Mark 16:17, 18:

"These signs shall follow them that believe." . . . They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them.

There is a test from Jesus himself that leaves no possible chance for taking who are Christians. Try them with a solution of corrosive sublimate, a deadly dose of prussic acid, or carbolic acid, and if it "shall not hurt them" they are believers we can trust. If they die will it not prove that Jesus was a false teacher, one whose instructions it is fatal to follow to Rev. Stokes. We commend this valuable when applied to missionaries in heathen countries in distinguishing between the genuine and the pretender.

Rev. Charles William Pearson.

We learn from a press dispatch that the Rev. Charles William Pearson, formerly of Northwestern University, who three years ago achieved notoriety by declaring that the authenticity of the bible as an inspired work was doubtful, died in a London hospital while on a European trip a few days ago.

The late minister was pastor of the Unitarian Church of Quincy, Ill., and left that city for Europe a month ago. He was connected with Northwestern University for thirty years as professor of English literature.

His expression concerning the bible was the cause of his forced resignation in 1902. Subsequently he devoted himself to literature and poetry.

It will probably be said by the "goody goodies" and "holier" ones of the orthodox faith "God, in his infinite wisdom, removed this obstacle to the church, from earth for his heretical utterances." By the way, this office has kept tab of this clerical gentleman and his "heretical utterances," as it aims to do upon the acts of all brave "men of the cloth" who have the courage of their convictions, and drop into these "heretical" aspirations, and from our "piled-for-ever" pile of clippings drag the following interesting bits of quotations which caused the church to criticize the Professor, and which was the real cause of his "requested resignation," and retirement from the professorship of the Northwestern University and the Methodist Church. The excerpt from our file says:

"As a parting shot to his orthodox critics who have taken him to task for his recent declaration that miracles of the bible are myths and legends, he also denied the divinity of Christ, and pronounced himself to be more in accord with the doctrines of Unitarianism than of Methodism."

"I have decided to abandon the chair of English literature, which I now occupy at Northwestern University," said Professor Pearson, "and I will also quit the Methodist church. I love the Methodist church, but my views upon the bible are more in accord with those of the Unitarian church. I do not think I should be affiliated with the Methodist church any longer."

The real cause for his resignation was that he had studied and reasoned himself out of the orthodox idea of the "Divinity of Christ," and in the discussion of that question he spoke thus:

"Christ, like John Wesley, Martin Luther and John Knox, was a prophet of his race, but he was no more divine than these men. In the sense of His having performed good deeds which lived after Him He was divine, but I do not believe that portion of the bible which declares that He was the son of God."

"I believe in Christ just as I believe in King Arthur. I believe there was such a man as Christ because history tells me there was, and I believe there was such a man as the chivalrous King of the Britons for the same reason. But I am compelled by reason to disbelieve the incredible stories of the miracles of Christ just as I am compelled to disbelieve the myths of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table."

But it was the work published by the Professor, entitled "The Carpenter's Prophet," that pulled away the hoodwink of Christ's divinity and led up to the resolutions of "ousterment."

Although he never before openly avowed himself as disbeliever in the divinity of Christ, he came dangerously near it upon several occasions. In a pamphlet issued entitled "Creed and Practice," he says:

"As Bacon would rather believe all the fables in the Koran than not believe in God, so many people are so drawn to Christ that they compel themselves to believe anything rather than be cut off from the church."

The religious atmosphere of the Methodist church has already been cleansed, and I am now content to submit to the injury that has been done to my reputation for the cause of the right. Many prominent Methodists have already come to me and expressed the belief that the doctrines of the infallibility of the Holy Writ are incompatible with the good of the church."

Professor Pearson attended the prayer meeting just previous to his departure from the college and bade farewell to the students and faculty, when he arose to "testify," and in part said:

"This may be the last time I shall have an opportunity of addressing you, and I desire to make a few remarks at this time."

"I want you all to understand that I believe in Christ, I believe in prayer and I believe in the Holy Ghost, and everything I have said is for the benefit of the students and faculty which I love."

