

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS AN ISSUE OF THIS PAPER, WITH ITS WEALTH OF SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

The Progressive Thinker.

Do you know Spiritualism is supported by Truth? Then are you adding in its advancement???

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

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NO. 846

A SPIRIT MESSAGE.

Presenting Some Reflections on the Birth of the New Year.

The year of 1906 is very near its close at this writing. It has but a little over one hour to live, as you of earth would say. You realized as the sun sank behind the western hills, and as the shadows of the approaching night came silently on, that before the curtain of night was raised again the death of the old year and the birth of the new would have taken place.

How many as they entered their chambers to retire, and long before this hour have passed into the peaceful condition which comes with normal sleep, fully realized that the year of 1906 was soon to die and the new year born, and ready to greet them.

They feared nothing from the change which was so soon to take place, for they knew a year was only a time limit as measured by man; only a brief period in their earth life.

They believed the sun will shine just as brightly for them in the coming year as in the past, that rain and the dew will moisten the earth, and that all of nature's laws will be safely and wisely carried on.

Friends, try with all your power to bring yourselves into a condition to look upon the death of the material body with the same calm assurance as you do upon the death of the old year.

This is the condition which we of the spiritual world are trying so hard to bring about, and to prove to you on earth in every possible way, that we do live, after the change called death.

When we have fully proved this fact to you (and this knowledge is being accepted to a much greater extent than it was even one year ago), then will the belief and knowledge of eternal life have gained the victory over the King of Terrors.

It may require a long time to bring about the great work we are anxious to accomplish, but we will have the patience and the work will be done, but with a great portion of the inhabitants of earth the progress may be slow as they will hesitate to accept the testimony of the most eminent mediums of the day.

They cannot accept the truths so freely given to them. We (earnest workers for the advancement of the great cause of Spiritualism) do unite in sending our best wishes to each one who is inclined to accept our teachings, and who will take the time to read our testimony through earthly mediums.

We unite in sending to the readers of The Progressive Thinker the best wishes for the coming year.

The Progressive Thinker is like the Star of Bethlehem. May its celestial light guide you to the manger of peace, love, truth and spiritual understanding for which it is intended.

Follow in its light through the night of life for it leadeth you to wisdom and comfort.

Be true in the good work you have begun, for it will bring to you a priceless reward.

We send to the whole world our Happy New Year's greetings. Let a mighty chorus of voices fill the air with "Peace on earth, good will to men."—Received by L. M. Cobb, at Grafton, Mass.

Some Suggestions Made as to Our Cause.

The world needs Spiritualism in its purity. Millions of earth's children are groping in spiritual darkness, hungering and thirsting to know where truth is to be found. Let each one of us go forth with a will and let the glad tidings of great joy to humankind be everywhere.

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HAUNTED BY DEAD MOTHER.

Believes the Apparition of His Dead Parent Is Punishing Him Because He Cursed Her for Leaving Most of Her Property to His Sister—His Wife Confirms Report of Mysterious Doings in Their Household—Tables and Chairs Upset.

Because he cursed his mother for her supposed injustice to him [says the Chicago Tribune], Frank Swullus, 1536 West Thirty-ninth street, Chicago, believes he and his family are haunted by her spirit.

When the mother of Swullus died last February she left most of her property to her daughter. The son thought he had been treated unjustly, and his anger over the matter caused him to utter violent execrations against the dead woman. Shortly afterward the strange apparitions, accompanied by uncommon noises, took possession of the Swullus residence.

Convinced He Is Haunted. At first the son and his wife treated the visitations as imaginary and tried to forget the "spirit" because they did not believe in what are termed "ghosts," but as the apparitions increased the number of their visits Swullus' conscience smote him and he became convinced that he was haunted because of the unkind words he had spoken against his mother.

One night recently a shadow passed between Swullus and the lamp in his room. He looked up and saw what he declares was the form of his mother. Mrs. Swullus also saw the apparition. Since then tables and chairs have been moved to and fro and the water was turned on and off at the sink when nobody was near.

Rathered While at Work. Until two weeks ago Swullus was night watchman in one of the warehouses of Swift & Co., at the stockyards. But the avenging spirit haunted him there, too, so he sought a day position on the killing floor of the Swift plant.

"I am convinced that there is more to these apparitions than I first thought," Swullus said. "I know I haven't imagined the things that have happened recently." Mrs. Swullus corroborated her husband's story.

The mother of the haunted man was Mrs. F. Kujawski. She lived with her daughter, Dr. P. Reenstrom, at 1093 West Thirty-ninth place.

"My mother was always kind to all of us," said Dr. Reenstrom, "and if Frank is followed by a specter it is because his conscience troubles him. He sees her in his own conscience and then he believes that he is being pursued."

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER.

Some Reflections in Regard to Her Status.

As far as this world is concerned there is no mercy or pity for the returning prodigal daughter. The son may wallow in the mire and filth of pollution, feed on the husks of sin and infamy, and he will come back clad in becoming raiment and knock at the door of society; he is eagerly received within the portals; marriageable misses smile and sip sweetly in the face of the moral leper, and fond mamma is very gracious and kind, feeling it their womanly duty to encourage the poor fellow to do better and settle down now that he has sowed his wild oats.

But the repentant daughter! Oh, hush! Breathe not her name within the precincts of society; keep her out, push her downward, hurry her onward to the suicide's grave and after having appeared you, righteous indignation, return to petting the dear boy who has made a start to come back to the path of rectitude. Ten to one he never comes back. He knows he can wade up to his eyes in sin and keep his place in society.

But how is it with the poor prodigal coming to God? He receives all alike. A broken and contrite spirit and a genuine repentance is all he asks. He has only one code of morals for all demand of the son a full and complete surrender of sin, and just the same requirement is made of the daughter.

All this battle about women being sweet angels of purity, and it is so much worse for them to be wicked than their brothers, is a silly and dangerous doctrine. It upholds men in the idea that it is not half so sinful and ruinous for them to curse, lie, drink, and set the demon generally at work for their wives, sisters and their society (?) steps in and completes the ruinous delusion.

In the eyes of God impurity means as much in the eyes of one of his subjects as another, and the ambassadors of the most high have a right to say a wicked man is bad, but a wicked woman is worse. It is false; they are good or bad according to the degree of sin, and without reference to sex.

We hear someone say "A man who is an infidel is bad enough, but, oh, it is so much worse for a woman to be skeptical on the subject of religion." Yes, from a human standpoint it may seem worse, but human judgment is not always a safe criterion, and people who always conform to society's laws regardless of higher moral obligations are apt to go astray.

It is the duty of parents, teachers, the press and the pupil to teach purity, truthfulness and morality to all alike, and to insist that the boy cultivate a high sense of honor and self-respect as well as his sister, impressing his mind with the fact that the penalty of disobedience will fall as heavily on one as on the other. God hastens the day when society will throw the same restraint around about the conduct of its sisters. It is right it should be so.

MRS. E. B. BRADSHAW.

The other shadows seemed to be throwing dishes and among them was the shadow of a black hog. The three that were abusing the baby started to carry it upward, and when they got it on a level with the head the boy reached out and caught it and got his hand bloody, and while wiping it the shadows and baby reached the ceiling and disappeared. On being asked the size of the baby, he said it was the size of Hildred, a little girl one year old.

W. F. BRITTAIN.

The higher the wisdom, the more incomprehensible does it become by ignorance.—Herbert Spencer.

When you conquer your enemy by force, his better part remains unconquered.—Chinese Sage.



WOE IS THINE.

"Hark from the tombs, a doleful sound!"
A voice comes from the silent ground—
"Our loved ones lost have all been found!—
Not clothed in garb of earthly taint,
Illumined with phosphorus paint;
Not decked with wigs and whiskers, made
On earth to win and gain a trade
For fakes at peep-shows on parade;
But clothed in spirit from their deeds,
And fed according to their needs
In Soul-Land's greener, fresher meads."
A sound comes up from every grave;
From those interred as king and slave;
From cringing coward and from brave;
From every closet, dark and dank,
Of high and low in human rank;
Of optimist and silly crank;
Proclaiming—"Life! Eternity!"
Proclaiming—"Truth! Fraternity!"
Proclaiming—"Love! Maternity!"
Proclaiming—"Death to Fraud, and due
Allegiance unto all that's true
On earth and out beyond the blue."

B. WARE.

HANGED ON SPIRITS' TESTIMONY.

That Spirits Return to Earth Has Been Proved in Thousands of Different Ways.

The testimony of a "ghost" would not now count for much in a court of law, but the day has been when it has sufficed to hang a man. It is stated that the original depositions are in the Modelan library of a most remarkable case of this character.

A girl named Anne Walker was supposed to have been sent away for her good by a substantial farmer. Some time afterward an apparition appeared to a neighbor, with its head all bloody from wounds, and telling him that she had been murdered by the farmer and an accomplice. Her body, the apparition said, had been buried in a spot which she described, and she begged the man to whom she appeared to bring her murderers to justice. True enough, the body was found in the place mentioned and the man was brought to trial. The sensational character of the case was intensified by one of the jurymen declaring that he saw the child of the dead woman "sitting upon the shoulder" of its father, the farmer. Both the culprits were hanged.

There was a ghostly accuser in a case with which the readers of Scott are familiar. Soon after the "45" an English soldier wandering near Braemar met a violent death. Hawks do

not peck out hawks' eyes and no man opened his mouth to give a clew. Years passed and then came a story of a farm servant declared that in the night a spirit had appeared to him, declaring itself to be the ghost of the soldier, whose bones it said lay still buried. The Highlander promised, but did not keep his word, and a second and third time the spirit appeared and upbraided him for his breach of faith. Alarmed at last and no longer daring to delay, the man called a companion, went to the spot which the spirit had indicated, and there found the bones of the murdered warrior concealed in a moorland tract called the Hill of Christie.

The story of the Highlander came to the ears of an anti-Jacobite, who caused the matter to be brought to trial before the court of Justiciary, Edinburgh. There the tale was corroborated by a woman who had seen a naked figure enter the place on the night spoken of by the man.

It was an age of superstition, in a district more than commonly given to superstitions, and the jury seemed disposed to find the man charged guilty of the murder. But it happened that the principal witness spoke only Gaelic.

"Now," said the counsel for the defense, "in what language did the ghost speak?"

"In a good Gaelic as I ever heard in Lochaber," was the reply.

"Pretty good for the ghost of an English soldier," said the counsel.

And that question and comment saved the necks of the men at the bar. The jury could believe in a ghost, but not in an English ghost speaking Gaelic. —London Daily Standard.

PENNVILLE, IND.

Its Numerous Advantages Pointed Out.

Pennville, Ind., formerly Camden, is a nice little town of about 1,000 population, located on the C. B. & C. R. R., 10 miles from Portland, 18 from Bluffton, 10 from Redkey, 10 from Montpelier, and 13 from Hartford City.

This is a fine farming country, with first-class gravel pikes. The famous Twin Hills (gravel) being only 2 1/2 miles from town.

There are enough Spiritualists in the surrounding country to make the leaving work nicely, the West Grove Hall being 3 1/2 miles northeast of town.

This comes as near being a "free country" religiously as any place I ever saw, the population being composed of Quakers, Spiritualists, Methodists, Campbellites, United Brethren, Infidels, Materialists, Agnostics, and last but not least, "I Don't Knows."

Mrs. Bowman is giving seances once a week, either at her home or some friend's, which are said to be giving general satisfaction; as there is no charge made, there is no inducement for fraud.

A. J. PRICE.

EXPLANATION OF DREAMS.

We Never Die—Even in the Sleep of Death We Live, Move and Have Our Being.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on, And our little life is rounded on a sleep."

Often, in the nightly trance of our senses we drift into the mysterious, uncharted land of dreams. It is a land of lights and shadows, of hopes and despair, where the pleasures, sorrows, and emotions of daily life follow us with a vague and strange intensity. We see, as if awake, feel, or seem to feel, as if in conscious life, experience the joyful elevation of love, hope and veneration, or the poignancy of mental anguish, fear, and horror. Under the strange spell of the unknown part of ourself, whether inferior or superior to the workaday part, we struggle and debate, argue and declaim, entreat, weep, laugh, cry, sing, perhaps swear, as when awake. Sometimes we awake with deep regret, as from parting with cherished friends and hallowed associations; and sometimes we start up in shuddering terror, as if escaped from the clutches of a demon, and lo, the sun is shining and the birds are singing, and—"Thank God, it was only a dream!"

It is a sacred and mystic land, this land of dreams, sacred from the impudent, exploring probe of the scientist. Even that great and gentle analyst and exponent of human nature, the immortal bard of Avon, shrank from expanding his jealous guesses. Many and marvelous are his eulogies of sleep: "Innocent sleep! Sleep that knits the raveled sleeve of care; the death of each day's life; sore labor's bath, balm for hurt minds; nature's great second course; chief nourisher in life's feast."

But now, in his rich treasury of thought has he left us an analysis of the meaning or scope of our dreams—those strange things that come and fit in the cloudland in which the soul struggles towards the mysterious fulfillment of its creation. Intangible and elusive, they mock, and flit like specters at the crow of the cock. Vain to attempt in our realistic waking hours to pluck out the heart of the mystery, futile and silly as to listen with the ear of flesh for "The footfalls upon the confines of another world."

Some one has said, "Dreams are but the children of an idle brain, 'tis idle and begot them not, but the brain that gave birth to anything so vapid and illogical." There are cases wherein the influence of dreams on some of the world's master minds have affected the destiny of nations, the fate of empires. Even scripture has set its solemn seal on their occasional portentous warning. "What 'idle brain' produced Jacob's celestial ladder, and Pharaoh's fat and lean kine, and the dream of Pilate's wife?"

WE NEVER DIE, EVEN IN THE SLEEP OF DEATH WE LIVE, MOVE, AND HAVE OUR BEING. "Even in our ashes, live their wonted fires." Hamlet feared not death, if death ended all. Is the dream a reflex or premonition of the good or evil to come when we shall have shed our earthly raiment? Since we are dreaming of dreams and feeling vague in our blind attempt in questioning the mysterious forces which impel and propel us towards the shadowy land, the suggestion naturally arises: Why may not dreams such as afflict "Poor fools of nature, who shake so horribly withal and have thoughts that are above the reaches of our souls"—why may not our dreams be an outline of our future, and therefore an illustration, or rather exemplification of what theologians formerly denominated hell and modern erudition with gentle classicism spells hades? Whence comes the glad sense of redemption from a dreamland inferno, to which we have been condemned perhaps for too wise and untimely consumption of lobster salad or Welsh rabbit, and where we had been suffering torments? Whence, too, our regret and disappointment in awakening from a pleasant dream? The pleasant dream is the crown of life. It leads us by roseate paths into "green pastures," beside the still waters, where we are environed with noble and beautiful people, among whom we are at ease, and joyfully contented, with "a peace of mind that passeth understanding."

