

Feb. 17

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 aiding in its advancement???

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

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THOUGHTS FROM THE ROCKIES.

Does the Spirit Make the Body, or the Body Make the Spirit?

Metaphysics, in the treatise of Aristotle, is considered as a science which investigates the first principles of nature and thought; and as the question, whether the spirit is the maker of the body or vice versa, which was sent by J. T. Dow, and answered by our Brother Hudson Tuttle in the Progressive Thinker, is a vital question, although rather indefinitely stated by the questioner, as no pre-supposes that either must be the case, I will endeavor to state what spirits for the last thirty-nine years have taught me to the contrary.

In the answer of our worthy brother he states that "the spirit was and is an eternal entity, taking on a garb of flesh," which is conceded by most able thinkers. The first definition of entity is "being," and the next, "a real substance." The definition of eternity is "Throughout all times, everlasting, without beginning or end of existence." Now, a being without end of existence, taking on a garb of flesh, compared to a physical body in its changeable nature, which on an average does not reach the age of a third of a century. Investigation has also taught that whatever physical body a spirit has been clothed in affects the spirit for a time after passing on to spirit life, like the soldier's uniform in "frill," although nearly true to kind, still partakes more or less of the mother tree.

Next, we have time as well as wild and vicious animals of the same species, so there are also spirits of all degrees engrafted into the physical form. There are good spirits in strong physical bodies, and at times with grit and perseverance inhabiting ignorant or untutored bodies, whom earlier conditions have deprived of learning, but which spurs them on to study in later years; and often the noblest of statesmen have surprised the world with their knowledge and astuteness, although they have been deprived of early training.

Digressing for a moment, and taking a cursory view into phenology, as an illustration: It is often said that certain organs rule the body, which is entirely a misstatement; but the spirit rules through what organs are most highly developed, like one would view surrounding scenery through a window, and through a clear pane of glass one naturally sees clearer than through an adjoining soiled one; and thus it is with the spirit—it acts out as best it may.

I have in years gone by made use of the expression that there are old, untutored spirits inhabiting the physical bodies, which I acknowledge was misleading; but they are untutored as well as more advanced spirits inhabiting physical forms. Age in spirit does not necessarily make the untutored wise nor the indolent energetic, any more than it does in the material. Surrounding conditions often cause seeming retrograde in the nature of man. The "sleazebag" herder on the plains, the free-hearted sailor and miner, all may live in a country where the elements of war arise and where internal strife in a restless age rages, and yet continue to be untaught of such elements the gentle nature may be hushed and the warlike and discontented element given control.

The dormant animal instinct inherited from ancestors of the remote past may become a ruling passion; and thus we find that age does not necessarily add to human or spirit advancement. As an outgrowth from a lower, by evolution, neither spirit nor man has ceased to be human, nor have we heard of importation of lesser gods from other planets ruling our destiny. Our physical body is but an earth production and ever changing in form and matter, with the spirit as the life force (which I will call soul) in its spirit body is sometimes within, sometimes standing apart, and at other times surrounding our physical forms, but magnetically linked to said forms while earth-life lasts.

When we consider that neither time nor space is necessarily counted in the spirit world, and that aged spirits after leaving the physical body, even lose form to the clairvoyant eye, and that the same individuality that acts through the physical form here must have had a continuous individuality; and which also brings us face to face with the theory that pre-existence in former earth forms may be possible, simply progressive changes in the destiny of the soul. The life of a tree is its soul or propelling power, which is clothed by cosmic elements. The life could not be clothed without matter, and matter could not grow into form without life; thus we find that the spirit or soul makes the body, although it may be a force; and that the body does not make the spirit, but it may be earthly conditions and environments either warp it or add to its advancement.

Man may think himself "master of all he surveys," while in a tornado or seismic convulsion he counts no more than a feather or grain of sand, as the indwelling spirit cannot staunch physical cataclysms. Man is controlled at the present age more by vibratory thoughts from the spirit side of life and by the same force from the earth plane, than by any other surrounding conditions. In such conditions it is fatal to man's best interest can in a majority of cases be avoided, while the subtle unknown forces of vibratory thoughts, which may be felt but not seen, sway the trend of thought in mortal man to-day to a greater extent than understood or generally acknowledged.

G. J. JOHNSON.
Pocatello, Idaho.

By education most have been misled: We so believe because we are so bred; The priest continues what the nurse began.

And thus the boy imposes on the man.—Dryden.

The institutions of a country depend in great measure on the nature of its soil and situation. Many of the wants of men are awakened or supplied by these circumstances. To these wants, manners, laws, and religion must accommodate themselves.

Vice is waste of life. Poverty, obedience, and calvary are the canonical vice.—G. B. Shaw.

Few persons have enough strength of character to suffer to tell the truth.—Vaneynburgh.

There are three things difficult: To keep a secret, to suffer an injury, to use leisure.—Voltaire.

A LAWYER'S OUTLOOK.

He Writes From the Wilds of Idaho, on the Spiritualist Situation.

To the Editor:—I am still on a lonely island on the banks of the Snake River, and it reminds me of John on the Isle of Patmos, when he received those weird visions that have been so mysterious to our orthodox friends. I can easily imagine him sitting alone on some lone rock, looking out the future, and in two thousand years, reading the issues of The Progressive Thinker of 1906.

If he had so much pleasure in the anticipation as I have in the participation, he certainly was not only a very happy individual, but a very much amused one as well. It certainly is very amusing to me in "solitude," whose closest friends are the sweet singing birds, the plaintive howling of the coyote, the music of the surging waters of the Snake, to read some of the effusions from the pens of your many contributors.

How hard it is for some of us to get away from the material world and its strings. It amuses me, and no doubt yourself, to see grown-up people drawing the old apron string closely around them still. I see whole societies of people supposed to be Spiritualists, take a large number of articles from the old clothes or rags of the ancestors, and weaving them into what they call a creed or rule to guide them.

Let me suggest that if they are real hunters and must have something to worship, that they take a whole garment, not a piece, say they take a whole chapter and not a verse or part of a verse here and there, a little is good, the whole must be better. Say they take the 38th chapter of Genesis. It is good from first to last, especially the last. Then this man Judah is the ancestor of their much worshiped idol Jesus, and no doubt that the natural law holds good in this as well as in all things in the universe, that like produces like.

Then for a second article in their creed I would suggest the 19th chapter of Judges. It is fine reading for a refined nature, and I would ask all Spiritualists to store up in their minds the last words of said chapter and use them when they read the book called the Bible, viz., "Consider of it, take advice and speak your minds."

I venture to say that not one in a thousand who call themselves Bible Spiritualists or Christian Spiritualists ever read the Bible through. If they did they have never considered of it, or taken advice, and have never spoken the words, for fear of what they would find with his Satanic Majesty in a fiery pit. For it is certain if they did we would not have such a God as they maintain.

I would like to ask for my own enlightenment, for a definition of their God. I would also like to ask them, is not all worship idolatry? In order to worship must we not create by ignorance and superstition in our imagination a being to be worshiped before we can worship? That being may be flesh, brass, wood, stone, or God, it is nevertheless an idol. No kind and loving father or mother wants or wishes their children to bow down and worship them, and yet tyrants rule the world, and it is this true of the finite, how much more so of the infinite Love. Do you find anywhere in the universe, such a thing as worship, outside of man? Yet everything in the universe moves in perfect harmony, save worshiping man. He and he alone, in various forms of worship, creates discords that are opposites of harmony.

I would like to ask mediums and so-called mediums, in whom do they put their trust? Is it in what they call God, or is it in their spirit guides and the eternal principle that is within themselves?

I like Clara Watson, Channing Severance, etc., and most of all the editor of The Progressive Thinker. Bless their souls. Long may they live. Spiritualism has a noble, fearless friend in it, a true friend, and it has no adjectives to qualify Spiritualism by. Every adjective detracts.

Spiritualism is philosophy—not a philosophy, but philosophy from which all other supposed philosophies spring. It is the great fountain of truth from which all isms have come clothed in their adjectival garbs of error, ignorance and superstition. Spiritualism needs no clothing. It is truth. Adjectives degrade and enervate it.

Let's have the definition of the Spiritualist God. R. GILRAY.
Parma, Idaho.

THINE OWN SHALL COME TO THEE

Wearily one, so sad and lonely,
On life's dark and stormy way;
Though the path be strewn with sorrows,
And o'er her head no sunlight ray;
Yet she cheerfully goes on,
And her heart is light as air;
For she knows that her light abides,
And that her own shall come to her.

Is the sky overcast with shadows?
Dost thou seem to walk alone?
Are the waves of sorrow breaking
At thy feet, with dismal moan?
Is the darkness round thee closing,
Hiding mountain, vale and lea?
There is light beyond the shadows,
And thine own shall come to thee.

Is the heart well nigh to breaking,
With its load of grief and care?
Has the light of day faded,
Leaving nothing but despair?
Are the hours so sad and lonely,
That there's naught of joy to see?
Then a sweet voice says "look up-ward,
For thine own shall come to thee."

Yes, dear one, the day is breaking,
Shining o'er you distant hills;
Heaven's light the earth is hounding;
How the heart with rapture thrills.
Life's dark shadows fade before it,
As it falls on land and sea;
All thy griefs and sorrows vanish,
When thine own shall come to thee.

A. D. CHAMPNEY.
Rockport, Maine.

Alas! to-day, as formerly, the human soul draws its energy from the sun or not, of states and of countries.—Lemaitre.

The empire of woman is an empire of sweetness, skillfulness, and attentiveness. Her orders are caresses, her evils are tears.—Rousseau.

Not to do honor to old age is to demolish in the morning the house wherein we are to sleep at night.—Karr.

CLAIRVOYANT VISIONS.

Interesting Account of Mediumistic Experiences.

To the Editor:—I fortunately am a subscriber to and reader of your valuable paper, The Progressive Thinker, and being a Spiritualist as well, and experiencing at times somewhat strange and not fully understood clairvoyant visions, I believe a brief mention of some of those visions might be of interest to some of the readers of The Progressive Thinker. I will ask you for space in which to have them recorded.

As a preface to my experiences I will say, I am now 32 years of age; was born in Lithuania, coming to this country seventeen years ago, and seeing nothing particularly interesting or inviting in the doctrines of Christianity, and from childhood being a freethinker, as was my father before me, who died when I was six years of age, I naturally could not accept the faith of the Catholic church, a church in which my mother held a membership.

About five years ago I was, through a friend, induced to attend a trumpet seance held in Canton, Ohio. The experiences had at this seance put me to thinking more deeply along spiritual lines. Later I visited a trance medium and got some useful information—the names of departed loved ones—were given me, to be followed with messages from them. I remember, these friends died in my native country and the medium had no means of knowing any of them.

Within two weeks after this sitting some of my spirit friends came to me about the hour of midnight and made their presence known by trying to control me. A little later I began to hear raps in my room and occasionally a voice, also saw forms at times. These manifestations usually took place about midnight. The manifestations were not nightly but periodically.

After a period of a few months I frequently saw a spirit dressed as a female, but it gave no name. Within a short time thereafter, and usually after midnight, I was shaken in my bed and told to sit up for development. At times when in bed, large materialized hands clasped my head and were drawn down over my face making me quite nervous. One night I was taken almost out of bed and after getting back and drawing the cover tightly over my head the same large hands were felt upon my head, pressed my eyes, and when I made an effort to move them I found it impossible to do so. Remember, while these manifestations were taking place no visible body could be produced. I take advice and speak your minds.

On one occasion my father and sister, also two others whom I did not recognize, came; my father to the left of the bed, my sister at the foot, and the two strangers at the right side of the bed. I have had many other visits from denizens of the spirit world but it would require too much space to make mention of them. However, I will speak of one more very strange manifestation.

On the night of March 17, 1905, and about 1:30 a. m., I was awakened from a deep sleep through a magnetic thrill or shock that went from my head to my feet. I then appeared to go into a hypnotic or clairvoyant trance seeing as plainly and distinctly as I ever saw an object or object in my life. First, a spirit lady finely costumed. Second, I saw my wife, who is still living in the flesh, and immediately after this vision I saw an elderly gray-haired man with long flowing whiskers, then another form I do not remember of seeing before or since. The lady in the first costume had something in her hand resembling a large spool or reel and was winding thereon a material that resembled white floss. After watching these visitors a short time, each instantly vanished. Then appeared a medium-sized white dog with a few brown spots and with collar and chain, but this, too, soon vanished as did the others. These mysterious manifestations, visions, or whatever you may call them, may have some significance, but as to an explanation of their meaning I am certainly in the dark.

SYLVESTER BUNGARD.
Canton, Ohio.

TO THE PSYCHIC CIRCLE.

An Explanation From Dr. Alex Caird.

This effort to bring ourselves and others in closer touch with the spirit world and with each other has been greatly prospered and has accomplished much good. This circle has started as a private affair, with the intention of publishing all matter pertaining to it in the Cadet Hall Messenger, a quarterly magazine issued by the Lynn Spiritualists Association, but it is evident that such was not the intention of its originators on the spirit side, as within six months it had spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and many applications for membership, having been received from Europe, Africa, Turkey, and many other foreign countries.

So many requests for help through thought concentration were sent in that it seemed desirable that some method be devised whereby the members could be informed of cases in particular need of mental assistance, and Brother Francis kindly offered space in The Progressive Thinker for that purpose, but the requests became so numerous that to publish them all was out of the question; it must be very evident to all that some plan must be provided whereby the members can make their wants known and thereby receive spiritual help. To throw out thoughts in a general way as we are doing, will reach many, but we believe with O. V. LaBoeuf, that by the power of will we may direct a thought wave with renewed energy in any or all directions, but it is most forcible when directed to a given point, and as it is the mission of the circle to help its members, we wish to adopt some plan whereby our concentrated thought may be directed to those members most in need of its helping power.

As we are preparing to remove to Chicago next May, I think the best plan is to call the circle as at present until that time, when we hope to provide some way to meet all requirements. Please send all applications for membership (which is free, and every one welcome) to the writer.

DR. ALEX CAIRD.
44 Commercial street, West Lynn, Mass.

SOME CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS.

On the Subject of Commercial Mediumship and Theism.

The Progressive Thinker of February 3 contained a most interesting article from Brother H. D. Barrett. I appreciate his kind references to myself, and this article is, first, to explain my position upon commercial mediumship, and second, to briefly review Brother Barrett's position upon Theism.

I take the broad ground that whenever there is a materialistic consideration passed from one person to another for services rendered, or for something of value received, there is commerce in the strictest sense of that term. Therefore, the preacher, lecturer and the medium, receiving compensation for their services are commercialists. And that commerce is perfectly legitimate, provided it is not for the purpose of injury to some one else. Hence, if the money, or any other valuable thing, was for the purpose of procuring, or rendering, or other crime, though it would still be commerce it would be criminally wrong. Hence, mediumship can be perverted into a form of action utterly wrong, which should receive no sort of sanction or countenance from any truth and justice-loving person.

But when mediumship is used in promoting the temporal welfare of the seeker, without injury to any other person, the pointing out of a gold mine, or how to work it, is just as legitimate to true Spiritualism as to describe the glories of the spirit life and world.

2. But what I most wished to notice in Brother Barrett's article is his very extraordinary positions upon "Theism." He writes: "I think I can make my meaning clearer by contrasting it with Deism." Well, if he has made his "meaning clearer" to anyone, he certainly has not to me. Indeed, I am astonished that a man of his ability and learning should make such a statement as he does. I don't know but I have been an ignoramus all my life, but I don't think so. I have always supposed that I know that the Latin Deum and the Greek Theos meant precisely the same. They are the same. The only difference is the different mode of spelling the word. We use the Latin D instead of the Greek Theta, and hence our words Deity and Deism, and unless Brother Barrett is wiser than all the Lexicons, I shall insist upon the identity of their meaning.

The introduction of the names of some distinguished names is especially inapplicable. Why did he not connect Jefferson, Franklin and Adams with Thomas Paine, their intimate friend and fellow worker, who was a Deist, and contrary to Brother Barrett's statement believed in personal immortality for man, and also that in the same way we should regard the results of his conduct in this life. His idea of the future was substantially the same as that of the Spiritualists. He did not deny a revelation, but rejected the Bible as that revelation, and pointed to nature as the ample revelation of the Divine character. My impression is that Jefferson, Franklin and Adams agreed with him; and Lincoln most certainly did not go beyond him in those particular. To me, Brother Barrett's statement is a distinction where there is no difference.