He paused a moment and bowed his head as though in prayer. When he attempted to resume his address his eyes filled with tears. His voice trembled. It was with difficulty that he continued.

"I think my statements have done good. I do not care to retract anything, and I regret nothing that I have uttered. God bless you all."

When the professor had concluded he turned and again resumed his place upon the platform with the faculty.

Professor Pearson received the same treatment imposed upon every brave, progressive man who has dared to raise his voice against the "iron-bound book," the moss-covered bucket that has hung in the well of orthodoxy since its inception.

Not only this, but been true of the Methodists, but of all other denominations, and no matter how advanced be the doctrines of the pulpits, the creeds and the "original doctrines" must not be tampered with or assailed by so direct a criticism, as a doubt of the special divinity of Christ. It invariably lands the doubter in the middle of the road, on the outside of the fold.

It will be noticed in the first clipping—the late one—that Mr. Pearson was pastor of the Unitarian church of Quincy, Ill., and had gone to Europe.

Spiritualism has opened its welcoming arms to the reception of more Unitarian ministers than to any other members of the profession. This seems almost the preparatory school for Spiritualist speakers, and many now holding pastorships in the Unitarian church are preaching Spiritualism pure and simple, and none deny the great underlying principles of the spiritual philosophy.

We extend a glad "hand of fellowship," ever and always to the brave and true who dare to think and do.

"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, 560 pages, illustrated, \$1.25.

"The Spiritual Significance, or Death as an Event in Life." By Lillian Whiting. One of Miss Whiting's most suggestive, intensely interesting, spiritual books. It is laden with rich, thoughtful spiritualism. Price \$1.

Where is Heaven?

The above question has racked the brains of genius for ages. For thousands of years heaven was located immediately above the cerulean vault which bounds vision. There God dwelt in his New Jerusalem to which the good would resort after a last judgment, which was to occur at the end of time.

It was described as a gorgeous city, somewhat populous; its streets paved with gold, with God seated on an ivory throne, around whom the multitude gathered and sang holy, holy through a wasteless eternity.

When science came to the front with its telescope this heaven above the clouds proved to be an intellectual mirage, an optical delusion, based on a diseased imagination.

The location of hell was discovered by a sea captain on the Mediterranean. He swore in an English court in the 16th century that he was sailing past one of the active volcanoes then emitting flame, when he saw the devil with a sinner in his arms flying through the air and dive into the crater. That affidavit of course fixed the exact location of the home of the damned. Catholic priests, well posted in such matters, corroborated the captain's oath, historians telling us priests were in the habit of taking their congregations on important occasions to the mouth of a burning crater, and there, aided by their visual organs, they made them fully conscious of the misery awaiting those who wavered in their faith. By such methods the uncultured rabble were convinced Jesus was born of an immaculate virgin.

But locating hell does not solve the problem. Where is heaven? It remained for the editor of a secular paper coming under our observation the other day, in an obituary, to supply the desired information. He said:

"The good woman has gone to her home in heaven, beyond the stars."

He did not tell in what direction she went, but it was "beyond the stars." It was Boutwell, we remember, who, really, on the impeachment trial of Astronomer John D. Warner, who said: "Astronomers tell us there is a hole in the heavens, obstructed by no wilderness of worlds, through which a passage can be made to the most distant star." He then proposed to hurl the President through that opening, little dreaming he would throw him into heaven.

But heaven is a long distance from us, if the journalist's idea is correct. "Sirius," says the British Encyclopedia, "is nearest of the fixed stars, and is 2,000,000,000 miles from our earth." It adds: "A cannon ball, continuing the same velocity it acquired when charged, would spend almost seven hundred thousand years in reaching that distant orb." The most distant star, "beyond which is heaven," is still many times more remote. Is it probable a spirit will ever return to earth after having made such a distant journey?