"Is this a dream? Then waking would be pain. Pray do not wake me, Let me dream again."

Vain for the ordinary mortal to try to recall the elusive and bewildering dream for purposes of narration. We may soar into that cloudland as an aeronaut, may venture towards the upper heaven, only to return chilled to the marrow, benumbed and dazed by the awful infinity of the unrecalled; for it is written for our mental limitations much more than of the solution of our physical problems: Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.

As sleep is the sister of death, so may our dreams be the sister of what follows death. In this contemplation we can but prescribe for our groping selves the faith defined by the Apostle Paul: "The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Vast is the amount of man's energy expended in unsatisfactory results for final good, aimful yet futile, as the ant tolls restlessly while all else is inaction, only to have its ephemeral mound swept away by the next gentle rain. Like that indefatigable little toiler, silently and persistently fulfilling the cause of its creation, must we poor mortals go on working on, building and conjecturing. Up the adamantine hill of the hereafter we may gaze with clasped hands, in mute wonder and hope, keen to the prospect that some time the search of the soul for the true shall be a sublime reality, that there shall be a merger from our lot. Upon this bank and shoal of time, to an eternal reckoning, which cannot be amiss, since the Omnipotent has made the calculation of our immortal manifest destiny. But the more we try to unravel the mysteries of our being, the attempt to gain the secrets of the Almighty, the deeper do we founder in hopeless depths of futility. When even the physical facts of our being are too deep for human doctors and scientists, when to them, even in this advanced age, the facts of our birth and death, evolution and development are but phenomena, how may we, antithetical toilers, hope to find light or truth as to our spiritual, intellectual, and other researches in the mystic borderland of dreams? Then let us work and weep and suffer and bravely bear the burdens which we are destined to carry, with faith deep, broad, tender, and unquestioning, till at length we may have

TO DRIVE AWAY LONELINESS.

Writer Says Every Mortal May Store His Mind So as to Add to Happiness.

Not long since a woman of culture (as set forth in the Chicago Record-Herald) remarked that she was "never lonely." When this remark had taken the proper hold upon me I realized how true this state might be to others of the human family and how desirable such a condition is as a factor in human happiness.

Especially is it true that mortals must live more and more within themselves as age approaches and must in an ever-increasing ratio draw from the store of earlier impressions the pleasures of life. The question with us when young should be, therefore, as to whether we shall prepare for the most happy and desirable condition of never being lonely and of always being mentally alert and vigorous, by reason of living upon the delightful impressions received when the mind was in its most receptive condition, or whether we shall be content to look into the future with nothing of value in that storehouse and must depend in age on dozing in the chimney corner and be ever lonely.

I am sure, apart from the consolations of religion, which all do not have, there is no factor so great in all the world to prevent loneliness as a brain whose every recess is filled with the beautiful thoughts and choice language of those great authors whose works live to bless mankind. And I know of no factor that exerts so potent an influence in giving us the means to arrive at the most desirable condition of living happily within ourselves when from necessity we may have others to cheer us as the library, whether it be private or public. Its stores enable us to lay by memories fit to save them from an unhappy future of solitude and to endow them with that blessed spirit which, as Pope says:

"Warm in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undimmed, undimmed, undimmed;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart,
As full, as perfect, in a vile man that mourns,
As in the rapt seraph that adores and burns."
Chariton, Iowa. THOMAS GAY.

LINES OF HEAVEN.

Oh if upon some fair and fadefull land,
Where Jasper seas their wavelets gleam and roll,
'Neath wondrous soft light of a spirit sun,
To find the one true love mate of the soul.

Could this be aught less than heaven,
to thee?
Oh! traveler lone, o'er earth's desert waste,
Once in the "many mansions" pure and free
Forever love's immortal joys to taste?

Art thou, dear soul, preparing for that sphere,
To augment the store of that joy'd one's bliss?
Dost thou cause heart's around to grow less scar,
As thy steps near those bright realms from this?

Strive ever! take heaven with thee to that land;
All of earth's perishment here below,
But Love's pure flame for aye, with God may stand,
While happy angels through those mansions go.

Thou may'st dwell near heaven on this earth;
And oft from sorrow's bitter cup drink deep,
From a sweet soul crushed all native mirth,—
But answer o'er thee their fond vigils keep.

For that which looks to man as merest chance,
Shower-blast and love, o'er a thousand years ago,
That he, or she, God's glory should advance,
Though they in earth's humblest homes may grow.

WILSON DUNCAN.
Council Bluffs, Iowa.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

An Illustration of Occult Influence.

Between 8 and 9 o'clock, while reading my eye became tired, I closed them for rest, when immediately a beautiful green lawn appeared plainly before me, studded here and there in a Sunday suit of mixed flowers. I often have such visions. Now the strange part: While admiring this lovely scene a well-dressed young lady, a spirit, advanced and festively looked at me and laughed. I asked, "Who is this?" She then vanished.

I had made a pair of pincers out of a solid piece of wood and nicely embellished them, laying them on a bureau in an adjoining room, hardly dry from varnish.

Early in the morning I discovered the pincers were missing. There was no one in the house but myself and daughter. After she went to work, I made a thorough hunt for the pincers, all to no purpose, and I became worried as I had put considerable work on them.

About 9 o'clock I went to my room, and, lo! to my surprise there lay the pincers in the very place I put them 24 hours before. Now did that pretty young lady take them? It is plain that other human hands had to do with this. Those who know me will give this statement serious attention.

Chicago, Ill. JOEL PEEFLEY.

ply pass perhaps from a dark dream here to a joyous awakening in an eternal Paradise.—Jarvis Blume, in the Chicago Tribune.

The miserable have no other medicine, but only hope.—Shakespeare.

J. Tronson writes: "The last two issues of your grand paper are so superlatively good that I want to congratulate you on the good work you are doing."

Mrs. Alice Baker is now located at No. 169 Floyd street, Suite 1, Dallas, Texas, and will answer calls to lectures.

A Little Pilgrim.

This is a charming narrative illustrating the beauty grandeur and sublimity of the spirit side of life, the realms of souls, the immortal spheres of existence. Margaret O. W. Oliphant is the author. And while it has been read by millions in the past, it will prove refreshing and soul-inspiring to our readers to again peruse it and feel its thrills of inspiration, and enjoy its uplifting influence.

Chapter I.—Continued.

"I knew you were coming," said the maiden; "when my mother has wanted me I have seen you there. And you were thinking of her now; that was how I found you."

"Do you know, then, what one thinks?" said the little Pilgrim, with wondering eyes.

"It is in the air; and when it concerns us it comes to us like the breeze. But we who are the children here, we feel it more quickly than you."

"Are you a child?" said the little Pilgrim, "or are you an angel? Some-times you are like a child; but then your face shines, and you are like—You must have some name for it here; there is nothing among the words I know." And then she paused a little, still looking at her, and cried, "Oh, if she could but see you, little Margaret! That would do her most good of all."

Then the maiden Margaret shook her lovely head. "What does her most good is the will of the Father," she said.

At this the little Pilgrim felt once more that thrill of expectation and awe. "Oh, child, you have seen him?" she cried.

And the other smiled. "Have you forgotten who they are that always be-hold his face? We have never had any fear or trembling. We are not angels, and there is no other name; we are the children. There is something given to us beyond the others. We have had no other home."

"Oh, tell me, tell me!" the little Pilgrim cried.

Upon this Margaret kissed her, putting her soft cheek against hers, and said, "It is a mystery; it cannot be put into words; in your time you will know."

"When you touch me you change me, and I grow like you," the Pilgrim said. "Ah, if she could see us together, you and me! And will you go to her soon again? And do you see them always, what they are doing? and take care of them?"

"It is our Father who takes care of them, and our Lord who is our Brother. I do his errands when I am able. Some-times he will let me go, sometimes an-other, according as it is best. Who am I that I should take care of them? I serve them when I may."

"But you do not forget them?" the Pilgrim said, with wistful eyes.

"We love them always," said Margaret. She was more still than the lady who had first spoken with the Pilgrim. Her countenance was full of a heavenly calm. It had never known passion nor anguish. Sometimes there was in a far-seeing look of vision, sometimes the simplicity of a child. "But what are we in comparison? For he loves them more than we do. When he keeps us from them, it is for love. We must each live our own life."

"But it is hard for them sometimes," said the little Pilgrim, who could not withdraw her thoughts from those she had left.

"They are never forsaken," said the angel-maiden.

"But oh! there are worse things than sorrow," the little Pilgrim said; "there is wrong, there is evil, Margaret. Will not he send you to step in before them, to save them from wrong?"

"It is not for us to judge," said the young Margaret with eyes full of heav-ily wisdom; "our Brother has it all in his hand. We do not read their hearts, like him. Sometimes you are permitted to see the battle."

The little Pilgrim covered her eyes with her hands. "I could not—I could not; unless I knew they were to win the day!"

"They will win the day in the end. But sometimes, when it is being lost, I have seen in his face a something—I cannot tell—more love than before. Something that seemed to say, 'My child, my child, would that I could do it for thee, my child!'"

"Oh! that is what I have always felt," cried the Pilgrim, clasping her hands; her eyes were dim, her heart for a moment almost forgot its blessedness. "But he could; oh, little Margaret, he could! You have forgotten, 'Lord, if thou wilt thou canst—'"

The child of heaven looked at her mutely, with sweet, grave eyes, in which there was much that confused her who was a stranger here, and once more softly shook her head.

"Is it that he will not then?" said the other with a low voice of awe. "Our Lord, who died—he—"

"Listen!" said the other; "I hear his step on the way."

The little Pilgrim rose up from the mound on which she was sitting. Her soul was confused with wonder and fear. She had thought that an angel might step between a soul on earth and sin, and that if one but prayed and prayed, the dear Lord would stand between and deliver the tempted. She had meant when she saw his face to ask him to save. Was not he born, did not he live and die, to save?

The angel maiden looked at her all the while with eyes that understood all her perplexity, and her doubt, but spoke not. Thus it was that before the Lord came to her, the sweetness of her first blessedness was obscured, and she found that here too, even here, though in a moment she should see him, there

was need for faith. Young Margaret, who had been kneeling by her, rose up too and stood among the lilies, waiting, her soft countenance shining, her eyes turned towards him who was coming. Upon her there was no cloud nor doubt. She was one of the children of that land familiar with his presence. And in the air there was a sound such as those who hear it alone can describe, a sound as of help coming and safety, like the sound of a deliverer when one is in deadly danger, like the sound of a conqueror, like the step of the dearest beloved coming home.

As it came nearer, the fear melted away out of the beating heart of the Pilgrim. Who could fear so near him? Her breath went away from her, her heart out of her bosom to meet his coming. Oh, never fear could live where he was! Her soul was all confused, but it was with hope and joy. She held out her hands in that amazement, and dropped upon her knees, not knowing what she did.

He was going about his Father's business, not lingering, yet neither making haste; and the calm and peace which the little Pilgrim had seen in the faces of the blessed were but reflections from the majestic gentleness of the countenance to which, all quivering with happiness and wonder, she lifted up her eyes. Many things there had been in her mind to say to him. She wanted to ask for those she loved some things which perhaps he had overlooked. She wanted to say "Send me." It seemed to her that there was the occasion she had longed for all her life.

Oh, how many times had she wished to be able to go to him, to fall at his feet, to show him something which had been left undone, something which perhaps for her asking he would remember to do. But when this dream of her life was fulfilled, and the little Pilgrim, kneeling, and all shaken and trembling with devotion and joy, was at his feet, lifting her face to him, seeing him, hearing him—then she said nothing to him at all. She no longer wanted to say anything, or wanted anything except what he chose, or had power to think of anything except that all was well, and everything—everything as it should be in his hand.

It seemed to her that all that she had ever hoped for was fulfilled when she met the look in his eyes. At first it seemed too bright for her to meet; but next moment she knew it was all that was needed to light up the world, and in it everything was clear. Her trembling ceased, her little frame grew inspired; though she still knelt, her head rose erect, drawn to him like the flower to the sun. She could not tell how long it was, nor what was said, nor if it was in words.

All that she knew was that she told him all that ever she had thought, or wished, or intended in all her life, although she said nothing at all; and that he opened all things to her, and showed her that everything was well, and no one forgotten; and that the things she would have told him of were more near his heart than hers, and those to whom she wanted to be sent were in his own hand. But whether this passed with or without words, she could not tell. Her soul expanded under his eyes like a flower. It opened out, it compre-hended and felt and knew. She smote her hands together in her wonder that she could have missed seeing what was so clear, and laughed with a sweet scorn at her folly, as two people who love each other laugh at the little mis-understanding that has parted them.

She was bold with him, though she was so timid by nature, and ventured to laugh at herself, not to reproach herself; for his divine eyes spoke no blame, but smiled upon her folly too. And then he laid a hand upon her head, which seemed to fill her with currents of strength and joy running through all her veins. And then she seemed to come to herself, saying loud out, "And that I will! and that I will!" and lo, she was kneeling on the warm, soft sod alone, and hearing the sound of his footsteps as he went about his Father's business, filling the air with echoes of blessing.

And all the people who were coming and going smiled upon her, and she knew they were all glad for her that she had seen him, and got the desire of her heart. Some of them waved their hands as they passed, and some paused a moment and spoke to her with tender congratulations. They seemed to have the tears in their eyes for joy, remembering every one the first time they had themselves seen him, and the joy of it; so that all about there sounded a concord of happy thoughts all echoing to each other, "She has seen the Lord!"

Why did she say, "And that I will!" and that I will! with such fervor and delight? She could not have told, but yet she knew. The first thing was that she had yet to wait and believe until all things should be accomplished, neither doubting nor fearing, but knowing that all should be well; and the second was that she must delay no longer, but rise up and serve the Father according to what was given her as her reward.

When she had recovered a little of her rapture, she rose from her knees, and stood still for a little, to be sure which way she was to go. And she was

not aware what guided her, but yet turned her face in the appointed way without any doubt. For doubt was now gone away forever, and that fear that once gave her so much trouble lest she might not be doing what was best. As she moved along she wondered at herself more and more. She felt no longer, as at first, like the child she remembered to have been, venturing out in the awful loneliness of the morning before anyone was awake; but she felt that to move along was a de-light, and that her foot scarcely touched the grass. And the whole being was instinct with such lightness of strength and life, that it did not matter to her how far she went, nor what she carried, nor if the way was easy or hard.