Theism is not "an all-inclusive term," but one which includes only the belief in one, personal Deity, and has no relation whatever to "an Infinite Principle." What does he mean by an "Infinite Principle"? How can he define principle so as to apply the term "Infinite" to it as an adjective? Is a Principle a Being? If not, how does it "recognize revelation and demonstrate fact"? Is "recognition" possible to anything but a person? If so, how so?

Again, how does it "involve Infinite Intelligence"? Is a Principle intelligent? Intelligence means knowledge, or a being possessing or capable of acquiring knowledge. Does Brother Barrett's "Infinite Intelligence" possess any knowledge? How did they acquire it? Did they know of things and events before they existed? Knowledge is, in itself finite—limited. There are a great variety of items entering into a knowledge of any one thing or individuality. Are all these distinct items added up to constitute his "Infinite Intelligence"? Are the hairs of our heads all numbered? Can "Infinite Intelligence" number without counting?

Knowledge presupposes some form of sensation, perception and memory. It involves the attributes of consciousness, and includes a brain center. Has "Infinite Intelligence" these attributes? Does it reflect? Does it will or possess volition?

But I must pause in these queries. They, and many more in the same line, show the extreme absurdity of all these pretensions of "Infinite Intelligence" and of "Theism" founded thereon.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

ANOTHER STRANGE OCCURRENCE

Illustrating in a Vivid Manner Spirit Power.

While reading the article in No. 846 of The Progressive Thinker, by Jos. Pelkey, I was impressed to relate a strange occurrence that I experienced more than a year ago.

One hot day in the summer I sat outside in a nice, cool shade, reading my favorite newspaper, (The Progressive Thinker). I got drowsy and dozed. I had put my spectacles on when I was seated, and dropped the old case at my side on the grass. The case had a small hole in it, and the check which was folded into a small square and put in there by myself as a safe and secret place, until I would need to cash it. It had been in its hiding place about three weeks prior to this date.

The files bothered me, and I did not know how to get it. I was so much interested in the old case but could not see it. I began to feel anxious, and opened my pocket-knife and split the old scabbard open from end to end.

The check was gone!

I called my wife, and her of my dilemma. She could do nothing for me. The party who gave me the paper was sought out immediately to learn just how the check read. I had just turned to the page, when my wife started to the well, saw the check almost directly in front of her, picked it up off the muddy ground—not soiled nor unfolded, but as clean and

IMPORTANT LETTER.

To the Spiritualists of Michigan.

As formerly noticed through the columns of this paper, the M. S. S. A. is now supplied with official missionaries whose time is devoted to the extension of the organization and the cause generally throughout our state. The wisdom of this action was made evident by the sentiment expressed at the mid-winter meeting of the M. S. S. A., just closed at Detroit.

We as Spiritualists cannot afford to lose any opportunity to advance the interests of our cause by placing its beautiful truths, both by precept and by demonstration, before the bar of the good judgment of all thinking men and women. There has been too much lethargy among us in the past. We have been too content with the self-satisfaction gained from a knowledge of immortality, a knowledge developed from that hope which springs up in the breast of every child born of woman, a hope that death does not end all.

Every church in the land, the Roman not excepted, is honey-combed with doubt. The majority of those who patiently sit from day to day, and who contribute freely toward their support, are simply tolerant of the teachings of the church, and do not accept them. Where do these belong? What field of all affords the greatest play for these outreaching minds? What religion or science among all the systems in the world offers the greatest return for time, money and efforts expended? From those who are in a position to answer there can be but one response—Spiritualism!

The clergy are fully aware of all the growing doubt, and of the increasing demand for something more than dogma, and which will transcend a vague hope, and they are catering to that demand.

Why don't we Spiritualists respond more readily to this demand? We have been too self-centered; in a word we have been too selfish, gratifying our own demands and hiding our lights. Let us awake and grasp the opportunity that offers itself. If we cannot afford to employ the best talent, let us employ the best we can afford. The poorest public lecture the churches afford for demonstrating immortality.

We have been employed by the M. S. S. A. for the object of aiding in carrying the message of immortality into the homes and hearts of your neighbors. We are at your service. We will hold public lectures, and give seances for your friends who are loth to attend public meetings. We will help you to get upon your feet again as an organization; if you are not already so, we will help you to organize a society. We will interest your neighbors. We will go to the homes and ask them to come and see you, and attend your meetings, and they will appreciate it; they will receive us well, and many of them will come. If you want us, send for us and do it now, that we may arrange our dates to accommodate you. All mail addressed to our home will reach us wherever we may be. Don't ask us to stay more than one month, as others need us too. We prefer shorter engagements for the sake of others. Finally, will you co-operate with us in our efforts to advance the grand cause we all love so much?

MR. AND MRS. E. W. WHITE,
292 Harrison avenue, Detroit, Mich.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

I wonder if my spirit, since my locks have grown gray, grows old, grows weary, grows impatient with this waiting day by day!

And I wonder if the worry and monotony of toil,
Is inclining me to curdle and my kindliness to spoil!

I call back those pleasant faces of my happy boyhood days,
When the whole world seemed to echo with the shouts of boyish play;
When the very sun seemed shining to complete the round of joy,
And those days when the merry mad-days when I was but a boy.

I still climb those dear old hillsides, and go swimming in the brook; I still play in that old meadow and the same secluded nook;
I still "whistle up" my comrades, for a swim or game of ball;
But somehow I get responses only in a death-like pall.

I still hear the distant rumble of the mill-wheel going round,
As again I tread the furrow in the plowing of the ground;
I can hear the cow-bells tinkle out upon the grassy hill,
And I seem to catch faint glimpses of sweet faces round me still.

I oft hear again the murmur of the voices in the school,
And see myself sitting by the teacher on a stool;
I can hear the children reading and the "spelling down" as then,
And the visions close my eyelids, and I AM A CHILD AGAIN.

I am with my dear old mother, and can see the gentle care
Now, with which she mends my trousers and prepares my curly hair;
I can feel her gentle touches and can sense her motherly pride,
And somehow I feel her presence in the spirit at my side.

Is this seeming but a dreaming, or a part of one whole life,
When the pleasures of our treasures overshadow all the strife?
Is it but an empty vision or a meaningless array,
Or a mental panorama of the long-past yesterday?

Am I dreaming, or just living over all the bygone years?
Oh, the pleasure in re-living, when the present disappears,
All the happy days of childhood in the golden long ago,
Makes my spirit lighter, better, while it lingers here below.

I know not the hidden future, but the past returns to me,
And the present all too plainly and too sternly I can see,
And I somehow feel down in me that the loved ones gone before,
Are still living and still loving, on some brighter, fairer shore.

And at night when gentle zephyrs fan my eyelids down to sleep,
All around me in the silence of the mighty spirit deep,
Loving faces, bright and smiling, float like sunbeams through the air,
Then I seem to be uplifted, as if floating with them there.

DR.-T. WILKINS.

Those who have finished by making all others think with them have usually been those who began by daring to think for themselves.—Colton.

He sought for others the goods he desired for himself. Let him pass on.—Ezra.

A SPIRIT VISITS HIM.

Had Vision of a Relative at Time Latter Died in Germany—Frederick Wendt's Story—While Asleep, His Mother Seemed to Sit at His Bed-side at a Time Which a Letter From His Fatherland States She Died, in Preussen Pommern.

As related by a Utica (N. Y.) paper, early in a morning of the latter part of January, Frederick Wendt of 60 Hicks street, had a dream. At least he now concludes it was a dream, although at first he believed that he had been awake and that the form of his mother came before him, and it talked to him as she did when he was a child, and back in his native home in Preussen Pommern, Germany.

He says he remarked to what seemed to be his mother how natural she looked, and that she didn't seem to have changed any since he had left his fatherland. Then he heard his mother say that she felt good, and that it was right that she should look well. He said to her, "You are wonderful in your sleeping place, the form sat down on the edge of the bed, and with it he held a long conversation, and finally what appeared as his mother seemed to say: "I must go, never to see you any more." The apparition said farewell. Mr. Wendt jumped from his bed and groping around the room tried to feel the form; but it was not there. Then and the following day he thought that he had been awake; but since he has changed his mind, and concluded that he was in a dream, and that as the apparition of his mother left his mind he awoke.

The following day he told his wife and family of the strange vision of his sleep, and that he was sure that his mother's statement that she would never see him again, meant that out in Preussen Pommern, her death had occurred at the time he had the vision. Since then he has anxiously waited for mail which would bring him some news of his mother. Yesterday morning the news came from Germany. His mother had died early in the morning of January 24, the day on which Mr. Wendt is sure he had the vision.

Mrs. Wendt's maiden name was Helena Voll, and in the city she has a brother, Ferdinand Voll, who is the ticket agent at the West Union station of the Lackawanna Railroad. Just as soon as Mr. Wendt received the letter he went to notify his uncle, Mr. Voll, of the death. Mr. Voll did not seem especially surprised and then Mr. Wendt told him of the strange vision he had. Mr. Voll said that on the night of about the time the death took place in Germany, he had a dream similar to that of his nephew, Mr. Wendt. He also said that he was visited by his sister and that she told him she was going to die. They compared the experiences of their dreams, and they were just alike. While both men claim not to be the least superstitious, they related their stories of their dreams to others.

CO-OPERATIVE SERMONS.

Why Not Have Co-operation Among All the Religions?

The Chicago Tribune of late date sets forth the following:

The Rev. E. P. Tuller, Baptist; the Rev. W. B. Thorne, Congregationalist; the Rev. J. H. Macdonald, Methodist; and the Rev. John J. Jones, Unitarian, propose to co-operate in preaching during the next four weeks, each clergyman selecting the same topic and preaching substantially the same sermon, whose general lines have been determined at a previous interview of the four.

The extinction of a novel one. It would be hazardous to predict its success, but at the first glance it appears to have possibilities of great good, and it certainly will have the sympathy of all persons who are interested in the moral welfare of Chicago. For the topics proposed for this simultaneous preaching are certain to the moral and spiritual improvement of the city. They include such live questions as "The Betrayal of Citizenship" (which is quite comprehensive), the liquor and gambling evils, and "Chicago's Sunday." There is need for earnest consideration of all these subjects, and there is room for co-operation in each direction without returning to Puritanism. There is great need of regulation and of law enforcement, and a co-operation of the kind proposed may help to keep irregularities in check and prevent them from growing into excesses.

The most engaging feature of the experiment is the strength that comes from union. The quadruple combination is not unlike the flying wedge formation in football. It will be hard to resist and it will grow harder if the wedge shall grow larger and stronger. Four ministers, thinking, planning, studying, and working together, ought to accomplish more than four times as much as one minister working alone, and their work also should be many more times as effective because of the simultaneity of action. The community of interest and community of effort certainly promise valuable results, and all good citizens will be glad to see the experiment carried out. Equally "the hosts of sin," the grafters, the thieves, the boodle politicians, the gamblers, and all the violators of law will watch its development with lively apprehension of coming retribution.

The four ministers have wisely decided to pool their efforts entirely upon moral lines. Sectarian feeling will not be aroused nor will creed beliefs or denominational distinctions be disturbed. So far as the questions to be discussed are concerned the ministers are of the same mind. Their moral creeds are identical, there is no possibility of disagreement on the main themes. The Rev. Mr. Jones can remain a Channing or even a Browning Unitarian without in the least offending the Rev. Mr. Macdonald's Wesleyan Methodist or the Rev. Mr. Tuller's Roger Williams Baptistism or the Rev. Mr. Thorne's Plymouth Rock Congregationalism. Denominationality they forego; as good citizens working for the good of the city they are one.

The scheme is tentative, but if it shall prove successful, why may it not be extended so as to include many other groups of four, or even grand combinations and thus appeal the enemy with the spectacle of a huge concerted movement not merely of Unitarians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and Methodists but of other denominations? Who could doubt the success of such a movement? There is another hopeful possibility. If the states and the most brilliant lightning comes of the darkest clouds.—Anon.

No man upon earth can have the least spark of love for a God who holds in reserve eternal, hard, and violent chastisements for ninety-nine hundredths of his children.—Jean Meslier.

Perfection is attained by slow degrees; she requires the hand of time.—Voltaire.

SOME TRENDY THOUGHTS.

The Influence of Women Needed in Every Problem of Life.

Rev. J. S. Thomas pastor of the Howard Presbyterian Church in San Francisco, recently preached a strong sermon on the rights of women in which he said:

"Man and woman should work together in every department of life, in the home, in the church and in the state. The influence of woman is needed in every problem of life. Commercial and social life in this city need the woman. If there was ever a city that needed a mother it is San Francisco. The truth is the home is not circumscribed by the four walls of the kitchen and the living room. The children are not in the house all the day. They are in the schools and in the streets. We need the woman, the mother, to aid in the management of the schools and the government of the streets. They are a part of the home in the larger sense. What right have they to say that she shall remain within the four walls?

"If it is woman's duty to see that beautiful pictures are hung on the walls of the parlor, why should her duty to see that the pictures on bill boards and in the store windows of this city shall be sweet and uplifting, too? If children have to look at them. If it is a woman's duty to keep the children and the home clean, why is it not her duty to keep the streets clean? San Francisco needs a mother to keep it clean. Life in all its undertakings is a problem for the solution of men and women working together. There is too much separation. We have separated the mission work in the church and given a special part of it to the women, and we have made a mistake. The women need to be in the church should work together. Dowie said lately that the curse of the temperance question in the United States was that it had been made a woman's question. There is no sex in the problems of life.

Women feel very tired about the way members of their own sex talk about the sphere of woman. If home is the place for woman, then home is the place for man. They are co-partners for life to work together."

FROM THE TALMUD.

When the ox is down many are the butchers.

He paid his money on the horns of a deer.

The camel wanted to have horns and they took away his ears.

One bird died is better than a hundred dying.

The egg of to-day is better than the hen of to-morrow.

Better eat onions all thy life than dine upon geese and chickens; and then long in vain for more ever after.

He that hires one garden will eat birds; he that hires many gardens the birds will eat him.

If thy friend is honey do not lick him up altogether.

When the calf kicks it is time to throw the cow.

Rather be thou the tail among lions than the head among foxes.

When he was a puppy I fed him, and when he became a dog he bit me.

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 II.—Continued.

The Pilgrim would have liked to pause at every moment to see one lovely thing or another; but the painter walked on steadily till he came to a room which was full of sketches, some of them like pictures in little, with many sketches, some of them only a representation of a flower, or the wing of a bird. "These are all the master's," he said; "sometimes the sight of them will be enough to put something great into the mind of another. In this corner are the sketches I told you of."

There were two of them hanging together upon the wall, and at first it seemed to the little Pilgrim as if they represented the flames and fire of which she had read, and this made her shudder for the moment. But then she saw that it was a red light like a stormy sunset, with masses of clouds in the sky, and a low sun very fiery and dazzling, which no doubt to a hasty glance must have looked, with its dark shadows and high-lit lights, like the fires of the bottomless pit. But when you looked down you saw the reality that it was.

The country that lay beneath was full of tropical foliage, but with many stretches of sand and dry plains, and in the foreground was a town, that looked very prosperous and crowded, though the figures were very minute, the subject being so great; but no one to see it would have taken it for anything but a busy and wealthy place, in a thunderous atmosphere, with a storm coming on. In the next there was a section of a street with a great basqueting hall open to the view, and many people sitting about the table. You could see that there was a great deal of laughter and conversation going on, some very noisy groups, but others that sat more quietly in corners and conversed, and some who sang, and every kind of entertainment.

The little Pilgrim was very much astonished to see this, and turned to the painter, who answered her directly, though she had not spoken. "We used to think differently once. There are some who are there and do not know it. They think only it is the old life over again, but always worse, and they are led on in the ways of evil; but they do not feel the punishment until they begin to find out where they are and to struggle, and wish for other things."

The little Pilgrim felt her heart beat very wildly while she looked at this, and she thought upon the rich man in the parable, who, though he was himself in torment, prayed that his brother might be saved, and she said to herself, "Our dear Lord would never leave him there who could think of his brother when he was himself in such a strait." And when she looked at the painter he smiled upon her, and nodded his head. Then he led her to the other corner of the room where there were other pictures.

One of them was of a party seated round a table and an angel looking on. The angel had the aspect of a traveler, as if he were passing quickly by and had but paused a moment to look, and one of the men glancing up suddenly saw him. The picture was dim, but the startled look upon this man's face, and the sorrow on the angel's, appeared out of the misty background with such truth that the tears came into the little Pilgrim's eyes, and she said in her heart, "Oh, that I could go to him and help him!"

