

The Progressive Thinker.

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

VOL. 37

CHICAGO, ILL., NOV. 9, 1907

NO. 937

IMPRESSIVE REFLECTIONS.

He Would Rather Have a Million of Good Ideas Than a Million of Good Dollars.

In all ages of the world's history men and women of genius—mediums—have been ostracized, persecuted, maligned and misunderstood. Homer was a beggar, Jesus was a tramp, Joan D'Arc was burned at the stake, Lincoln was assassinated. Never in any cause was there so much martyrdom, such heroic devotion to truth and duty, such patient endurance of wrong and contumely, such fidelity to a forlorn hope, as has been exhibited during the last fifty years, by Spiritualist mediums—especially the women. Such daring intrepidity, such fearless utterance of unpopularity, such devotion to truth, has never been surpassed.

The greatest man is he who inspires the most courage.

The bravest man is he who says what he thinks.

When Schuyler Colfax was vice-president of the United States (he was from Indiana) he was one day invited to a banquet, where had assembled the high officials of our own land and the ambassadors from foreign countries. During the feast wine was passed. Colfax refused to take it, and turned down his glass. A gentleman sitting near him said, in a sneering tone, "Colfax dares not drink!"

"Yes," said Colfax, "I DARE not!" implying that he was brave enough and strong enough to resist temptation, even in high places.

Oh, to be a man and dare—to dare nothing, to fear nothing, to defy all wrong, injustice and oppression!

Some of my friends and well-wishers tell me this is only a "fad," and "there is no money in it." Well, there is something infinitely better than money: it is TRUTH.

An obscure French artist had been painting pictures for years, in poverty, unrecognized. Finally he sold a picture for a moderate price. He told the man who bought it that he was just in time, as he had been told that he had not had anything to eat for twenty-four hours. After he became famous his pictures sold for fabulous sums, but what did he care for money? Nothing!

There is an aristocracy of intellect, mind and heart far transcending that of mere wealth or money.

I have often said that I would do without whisky, tobacco, wine and meat, and live on bread and water, with plenty of pure air and sunlight, rather than do without this or some other Spiritualist faculty.

I MUST have food to die. I would have my body starve to death in my soul. I believe it is possible for a soul to starve to death. It loses all conceptions of, and desire for, a future, immortal life.

I started out in this article to talk about myself. I have some confidence in my mission and its ultimate success. I want to be free. I want to do just as I please. I have often said: No man, no god, no devil, shall dominate and control my life and actions. I have often said: I won't have a "boss" or a "boss" declared: I won't do this or that thing, and then go and do that very thing.

You may call me egotistical. It is the kind of egotism that brings success—no money. I would rather have a million good ideas than a million good dollars. I don't want anything I can't take to heaven with me when I go hence.

When I go to heaven I will say, "Give me something to do, quick!" Heaven is wherever we find congenial company. I live now in the realms of spirit.

O, men and women of genius—mediums—may we meet and recognize each other in the land of souls, in the empyrean realm of the upper air.

In order that you may know and understand me better, I will close with an original stanza from one of my poems. No, I only transcribed it. I heard an angel sing it, thus: O friends of my youth in the land of souls, Ye loved in the olden times!

Ye come to me now as the past unfolds Its mystical secrets at sunset chimes. O. L. HARVEY, West Lafayette, Ind.

A LEGEND.

A dead dog lay at fair Judea's gate. The scavenger of unclean oral he! And each good Jew, moved with his creed's just hate, Spurned the cold carcass right contemptuously.

There were no epithets too foul, too vile, To heap upon the creature as it lay, Whose sight could sicken and whose touch defile. Such pure disciples of the law as they.

A stranger passed and looked upon the dead, With Christ's own charity his soft eyes shone. "Pearls are not whiter than its teeth," He said, And, mid the hush of censure, passed on.

Learn thou the lesson! When all tongues decry Leave slander, calumny, abuse to them— It may be that the Savior, passing by, In His good time, will search and find a gem.

—Warner Sneed, in Woman's Tribune.

Happy is the man, and happy he alone, Who can call to-day his own; He who, secure within, can say Tomorrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day. —Dryden.

A Thrilling Experience.

Imprisoned in a boiler, with fire underneath, the Spirit of his brother came to his rescue and tells him what to do.—Indicating that Spirits can Communicate under Unfavorable circumstances and Conditions.

To the Editor:—A highly important message comes from Sturtevant, La., illustrating in a remarkable degree "spirit power under remarkable 'test condition,'" and that, too, when all was confusion. In consequence of his experience, Arthur McDonald, a boiler-maker, aged twenty-four, will leave the hospital at Pine Bluff, Ark., accompanied by his brother, for Colorado, where he hopes, in a measure, to rebuild his shattered nervous system.

When seen at the hospital, McDonald told the remarkable story of the circumstances which brought about his present condition. "I am twenty-four years of age," he began, "and for the last three years have been employed as a boiler-maker, principally in railroad shops. I learned my trade when quite young, and although fully aware of the dangers of a boiler-maker's life, I never once dreamed of the awful experience I would go through, or I should never have attempted to drive a rivet.

Thought It a Good Chance.

"The experience to which I refer occurred three months ago at a little town called Hope, Ark. A new set of boilers had been put in, and negro firemen were relied upon to attend to them. They soon got out of order, and the foreman sent all the way to Pine Bluff to get a boiler-maker. There was none available there, so these in the railroad shops there. As a pretty good sum was offered I laid off from my regular work and decided to make a few extra dollars. This trip came near being the end of me.

"When I reached the saw-mill I found the boilers in a bad fix. The firemen were choked and needed reaming badly. In addition they were caked on the inside, and as there was not enough help present I decided to go into the boiler myself and chisel off some of the cake matter while the negroes were reaming out.

"This worked all right on the first boiler, and I soon had it in good shape. I then went to the second boiler and told the negroes as soon as they had finished reaming out the manhole on the first, fill it with water and fire up for a test. "I went down on the inside, and found the second boiler's flues in an especially bad condition. I must have worked for an hour; and so intent was I that I did not notice the noise of the reaming cease until I was nearly choked. My first intuition that anything was wrong came when the candle began to burn dim and the boiler seemed full of the candle gas and smoke. I turned around to see what was the matter, and to my horror, saw that the manhole cover had been replaced.

Began to See Truth.

"I crawled along the flues as fast as I could until I reached the spot and attempted to push it up, but I was too late—the negroes had screwed the cover firmly in. I struck the side of the boiler with my hammer and called several times. The sound was almost deafening to me, but I am sure it was hardly heard on the outside. It then flashed over me that the negroes had misunderstood me and were preparing to make a fire under the second boiler instead of the first.

"The horror of the situation caused me to feel sick for a moment, but I realized that if there was anything to be done it must be done at once. I crawled along the rust-covered flues to the end of the boiler. In doing this I accidentally knocked over my candle and put it out. With a cry of anguish I reached for it, but it had fallen down among the flues and was out of my reach for good.

"Following close upon this I heard the rusted cover through the manhole, and knew that the negroes were filling the boiler. Now was the time to act, I thought, if I intended to get out alive; but my candle was gone, and never before have I seen such darkness as filled that boiler. "I had not calculated correctly on the time, for the water had been coming in several minutes before I noticed it. I could feel it creeping up among the flues. For a moment I stopped and prayed earnestly for deliverance from the awful fate that now confronted me.

Visions of Roasting.

"After an agony of suspense I heard the water shut off with a gurgle that to me sounded like the voice of some demon bent upon devouring me. I attempted to jump up, but struck my head a severe blow upon the top of the boiler and out a gash in my scalp, but I hardly felt it, so alarmed was I at the thought of the next step the negroes would take. The fire!

"Had I been fortunate enough to have possessed a revolver, or even a pocket knife, I would have ended it all there, but I was unable to do a thing except yell and beat the sides of the boiler with all my might and main. I was forced to sit and know that under me the negroes were building the fire that would slowly roast me to death.

"I cannot describe my feelings or agony during the following moments. I imagined I could feel the heat under me already. The atmosphere was suffocating, and beads of cold perspiration stood out upon my forehead and trickled down my spine. To me every minute was an hour. "It was through sheer exhaustion that I ceased beating and nailing and leaned back against the side of my iron tomb. I was not long spared this rest, for I could now distinctly feel the air growing warmer. The flues upon which I was seated were above water, and as I reached down and touched one I started with a gasp. It was warm—ever so slightly, but warm, nevertheless. Again I began pounding and calling frantically, until my lungs felt as if they were lacerated.

"The close atmosphere and heat had started a strong headache, and my temples throbbed as if they would burst. I had torn my hands until they were bleeding freely, and my eyes seemed to bulge in their sockets. The thing that stood out grim and gaunt before me was the fire in the furnace that would slowly roast me to death.

"I thought of my mother, of home and of thousands of things it seemed to me. The flues were now becoming warmer. I could feel their heat through my clothing and once more I started a strong headache, and my temples throbbed as if they would burst. I had torn my hands until they were bleeding freely, and my eyes seemed to bulge in their sockets. The thing that stood out grim and gaunt before me was the fire in the furnace that would slowly roast me to death.

"In a moment of desperation I seized my hammer and dealt myself a severe blow upon the head to try to stun myself in order that the last pangs might not be so terrible. The blow only burst the skin and caused me additional pain. Hotter and hotter grew the flues, until I felt that I could no longer stand the agony. Strange and weird figures appeared before my vision.

Heard Brother's Voice.

"At last, more dead than alive, with every nerve racking with agony, I threw myself down upon the water pipes to hasten the end. My teeth ground together like a vise as the heated iron burned my flesh. I could not have remained there more than three seconds, though to me it seemed a lifetime, before I heard, as plain as I ever did during my life, the voice of a brother who died years ago. Somehow the voice sounded perfectly natural. I recognized it in an instant and felt not the slightest surprise. It said quickly, 'Cut the flue, Arthur.'

"At an instant I was on hands and knees. The last rays of hope dawned before me, now, I knew, a dying man, and with more strength than I ever before commanded, or ever shall again, I placed the point of my chisel on the flue just under the water and dealt it a terrible blow, missed and struck a little higher. He held up the stump. 'I pledge my word that I did not feel the pain. The second blow felt true, and the third and fourth; and with the fifth I felt the chisel give. I caught sight of a fork of flame in the flue, and the next instant I was free. Water hissing and popping as it rushed through the leak into the furnace below.

"The negroes heard the water when it struck the fire, and knew there was a leak somewhere. They, of course, opened the water plug and raised out the first.

"Realizing that I was fast losing consciousness, I dragged myself under the manhole that I might be found as soon as the boiler was opened. I have a faint recollection of seeing a round patch of daylight, darkened by the head of a negro, and for the following five days I knew nothing.

"I have been in the hospital here for the last three months, and am afraid I am about all in for good. However, the doctors say that the mountains and rest will do wonders for me. So I hope to try it out in Colorado for a while."

"If you had your health and strength back again, would you return to your old occupation?" was asked. The white head reared for a moment upon a wasted hand and then the speaker replied:

"Yes, I think I would. I like it, somehow; but there is one thing certain, I would never again enter a boiler without first seeing that the manhole cover was locked up safely in some closet, and I had the key in my inside coat pocket. I wonder who can doubt spirit power when manifested under the above conditions?" T. RUTH.

The Future Hope.

The dead leaves drift along the way Like dead hopes that are cast aside; But fairer leaves will grace some day. The branches where the old ones died, And later hopes will come to cheer. The hearts from which dead hopes are gone.

The boughs keep spreading year by year, The larger hopes are farther on. S. E. KISER.

"The doctrine of human depravity has had its day. Faith in the dignity of humanity is the faith by which alone the residuum can be saved." The London Spectator.

GUARD AGAINST VAIN THOUGHTS.

A Sunday Sermon by Dr. Madison Peters.

"I hate vain thoughts."—Psalm cxix, 113.

Our characters are the results of our thoughts. A distinguished writer (as set forth in the Chicago Examiner) has called attention to the enormous pillars in the Luray Caverns, Virginia, and the great Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, which have been formed by the steady dripping of water from the roof of the cavern, and the splendid masonry of solid rock which has been formed by the slow and silent processes of Nature.

A single drop of water, finding its way from the surface down through the roof of the cave, deposits sediment, and another follows it, going on, and still another, each adding its imperceptible contribution, until the feeble stone begins to grow, and, ultimately reaching the rock beneath, becomes a massive pillar that shall stand for thousands of years.

Our process of life is going on in our lives. Thoughts sink into the soul, make their deposits, until a habit of thought along a given line erects within our hearts pillars of purpose that build our characters.

By the thoughts we mean the exercise of the faculty of the mind, which are embodied in words, or actions; therefore, thoughts involve the perceptions of the understanding and the conclusions of the mind in general. Thoughts present themselves to us as such evanescent things that we fall altogether, to attach to them the importance which they deserve.

What is a word but an embodied thought? And must not our thoughts, as the primary birth of our hearts, tell more clearly what is in us than our words or works, which are only the outward outpourings of the person, can ever do?

In the phrase "Vain Thoughts" I include proud and high-minded thoughts. Pride may be virtuous as well as vicious. As a principle, it is the parent of every virtue and every nobility. Love the pride which sets one above doing a mean thing; we admire the self-esteem which prevents one doing an injury to another; but the pride which gets one above another, and which would demand homage to itself as better than others, is the parent of every disgrace.