The way she chose was one of those which led to the great gate, and many met her coming from thence, with looks that were somewhat bewildered, as if they did not yet know whether they were going or what had happened to them,—upon whom she smiled as she passed them with soft looks of tenderness and sympathy, knowing what they were feeling, but did not stop to explain to them, because she had some-thing else that had been given her to do. For this is what always follows in that country when you meet the Lord, that you instantly know what it is that he would have you do.

The little Pilgrim thus went on and on toward the gate, which she had not seen when she herself came through it, having been lifted in his arms by the great Death Angel, and set down softly inside, so that she did not know it, or even the shadow of it. As she drew nearer, the light became less bright, though very sweet, like a lovely dawn, and she wondered to herself to think that she had been here but a moment ago, and yet so much had passed since then. And still she was not aware what was her errand, but wondered if she was to go back by these same gates, and perhaps return where she had been.

She went up to them very closely, for she was curious to see the place through which she had come in her sleep,—as a traveler goes back to see the city, gate, with its bridge and por-ticulis, through which he has passed by night. The gate was very great, of a wonderful, curious architecture, hav-ing strange, delicate arches and cano-piles above. Some parts of them seemed cut very clean and clear; but the outlines were all softened with a sort of mist and shadow, so that it looked greater and higher than it was.

The lower part was not one great doorway, as the Pilgrim had supposed, but had innumerable doors, all separate and very narrow, so that but one could pass at a time, though the arch in-closed all, and seemed filled with great folding gates, in which the smaller doors were set, so that if need arose a vast opening might be made for many to enter. Of the little doors many were shut as the Pilgrim approached; but from moment to moment one after another would be pushed softly open from without, and some one would come in.

The little Pilgrim looked at it all with great interest, wondering which of the doors she herself had come by; but while she stood absorbed by this, a door was suddenly pushed open close by her, and some one flung forward into the blessed country, falling upon the ground, and stretched out wild arms as though to clutch the very soil. This sight gave the Pilgrim a great surprise; for it was the first time she had heard any sound of pain, or seen any sight of trouble, since she entered here. In that moment she knew what it was that the dear Lord had given her to do. She had no need to pause to think, for her heart told her; and she did not hesi-tate, as she might have done in the other life, not knowing what to say. She went forward and gathered this poor creature into her arms, as if it had been a child, and drew her quite within the land of peace; for she had fallen across the threshold, so as to hinder any one entering who might be coming after her.

It was a woman, and she had flung herself upon her face, so that it was difficult for the little Pilgrim to see what manner of person it was; for though she felt herself strong enough to take up this new-comer in her arms and carry her away, yet she forbore, seeing the will of the stranger was not so. For some time this woman lay moaning, with now and then a great sob shaking her as she lay. The little Pilgrim had taken her by both her arms, and drawn her head to rest upon her own lap, and was still holding the hands, which the poor creature had thrown out as if to clutch the ground. Thus she lay for a little while, as the little Pilgrim remembered she herself had lain, not wishing to move, wonder-ing what had happened to her; then she clutched the hands which grasped her, and said, muttering:

"You are some one new. Have you come to save me? Oh, save me! Oh, save me! Don't let me die!"

HOPE.

Life holds no woe for me. I know full well, However evil things may seem to me to-day, Some future joy is certain to dispel The clouds that lower darkly o'er my way.

No night e'er was whose darkness did not fade; No storm e'er raged whose course was not my soul run; And so my soul, by troubles undimmed, Doth simply wait the coming of the sun.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

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Analysis of Wrong Doing.

"That FRAUD AND GRAFT ARE AT PRESENT SO 'GENERALLY PREVALENT,' should not be charged to the 'world of spirits,' but rather to the insatiable greed and ignorance of those still in the body. False training and false philosophy are largely responsible, operating both in the past and present."

In The Progressive Thinker of December 9, 1905, is to be found an article by Brother James Dow, of Manhattan, Kan., on "Physical Phenomena," and in it he raises a number of important issues, and makes several statements that are somewhat startling, if one assumes them to be correct.

Now, were it not a fact that some of the statements thus made have an im-portant bearing upon the attitude that Spiritualists in general are taking, with the ease with which is counterfeited, as well as how to deal with the fraud, and fraudulent, it would not be worth while to take valuable space in The Progressive Thinker by way of discussion, for Brother Dow's favor is plain, and to the point. But we have not yet settled the question of how we shall dispose of the fraudulent manifesta-tions, and their originators, and, so, some will still "have to be shown."

To quote Brother Dow, speaking of "materializations," he affirms that "some claim them to be genuine, while others declare them to be only fraud." Now, both are correct, and there should be no dispute about them.

It would seem to the writer that if we are to dispute (not angrily of course) about anything, right here is a good place to begin. If we are expected to draw spiritual inspiration from a great truth, and from its most dis-patched manifestation, and the same time, we must certainly develop a power of discrimination that can only be at-tained by long practice, and in the meantime more or less of disputation is likely to occur.

But Brother Dow explains by saying, substantially, "that we are compelled to regard upon all a low moral and gross spiritual nature for all our physical phenomena, and should expect fraud where fraud is possible." He also affirms that "the higher class of spirits who have become more re-fined and etherealized cannot handle unrefined material substances."

In these statements are food for thought, and, in fact, basic im-pulse. For instance, how shall we deal with the honest, and oftentimes sor-rowing investigator, when he inquires as to the merits and benefits of modern Spiritualism? He is in need of as-sistance, and needs conclusive evi-dence, if it can be obtained.

We have already suggested by Brother Dow would repel, rather than attract, and like one of old, the in-vestigator would "go away sorrowing." Brother Dow also says that "scientific research has shown that people who were spiritually minded have been able to materialize just as they were leaving the body, and while hovering between the physical and the spiritual, but never afterwards."

He attempts to explain the ap-pearance of fraudulent manifestations, and to remove anxiety from the minds of worthy people as to the real status and future usefulness of Spiritualism, are certainly commendable, and his article above noted is worthy of careful study, but for some reason we cannot agree with him upon the above-stated propositions, as well as some others contained in the article in question. It seems to me the real solution of fraud-ulent manifestations of any phase or grade, is found largely on this side the line.

The rule is, I believe, that we re-ceive that which we invite. This is a natural law, with, of course, the usual exceptions as to its application. That FRAUD AND GRAFT ARE AT PRESENT SO GENERALLY PREVALENT, should not be charged to the "world of spirits," but rather to the insatiable greed and ignorance of those still in the body. False training and false philosophy are largely responsible, operating both in the past and present.

To attribute our weakness and fail-ures to the co-operation of bad men and evil spirits, as is alleged, is the purported in-terference as taught by our orthodox friends. But, as before stated, we have honest doubts as to the accuracy of some of Brother Dow's statements. The one quoted above as showing the results of scientific inquiry.

The investigations of Dr. Hare, the great electrician, Professor Wallace, and Professor Crookes, and many other eminent scientists, called into play a range of intelligence and spiritual power on the part of the disembodied beings difficult to parallel. These men ex-hausted every resource known to the scientific world, extending even the most complicated and costly bal-ance mechanical appliances in "testing" the accuracy and genuineness of the phe-nomena, and were compelled to ac-knowledge themselves matched by the intelligence of those on the other side, and while evidence of deception and fraud were sometimes proven, suf-ficient of the high moral and ethical purity of motive was obtained to cause these eminent men to unhesi-tantly endorse the phenomena and the philosophy based upon it.

Will Brother Dow kindly give us the scientific evidence he refers to? We will quote, once more from Brother Dow, "Materializing mediums are often forced while in an unconscious condition to present themselves to a credulous audience as materialized spirits by their materializing control, even when the medium might be averse to such practice."

It is to be noted that Brother Dow uses the word "often," thus conveying the idea of a somewhat general prac-tice, and something to be expected. Now, while admitting the possibility of this, and even its evident proba-bility of occurrence, it should be cited as an exception, and not the rule, and where the medium is averse to such practice, it is rarely, in my opinion, ever true.

The trouble with all these statements lies in mistaking exceptions for the rule, and enlarging upon them as such. We all want "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and Spiritualism can but grow stronger in the process. It becomes a practical question, then, what should be our attitude towards those unfortunate who, with or with-out help from spirits departed, MAKE THESE GROSS MISTAKES. Of these there are not ignorant; they are wise, according to the popular con-ception. Many of them are robust and vig-orous—not weaklings, liable to be "seduced" upon by some predatory spirit

"out of a job," and made to assume the role of materialized spirit.

We are trying to draw the line to the extent of reminding that which is pure and reliable, and not to encourage that class who deceive at times, and, conscious, while so doing, much less a class who both consciously and in-tentionally "steal the liver of heaven in which to serve the devil."

We need not be vindictive or revengeful. We can constantly hold to that charity that covers a multitude of sins, but we are not justified if it can be avoided, in furnishing a CLOAK TO BE USED AS A COVERING OR SHIELD FOR VIOLATED LAW.

I don't believe we are justified in exploiting for - wrong-doing because of a medium "averse" to being misled, or because he gives the genuine at times, and AT OTHER TIMES TELL FALSE.

It seems to me to be just that we in-sist that the medium shall rid himself or herself of this liability, and we all know about how it can be accomplished. At once let it be known that no "professional" medium can PRAC-TICE FRAUD, and then charge it up to the "guide" or "control," occasionally or as a rule, and escape public odium or suspicion, and the healthy, robust manipulator (and we know several of them) and they draw their principal sus-tenance from Spiritualists themselves) should at least be compelled to stand on their own footing, convert under-standing of our own philosophy de-mands and justifies this attitude.

Now, Brother Dow's attitude towards fraud is too well known to need definition from me; none, probably, more earnestly desires its eradication than we do more in a legitimate way to remove it.

What strikes me from his definition of the case, is the fact that the classes referred to are quite likely to "take un-ction to their souls," rather than to receive the restraining influence which would so gladly exert.

THE TRUTH NEEDS NO COVER-ING. "Truth will make its own bows to no human shrine; seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing." Seattle Wash. R. F. LITTLE.

Mind, Soul and Spirit.

To the Editor:—My last two articles published in your excellent paper, have brought me a number of letters from all directions, the majority of which compliment the clear expression of those deep subjects, and give me words of encouragement, and I thank the writers thereof.

Regarding the last article in No. 842, or Soul and Spirit, one letter from Boston, Mass., accompanied an adver-tisement indicating "reductors," in-sists that "mind, soul and spirit" in-man are one and the same thing, and it is not clear to me, to consult a good dictionary.

Yes, you do!

Has Modern Spiritualism no better message to give than dictionary defini-tions?

Man will never know himself as he is, so long as he borrows his knowledge thus, and does not enter the inner life of himself and all that is.

That which I have given thus far to the public is exactly what I have been taught by my spirit teachers, and actual outworking, as well as my own and general experiences.

My conscience tells me to affirm the truth as I know it, as a result of being so taught. A number of times in the past while being taught lessons on man material being, I have been privileged to see the entire mechanism of man in action, and I therefore know that soul and spirit in man's wonderful composi-tion are not one and the same thing, but are, of necessity, interactive.

Man is a living dynamo. The brain is the battery, the brain cells magnets, the entire ganglionic system serves as lines through which soul substance passes, and, in exchange, and spirit is active through the soul and soul substance. The brain is also the home of the spirit and seat of the soul from which it spreads all through the nervous sys-tem.

The golden bowl so often referred to, to which the silver cup is attached, through which the vital supplies of life are carried, is located in the top brain. The writer of the letter referred to affirms that mind, soul and spirit in-man are one and the same thing. This is not true. The mind being resident in the brain, represents consciousness, reason, memory, etc.; the entire outfit of the brain, all these, represent the powers and principles inherent in the immortal soul quickened by spirit and unfolded, strengthened and made useful by contact with external con-ditions and nature's soul-life.

On one occasion, four beings were brought before me. Two I knew to be men of earth; the other two from what is called immortal realms. These men of earth were acted upon by the other two, and soon they became so intensely active in thought that their souls fairly flowed out and returned and thus they labored and learned. I saw it in this manner, that the psychic system in man and in space is always in nature, for as these men were deeply con-grossed in thought, these soul fibres, like fine wire-like threads went out in silvery sheens, and so came in rapport not only with the souls and minds of the two immortals, but also with the "Universal" or Over-Soul.

The scene was dazzling, wonderful, spirit acting as flashes of light through this output and exchange of soul substance, marked itself clearly, and I cried out, "Oh! how wonderful is man!" He can dissolve even as the Grand Supreme Model after which man and all that is fashioned, and re-solve himself again. Truly man as to soul and spirit is a God.

"Yes," said the angel, "even so; but as to his material composition, he is the outgrowth of all that is beneath him in the kingdom of form-life and manifest-ations of expressions of cosmic substance." I will not explain further here, but will add instead, a longer given by a spirit on Personal Sunshine.

—MRS. M. KLEIN.

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CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.
How the worship of Ies Christna Was Changed to That of Jesus Christ.

In the year 1498 Vasco da Gama, a Portuguese sailor, made his way around the Cape of Good Hope, and reached the bay of Melinda on the east coast of Africa, at 3 degrees south latitude. Melinda was an Arabian city, the center of trade between India and Africa, where the spices destined for consumption in Europe were exchanged for gold and the fabrics of Arabian looms. There he found a number of traders who had come from southern India in four small vessels. Some of these traders being conducted to De Gama's ship, observed in the cabin a gilded image of the Virgin Mary, whereupon they fell down and worshipped it, presenting offerings of spices, and recognizing it as their own Maryamma, the mother of Christna, their Savior and God.

The Portuguese saw in them a means to accomplish the end they had in view, which was to obtain a pilot to the coast of India. Accordingly they claimed the Indian merchants as fellow Christians, and through them De Gama accomplished his object in reaching the shore of India.

An interpreter was found in a renegade Moor who had voyaged by way of Egypt and the Red Sea to India, and could speak Portuguese, Arabic and the language of Southern India. De Gama found on the Malabar coast worshippers of Ies Christna, and Mary-anna, and was informed that that wor-ship prevailed for a long distance north and south. He and his sailors inferred that St. Thomas, one of the twelve apostles, had introduced the worship of Jesus Christ into India, which had de-generated into that of Ies Christna.

The Portuguese were conducted to a large Indian temple in which were many painted images, some with great protruding teeth, others with four arms, and faces so frightful that they began to doubt whether it was indeed a Christian church. One image, which was reached by stone stairs, and which was approached by the west only, as but dimly seen in the darkness. The priest advancing toward it, called out "Maria! Maria!" The people fell flat on their faces three times, and then said their prayers standing while De Gama and his companions, who thought it was an image of the Virgin Mary, fell on their knees and prayed. But one of their number as he knelt said, "If this be a god, I, for one, wor-ship the devil," at which the rest of the sailors smiled.