The other sketches were dimmer and dimmer. You seemed to see out of the darkness, gleaming lights, and companies of revelers, out of which here and there was one trying to escape. And then the wide plains in the night, and the white vision of the angel in the distance, and here and there by different paths a fugitive striving to follow. "Oh, sir," said the little Pilgrim, "how did you learn to do it? You have never been there."

"It was the master, not I; and I can not tell you if he has ever been there. When the Father has given you that gift, you can go to many places, without leaving the one where you are. And then he has heard what the angels say."

"And will they all get safe at the last? and even that great spirit, he that fell from heaven—"

The painter shook his head and said, "It is not permitted to you and me to know such great things. Perhaps the wise will tell you if you ask them; but for me I ask the Father in my heart and listen to what he says."

"That is best!" the little Pilgrim said; and she asked the Father in her heart; and there came over her such a glow of warmth and happiness that her soul was satisfied. She looked in the painter's face and laughed for joy. And he put out his hands as if welcoming some one, and his countenance shone; and he said: "My son had a great gift. He was a master born, though it was not given to me. He shall paint it all for us so that the heart shall rejoice; and you will come again and see."

After that it happened to the little Pilgrim to enter into another great place where there were many people reading, and some sitting at their desks and writing, and some consult-

ing together, with many great volumes stretched out open upon the tables. One of these who was seated alone looked up as she paused wondering at him, and smiled as every one did, and greeted her with such a friendly tone that the Pilgrim, who always had a great desire to know, came nearer to him and looked at the book, then begged his pardon, and said she did not know that books were needed here. And then he told her that he was one of the historians of the city where all the records of the world were kept, and that it was his business to work upon the great history, and to show what the meaning of the Father in everything that had happened, and how each event came in its right place.

"And do you get it out of books?" she asked; for she was not learned, nor wise, and knew but little, though she always loved to know.

"The books are the records," he said; "and there are many here that were never known to us in the old days; for the angels love to look into these things, and they can tell us much, for they saw it; and in the great books they have kept there is much put down that was never in the books we wrote, for then we did not know. We found out about the kings and the state, and tried to understand what great purposes they were serving; but even these we did not know, for those purposes were too great for us, not knowing the end from the beginning, and the hearts of men were too great for us. We comprehended the evil sometimes, but never fathomed the good. And how could we know the lesser things which were working out God's way? For some of these even the angels did not know; and it has happened to me that our Lord himself has come in sometimes to tell me of one that none of us had discovered."

"Oh," said the little Pilgrim, with tears in her eyes, "I should like to have been that one!—that was not known even to the angels, but only to Himself!"

"The historian smiled. "It was my brother," he said.

The Pilgrim looked at him with great wonder. "Your brother, and you did not know him!"

And then he turned over the pages and showed her where the story was.

"You know," he said, "that we who live here are not of your time, but have lived and lived here till the old life is far away and like a dream. There were great tumults and fightings in our time, and it was settled by the prince of the place that our town was to be abandoned, and all the people left to the mercy of an enemy who had no mercy. But every day as he rode out he saw at one door a child, a little fair boy, who sat on the steps, and sang his little song like a bird. This child was never afraid of anything,—when the horses pranced past him, and the troopers pushed him aside, he looked up into their faces and smiled. And when he had anything, a piece of bread, or an apple, or a plaything, he shared it with his playmates; and his little face, and his pretty voice, and all his pleasant ways, made that corner bright. He was like a flower growing there; everybody smiled that saw him."

"I have seen such a child," the little Pilgrim said.

"But we made no account of him," said the historian. "The Lord of the place came past him every day, and always saw him singing in the sun by his father's door. And it was a wonder then, and it has been a wonder ever since, why, having resolved upon it, that prince did not abandon the town, which would have changed all his fortune after. Much had been made clear to me since I began to study, but not this; till the Lord himself came to me and told me. The prince looked at the child till he loved him, and he reflected how many children there were like this that would be murdered, or starved to death, and he could not give up the little singing boy to the sword. So he remained; and the town was saved, and he became a great king. It was so secret that even the angels did not know it. But without that child the history would not have been complete."

"And is he here?" the little Pilgrim said.

"Ah," said the historian, "that is more strange still; for that which saved him was also his harm. He is not here. He is elsewhere."

The little Pilgrim's face grew sad; but then she remembered what she had been told.

"But you know," she said, "that he is coming?"

"I know that our Father will never forsake him, and that everything that he is doing is accomplished in him; well."

"Is it well to suffer? Is it well to live in that dark stormy country? Oh, that they were all here, and happy like you!"

He shook his head a little and said:

"It was a long time before I got here; and as for suffering that matters little. You get experience by it. You are more accomplished and fit for

greater work in the end. It is not for nothing that we are permitted to wander; and sometimes one goes to the edge of despair."

"She looked at him with such wondering eyes that he answered her without a word.

"Yes," he said, "I have been there."

And then it seemed to her that there was something in his eyes which she had not remarked before. Not only the great content that was everywhere, but a deeper light, and the air of a judge who knew both good and evil, and could see both sides, and understand all, both to love and to hate.

"Little sister," he said, "you have never wandered far; it is not needful for such as you. Love teaches you, and you need no more; but when we have to be trained for an office like this, to make the way of the Lord clear through all the generations, reason is that we should see everything, and learn all that man is and can be. These things are too deep for us; we stumble on, and know not till after. But now to me it is all clear."

She looked at him again and again while he spoke, and it seemed to her that she saw in him such great knowledge and tenderness as made her glad; and how he could understand the follies that men had done, and fathom what real meaning was in them, and disentangle all the threads. He smiled as she gazed at him, and answered as if she had spoken.

"What was evil perishes, and what was good remains; almost everywhere there is a little good. We could not understand all if we had not seen all and shared all."

"And the punishment too," she said, wondering more and more.

He smiled so joyfully that it was like laughter.

"Pain is a great angel," he said. "The reason we hated him in the old days was because he tended to death and decay; but when it is towards life he leads, we fear him no more. The welcome thing of all in the land of darkness is when you see him first and know who he is; for by this you are aware that you have found the way."

The little Pilgrim did nothing but question with her anxious eyes, for this was such a wonder to her, and she could not understand. But he only sat musing with a smile over the things he remembered. And at last he said:

"If this is so interesting to you, you shall read it all in another place, in the room where we have laid up our own experiences, in order to serve for the history afterwards. But we are still busy upon the work of the earth. There is always something new to be discovered. And it is essential for the whole world that the chronicle should be full. I am in great joy because it was but just now that our Lord told me about that child. Everything was imperfect without him, but now it is complete."

"You mean your brother? And you are happy though you are not sure if he is happy?" the little Pilgrim said.

"It is not to be happy that we live," said he; and then, "We are all happy so soon as we have found the way."

She would have asked him more, but that he was called to a consultation with some others of his kind, and had to leave her, waving his hand to her with a tender kindness which went to her heart. She looked after him with great respect, scarcely knowing why; but, it seemed to her that a man who had been in the land of darkness, and made his way out of it, must be more wonderful than any other.

She looked round for a little upon the great library, full of all the books that had ever been written, and where people were doing their work, examining and reading and making extracts, every one with looks of so much interest, that she almost envied them,—though it was a generous delight in seeing people so happy in their occupation, and a desire to associate herself somehow in it, rather than any grudging of their satisfaction, that was in her mind.

She went about all the courts of this palace alone, and everywhere saw the same work going on, and everywhere met the same kind looks. Even when the greatest of all looked up from his work and saw her, he would give her a friendly greeting and a smile; and nobody was too wise to lend an ear to the little visitor, or to answer her questions. And this was how it was that she began to talk to another, who was seated at a great table with many more, and who drew her to him by something that was in his looks, though she could not have told what it was.

It was not that he was kinder than the rest, for they were all kind. She stood by him a little, and saw how he worked, and would take something from one book and something from another, putting them ready for use. And it did not seem any trouble to do this work, but only pleasure, and the very pen in his hand was like a winged thing, as if it loved to write. When he saw her watching him, he looked up and showed her the beautiful book out of which he was copying, which was all illuminated with lovely pictures.

"This is one of the great volumes of the great history," he said. "There are some things in it which are needed for another, and it is a pleasure to work at it. If you will come here you will be able to see the page while I write."

Then the little Pilgrim asked him some questions about the pictures, and he answered her, describing and explaining them; for they were in the middle of the history, and she did not understand what it was. When she

said, "I ought not to trouble you, for you are busy," he laughed so kindly that she laughed, too, for pleasure. And he said:

"There is no trouble here. When we are not allowed to work, as sometimes happens, that makes us not quite so happy, but it is very seldom that it happens so."

"Is it for punishment?" she said.

And then he laughed out with a sound which made all the others look up smiling, and if they had not all looked so tenderly at her, as at a child who has made such a mistake as it is pretty for the child to make, she would have feared she had said something wrong; but she only laughed at herself too, and blushed a little, knowing that she was not wise; and to put her at her ease again, he turned the leaf and showed her other pictures, and the story which went with them, from which he was copying something. And he said:

"This is for another book, to show how the grace of the Father was beautiful in some homes and families. It is not the great history, but connected with it; and there are many who love that better than the story which is more great."

Then the Pilgrim looked in his face and said:

"What I want most is, to know about your homes here."

"It is all home here," he said, and smiled; and then, as he met her wistful looks, he went on to tell her that he and his brothers were not always there. "We have all our occupations," he said, "and sometimes I am sent to inquire into facts that have happened, of which the record is not clear; for we must omit nothing; and sometimes we are told to rest and take in new strength; and sometimes—"

"But, oh, forgive me," cried the little Pilgrim, "you had some who were more dear to you than all the world in the old time?"

And the others all looked up again at the question, and looked at her with tender eyes, and said to the man whom she questioned: "Speak!"

He made a little pause before he spoke, and he looked at one here and there, and called to them:

"Patience, brother," and "Courage, brother." And then he said, "Those whom we loved best are nearly all with us; but some have not yet come."

"Oh," said the little Pilgrim, "but how then do you bear it, to be parted so long—so long?"

Then one of those to whom the first speaker had called out, "Patience," rose, and came to her smiling; and he said:

"I think every hour that perhaps she will come, and the joy will be so great, that thinking of that makes the waiting short; and nothing here is long, for it never ends; and it will be so wonderful, to hear her tell how the Father has guided her, that it will be a delight to us all; and she will be able to explain many things, not only for us, but for all; and we love each other so that this separation is as nothing in comparison with what is to come."

It was beautiful to hear this, but it was not what the little Pilgrim expected, for she thought they would have told her of the homes to which they all returned when their work was over, and a life which was like the life of the old time; but of this they said nothing, only looking at her with smiling eyes, as at the curious questions of a child. And there were many other things she would have asked, but she refrained when she looked at them, feeling as if she did not yet understand; when one of them broke forth suddenly in a louder voice, and said:

"The little sister knows only the little language and the beginning of days. She has not learned the mysteries, and what Love is, and what Life is."

And another cried, "It is sweet to hear it again; and they all gathered round her with tender looks, and began to talk to each other, and tell her, as men will tell of the games of their childhood, of things that happened, which were half-forgotten, in the old time.

(To be continued.)

THE GRAND LEDGE CAMP.

Its Favorite Features Pointed Out.

The Grand Ledge Spiritualist camp, Grand Ledge, Mich., opens up July 22, and invites the Spiritualists and their friends to attend and make this camp one of the finest in the country. The camp is situated on the beautiful Grand River, one mile from the city of Grand Ledge, and is an ideal resort. The auditorium is one of the largest and best appointed in the United States. The water is unexcelled, and the campers have always been noted for their hospitality and friendliness to all strangers. Here is one place you can call home.

The very best speakers are engaged this season; and the grounds are being put into the best shape. The dining-room will be under splendid management and the very best meals furnished. The hotel has been furnished with fine beds and clean linens, and will be under the management of a good matron.

The amusements this season will be better than ever—good music, dancing, and almost nightly entertainments of some kind, such as circles, speaking, musical entertainments, etc.

Those who have attended the camps before, all speak of Grand Ledge Camp as one of the pleasantest camps they have ever visited. This is one camp that strictly believes in brotherly love.

Friends, make your arrangements to attend the Grand Ledge, Mich., Spiritualist Camp, July 22, to Aug. 21, and you will say you have never attended a finer camp in your life.

Write J. W. Evans, Grand Ledge, Mich., president of the camp association, for programs, and he will be pleased to send them.

Remember, the Grand Ledge, Mich., Camp.

A GRAND MID-WINTER MEETING.

Michigan Steps to the Front and Maintains Her Position Nobly in the Ranks of Spiritualism.

The President of the State Association Showed Marked Genius in Conducting the Meeting and Making It a Success—Dr. G. B. Warner's Address Captured the Audience.

The Michigan State Spiritualist Association has just closed the most successful and enthusiastic annual convention, commonly known as the mid-winter meeting, in its history as a state organization. The convention was held in Colonial Hall in Detroit, Feb. 9, 10 and 11. Central Spiritual Union and the Earnest Workers combined their efforts in the capacity of host of the convention, and right royally their guests welcomed and entertained.

The meeting opened at 10:30 a. m. Feb. 9, and in the absence of President Walton, was called to order by the state secretary, Miss Rena D. Chapman. Mrs. Dr. Fish of Detroit, an inveterate invoker, after which an informal reception was tendered the visitors from outside the city, and the glad hand was extended to all. A very active reception committee consisting so far as your scribe could see of every member of the two societies who acted as hosts, soon made every stranger within their gates forget that he was a stranger. Every head and every house was opened, and no effort was spared to make each guest feel at ease.

At 2 p. m. the meeting was formally opened by the state president, Dr. Julia M. Walton of Jackson. Dr. Burrows of the Central Spiritual Union welcomed the guests in a very eloquent ten-minute address. Our worthy president responded in one of her characteristic bursts of eloquence.

After President Walton's address, resolutions of sympathy and condolence for the widow of our ardent brother, G. M. Stanley, formerly of Jackson, but late of Detroit, were adopted. This was followed by a short address by Dr. E. Dent of Vicksburg, one of the wheel horses in Michigan, and one of the founders of the M. S. S. A., who gave us some very interesting scraps of the early history of the association and the early work.

E. W. White, state missionary, followed with some suggestions as to how best to reach our neighbors with our truth, and called attention to the fact that the younger element had been left to the teachings of the orthodox church, while we labored to convert their parents.

Mrs. E. W. White, state missionary, followed with some suggestions as to how best to reach our neighbors with our truth, and called attention to the fact that the younger element had been left to the teachings of the orthodox church, while we labored to convert their parents.

The evening session opened at 7:30 with beautiful music and an invocation by Rev. Laura Crawford, pastor of the Church of the Soul. Following came the real treat of the day, an address by Dr. E. W. Sprague, subject, "After Death, What?"

Mrs. Marion Crowell followed with a beautiful recitation from Longfellow, "Phantom Ship." The evening session was followed with some beautiful readings, and the large audience dispersed amid smiles and congratulations.

Saturday, February 10, at 10:30 a. m., the meeting was called to order by President Walton. At the suggestion of the president the regular program was suspended and a symposium followed, led by E. W. White, Dr. Burrows, Mrs. Marian Crowell, and Dr. Geo. B. Warner, vice-president of the N. S. A., followed with very edifying remarks.

Mrs. Crowell, speaking upon "True Spiritualism," said "True Spiritualism is to be true, to be good, to be pure, to be honest, to be thorough and systematic purging of our ranks of all that would not bear the light of critical investigation. 'The public will not purify us, we must do that ourselves.' He also advocated the further recognition of the value of the family circle and of prior meetings as a means of advancing the interests of the state organization and the cause in general, and gave us much needed advice.

Dr. Burrows said that he believed the time was near at hand for communication between the earth and spirit realms; that he himself was going to produce (he knew not how) an instrument no larger than a tobacco pipe, that one could set upon their table and hear in it, or through it, an intelligible message ticked off, the same as in telegraphy. Session closed with benediction.

At 2 p. m., the meeting was called to order by President Walton. A beautiful solo by Miss Mamie Stein, daughter of Mrs. May Stein, of "You Only Knew." Mrs. Walton followed with a beautiful inspirational poem. Subject from the audience. "In dreams we dream, and dreaming know we dream," this was the way paved for an excellent address by Mrs. May Stein. Among other good things she said, "It matters not whether a medium comes from ranks of wealth or poverty, whether they have graduated from a college or from the street. If the angel world sees fit to use them, and the truth comes through them, we should receive it with gladness."