We apprehend the journalist is as much mistaken in his location of heaven as were the early Christians who placed it just above the "Armament," whatever it meant by that.

Heaven, the home of the spirits, is interlarded within and all around us. Spirits are invisible to our normal senses; they are creatures of greatly refined matter, duplicates of ourselves. Says Milton:

"All heart they live, all head, all eyes, all intellect, all sense; and, as they please, They limb themselves, and color, shape, or size, Assume, as likes them best, condense, or rare."

We are content to accept Milton's views as to the character of a spirit, and do not deem it necessary to go very far away to find its home, or heaven.

Trials Refresh Heavens Faith.

"From letters received by the Church Missionary Society from Japan, it seems the severe trial through which the island empire is passing is finding expression in greater earnestness in the performance of heathen rites."

We find the above floating through the secular press without credit. Where it originated we cannot guess, but in strict harmony with views expressed in these columns recently, it is given a place, because it doubtless relates a fact. It was a Christian nation whose aggressive acts led to the war in the Orient; and it was this so-called "heathen people" who have most signally triumphed over their "Christian" foe. It demonstrates it is not the religious faith of a nation, the God they worship, or the prayers they offer to him, that win great battles; but it is the unflinching bravery of the men behind the guns who believe they are in the right, and do not hesitate to lay down their lives in its defense.

The article designates the Japs as "a heathen people." Christians are in the habit of characterizing all persons and all nations who do not worship their Junior God, as heathen, without regard to their virtues or vices.

Buddhism was introduced into Japan, from Korea, in A. D. 552. In process of ages this system of religious faith became mingled with the Confucianism of China. Shintoism seems to be a merging of these two sects into a composite and the ambition of the believer is to attain absolute perfection. It may be questioned whether this modified religious faith is not better adapted to those people than is Christianity. Certain it is, it has built up a great nation within the last fifty years remote from western civilization with its depressing devices. Call them heathen if it is necessary, and if because they discard the barbarism of the Old Testament Jehovah they are called atheists, no one should object; but remember they, like the Chinese, adore their ancestors and believe the spirits of such ancestors hover over and near them through life, and assist in individual and national advancement.

False Teaching.

To deny that the Lord set aside the seventh day of the week to be observed through all time as a day of rest is to deny the Bible as inspiration. Constantly, during the fore part of the fourth century, commanded the observance of the first day of the week as a day of rest, and the Christian world accepted that decree as superior to the command of God. They wholly ignore the divine authority, and repudiate his requirement as inferior to that of Roman emperors. Worse than all, the Christian clergy cite the command of the Lord, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and apply it to Constantine's Sunday—the day of the sun—as if that was the day God wanted kept holy. How grossly unreasonable and false our Christian teachers!

NOTE FROM DR. WARNE.

The Documents Were Sent, as Stated.

In compliance with request of Bro. Wm. Nordstedt I forwarded Mrs. Bliss-Green an exact copy of the Belmont Avenue station report which *The Progressive Thinker* published in its last issue.

Another Object Lesson.

There is nothing that so impresses the average Spiritualist as a Well Defined Object Lesson; and this one lucidly presents the Great Service The *Progressive Thinker* has been to the Cause of Truth, and it should be rewarded by each one sending a new subscriber. Read what follows About Mrs. Mabel Jackman, and you will consider it an Object Lesson of Great Importance, and will appreciate more than ever the great service *The Progressive Thinker* has been to Pure Spiritualism. It is a Friend to the True and a Foe to the Fraud.

MABEL ABER JACKMAN.

Her Sudden and Unexpected Departure From the City—Her Exposure Here in Chicago Entitles *The Progressive Thinker* to the Gratitude of Every Honest Spiritualist.

Members of the Scientific Church of Christianity, Indiana Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street, are becoming alarmed over the absence of their spiritual head, Mrs. Mabel Aber Jackman, who was care-taker over about \$300,000 worth of property belonging to members of her congregation besides being the possessor of valuable realty and stock holdings.