De Gama, with twelve attendant sailors, appeared at the court of the Zamorin. Addressing the dignitary he artfully said that the king of Portugal having heard that there were Chris-tian kings in India, of whom his Majesty of Calicut was said to be the principal one, had him as an ambas-sador to settle terms of friendship and trade with him. The Zamorin, with equal art, shunned all reference to the subject of religion, but wanted to know where and how distant was Portugal, and what was her naval power. The first commercial transaction was a presentation to the Zamorin by De Gama of packages of olive oil, honey, sugar, and scarlet cloth, for which he hoped to receive a present of equal or greater value. The subordinate of-ficial laughed, saying that the poorest merchant who visited the port offered better gift, and that if De Gama wanted to make the sovereign a present it must be of gold.

Upon being admitted to another audience with the Zamorin, when a similar intimation was made to De Gama, he replied that he had gold. "But," said the Zamorin, "I hear you have a golden image of Mary." De Gama re-plied, "That is only of wood, gilded." "Tell your sovereign," said the Zamorin, "that in this country there is plenty of cinnamon, cloves, pepper and precious stones. What I want in exchange are gold, silver, coral and scarlet. Now you may go."

Upon leaving Calicut De Gama erected at a convenient spot on the coast above, a cross and image, mod-estly taking possession, in the name of his spiritual and temporal sovereigns, Santa Maria. In the name of the Holy Inquisition of Goa.

A few years later more ships were sent from Portugal to India and the island of Goa was planted with papal establishments, among others the Holy Inquisition. And the worship of Ies Christna was changed to that of Jesus Christ. The natives were told that their ritual and liturgy, since the remote days of St. Thomas had become corrupted and needed a thorough reformation; that their images were idolatrous and must be replaced by the works of European artists.

Some of the "Christian" clergy were burned at the stake after the estab-lishment of the papal system on the coast of Malabar. The clergy had mar-ried wives, had owned but two sacra-ments, had neither invoked saints nor worshipped images, nor believed in pur-gatory, had refused to pray in Latin, and had used their ancient language, the Syriac.

The natives had never heard of the Christian pope until the advent of the Portuguese. Their Ies Christna was the eighth avatar, Buddha being the ninth. The Portuguese added the ter-minal "us" to Ies and a like terminal to the first syllable of Christna. I affirm without fear of successful con-tradiction that the name Jesus Christna is a comparatively modern one—that there is no proof of its existence long before the revival of learning—that Christna is not a Latin word, much less a proper name—and that it was col-oged by cloistered monks at the revival of learning, or at least not much earlier.

Nor is the word Christos a genuine Greek word. It was doubtless coined simultaneously with the Latin christus. If there was a person in Judea or Galilee answering to the Jesus of the Gospels, his name was probably Ies, who was also called in the language of Arabia the "Masich," that is to say, the healer. He was the prophet of the descendants of Abraham, and was re-garded as the one great prophet be-tween Abraham and Mohammed. The Koran repeatedly refers to Ies the healer and our English translation of the Koran falsely renders the words Jesus Christ. The Mohammedans bor-rowed nothing from Christianity. But the whole story of Ies the masich, has evidently been borrowed by the writers of the Christian Gospels from the Arabian. —WM. HENRY BURR.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1906.

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The Oracle Criticized.

A Christian brother writes, that while it is true Jesus was reported, Luke 12:28, as saying:

"If any man comes to me and hates not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, yea, his own life, he cannot be my disciple," yet he did not mean "intense aversion, the lack of love, to detest, to abhor, to feel hatred," as the dictionaries define the word; but he meant he must love Jesus more than his nearest of kin."

How does our critical friend know this? Who authorized him to wrest scripture from its plain meaning, and give it to quite another? To set aside the plain words of Jesus, as recorded by Inerrant Wisdom, and make it convey an opposite idea? It is a habit of the priestly class to make Bible language convey the idea the preacher wants, not what it says.

Does not the law of evidence apply in this case? "A party shall not be allowed to alter, vary, or explain a written instrument. But parties have deliberately reduced their agreement to writing, and neither shall be permitted to show, by parol testimony, that something else was intended than the written instrument expresses. Any other rule would encourage perjury."

The fable of the satyr is in point: A traveler, belated, weary, cold, hungry, applied at the door of a satyr for a night's lodging, with food and warmth. The stranger was welcomed and seated, when he made a great ado, and blew on his hands. The table was quickly spread with the best of the quarters afforded to which was added hot tea and fruit. The guest turned out a saucer of tea and blew upon it with his breath.

"Why do you blow on your tea?" inquired the host.

"To cool it."

"When you first arrived you blew on your hands. Why did you do that?"

"To warm them."

"Get out of my house. No one who blows hot and cold with the same breath shall find shelter here."

What would the wise old satyr have done with the Bible, had it been presented to him, with the claim that Jesus meant love for himself when he used the word hate?

A Christian brother, think of this matter, read and tremble:

"If any man shall take away the words of this book, God shall take away his part out of the book of life!"

Hebrew Historians Not to Be Trusted.

Professor Delitzsch, in the service of the Pennsylvania University, one of the oldest and most substantial literary institutions in the United States, has spent several years in explorations on the site of ancient Babylon, one of the most famous cities of antiquity. He returned to America several months ago, and lately gave a course of lectures in New York in regard to his discoveries. Of course he labored in his lecture to avoid the discussion of religious subjects, but here is an extract that shows he is a thinker of the progressive stamp:

"The Chaldean magic and astrology passed to Egypt, and to Greece, and has come down to our times. . . . The long stay of the Jews in Babylon and the settlement of Samaritans and other portions of Palestine by Babylonians explain how so many Babylonian ideas entered into the minds of the Jews of the New Testament time—for instance the belief in demons. Many religious ideas we ascribe to the Old Testament existed much earlier in Babylon. Plenty of Bible phrases occur word for word in the legal documents, appearing in a dream, or interfering in person, or speaking to man. . . . We find prophets, and the legend that man was made of clay and moistened by the sweat of the maker. . . . We find the conception of life after death, not the Hebrew view, and ideas of a hell of drought, and a paradise of waters."

Without quoting the Professor verbatim further, it is proper to state, he found the reputed father of history, Herodotus, unvarnished, just what Prof. Sayce wrote of him several years ago. He added: "The Hebrew historians are not to be trusted," just what The Progressive Thinker has maintained for a long time.

THE UPHHEAVAL ANNUAL CONVENTION

The Twentieth Century Uphheaval in Spiritualism is creating a VIBRATION all along the line as never before. It is an era of candid criticism and research. To be an honest, conscientious seeker after the truth, and at the same time a FRAUD-HUNTER, is now regarded as a strictly legitimate. In fact, without the gentle, considerate and humane fraud-hunter, ever on the alert for the truth, Spiritualism would pass in a great measure into the hands of the fraudulent element, just as our national currency would pass into the hands of counterfeiters if not for the whole regiment of detectives, who are constantly watching for them, arresting them, and sending them to the penitentiary. PURE SPIRITUALISM, like the genuine currency, attracts a horde of counterfeiters. With this Uphheaval now going on SPIRIT RETURN is extending its benign influence everywhere. En-

lighten men, like Prof. Hyslop, Dr. I. K. Funk, Prof. Larkin, the great all along the line as never before. It is an era of candid criticism and research. To be an honest, conscientious seeker after the truth, and at the same time a FRAUD-HUNTER, is now regarded as a strictly legitimate. In fact, without the gentle, considerate and humane fraud-hunter, ever on the alert for the truth, Spiritualism would pass in a great measure into the hands of the fraudulent element, just as our national currency would pass into the hands of counterfeiters if not for the whole regiment of detectives, who are constantly watching for them, arresting them, and sending them to the penitentiary. PURE SPIRITUALISM, like the genuine currency, attracts a horde of counterfeiters. With this Uphheaval now going on SPIRIT RETURN is extending its benign influence everywhere. En-

Old Theories Give Place to the New.

It is true old-time philosophers taught the universe was hastening to an eternal smash-up; that the sun was cooling off; that the orbits of planets were lessening, and eventually will fall into the sun, and that only ruin will mark the site of rolling worlds.

This idea is an inheritance from the remote past. It is akin to that statement of "our Lord," that "the sun shall be turned into darkness and the moon into blood;" or that other theory, that all shall be destroyed by a universal conflagration.

Since astronomy has been reduced to a science there is no indication of the shortening of the paths of the planets; no abridgment of light and heat; no promise of an end; on the contrary our ablest philosophers now repudiate the idea of either a beginning or an end. Matter is eternal, always has been and always will be. Change is ever going on but destruction, never.

Light and heat are not emanations from a sun of flame. Heat is not continued by bodies falling into the sun. The nearer the approach to the sun the lower the temperature. The highest mountains are crowned with eternal snow. The deepest valleys on the earth show the greatest heat.

More than fifty years ago a learned English writer maintained our light and heat are electrical; that because of the friction produced by the rapid passage of light through the atmosphere electric sparks are produced. Flashes of light during an electrical storm tell us of the source of illumination; but it remained until quite recent years, with the invention and practical use of the dynamo in generating electricity, to furnish an object lesson to show how the thing was done on a magnificent scale.

The whole solar system is a grand dynamo, every planet, asteroid, and comet, each revolving around the central orb, completes the circuit. It matters not how near, or how remote, the planets having atmospheres—and all are believed to have—then the heat on the surface of Neptune may equal that of Mercury. And so long as the mighty natural dynamo shall continue action so long light and heat will be generated.

The sun itself is now believed to be a cold body. It is of the same material as the earth, and it may be inhabited by animal life with intelligence equal to that of superior to man.

Judge Daniel K. Tenney, of Madison, Wis., has lately brought out a booklet, with upwards of 100 pages, bound in cloth, entitled "Eternity of the Earth," wherein these subjects are discussed more lucidly than in any other publication we know of. At a small price of 75 cents it should be in the hands of all our readers.

A Parallel Case Related.

The present state executive of Missouri was prominent while officiating as state's attorney. He found frauds in every department of government, state, county and municipal, and set himself to work to bring the offenders to justice. Though violently opposed by politicians the people, by an overwhelming vote, made him governor—a reward for his integrity, and a desire that he should continue his services in a more influential position to secure honesty in the discharge of official duties. His name has become a tower of strength because of his zealous labors to suppress wrong.

The Merchants' Association of Boston, on the evening of January 20, gave a banquet, at which Gov. Folk was an invited guest, as well as the most distinguished speaker. Among the good words he is credited with saying, we find the following, which we trust those Spiritualists who are fearful of the exposure of fraud mediums will injure the cause, will consider at their leisure and lay to heart. We quote:

"No state can be injured by the enforcement of law. No nation can be hurt by exposing wrong-doing, either public or private. If any business is hurt by an investigation, it shows something has been wrong and should be hurt. There is no secret remedy known for evils of this character. They cannot be cured by hiding them. The disgrace is in submitting to them by indifference—let it be their correction."

What is true of state and nations, in regard to the exposure of wrong, is no less true of social and religious societies. The individual who obtains money by false pretenses, if prosecuted as he should be, is made to do service to the state. Is he less guilty because he personates spirits, and thereby robs the people?

A Thoughtful Child.

"Grandma, I have always had such an exalted opinion of God, I will not read the Bible any more, if you don't mind."

Thus a little girl who had been presented with a copy of the sacred volume by her grandmother with instructions to commence the reading at her leisure until the end was reached. She thought as she read, and was soon sufficed.

The true man is he who does the truth and never holds a principle on which he is not prepared in any hour to renounce of holding it.—F. W. Robertson.

Two of Our Grand Workers Sick.

Charles Dawbarn, the eminent California philosopher, is suffering badly from ill health. He writes:

"A week ago I went down with a terrible pain in my heart. It upset every other organ, destroyed my appetite and left me ten years older, with all my work done. It is liable to come back. Perhaps I may crawl around for a few months; anyhow my work is now done here. I began an article a day or two before the attack, and it died in the 'barn'."

"Our friend Higgs writes from an Oakland sanitarium, that another attack of his toes has left him helpless this time."

"Good luck to you and yours. I have given you the best I had, and you have paid it back with interest."

Let us hope and pray that these two eminent lecturers may recover their health, and continue their grand work of uplifting humanity, for many years to come. To accomplish that end each one should at once concentrate upon them their healing, uplifting thoughts. Both have done an excellent work for Spiritualism, which will be long remembered after they have passed to the realm of souls.

Gross Exaggeration.

It is just as well not to place full trust in the press reports of great revivals in progress, and of the multitude of converts made, if the statement made by the evangelist, Rev. Reed, now operating in Rockford, Ill., is an illustration. He is reported in the Morning Star of that city as saying:

"He [Rev. Reed] tells of a place where he witnessed a revival. The meetings and the day following the initial services the papers came out with big headlines stating that a great revival had been inaugurated; eighty people converted the first night. The facts in the case were that when he called for those to arise who would like to lead a better life, eighty persons responded. He then asked them to tarry after the meeting and gather about the altar. Just twelve stayed, and out of that number one little colored boy made a decision for Christ."

Emotional Revivals Out of Date.

Reports come from neighboring cities where revival meetings are being held, that though the ablest evangelists are employed, and the speaking exceptionally good, no enthusiasm can be awakened. In one city, with more than 40,000 population, the leading daily says: "Attendance is almost wholly limited to church members. Not five per cent in the audiences are other than churchmen. Just why a greater awakening has not resulted it is difficult to tell."

It would not be so "difficult to tell," if our brother of the press would stop to comprehend the facts. The evangelists have been overdoing the business. The boy who cried "Wolf, wolf!" for amusement was not believed when the ravenous wolf came, so was torn to pieces for want of that aid, had he not previously practiced a deception, would have come to his relief. A myth of ignorance, as is the hell of the churches, yet it was formerly a good drawing card on the superstitious.

In the localities where intelligence is the most widely diffused, and has become very general, there the calamity howlers are the least successful.

PARSON BEAT THE DEVIL.

Satan Disappeared Through a Rat Hole.