People are sometimes accused of pride merely because their accusers would be proud of themselves if they were in their places. Rise above your condition and you will be accused of pride.

Thoughts which refer to human applause, planning, vainglory, all, creating people with virtues, we know they do not possess, avoiding whole some truths because disagreeable, having one opinion for the parlor and one for the public, are thoughts that we must guard against.

It is easy to bow and flatter; to say smooth things and play the parrot. It takes courage to be manly, inflexible in purpose, remarkable in decision. Dare to be laughed at, scoffed, ridiculed, misunderstood, persecuted. Do not take your cue from the crowd—the trimmers. Dare to be singular.

Servile pandering to people's prejudices will lead you to a course of action degrading to yourselves, and in which hypocrisy will be the least of our vices. The people must be led, not fawned upon. The people must be made contemptible in the sight of good men. The truly popular men and women in every age have been those who have had the courage to be unpopular—when to tell the truth and to stand for right.

It requires strength to swim against the stream. Any dead fish can swim with the tide.

Thoughts of dress, the table and the pleasures of life are allowable in their place, within moderation, but suffered to intrude without rebuke into our prayers, thoughts, and actions, they will become a hindrance to the work of the world by being entertained in the wrong season and indulged to excess.

You are in the world and have your work to do in the world. Do it vigorously and well. Turn to the right and the left, and away outward advantage within your reach.

Let the purpose to make the most of your opportunities embody within itself whatever is refinement in desire, inspiring in hope, thrilling in enthusiasm and intense in desperate resolve. Do not let this, the best of all, be the world does not swallow you up.

Thoughts that are always running on this world, on its hopes and fears, its pleasures and its pastimes, its gains and losses, are worldly, and the man or woman who is wise will see between the peril and the danger which they threaten the whole life of the soul, and will watch against them as knowing that we may perish through things lawful as surely as through things unlawful.

Few persons in the world occupy as high places in the world as it seems to themselves their merits. Justly deserve. And the disappointed ones find their delight in deprecating the merits of others, and like Milton's fiend in Paradise, see us undelighted all delight.

People never envy those below themselves. Envy is fixed on merit and increases in exact proportion to fame. As there is no shadow where there is no sun, so there is no envy where there is no character. As the sunbeams awaken the world of flies, so the radiant genius calls forth a swarm of stinging insects.

To pooh-pooh what you are likely never to possess is easy. In Aesop it is the tailless fox that advocates the disease of tails. It is the grapes we cannot reach we call sour.

Guard against unpardonable thoughts. "Charity thinketh no evil." You look with suspicion upon others because you are bad at heart yourself. If you are really virtuous in thought as well as in act, you will rejoice in the belief that

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

Her Presence and Work at the N. S. A. Convention.

To the Editor:—The writer was happy to note the presence of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond in the recent convention of the N. S. A. It is so long since the friends in Washington had the pleasure of seeing and hearing her that it was indeed a treat. Mrs. M. T. Longley, the honored secretary, said to the writer, "What a help it is to have Mrs. Richmond with us; and how glorious was her mission to The Hague Peace Conference."

Mrs. Richmond, as delegate from the Morris Pratt Institute, was ready at the hour assigned to consider the interests of that institution as its secretary. She, as well as the president, Dr. Warner, had much to say of an encouraging nature. She was with zeal into whatever work she undertakes, and I have heard from many sources that her name has given the M. P. I. a standing that it would not otherwise have gained for many years to come.

Mrs. Richmond delivered her assigned address at the regular public session of the convention Wednesday evening the 16th, her subject being "Spiritualism as a Factor in the Higher Civilization of the World." This was certainly a masterly address, and her inspirers evinced a perfect familiarity with the historical and inner workings of the governments of the earth, and gave many interesting items not previously known to the public at large. Evidently they knew whereof they testified. The largest audience of the convention was present at that evening.

But in the opinion of the writer, the greatest event of the convention was the report of Mrs. Richmond as the representative of the N. S. A., and other National and International bodies to the Peace Conference of The Hague. Her selection as the one to go, by large bodies of liberal people, how "the way" opened for the presentation of her credentials and address favoring Peace by Arbitration, to the president of the Peace Congress; her interview with him; her membership in the "Circle International," composed of distinguished people from all parts of the world; her participation in the deliberations of and her address before that "Larger Conference," when she was presented in a characteristic speech by Mr. W. T. Stead; the reception given in her honor by that "Circle International" at the meeting of the League "Peace by Right," all prove that the event of such a representation, as she gave marked an EPOCH IN THE CAUSE OF SPIRITUALISM.

In the writer's opinion also made the culminating event, up to the present time, in Mrs. Richmond's wonderful life-work as a teacher and inspired worker in the cause of Spiritualism and human progress. The writer was pleased to note the presence on the occasions when Mrs. Richmond spoke, of one or two officials from Government Departments, who do not usually attend Spiritualist meetings. The Spiritualism is thus on record as one of the first among the religious and educational associations of the world to favor peace and arbitration is certainly a great cause for congratulation.

Yours for humanity, A WASHINGTONIAN.

THE GRANDEST THING.

What is the grandest thing of all? The work that awaits each day, The work that calls us on every hand.

Is the work that for us is truly grand, And the love of work is our pay.

What is the highest life of all? True to ourselves and true to the right.

Standing for truth from dawn till night, And the love of truth is our pay.

What is the grandest thing of all? Is it what we do each some day? No, and a thousand times say: 'This making this old world thrill and glow.

With the light of love, till each shall know Something of heaven here below, And God's 'Well done,' for our pay. JEAN BLEWETT.

everybody else is good. That professedly pious woman, prominent in every charity, never absent from the prayer-meeting, who sits down to her secret communions, hating her neighbor as the neighbor of her neighbor, instead of covering the sin with the mantle of charity, peddles it along the streets, tells the story of her sins before sundown. Every time she tells it larger, and at the same time cautions every one to say nothing about it, as it may not be true.

She winds up the day before family prayers by saying: "I guess I will just go over and tell Mrs. Knowall that it must all be so, because Mrs. Busybody said that her husband saw a man who had heard his uncle's business partner say that his nephew's blind old grandmother on God's Hill had seen something that looked very suspicious."

These evil thoughts—effectually to hate them they must find no room or entertainment with us. God will not only judge the open things of our lives, but the secret things of our hearts. As often as these high-minded, pandering, worldly, envious and malignant thoughts visit us, let them drive us to Him by whose Holy inspiration alone we are able either to think these things which are good or to refuse to think those things which are evil. As Pygmalion carved with patience upon the stone, idealizing and praying till the statue took grace of form and motion, so may you in contemplating the lovely, beautiful and the good, attain the desire of your heart.

A Striking Vision.

And the Lesson It Was Intended to Convey and Illustrate.

Without any prior effort on my part I was suddenly surrounded by a phenomenal condition by which my spiritual being seemed freed from the physical body and I traveled out into space to an astral landscape where night never came, but it was light forever. In the center of the landscape stood a beautiful stage, constructed similar to a theater stage, with its front open to the audience. In front of the stage there was a great company of pleasure seekers, each willing to entertain or be entertained. The stage was constantly occupied for various entertainments, such as singing, music, dancing, drama, etc. There were no interruptions, but there were frequent outbursts of the heartiest laughter I ever heard; in short, the joy of those pleasure seekers was sublime.

There were no sick or maimed, and no small children or old people, but they were all of a uniform age of immortality. There was no respect for person, but everyone esteemed all others above himself.

While this jollification was continuous, the attendants were constantly changing, some went and others came. While heaven is a complete pleasure, it is also a condition of order, where the acquisition of art and science is not interrupted by pleasure; hence the reader will understand that the phenomena I saw represented a heavenly place for fraternal pleasure, which seemed so real that I do not wonder how many mediums can be deceived in their mediumship; but just before the phenomena ended, my controlling spirit manifested his divine individuality in an intellectual way that I cannot express, but after instructing me by mental suggestion, he suggested divine farewell and immediately the vision closed.

While I understand the instructions my controlling spirit mentally suggested to me, as clear as the shining sun, yet I can only express myself to humanity by human language, and unless the reader possesses sufficient intelligence and free agency of reason, so he can grasp the thoughts I wish to express by the words I use, then the following words will seem as foolishness to him.

My controlling spirit mentally suggested that I had not experienced a reality, but had been shown a vision or thought-form phenomena by mental suggestion, just as a human hypnotist can suggest his thoughts to a proper subject. He suggested that the vision was emblematic of celestial fraternization, and while the most enlightened in infinite truth, were regarded in an obedient and inquiring manner, nevertheless in sociality and socialism the least in heaven is equal with the greatest, just as the least on earth is equal with the greatest, as I am socially equal with all the members of the family.

He further suggested that no earth-bound spirit could enter the spiritual realms until they had freed themselves from the last stain of unrighteousness favor for nationality, race, creed, individual friendship or relationship. All such favoring love, ignorance, delusions, and all unrighteousness are the only earth-binding conditions of earth-bound spirits. Not that we must love our friends, relatives, parents, or children less, but our love must involve so unbounded that we will love every righteous soul as holy as a mother can love her children. He who understands the completeness of holy love, understands what Jesus meant when he said "Who is my mother and my brethren? Whosoever doeth the will of my Father is my brother and sister and mother" (see Heb. 7: 1-3).

He further suggested that he who hopes to dodge reformation and climb into heaven by developing control of the psychical forces, will yet learn that the psychical forces can be exercised, if need be, to compel unacceptable spirits to remain earth-bound until they have reformed to the uttermost.

Enlightenment and sanctification, by self-effort, either in this life or after mortal death, is the only effort by which an earth-bound spirit can break its earth-binding chains.

The message above was given to me for the public; and lest it might not be understood, I sense it a duty to decry a delusion that has crept into Spiritualism, which must be removed before Spiritualism will rise to its decreed agency and become a convincing light of intelligence for the enlightenment and sanctification of the world.

The delusion I refer to is the prevailing assumption of many mediums that mediumship is a superior power, who have developed great ability and intelligence, for which they deserve the reverence and undisputed attention of the public.

This has been the self-exalting stumbling block of many mediums in every age, when, on the contrary, mediums are only human instruments through whom spirits manifest themselves to humanity; and if the controlling spirit is a liar, then the message may deceive the medium and unenlightened people who surrender their free agency of reason; but intelligent, righteous men and women discern truth from untruth when they hear it.

Furthermore, it need not ever be presumed that mediums are persons of superior integrity, because, as Paul said in Rom. 11:23, "the gifts and callings of God (of the spirits) are without repentance." The words of Paul are applicable to mediums in every age, because mediumship never was an accomplishment in the part of the medium. The medium-

ship may be earnestly and honestly sought, yet it is always a gift or calling of the spirits, just as the little Fox sisters first received their gift and calling without any prior effort on their part.

That mediumship is a gift or calling independent of repentance, as Paul said, is a fact well proven by the character of many mediums in every age. I do not mean to infer that mediums are all tricksters; on the contrary, I believe there are many honorable mediums; but I wish to caution the public against misinforming mediums.

The fact that the Christian clergy is engaged in wordy suicide, each creed claiming the wisest interpretation of Christianity, proves that Christianity is still in the swamps of superstition, where it will remain until free thought will pilot it to the solid rock of truth. Likewise the fact that so many mediums and Spiritualists who claim a great wisdom, daily dispute each other, proves that Spiritualism is still in the swamps of delusion, where it will remain until the rank and file of Spiritualists will desert misleading mediums and the self-wise as their infallible guides and follow intelligent guidance, which is the only pilot that can lead them to progressive plains illuminated with tranquilizing truth; and when they have reached the plains of truth, then the revelators or mediums may see beasts with seven heads and ten horns or a thousand heads and a million horns; or they may see departed spirits with their arms or head cut off just as they lived or died in the flesh, but the enlightened thinker will know they did not see a reality, but only a phenomenal delusion. And the mediums may throw down their rods and apparently transform them into Serpents and cry "Pharaoh is King!" and thereby deceive the deceiverable sign-seekers, and the prophet may throw down his rod and apparently transform it into a serpent and cry "Jesus is King of Kings!" and thereby deceive the superstitious knave-fearer, but the enlightened soul knows intelligence is King of kings and God of gods.

A. PRIESTER, 1275 Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

LOVE'S DREAM.

I dreamed I was a soul, before me a huge granite stone; With chisel of self beside me, And a thought-form all my own.

Oh, how I longed to chisel From out that mighty stone A statue to do justice To the thought-form all my own.

I wondered how I would carve And if, when all complete, The statue would be as grand As the form to me was sweet.

I went to work with a spirit of love As I touched that granite stone, Love for the image I wished to carve Of a thought-form all my own.

At last I began to shape it, And bring out the features all; Not one mark must be overlooked, No matter how very small.

Oh, how my heart beat with rapture, When out from that mighty stone I saw the face of my darling, Had slowly but steadily grown.

His eyes were soft and tender, The lips were parted with love; The whole face seemed illumined Like an angel's from above.

As I carved out those precious hands A vine I twined around, With a few white petals falling Near my love's feet on the ground;

To symbolize the tenderness I shed As I chiseled of stone The image of my darling, The thought-form all my own.

Ah! he stood with arms open to meet me, As in greetings of days gone by, And I stooped to clasp and kiss them, To pray, and to laugh and cry.