Mrs. E. W. White, Mrs. Lou Abby of Ponton, and Mrs. Laura Crawford followed with messages, which were well received.

Saturday evening, 7:30, the meeting opened with invocation by President Walton, after a vocal duet by Miss Mack and Mr. Metcalf. "Oh! Angel, Tell Mother 'I'll Be There'."

President Walton introduced Judge Calkins of the Jackson County Juvenile Court, who gave a very interesting and instructive address upon the theme, "Suggestion and Crime."

At the close of Judge Calkins' address, Brother Sprague and Dr. Warner, by a very earnest appeal, raised about \$50 for the Goff will case fund.

At the close of the service President Walton announced that all the officers of the State and National Associations present, also all local and visiting mediums and workers and friends were requested to remain after the dismissal of the meeting, as some very important business of interest to all was to be transacted. They waited until the audience had dispersed. All who had remained were asked to arise to their feet and form in couples in the aisles in marching order, the company being headed by President Walton leaning upon the arm of Vice-president Geo. B. Warner, the orchestra struck up a march and the worthy officers led in a circuit of the hall, followed in good order by the smiling but much-bewildered company. As the second circuit of the great hall was completed, a sudden transformation occurred. The portal of the annex opened as if by magic, and the company were led into the annex, where they were met by a surprise and delight they were lined up around a banquet table some one hundred feet in length, with covers laid for about one hundred and fifty, and groaning under such a repast of good things as would have made the angels of Gounod's 'Manda' to extend himself through unusual capacity. In a happy and ap-

preciative manner, Dr. Warner, acting as spokesman for the Central Spiritual Union and Earnest Workers, made everyone feel welcome to this surprise party. Dr. Walton in her apt and pleasing way, responded, accepting the proffered hospitality on behalf of the guests, and so all were seated and enjoying a feast of things good for the physical man. And I opine that a more pleasurable and joyous hour will never be spent by that company.

February 11, at 10:30 a. m., the meeting was called to order by President Walton, who introduced Dr. J. White, who addressed the meeting upon the necessity of organization among the youths. His address was well received, and his views seemed to meet the hearty approval of the audience.

Miss Genevieve Spaulding of Lansing followed with a thrilling recitation of Will Carleton's famous poem, "The Bridge of the Ties." So perfectly was the thought of the great old man depicted in every gesture, and so clearly did it ring from every sentence, that ere she had ceased they were few dry eyes in the house. This young lady is a graduate of the Morris Pratt Institute and continues in her finished work, an honor to the school and its able corps of teachers.

E. W. Sprague followed with a stirring address upon the education of Spiritualists.

Mrs. Lou Abby of Ponton, Mich., followed with messages which were well received. Session closed with benediction by Dr. Walton.

The afternoon session opened at 2 o'clock. The beautiful ceremony of floral christening of children was conducted by Rev. Laura Crawford, during which Mrs. Nellie Metcalf rendered a beautiful solo, "Take These." This service was followed by an address by E. W. Sprague, subject, "The Sweetness of Death." Mrs. Sprague followed with messages.

Sunday evening, 7:30, Fred J. White gave an address along the same lines of those followed in the morning, and arrangements were made for the perfection of an organization of young people representing every Spiritualist society in Detroit.

President Walton then introduced Dr. Geo. B. Warner, and the address which he delivered was one long to be remembered by those privileged to listen to it. Not less than seven hundred people listened with rapt attention, to one of the most scholarly and able addresses ever delivered in Michigan. Oratory, logic and rhetoric, backed by earnestness and an enthusiastic belief in the justice of his cause combined to make a profound impression upon his audience. An attempt to carry to the readers of this paper any idea of the force and power of this address would be futile, and I shall content myself with quoting from one passage. The speaker called attention to the fact that some years past all railroad companies united in adopting what is known as the standard gauge, so that in the remote sections of the West you may see cars from the Atlantic seaboard that have been run to their destination without transferring their loads, and the much vaunted reform teachings of the churches are but proof that today they are simply running their cars over the gauge of Spiritualism, and at the time in which they must adopt it as standard, and so in a burst of splendid effort, with enthusiasm at high tide, with new determination and new inspiration to nobler efforts, with old pledges renewed, with old loves closer cemented, with new loves formed, born of closer association, with a new courage developed from knowledge of the cooperation of all workers, with health, cheered by loving messages from loved ones, the convention passed into history, marking an epoch in the growth and advancement of the Michigan State Spiritualist Association.

Detroit, Mich. E. W. WHITE.

HONOR TO THE FAITHFUL.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Locke Gratefully Remembered by Friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. M. Locke, of the Philadelphia Spiritual Society, were made the recipients of a beautiful loving cup by the members and friends of the society, on Sunday evening, Feb. 11, 1906. The presentation speeches were made by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Kates, who conducted the affair in a very unique manner.

Mr. Kates after a few introductory remarks, invited Mr. and Mrs. Locke to the platform, stating that he would like to see them occupy seats on the rostrum as an honor which he thought they deserved for their long and faithful services in the behalf of the society as president and secretary. He requested Mr. Samuel Wheeler, president of the society, and Mr. Harry Shaw, secretary, to escort them to the platform. Mr. Kates then produced the loving cup (which had been hidden from view) and passed it to Mr. and Mrs. Locke. They were both surprised and overwhelmed, and it was with great effort that Mr. Locke could master his feelings before he could respond, which he did with much appreciation and gratitude, and thanked the members and friends, and wished the society prosperity under its new management. It being Mr. Kates' birthday also added interest to the occasion.

The loving cup is of solid sterling silver and rests upon a beautiful ebony base, and was made by J. E. Caldwell & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., and bears this inscription:

Presented to MR. AND MRS. THOMAS M. LOCKE by the friends and members of the Philadelphia Spiritual Society, as an expression of appreciation for their long service in its behalf. Sunday evening, February 11, 1906.

The occasion will long be remembered as a very pleasant affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Kates are trying very earnestly to build up the society during their engagement, and quite a number have enrolled their names. The meetings have been very well attended. They will return in March of 1907, to serve us again.

M. HENDRICKS.

"Continuity of Life a Cosmic Truth." By Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood. The work of a strong, logical thinker, on a deeply important subject. Price, cloth, \$1.

"Spirit Echoes." By Mattie E. Hull. The work of a strong, logical thinker, on a deeply important subject. Price, cloth, \$1.

"Science and the Future Life." By James H. Hyslop. One of the most valuable acquisitions to the literature of Modern Spiritualism. It has an appeal to the intellect, and is a revelation of its method, profound in its logic, and above all sympathetic to the truth whatever it may be and wherever it may be found. Price, cloth, \$1.50. 10 cents postage extra.

"The Jesuits." By Rev. B. J. Austin, A. M., B. D. An excellent pamphlet. Price, 15 cents.

EYE SIGHT RESTORED FREE 80 PAGE BOOK

TELLS HOW TO CURE YOURSELF of Blindness, Falling Blind, Cataracts, Granulated Lids, Goitered, Red or Sore Eyes, Pannus, Scums, Weak Eyes, Wild Hairs, Uveitis, or Stare on Eyes, and all other eye diseases at your own home, by a safe and certain method, and at very little expense.

BOOK TELLS ALL ABOUT EYE DISEASES and how to cure them with the Absorption Treatment. Describes all the various forms, shows colored pictures of how various diseases affect the eyes, and why they develop the way they do. Tells all about spectacles and why they should not be worn, especially by children. Book gives all the symptoms of eye diseases and what they indicate.

Tells how to keep eyes healthy and prevent disease. How to cure these diseases with the Absorption Treatment. Write for one of

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 II.—Continued.

The Pilgrim would have liked to pause at every moment to see one lovely thing or another; but the painter walked on steadily till he came to a room which was full of sketches, some of them like pictures in little, with many sketches—some of them only a representation of a flower, or the wing of a bird. "These are all the master's," he said; "sometimes the sight of them will be enough to put something great into the mind of another. In this corner are the sketches I told you of."

There were two of them hanging together upon the wall, and at first it seemed to the little Pilgrim as if they represented the flames and fire of which she had read, and this made her shudder for the moment. But then she saw that it was a red light like a stormy sunset, with masses of clouds in the sky, and a low sun, very fiery and dazzling, which no doubt to a hasty glance must have looked, with its dark shadows and high-lit lights, like the fires of the bottomless pit. But when you looked down you saw the reality what it was.

The country that lay beneath was full of tropical foliage, but with many stretches of sand and dry plains, and in the foreground was a town, that looked very prosperous and crowded, though the figures were very minute, the subject being so great; but no one to see it would have taken it for anything but a busy and wealthy place, in a thunderous atmosphere, with a storm coming on. In the next there was a section of a street with a great banquet hall open to the view, and many people sitting about the table. You could see that there was a great deal of laughter and conversation going on, some very noisy groups, but others that sat more quietly in corners and conversed, and some who sang, and every kind of entertainment.

The little Pilgrim was very much astonished to see this, and turned to the painter, who answered her directly, though she had not spoken. "We used to think differently once. There are some who are there and do not know it. They think only it is the old life over again, but always worse, and they are led on in the ways of evil; but they do not feel the punishment until they begin to find out where they are and to struggle, and wish for other things."

The little Pilgrim felt her heart beat very wildly while she looked at this, and she thought upon the rich man in the parable, who though he was himself in torment, prayed that his brother might be saved, and she said to herself, "Our dear Lord would never leave him there who could think of his brother when he was himself in such a strait." And when she looked at the painter he smiled upon her, and nodded his head. Then he led her to the other corner of the room where there were other pictures.

One of them was of a party seated round a table and an angel looking on. The angel had the aspect of a traveler, as if he were passing quickly by and had but paused a moment to look, and one of the men glancing up suddenly saw him. The picture was dim, but the startled look upon this man's face, and the sorrow on the angel's, appeared out of the misty background with such truth that the tears came into the little Pilgrim's eyes, and she said in her heart, "Oh, that I could go to him and help him!"

The other sketches were dimmer and dimmer. You seemed to see out of the darkness, gleaming lights, and companies of revelers, out of which here and there was one trying to escape. And then the wide plains in the night, and the white vision of the angel in the distance, and here and there by different paths a fugitive striving to follow. "Oh, sir," said the little Pilgrim, "how did you learn to do it? You have never been there."

"It was the master, not I; and I can not tell you if he has ever been there. When the Father has given you that gift, you can go to many places, without leaving the one where you are. And then he has heard what the angels say."

"And will they all get safe at the last? and even that great spirit, he that fell from heaven?"

The painter shook his head and said, "It is not permitted to you and me to know such great things. Perhaps the wise will tell you if you ask them; but for me I ask the Father in my heart and listen to what he says."

"That is best!" the little Pilgrim said; and she asked the Father in her heart; and there came all over her such a glow of warmth and happiness that her soul was satisfied. She looked in the painter's face and laughed for joy. And he put out his hands as if welcoming some one, and his countenance shone; and he said: "My son had a great gift. He was a master born, though it was not given to me. He shall paint it all for you so that the heart shall rejoice; and you will come again and see."

After that it happened to the little Pilgrim to enter into another great palace where there were many people reading, and some sitting at their desks and writing, and some consult-

ing together, with many great volumes stretched out open upon the tables. One of these who was seated alone looked up as she paused wondering at him, and smiled as every one did, and greeted her with such a friendly tone that the Pilgrim, who always had a great desire to know, came nearer to him and looked at the book, then begged his pardon, and said she did not know that books were needed here. And then he told her that he was one of the historians of the city where all the records of the world were kept, and that it was his business to work upon the great history, and to show what was the meaning of the Father in everything that had happened, and how each event came in its right place.

"And do you get it out of books?" she asked; for she was not learned, nor wise, and knew but little, though she always loved to know.

"The books are the records," he said; "and there are many here that were never known to us in the old days; for the angels love to look into these things, and they can tell us much, for they saw it; and in the great books they have kept there is much put down that was never in the books we wrote, for then we did not know. We found out about the kings and the state, and tried to understand what great purposes they were serving; but even these we did not know, for those purposes were too great for us, not knowing the end from the beginning, and the hearts of men were too great for us. We comprehended the evil sometimes, but never fathomed the good. And how could we know the lesser things which were working out God's way? For some of these even the angels did not know; and it has happened to me that our Lord himself has come in sometimes to tell me of one that none of us had discovered."

"Oh," said the little Pilgrim, with tears in her eyes, "I should like to have been that one!—that was not known even to the angels, but only to Himself!"

The historian smiled. "It was my brother," he said.

The Pilgrim looked at him with great wonder. "Your brother, and you did not know him?"

"And then he turned over the pages and showed her where the story was. "You know," he said, "that we who live here are not of your time, but have lived and lived here till the old life is far away and like a dream. There were great tumults and fightings in our time, and it was settled by the prince of the place that our town was to be abandoned, and all the people left to the mercy of an enemy who had no mercy. But every day as he rode out he saw at one door a child, a little fair boy, who sat on the steps, and sang his little song like a bird. This child was never afraid of anything, when the horses pranced past him, and the troopers pushed him aside, he looked up into their faces and smiled. And when he had anything, a piece of bread, or an apple, or a plaything, he shared it with his playmates; and his little face, and his pretty voice, and all his pleasant ways, made that corner bright. He was like a flower growing there; everybody smiled that saw him."

"I have seen such a child," the little Pilgrim said.

"But we made no account of him," said the historian. "The Lord of the place came past him every day, and always saw him singing in the sun by his father's door. And it was a wonder then, and it has been a wonder ever since, why, having resolved upon it, that prince did not abandon the town, which would have changed all his fortune after. Much had been made clear to me since I began to study, but not this; till the Lord himself came to me and told me. The prince looked at the child till he loved him, and he reflected how many children there were like this that would be murdered, or starved to death, and he could not give up the little singing boy to the sword. So he remained; and the town was saved, and he became a great king. It was so secret that even the angels did not know it. But without that child the history would not have been complete."

"And is he here?" the little Pilgrim said.

"Ah," said the historian, "that is more strange still; for that which saved him was also for his harm. He is not here. He is elsewhere."

The little Pilgrim's face grew sad; but then she remembered what she had been told.

"But you know," she said, "that he is coming?"

"I know that our Father will never forsake him, and that everything that is being accomplished in him is well," he said. "Is it well to sorrow? Is it well to live in that dark stormy country? Oh, that they were all here, and happy like you!"

He shook his head a little and said: "It was a long time before I got here; and as for suffering that makes little. You get experience by it. You are more accomplished and fit for

greater work in the end. It is not for nothing that we are permitted to wander; and sometimes one goes to the edge of despair."

She looked at him with such wondering eyes that he answered her without a word.

"Yes," he said, "I have been there."

And then it seemed to her that there was something in his eyes which she had not remarked before. Not only the great content that was everywhere, but a deeper light, and the air of a judge who knew both good and evil, and could see both sides, and understand all, both to love and to hate.

"Little sister," he said, "you have never wandered far; it is not needful for such as you. Love teaches you, and you need no more; but when we have to be trained for an office like this, to make the way of the Lord clear through all the generations, reason is that we should see everything, and learn all that man is and can be. These things are too deep for us; we stumble on, and know not till after. But now to me it is all clear."

She looked at him again and again while he spoke, and it seemed to her that she saw in him such great knowledge and tenderness as made her glad; and how he could understand the follies that men had done, and fathom what real meaning was in them, and disentangle all the threads. He smiled as she gazed at him, and answered as if she had spoken.

"What was evil perishes, and what was good remains; almost everywhere there is a little good. We could not understand all if we had not seen all and shared all."

"And the punishment, too," she said, wondering more and more.

He smiled so joyfully that it was like laughter.

"Pain is a great angel," he said. "The reason we hated him in the old days was because he tended to death and decay; but when it is towards life he leads, we fear him no more. The welcome time of all in the land of darkness is when you see him first and know who he is; for by this you are aware that you have found the way."

The little Pilgrim did nothing but question with her anxious eyes, for this was such a wonder to her, and she could not understand. But he only sat musing with a smile over the things he remembered. And at last he said:

"If this is so interesting to you, you shall read it all in another place, in the room where we have laid up our own experiences, in order to serve for the history afterwards. But we are still busy upon the work of the earth. There is always something new to be discovered. And it is essential for the whole world that the chronicle should be full. I am in great joy because it was but just now that our Lord told me about that child. Everything was imperfect without him, but now it is clear."

"You mean your brother?" and you are happy though you are not sure if he is happy?" the little Pilgrim said.

"It is not to be happy that we live," said he; and then, "We are all happy so soon as we have found the way."