That an able minister once beat the devil and drove him out of his house through a rat hole, is written history of the ancient town of Topsfield, Mass. The hero of this fight with Satan was Rev. Joseph H. Capen, and the cause was a servant in the parsonage. On one peaceful Sabbath during the witchcraft period, the minister preached in Salem village. During his discourse he had a premonition that something was wrong at his Topsfield home, and he returned to it as speedily as possible. He found his fear to be true. Satan was about, and had tempted the household servant to read a book forbidden on the Sabbath. The minister seized the wicked book and defied Satan to take the unhappy maid. He threw one-half bushel of haxseed upon the floor and boldly told the devil that he could pick it up, used by seed, before he could read the book backwards, and thereby undo the wickedness of the servant, he could have her for his own. Straightway the minister began to read, and he read with such skill, though backwards, that he found his fear to be true. Satan disappeared through a rat hole, and for many years after doubting one could see the rat hole as proof of the tale.—Lynn (Mass.) Item.

The above shows that ministers used the same methods (uncantations) as the less educated vagabonds.

ALEX. CAIRD, M. D.

Every man is a consumer, and ought to be a producer. He fails to make his place good in the world, unless he not only pays his debt, but also add something to the common wealth.—Emerson.

The force of his own merit makes his way; a gift that heaven gives to him, which buys a place next to a king. Do what good thou canst unknown; 'tis not vain of what ought rather to be felt than seen.—William Penn.

Midwinter Mass Meeting

of the
Illinois State Spiritualists Association,
Will Convene at Handel Hall, 40 Randolph St.,
Chicago, February 20, 21 and 22.

The annual convention and mid-winter mass-meeting of the Illinois State Spiritualists Association will convene at Handel Hall, 40 Randolph street, Chicago, Tuesday evening, February 20, and continue all day Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 21 and 22, 1906.

The annual business meeting will be held in the Blue Parlor Wednesday morning. The afternoon and evening sessions will be filled by skilled musicians, eloquent speakers and excellent message givers. Watch for the programmes.

Send your society's annual per capita by duly accredited delegates. Send your society's annual per capita tax of twenty-five cents per member, also a detailed report of what it has done for the fiscal year, and its present outlook for future usefulness.

Favor us with suggestions of what the cause needs in your neighborhood as well as the state.

Give name and address of each officer and trustee.

How many meetings have you held since March, 1905?

How many circles have been held in your neighborhood, of what phases, and by whom, and how were they attended?

Is your society free of debt? What mediums have worked in your field and with what success?

Can you sustain a lyceum? Instruct your delegates how to act upon the proposed amendment to the Constitution, a copy of which is enclosed with this notice.

H. A. CROSS, Secy.

Illinois State Spiritualists Association, Proposed Amendment to the Constitution reads as follows:

Art. IV, Sec. II.—Individuals who are Spiritualists, residing in this state, and not connected with any other society auxiliary to this association, may become members of this association upon making application in due form, accompanied by the sum of one dollar, and pledging compliance with its Constitution and By-laws, provided they are accepted by a majority vote of the active members present at an annual meeting of the association, or by a majority vote of the official board at any of its meetings when the association is not assembled. The payment each year thereafter of one dollar to the secretary of the association, shall continue their rights of membership in the association.

"JUST THINK."

Col. Ingersoll on "The Devil"

NO. 843, In 10 Copy Orders, Send in your orders at once.

The rapidity with which this special edition is being ordered indicates the enthusiasm, the anxiety of Spiritualists for brain food; also, it indicates the out-working of the true spirit of reform in the ranks, and the far-reaching influence and excellent work of The Progressive Thinker.

No. 843 is especially adapted for missionary duty, from the first page to the last. Ten copies, 10 cents.

No order will be accepted for less than ten copies. Send 1 and 2-cent stamps or silver, as you choose.

SPRITUALISM.

It is the Broadest and Truest Ism of Any.

To the Editor:—Spiritualism is, perhaps, the broadest and truest ism of any, and to me it is scientific, because it does not separate the sheep from the goats, but holds that God's mercy and love never fail. The element that is striving to establish a priesthood, is just as worthy of support as any sectarian or orthodox sect, and their object to meet the legal requirements that have resulted under the influence of this narrow, orthodox dominant class, is undoubtedly the dominant class, and the spiritualists and legal standing, and obviates paying license that otherwise the dominant orthodox element will surely force them to pay.

Well, this is in line with the gospel of the Nazarene, and I believe he was the greatest medium that has ever demonstrated a superior and controlling spiritual power on this planet.

But as a freethinker, I look at Nature and her laws. I reason that the INFINITE INTELLIGENCE can make no mistake, and then conclude that I am incompetent to reconcile all these seeming contradictions which are, no doubt, all notes of harmony in the divine plan.

So I relinquish the impossible task and sing a little narrow song, in line with my orthodox education:

Take Care of Your Soul.

This world is a dark place in which we now live.

And life may seem worthless before we get through;

It is not important what creed we believe,

But very important what course we pursue.

The things most important pertain to the soul,

If you would be happy, to virtue be true;

No one can be happy and lose self—

Let principles govern your actions clear through.

Some people build churches and talk about God,

Profess to be Christian—but note how they live;

If you observe closely and think there is fraud,

Remember—Christ-like to love and forgive.

The same God that made you made heaven and earth,

Believe in his love and all evil resist.

Don't think for a moment your soul is not worth,

Your first care at all times while here you exist.

As character is the most important thing,

And Christ is a teacher whose precepts are true,

We cannot be careless and expect to sing.

The song of redemption when this life is through.

While here, it is needful to act well our part,

For here we can blunder and miss the true goal,

It is in our own hands to do honest work,

Or, missing the right road, to lose our own soul.

H. B. POMEROY.

EACH ONE A WORK TO DO.

If It Is Not Accomplished the Spirit Will Have to Return to Earth, to Do It, Says a Medium.

To the Editor:—Do not worry about our cause, as the little leaven which the old pioneers sent out has leavened the whole lump.

Spiritualism has already entered the churches, but they feel that it is not quite popular enough yet, but by and by everything in that line will adjust itself to the new conditions.

The truth of the matter is, like all new things which have come to the churches, they do not understand it, or know how to handle it. There are ministers who preach through inspiration, but they do not know it, and if a Spiritualist were to tell them of it they would have a good old ecclesiastical fit, and the spirits knowing it, hide it from those "wise" heads and reveal it to babes who have become little children, rendering them able to enter the kingdom of heaven within themselves, there to enjoy the unseen visitors who come to sup with them, but the time is fast approaching when all men will understand that the kingdom of heaven is not meat or drink, but the words which proceed out of the mouth of man.

Last evening a spirit spoke to my husband through my organism, telling him to be careful of an accident, and explaining to him how hard it was to finish one's work on earth after leaving the body. He said that each mortal is given just so much work to perform during his life, but if he did not accomplish all that was given, he had to return to finish the task.

I believe in working for the spirits but I do not believe in letting them monopolize us to the detriment of our own work. I believe that we are on this earth for a purpose, otherwise we would not be here, but I do not think that purpose is to give our whole life and attention to spirits. If they had done their work they would not have to come back, so do not let the neglect all other duties and make the same mistake, but let us try to settle and balance all accounts while here on earth.

LOTTIE COLLEEN.

Jacksonville, Fla.

The progress from deepest ignorance to highest enlightenment is a progress from entire unconsciousness of law to the conviction that law is universal and inevitable.—Spencer.

The arena of the new standpoint of science is that of the spirit's own mind.—Elmer Gates.

He Is Simply Ignorant.

"The man who denies the Phenomena of Spiritualism to-day is not entitled to be called a skeptic; he is simply ignorant; and it would be a hopeless task to attempt to enlighten him."—T. J. Hudson, "Law of Psychic Phenomena," p. 206.

A MOST REMARKABLE STORY.

Recorded by the English Society for Psychological Research.

One of the most remarkable stories carried on the records of the Society for Psychological Research in England, concerns a man named S. R. Wilmot, who was crossing the Atlantic on the steamer City of Limerick when that ship was overtaken by a storm lasting nine days. Wilmot's story is as follows:

"Upon the night following the eighth day of the storm the tempest moderated a little, and for the first time since leaving port I enjoyed a refreshing sleep. Toward morning I dreamed that I saw my wife, whom I had left at home, come to the door of my stateroom. The door she seemed to discover that I was not the only occupant of the cabin, hesitated a little, then advanced to my side, stooped and kissed me, and after gently caressing me for a few moments quietly withdrew."

"Upon waking I was surprised to see William J. Tait, my fellow-passenger, whose berth was above mine, but not directly over it—owing to the fact that our room was at the stern of the vessel—leaning upon his elbow and looking fixedly at me. He said, 'You're a pretty fellow,' said he, 'to have a lady come and visit you in this way.'"

"I pressed him for an explanation, which he at first declined to give, but at length he related what he had seen while lying wide awake in his berth. 'You're corresponded with my dream.'"

"The day after landing I reached my wife who had been for some time visiting her parents. Almost her first question when we were alone together was: 'Did you receive a visit from me a week ago Tuesday?'"

"My wife then told me that on account of the severity of the weather she had been extremely anxious about me. On the same night on which the storm had just begun to abate she had lain awake for a long time, thinking of me, and about 4 o'clock in the morning it seemed to her that she went out to seek me."

"Crossing the wide and stormy sea, she came at length to a low, black steamship, whose side she went up and then descended into the cabin, passed through it to the stern until she came to my stateroom."

"Tall me," she said, "do they ever have staterooms like the one I saw, where the upper berth extends farther back than the under one? A man was in the upper berth, looking at me, and for a moment I was afraid to go in, but soon I went up to the side of your berth, bent down and kissed you and then went away."

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General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Its Workers, Its Work, and General Progress, the World Over.

CONTRIBUTORS.—Each contributor is asked to send his or her material to the Editor, who will make such alterations as may be necessary to secure uniformity of style and to make the material readable. The Editor allows this freedom of expression, believing that the cause of truth can be best served thereby. Many of the sentiments uttered in an article may be diametrically opposed to his belief, but that is no reason why they should be suppressed, yet we wish it distinctly understood that our space is inadequate to publish everything that comes to hand, however much we might desire to do so. That must account for the non-appearance of YOUR article.

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

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

TAKE DUE NOTICE. that all items for this page must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer, who will not be held responsible for correspondence written so and so, without giving the full name and address of the writer. The items of those who do not comply with this request will be cast into the waste basket.

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

THIS GENERAL SURVEY DEPARTMENT IS ONLY INTENDED TO CHRONICLE THE ENGAGEMENTS AND WORK OF SPEAKERS AND MEDIUMS. A REPORT OF WHAT THE VARIOUS SPEAKERS SAY WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED, AS WE HAVE NOT SPACE SUFFICIENT FOR THAT PURPOSE.

Mrs. Mary Esther Aron writes from Annapolis, Nebraska: "I am located permanently here, holding successful Spiritualist meetings every Sunday evening. My many friends in Chicago will be glad to learn of this."

Virginia Barrett writes from 320 W. Jefferson street, South Bend, Ind., that she would like engagements.

W. H. Mitchell writes from St. Joseph, Mo.: "Rev. W. P. Peck of St. Louis, closed a month's labors in this city last night. He is a forceful, eloquent, logical speaker, and is doing great good for the cause."

Mme. Helen Stuart-Richings, B. D. A., gave a very entertaining dramatic recital at the First Spiritual Church last evening for the benefit of the church fund. Her program began with a recitation of a poem by Virginia Woodward Cloud, of this city, entitled "Christmas, 1776." It is a spirited poem and was very well given by Mme. Richings. Another Maryland number was the "Maryland Yellow Throat," which was faithfully illustrated by the whistling of the bird.

Mme. Richings is very successful in her imitations of nature in her dialogue with a duck, in her own composition of "Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds." In her old-fashioned songs, "The Laird o' Cockpen," "Lord Lovel," "Bryan O'Lyne," and "Rise Mourners, Rise," she showed her mastery in dialect. Her greatest successes were in her character sketches, in costume, "An Everyday Boy" and "A Naughty Girl." Plans for the future of Wagner and other composers filled the interludes between the recitations. The evening was highly enjoyed by an appreciative audience. The Baltimore American.

First Spiritual Temple, South Side Turner Hall, 3125 State street. Meetings every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. All are welcome. Mrs. Lucille De Loux, pastor.

John A. Toren writes: "The meetings of the Society of the Psychic Forces at Wilcox Hall, 361-363 East Forty-third street, have been well attended, and growing more interesting. Dr. J. O. M. Hewitt, permanent lecturer for our society, addressed the temple members of the Independent Order of the Mystic Brotherhood, on Sunday evening, January 28, the subject being 'Mysticism and the Ages.' A large majority of the members were in attendance as well as a number of strangers, and all evinced their pleasure by the hearty applause accorded Brother Hewitt at the end of the discourse. Mrs. Ada Zazelle was present and gave a number of psychometric readings which were fully appreciated. Mrs. Ida Cleveland's guide, 'White Star,' performed her work in the usual convincing manner by giving such messages as are always understood and recognized. We extend our usual invitation to all strangers and skeptics."

W. J. Elmo writes: "The Spiritual Alliance Church at 3514 Vincennes avenue, is having large audiences every Sunday at 8 and 9 p. m. Plenty of good tests and messages by various mediums in the afternoon, and a selected program in the evening. Prof. H. S. Fraser has returned from the South, and is assisting Mrs. Elmo in lecture work and giving messages. Our socials and dances held every Saturday evening are well attended and enjoyed by all. A cordial welcome to the services is extended to all who are anxious to learn more of the growing gospel of Spiritualism."

W. D. Noyes writes: "Our January month at Madison, Wis., was a success. Our public services were the largest ever held there. We held two large week-end meetings at Baraboo, Wis., and were entertained by those staunch, true Spiritualists, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Pratt, whose home is always opened to visiting Spiritualists. We go from here to Beloit, Wis., for the first Sunday in February. All mail addressed to General Delivery, Baraboo, Wis., will reach me."

Mrs. C. Lee writes: "I feel as though I cannot get along without your valuable paper, the Progressive Thinker. My eyes are so poor I can barely see to read, but will get some one to help me, and the book I always wanted it, and I can read it on bright days."

Mrs. C. Lee writes that she is more than pleased with one of our premium books lately received.

AS A GENERAL RULE, IN THIS OFFICE, NO PAYMENT OF ATTENTION TO ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS. THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE WRITER SHOULD ACCOMPANY ALL MATTER, OF WHATEVER KIND, SENT TO THIS OFFICE.

When writing for this paper use a pen or typewriter.

We go to press early Monday morning, hence communications intended for that current issue should reach this office not later than the previous Saturday morning. Bear this in mind.

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

Gertrude Baker writes: "On the dates of Jan. 25 and 26, under the auspices of the Indiana State Association of Spiritualists, we had with us, at Sheridan, Will J. Erwood, who delivered two very excellent lectures. His genial manner cannot fail to attract to him many friends, and his manner of speaking has much to do with impressing his sound logic on the minds of his hearers. Ignorance backed up by prejudice has all to do with retarding the progress of the Harmonical Philosophy, and since some of the people have been induced to come out and listen to Mr. Erwood's lectures, we feel encouraged to hope the seed was not sown in barren soil."