I have made my thought-form perfect, I have made him just as he was, But I cannot give him the breath of life; I can chisel effect but not the cause.

But still I have my statue; My thought-form so perfect and true, For it bears the image of my darling, As nothing else can do.

Yes, I will live and I will love it, And cherish it day by day, The thought-form of my loved one—Who is now so far away.

Some day, when all is over, And the burdens of life laid away, I will clasp his hands and love him, As I love his statue to-day. GEORGIA GLADYS COOLEY.

THE WISH.

Should some great angel say to me to-morrow, "Thou must retreat thy path from the start, But God will grant, in pity, for thy sorrow

Some one dear wish, the nearest to thy heart."

This were my wish, from life's dim beginning; Let be what has been wisdom planned the while; My want, my woe, my error and my sinning,

All, all were needed lessons for my soul.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Visions Induced by Oriental Powder.

While this Oriental Powder may produce the phenomena ascribed to it, yet no one should use it, as it is an unnatural way to unlock the Psychic Senses, and may lead to the worst kind of Obsession, and possibly to the Asylum for the Insane. The following is from the Occult Review:

[I have been asked to include the following experiences in the pages of the Occult Review. The percipient is one of the rather numerous people who have tried Mr. Woodcock's "Oriental Powder," and have seen "visions" under their influence. The powder, when snuffed, produces an effect somewhat similar to incense. A number of records of interesting experiments with its aid have already appeared in the pages of "Light," to the back numbers, of which journal readers who wish to know more of its probable effects are referred. It seemed to me likely that many readers of this magazine might not have heard of the powder and might like to try it.—Editor Occult Review, England.]

Time, 11:55 p. m. Thursday, June 28, 1906.

The rain descended in torrents, as only summer rain knows how to descend. The hands of the little Bee clock on the mantelpiece pointed to within five minutes of the witching hour. Everything was still save for the soft beating sound of the rain as it fell upon the leaves of the trees. I was sleepy, but, as I looked before me, a strange numb, dazed feeling seemed to softly close over my brain, and a thin, vapory mist enveloped me round about.

The familiar surroundings vanished, and I was in space. Still I heard the soft splashing of the heavy rain upon the leaves, but where was I? Around me twisted and contorted were forms that I looked upon with calm, dispassion, albeit I knew they were tortured souls.

They vanished. I stood in a long, almost colorless room in the Tulleries. It was mirrorless, and I glanced around missing a mirror. The furniture was negative, even the gilding on the chairs was subdued, everything seemed in a half-light. The three crosses, which were on the left hand of the room entering from the door were closed. I felt suffocating, not because the windows were closed, but from a feeling of strangeness. The room swam, and a floor of agonizing pain swept from the base of the skull up through the head. A vision of much bloodshed and flame flashed before me as I stood there alone with the room swimming round. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." I heard the voice plainly, and almost simultaneously the rumble of a distant car. I knew it was the omnibus, and that I was Marie Antoinette.

Consciousness was going, and I knew that it was going and involuntarily I put my hand to my throat, for I could not breathe, and the pain was intense. Then mercifully everything was blotted out in beneficent oblivion.

When consciousness came recollection also came, and with it pain, physical and mental.

Such was my first experience with the Mysterious Powder.

My second trial with the powder was in company with six others. No result.

Time, 2:20 p. m. Monday, July 9, 1906.

A purple darkness, slowly, softly fell, enclosing me within it, and completely blotting out the objects in the room. A pleasant receding sense of leaving the world on clouds of purple down—everywhere purple, above, around. A thread of silver (the ascending smoke) ran through it. Gradually the heads and shoulders of a vast crowd became visible. As far as I could discern it was composed of men, the majority of whom had bowler hats on; a few had white straw ones.

The space was rather larger than before, and in front of the Royal Exchange, and there were many hands upraised.

(2) The doctor strolled slowly across in front of me, and looking toward me thoughtfully, almost gravely, his left hand in his trouser pocket. An elderly man of about sixty came behind him. He was dressed in the old-fashioned style of a century ago. He had his right hand upraised, and in it were several documents, folded and not very looking. He smiled, showing strong yellow-white teeth. His face was round and clean-shaven, save for a fringe of almost white whiskers. He was of robust build, had rosy cheeks, and blue-rather prominent eyes. In the air in large letters the words, the first rather dim, "Win," "Success." The latter absolutely glittered.

(3) A stretch of heathery moorland, bounded by low, sunless hills; rather a broad foam stream, and in the distance a plain, lonely, two-story, whitewashed cottage.

Inside in an upper room (I knew it was inside that same house) an elderly lady in a white cap with a black ribbon around it, bent over an old carved chest. An old-fashioned silver cup was in her left hand, on the third finger of which were two rings, one plain gold, the other with a flash of diamonds in it. Her right hand held up the lid of the chest. It was a nervous, unyielding-looking hand.

Her black eyes gazed intently into the box; whatever she looked at must have been pretty far down, for I

could see into it at least half way, and so far it was empty. "The time has come, be up and doing." (Then I heard a name, which comes to me uncertainly as Minnie or Marion.) "How long?" I asked. (I had no thought as to why I asked the question,) and had no thought, so far as I know, in asking it; I simply remember asking it. The answer was, "Yes, 100 years."

Sounds from downstairs roused me; I looked at my watch. It was 2:40, so that I had been gone twenty minutes.

Such is my third experience with the Mysterious Powder.

Time, 9:55 p. m. Saturday, July 21, 1906.

A gray mist which quickly became a glaring white, ultimately resolving itself into snow. Large Druidical stones in a leaning position and the dim outline of a cross against a corner stone.

A white figure, encased in the white snow, was moving gently along as though borne on a drifting tide, but the tide was made of snow.

(2) A banquet hall, a long table, and men dressed in the style of Henry VIII's time toasting each other. The candles suddenly grew dim, and there glided into the space between the long table and the wall the lady in white, lying, still surrounded by the white cloud-snow. A man (one of the toasters) drew a revolver from his belt. "Egad," he exclaimed, and discharged the weapon, shattering the mirror behind, and which reached from ceiling to floor.

(Sancho) barked in the back garden and Harriet called Blackie, the cat, and I awoke. (10:15.)

So ended my fourth experience with the Mysterious Powder.

A huge ball, like a sphere of what seemed liquid light. Gazing at it, shadowy figures (themselves light) evolved from it, and stepped into the space of the room. Presently it was crowded. The things that filled it were sexless, in so far as I was able to point and say, "This is a man or this is a woman," yet they were of the stature of men and women, and very soon I heard their voices intermingling, and now and then rippling into laughter. They were as the voices of men and women, softened and made musical by distance. The figures moved about, graceful and vapory. I could not feel they were flesh and blood, they were too evanescent.

A wall almost human struck my ears, and simultaneously a flash of indescribable light rent the atmosphere, as it were, and from the form of each of these numberless beings vivid light in various convolutions ascended. It struck me as I looked that the light went up and never downward. The sounds continued and resolved themselves into most exquisite music, which rose into tracks of dazzling light.

Suddenly the music ceased, and the wonderful tracks of light became broken on a simultaneous with a crashing sound. On the ground lay a shattered violin, and beside it a man in modern evening dress, grasping in his long white fingers the neck of it. The bow had fallen from his right hand and lay just beyond the reach of his outstretched arm. Springing forward he suddenly found myself standing in the middle of my own room. The vision had vanished, and the Mysterious Powder had burned itself out.

L. STILL.

* The husband of the friend with whom I live, has been recognized as the doctor's guide, of whom at the time I had never heard.

A SPECIAL CALL.

To the Many Readers of The Progressive Thinker, Who are Residents of the State of Washington.

At the recent convention of the Washington Spiritualists, held in Tacoma, the "powers that be" saw fit to name me as president of the State Association for the ensuing year, and at the same time selected an able and earnest corps of assistants.

While generally acquainted with our people throughout the State, there are many whom I have never met, and do not know; especially the many late arrivals from points farther east and south.

It is desirable that we be drawn together, and as closely as possible, and that we open before us. I would like to hear directly from every Spiritualist in the State. Also from any who are in any way interested in the liberal movement of the day. Either a sealed communication or card will answer. By thus coming in touch with you, I can more readily become acquainted with the matter of organization, provide speakers, or visit you in person.

A system of mass meetings can also be arranged and be made available for those residing in the rural districts as well as those living in town. There are many features of our work that can be strengthened by these and other methods.

Our State is new, and communication somewhat difficult, but by a hearty co-operation much good may be accomplished.

The State Board has authorized me to pay special attention to our country districts. Where a formal organization is not practicable, an en-

SPIRITUALISTS NEED NO CREED.

Dr. Lockwood Says that Members of the Cult Who Advocate One Obscure the Truth.

The Spiritualists who are trying their best to induce their society to adopt a creed, got an unimpeachable scoring Sunday night at the First Spiritualist Church. It was headed off by the lecturer of the society, Dr. William Lockwood, who is recognized as one of the deepest thinkers in the cult, as well as one of the country's foremost scientists.

"Progress in the civilized world is founded on scientific experiment," said the lecturer. "No creed can be written to satisfy the desires and ambitions of man, the hungering for better things by the human soul, and the quicker certain Spiritualist leaders who write creeds and liturgies and rituals the better it will be for our movement."

"I say, and say in the most emphatic language, that these things, these creeds and the like, must not enter into our researches. The liturgies and their origin in shrine worship, conducted by the pagans before the Christian era and the Spiritualists who copy these are simply paganizing natural truth."

He declared that those in the National Association who are urging the adoption of a creed are doing so for the sake of being popular with the generation of the day, for the sake of gaining popularity with public opinion, they overlook the fact that these factors of religious bodies have absolutely nothing to do with spiritual truths.

"I wouldn't give a snap of my finger to have the whole world counted as Spiritualists as we count Republicans and Democrats," said Mr. Lockwood. "What I want to see, and what we all ought to work for, is the conversion of the world to Spiritualism through the intellect. Get the people to realize that Spiritualism is a natural truth. And no creed, no liturgy, can be written for a natural truth."

"Who would think to write a creed for Niagara Falls? Who can write one for the circulation of the blood in the human organism and its gradual transformation into brain cells and fiber? Who is able to write a creed for a sensitive intellect in its relation to the perceptive states of the soul's consciousness? Who knows anything about an 'Infinite Intelligence' that creates the brain power and function of genius for one, and the mental cortex of an idiot for another? What kind of a creed can be written for the divergent mental structures, and in what ritual of worship can we adore and reverence such 'Infinite Intelligence'?"

It does seem to me that it is high time that we unite and lift Spiritualism and its phenomena out of the mire and mental miasma of pagan superstitions and place it where it belongs, in the curriculum of modern science and natural philosophy."

The speaker said that the man who lives a careless life here goes into the other world as he leaves this. If the man has lived a sensual life on earth, gives little thought to spiritual matters, the soul-awakening on the other side will be a painful one. A man who thinks here will naturally awaken to a realization of what awaits him on the other side and will prepare himself for the transition.

The Doctor will begin a series of interesting scientific lectures next Friday evening, proving the continuity of life through science.—Buffalo Enquirer.

rollment and the formation of District Leagues can be made available. I can and will furnish such materials with speakers and psychic workers at nominal expense, and when desired will visit you in person. Let us not hesitate to sow the seed. The humblest effort will bear its measure of fruitage.

In regard to the recent State convention, in a general way it was a success. The attendance was not so large as at some of our previous gatherings, but unity of effort and harmony of method characterized the gathering. The resolutions voiced the sentiment, I believe, of the great body of Spiritualists throughout the country. They emphasized the necessity of a united effort as against the aggressive attacks upon our movement—its mediums and speakers—by the reactionary forces of bigotry and ignorance.

They affirmed the necessity of right living, especially on the part of those aspiring to the public service, and a pure and wholesome morality on the part of all.

The convention not only placed the stamp of approval on every effort being made to place a well-equipped ministry before the public, but placed special emphasis on the fact that many, very many, of our most effective workers, are being educated for the work by those who have passed the "narrow way" and who retain a living interest in those remaining on the nearer shore.

The demand for honest mediumship and a complete separation from fraudulent claims and methods of practice was very pronounced. But the heartiest endorsement was extended to every phase of phenomena when honestly rendered, and this to physical phenomena as well as mental or spiritual.

If the unity of desire and effort manifested by the delegates to the State, we may well anticipate a year of encouraging progress.

Again, let me say that I desire to hear from all. Don't be backward. A card or letter may lead to good results as work together for the building of Spiritualism in the State of Washington, and so contribute our measure of usefulness in the development and uplifting of humanity.

All communications should be mailed to General Delivery, Seattle, Wash.

Respectfully,
R. F. LITTLE,
President W. S. S. A.

"The Religion of Cheerfulness," by Sam. Hubbard. An excellent book for the culture of health and spirituality. None can read it without pleasure and profit. Price 50c.

"Materialization," by Mme. E. A. Esperance and Rev. B. F. Austin. Excellent. Price 10 cents.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

Little Journeys to the Offices of Infamous Frauds.

I'll admit his ad. attracted my attention. It occupied a prominent position in the Sunday daily, and was embellished by an illustration which depicted a young man resting his head on his hand as though afflicted with a severe headache. Behind the "young man, and slightly above him, were the figures of three angels, and all the angelic beings had a full equipment of wings. One, however, seemed to possess, in addition to her regular flyers, a third wing which sprouted forth luxuriantly from her spinal column at a point midway down her back!