According to Dr. J. R. Price, 5513 Indiana Avenue, the friend and adviser of Mrs. Jackman, she has gone to San Francisco with her husband. It is reported that she went away with large sums of money entrusted to her care, but members of the church refuse to discuss the report. Many admit, however, that they are much worried.

Is Treasurer of Church.

Mrs. Jackman is treasurer of the church of which she is also the head and it is said that \$50,000 that had been donated to the church vanished when she did. It is said that Mrs. Lydia A. Simmons is completing the disappearance of \$10,000 of her money. Mrs. Simmons is the mother of the young woman who was taken out of Mrs. Jackman's care to the county hospital.

Neighbors of the "divine healer" also say that when she left Chicago the express wagon which hauled away her baggage, contained six trunks of prodigious size and that these trunks contained much church property, including vestments, hangings, the famous canary birds and the apparatus with which Mrs. Jackman claimed to work her cures.

Services at Mrs. Jackman's temple have not been discontinued because of her absence, however, and Sunday night Dr. Moore has been busy ministering there. No reference was made to Mrs. Jackman's absence during the service, but after the benediction was pronounced members of the church freely expressed their wonder and alarm at the continued absence of the "healer."

The Scientific Church of Christianity is a flourishing institution and recently Mrs. Jackman's congregation vacated the ruins of Trinity church, at Twenty-fourth Street and Indiana Avenue, and moved to its present fine quarters farther south. This despite the fact that the police had made a sensational raid on her religious establishment.

The raid, it will be remembered, resulted from the healing treatment accorded to the daughter of Mrs. Simmons, who was later taken to the hospital. The neighbors told the police that they were much alarmed by screams that emanated from the house from time to time, and investigation by the authorities revealed the fact that the girl was slowly dying. The girl recovered at the hospital, however, and returned to Mrs. Jackman.—Chicago Chronicle, July 26, 1905.

The above is from the Chicago Chronicle of July 25, another illustration of the remarkable career of this notorious woman. At one time she was prominent as a medium and a frequent contributor to *The Progressive Thinker*. For a while she resided at Spring Hill, Kansas, where under the auspices of the venerable Mr. Pratt, remarkable spirit manifestations are said to have occurred. Many accounts thereof were presented to the public. Later on we published startling descriptions of her materializations; but finally she was exposed in this city. Her confederate, a woman, was detected in the act of representing herself as the materialized son of one of the sitters present—a cruel deception!

As a medium she did not then sit in the cabinet, but was a living active factor on the outside, directing the circle and welcoming the spirits. The exposure on this occasion was complete.

The *Progressive Thinker* has made no mistake in its battle against the fake element that has afflicted our Cause so long. Through its large circulation and commanding influence, it has set Spiritualists to thinking as never before, and the angel world is rejoicing in consequence.

Opposed to Mediums. At the time Mrs. Jackman's bogus materializations were exposed, the cry was raised in Chicago by the rotten fake element, that *The Progressive Thinker* is opposed to mediums! Mrs. Jackman rallied against *The Progressive Thinker*, raising that cry from the rostrum where she held her meetings, and her ardent admirers took up the refrain, until the whole land heard the cry, and every medium who is exposed unites with Mabel Aber Jackman in saying, "The editor of *The Progressive Thinker* is opposed to mediumship!"

On the contrary, we who have had visions and seen spirits ever since our childhood (what the world calls a medium) are THE ARDENT ADMIRERS AND CHAMPION OF ALL HONEST MEDIUMS. Bear that in mind, and impress it upon every one you meet. We are, however, unqualifiedly opposed to those materializing mediums who use false whiskers, wigs, illuminated drapery, dresses and head gear to represent your spirit friends. We make this explanation so you can know how this charge originated, and those mediums who utter it, YOU MAY SET DOWN AS MISERABLE FAKES, AND DRIVE THEM FROM YOUR PRESENCE.

The Service to True Spiritualism.