Gusta Williams writes: "Sister Lester was with us again last Sunday evening, and welcomed by the members of the North Star Spiritual Union, and their many friends. A large audience was present. The lecture given by Sister Lester, subject, 'Beware of False Prophets,' was certainly educational. After the lecture many excellent tests were given by the speaker, undeniable evidence of spirit return, the audience giving credit to the medium for correctness. The North Star Spiritual Union and The Progressive Thinker are certainly doing great work among strangers and skeptics of the Northwest Side. We invite all who are interested to be with us again next Sunday evening at our hall, 1546 Milwaukee avenue."

Mary E. French of Clyde, Ohio, writes: "Rev. Dr. A. Herrick served our society the first and second Sundays of January, to fine audiences. His lectures were argumentative and logical, impressing one with the fact, 'There is a power behind the throne, stronger than the throne itself.' Inspiration, to me, is a beautiful phase of psychic power, without which we cannot be great. In order to enjoy a truly inspirational lecture we must possess to some degree that spiritual unfoldment ourselves. His sermons are marvels of power. Elizabeth Schauss serves the society next Sunday."

C. Fannie Allen, one of our most efficient workers, writes from St. Louis, Mo.: "On Sunday, January 23, our church kept the memory of Thomas Paine. The lecture, 'The services, with lesson sheets and every child and many adults, gave a quotation from his writings. Brother Quimshaw gave an eloquent address. Mr. Symons, our president, made a brief but telling speech. Friend Johnson from the unseen side, spoke through Mr. Jurgens, excellently. Mrs. Detloff and Mr. Amborg gave messages. At 7:30 Paul MacArthur pleased all with an earnest speech. Mr. Gilbert followed with a strong, logical address. Mrs. McCaslin and Dr. Hughes interested us and Mrs. Allen made remarks and gave an impressive poem on 'The Skeptic's Monkeys.' Plans for the future of Wagner and other composers filled the interludes between the recitations. The evening was highly enjoyed by an appreciative audience. The Baltimore American."

John A. Toren writes: "The meetings of the Society of the Psychic Forces at Wilcox Hall, 361-363 East Forty-third street, have been well attended, and growing more interesting. Dr. J. O. M. Hewitt, permanent lecturer for our society, addressed the temple members of the Independent Order of the Mystic Brotherhood, on Sunday evening, January 28, the subject being 'Mysticism and the Ages.' A large majority of the members were in attendance as well as a number of strangers, and all evinced their pleasure by the hearty applause accorded Brother Hewitt at the end of the discourse. Mrs. Ada Zazelle was present and gave a number of psychometric readings which were fully appreciated. Mrs. Ida Cleveland's guide, 'White Star,' performed her work in the usual convincing manner by giving such messages as are always understood and recognized. We extend our usual invitation to all strangers and skeptics."

W. J. Elmo writes: "The Spiritual Alliance Church at 3514 Vincennes avenue, is having large audiences every Sunday at 8 and 9 p. m. Plenty of good tests and messages by various mediums in the afternoon, and a selected program in the evening. Prof. H. S. Fraser has returned from the South, and is assisting Mrs. Elmo in lecture work and giving messages. Our socials and dances held every Saturday evening are well attended and enjoyed by all. A cordial welcome to the services is extended to all who are anxious to learn more of the growing gospel of Spiritualism."

W. D. Noyes writes: "Our January month at Madison, Wis., was a success. Our public services were the largest ever held there. We held two large week-end meetings at Baraboo, Wis., and were entertained by those staunch, true Spiritualists, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Pratt, whose home is always opened to visiting Spiritualists. We go from here to Beloit, Wis., for the first Sunday in February. All mail addressed to General Delivery, Baraboo, Wis., will reach me."

Mrs. C. Lee writes: "I feel as though I cannot get along without your valuable paper, the Progressive Thinker. My eyes are so poor I can barely see to read, but will get some one to help me, and the book I always wanted it, and I can read it on bright days."

Mrs. C. Lee writes that she is more than pleased with one of our premium books lately received.

A Prize Masquerade Ball will be given by the First German Spiritualist Society, Saturday evening, Feb. 17, at its hall, corner of Ashland and Second streets, from 8 to 11 p. m. and take your friends to have a good time. Admission 35 cents.

W. J. Colville has just delivered a course of lectures in Boston, also in Hartford, Ct., which have been very largely attended. The new book, "Universal Spiritualism," which he is now writing, is expected by March 31. After its publication the author expects to go via California to Australia and New Zealand.

Mrs. A. P. Sullivan writes from McKeesport, Pa.: "With a membership of less than twenty, a charter was obtained from the N. S. A. in June, 1904, and meetings have been conducted ever since in Postoffice Hall, every Sunday evening, and Wednesday afternoon, with Richard Fischer of Tomestad as speaker. His earnestness of manner and eloquence brings large crowds to the meetings. His efforts have been rewarded by an increase in membership of more than double that of one year ago. The tests given by such well-known mediums as Mrs. Gillard, Mrs. Zopfle and others, have been of great value. Our Ladies Aid has also been doing much good work under the leadership of Mrs. Gillard, assisted by other local mediums. Though our Aid membership is not large, yet they are all willing workers, and our treasurer's report shows a surplus of more than \$275, and we hope at no distant day to have a meeting place all our own. Many of our members are readers of your paper and hope it will long continue to spread the truth broadcast."

A. Turbett writes: "There will be a church party on Thursday, Feb. 8, at Mrs. Dexter's, 1000 N. Halsted street. Everybody welcome."

Cyrus F. Allen writes: "I think The Progressive Thinker is the best paper published of its kind."

Harry Bastian, formerly a resident of this city, and a most excellent materializing medium, greeted us at our office yesterday. For the last thirty years his residence has been in England. We were glad to meet him again.

Dr. F. O. Mathews, the medium, passed very suddenly to spirit life, Jan. 28, at his home, West Delavan avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. He had not been well for several weeks. The family heard a sound coming from his room, and was found that he had fallen to the floor and expired.

Sunday, at the Spiritual Mission Chapel (Old 77) our meeting was well attended in the afternoon, and in the evening we had a crowded house, and judging from the questions asked, they were very intellectual. All seem to enjoy the fact that they can have a personal question answered by our speaker, P. M. Stoller, who is a true psychic, and have a psychometric reading from visiting mediums and your correspondent, the secretary, Mrs. Maggie Henry.

Will Mr. H. G. Wilder, now of California, formerly of Illinois, write to A. E. Smith, Grand Junction, Colo.: "Henrietta L. Lichtig writes: 'The tea party given by the Sunflower Club, Tuesday, Jan. 9, was the largest attended of any heretofore given. Ladies find it a pleasant place to spend their leisure time, and a message from spirit friends. It is a general wish that the ladies of the Sunflower Club will continue them. The next business meeting of the club will be held February 13. Let there be a full attendance.'"

C. G. Holt writes: "During my visit at Lily Dale camp last summer I received through the mediumship of Georgia Gladys Cooley the most convincing spirit message that I have ever had, and I have been an investigator for a number of years. Remaining in Chicago over Sunday on my way to my home in the West, I decided to attend a Spiritualist meeting. On looking over the notices in the paper I found that Mrs. Cooley was holding meetings at 47th street and Grand Boulevard, and I decided to attend. The subject for that night was 'Thomas Paine,' it being the anniversary of his birth. My experience had been that all our best speakers did not present the phenomena, and that our best mediums did not make public addresses. In this case I was agreeably surprised, as the lecture given by Mrs. Cooley was a true one, and was equal to any I have ever heard. The subject seemed to call out all her inspirational power, and was handled in a masterly manner. It seems hard to realize that such a great man, who did so much for this country, could have received such treatment from people who call themselves Christians. I think that the subject should be left to this late day to do him justice, and we still send missionaries to convert the 'heathen.' The spirit messages following the lecture were splendid, and fully recognized. Such workers should receive our earnest support and be encouraged in every way."

Dr. J. M. Peebles writes: "During January Moses and Mattie Hull have been speaking here in San Diego, Cal., to large audiences."

A. Haeger writes: "Sunday, January 28, Temple Light and 370 Wabasha avenue, gave its monthly concert. Mrs. Korbus and our pastor, Mrs. Th. Loll, gave lectures. Mme. Celli, Miss Kouly and Miss Huneman gave vocal and instrumental recitations, and Rosemetti Sisters, Winkelman Sisters and Boldin Children gave recitations on various instruments. The message bearers were Mrs. Elna, Mrs. Gantner and our pastor, Mrs. Th. Loll. That our concerts give satisfaction is seen by all, seats being filled and the smiling faces when they go home."

The Psychical Research Society, an organization of Spiritualists, last night ordained as its minister Mrs. Glen C. Stephens. The service was held in the Athenaeum rooms, Ninth and Locust streets, and was conducted by Harrison D. Barrett, president of the National Spiritualist Association. An opening address on "Spiritualism, and What It Is," was made by Mr. Barrett. In the course of his address he said Spiritualism was the antithesis of materialism; that all persons were Spiritualists, and that the spirit is a hereafter; that Spiritualism taught eternal progress. He declared that it was very easy to commune with the unseen, although sometimes the process is a failure owing to our own wickedness. He denounced the wearing of mourning garb. Following the talk the ordination services were held. After the ceremony questions all were seated except Mrs. Stephens. She stood erect for several moments. Then she closed her eyes, stretched both arms outward and lapsed into what was called a trance. Mrs. Stephens and Mrs. E. J. Shackelford of the Progressive Spiritual Church, of Chicago, were ordained ministers of the faith in Kansas City—Kansas City (Mo.) Times.

Geo. A. Letford, the drummer medium, has some open dates between June 27 and July 15, for camp work. His address is 275 Michigan avenue, Chicago, Ill.

A gentleman writes to this office, asking the Editor to publish, under the title "The Mission of Spiritualism, and a Few Words About Mediums," the closing pages of his article is missing. Will he please send his name and address to this office, in connection with the above subject, so that the omission can be supplied?

E. W. Sprague and wife, N. S. A. missionaries, are working in the State of Michigan, and are Societies and individuals wishing their services should write them at once. Address them at 835 Third Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

W. J. Colville has just completed a very successful lecture season in New England, where he spoke to very fine audiences in Boston and Haverhill, Mass., and in Hartford, Ct., during last month. At present he is in Cleveland, Ohio, lecturing Sundays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, till Feb. 25 inclusive, at 3 and 7:30 p. m., in Spiritualists Temple, 235 Fullerton street. All letters, etc., may be addressed there.

O. Merritt writes from Genoa, Ill.: "The First Spiritualist meeting in the State of Illinois, held last month, was a most successful one. It was held in O. P. Hall, Tuesday, Jan. 30, with Mrs. Georgia Cooley as speaker and message bearer. Although the evening was a good one, some driving nine miles to attend. Mrs. Cooley was at her best, and gave one of the best lectures and the best messages ever given in Genoa. Subject of lecture: 'Prove all Things, and Hold Fast That Which is Good.' About one year ago we organized the Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin Circuit Association, the object being to have the same speakers take in all this territory. Mrs. Cooley is filling appointments in the circuit in furtherance of the design of the association, going from Genoa to Rockford, and from thence to Belvidere, which will take nearly the entire week."

The Michigan State Spiritualist Association will hold its mid-winter convention in Detroit, on Feb. 9, 10 and 11, in Colonial Hall, on Sixth street. Colonial Hall is a new, spacious, well-lighted hall, with a seating capacity of 2,000 people. We are anticipating a grand rally of the people, notwithstanding the lateness of the announcement. We are late in getting programs out, which could not be avoided. Dr. Geo. B. Warner, our grand national missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague, Amanda Hoffman, Brother Chapman, and others, and many others of our best state workers, as well as Judge Calkins of Jackson, Rev. Laura Crawford, Mrs. Mary Stein, Rev. D. Ruffroughs, who will see to it that the musical program is a success. Our missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. White, are among the workers in the Detroit field, and are doing a grand work. I have not now in my recollection I have not seen a more successful and inspiring.

JULIA M. WALTON, President M. S. S. A.

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Illustrating the Good Work Going on There.

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LAKE HULEN, FLORIDA.

Notes of Work at Southern Cassadaga Camp.

Some time has elapsed since my last report was written about the happenings of our little city, amongst the pines. There have been many new arrivals and several departures, some not to return, because of business interests; some have gone to Cuba for a time, others to the automobile races now in full force at Daytona. But the latest departure is the real beginning of the camp season, all who can return will be here.

Among those whose business called away was Dr. Charles Haines of Ohio, who had just begun his work here as a physician who would make the South his home. He promised to return as soon as his business matters North were settled.

Also Dr. Bodfield of Cleveland, O., was called home to patients who needed his services and are unable to come south.

The last Buddington excursion brought an addition of fourteen to the camp.

The cottages are nearly all rented upon the grounds, but Mr. Emerson Bedell, just outside the gates, has a four-tenement building yet unoccupied as it is but just completed.

There are still some good rooms at cottages, and Hotel Cassadaga, Brigham Hall, and the Spencer House have rooms that are available.

We have had beautiful weather, rather too warm some days, but the evenings are fine. Imagine us with doors wide open, looking at the moonlit landscape and listening to Vice-president Kellogg's fine photograph, with records that make you stand up to listen to "The Star Spangled Banner," sit quietly while we listen to "Pass Me Not by," and "Saved by Grace," and shout with laughter as we hear the song story of "The Preacher and the Bear."

George Van Slyke of Lily Dale is a most efficient superintendent of the grounds, and has mastered the mysteries of our spark engine so the tank is kept well filled with water.

Mrs. Laura G. Fiken is occupied in the interests of the City of Light Assembly, therefore we see but little of her, but she assures us her strenuous labor will not claim her attention the whole season.

J. Clegg Wright began his class work Monday, Jan. 29, and will continue through the season. There is promise of a large attendance. His wife and adopted daughter will spend the winter with him.

The Ladies' Auxiliary is busy at work and desires to thank those who have already remembered us with things for the bazaar, for which we will receive more means by which we can have our grounds beautified.

President Hillgoss has been working hard to make this a "city beautiful," and with his assistants has placed some trees and over a hundred rose bushes in the "Ladies' Rose Garden." There was a beginning of a fund given for it three years ago, which has been added to by donations and in various ways. The three Miss Hedricks with their cousin, George, Vanderholde, gave a benefit for the benefit of the rose garden fund, which netted a nice sum. They furnished the music and also a beautiful program. Mr. W. C. Hillgoss returned to college in Cincinnati, the next day.