This interesting scene was superimposed on another illustration or background, which was evidently the starry sky of a valley.

I decided that if Professor could attract a three-winged angel in addition to the common kind or two-winged variety, he could do something unusual for me in the way of plain soul-saving.

My gaze, reluctantly leaving the illustration, met the modest statement: "50c.—Readings—50c. Professor World's Most Famous Clairvoyant and Palmist. Street. No questions asked, but before you utter a word I will tell you your name, names of your loved ones, who is true, and so on."

I stopped right there. I was seized with a great desire to have this "wonderful seer tell me my name. I was determined that, if he could do that little favor for me under the conditions named, "no questions asked," he would be worthy of being called a medium.

Accordingly, I clipped the ad. out of the newspaper, donned my best suit, and set forth to find the Professor. I experienced no difficulty in locating the office of the "World's Most Famous," etc.

Entered into his reception room, I bowed and asked my name. In due course of time a door swung open and the suave Professor stood revealed, bowing and smiling. He was a man of perhaps forty-five or fifty years of age. A long "ministerial" coat added impressiveness to his neat black suit. His bald head was bounded on the shoulders with a sandy fringe of hair.

I was distinctly disappointed. I had hoped to see a young and intelligent man. I had expected he would be, as "nominated in the bond"—I mean ad.—a real medium.

However, I quickly recovered from my momentary surprise, and disappointment, and passed into the room indicated by the Professor. There I saw a small table on which were neatly arranged, a silver-mounted reading glass, a slate, some typewritten sheets of paper, a small pad of paper, a Bible and some pencils.

Waving me to sit, the Professor seated me opposite to him. Resting his elbows gracefully on the table, the Professor asked: "What can I do for you, sir?"

"I want you to tell me my name, so that I may have some tangible proof that you are really a genuine medium," I replied, encouragingly and confidently.

"Don't you ever have a reading before?" he inquired, ignoring my request.

"I have consulted genuine mediums, yes," I admitted.

"Did they tell you your name?" he queried.

"Those who were genuine did not experience any great amount of difficulty in getting my name," said I, calmly.

"Oh, well, er—, you know, all mediums—that is, clairvoyants—get names through mental telepathy. It will be necessary that you write your name on a slip of paper, after which I will get the name all right—through mental telepathy, you know," explained the "World's Most Famous" one, blandly.

Pulling the clipping out of my pocket, I began to read, as though to refresh my memory: "No questions asked, but before you utter a name of your beloved—"

"Never mind, never mind," he hastily interposed; the Professor, "I've been using that ad. for seven years, and know every word in it, and—"

"In that case, why don't you do as you advertise?" I interrupted. "I mean write to know my name."

"Of course, now, you're an intelligent man," hedged the Professor, flatly, "and must know your name. So many people out of idle curiosity come—"

"Now, here, I want you to tell me my name. I know my name, but I want to see if you can do as you promise in your ad.—tell me my name as a test of your mediumship."

I demanded as I noted his inclination to "crawl" out of what was rapidly becoming a difficult position. "Come, tell me my name," I added, encouragingly.

"Very well," said he, "just write."

"No, indeed," I exclaimed. "No writing goes here. Give it to me through mental telepathy," said I, triumphantly.

"For five dollars," said the seer, gently, "I will see what I can do, if you will write."

Disgusted, I arose to quit the room. The Professor, dismayed at the prospect of losing a customer, strode quickly to my side as I laid my hand on the door knob.

"We'll say two dollars," he wheedled, and called it square.

"No," I said, firmly, "we'll say you are a fraud, and call your methods crooked."

Saying which, I passed from the impostor's "private office" and out of the house before he had recovered from his surprise.

Here ends the first of a series of little journeys which the writer will take to the offices of infamous frauds in the city of St. Louis. The weeds of fraud must be removed from the garden of Spiritualism if the flowers of truth are to bloom therein.

FRANK XAVIER MITCHELL,
St. Louis, Mo.

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

"The Light of Egypt," Volume 1 and 2. An occult library in itself, a text-book of sacred knowledge, as taught by the Adepts of Hermopolis. Price \$2 per volume.

A Breezy Letter from Laura G. Fixen.

Stunt Tests in New York City After the National Convention.

New Year's Day, Fourth of July, Birthdays of all the Presidents, Weddings, Baptisms, Labor Day and Thanksgiving, were all baked into one cake and served with music, flowers, speeches and doings on Sunday following the National Convention.

The "Stunt-Test" was celebrated in Margaret Gaule's handsome meeting-house, Elk's Hall, Majestic Theatre Building, New York City.

What a handsome auditorium!—sunny, airy, clean and most artistic. The floor is covered with Royal Velvet, the color of crushed straw-berries, with the seeds left in, mixed with a drop of cream; the couches upholstered in plush green, as envy the shade of the mermaid's hair, while massive chairs grace the platform, inviting the guests of honor to indulge in a nap, map behind the back of the speaker.

In the rear of the hall is a fine pipe organ, and another instrument near the platform.

Here the First Association of Spiritualists of New York City hold their meetings on Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock.

Every seat was filled when Mrs. J. Kuehnert, of Brooklyn, took her seat at the organ and played a soul-inspiring prelude.

The guests of honor of the day were Dr. Geo. B. Warner, the newly elected president of the National Spiritualists' Association, and his brand-new wife, beloved by all who know her; Mrs. Esther C. Humphrey, president of the Lily Dale Assembly, and her husband; Little Mary Claus, from Pittsburgh, conductor of the Children's Lyceum, and other scribe.

The meeting was called to order by Mrs. Henry J. Newton, the president, daintily as Severs China, trimmed in Duchess lace and wearing a winsome smile, and a low, happy voice keyed in minor chords. After the congregational singing and invocation, Madame Louise Voigt, the highest-priced soprano in the City by the sea, sang "Oh, Wipe Those Tears" so touchingly you wanted to cry. She was accompanied by Miss Corinne Wallerstein, and Mr. R. McEntire, violinist.

Mrs. Newton then introduced the speaker, Laura G. Fixen. Can you imagine any more favorable surroundings or conditions for a lecture? The beautiful hall—on your right hand the soul-stirring musician-singer; on your left a table covered with masses of rarest flowers, filling the room with their clinging fragrance and dainty presence. Behind you, Esther C. Humphrey and Geo. B. Warner, the friends with whom I have worked in loving comradeship through storms and battles into victory and peace; before me an audience composed of the most intelligent men and women before whom I ever stood. On the left sat Maximilian Coewasse, the virtuoso, near him an Italian wife and son. There were several prominent members of the Sorosis and other women's clubs, doctors, scientists, newspaper writers, attorneys, thinkers and workers; then there were the men and women who had come with an ache in their hearts, stumbling along life's pathway, hoping for a word of comfort and a something to help them get a new grip on life and a clearer light to find the way without stumbling.

The subject chosen was, The Oneness of All, and the speaker skimmed the cream from the top of the pan, showing her hearers the unity of ALL, material and spiritual, mortal and immortal, and the oneness of each, a different expression of the creation of the one great Oversoul; each striving onward and upward, and finally merging into the great Oneness of All.

At the close of the lecture Mrs. Humphrey was introduced to the audience, responding with her graceful words and a series of eloquent smiles. Dr. Geo. B. Warner received an ovation on his new office coat and white vest. His maiden speech as the new president augured well for the progress of the work, and the beginning of a series of eloquent smiles. He spoke with no uncertain sound and admonished his hearers to join a society, subscribe for a Spiritualist paper and keep posted, work and thus grow, and pointing to the word "FIDELITY" in illuminated letters on the wall, endorsed that as the key-word of success.

Mrs. Warner was at his best, and impressed the audience with the dignity of the society representing the most advanced teaching of the age.

"Little Mary Claus," from Pittsburgh, was introduced by the pastor of the society, Margaret Gaule Reidinger. Miss Claus is one of the most successful lyceum superintendents in the country, possessing in a large degree the enviable gift of being able to read the hearts of the children and keep them interested.

She was modestly seated on the floor near the piano, and as Mrs. Reidinger wanted the entire audience to see her favorite, she called out: "Stand up, little Mary, so they can all see you." She was good to look at, as she stood there, done in blue and white. The women—all looked, and a somewhat of a stir was caused, then, as with one accord, they stood on their feet and looked and looked, then lingeringly they sat down, with a far-away look in their eyes. They never said a word, but they smiled the smile that "don't come off." Little Mary Claus, from Pittsburgh, had captured the audience.

Mrs. L. E. Abernethy, president of the Spiritualists' Society in Jersey City, another guest, was next introduced. Indeed we could have spent another hour introducing friends from Paterson, Jersey City and Brooklyn who were present, but then there were hearts hungering for messages from

their dear ones beyond the veil, and Margaret Gaule was at her very best.

Such wonderful messages as she delivered to entire strangers were most comforting and convincing. She speaks with no uncertain sound. "Fidelity" is indeed a guide to rely on. He is more convincing than all the pulpit orators and sky-pilots in that city combined. A personal friend of mine had come to the hall to meet me. She was formerly a business woman from Kansas City—clever, positive, a college graduate, but very skeptical. She had not the least bit of faith in spirit messages. After the close of the meeting she came up to the platform and some spirit at once took control of Margaret Gaule, grasped my friend's hand, and began to plead with her for forgiveness for a wrong she had committed against her chum when in earth life. My friend was surprised; then conviction strong as holy writ came to her, of the truth of the message. She trembled like a leaf; tears streamed from her eyes as she sobbed and cried out, "My God, this thing is true after all!" This was really the most touching scene and the most convincing of the whole afternoon.

When this skeptical woman—a stranger to all in the city but myself—an unbeliever who was not desiring nor expecting any message, was visited by a decimated spirit and convinced against her will, it means the opening of a new path to her, the dawning of a new light.

The audience lingered for more than half an hour after this remarkable meeting, shaking hands and seeming loath to leave the congenial surroundings.

In the large ante-room Titus Merritt had a large table containing papers and other literature, while the trustees of the society and its general treasurer, Mr. G. Reidinger, acted as hosts, bidding everybody welcome and looking after their comfort.

These far-sighted trustees deserve great credit for securing so central and beautiful an auditorium to demonstrate the high teachings of Spiritualism.

I never spoke in a more artistic hall, nor under more favorable circumstances.

After the meeting the guests of honor were invited to the delightful home of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Reidinger, a four-story modern house at 257 W. 113th street, where "Our Margaret" and her hospitable partner kept open house with lavish hand. A mile-course dinner was served, which would do credit to any chef. What did we have? Really, now, I can't remember, but I believe it was evaporated soup seasoned with oysters; pitted cherry stones, and unleavened herring on toast; pulled sturgeons' tongues and carrot tops with dried lemons; hoof steak with ox-tail switches, and wind cooked corn on the stalk; sauerkraut with whipped cream; sturgeon with oysters; strained hilarity; bug bread and one red apple core; salted watermelon rind with green pea pods, fire crackers and limburger cheese; postum and rainwater on demi tasse.

After the feast the company were entertained by Mr. Reidinger, who played the zither, and under the harmonious strains, in the subdued light, Fanny came with some beautiful messages, and other spirits crowded in, anxious to give messages of love and good cheer.

The evening was an ideal close of a perfect day, and everybody agreed that our host and hostess had crowded a year's pleasure into one short, beautiful, never-to-be-forgotten day.

Mrs. Esther C. Humphrey invited us all to be her guests the following day, and we need hardly say that we accepted with pleasure. Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey have just bought an ideal house "W. M. Vernon, a few miles north of New York City.

The house is a veritable dove-cot. All the rooms have east front, and each as cosy and homelike as the one you have just left—even more so. The porches are in the house, and the bedrooms outdoors, with the cellar on the roof—quite in the new sanitary style.

Another feast was prepared for us, quite different from the one we had enjoyed the day before, but we were game and polite, and ate it like heroes.

Green squash on the half-shell was first served, with a garnish of peas; then came mock trout with frozen anchovy mousse; frogs' legs; tenderloin, with raw turnips and baked celery; sour tomatoes with uncooked bread; frapped chili con carne; dried prunes and stick candy.

We wished all our friends could have enjoyed this feast with us, and before we left the house was duly christened "The Eldorado." I had to be torn away from these generous, royal friends, to rush to Pittsburgh for next day's dinner, amidst equally hospitable friends, and landed the following morning in Chicago, feeling that I had pressed ten years pleasure and happy experiences into ten days, still hearing the echo of the last admonition shouted after me in New York harbor—"Tell Mrs. Francis we are SO SORRY she was not here, and when you see Mr. Francis, tell him—A be sure to tell him—"

LAURA G. FIXEN.

RHEUMATISM

Let us send you ON FREE TRIAL a \$1 pair of Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan External Remedy, which is curing thousands—Just—

SEND YOUR NAME ON A POSTAL

Let us cure your Rheumatism (no matter where located, how severe, or whether it is chronic, acute, muscular, sciatic, lumbago or gout) with our powerful yet harmless Magic Foot Drafts. They have cured cases of 40 years' standing where doctors and medicines failed.

Magic Foot Drafts permanently cured J. Wesley Bennett, Indianapolis, Ind., after 25 years' suffering. Disease hereditary, his brother having died with Rheumatism.