She would have asked him more, but that he was called to a consultation with some others of his kind, and had to leave her, waving his hand to her with a tender kindness which went to her heart. She looked after him with great respect, scarcely knowing why; but it seemed to her that a man who had been in the land of darkness, and made his way out of it, must be more wonderful than any other.

She looked round for a little upon the great library, full of all the books that had ever been written, and where people were doing their work, examining and reading and making extracts, every one with looks of so much interest, that she almost envied them, though it was a generous delight in seeing people so happy in their occupation, and a desire to associate herself somehow in it, rather than any grudging of their satisfaction, that was in her mind.

She went about all the courts of this palace alone, and everywhere saw the same work going on, and everywhere met the same kind looks. Even when the greatest of all looked up from his work and saw her, he would give her a friendly greeting and a smile; and nobody was too wise to lend an ear to the little visitor, or to answer her questions. And this was how it was that she began to talk to another, who was seated at a great table with many more, and who drew her to him by something that was in his looks, though she could not have told what it was.

It was not that he was kinder than the rest, for they were all kind. She stood by him a little, and saw how he worked, and would take something from one book and something from another, putting them ready for use. And it did not seem any trouble to do this work, but only pleasure, and the very pen in his hand was like a winged thing, as if it loved to write.

When he saw her watching him, he looked up and showed her the beautiful book out of which he was copying, which was all illuminated with lovely pictures.

"This is one of the great volumes of the great history," he said. "There are some things in it which are needed for another, and it is a pleasure to work at it. If you will come here you will be able to see the page while I write."

Then the little Pilgrim asked him some questions about the pictures, and he answered her, describing and explaining them; for they were in the middle of the history, and she did not understand what it was. When she

said, "I ought not to trouble you, for you are busy," he laughed so kindly that she laughed, too, for pleasure. And he said: "X"

"There is no trouble here. When we are not allowed to work, as sometimes happens, that makes us not quite so happy, but it is very seldom that it happens so."

"Is it for punishment?" she said.

And then he laughed out with a sound which made all the others look up smiling, and if they had not all looked so tenderly at her, as at a child who had made such a mistake as it is pretty for the child to make, she would have feared she had said something wrong; but she only laughed at herself too, and blushed a little, knowing that she was not wise; and to put her at her ease again, he turned the leaf and showed her other pictures, and the story which went with them, from which he was copying something. And he said:

"This is for another book, to show how the grace of the Father was beautiful in some homes and families. It is not the great history, but connected with it; and there are many who love that better than the story which is more great."

Then the Pilgrim looked in his face and said:

"What I want most is, to know about your home here."

"It is all home here," he said, and smiled; and then, as he met her wistful looks, he went on to tell her that he and his brothers were not always there. "We have all our occupations," he said, "and sometimes I am sent to inquire into facts that have happened, of which the record is not clear; for we must omit nothing; and sometimes we are told to rest and take in new strength; and sometimes—"

"But oh, forgive me," cried the little Pilgrim, "you had some who were more dear to you than all the world in the old time?"

And the others all looked up again at the question, and looked at her with tender eyes, and said to the man whom she questioned: "Speak!"

He made a little pause before he spoke, and he looked at one here and there, and called to them:

"Patience, brother," and "Courage, brother." And then he said, "Those whom we loved best are nearly all with us; but some have not yet come."

"Oh," said the little Pilgrim, "but how then do you bear it, to be parted so long—so long?"

Then one of those to whom the first speaker had called out, "Patience," rose, and came to her smiling; and he said:

"I think every hour that perhaps she will come, and the joy will be so great, that thinking of that makes the waiting short; and nothing here is long, for it never ends; and it will be so wonderful to hear her tell how the Father has guided her, that it will be a delight to us all; and she will be able to explain many things, not only for us, but for all; and we love each other so that this separation is as nothing in comparison with what is to come."

It was beautiful to hear this, but it was not what the little Pilgrim expected, for she thought they would have told her of the homes to which they all returned when their work was over, and a life which was like the life of the old time; but of this they said nothing, only looking at her with smiling eyes, as at the curious questions of a child. And there were many other things she would have asked, but refrained when she looked at them, feeling as if she did not yet understand, when one of them broke forth suddenly in a louder voice, and said:

"The little sister knows only the little language and the beginning of days. She has not learned the mysteries, and what Love is, and what life is."

And another cried, "It is sweet to hear it again," and they all gathered round her with tender looks, and began to talk to each other, and tell her, as men will tell of the games of their childhood, of things that happened, which were half-forgotten, in the old time.

(To be continued.)

THE GRAND LEDGE CAMP.

Its Favorite Features Pointed Out.

The Grand Ledge Spiritualist camp, Grand Ledge, Mich., opens up July 22, and invites the Spiritualists and their friends to attend and make this camp one of the finest in the country. The camp is situated on the beautiful Grand Ledge, one mile from the city of Grand Ledge, and is an ideal resort. The auditorium is one of the largest and best appointed in the United States. The water is unexcelled, and the campers have always been noted for their hospitality and friendship to all strangers. Here is one place you can call home.

The very best speakers are engaged this season; and the grounds are being put into the best shape. The dining-room will be under splendid management and the very best meals furnished. The hotel has been furnished with fine beds and clean linens, and the management of a good matron.

The amusements this season will be better than ever—good music, dancing, and almost nightly entertainments of some kind, such as circles, speaking, musical entertainments, etc.

Those who have attended the camps before, all speak of Grand Ledge Camp as one of the pleasantest camps they have ever visited. This is one camp that strictly believes in brotherly love.

Friends, make your arrangements to attend the Grand Ledge, Mich., Spiritualist Camp, July 22 to Aug. 21, and you will say you have never attended a finer camp in your life. Write to W. E. Sprague, Grand Ledge, Mich., president of the camp association, for programs, and he will be pleased to send them.

Remember, the Grand Ledge, Mich., Camp.

A GRAND MID-WINTER MEETING.

Michigan Steps to the Front and Maintains Her Position Nobly in the Ranks of Spiritualism. The President of the State Association Showed Marked Genius in Conducting the Meeting and Making It a Success—Dr. G. B. Warner's Address Captivated the Audience.

The Michigan State Spiritualist Association has just closed the most successful and enthusiastic annual convention, commonly known as the mid-winter meeting, in its history as a state organization. The convention was held in Colonial Hall in Detroit, Feb. 9, 10 and 11. Central Spiritualist Union and the Earnest Workers combined their efforts in the capacity of hosts, and their guests welcomed and entertained.

The meeting opened at 10:30 a. m. Feb. 9, and in the absence of President Walton, was called to order by the state secretary, Miss Rena D. Burrows, of the Central Spiritualist Union, who welcomed the guests in a very eloquent, ten-minute speech. Our worthy president responded in one of her characteristic bursts of eloquence. After president Walton's address, resolutions of sympathy and condolence for the widow of our ardent brother, G. M. Stanley, formerly of Jackson, but late of Detroit, were adopted. This was followed by a short address by C. E. Dent of Vicksburg, one of the "wheel horses" in Michigan, and one of the founders of the M. S. S. A., who gave us some very interesting scraps of the early history of the association and the early work.

E. W. White, state missionary, followed with some suggestions as to how best to reach our neighbors with the truth, and called attention to the fact that the year of our program had been left to the teachings of the orthodox church, while we labored to convert their parents.

Mrs. E. W. White, state missionary, followed with messages. The evening session opened at 7:30 with beautiful music and an invocation by Rev. Laura Crawford, pastor of the Church of the Soul. Following came the real treat of the day, an address by E. W. Sprague, subject, "After Death, What?"

Mrs. Marion Crowell followed with a beautiful recitation from Longfellow's "Patriotism." Then came messages from Mr. E. W. Sprague, Mrs. Nellie Metcalf followed with some beautiful readings, and the large audience dispersed amid smiles and congratulations.

Saturday, February 10, at 10:30 a. m., the meeting was called to order by President Walton. At the suggestion of the president, the co-operation of the president and a symposium followed, led by E. W. White, Dr. Burrows, Mrs. Marian Crowell, and Dr. Geo. B. Warner, vice-president of the M. S. A., followed with very edifying remarks. Mrs. Crowell, speaking of True Spiritualism, said: "True Spiritualism is to be true, to be good."

Dr. Warner advocated a thorough and systematic purging of our ranks of all that would not bear the light of critical investigation. "The public will not purify us, we must do that ourselves." He also advocated the further recognition of the value of the family circle and of the program as means of advancing the interests of the state organization and the cause in general, and gave us much needed advice.

Dr. Burrows said that he believed the time was near at hand for communication between the earth and spirit realms; that he himself was going to produce (he knew not how) an instrument no larger than a table pepper shaker, that one could set upon their table and hear in it, or through it, an intelligible message ticked off, the same as in telegraphy. Session closed with benediction.

At 2 p. m., the meeting was called to order by President Walton. A beautiful solo by Miss Mamie Stein, daughter of Mrs. May Stein, "If You Only Knew," Mrs. Walton followed with a beautiful inspirational poem. Subject from the audience. "In dreams we are always hearing new things," was the waywardly given for an excellent address by Mrs. May Stein. Among other good things she said, it matters not whether a medium comes from the ranks of wealth or poverty, whether they have graduated from a college or from the street. If the angel world is to use them, and the truth comes through them, we should receive it with gladness.

Mrs. E. W. White, Mrs. Lou Abby of Fenton, and Mrs. Laura Crawford followed with messages, which were well received.

Saturday evening, 7:30, the meeting opened with a vocal duet by Miss Mack and Mr. Metcalf, "Oh! Angel, Tell Mother 'I'll Be There'." President Walton introduced Judge Calkins of the Jackson county Juvenile Court, who gave us a very interesting and instructive address, upon the theme, "Suggestions for the Future." At the close of Judge Calkins' address, Brother Sprague and Dr. Warner, by a very earnest appeal, raised about \$50 for the Goff will case fund.

At the close of the service President Walton announced that all the officers of the State and National Associations present, also all local and visiting mediums and workers and friends were requested to remain after the dismissal of the meeting, as some very important business of interest to all was to be discussed. They waited until the audience had dispersed. All who had remained were asked to arise to their feet and form in couples in the aisles in marching order, the company being headed by President Walton leaning upon the arm of Vice-president Geo. B. Warner, the oratorical march and the worthy officers led off in a circuit of the hall, followed in good order by the smiling but much-bewildered company. As the second circuit of the great hall was completed, a sudden transformation occurred. "The magic of the annex opened as if by magic, and the company were led into the annex, where, amid exclamations of surprise and delight, they were lined up around a banquet table some one hundred feet in length, with covers laid for about one hundred and fifty and growing under such a restraint of good table manners as to have caused Porphyria the Prince of Courts to extend himself beyond his usual capacity. In a happy and ap-

predative manner, Dr. Warner, acting as spokesman for the Central Spiritualist Union and Earnest Workers, made everyone feel welcome to this surprise party. Dr. Walton in her apt and pleasing way, responded, accepting the proffered hospitality on behalf of the guests, and upon all being seated and enjoying a feast of things good for the physical man. And I opine that a more pleasurable and joyous hour will never be spent by that company.

February 11, at 10:30 a. m., the meeting was called to order by President Walton, who introduced Fred J. White, who addressed the meeting upon the necessity of organization among the youths. His address was well received, and his views seemed to meet the hearty approval of the audience.

Miss Genevieve Spaulding of Lansing followed with a thrilling recitation of Will Carleton's famous poem, "The Bridge of the Ties." So perfectly was the thought of the great old man depicted in every gesture, and so clearly did it ring from every sentence, that we had ceased to listen to the words, and were looking at the speaker. This young lady is a graduate of the Morris Pratt Institute, and continues in her finished work, an honor to the school and its able corps of teachers.

E. W. Sprague followed with a stirring address upon the education of Spiritualists.

Mrs. Lou Abby of Fenton, Mich., followed with messages which were well received. Session closed with benediction by Dr. Walton.

The afternoon session opened at 2 o'clock. The beautiful ceremony of floral dedicating was conducted by Rev. Laura Crawford, during which Mrs. Nellie Metcalf rendered a beautiful solo, "Take These." This service was followed by an address by E. W. Sprague, subject, "The Sweetness of Death." Mrs. Sprague followed with messages.

Sunday evening, 7:30, Fred J. White gave an address along the same lines of those followed in the morning, and arrangements were made for perfection of an organization of young people representing every Spiritualist society in Detroit.

Dr. Geo. B. Warner introduced Dr. Geo. B. Warner, and the address which he delivered was one long to be remembered by those privileged to listen to it. Not less than seven hundred people listened with rapt attention, to one of the most scholarly and forceful addresses ever delivered in Michigan. Dr. Warner, by quoting from the scriptures, and with an enthusiastic belief in the justice of his cause combined to make a profound impression upon his audience. An attempt to carry to the readers of this paper any idea of the force and power of the address would be futile, and I shall content myself with quoting from one passage. The speaker called attention to the fact that some years past all railroad companies united in adopting what is known as the standard gauge, so that in the remote sections of the West you may see cars from the Atlantic seaboard that have been run to their destination without transferring their loads, and the much vaunted reform teachings of the churches are but proof that today they are simply running their cars over the gauge of Spiritualism, and the time is at hand when they must adopt it as standard, and so a burst of splendid effort, with enthusiasm at high tide, with new determination and new inspiration to nobler efforts, with old pledges renewed, with old loves closer cemented, with new loves formed, born of closer association, with a new courage developed from knowledge of the co-operation of all workers, with health, cheered by loving messages from loved ones, the convention passed into history, marking an epoch in the growth and advancement of the Michigan State Spiritualist Association.

Detroit, Mich. E. W. WHITE.

HONOR TO THE FAITHFUL.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Locke Gratefully Remembered by Friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. M. Locke, of the Philadelphia Spiritual Society, were made the recipients of a beautiful loving cup by the members and friends of the society, on Sunday evening, Feb. 11, 1906. The presentation speeches were made by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Kates, who conducted the affair in a very unique manner.

Mr. Kates after a few introductory remarks, invited Mr. and Mrs. Locke to the platform, stating that he would like to see them occupy seats on the rostrum as an honor which he thought they deserved for their long and faithful services in the behalf of the society as president and secretary. He requested Mr. Samuel Wheeler, president of the society, and Mr. Harry Shope, secretary, to escort them to the platform. Mr. Kates then produced the loving cup (which had been hidden from view) and passed it to Mrs. Kates, who made a few touching remarks and then presented the cup to Mr. and Mrs. Locke. They were both surprised and overwhelmed, and it was with great effort that Mr. Locke could master his feelings before he could respond, which he did with much appreciation and gratitude, and thanked the members and friends, and wished the society prosperity under its new management. It being Mr. Kates' birthday also added interest to the occasion.

The loving cup is of solid sterling silver and rests upon a beautiful ebony base, and was made by J. E. Caldwell & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., and bears this inscription:

Presented to MR. and MRS. THOMAS M. LOCKE by the friends and members of the Philadelphia Spiritual Society, as an expression of appreciation for their long services in its behalf, Sunday evening, February 11, 1906.

The occasion will long be remembered as a very pleasant affair. Mr. and Mrs. Kates are trying very earnestly to build up the society during their engagement, and quite a number have enrolled their names. The meetings have been very well attended. They will return in March of 1907, to serve us again.

M. HENDRICKS.

"Continuity of Life a Cosmic Truth." By Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood. The work of a strong, logical thinker, on a deeply important subject. Price, cloth, \$1. "Spirit Echoes." By Mattie E. Hull. This pretty volume contains fifty-seven of the author's latest and choicest poems. Neatly bound in cloth, with a portrait of the author. Price, 75 cents.

"Science and the Future Life." By James H. Hyslop, is one of the most valuable acquisitions to the literature of Spiritualism that has appeared of late years. It is a scientific method, profound in its logic, and above all sympathetic to the truth whatever it may be and wherever it may be found. Price, cloth, \$1.50. 10 cents postage extra.

"The Jesuits." By Rev. B. F. Austin. A most excellent pamphlet. Price, 15 cents.

EYE SIGHT RESTORED FREE

80 PAGE BOOK TELLS HOW TO CURE YOURSELF OF Blindness, Falling Sight, Dizziness, Gravelled Eyes, Congested, Red or Sore Eyes, Pains, Scums, Weak Eyes, Wild Hairs, Ulcers or Swellings of the Eye, and all other eye diseases at your own home, by a safe and certain method and at a very little expense.