There are meetings held every Sunday—January 7, Mrs. Laura Cummings of Springfield, Mass., gave a very beautiful address upon "The Majesty of Silence." It was like a poem in itself, but the thoughts given were so real, and the pictures so vivid, and called out stronger resolves to understand what the "Silence" had in store for us.

On Sundays, the 14th, 21st and 28th, Mrs. Wheeler's guides addressed large audiences, and on the 21st and 28th, Miss May Hedricks of Brooklyn, N. Y., followed Mrs. Wheeler with descriptions of the pictures she saw, which were every one recognized. The testimony of the guides came not so much in names as in real facts that could not be disputed. She is a young girl who has a future of great work before her, unless the circumstances of life interfere.

On last Sunday afternoon, President Hillgoss introduced to the audience, Mr. Alonzo Hubbard of Vermont, Mrs. Ida Spalding, a speaker from Norwich, Ct., Mrs. Stumph, a minister from the New York State Association and one of the missionaries of that state, particularly among the Germans, and Mrs. Laura G. Fiken, president of the New York State Association and manager of the City of Light Assembly; also J. Clegg Wright who had but recently arrived on the grounds.

Miss Elton E. Hedricks, a well-known astrologist of New York, will give forecasts of the future from knowledge gained from a scientific study of this subject.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 24th, Mrs. Carrie Pratt of Boston, a well-known psychometrist and medium, favored the Ladies' Auxiliary with a service which was greatly enjoyed by all present. Mrs. Pratt has rare talents, both in psychometry and clairvoyance, and is always helpful with her gifts.

Sunday, February 4, the regular camp session opens.

CARRIE E. S. TWING.

The Cause in Los Angeles, Cal.

To the Editor:—Last Sunday morning it was my pleasure to attend the forenoon meeting of the Progressive Spiritualist Association that meets at 119 1/2 South Spring street.

The meeting resolved upon an experience meeting; and many were the wonderful tales told along spiritual lines. A matronly-looking woman gave her testimony. She was about to leave Chicago for California, and was sitting by the fire with her friends and relatives, when suddenly she looked up and saw her grandmother, whom she had left a few days ago, in a neighboring city in the best of health.

When she had recovered from her surprise, she heard the words, "Mark the time." The form then immediately vanished. The time of the evening was noted. The next morning the family received a letter announcing the sudden transition of the grandmother at the very hour she appeared to her grand-daughter in the city of Chicago.

The Progressive Society here has wide-awake members, and all join with their beloved medium, Mrs. Wink, to make the cause of Spiritualism a glory to themselves and the spirit world.

The society has an interesting program, but there is a lack of teachers. It is lamentable that a place of our population cannot bring forth a few earnest souls who would take an interest in this child.

The Sunshine Club, an auxiliary to the main society has had several socials lately that have netted some funds for the temple that is expected to take shape in the not far distant future.

LOUIS LYONS.

"Discovery of a Lost Trail." By Chas. B. Newcomb. Excellent in spiritual suggestiveness. Cloth, \$1.50.

ORDINATION SERVICES.

At the First Church of the Soul, Detroit, Mich.

On January 28, Dr. Julia M. Walton, president of the Michigan State Spiritualist Association, ordained Laura Lee Crawford, who has served as pastor of the Church of the Soul. The hall was most beautifully decorated with palms and floral pieces, and decorations were used freely and artistically to make the scene beautiful. The latest dress in the white preceded the candidate, who was also robed in pure white, with their arms laden with flowers, to the extempore altar, where the candidate took the beautiful and solemn obligation of a minister of the holy Spiritual Dispensation.

The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity but the large audience listened with reverent and hushed interest to the earnest adjuration and questions of the president, and the low and affecting response of the candidate. A beautiful musical program was rendered. Terse and interesting remarks, conveying the most harmonious thoughts and consolations, were tendered Mrs. Crawford by nearly all the prominent workers of Detroit. The most of the halls had been closed that evening to show the kindly feeling that existed among the mediums and speakers.

Hundreds were turned away for lack of room, and murmurs of "the most beautiful ordination services that I ever witnessed" were heard on all sides at the close of the service. Comments upon the rites favorably to Spiritualists were made by many who were not Spiritualists. Thus the good work goes on.

JULIA M. WALTON.

SOME HELPFUL THOUGHTS.

By One Who Is in Love With the Beautiful Cause of Spiritualism.

After over forty years' experience with Spiritualism in its many phases, from a child's first glimpse of the mysteries of our spark engine so the tank is kept well filled with water.

Mrs. Laura G. Fiken is occupied in the interests of the City of Light Assembly, therefore we see but little of her, but she assures us her strenuous labor will not claim her attention the whole season.

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There are meetings

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This department is under the management of
HUDSON TUTTLE.
Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

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

NOTE.—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 become excessively large, especially letters of inquiry requesting private answers, and while I freely give whatever information is available, the ordinary courtesy of correspondents is expected.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Doctor I. K. Funk: Q. What is the clear, rational explanation of these inconsistencies in an explanation that shall clear all doubts from a "sane" mind concerning the spirit-identity process?

A. In my reply to the question, "Is Doctor Funk a Spiritualist?" I said: "Doctor Funk has remained neutral, continuing with remarkable perseverance his researches. We presume he continues this course, we keep him in touch with the churches." In his "Open Letter," he appears to quite misunderstand my meaning. It was not because he is insincere or wanting in courage of his convictions, as the answer as a whole, emphatically shows. The idea was that by keeping in touch with the churches he could exert more influence and gain a wider hearing, and this without in the least compromising his convictions. Not one of his carrying critics appreciate his position, or the honest courage he has shown.

His investigations have been for the one motive of gaining the truth, which he has made the greatest sacrifice, feeling that to demonstrate immortality is the highest achievement to which the mind of man can aspire. Of course Spiritualists would prefer a clearer sounding note, but admit that his course may be the wisest. No one for a moment questions the sterling honesty of his purpose.

Now I am glad I did not make a clearer statement, and that he misinterpreted, for it has called out a full and free expression and presented the difficulties in the way. An investigator and would-be believer, with a thorough clearness which not only justifies him in taking his position, but presents the profound problem awaiting solution. Dr. Funk has come to the point where the result may be various mediums and the result may be various mediums and the result may be various mediums.

During the investigation, Dr. Funk has come to the point where the result may be various mediums and the result may be various mediums and the result may be various mediums. The result may be various mediums and the result may be various mediums and the result may be various mediums. The result may be various mediums and the result may be various mediums and the result may be various mediums.

Now the first lesson in Spiritualism is that the spirit awakes in the spirit world exactly as it left this. There is gained nothing, lost nothing. There are in this world weak, foolish, false, deceptive, lying, malicious, wicked, in the face of all these contradictions and confusion, he asks: "What is the clear, rational explanation of these inconsistencies—an explanation which should clear all doubt from a 'sane' mind concerning the spirit-identity hypothesis?"

Investigators since the advent of Modern Spiritualism have met these perplexing difficulties. In their research they have unexpectedly had the foundations of their belief almost swept away. A great deal of this misunderstanding has come from the old and entirely erroneous views of the nature of spirits. It has been the belief that spirits were all-wise and infallible. They possessed the property of "prophecy" and were as pure in moral teaching as wise.

If we were on one side of a wall and the inhabitants of the world on the other, how could we identify a friend who came to the wall. There are hundreds of millions of human beings any one of whom might assume the name of that friend. Should anyone desire to gain our attention, he might take the name of some distinguished man. If we attempted to learn what mankind believed, one would tell us that God was a trinity; another, that he was a unit; another that he did not know. Some would affirm that there was a literal fiery hell, and others that hell and devil were fairy tales.

If we asked for a description of the earth, an Esquimau would describe it as a realm of ice and snow, while, seal and fish for food. A man from the torrid zone would tell us of the burning sun and fruits of many kinds which served for food. If asked, "Does your water become hard as glass, and the trees lose their leaves?" this torrid zone man would laugh at the folly of the questions, and say: "What chaff! What is snow? If trees lost their leaves would they not die? I assure you there is nothing of that kind on our earth."

Knowing that all come to the wall and attempt to communicate with us, the bad, profligate, ignorant, superstitious, as well as the intelligent, because we received these conflicting state-

ments, would it be wise to conclude that there were no people on the other side, or if there were nothing could be gained by conversing with them? All the contradictions and discouragements would only make us more eager to obtain a more perfect method of gaining information through the wall. We would not for a moment doubt that under such difficulties a friend might be identified, not by giving a "test" but by many communications all tending to express his individuality. Nor would we expect infallibility or revelations in science, or affairs beyond the human capacity of the one with whom we purport to communicate. If names of distinguished men were given, to whom we must be unknown, instead of priding ourselves on their favor, we would know that we were being made sport of by deceivers.

In a similar manner we stand on one side of a wall and on the other are all those who have passed from the earth, carrying with them all the characteristics of that life. Pressing close to that wall are the multitude of the least developed and most earth-bound. The first lesson in Spiritualism is that the spirit awakes exactly as it left this life. Hence it is that the same methods apply to the identification of a spirit that would to an earthly friend. Assurance must come from collation of many communications and "tests." Discrimination and reason must be exercised as on all other subjects. Errors and conditions arise from imperfect knowledge of the method, ignorance of the communicants, and intentional deception.

In our desire for communion with the higher world, we must make the conditions as perfect as possible with our knowledge. A private, home circle, harmonious in the earnest prayer for the coming of the departed, hear the members, the ideas and should meet at an appointed time and place. When such a circle meets the pulsations of thought as from the transmitting instrument of the wireless telegraph, reach remotest distance, and are responded to by the spirits invoked.

A circle may be held under these conditions, which not a single "manifestation" is received, and yet the members will experience a delightful exaltation and sense of spirit presence almost as satisfying as the most startling phenomena.

In response to the circle on this side, on the other the spirit friends will form another, for they are as anxious to communicate as we are to have them. Promiscuous and undesirable controls are thus prevented from interfering for the spirit circle will not allow such to approach. The unguarded circle, promiscuous in choice of members, not only opens the door for the entrance of evil influences, but also opens the door to the coming of any spirit that may desire to do so. Mediums who give séances to all who seek them, place themselves outside of reliable control.

There is one point not mentioned which has a great influence on the communications. A long experience, and somewhat wide observation, has made it clear that there is a large number of spirits bitterly opposed to the establishment of communication between the two worlds. They hold a similar position as many do in this life and hate the belief of its possibility.

But all experience gained by promiscuous mediums, and mediums holding séances reckless of the laws and conditions of perfect and reliable control, must be sifted by reason and common sense; the rubbish blown away. Spiritualism in this does not differ from other affairs. What mountains of chaff are left in the wake of a few handfuls of grain? What wilderness of error the churches traverse for here and there a truth!

THOMAS PAINE MEMORIAL.

This Patriot and Freethinker Honored at Columbus, Ohio.

The First Spiritualist Church of Columbus, Ohio, observed Sunday, Jan. 28, the birthday of Thomas Paine. This occasion was one of great interest, as at the service there was on exhibition the famous wreath which belongs to Miss Elizabeth Jones of Philadelphia, Pa.

Thomas Paine has been so dreadfully neglected by all Americans, that it aroused Miss Jones to a determined action, that she would, if possible, gain the right to decorate his picture on Memorial Day, the same as all the other pictures are in Independence Hall.

It took her several years to gain this privilege, but at last it was hers. And she had a laurel wreath made for the occasion. This wreath has been placed on his picture every year now for ten years, by Miss Jones.

As the Louisiana Purchase was suggested and argued for by Paine, Miss Jones placed this wreath to the St. Louis Fair in 1904, where it hung on Paine's picture in the rooms of the American Secular Union. Here thousands of men and women paid it homage. At the close of the Fair the wreath was returned to Miss Jones.

For the service at Columbus, the 28th, Miss Jones loaned Miss Harlow the wreath, and it was the center of attraction on the platform where it encircled a large picture of Mr. Paine. The platform was most beautifully decorated in silk flags, flowers, and pictures of Paine and mottoes from his works. This must be patriotic in character, and Miss Gray, the soloist, was at her best. The church was full to overflowing, many having to stand. Several orders of the city were represented and the Red Men's league was present in uniform.

Miss Harlow delivered the address of the evening. She read several lectures by reading extracts from Paine's works, showing him to have been a firm believer in the God of Nature and also in the immortality of man. The lecture was a historical account of his life and work, and a measurement of his character and its worth. This was certainly appreciated by the large audience, for loud applause greeted the speaker as she took her seat.

"Child Culture, According to the Laws of Physiological Psychology and Mental Suggestion." By Newton N. Riddell. A most excellent work for all who have the care or training of children. Price, 65 cents.

"The New Life." By Leroy Berrier. Eminently suggestive along the lines of "new thought." Excellent in tone and tendencies. Price, cloth, \$1.

THOUGHT PHOTOS? IT'S EASY.

Picture of Every Mental State Possible, Scientist Says—Sit Quietly, Think Hard—Plate Will Read Your Mind, New York Experimenters Assert.

Photographs of thoughts and mental impressions will soon be as common as cabinet portraits, according to Dr. A. M. Veeder, a scientist of Lyons, near Rochester, N. Y., says the Chicago Tribune. He believes he has solved the problem of photographing brain waves.

Dr. Veeder last evening invited a number of friends to a photograph gallery to participate in an experiment intended to demonstrate the possibility of affecting a photographic plate by a purely mental process.

Thought Appears Dimly on Plate.

It was found that all of those who assisted in the experiment were capable of exercising supersensitive powers that are ordinarily latent. This having been shown, a plate from a package which had not been opened before was put in the holder and laid on a table, the shutter being closed. Each person placed one hand about four inches above the plate, with the other hand under the plate and table, and were requested to fix their minds on a named object.

After an exposure of about one minute the plate was taken into a dark room and developed. It was found that a spot had formed about the size of a silver dollar, which, it developed, was what the persons participating in the experiment had in mind. The precaution taken was such that there was no escape from the conclusion that the picture printed on the plate was an impression of the thought in the minds of those interested.

It demonstrated, Dr. Veeder says, the fact that persons in a certain state of sensitiveness of the mind, which has been fully identified, are able to produce an impression on a rapid photographic plate without direct contact.

Mind Must Be Sensitive.

The experiment, Dr. Veeder stated, cannot be successfully performed by sheer effort of the will without the peculiar sensitiveness of the mind, evidence of which was secured in the case of the persons participating in this experiment.