Magic Foot Drafts permanently cured Mrs. C. Tena Segolin, Auburn, N. Y., after ten years of suffering and using crutches.

Magic Foot Drafts cured N. F. Boggs, 326 W. 61st St., Chicago, after trying six doctors and spending six weeks in expensive sanitariums without relief.

Magic Foot Drafts cured the entirely. It is a wonderful thing," says Rev. J. Holz, Chicago.

Let Magic Foot Drafts cure you. Simply write for a pair—10 days to try FREE. You will get them by return mail. If they relieve you, send us a dollar, if not, don't send us a cent. We trust you for a square deal. Don't delay, but send to-day for the free trial drafts and also our free book which explains clearly why they cure so quickly and thoroughly. It will cost you nothing to try. Magic Foot Draft Co. 3045 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Send no money. Write to-day.

937

The above is

Scenes In Spirit Life.

As Witnessed by Abby A. Judson and Carlyle Petersilea. Given Through the Mediumship of Amelia Petersilea.

Acts and Scenes in Spirit Life.

SCENE I.

As my eyes wandered over this large class of lonely, restless souls, that seemed very familiar to me. Where had I seen this gentleman before? Really, I could not remember at the moment. I noticed that he was aware of my gaze, and partly divined my thoughts. His appearance was very much like that of a refined gentleman of earth. I realized that he had but lately come to this spiritual life, and as his appearance was still very much as it had been previous to leaving his material body, I will describe him as he then appeared.

He was of medium height, spare in flesh, and well formed. He had the general appearance of a clerical gentleman. He was of middle age, not yet gray; refined, and rather prominent features; broad and well-developed forehead; thick, dark brown hair, thrown carelessly to one side, where it rested behind his ears. His eyes were deep gray-blue, a little sunken, as though with deep thought and care. His hands were thin and bony, but seemed very powerful, and one could readily see that he had passed out of his earthly body owing to throat and lung trouble; in fact, the effects of it were still upon him, for he hacked slightly as he approached me, laying one thin hand upon his chest. He extended his hand. "Carlyle Petersilea," he exclaimed.

We shook hands warmly. "But you have a little the best of me," I said. "You look wonderfully familiar to me, yet I fail to recall your name, or where we have met before."

He spoke his name, and the memory connected with the past flashed upon me in a moment. "Can it be possible?" and you already here?"

Dear reader, I could give his name, but dare not, for it would greatly offend a large concourse of people on earth who were his parishioners, besides a heart-broken wife and a small family of little children, and many other near and dear relatives; for they are all of the Methodist persuasion, and this gentleman had been a Methodist minister. I knew him well, although he was considerably younger than myself, still we had formerly been members of the same institution of learning.

Personalities are of little importance; it is great, eternal truths that we wish to make manifest. I felt now, in one sense of the word, that I must become this man's savior—and we must all try to be saviors to each other.

"I am retired, for a short time, by myself," he said. "Most assuredly," I answered. "Come with me into my private studio," and he followed me into my sanctum. I gave him the most restful seat there was, then took another near him. Still, that little hacking cough, and the sad, forlorn, almost hopeless look upon his face.

"Mr. Petersilea," he said, "you see before you a very unhappy man."

"I understand," was my reply. "He looked at me sharply. 'Are you happy?' he asked abruptly. I hesitated, and stammered a little."

"Yes, and no. In one way, I may say that I am happy; in another, no, I may say I am not so happy."

"Then you Spiritualists have not rendered your soul supremely happy?"

"No; but I think I am far happier than you appear to be," he groaned.

"Yes, that is true. My religion has surely failed me, that I am here on the spirit side of life. It seems that remorse is sapping the very foundation of my being. Mr. Petersilea, I did not do as well as I knew. For years I have been preaching rot—yes, rot! That is the word; for that which I preached has rotted to the core. I have preached this stuff to thousands who have heard me, and especially to youths and little children. I have talked to my own darling wife and my sweet little babes, and he plucked at his throat."

"Did you believe it yourself?" I asked.

"I tried to think so," he replied; "but within the depths of my soul, I did not so believe. Yes, I belied the teachings of my own soul, as I now see; and my own soul was being taught by higher and spiritual powers—that is, higher spirits were impressing truths upon my mind; yet, I heeded them not. I put them all to one side, or, as one might say, I buried them, and stamped the ground down over them. Now, it seems to me, it is too late, for I am dead to my friends, and here I stand, filled with remorse, and alone."

"Have you not visited your wife since coming here?"

"Yes; a kind friend took me to see her, but she knew me not, her mind being filled with the errors which I, in a measure, taught her, strengthening her fetters in an unreasonable belief; and, when I tried to clasp my babes to my heart, she was teaching them that papa was dead and gone to heaven, where he was supremely happy and praising God."

"Did God take papa away from us," said my little girl.

"Yes, darling, he cannot."

"Oh, most assuredly he will hear it, dear."

"Then I shall pray so hard that he will send papa back to us."

"No, darling, he cannot."

"Oh, most assuredly he will hear it, dear."

"Then I shall pray so hard that he will send papa back to us."

"No, darling, he cannot."

"Oh, most assuredly he will hear it, dear."

"Then I shall pray so hard that he will send papa back to us."

"No, darling, he cannot."

"I looked at the minister, for an explanation, and he replied to my look saying, all unheeded by the others: 'Yes, professor; when I left you today, I came directly back to my wife and little ones, for I cannot keep away from them, and would not if I could. I found my little daughter in her room, kneeling by her chair, praying and calling upon God in the most piteous accents, to let her papa come back. 'Dear God,' she said, 'you surely cannot need papa as we do, for you have so many, many angels to praise you, you will never miss papa. So, dear God, let him come back, and thus she kept on. I went up to her, wound my arms about her, kissing her again and again, and tried to raise her up from her kneeling position; but this I was unable to do. She threw her head back, opened her eyes, and soul responded to soul; but I was not aware that she really saw me. I was aware that she cried out, 'papa! papa!' but I have been so blind in spiritual things that I did not know that she saw me."

"Really," I said, "you are getting on bravely. You scarcely need any assistance."

"But I am weak and need your encouragement and strength," he replied.

"Well, then," I said, "this child is a natural psychic, or, in other words, a medium—one of those mediums that you once held in contempt and to be despised. Friend, you see a balance is being struck. Your own little daughter is your medium. Now, stand directly in front of her, throw the full force of your desire that she shall see you, upon her, while I will make magnetic passes above her head, thus throwing my spiritual magnetism upon her; and let us mark the result."

"This we did, and in short time the child threw out her arms, crying, 'Papa! papa! There he is, mamma! Don't you see him? There he is, mamma. He has come back to stay with us!'"

"Nettle, are you crazy?" exclaimed her mother. "What are you saying, child? No, I do not see him. Papa is with me, but I cannot see him."

"Does God stay in heaven always," asked the child. "You told me, the other day, that God was a spirit and could be everywhere, and you said the angels were always before his face, praying him. I think that was the way it was with God when he saw you. You have made me happier already," he said, as we again clasped hands at parting.

"If I had not become wise in spiritual knowledge before leaving the earthly plane, I should not now be able to assist you."

"True, true! An avowal," and we parted to meet again when it should be evening on the earth."

The minister came early and we started forth. Hope had already begun to dawn within his soul, and his face expressed it. The little God of hope had already brightened his eyes.

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The N. S. A. Convention.

Hon. Charles R. Schirm Designates Its Strongest Features as Harmony, Fairness, Expedition and Character.

To the Editor:—In response to your request for a communication touching the work of the N. S. A. from my point of view, I respectfully submit the following:

If I were to sum up in a few words the strongest features of the convention, I would say they were harmony, fairness, expedition and character. There was something in the atmosphere of the delegates on the very morning the convention began its opening session which indicated a determined desire to make the welfare of the N. S. A. paramount to everything else, and at no time did the convention descend from that high plane.

It was a working convention. Little time was wasted in eulogies or counter eulogies. What was done was done with earnestness and devotion, and each delegate felt the influence of the spirit that pervaded every action. There was less passing of resolutions and more solving of problems. There was no disposition to carry dead matter, but an evident purpose to cut out or ignore matters which experience has proven to be irrelevant, inexpedient or lifeless. Fewer things than usual were referred to the incoming Board with power to act.

Among the most noted things that were done were:

1. The establishment of "Gratitude Day," a day set apart for making contribution to the Medium Relief Fund. This will be the last Sunday in November.
2. The simplification of the Ordination Usages, and publishing them in book form with the revised Ritual.
3. The providing of means for increasing the Endowment Fund, on which the existence of the N. S. A. must eventually depend.
4. Empowering the Board of Trustees to extend further aid in defending the Goff will.
5. The appointment of a committee to revise the Constitution and By-laws so as to make them conform to more recent legislation.
6. The provision for the issuance of Missionary Certificates to mediums whose work is confined almost exclusively to giving private readings, as a protection against prosecution at law.
7. The publication of a quarterly Lyceum Guide or Lesson Leaf by an editorial committee of three persons, under the auspices of the N. S. A.
8. The adoption of the recommendation-instructing the Board of Trustees to publish for general distribution the collated "Definitions of Terms," preparatory to adopting fixed terms.

The convention made certain recommendations which are not binding, but are in the nature of guiding lines, looking toward the extension of our sphere of influence and the establishment of our local organizations upon a more substantial footing; most important among these was the recommendation that local societies as soon as practicable, incorporate under the general laws of the various States, and the recommendation to establish Post Office Missions or Working Bureaus for the distribution of spiritual literature.

The appointment of Mr. Barrett as historian and editor-at-large, with the substantial salary of a thousand dollars per year, was a practical fruition of a long-projected plan.

Heightful Music is so inspiring. It also gives one hope, strength and courage.

Is there anything that you would like to hear particularly?

"Yes; some of Bach's preludes."

"Just the thing," I replied; for what you are now trying to do is really the prelude to greater and grander works yet in store for you in the future."

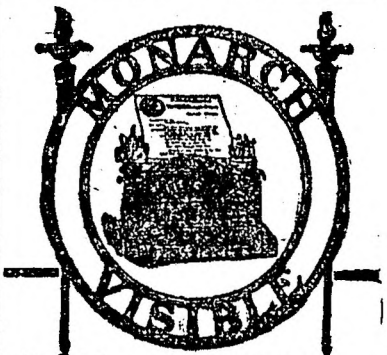
Then sweet preludes vibrated the ether as I played. Tears filled the minister's eyes. I then played "Forest Murmurs," and lastly a grand anthem from Hayden.

"As you have so lately come from the material life, I am well aware that you cannot as yet give up all the habits of that life; neither would it be well for you to do so. Suppose we lunch together? It will seem pleasanter and more social." The minister stared.

"Lunch," he ejaculated. "You cannot mean what you say? Spirits do not eat. Such an idea is too ridiculous."

"We shall see," I replied. I touched a little silver bell. A young woman, belonging to the institution, who, for the present, waited upon the professors, entered.

(To be continued.)



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J. R. FRANCIS, Editor and Proprietor

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The Progressive Thinker will be furnished until further notice at the following rates, invariably in advance:
One Year \$1.00
Six Months50
Three Months25
Single Copies 5c

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The price of the Progressive Thinker per year for foreign countries is \$2.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1907.

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

AN ENTIRELY NEW DEAL.
The POSTAGE on papers has been increased to all the British possessions on this continent. On a single paper we are compelled to pay ONE CENT each week, amounting to 52 cents a year, whereas previously we only paid, the pound rates—a mere trifle. Hence, to all the British possessions on this continent the paper hereafter will be \$1.50 per year.

Extract From a Private Letter.
Dr. G. W. Brown, of Rockford, Ill., in a personal letter to us a few days ago, said:

"A writer should always aim to liberate the mind of his readers from the thrall and blight which priestcraft has thrown over the world. The most learned of the Christian clergy are engaged in this laudable work. It is marvelous to see the advances made in the last ten years. Those advances will be many times more marked during the next ten years.
"I would love to live and see the splendor of a world freed from the gross errors inherited from the barbaric ages which are still doing service in the churches, and to some extent influencing all of us."

Dr. Brown enters on his 88th year before this paper goes to press. He has lived a long and useful life. He is still in fair health, and it is hoped his wishes to witness the development of truth during the next ten years shall be fully gratified.

Would Hang Heretics.
A worthy disciple of the man who caused Servetus to be burned at the stake, for "heresy," is found in the Rev. Robert M. Patterson, D. D., pastor of the Great Valley Presbyterian Church, Pa., who, according to the reports in the daily press, started his brother ministers at their weekly meeting by advocating the death penalty for the assassins of women, the despoilers of homes and heretics. "Every scoundrel, wealthy or poor," said Dr. Patterson, "who ruins a young girl by force I would have him swept into eternity. I would hand over to the executioner the despoiler of the home, making a divorce unnecessary. Murder should not be the only crime with a death penalty. Our penal code needs revision. Those who deliberately spread blasphemous heretical and immoral doctrines should also be put to death."

In a Rapid Decline.
Religious news from Spain is pointed out that Catholicism, after its long reign in that kingdom as the state religion, is in rapid decline. A late Spanish writer who seems well informed, says among many other things:
"That part of Spain which thinks and reflects on its mission and its future, and is educated, is no longer Catholic. A deep chasm has been made between educated Spain and the church. Those Spaniards who seem to be educated, and yet claim to be Catholic, have no religious training. The church is afraid to defend its dogmas in the presence of thinkers. It is more a political than a religious organization, and the coming struggle will be chiefly against the falsehood that lies in its claims and system. It will be a contest for the Truth independent of any hierarchy or church."