BOOK TELLS ALL ABOUT EYE DISEASES and how to cure them with the Absorption Treatment. Describes all the various forms, shows colored pictures of how various diseases affect the eyes, and how they destroy the sight. Book contains eye testing chart and tells how to test your eyes for cataracts, as well as for any other eye disease. Tells all about eye diseases and what they indicate. Tells how to keep eyes healthy and prevent disease, and how to cure these diseases with the Absorption Treatment. Write for one of these books today, I will gladly send it to you free of charge. DR. W. O. COFFEY, 812 Century Bldg., Des Moines, Ia.

What All the World's a-Seeking.

RALPH WALDO TRINE. Each is building his world from within; thought is the builder; for thoughts are inner eye diseases, irreflexity, omnipotence, and according as used do they bring peace, happiness, peace or pain, success or failure. From Great Britain. This book is a revelation of the realm of organic science, and treats of the above topics in a most interesting and instructive manner. Price, 60 cents. For sale at this office.

The Wonders of Life.

By ERNEST HAECKEL. Author of "The Riddle of the Universe." This book is continued to the realm of organic science, and treats of "The Knowledge, Nature, Functions and History of Life." Price, cloth, \$1.50.

The Religion of Spiritualism.

Its Phenomena and Philosophy. By the Rev. Samuel Watson. This work was written by a modern Spiritualist, and is a most valuable work. Price, \$1.00. A valuable book for the library.

ESOTERIC LESSONS.

This work includes "Personified Unthinkable," "First Lessons in Reality," and "A Tour Through the Zodiac." This is an interesting production of occult thought and will well repay careful study and meditation by all occultists. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

Man and the Bible as Disclosed in the Bible.

By the Rev. Arthur Chamberlain, Associate of King's College, London. An excellent book for Christian people who would investigate and learn the facts of Bible teachings as well as modern spirit phenomena. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

IN THE WORLD CELESTIAL.

BY DR. T. A. BLAND. With full page photograph of the "Heroine Pearl" from a spirit painting. "Three things that make this book remarkable. One, its author, Dr. T. A. Bland, is a man of high standing in the world of science. Two, it contains the revelation of a future life. Three, it is a most interesting and instructive work. Price, \$1.00. For sale at this office.

"It will give us courage to pass through the deep shadows of death to the sunlit clime of the World Celestial."—H. O. Flower, in the Argonaut.

CONCENTRATION.

A Valuable Work. Concentration, Mind and Inspiration. How to develop these qualities according to the most approved methods of ancient and modern teachers, together with a set of six symbols comprising six months' study. By Laura G. Fiken. A course of practical experimental lessons, of especial value and assistance to those who desire to be benefited by the development of powers of concentration of thought, clear meditation and superior inspiration. Sent complete for 50 cents.

Journeys to the Planet Mars

Or, Our Mission to Ento (Mars). A Narrative by Sara Weiss, Illustrated With Thirteen Original Drawings by the Authors.

This strangely attractive narrative does not assume to be either scientific, philosophic, or as advancing any special religious creed. It is a plain statement of facts based upon the experience of a woman whose highest aim is to acquire a knowledge of truth, to earnestly strive to live it, and to offer to others a steppingstone which may aid them, in their progress towards the light.

From the standpoint of Spiritualists this is a most interesting book, as Mrs. Weiss actually took these journeys in spirit and has given them in all sincerity, to the world. The book is uplifting and full of beautiful thoughts. 548 pages. Price \$1.50.

The Proofs of Life After Death

A Twentieth Century Symposium. An assembly and collation of letters and expressions of prominent scientists and thinkers of the world, giving us the strongest and best reasons known to the world to-day, as substantial evidence of the continued existence of the soul after death. Arranged under the several heads of Science, Psychology, Research, Philosophy, Spiritualism. With a special contribution to Immortality from New Standpoints.

Compiled and edited by Robert J. Thompson, Late Special Envoy of the United States to the President of the French Republic. A work of especial value, giving the views of a large number of eminent persons. Finely printed and bound. Price \$2. For sale at this office.

A Conspiracy Against the Republic

By Charles B. Waite, A. M., author of "History of the Christian Religion to the Year 200," etc. Price, paper, 25 cents.</

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

Published Every Saturday at 40 Loomis Street,
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J. R. FRANCIS, Editor and Proprietor

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SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1906.

WORDS OF CAUTION.

You should not send money in a let-
ter. You may do so a dozen times safe-
ly, and then the next remittance may be
lost or stolen. Secure a postal order
for five cents, and then you are per-
fectly safe, and will save yourself an-
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SOMETHING YOU SHOULD HAVE.

It Will Only Cost You Four Cents.

Reports in pamphlet form of the last
N. S. A. Convention are for sale at 600
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ualist should send for one. Address
Mary T. Longley, Secretary.

TAKE NOTICE.

All books advertised in The Pro-
gressive Thinker can be obtained at
this office. Express charges or postage
prepaid at the price named unless other-
wise stated.

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

It Has Come to the Front With an Act

Which, If Passed, Will Prove of

Great Injury to Every Honest Medi-

um. Said Act Is the Direct Out-

growth of the Fraud Which Has Be-

come Such a Prominent Factor in

Our Ranks.

Section 1. The mayor and alder-

men of any city except Boston, and in

Boston the board of police, and the se-

lectionmen of any town, may license au-

thentic persons to carry on the business

of clairvoyance, mediums, palmists,
card readers, astrologers, fortune-tel-lers and persons who claim to tell, give
readings of or reveal the past, presentor future, and shall charge for said
license a fee of fifty dollars annually.

Section 2. Every such license shall

specify the street and number of the

building, or give some other particular

description thereof, where the licensee

shall carry on said business, and said

license shall not permit such licensee

to carry on said business in any other

place than so specified.

Section 3. Said license shall expire

on the first day of February in each

year.

Section 4. If in the opinion of said

licensing board said licensee ceases to

carry on the business which he is li-

censed to pursue, or if in the opinion

of said licensing board it is not for

the public good that said licensee

should carry on his said business as

aforesaid, it shall immediately revoke

his said license.

Section 5. No person shall adver-

tise or carry on the business of clair-

voyant, medium, palmist, card reader,
astrologer, fortune-teller or person

who claims to tell, give readings of or

reveal the past, present or future, un-

less he shall have first obtained a li-

cense from said licensing board.

Section 6. Whoever violates any of

the provisions of any of the sections of

this act shall be fined by a fine of not

exceeding one hundred dollars for

each offense.

Section 7. This act shall take ef-

fect upon its passage.

The above bill is the direct out-

growth of the fraud practiced under

the name of Spiritualism. In Boston

the fraudulent element is prominent;

so it is in New York, Chicago and St.

Louis and other large cities, and the

HONEST MEDIUMS, THE EVAN-

GELS OF LIGHT, OF LOVE, OF AB-

SOLUTE TRUTH, have to suffer in

consequence. Some method must be

adopted to protect them from having

to pay a license. They are nearer to

God and the angel world than any of

the orthodox divines.

A United States Court Said It Is

Obscene.

There seems to be a constant strug-

gle on the part of churchmen, to re-

place the Bible in schools, from which

it has been removed, and to retain it

where it is already in use. Do such

persons know that a party in Kansas

a few years ago was heavily fined in a

United States court for having done

nothing save making extracts from

the Bible, copying them on a postal

card, and mailing that card to a

churchman who insisted the Bible is

not an obscene book? The court de-

cided to the contrary, and amerced

the party in heavy costs additional to

Economy Demanded in Use of Bitter

Epithets.

In a prominent editorial of Febru-
ary 2, under the head of "Buddhism—
Was It the Parent of Christianity?"
Striking Parallels," we added some
additional facts to the lengthy article
of two weeks before by Baron Hickey,
and gave it as our opinion, in closing,
that with "the press, free and un-
trammelled the truth must come to the
front, and falsehood will retire from
the field, crushed by its own exagger-
ated fabrications."A correspondent in our issue of two
weeks ago seems to have taken us to
task, and while admitting a "Striking
Similarity Exists Between Buddhism
and Christianity," yet, after pointing
out peculiar features in Christianity,
makes the discourteous remark:"We can show Christianity was de-
rived from Buddhism without resorting
to untruth."The writer clearly conveys the idea
that the "critics," in the plural, which
must embrace Baron Hickey and this
editor, were guilty of "untruths." We
do not propose to be captious, nor
allow a controversy in these columns;
but we must urge correspondents to
be more economical of such expres-
sions, as they do not become The Pro-
gressive Thinker.With regard to the discrepancies
pointed out between the two systems,
learned scholars who have written vo-
luminously on Buddhism, and have
commented on the marvelous coinci-
dences between the two systems have
declared: "They could not have been
accidental." The late lamented Max
Muller, whose Oriental scholarship was
unequaled in his "Science of Reli-
gion," p. 353, wrote:"Between the language of Buddha
and his disciples, and the language of
Christ and his apostles, there are
strange coincidences. Even some of
the Buddhist legends and parables
sound as if taken from the New Testa-
ment, though we know that many of
them existed before the beginning
of the Christian era."This statement of Prof. Muller
agrees with the quotation made by us
from Eusebius, who claimed that the
Essenes and Therapeutae had writings
which "are the very gospels and writ-
ings of the apostles," * such as are
contained in the Epistles to the He-
brews, and many other of St. Paul's
Epistles."

Next we open to "Bunsen's Angel-

Messiah," page 50, and read:

"The most ancient of the Buddhist
records known to us contain state-
ments about the life and the doctrines
of Gautama Buddha which correspond
in a remarkable manner, and IMPOS-
SIBLE BY MERE CHANCE, with the
traditions recorded in the gospels
about the life and doctrines of Jesus
Christ. It is still more strange that
these Buddhist legends about Gauda-
ma, as the Angel-Messiah, refer to a
doctrine which we find only in the
Epistles of Paul and the Fourth Gos-
pel."That learned American scholar,
Rev. J. Freeman Clarke, author of
"The Ten Great Religions," in his first
edition, p. 139, says:"So numerous are the resemblances
between the customs of Buddha-
dism and the Roman church, the
first Catholic missionaries who en-
countered the priests of Buddha were
confounded, and thought Satan had
been mocking their sacred rites.
Father Bury, a Portuguese mission-
ary, when he beheld the Chinese
bonzes tussled, using rosaries, pray-
ing in an unknown tongue, and im-
agined he was looking at the monks
of the desert. There is not a piece of
ceremony, not a sacerdotal function, not
a ceremony of the court of Rome,
which the Devil has not copied in this
country." Mr. Davis, (Transactions of
the Royal Asiatic Society II, 421)speaks of the "cellary of the Bud-
dhist clergy, and the monastic life of
the societies of both sexes, to which
might be added their strings of beads,
their manner of chanting, prayers,
their incense and their candles." Mr.
Medhurst ("China," London, 1857,
mentions the image of a virgin, called
the "queen of heaven," having an in-
fant in her arms, and holding a cross.
Concession of sins is regularly prac-
ticed."Thus we might continue at great
length, confirming the statement that
these parallels could not have been
accidental. And as Buddha is a his-
toric character, died 543 years before
our era, confirmed by more than 900
monuments which still remain in the
Bombay district, and more than 500
years older than the Christian era,
the reader shall be the judge which
was the plagiarist, and copied from the
other.It is the opinion of many scholars
that the founders of Christianity col-
lated the teachings of the various re-
ligious systems in vogue at Alexan-
dria in Egypt, and formed out of
them an eclectic system, which was
later developed into Christianity, with
a hero located in obscure Galilee.It is the TRUTH we all want, and
he who suggests the facts as last
stated, is guilty of no "untruth" in
giving his opinion on the subject.

The Oldest Human Skeleton.

A cavern at Metone, France, re-
vealed to modern man the bony skele-
ton of an ancient man, in March of
1872. It was nearly perfect, and all
that remains of a tall, well propor-
tioned man, with an average skull and
facial angle of 5 degrees of doubtless
a cave-dweller in Europe while yet in
its semi-savage condition. His bones
are associated with those of the cave
lion, cave bear and other extinct ani-
mals of the pre-historic age. All the
bones were in place, surrounded by
flint implements and the remains of
animals. Twenty-two perforated
teeth, which may have been worn as
a necklace, lay by the head. These
bones, with the skull found in a cave
at Engis, are believed the oldest hu-
man remains now extant. The cor-
roding hand of Time, with the world,
the animals, and the elements shut
out, was inoperative in their case,
evidence that in the very remote past
humanity had brain power capable of
unlimited development.If human remains had been buried
in the earth as now it is very prob-
able fossil bones of man, as is the
case with other animals, caught in
land, would be abundant.It is probable the earlier races went
down with the continents they occu-
pied, while the Indian ocean, and that
vast region, of which the Polynesian
islands are remnants, were possibly
the home of primitive man."Materialization." By Mme. B.
d'Esperance and Rev. B. F. Austin.
Excellent. Price 10 cents.

Really Interesting.

Prof. Geo. B. Foster, of the Chicago
University, has published a handsome
volume entitled "The Equality of the
Christian Religion." We have not
seen the book, but judge it a produc-
tion of real merit from the severe crit-
icisms it received from Rev. John B.
Straton, a Baptist clergyman, as re-
lated in the Record-Herald of Feb. 12.
Rev. Straton is reported to have said
in a discourse on Sunday, the 11th:
"If Prof. Foster's views were imme-
diately accepted they would close ev-
ery church in Christendom."Rev. Straton says:
"This author [Prof. Foster] who
professes so loudly against 'dogma'
makes the dogmatic statement—No
man with common sense can believe in
the miraculous stories portrayed in
the Bible." * An intelligent man who
now affirms his faith in such stories as
actual facts can hardly know what in-
tellectual honesty means." This is to
say, no man who professes faith in
the Bible, or reads it, and who does
a rascal. * I believe the Bible rather
than Professor Foster and all of the
infidel philosophers of the old world
which he marshals to his aid."The attorney always believes his
client innocent, however pointed and
positive the evidence may be to the
contrary. The preacher is only an at-
torney of the church. Bishop Graf-
ton, of Fond du Lac, Wis., said, as
heretofore cited in these columns:"We of the clergy have been made
by the church her ministers to teach
NOT WHAT WE THINK IS TRUE,
BUT WHAT SHE PUTS INTO OUR MOUTHS
TO SPEAK."The reader should always keep that
declaration in mind when he hears
sermons, or reads them, defending the
Bible or any dogmas of the church.Prof. Foster is sustained in his posi-
tion by the best learned of all denom-
inations. Indeed, it was the dun-
geon, the rack and the fagot which
originally enforced belief in the dam-
nable teaching of the great thinkers are
now so ardently trying to eliminate
from their creeds, and it is expected—
"Error, wounded, shall writhe in
pain."Prof. Foster, interviewed in regard
to the attacks of his critics is report-
ed as saying:"The Chicago University is one of
the greatest in the world. It encour-
ages free thought and free speech. I
have uttered those things which I be-
lieve to be so. In my mind I have
spoken only downright truth."And so say all independent think-
ers.

The Latest Hypothesis.

A new restatement of the old and
ever recurring question of the origin
of life, is that set forth by Dr. H.
Charlton Bastian, in an article in The
World Today. The Chicago Tribune
in an editorial article under the cap-
tion, "Is Life Still Being Created?"
says:"There is perhaps no question an au-
thoritative answer to which would
interest more people, learned and un-
learned, than the old question as to
whence came the living beings on the
earth, and especially the human be-
ings. The belief once held univer-
sally was that every species was the
result of a special act of creation by
supernatural agency. Darwin thought
that 'all the organic beings that have
ever lived on this earth may be de-
scended from some one primordial
form.' Dr. H. Charlton Bastian com-
bines something from each of these
theories with ideas of his own and
produces an interesting hypothesis.
He believes living creatures are con-
stantly going through a process of or-
culation, but he denies they are all de-
scended from one primordial form.
He thinks they are descended from
many forms and that the creation of
new forms—'archeoblasts,' he calls it
—is still going on around us all the
time."No one ever saw a new plant or a
new animal created. The reason is,
Dr. Bastian claims, that living crea-
tures can only originate from pre-exist-
ing elements in a fluid or semi-fluid
medium and that the initial combinations
would be invisible to the observer
even if aided by the most powerful
microscope. Whence come the teem-
ing multitude of lower organisms—
bacteria, fungus, molds, archebac-
teria, infusoria, etc.—? The Darwinian
would answer that they are degener-
ates from higher forms or that they
are low forms which, from some pe-
culiarly in their environment, have
remained unchanged for thousands of
years. Dr. Bastian answers that they
are a few of the many recent crea-
tions. In every geological formation
appear animals and plants unknown
to earlier formations. The Darwinian
explains that they have all de-
scended and been evolved from crea-
tures found in the earlier formations.
Dr. Bastian maintains that they "have
been the immediate products of 'ever-
existing material properties and natural
laws."The World Today asked President
Jordan of Leland Stanford University,
Prof. Jacob Reigard of the Univer-
sity of Michigan, Prof. Albert P. Mat-
thews of the University of Chicago, and
Prof. Edwin B. Wilson of Columbia
if they thought there was any proba-
bility that living matter now being
formed by natural laws. The answers
are published with Dr. Bastian's ar-
ticle. While none of these eminent
scientists accepts his theory none of
them denies that it may be correct.
Prof. Matthews, however, thinks that
if an accumulation of raw material
from which living matter could be
made occurred under bacteria and
other omnipresent living organisms
would consume it before it could be-
come animate.Dr. Bastian's article is an interest-
ing contribution to an old discussion.
As his theory, like all other theories
in reference to the same subject, can
neither be conclusively proved nor
disproved in the present state of hu-
man knowledge, it leaves the question
of the origin of life just where it has
always been—and probably always
will be.