It has been of PRICELESS VALUE to Spiritualists. You all can now realize the great service that *The Progressive Thinker* has been to the CAUSE OF TRUTH by exposing the materializing methods of Mrs. Jackman. Had not this been done she would probably have been at the head of the movement to-day in Chicago, her ardent admirers and friends having stolen the name of the Illinois State Spiritualist Association, and commenced doing business, and had it not been for *The Progressive Thinker*, and Dr. G. B. Warne, who carried the case into court, and after years of litigation had the miscreants enjoined from the use of the name, our Cause would have lost the respect of all honest Spiritualists.

Dr. Warne's great struggle in suppressing that fraudulent state institution entitles him to the commendation and gratitude of all Spiritualists throughout the land. Ever since then, he, as well as the editor of this paper has heard the cry, "They are opposed to mediums!" originating, as we have said before, with Mabel Aber Jackman and the rotten gang who actually stole the name of the Illinois State Spiritualist Association.

Supposing Dr. Warne and the editor had listened to the plaintive cry of a few misguided Spiritualists, "Don't say anything about fraud! Let it alone! Don't stir up anything that is unclean! Do as the churches do—don't give publicity to any rascality in our ranks! Let Mabel Aber Jackman alone! Let the gang go on peacefully with their 'necromancy' work in connection with the 'Illinois State Spiritualist Association!'"

Supposing we had heeded that cry, what would have been the result? Rotteness would have prevailed in our ranks to such an extent that the angels of heaven would weep. For that one service to the Cause of Truth Dr. Warne stands forth as the unqualified champion of honest mediumship, and no one in the whole ranks of Spiritualism is entitled to greater praise than he is.

We make this explanation so that honest Spiritualists may be able to discern the fake element when you hear their denunciations.

NOTE FROM MRS. BLISS-GREEN.

To the Editor:—I demand space in your paper to say to the public that Geo. E. Warne and anyone else never came asking for my version of the so-called exposure. I remained in Chicago until July 22. Up to the time of my departure for Chesterfield to the present time nothing has come from Geo. E. Warne, relative to question, until the appearance of the story of my so-called exposure in the last issue of the *Progressive Thinker*. In conclusion, permit me to say that I am still a medium and intend to remain such until I pass to spirit life.

MRS. BLISS-GREEN.

Chesterfield Camp, Ind.

Mrs. Bliss-Green says that when she returns to Chicago she will have something to say in self-defense. We will be pleased to publish anything she may write showing that the exposure was not as stated by those present. She must confine herself to strictly answering the charges made, taking up each in detail. Nothing extraneous thereto will be permitted in our columns. All our readers want are the absolute facts in reference to that one case. We shall take pleasure in having Mrs. Bliss-Green present evidence that she is entirely innocent of the charges made.

element that has afflicted our Cause so long.

Through its large circulation and commanding influence, it has set Spiritualists to thinking as never before, and the angel world is rejoicing in consequence.

Opposed to Mediums.

At the time Mrs. Jackman's bogus materializations were exposed, the cry was raised in Chicago by the rotten fake element, that *The Progressive Thinker* is opposed to mediums! Mrs. Jackman rallied against *The Progressive Thinker*, raising that cry from the rostrum where she held her meetings, and her ardent admirers took up the refrain, until the whole land heard the cry, and every medium who is exposed unites with Mabel Aber Jackman in saying, "The editor of *The Progressive Thinker* is opposed to mediumship!"

On the contrary, we who have had visions and seen spirits ever since our childhood (what the world calls a medium) are THE ARDENT ADMIRERS AND CHAMPION OF ALL HONEST MEDIUMS. Bear that in mind, and impress it upon every one you meet. We are, however, unqualifiedly opposed to those materializing mediums who use false whiskers, wigs, illuminated drapery, dresses and head gear to represent your spirit friends. We make this explanation so you can know how this charge originated, and those mediums who utter it, YOU MAY SET DOWN AS MISERABLE FAKES, AND DRIVE THEM FROM YOUR PRESENCE.

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