Believe or Be Damned.
The Truth Seeker, in its issue of October 12, under the general head of "How Christian Morality Works out," has 88 articles, filling five columns, relating moral delinquencies of clergymen, and closing with an account of a Nunery where little girls of 13 and under were found infected with a loathsome disease, priestly imparted!

This list of revolting crimes, by God's earthly representatives, will probably be added, with numberless others, to the volumes frequently published with enlarged editions, in which more than 1,500 derelict preachers, with their church, location and crimes are recounted, entitled "Crimes of Preachers." The compilation was originally made by a preaching lawyer, its object to show that "believe and be baptized" doesn't save the possessor from the damnation of guilt.

Spiritualists Are Not the Robbers.

Some one complains of a class of people whom he designates as Infidels, "who breathe utter destruction to the Christian religion." He says: "These bad men are trying to destroy a faith that makes life bearable, and are giving nothing in exchange." "Unless," he continues, "something better can be given silence should be observed." The Progressive Thinker takes pleasure in assuring the complainant, and all his kith and kin, that "he can't shake his bloody locks" at Spiritualists, and charge them with taking and giving nothing in return. Instead, Christians were found worshipping the tribal god of a barbarian people, the creator of a little 7 by 9 world, who, after peopling Eden, set up the "tree of knowledge" therein, and forbade his creatures partaking of its fruit lest they should live forever. Spiritualists have converted that diminutive god into the Sovereign Ruler of a boundless universe. They have kicked down the flaming sword set up to protect the tree from destruction, and have bid all the earth to eat of the fruit to their fill and be wise.

They have killed the devil who seduced the first parents, with whom Jesus had so much trouble, so even swine are no longer in danger of being drowned should some wandering tramp or worthless hobo attempt to burden them with a large progeny of little devils.

Instead of robbing Christians of a Savior, Spiritualists have made each son of man his own savior. And instead of saving by belief, he is saved by doing good.

For many years we have labored to overcome the instruction of one Jesus, who became a manufacturer of wine, and instructed his disciples, "Drink ye all of it," so there has been less intemperance during the last quarter of a century than during any other period in history.

Aided by advancing knowledge we have nearly abolished the gallows so preachers, instead of suffering death for killing their mistresses, can be shut up for life and repent of their crimes at leisure.

We have done much towards substituting peace for war, and have emancipated a race which Christians enslaved.

Instead of a very contracted heaven, just above the clouds, with the Jews' Jahveh on an ivory throne, we have enlarged that heaven so as to be as magnificent as the universe, and as enduring as eternity.

And instead of sleeping thousands of years in lonely graves, waiting a general resurrection, every child of earth has been assured the soul has never died, and has never entered a tomb, but lives right on, and will be co-eternal with God himself.

True, we have robbed the world of a flaming hell, but we will give it back to Christians; who know they deserve a good roasting in such a place to fit them for everlasting joy. We are not disposed to be parsimonious in such matters.

Now the Nunneries.
The gens d'armes of France, by direction of the civil authorities, expelled the Ursuline Nuns from their convent at Gravelines, on September 27. A large number of girls were sent for their homes. The French government is in earnest in its determination that Catholicism shall not rule France. Hisses, and the cry of "atheism," don't seem worth a cent in restricting the movement to dissolve the union between church and state.

Every civil government should provide for semi-annual visits to church prisons for girls, usually known as nunneries. The inmates should be privately interviewed, and liberated if desired, with full protection thereafter from church interference. The title "Brides of Christ," should be amended to read "Brides of a celibate clergy."

There is Still Hope.

The author of Ancient Britain declared a great fact when he said:
"It is not within the power of man to fabricate an imposture that shall square with the centuries. TIME WILL ONLY TALK WITH THE TRUTH."

Again he says:
"It must never be forgotten that the written records of the past for twelve centuries were in the keeping of men who saw in them only the instruments of their own elevation, and who never hesitated to mould them to their ambitious theories. These records must therefore be rewritten, and although the paucity of materials may render incomplete or unsatisfactory all present efforts to restore the entire truth, the dignity of the subject and value of the achievement will doubtless stimulate others, and still under the task, until it is successfully and completely accomplished."

Our Fall and Winter Campaign

The Fall and Winter Campaign of The Progressive Thinker will be especially interesting. It is the only Spiritualist paper published in the United States that furnishes a COMPLETE SYNOPSIS of current events. Those who do not read it weekly must remain in COMPLETE IGNORANCE of what is passing in the Spiritualistic and Occult field in connection with our Cause.

There is something—a latent occult force, perhaps—that has caused for nearly twenty years The Progressive Thinker to PROSPER as no other Spiritualist paper ever has. It is now about the only avenue by which the N. S. A. and State Associations can reach the public. Such being the case, ITS CIRCULATION should be largely increased, for just in the proportion that is done, just in that proportion its power to do good will be augmented.

Mr. Bach, when he retired as editor from the Sunflower, stated that when he commenced the publication of that paper there were thirty-five others in the field, whereas there is only one now. We think he has placed the figures a little too high at thirty-five, but be that as it may, the

Figures Tell.

The Chicago Presbytery, in session last week at the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Rush and Superior streets, Rev. Cochran, secretary of the Board of Education, said:

"While the population of the United States has increased 7 per cent, candidates for the ministry decreased 43 per cent in 1906."

Another startling statement was made that "the deceased members of the church gave more money for Christian education than is given by living members."

Ecclesiastes 9:5, says: "The dead know not anything," and the fact as stated that they give more money to do the living, is proof positive "The Preacher," as Ecclesiastes is defined, know what he was writing about.

Men who live, and think, and reason, have learned it is a waste of money educate persons for the ministry than to expend it in educating persons to preach a superstition.

The Bride of Christ Injured.

A nun, aged 17, in a late attempt to escape from a convent at Carthage, Mo., leaped from the third story window, and was seriously injured. Miss Von Tilborze, because of the severity of her injury, and inability to make a successful escape, will doubtless, be returned to the convent, and compelled to submit to a degrading penance.

The public at large have little conception of what transpires within convent walls. Only those who break their vows, and secure their freedom, have the ability to reveal the whole truth, and most of them are restrained by modesty from telling what they know. Enough comes to light when we learn a celibate priesthood is at liberty to visit these "brides of Christ," at all hours, day or night to receive their "confessions."

A CALL TO ARMS AND BATTLE.

Stirring Words from the President of the N. S. A.

The Official Board of the National Spiritualists' Association is anxious to strengthen, by every means at its command, the efforts of its Auxiliary State Associations, as well as of all local societies, who through direct charters are dependent upon it for organic existence. It stands ready to lend assistance in perfecting State organizations in territory where none are now found.

Because of its financial limitations its activities must be largely confined to sections and States where Spiritualists show by substantial effort a disposition to first help themselves. United in endeavor, the local, State and National workers can achieve results impossible to the unaided struggle of each alone.

Work is done well when it is done with a will. Effort is OUR business; its success is the spirit hosts'. The winter months, freighted with the greatest possibilities of the entire year, are upon us. Let us avail ourselves of them to push our cause to the uttermost limits in all sections—supplement stated Sunday services by mass meeting rallies at the most popular centers. Advise Secretary Bates at the Washington headquarters, or the undersigned at 4202 Evans Avenue, Chicago, what you are willing to undertake and what assistance you need. Do not seek to lay the fruitage of your own supineness and indifference upon others.

The widespread interest of the general public in Spiritualism and its kindred subjects should spur us all to a renewed effort to present its realities in their most attractive forms. Let us dare to do our duty everywhere, firm in the conviction that Right eventually makes Might.

GEORGE B. WARNE,
President N. S. A.

On earth discord! A gloomy Heaven above opening its jealous gates to the nineteen-thousandth part of the little of mankind! And below an inexorable Hell expanding its levitating jaws for the vast residue of mortals! O doctrine comfortable and healing to the weary wounded soul of man.—Robert Burns.

Hold your thoughts, your mind, your will in principle and you will succeed.—Huller.

half-century old Banner of Light and Religious-Philosophical Journal, and the Light of Truth, and several monthlies devoted to Spiritualistic and Occult subjects have suspended publication, various causes leading thereto.

If without an organ, what would Spiritualists do to disseminate their wants, their wishes or desires, in connection with the advancement of our Cause.

The difficulty of starting and maintaining a first-class Spiritualist paper is now GREATER THAN EVER, and a dollar paper can be started in this country at the present time that can possible approach The Progressive Thinker in size and influence. The price of paper has so increased that the various journals devoted to occult subjects will decrease gradually in number, instead of increasing. Such being the case, Spiritualists generally must look especially to The Progressive Thinker, as the one GREAT ORGAN OF THE CAUSE, hence Spiritualists everywhere should work unceasingly to increase its circulation. Not only renew your subscription promptly, but send in an additional subscriber, thus enlarging our field of usefulness.

SOME N. S. A. REQUESTS.

Important Facts Set Forth by the Secretary.

Pause awhile, gentle reader, and listen! This may some day, it not now, be of much interest to you.

The N. S. A. is using considerable money in defending and supporting mediums, defending wills in behalf of some auxiliary societies, sending forth literature, preparing a history of Spiritualism, assisting in propaganda, encouraging organization, defending the cause from unjust attacks, and in many ways doing a liberal and earnest work for the advancement of Spiritualism for your good and profit. Hence, it needs your assistance. The treasury should grow instead of being gradually depleted. The general fund and Mediums Pension Fund need replenishing, and the Endowment fund must grow until its annual income will support the N. S. A. work. Not a dollar of the Endowment Fund is working capital, except as its accruing interest shall be applied.

You have wanted some new blood in the executive effort of the N. S. A., and now it needs an army of new contributors, and the older and regular ones are desired to continue. What can you each do? I will not exhort you, but with confidence, I await your early response, which some silent meditation will urge you unto.

You are each and all welcome to some excellent essays on Spiritualism, if you will send a small amount of postage. There are a number of hundred dollar worth of these essays lying in this office awaiting your request. Send for them and distribute liberally. I will mail these to any names and addresses anyone may send to this office.

If every society of Spiritualists will send the names and local addresses of their officers to the N. S. A., the same will be a mutual benefit.

I would like to hear the particulars of each edifice owned by societies of Spiritualists.

The N. S. A. desires to have the addresses of each local medium in the United States, in whom the local society has confidence.

Co-operation is in the air, and you must co-operate, or that part of the public work fails. A new era of Spiritualism is proclaimed as having dawned. Whirl will be a helper in that era to make it a useful one! Do not hesitate to write to me, for I grow to grace and zeal as my mail grows larger.

GEORGE W. KATES,
Secretary N. S. A.
600 Pennsylvania Ave., S. E.,
Washington, D. C.

GRATITUDE OFFICIALLY VOICED.

A Donation of \$1,000 to the Morris Pratt Institute.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Sanders,
Elyria, Ohio.

Dear Friends:

Although personally a stranger to you both, I take the liberty of expressing my heartfelt gratitude for your unexpected donation of one thousand dollars to promote the work of the Morris Pratt Institute of White-water, Wisconsin.

You have thereby given substantial cheer to the sacrificing workers who are guiding that enterprise, while you have at the same time greatly aided the noble student band of young men and young women there enrolled, in securing an education unhindered by dogma, unfettered by creed, and which shall be as all-embracing as Truth itself.

May you each know the abiding peace of satisfaction which flows from a generous deed worthily done.

Fraternally yours,

GEORGE B. WARNE,
President of the Morris Pratt Institute.
November 12, 1907.

VISION OF LIFE.

A tiny head, a limpled hand,
A steady foot, which to stand,
A laughing boy, a face of brown,
A terror to all in one small town.

A college man, an earnest youth,
A struggler after Eternal Truth,
A man of State, a lofty station,
A power of strength to all the nation.

A man of eighty, a parting of ways,
A solemn farewell—thus end his days.

A nation in sorrow, a great man gone,
A world made better in its journey on.

ALICE LUELLA HOLBROOKE,
40 1/2 Cherry Street,
West Somerville, Mass.

The Grand Rapids Exposure.

We give below, four communications, touching on the late exposure occurring at Grand Rapids, Mich. Mr. Forbush, we have been informed, has left that city, evidently admitting that all his "spirit manifestations" were of earthly origin. Is it not really curious that this man, evidently possessing no mediumship whatever, should be intimately associated with and endorsed by, the prominent mediums of that city?

Letter from Edna F. Josselyn.

To the Editor:—I was surprised this morning, on opening the white pages of The Progressive Thinker, to find its columns sullied by an attack on the mediumship of Mrs. Belle Fuller. The writer of the same I had never heard of, but who among Spiritualists and liberal thinkers of this city has not heard of, and favorably of the true womanly woman and medium, living quietly, doing her work for the spirit world, serving the interests of those who seek communication from across the borderland. All this she has faithfully done for years, always ready with a kind word and a helping hand to the needy. Is this her reward—to be relegated to the ranks of frauds in mediumship, the most contemptible business a person can engage in?