Spiritualism in a Nutshell.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, successor
in the pulpit of Rev. Henry Ward
Beecher, recently made this statement
in regard to the late president of Chi-
cago University:"President Harper's life cries aloud
to us that 'There is no death.' There
is no long sleep awaiting a mythical
resurrection. Death is in itself the
resurrection. Death is a doorway to
him to be feared, no fearsome thing
lying in wait, but merely on open door
to a new existence."That is exactly what Spiritualists
are teaching. It is the distinguishing
feature between Christianity, with its
soul-sleeping until a general judg-
ment, and the absolute knowledge
spiritual investigators have on the
subject.

Marvellously Strange.

He who enters a court of justice
and attempts to sustain his case by
forged evidence, perjured witnesses,
violence, or other unlawful means, the
facts being shown, is usually amerced
in a heavy fine with bill of costs, and
is frequently committed to the judge, and is
dismissed with dishonor.The burden of Catholicism through-
out all of the centuries has been to com-
pel belief in the character Jesus, com-
mencing with believe or be damned,
promising heavenly rewards to a thief
for believing, and then, installed in
power, instituting the Inquisition,
with all its barbarities, to enforce be-
lief.If Jesus was the divine character
they allege, and the miracles cred-
ited to him were true, it would be
supposed he left sufficient evidence of
his divinity to not need extraneous
aids to force that knowledge on the
people.Take the character Buddha: His-
tory tells us when and where he was
born, and relates much of his doings.
This information is independent of
those of his own faith, and is related
by those who were contemporary with
him, as by the immediate generations
which followed; and, remarkable, is
it not? His devotees twenty-five hun-
dred years ago, scattered all over those
regions where he lived, and taught, and
died. Can the same be said with truth of
the reputed founder of Christianity?

A Prayer Which Will Be Answered.

Prof. Ernest D. Burton, of Hyde
Park Baptist Church, says Dr. Harper,
late president of the Chicago Univer-
sity, on his death bed, and among his
last utterances, prayed:"And may there be for me a life be-
yond the grave, and in that life may
there be work still to do, tasks still
before me."

ANOTHER ANNOUNCEMENT.

Dr. G. B. Warré to Be at Lily Dale.

Dr. Geo. B. Warré will lecture at
Lily Dale on Sunday, July 15, sub-
ject, "ASPIRATION." July 17 he
will speak on "TELEPATHY," and
the 19th, on "THE VICTORY VAN-
QUISHED."Dr. Warré's lectures are Gems of
Thought. He is intensely in earnest
in his teaching, and is a skillful in
appealing to the deepest feelings; a
sublimely pure, and gradually lifts his
audience onto high planes and holds
them there.Saturday, July 21, will be National
Spiritualists Association Day, in
charge of Dr. Warré and Mrs. Carrie
E. S. Tving, both members of the Na-
tional Board. L. G. F.

PROPHETIC VISIONS.

Striking Clairvoyant and Clairaudient

Experiences.

A have-before me a pamphlet in
German about the life of a man
of Berlin, Germany, entitled "Mein
Geistesleben," and I have also
read the article in The Progressive
Thinker about the same person. It is
very interesting to read all these in-
cidents, how they occurred and how
they were fulfilled, and the ability of
Miss Ferriem is very remarkable.The night before McKinley was as-
sassinated I saw him lying under a
white sheet, and I heard the shot
when it was fired at him. I said to
my wife, "McKinley got shot." She
laughed at me. One-half hour later
we got the news.Another time I saw myself up in the
air floating over Europe, and I saw
a black cross over each city and town,
and the whole was covered with a
thin gray fog. My guide informed
me that this is pertaining to the
Christian church, that war will be all
over Europe.On the night of the last day in Feb-
ruary last I saw the most remarkable
vision I ever saw. I saw written in
the heavens, with letters made of
stars, the following: "Caution! Zet
destroyed May 25, 1905." Now, as we
know, the governor of the province
Caucasus was blown up the night
from the 25th to 26th of May last
spring. Right in succession to the
first vision, I saw the heavens in
bloody red, and in the center I saw
a white cross, and a sword in his
right hand and a burning torch in
his left. This was before the revolu-
tion broke out in Russia.

JOHN J. SCHANZ.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

THOMAS PAINE, THE PATRIOT.

His name is Highly Honored in This

Twentieth Century.

Thomas Paine has many admirers
among the Spiritualists, and some of
his ablest defenders are to be found
upon the platform of the Spiritual-
ists, and some of them are members
of the Paine Memorial Association of
the United States.In the Progressive Thinker, a
notice in The Progressive Thinker,
that Miss Harlow, of Columbus, Ohio,
became acquainted with the work of
Miss Jones, who has been constant in
attendance at Independence Hall on
Decoration Day, with her Laurel
Wreath to decorate the portrait of
Thomas Paine, played were through
our association in 1875, at a cost of
\$350, and sixteen years' constant agi-
tation, with many defeats, and suc-
cess crowning our final efforts. We
also presented the original editions of
Common Sense, and The Crisis, pub-
lished in 1776 and 1777, where they
are now on exhibition, battered and
torn as they now appear after having
done service by the camp fires at
Valley Forge during that dreadful
cold and dreary winter of 1777,
when The Crisis was read to every
corporal's guard, by General Wash-
ington's special orders.JAMES B. ELLIS,
Secy. Paine Mem. Ass'n.
Philadelphia, Pa."The Universe" Deep thought on
Cosmic and Psychic Subjects. Price
35 cents. \$1.00"The New Light" By Leroy Berrier.
Emphatically suggestive along the lines
of "new thought." Excellent in tone
and tendencies. Price, cloth, \$1."Beyond the Veil." A Sequel to
"The New Light." Being a complete
and full explanation of spirit ex-
periences, spoken, written and made by
full-form materializations; setting up a
scientific and personal verification of
what "We Shall Be," and a code of
ethics requisite to the most speedy re-
alization of the highest and purest re-
sults attainable. Large, octavo,
500 pages. Price, \$1.75

An Important Lesson.

Which Spiritualists Everywhere Should Care-
fully Consider—One of Michigan's Favorite
Mediums Caught Posing as a Spirit while
Dressed in Artificial Toggery.

A SAD, SAD SPECTACLE.

As we have often said before, Spirit-

ualism is PASSING THROUGH A
CRISIS which is shaking it from the
very center to the circumference, and
causing a commotion that is creating
excitement among Spiritualists every-
where.It has been found, we regret to say,
that in the ranks of Spiritualism, all
is not gold that glitters, and the fact
that all materializing mediums ex-
posed heretofore, were dressed in arti-
ficial togger, some of it disgustingly
dirty, imposing in a most cruel and
heartless manner on their credulous
followers, palming off on them bogus
spirits for the genuine, and deceiving
them in various other ways too nu-
merous to mention, should set Spirit-
ualists to thinking as never before. If
anything can open their eyes to the
 enormity of the fraud being practiced
in our ranks, this should.The process of opening the eyes of
Spiritualists to the GREAT WRONG
BEING PERPETRATED IN OUR
RANKS, has been long and tedious,
but has at last been partly accom-
plished through the unremitting exer-
tion of The Progressive Thinker.To palm off bogus phenomena for
the genuine; to dress as a medium in
a wig and other artificial parapher-
nalia, and pose as a spirit before some
one whose heart has been lacerated
by the loss of a dear friend,—one who
does such work or aids in it should be
sent to the penitentiary. One of them
has already been placed BEHIND
THE BARS, in Michigan, and others
will follow. He was a great favorite
in that state, and to question his genu-
ineness at one time would have
brought down upon the head of the
person so doing the anathemas of the
host of insatiable gullibles who gazed
with distended eyes on his bogus
spirits. They would have hurled
their choice epithet or weapon at
him, "Oh, you fraud hunter, you des-
picable grabber of pure mediums!"
and they would

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 brevity. Proofs have to be omitted, and the style becomes thereby as descriptive, 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.

NOTICE—No attention will be given 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. There has been correspondence of this department with correspondents of this department, and while I freely give whatever information I am able, the ordinary courtesy of correspondents is expected.
HUDSON TUTTLE.

D. Bates: Q. Please give definition or digest of "The New Thought," of which so much is being said in the liberal papers?

A. The definition of New Thought has been given by individuals according to their understanding, and varies with their comprehending abilities. There has been no statement of its principles made by a responsible organization, and consequently it is exceedingly difficult to accurately define it. It seemingly is without circumference and elastic as a rubber band.

According to Prof. William Emerson, it is made up of the four gospels, Emersonianism, Spiritualism, and Hinduism. To this should be added a goodly slice of Theosophy, and a larger slice of Christian Science.

The New Thought advocates are not pleased with this summary. According to them "New Thought" is in every-crything. It will set aside as a myth. It holds that the superior part of man's higher nature, tends to the subliminal consciousness, and through the subliminal mind every individual is united with a universal mind—God. Herein it is strongly allied to Christian Science. "All religions hold that there is something not ourselves, from which we can obtain help. New Thought practice systematically seeks help by way of the subliminal mind." As the existence of such mind is a guess, never having been proven, the "Unknown," it is really another name for God.

"New Thought" advocates systematic mental relaxation and meditation... of the individual thereby draws on an infinite energy. This relaxation and concentration leads to revelations of truth superior to that obtained by reason or the senses. These definitions are "Mind," advertised as a "leading exponent of New Thought," another "leading exponent," more especially in the medical or health department. There is scarcely any difference between its views of disease and methods of cure and those of Christian Science.

Henry Harrison Brown, one of the New Thought leaders, says "I am what I think." Emersonism is an instrument which I think it is. Applied, this means, we are not sick, we only think we are, which is Mrs. Eddy's sublime pathology. Carried further, thought is the basis of all. If we were in the grasp of a western blizzard and could change the blast into a torrid breeze blowing through orange groves. It is just this power over one's thoughts that the New Thought teachers and schools propose and promise to give. This control is to be gained by concentration, meditation, the withdrawal from the outer and dependence on the inner or subliminal mind.

It appears to be the foundation principle. It is far from new, for it is as old as Hindu civilization. The fakirs of India have carried "concentration" to the last extreme, and in the squalor of filth and brazen rascals, illustrate what are its effects when reason is ignored. To one unversed this reliance on "concentration" sounds like a paragraph of the old saw of lifting oneself by his bootstraps, but it probably has a secret or occult meaning which the uninitiated do not understand. No one disputes that concentration and control of the mind is a valuable acquisition. To gain it is one of the chief objects of education. But it is not everything. Concentration is valuable only as it intensifies perception, and furnishes the means for spiritual impressions. The concentrated mind is more receptive.

Some at least of New Thought people, believe in the power of reiteration. They say repeat, "I am strong," "I am well," "I am healthy," and if believed health, strength and riches will come. "Thought" will do this—pure thought. For "Thought" is power," says Mr. Brown. "Thoughts are things," which probably is one of the most "catchy" and erroneous sayings. Though vibrations as light, or electricity are vibrations—a manifestation of force. How can it be correctly called a thing?

The "New Thought people" have taken so much of their beliefs from Spiritualism, they strenuously oppose that cause. Had they taken more, and less from the occult mysticism of the Orient, it would be better for them.

In passing, it may be affirmed that "New Thought" is a "trade name," for in the whole range of its literature not a new thought or idea is to be found. Its chief doctrines are older than history.

"Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus." By Elizabeth Towne. Valuable for health. Price, 25 cents.

"HOW SHALL I BECOME A MEDIUM?"

It is fully answered in "Mediumship and Its Laws, Its Conditions and Cultivation," by Hudson Tuttle. Price 35 cents. Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

LAKE HELEN, FLORIDA.

Notes of Work at Southern Cassadaga Camp.

February 1, 2 and 3 brought quite a large number to our camp; among them were Prof. W. F. Peck and his niece, Miss Grace Hawtin, of St. Louis, Mo., who took to all the engagement as speaker and worker, and Miss Hawtin as soloist. Also Mrs. Duncan of Tampa, Florida, who is the organizer, and will also furnish the music for social functions, assisted by Miss Florence Hedrick.

Mrs. M. E. Clark, a speaker from Syracuse, N. Y., and Mrs. Carrie Durran, a husband, of Toledo, O., have apartments in the Emerson-Bedell Tenement house just outside the gate. Mrs. Curran is well known as former president of the Ohio State Spiritualist Association.

Mrs. Colleen of Jacksonville, Fla., a well known writer on psychic subjects; Mrs. L. C. Hubert, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Marten, Miss Gertrude Marten and L. J. Farrell, all of Elkhart, Ohio; J. W. Potter, Fredonia, N. Y.; J. O. and T. J. Robinson, Rochester, Vt.; Mrs. J. L. Bennett, Newark, N. J.; Charles M. Ruggles, Watertown, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. D. Ramke, Philadelphia, Pa.; and W. H. Harrington, Lenoir, N. C., are registered at Hotel Cassadaga.

Late arrivals at The Spencer, are Walter McLane of Marion, O.; Mrs. Ireland of Tampa.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Bishop of Edwarsburg, Mich., and their niece, Maude Edwards, of Gray's Lake, Mich., are domiciled in the Kellogg Cottage, Bond street.

Captain Elmer E. Smith of Springfield, Mass.; F. S. Barden of Hinsdale, Mass., were interested visitors for a few days.

In a former letter your correspondent made the mistake of writing the name of Mrs. Fannie Spalding of Norwich, Conn., Mrs. Ida Spalding.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth of Montgomery, Ala., were obliged to return to their home because of the serious indisposition of Mr. Woodworth. They have the sympathy of many friends.

The evening of Feb. 3, Mesdames Bartholomew and Norman tendered the Ladies' Auxiliary a benefit in the form of a pop corn social, which was a great success. The well arranged programme was carried out in a satisfactory manner. The receipts were a surprise to the organization.

February 4, opening day, was a day to be remembered. Nature was all a-bloom. Mrs. Alger and her willing assistants had decorated the auditorium with roses, jasmine, palmetto and pine, and the flags of all nations, and the harmony of color and beauty of the surroundings made one think of the world of flowers.

A surprise awaited the audience. Some weeks ago Mrs. Dr. J. H. Matteson of Buffalo, N. Y., had sent to the writer a large vase, nearly three feet in height and beautifully proportioned, the work of her own hands, to be presented opening day to the association. Through President Hilliges' Your scribe spoke of the little woman in "The Queen City of the Lakes," who, unlearned in medicine, a student of no school save that of the spirit, had healed thousands of the ills of the body, and who, unlearned in art, had planned and executed that which was the work of an artist, a mosaic that would depict the life of the hands that created it are dust. Dr. Hilliges responded in a few well-chosen words, thanking her in the name of the Association and expressing the hope that we may again see her at the camp who had so kindly remembered us with a token of her love.

After the congratulatory address, Mrs. Spalding of Norwich, Conn., offered an invocation. The morning hour was devoted to short speeches. The president introduced ex-Vice-president Bond, who spoke feelingly of his interest in the camp, and said he would do all that he could for its continued prosperity. Our vice-president, H. S. Kellogg, said he could not talk but could work. Remarks were made by Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Twing, Mr. Peck and Hon. Alonzo Hubbard of Vermont.