Dr. Veeder believes that the fact that brain waves or something of that sort are capable of producing photographic impressions is not unreasonable and is of remarkable interest in many ways. Whether the mind can project itself into the ether, or that of wireless telegraphy for considerable distances remains to be seen. He says his experiments would indicate that it is among the possibilities.

TOO MUCH OF THE IRONIC.

A Comprehensive Criticism From California.

To the Editor:—I was interested and somewhat amused with the article in your issue of January 13, over the signature of G. W. Norris. I had not read the article by Mr. Severance until you wrote the New Thought is too heavily, but think it could not have justified such an expenditure of irony. Probably it denounced those creeds which under the name of religion enacted the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the tortures of the Inquisition, the human sacrifices at Druidic altars, and in ancient Mexico temples, the burning at the stake of Servants and of hundreds of other victims of religious bigotry and intolerance. Doubtless Mr. Norris in spite of his religious zeal would agree in this view.

The fact that a man views with abhorrence a religion which is responsible for the cruelties and the inhumanity with which the pages of history are darkened, does not necessarily imply that he has no belief in righteousness, truth and honor.

One may even doubt the existence of a personal God and be a virtuous man and a good citizen. Such doubt does not denote the belief that chance rules the pages of history, a kaleidoscopic arrangement of atoms has brought nature into its present form. The presumption is that matter and its laws are as eternal as they are pitiless and inexorable. The era of human existence on this fragment of the universe, as compared with the vast expanse of space and time, is brief. It is but an unimportant incident in its history. From a globe of fiery mist it has gradually attained its present stage—to again become uninhabitable for organic life, and finally return to a state of fire mist. As Shakespeare puts it:

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself, yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve, and leave not a wrack behind."

Man with all his aspirations—after he knows not what—his ideals of the unattainable, ever the slave of his passions, and needs, will forever disappear from the face of the earth. Then, one may say, "cui bono," unless by some miracle of evolution, which I do say is impossible, his consciousness survives "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

Duarte, Cal. WM. C.

CURIOS EXPERIENCE.

A Haunted House—A Watch Placed in a Church by the Spirits.

To the Editor:—There is a place in this part that the people say is haunted. Everyone knows that very strange things happen there, but no one can explain. There have been tales to try and fathom the mystery, but failed. Things would move about there with no hands to move them.

There would be writing on slates in a room locked and guarded.

One night there were three detectives watching; one was watching the family sitting-room with his feet high up on a chair, and the chair was taken from under him and carried into another room.

The old man who lived there was writing a letter one night and stepped into the kitchen, and when he went back there was some writing on his letter in a very heavy hand. No one in the room but himself. The writing consisted of warnings, telling him to leave the place.

Once he put his watch in the sewing machine drawer, and locked it, and he went to get it, it was not there. Several days after he found it in the churn of butter milk.

At last his wife refused to stay there any longer.

I would like to know why a spirit does not want anyone to live there. It is said an old man was killed there years ago, and one can live there in peace now. There are plenty of witnesses to the truth of my statements. I would be pleased to have some of the readers of The Progressive Thinker send me their old papers. They would be new to me.

MRS. S. F. ALLENBAUGH, Bronson, Kans., R. F. D. No. 2.

A SPIRIT MESSAGE.

Chips From the Other Side.

The spirit is not born; it is the infinite life that never dies. In man it is individualized; becomes the holy atom life within life. Each soul possesses this atom of supreme consciousness. The outward body grows and develops, so also the inner self. The body is an outward sign of the invisible spirit, the thought life.

These atoms of divine spiritual growth never lose relationship to the infinite One; breathe the life of the soul within, and draw from the infinite, throbbings and pulsations of life divine. The realm of the created lies beyond death's touch. The immortal spirit is the power that controls the external.

Life is only a station along the endless journey of spirit. Souls reflect the glory and light of the infinite presence.

Through sacrifices, trials and temptations you will find the true growth and strength of spirituality. All that harasses and perplexes will in time be made clear. The troubled waters of life mortal will be calmed, and thy soul find harmony in the beyond.

Let the true light which you are receiving, guide you on to perfect peace at the final summing up. Turn from the outward symbols to the spiritual that giveth life; life is a manifestation of the spirit, but with feeble vision you fail to see the white light of life eternal.

Ever obey the voice within. At the gate of celestial glory, universal love and compassion will vibrate every atom of thy soul. From the heights you will perceive and know the truth. Sympathy and love will all your being spiritual. Within yourself unfold the spiritual conditions which belong to you. Put from you all impure and unclear desires. Let your destiny as revealed help you on to greater efforts, to nobler sacrifices. Around you shines the halo of immortal life. With unflinching steps move on in life's strife and turmoil.

Let the spirit within speak the highest ideals of thy soul.

Bible Spiritualists and Christian Spiritualists.

The moral teachings of the Bible, in a general sense, are all right. I do not think that it would harm a few of our so-called Christian Spiritualists to closely follow the Golden Rule found therein. I observe that the terms, "Bible Spiritualists" and "Bible Christians," are not similar, that is, they do not mean the same thing. The latter applies only to those persons who profess to be the followers of Jesus Christ.

The former is a person who has seen and realized what is spirit. This knowledge once observed and experienced is never forgotten. He becomes more directly interested in spiritual things than he ever could on simply receiving them by faith, because he knows them to be true. It is true that Jesus never wrote a word which has come to be the basis of the religion, come, may, or may not, be correct in every detail, and we know that much that he taught is found in the books of Moses, written long before Jesus came. We admire, however, his theme and laws of love.

Now as to formulating doctrines, for the benefit of the members, I observe that the various religious organizations, the Methodists, Baptists, Universalists, Catholics and others, do that from the Bible, and differ widely in their declarations. Is it not left to the Spiritualists to do the same?

J. L. MUSSINER.

HIGH ENCOMIUM.

An Intelligent Thinker's Estimate of Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood.

A philosopher, dominated by truth alone and bound by no ism, creed or schism, who has searched the realm of the material and the spiritual, and the relation of its facts to the principles of Spiritualism; a polished lecturer with a good command of language, who can present his conclusions so clearly that even the untrained intellect can comprehend without difficulty—this is the description that best fits Professor W. M. Lockwood, who has just completed an engagement with the New Thought Spiritual Society of Grand Rapids.

Professor Lockwood came to us a stranger, but in one brief month he has made a host of friends, all of whom will long remember and be benefited by his teachings; and it is the earnest desire of the association of officers and members of the society, that he will return each year to refresh our memories and offer us yet other truths, the results of further investigations.

GEORGE B. FERRIS.

A DREAM VISION.

Thinks That Another Attempt to Assassinate the Czar Will Succeed.

On the night of Tuesday, Jan. 16, I had an experience that can only be called a dream-vision; for it partook of the characteristics of both. While asleep at home, I dreamed that I seemed to be in a large hall, and I awoke to see a large plate-like structure being blown up from within, followed by flames breaking out. Then I heard the words, "The Czar! Russia!" and I felt that another attempt to assassinate the Czar would succeed, and that it would succeed.

H. S. R.

THE CONTENTED SAINT.

Poetry That Has Run Away With Itself.

Fair one, 'tis mine own to rejoice that you and I are very often mentioned, I assume my voice to gladness that we are obscure. Were you a princess, or a queen, were I noble, or a knight, our every action would be seen illumined in the calcium light. The stammered words in which I made of my proposal such a mess would in bold letters be displayed, together with your dulcet "yes." Your age, your weight, your glove, your shoe, your talents, and your taste in hats, the others who have come to woo, would be set down—with our chance spats. My working hours, my fads, my tastes, my growing bald spot, and my ties, with my income and my debts, would be shown forth for all eyes; the time and length of all my calls, the full report of all our talks would be made known—our feasts, and balls, our auto rides, our idle walks. Ah, happy we! You are no queen; no princess—just a simple girl; I am no prince of regard; I am no knight of the land. I take great joy in thinking this: Our words are not caught up and hurled, and best of all, my farewell kiss don't make a smack heard round the world.

W. D. N.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Cause in This City Still Surging Ahead.

To the Editor:—I wish through the columns of your paper to correct an impression that the Spiritualists at Indianapolis are dead.

Sister Helen Stuart-Richings, in her eulogy of Bro. Frank Schmidt, seemed to leave the impression that the society was no more. Brother Schmidt was, I believe, a good man. He had money at his command. It was, I understand, his intention in a few years to start in anew and boom the cause he loved so well.

No, we are not dead, but after the severe blow of the high tide and gathering up the fragments, a few ladies who had no money, but a good supply of faith in the cause they loved so well, banded together at once, and step by step they carried on the work. By their noble efforts the hungry souls are fed.

We have with us Sister Anna Thordensen and her good husband, and they with untiring effort, are cheering the sorrowing, feeding the hungry and giving sight to the spiritually blind.

We all have our faults, but the most unpardonable fault I know is unforgiveness, and I feel like Bobby Burns. "Was some power the gittle glass, to see ourself's as others see us."

Brother Will J. Erwood was with us a few hours yesterday, and gave us all a new inspiration, and left for Sheridan, Ind., for a few meetings. He will be with us again later on. May his work among us instill in all who hear him to say the least, and work heart and hand for the unfolding and uplifting of this most beautiful inspiring truth. Take courage, toilers in the vineyard of spiritual progress; fall not, falter not, weary not in the work that brings so much of peace, love and joy, to the sorrowing one of earth.

MRS. MARTHA WOOLSEY.

NOTES FROM A WORKER.

The "Spirit" That Wanted Diamonds.

To the Editor:—I was greatly pleased to read Eva Cassell's article on the dematerializing of white garments, and greatly amused, especially wherein she speaks of spirits taking a white elephant. I say with Mrs. Cassell, "Why not?" Just as reasonable to think they could and would, as to suppose they would request goods of white, etc. This particular case reminds me of a medium who some years ago, visited a city in the northwest, and where I, too, was stopping. In this case the supposed medium was a young man. The "spirits" came one by one from the cabinet, and finally a beautiful young girl with two or three other persons recognized as a young girl of said city stepped out of the cabinet, looked around and then exclaimed, "Oh, mamma!" Then after a second she said: "Mamma, darling, we wear our diamonds and other jewels in spirit life, and I would like mine." Then that beautiful young girl took out two beautiful diamond rings and handed them to none other than this young girl confederate. This was many years ago, in the time of my early investigations, and yet the show with its nefarious work goes on. But thanks to The Progressive Thinker and its many true workers, the curtain has risen to drop no more.

I hope soon to be able to wing my flight into fields of labor, and go on in the good work.

E. J. JAQUET.

W. E. COLEMAN.

The Recipient of One Hundred and Seventy-two Gifts.

The San Francisco (Cal.) Examiner says: "The presents received at Christmas, 1906, by William Emmette Coleman, one hundred and seventy-two (172) in number, will be on view at the residence, the Newberry Hotel, 418 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal., on Sunday, January 14, 1907, from 12 m. to 5:30 p. m., and from 6:15 to 9 p. m.—no later.

"They can be seen in the front room upstairs in the cottage next to the synagogue, in the rear of the main building of The Newberry.

"You are cordially invited to come and see them."

"N. B.—There will be no postponement on account of weather, unless there should be a very heavy storm, rendering travel disagreeable or impracticable. In that case the exhibition will be postponed to the next following Sunday, or to the next day after a heavy storm. Should there be light or moderate rain there will be no postponement."

The foregoing document, scattered broadcast yesterday in printed copies, proved neither a practical joke nor an advertisement in disguise, but was exactly what its face recited—a serious invitation to a serious affair, extended by the recipient of the 172 presents, William Emmette Coleman, whose perfect seriousness will not be doubted when it is stated that he has not only written books with titles like "Essences and Therapeutics," "Spectrum Analysis" and "Paraxialisms Between Biology and Philosophy," Evolution," but has been for twenty-six years a clerk in the Quartermaster's department in the Phelan Building.

The retreat of Mr. Coleman is at the top of a steep and winding stairway. Here he, lean, spare, spectacled, gray-haired, thin featured and long figured, sits in two or three dim rooms with three hundred photographs of his friends on his walls and twenty-two thousand volumes on his shelves. Here he studies Hinduism, Buddhism, Sanskrit and Pall literature for pastime in the evening. Although William Emmette Coleman has written many books and articles on a psychic and scientific subjects, his heart has not withered in the blighting atmosphere of cold abstractions. And in feeling a sympathy for the needs of humanity and in demonstrating the everlasting reality of the source of supply, he has lived such a life that at sixty-two years, one hundred and seventy-two presents and loving messages came to him from all points of the world on Christmas Day.

The little room where the exhibit took place was filled with friends of Mr. Coleman during the afternoon and evening.

"After Her Death. The Story of a Summer." By Lillian Whiting. No mind that loves spiritual thought can fail to be fed and delighted with this book. Beautiful spiritual thought, combining advanced ideas on the finer and ethereal phases of Spiritualism, leading the mind onward into the purer atmosphere of exalted spiritus truth. A book for the higher life. Price, cloth, \$1.00.

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Behind the Veil. Written by a spirit in a most interesting manner, and describing his life in the spirit world. Price 75 cents.

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A Wonderful Scent

was it taken? Is the question; not necessarily to the spirit world. Neither my daughter nor I pose as mediums, making it appear more difficult for spirits to move objects. January 26, I took the article referred to to Georgia Gladys Cooley, and after a very satisfactory sitting, I presented the same to the guide. The first remark made was: "The spirits have been monkeying with this." After several remarks of this kind, she said, "Take care of it. They will not come back to it." This proves to me that spirits can move and secrete articles, and return them at some future time.

Chicago. J. PEEPLEY

PRAYER.

Pray if you will, but prayer never can
Produce one useful thought in mind of
man.
Kneel to the great unknown, but learn
to know
That man is never raised by bending
low.

Ask God to give; but learn that useful
hands
Are ever more valued than God's com-
mands.
That one poor cot on earth is valued
high
Above the greatest mansion in the sky.
Sing! sing ye host! your God perchance
may hear,
Your long-sought Christ on earth may
yet appear.

Your God may speak; Christ conde-
scend to give—
To ignorance the pow'r to think and
live.
Faith in a dream produces nothing
good,
Religions die when they are under-
stood;
As nations rise and fall, creeds come
and go—
Back to the heart, back to the heart

Each church is but a monument of woe
The fear of God will damn the trust
heart
Which bends to think and play the
manly part;
But love of truth will raise the living
head
Above all creeds and failures of the
dead.
—Sylvanus in Agnostic Journal

"Spiritual Songs for the Use of Circles, Campmeetings and Other Spiritualist Gatherings." By Mattie E. Hull. Price 10 cents.

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We allow you to set your own price for

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