I have known Mrs. Fuller for years, and have sat in many of her seances. It is incomprehensible to me how anyone could so doubt the validity of the phenomena that occurs in her presence by use of the trumpet, conveying intelligence and identification of the spirit giving the message. Her work has given general satisfaction, and I am sure this attack will cause her friends and acquaintances the surprise it does me, not because of our gullibility, but because of common sense and reason; yes, there are many in this city who will stand by such a character as Mrs. Fuller has; grand and noble we know it to be, hence being susceptible to spirit influence gives us mediumship that is reliable. At this writing I can form no opinion of why the attempt to destroy Mrs. Fuller's mediumship has been made. That it is wholly unjust I am convinced from observation of the medium as a medium and as an individual. I have never believed that she or anyone else would use her powers to connive at fraud, posing as a medium fraudulently that good might come—that truth might be brought to light. I don't think truth needs such aids as that.

EFFIE F. JOSSELYN.

Letter from J. C. Andree.

To the Editor:—I wish to write a word in defense of a good, honest, conscientious woman. In the last issue of The Progressive Thinker I notice a so-called expose of several of our local mediums by a Mr. Faurot, bringing in the name of Mrs. Belle Fuller, of this city. Mrs. Fuller is a quiet, unassuming woman, who possesses a rare gift of psychic power, which she has known many years. She has the confidence of our local society, and stands high as a test medium. When the motive of the so-called expose is known, little weight will be attached to what he says. Mr. Faurot attempted to gain attention by the people of Grand Rapids by his so-called mediumship, which he now says is all fake work. I think that we can all endorse that statement. He says he carried on this work so as to gain the confidence of the mediums, in order that he might expose them. Was it necessary to collect money from poor innocent people at his seances in order to carry out his plan? The truth of the matter is, his faking was discovered, and now to set himself right he wants to pose as an exposé of mediums, but we do not take him seriously as a psychic power, or anything else. Our society last April adopted a clause in their by-laws which prohibited mediums and public workers from serving on the Board. Mr. Faurot took up the fight for the poor mediums, and according to his own statement, he knew at the time that all mediums are fakes; he even threatened us with the dire calamity of withdrawing his name. J. C. ANDREE,
Pres. M. S. S. A.
220 Jefferson Avenue,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Reply to Andre and Mrs. Josselyn.
Under the cloak of false statements Mr. Andre is trying to shield my exposure, and belittle me in my effort to do what I feel to be my duty to the public.
I understand that he has said that I attempted to gain public attention as a "medium." This I brand as absolutely false. Mr. Andre cannot cite one instance where I ever claimed to be a "medium." I never did; neither did I cater to the "trade." This is one of Mr. Andre's stories, made up of "all wool and a yard wide."
There is another: He says, "The truth of the matter is, his faking was discovered." Put a tag of the same kind on this, and I defy him to prove that I was ever discovered in faking. I am a medium, and I match in my circle ones, but after I discovered I want to ask the distinguished M. S. S. A. gentleman who (after May 2, 1907) did Mr. Reed, Mrs. Cornelius, and a number of others, come to me for readings? No one doubted my work, and I could have gone on indefinitely, by choosing my sitters, and to-day he is raking in the coin from the "poor innocents" like the gentleman. Yes, he paid me fifty cents, and said he was perfectly satisfied with the reading he got. "Poor innocent!" However he does not realize the fact that he might have spent a great many dollars and then never learned whether he was being bamboozled or not; but the fifty cents spent with me in ad-

Letter from Fred B. Terry.

To the Editor:—I am surprised at the attitude of Mr. Andre, the State president, is taking regarding the perplexing problems now before the Psychical Research Society of Grand Rapids, Mich.

As president of the State Association, it is his duty to unearth, as far as possible, the FRAUD, ROT- TENNESS AND CORRUPTION that exists, and has existed so many years, under the cloak of Spiritualism and supported by the Spiritualists of this city; but that such a duty by those who are now trying to cleanse the conditions here, he is using every effort in his power to block those who are doing their utmost to purify existing conditions.

After I had denounced Mr. Forbush and offered him money to produce anything under test conditions, Mr. Andre in conversing with the remarked he had had doubts regarding the genuineness of Mr. Forbush's mediumship for some time; but Mr. Andre continued to attend seances given by Forbush and was also a member of his developing class.

I hold it was Mr. Andre's duty as a true Spiritualist to determine by thorough investigation as to the truth or falsity of Forbush's manifestations.

Now as to the question of the genuineness of Mr. Andre's own mediumship. Mr. Andre as the ruling element in the P. R. Society, has made no effort whatever to prove by tests as to the truth or falsity of this medium's work; but on the contrary is championing her cause, and has endeavored to get her into an unfair and unjust hearing in order to determine what evidence is in his possession, which act I would consider an insult to Mr. Faurot's intelligence. There is only one way to prove the genuineness of any medium. It cannot be done by hot air or backbiting, but only by an absolute test, precluding all possible chance for fraud, thereby settling all arguments beyond a doubt, and a genuine medium will not object to giving such a test.

If Mrs. Fuller can prove her genuineness by absolute tests, I will worship at her shrine and apologize publicly for the stand I am now taking.

Apparently the majority of professed Spiritualists prefer to live on a spiritual diet secured in immense quantities in the name of sources rather than to partake of true spiritual food in amounts small enough to be digested by the masses.

Forbush is down and out. I understand he has left the city quietly for the west.

I admit the noble stand taken by The Progressive Thinker. Truth will conquer. Yours for truth,

FRED B. TERRY,
50 West Bridge Street,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

NO RELIGION IN THIS SCHOOL.

Philadelphia Provides for a Female Girard Institute—Founder Died in Theater—Preachers May Enter Buildings, but Must Leave Tenets Behind.

To the Editor:—It has been lately announced that the will of Robert N. Carson, the millionaire, who died suddenly in a theater in Philadelphia, Pa., provides for a \$5,000,000 institution for orphan girls, patterned after Girard College, which is exclusively for boys.

The bequest becomes effective after the death of the widow, Mrs. Frances Carson. The institution will be located at Mount Vernon, just over the city line in Montgomery county.

The will is almost identical with that of Stephen Girard, and, like the latter, provides that the proposed school shall not be controlled by any religious denomination, and that no religious services, that are peculiar or exclusive to any church shall be held in the institution.

The girls are to be carefully instructed in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and no clergyman of any sect is to be excluded from the grounds, but there is to be no proselyting or reference to their own peculiar tenets of belief expressed before the pupils.

The management of the college is to be intrusted to a board of seven trustees, who are to be appointed by the executors and trustees of the will.

The college will be open to all poor white girls, both of whose parents are dead. Preference is to be given to girls born in Philadelphia or in Montgomery county, which adjoins this city. After that the privilege is to be extended to those born in Pennsylvania, and lastly to those born anywhere in the United States.

The age of admission is between 6 and 10 years and of graduation at 18 or earlier, if the trustees deem it for the best interest and advantage of the girls.

You do not know how great is the value of friendship, if you do not understand how much you give him to whom you give a friend—a comradery which is scarce not only in men's houses, but in whole centuries, and which is nowhere scarcer than in the places where it is thought to be most plentiful.—Seneca.

I am glad that my first official appeal, or communication, to the Spiritualists of the United States, is the interest of the Pension Fund, that is of such great importance to the cause of all of us here so well. Our indigent mediums must not be permitted to suffer. The noble-hearted donor, Brother Mayer, has given it a perpetual help that will partly ease the present pressure, but the fund is now so exhausted that there will soon be an impossibility to help these needy ones in a material manner, unless there is an immediate increase of donations. To that end the Board of Trustees has instructed me to make a call to all auxiliary societies of the N. S. A., and all other societies of Spiritualists, and persons, to take a public collection and solicit personal contributions, on the LAST SUNDAY OF NOVEMBER.

Each society and person can make that day a memorable one for the cause of Spiritualism by a generous response.

Please remember that it is desired to make

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1907, A DAY OF GRATITUDE TO THE SPIRITS AND THEIR MEDIUMS FOR THEIR HELP AND COMFORT TO HUMANITY.

If you feel that the new officers of the N. S. A. should be encouraged in their earnest efforts that they shall make for the cause of Spiritualism, then respond to this needed call, and show that you are willing to join hands in CREATING A NEW ERA FOR OUR MUTUAL CAUSE.

Make all remittances to the N. S. A. office, 600 Pennsylvania Ave., S. E., Washington, D. C.

Fraternally,

GEORGE W. KATES, Secy.

Pension Fund Gratitude Day.

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The Recent National Convention.

The Retiring President, Harrison D. Barrett, Has Something Interesting to Say in Regard to Our Great Movement. He Has Given Fifteen Years of the Best Part of His Life to the N. S. A., and Should Be Rewarded Therefor. He Retires Gracefully, and will Continue to Labor Earnestly in the Fields of Reform.

The Fifteenth National Convention of Spiritualists, has passed into history. Its coming and its going made the usual ripple upon the spiritual sea, but the calm, steady, flowing tide of progressive thought has smoothed out every wave and left the ocean of being as if the Convention had not been. No doubt its psychic impress is beating in upon the farthest shores of the infinite sea of mental action, to be reflected back as a power for good upon the lives of all who are susceptible to the touch of invisible forces. It remains with each individual to show by that which he may do during the coming year, whether or not he has been affected by this unseen yet potent influence from over the ocean of life.

It was a representative convention in every essential particular. Twenty-six States had delegates upon the floor, all of whom seemed to be imbued with the determination to serve well the constituents who had sent them to the convention. In round numbers, one hundred devoted and enthusiastic men and women labored with singleness of purpose for five full days to do the work of the great organization in whose interests they had been called together. Among so many, there were, and of necessity must have been, some few who were not so well fitted to hear the sound of their own voices in impassioned speech upon some essential or nonessential that changed to be before the Convention. Still, I do not think there was quite as much "hot air" on this occasion as has been noticed in previous Conventions. Some time was wasted, as a matter of course, but this is to be expected in a delegate body whose constituencies are widely remote one from the other.

First of all, this convention demonstrated the fact that five days are none too many for the transaction of the legitimate business that necessarily comes before our annual gatherings. As a matter of fact, it proved that more time is needed for a full, free and frank discussion of all questions of moment that enter into our national work, and hints strongly in the direction of an extension to one full week's time for our future conventions. I am convinced that it would be a wise step on the part of the Spiritualists of America to make this change. The Universalists open their National Conventions on Wednesday, and continue in session eight days. They find that they have none too much time even then.

We could imitate their example with much profit. There are questions that should be considered rationally and with calmness of spirit for several days, a decision is reached instead of the one or two hours that we usually devote to them. The lyceum question, State and local societies, the fraud question, educational work and kindred topics, to say nothing of humanitarian efforts, are matters that should not be passed over in haste, or "referred to the incoming board," with or without power to act. It may be urged that some of our speakers would lose their Sunday engagements. This is true, but they would gain far more from the convention in the way of suggestion and instruction than they would lose in dollars and cents. Again, were the conventions to be thus extended, a fund could be raised, from the income of which those who could not afford to lose even a single Sunday could be compensated for their loss. As the average speaker of to-day does not receive more than \$10 per Sunday, this Speakers' Fund would not have to be a large one in order to meet the expense in question.

The second great fact demonstrated by this convention is the necessity of changing the Constitution lengthening the terms of office of the members of the Board of Trustees. Business men have said to me repeatedly that they could not be expected to make large contributions to any organization of an impermanent character. This is a fact, and it is now in the power of any convention to remove all the members of the Board of Trustees and completely change the policy of the Association. That this has not been done hitherto is due more to what might be called "good luck" than to any lack of wish on the part of the delegates to some conventions to take such a radical course. Up to the present time a conservative policy has prevailed. In 1898 and in 1907, nearly all the members of the old Board were removed, two being retained in the former year and three in this year.

In both instances the choice of trustees fell upon people who were amply qualified to fill the positions to which they were called. Such good fortune may not always be ours, and when an entire Board is once removed, and a new and wholly inexperienced one is chosen, then comes the danger. The Board chosen the present year is composed of earnest men and women who will faithfully discharge their several duties. I have no fear of them, but they may all be removed from office next year and a Board composed of parties who are totally ignorant of the work of the N. S. A. and its previous history may succeed them. It is to obviate this danger that I have urged that the Constitution be changed so that not more than one-third of the members of any Board can be retired at an annual convention. The fact that some of the members of the new Board did not know one-tenth of the activities in which the N. S. A. is involved until after their final adjournment is good evidence that this constitutional change should be made.

As to the personnel of the late convention, I can only say that I was more than favorably impressed by the earnestness of spirit and devotion to principle manifested by the delegates

over whom I had the honor to preside. It is not unlikely that some of them had axes to grind, and it is more than probable that, in some instances, they succeeded in having a good sharp edge placed upon said axes. On the whole, I feel that they acted unselfishly and for what they considered to be the best interests of our cause. When it came to concrete work, not a few of them failed to respond, but this is not an exceptional thing in heterogeneous gatherings, such as was this one of ours. Some of them were afraid of hurting other people's feelings, while others did not realize the full import of their failure to act, or, in some instances, of what they did do. I do not think that they were moved as much by emotion this year as has been apparent at some other conventions in past years.