The afternoon services consisted of an invocation by Mrs. Laura G. Fiken, a duet by Prof. Peck and Miss Hawtin, after which J. Clegg Wright was introduced to the large audience. The trend of thought clustered around these words: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for." In part he said, Churches were invented to enslave the human race, and you will never have that liberty men are praying for, until the religion of the world is the religion of the living. Men, who know nothing about, but they never fight about the multiplication table. Truth is the savior of the human race. Let us pray for mediums that can demonstrate things hoped for. In part he said, Churches were invented to enslave the human race, and you will never have that liberty men are praying for, until the religion of the world is the religion of the living. Men, who know nothing about, but they never fight about the multiplication table. Truth is the savior of the human race. Let us pray for mediums that can demonstrate things hoped for. In part he said, Churches were invented to enslave the human race, and you will never have that liberty men are praying for, until the religion of the world is the religion of the living. Men, who know nothing about, but they never fight about the multiplication table. Truth is the savior of the human race. Let us pray for mediums that can demonstrate things hoped for.

I have faith that beyond the limits of time and sense, beyond the reach of human understanding exists an Infinite Intelligence guiding and directing this mighty universe, shaping and molding the lives and destinies of men and nations toward some wise and beneficent purpose; but I do not know. I teach only what I know. I have my faith, but I do not teach it as a knowledge. Miss May Hedrick followed Mr. Wright with spirit messages which were all recognized.

On Tuesday afternoon, Prof. W. F. Peck took for his text, Mr. Stevenson's remarkable story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, as conveying a striking lesson of the conflict between the angel and the demon in man's nature. Intelligent people no longer believe in the personality of God and the Devil, nor in evil as an entity or principle. Yet the old theory of the war between God and the Devil over the souls of men and nations toward some wise and beneficent purpose; but I do not know. I teach only what I know. I have my faith, but I do not teach it as a knowledge. Miss May Hedrick followed Mr. Wright with spirit messages which were all recognized.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mr. J. D. Bartholomew gave the séance which was largely attended, and very satisfactory.

We have conference on Monday and Friday afternoons. Seance every Wednesday. Lectures Tuesday and Thursday. Services at the Indian Village every Saturday afternoon. Social functions: Monday evening, progressive euchre; Tuesday evening, camp dance, with small admission; Wednesday evening, dramatic entertainment under care of Prof. Peck; Friday evening, a dance in the pavilion with the best music obtainable.

The Wednesday night Friday evening netted the association \$55.

This is a Spiritualist organization, and it is the facts of Spiritualism we desire to demonstrate and emphasize—but it is a necessity to have amusement for the young, and to give financial aid to those who have for years been striving so strenuously to place this association on a strong financial basis.
CARRIE E. S. TWING.

AN IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.

The Coming Spiritualists Congress in Mexico.

The Congress of Spiritualists to be held in Mexico City in March, should be of world-wide interest to Spiritualists.

The Central Society for Psychical Research, from its able President, Sr. Enrique Balg to its humble member are working hard to make the first congress of its kind to be held on the American continent—a success and their endeavors should be supported by Spiritualists the world over.

American Spiritualists. Indeed should endeavor to send representatives to this congress; they should be men and women, however, who thoroughly understand Spanish. For they will find here in Mexico a field of interest little short of astonishing, if that word may be used.

First of whom may be mentioned the highly polished and learned Minister of Foreign Affairs, Ignacio Mariscal, who as author and translator of Spiritualistic books, ought to be known to every searcher along those lines.

The Diplomatic corps and the army have disciples of no mean ability and learning. The most remarkable medium on the American continent is perhaps Dña. Julia Zamora, wife of the distinguished colonel.

This lady, who has figured in historical annals of Mexico, still delights personal friends with exhibitions of her phenomenal powers.

Years ago, in the soul-stirring, history-making days of Maximilian, a general, whose name I will withhold, as I have not his permission to mention it, approached her on a difficult problem.

They sat down beside a marble table. She went into a trance, and while in that condition informed him in broken German, a language which she does not speak when in normal condition, that he would be shown his ultimate fate, if he persisted in his present course.

Immediately there descended a bolt and shattered the marble table on which the General rested his elbows. As there was not a single cloud in the sky, it was literally a "bolt from out the blue."

The General did not stop to listen any further, but that night departed for Vera Cruz. The story is vouched for by the lady herself, and many prominent men, including F. R. Guernsey, the able editor of the Mexican Herald.

This is one story out of a million. Mexico, South and Central America abounds with them and results achieved through their aid are very plentiful. How the natives of Guatemala were always informed of the victories in Yucatan in advance of their being won, is still too fresh in the memories of students to deserve more than passing mention. The person fortunate enough to enter some of the ancient ruins of Mexico will find among the most thumbed volumes on the shelves, the works or translations of Sir William Crookes, Hudson and others.

The Spanish-speaking student of psychology, and only such should come, would find a wealth of material, scientific proof, that our time, our close an investigation, that would amply repay the expenses and journey, which in itself is of unbounding interest and charm.

FRANCIS F. O'GILLIVIE.
Mexico City, Mex.

SEES DROWNED MAN'S BODY.

A Striking Incident of Clairvoyant Experience.

In 1853, when I was marshal of the city of Ottawa, Ill., there was a dear friend of mine drowned at Kankakee, a little below the bridge, and my father telegraphed to me to come. This was on Saturday evening. I was in the mayor's office when the message was handed to me. I leaned back in my seat and closed my eyes, the better to think what to do, and that body was shown to me dressed in a bathing suit, as plain as day. I turned to the mayor and asked him to put a man in my place until I could go to Kankakee and get the man out of the river. He laughed at what he was pleased to call one of my freaks of fancy, and at 1 o'clock not a word reached Kankakee on Sunday. I rode the whole distance on horseback, changing horses at Wilmington. I arrived at Kankakee on Sunday about 10 a. m. and had the man out of the river in twenty minutes after I got there. The river had been raked and watched since Thursday at about 4 p. m. When I started out to the upper end of the eddy with a four-oared boat well manned and a large pole with hooks attached, the people sent up a laugh of derision, but soon as I could reach the place where I had been shown the body, I hooked it out without a second effort, the laugh of derision was soon turned to a shout of joy.

I have had several other like experiences, but don't feel able to write them now. **DAVID I. MARTIN.**
Iowa Soldiers' Home.

double and antagonistic personalities occupying the same body, and said the question of individual responsibility was a most difficult problem. The germ of a human being doubtless contained a record of generations past and gone, and the promise and potency of generations to come, yet no one without the aid of a most powerful glass could distinguish the germ of a man from that of an oyster.

A speck of dust, invisible to the naked eye may disarrange the movements of a watch, what minute influences then may operate upon the infinitely more delicate mechanism of the human brain and wreck the whole man physically, mentally and morally. To attract the angelic influences, and repel the demonic force should be the aim of every one.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mr. J. D. Bartholomew gave the séance which was largely attended, and very satisfactory.

We have conference on Monday and Friday afternoons. Seance every Wednesday. Lectures Tuesday and Thursday. Services at the Indian Village every Saturday afternoon. Social functions: Monday evening, progressive euchre; Tuesday evening, camp dance, with small admission; Wednesday evening, dramatic entertainment under care of Prof. Peck; Friday evening, a dance in the pavilion with the best music obtainable.

The Wednesday night Friday evening netted the association \$55. This is a Spiritualist organization, and it is the facts of Spiritualism we desire to demonstrate and emphasize—but it is a necessity to have amusement for the young, and to give financial aid to those who have for years been striving so strenuously to place this association on a strong financial basis.
CARRIE E. S. TWING.

Etchings by the Hull Pilgrims

Earth's people as yet have their limitations, at least I have mine. If I could get along without sleep or rest, and could work twenty-four hours out of the day for twenty-four days, I could somewhere near catch up and keep up with my many duties. As it is, I can only say in the language of the Bible, "Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all."

I get so confused with my hurry, and in my multitudinous duties that I make many mistakes. One letter containing money I sent to one side of the continent when it should have gone to the other, after that I twice addressed the same letter wrong. It happened that in both cases I found it out in time to change the address. I now think it has, perhaps, reached its destination.

In my last "Etchings" I wrote that we had about four thousand volumes in the Morris Pratt School library. This is a big mistake; we have hardly a quarter of that number in the library at the present time. I should have said that when we got the "Psalms" library, which is not yet sent in, and when I can get to my library to place the most of it in the school, we will have somewhere about four thousand volumes. The "mistakes of Moses" were and are more numerous than the late Robert G. Ingersoll ever knew.

Our last days in San Diego were our best ones. The very last day was a Thomas Paine Memorial Day, and a gala day it was. The lecture met at 9:30 in the morning. Mrs. Hull and I each were invited to take part in its work. Then there was a conference at 11 o'clock, which was participated in by many.

At 3:30, Mrs. Hull, Col. Dryden, Prof. Whipple and Dr. Peebles all made speeches which were right to the point. At night I lectured a "nearly two-hour speech upon" the people. My subject was "The Life, Public Services, and the Writings of Thomas Paine." The speaker I compared the life, writings and public services of John Wesley with those of Thomas Paine. It is enough for me to here say that Thomas Paine suffered nothing by the comparison. Thomas Paine was the more religious man of the two; beside that he came here to give the permission of President Huesley came to this country to tighten the chains by which King George held us. Many of the facts I gave in the lives of both Wesley and Paine were to many in that large audience entirely new, at least, so they said.

I will here say that I have twelve volumes of his complete works, which I called the complete works of Thomas Paine, all of which are to go into the Morris Pratt Library. As I can get where they are.

After I closed my discourse on Paine and Wesley, Dr. Peebles "looked the bits in his teeth," and arose and with a few words of commendation made an eloquent plea for the Morris Pratt school, and took up a collection, which with the five dollars with which he started it, amounted to \$25.

When the meeting adjourned Mrs. Hull and I received farewell handshakes until we were tired out. Near the end of the evening our director, called the complete works of Thomas Paine, all of which are to go into the Morris Pratt Library. As I can get where they are.

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Our friend of many years past, Mrs. Nettie Howell, secured balls and hats for the meetings on Wednesday and Sunday, day and evening; all of the meetings were well attended except the one on Sunday evening. At that meeting the threatening aspect of the weather cut our audience down to a little over a hundred persons.

It showed here he said, we went to the meetings on Friday night, meeting. At this meeting the notice was very short, but we had the hall two-thirds full of as intelligent and earnest hearers as one meets anywhere. The only regret expressed was, that we could not remain longer. We shall hope to go there again, and to see Pedro and his good people of this city by the Sea.

Many of the leading Spiritualists of Los Angeles have formed themselves into an association, called the Semi-Tropic Spiritualist Association, and have purchased, I believe, seventeen acres of fine ground, and are fitting it out for a school. The grounds are within the city limits, and are only about twelve or at most fifteen minutes from the center of the city. With intelligent management they can have the best and largest camp in the United States.

They are now selling lots, building cottages and an auditorium, and are such other improvements as will make this an attractive Mecca for Spiritualists of the far West to hold their annual "feast of tabernacles." Their camp this year I believe is to be put off until October, in order to give ample time to improve the grounds.

There is a good deal of talk about Spiritualism in Los Angeles, and that they are terribly divided. Meetings are killing meetings. If all of the small and struggling societies would unite and form one or at most, two, and all would make an effort to make that one or those two societies centers of the city, and all work, Spiritualism would soon take Los Angeles; but with so many insignificant societies, and so many speakers and mediums, a majority of whom should never appear before the public except as listeners, many good and wise people are led to look upon Spiritualism with the contempt which seems to deserve.

Mrs. Little is a regular speaker in Los Angeles, but her meetings do not as yet, pay their expenses. I hope they will overcome their competition and gain the place they deserve, for she with her great talent, if she can get a hearing will do more good than all of the societies combined while they work as they do now.

On this visit to Los Angeles we spent more time visiting the beaches, the mountains and other scenery than ever before. If I had the time and the Progressive Thinker the space I could have done a great deal of work. I have been to the various beaches within twenty miles of Los Angeles. More than all would I like to talk of our visit to Mount Lowe. Every visitor to Los Angeles who falls to go up on Mount Lowe makes a mistake. One place in the ascent we go three thousand feet on cable car at an angle of thirty-five degrees, over

the most dangerous looking piece of road, and surrounded by the most wild and weird scenery that can be found in America. The highest point we reached was six thousand feet, but that was enough.

On Wednesday, the 7th, we left Los Angeles for San Jose, where we arrived about 10 at night. Here lives the twice bereaved Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker, and her daughter Cora, and son-in-law, Frank Ringle. I had visited this place twice before, and Mrs. Hull once.

Mrs. Dobson-Barker has, under the influence of the late Dr. Dobson, taken up his work, and has for years had about all she wanted to do. But the passing away of her mother, her grandchild and her husband, compelled her to almost wish she was not in the world; but as the bitterness of her grief is passing away she again feels more inclined to resume with diligence her duties. Dr. Dobson is with her the most of the time, and declares his intention to now put her into the field with more energy than ever before. She is again in the field as a diagnostician and healer, and hopes to do a better work and more of it than ever before. I saw a number of letters recently written to her, all of which praise the power conferred upon her.

It is through the efforts of Mrs. Dobson-Barker and her daughter, Mrs. Cora Ringle, that we have been induced to make this trip to San Jose. Mrs. Ringle seems to possess the foresight and tact of her father; it really seems that the Doctor's power is conferred upon the mother and daughter.

On meetings here have been a perfect ovation from first to last. Sunday, the 11th, was advertised as Hull Day. The exercises began at 9:30, with a lecture. I have seen hundreds of lectures, very much larger than this one, but I never saw a better offered lecture than this one. The officers were nearly all of them boys and girls. The conductor, Miss Merle Muntz, is not yet sixteen years old. Other officers were still younger, but I did not get their names. I noticed that all did their duties as if "to the manor born."

A better conductor, older or young than Miss Muntz has not yet been seen. She took hold of this lecture with a will, and she held her place as if she had been made for it. The world will yet hear from Miss Muntz.

The children and officers each had a memory passage copied from Mrs. Hull's work. The marching and the wondrous movements were all as fine as I have seen anywhere.

The conference at 11 in the forenoon was very fine. At 2:30 I spoke on "The World's Bibles and How to Use Them." In the latter part of this discourse I showed how Spiritualism is proved by all the best of the Christian history, and that the true and Spiritualism false. At night every bit of available space was occupied and some were turned away for want of room. I spoke on "The Coming Battle Between Sadduceism, Materialism, Agnosticism and Spiritualism." This is calling largely to have that discourse put in print. Mrs. Hull followed each discourse with appropriate remarks.

On the night of the 12th our closing meeting was held in the parlors of the Unitarian church. It was a rainy and dark night, yet the parlors were fairly well filled. At this meeting we raised in private donations, and all about forty dollars for the Morris Pratt School. When the expenses of hall and advertising were taken out, we had about thirty-four dollars to send to the institute.

Here we were happy to meet Judge W. H. Rogers, the first attorney, and first vice-president of the Morris Pratt Institute Association. The Judge's heart is still in the right place. He has been so crowded with other work that he has had little time to devote to the school since his removal to California. He is now getting his business so arranged that he can and will take more interest in the school.

He delivered two telling addresses in behalf of the school, and now promises to go to work as the way may open, in behalf of the school. We are earnestly requested to return here next winter, and to stay at least three months. In fact we are requested to spend many more months than there are in the year, on this coast next winter.

Perhaps, before I close this letter I ought to say that I have a letter from our former secretary, Mrs. Clara L. Stewart, which indicates that she has found something to do in or near Kansas City, Mo., which will so completely occupy her time that she resigns all connection, except that of a friend, with the school. Perhaps I had better give the letter. Here it is:

Rogers, Ark., Feb. 10, 1906.
To the Executive Committee of the Morris Pratt Institute Association: Knowing that my work for the school as financial agent, has not been a success since the first of November, 1905, and since, from the nature of my work I have been obliged to resign my position as secretary, and by vote of the board of directors, the office of trust which I have held since the incorporation of the association, with salary has been canceled, and feeling that I can no longer work with the interest of the school I have always had, and as I cannot lend myself to that which I cannot give my entire sympathy and support, I tender my withdrawal from all official work which has any salary consideration. The same to take place and be dated the first of November, 1905.

With sincere wish for the success of the school, and kindest feelings of regard for all who are associated with its interests, and a hope that it will eventually be one of the leading institutions of the country.

I am fraternally,
Clara L. Stewart.
Mrs. Stewart has always been a true and faithful worker, and were it not that she has found more genial employment and, at better wages, I should very much hate to see her leave the school for work in other fields.

Our trunks are now packed, and we are ready to start via San Francisco, to Portland to make a temporary home among the "web-footed Oregonians." Now I will lay my pencil down until I am again attacked with cacophony scribbled.

MOSSES HULL.

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