Trustee Evans brought forward an important measure bearing upon the financial question. It was unanimously adopted and the incoming Board of Trustees was instructed to carry it into effect. This is one of the most vital measures that received the sanction of the convention. Under its provisions the Board is empowered to appoint special financial agents whose sole duty it shall be to solicit contributions to the "Theodore Mayer Endowment Fund," upon the percentage plan. These agents are to give bonds and shall submit to such requirements as the Board may impose in order to safeguard this important activity. I believe that these agents, if selected with care, can do the N. S. A. a great deal of good. All the delegates will watch with interest the appointment of these agents, and will look forward to their reports at the next annual convention with pleasurable anticipation.

The action of the convention in regard to the history of Spiritualism and the great work of the editor-at-large will probably appeal to the majority of the Spiritualists of America as a step in the right direction. If this work is done, as it should be done, there can be no doubt of the wisdom of the Convention's action. As I am personally involved in this matter, I cannot with propriety say anything further regarding it.

The selection of Mrs. Elizabeth Schauss, of Toledo, Ohio, as National Superintendent of Lyceums, was to my mind, a most excellent one. She will do something for the lyceums, and that is what the Spiritualists of America naturally expect of this officer. The appointment of Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader and Mrs. Emma Ross as assistants to Mrs. Schauss makes good results doubly sure. No division of our work has been so shamefully neglected, since the early eighties, as has the lyceum.

I was very much pleased with the report of the Committee on Resolutions, even though its members did not make the recommendation of a new Declaration of Principles, nor yet to speak at any length upon some of the leading issues of the times. Taken as a whole, the report was an able one, statesmanlike in character, and contained nothing to wound the tender sensibilities of any Republican or Democrat in any section of the United States.

The report of the Committee on Rules, early in the session, clearly showed the temper of the Convention. No dispute arose until Rule 2, relating to the election of officers, came under consideration. It was then there made apparent to all onlookers that the election of officers was the one desideratum in the minds of all delegates. It was finally fixed for three o'clock on the afternoon of the last day. The hour gave general satisfaction to the great majority of the delegates.

I was much pleased with the Convention's action regarding missionary work. It was recommended that this important work be left, as far as possible, to the State Associations, and that all live matter be retained. By this action the Usages were greatly simplified and specifically fitted to the needs of our denomination. The members of this committee have good reason to feel proud of their work. I believe the country at large will likewise approve of the action of this committee.

The Committee on Finance, Ways and Means, was composed of some of the best men and women on the floor of the convention. They did their level best to replenish the treasury of the N. S. A., and the failure of the people to respond with large sums of money to their appeal for aid was not due to the fault of any member of the committee. The delegates, on the whole, contributed liberally, some of them more generously than they could really afford. The financial returns, however, were small. There were few visiting Spiritualists upon whom to draw for contributions, while the Spiritualists of Washington felt that their donations should go to their local society.

The meager financial returns obtained at this Fifteenth National Convention clearly prove that a change of method in respect to raising funds is an absolute necessity. Dues and collections from local and State Associations, together with impassioned appeals to delegates and visitors, and begging letters in the Spiritualist papers, will not bring in the money

needed. Beyond all question, the need of an endowment fund is now apparent to all. While it is true that Washington is not a good convention city in some respects, it is not to that fact alone that our small contributions are due. The N. S. A. needs a fund that shall be safely invested, whose income can be applied at the close of each year to its needs.

The message of the president was a voluminous document, too long to hold the interested attention of the delegates and visitors during its reading. The change in the office of president will, without doubt, give relief in this respect. It contained some valuable matters of fact for the use of the future historian of our movement, and possibly of moment, to the thoughtful Spiritualist of to-day.

I am aware of the fact that such long documents given the committee on the President's Report a great deal to do, but that is to be expected when legislative matters are to be considered as they should be, calmly, quietly and thoughtfully. The committee which had this report in charge this year did excellent work, and much pleased with the recommendations it brought in and forgot my disappointment, if I had any, with respect to those matters which were not mentioned. I need not dwell upon the legislative work of the Convention, for to do so would require several columns of the editor's valuable space. There were some things passed over, some things reported adversely upon, some things referred to the incoming Board. These conditions must necessarily obtain in any legislative body, and so do not give occasion for pessimism on the part of any delegate.

The present Board of Trustees of the N. S. A. made up of earnest, honest men and women, in every one of whom I have full confidence. They may make mistakes, but I do not know of any one man, or body of men, or women, free from proneness to err somewhat in judgment. Hence it is true that a mortals sometimes make mistakes. Our present Board will correct all errors as soon as they are made known. I have faith to believe that each and every member will do his duty to the best of his ability, and labor for the best good of the N. S. A. and its cause. Good work will be done throughout the next twelve months, and the Sixteenth Annual Convention in Indianapolis will find us many steps in advance of what we are to-day.

President Wayne, Vice-President Schirm, Treasurer Stevens and Trustee Maxwell were all unanimously elected to their respective positions. This is a happy augury of the faith that the delegates had in them, and a pledge of loyal support on the part of each and every one. Secretary Kates was chosen by a vote of more than three to one, which fact is an index of trust on the part of the delegates. Trustees Evans, Longley, Harlow and Beiden were all chosen by safe majorities. This proves that they have the confidence and esteem of their fellow workers. No one can question their integrity of purpose, nor impugn their motives. The N. S. A. is safe in their hands and those of their fellow trustees. Here and now I renew my pledge of hearty support, which I gave them on the floor of the convention.

In conclusion, let me say that retirement from office does not mean, in my case, any loss of interest in the N. S. A., or in that higher Spiritualism to which I have devoted the best years of my life. I said one year ago that I would not be a candidate before this convention, and I have consistently held to that statement throughout the year. I was asked by a large number of delegates to reconsider my determination, but I requested all my friends to refrain from voting for me, and am pleased to state that my wishes were respected by them on the floor of the Convention. The time had come for a change and no one realized it more clearly than I did myself. It has been made, and my successor is the one whom I have long desired to see in the President's chair.

Vice-President Schirm and myself have been friends for many years, and he brings a needed element of strength to the N. S. A. He is a lawyer of eminent talents and has the courage of his convictions on all occasions. With him and President Wayne harnessed together, a very strong team has been formed having plenty of strength to draw the spiritual load, up the most difficult hill. It remains now for the Spiritualists to say by their actions whether they will add to that load by persisting in trying to ride in the wagon, or remain in the road to push with might and main the vehicle up the steep.

The good things done far outnumber the mistakes that were made by the late Convention. I have spoken strongly regarding the two most prominent blunders. All the others are of minor importance and need no special attention at this writing. I am optimistic enough to believe that the two errors will be corrected by our present officers, or by the next convention. The great majority of people are always anxious to do that which is right, and at heart this is true of the Spiritualists of America, although they may be misled by emotions. The N. S. A. is a great body, greatly pleased with the outlook for the N. S. A. and with the personnel of its present official board. I need say no more with regard to what I have called "the blunders of this Convention. I have faith in the ultimate triumph of the good, and look to see the right come uppermost."

HARRISON D. BARRETT.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

To the Editor:—Sunday afternoon memorial services at the Temple, for the late Solomon E. Oviatt, who passed to the higher life July 7th, 1907, were held under the auspices of the First Society of Spiritualists of Lansing, Mich., of which he was a member. The Temple was tastefully decorated by Mrs. Shipman. An excellent program was presented. The tribute paid to Mr. Oviatt by S. B. Parsons is as follows:

"As he once was, Solomon E. Oviatt will be with us no more forever. In the obscure, irrefragable law, the fingers of Nature have loosened the fragile cord that bound the spiritual to the material; and while it has been our sad duty to give back the material to its own, we trust that the spirit, its real man, has found congenial association in realms especially adapted to the joyous unfoldments of the soul's wonderful powers."

"We, the members of the First Spiritualist Society of Lansing, and the friends who cherish his memory, ask this occasion to give expression to, and place on record, this testimony of our sincere appreciation of our departed friend and brother, and to extend our sympathy to those whose relationship to him were closer than the bonds of friendship, stronger than the ties of fraternal love."

"We feel deeply the loss of our friend and brother's wise counsels, his hopeful words, his love-kindling and purely inspiring presence. We fully realize that his unflinching faith in what he accepted as truth, his earnest and constant labor and sacrifice for the betterment of the great family of man, and the bringing into life purer social conditions, has been a powerful influence for good to the societies to which he belonged, and an inspiring, strengthening and energizing force to his friends and companions everywhere."

"In the passing of our brother there is left a vacant seat in our temple of worship; a vacant place in our social gatherings; a vacant chair in his family circle, and in the great army working for the universal good. It is formed that will not soon be filled."

"This Spiritualist Society has lost a most worthy, helpful and beloved member, his family a good husband and affectionate father, and the earth-world has lost one of its true nobility."

MISS INEZ GLUDY,
Secretary F. S. S. L.
Lansing, Mich.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

Impromptu Verses by W. J. Colville.

From forth our spirit's hidden depths
Let gracious influence ever flow,
Let waves of kindly purpose glide
Blessing the earth with heaven-born glow.

We may not stand on sun-crowned heights,
To which ambitious minds aspire,
We may abide in quiet haunts,
Lit only by love's faultless fire.

But low or high in man's esteem,
It matters not where we dwell,
The beauty of pure radiant thought
May cast o'er all its potent spell.

We speak of beauty in the flowers,
Which gladden all the ways of earth,
We tell of beauty in the song
Of plumaged bird which wakes to mirth.

The beauty which we only sense,
The beauty we intensely feel,
Flows not from any outward source,
'Tis every outer ill 'twill heal.

When medicines and instruments
Have done their work and passed away,
And higher ministries obtain,
To bless mankind with genial ray.

The power of thought will then be known,
And all the fulness of its grace,
An unseen but a much-feared power
Confining by no bounds of space.

A friend is traveling far o'er sea,
Another lingers on the land;
One dwelleth still in earthly garb,
Another dwells in spirit land.

The subtle might of loving thought
Is felt and known those friends between,
And decks their otherwise barren lives
With love's immortal radiant sheen.

Each kindly thought a beautiful form
Doth in the psychic realm appear,
As a sweet silent messenger
That shape to inner sense draws near.

And as we cultivate each day
Pure thought and gracious thought alone,
The fair result of secret life
Makes outward beauty truly known.

The beauty of the soul that shines
Through loveliest eyes in mystic light
Transfiguring the common things
Of life, and making all scenes bright.

A beauty which no outward eye
Can fully see or understand,
As poets faithfully have told
Is not discerned on sea or land.

Let us, wherever we may dwell,
Send forth thought-forms of beauty rare,
To cheer despondent hearts, and win
The sick and sad from grief and care.

Thus in the garden of the mind
Fair flowers shall bloom, glad birds shall sing,
And thro' the power of holy thought,
Good-will to every soul we'll bring.

There are no limits to the way
Of righteous thought, celestial love
Inspires its mission, thro' its power
Lifts earth with highest spheres above.

"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, \$1.00.

"Worry, Hurry, Scurry, Flurry Cured." By the Blissful Prophet and Wm. E. Towne. Tells how to cast away worry, hurry, needless cares, etc. Price 20 cents.

"The Truthseeker" Collection of Forms and Ceremonies for the Use of Liberals. Price 25 cents.

Convention Notes.

Paul McArthur, President of the Missouri State Association of Spiritualists, Touches Upon Many Interesting Points Connected with the Late Convention.

To the Editor:—The fifteenth annual convention of the N. S. A. has closed. The delegates have returned to their respective homes, some pleased and happy, others, perhaps, disappointed and sad. Differences of opinion were bound to arise, for no cult on earth diffused so widely in their views as our Spiritualism. As a natural consequence the debate at times waxed hot, yet I believe that not one delegate can fail to see, now that the din of the battle is over and the clouds of personal differences and disagreements have cleared away, the wisdom of a NEW AND GLORIOUS EPOCH IN THE HISTORY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

I regret, Brother Francis, that owing to a lack of ability, as well as not having a record of the many wise and necessary changes made in the CONSTITUTION, WITH THEIR NAMES, DESCRIPTIONS, AND ALL INFORMATION OBTAINABLE CONCERNING THEM; AND THAT THIS INFORMATION BE EXCHANGED ONE WITH ANOTHER TO THE END THAT AN UP-TO-DATE RECORD BE KEPT FOR THE PROMOTION OF THE PUBLIC AND THE GOOD NAME OF ORGANIZED SPIRITUALISM.

This recommendation was made by myself and was based on my two years' experience fighting for clean Spiritualism here in Missouri. It had been adopted at our State annual convention held here last February, and the incomplete list which we have compiled so far has been of untold service to us. On two occasions it has been the means of driving from our State vampires who were about to locate here, and it has enabled us to be able to place in the hands of the authorities, were compelled to move on. Knowing, therefore, the benefit it had been to us, I confess I felt keenly the position taken by the majority of my fellow delegates, in not doing so. I understood and told them so for frankness is a failing of mine, and may it ever be my greatest, that they had placed themselves and the cause on record before the world as being opposed to doing the practical thing necessary to eliminate that which they had denounced and denounced. I asked those who had opposed the measure when they returned to their rooms to face themselves in the glass and honestly and soberly ask themselves the question, Why?

The convention was in an uproar, and many like-minded delegates stood, felt themselves insulted, and that radical fellow, McArthur, killed himself in the estimation of many. I want to say now, as I stated then, that no insult was intended to those who honestly opposed the measure, such as the income tax, but to those who stood by and did nothing. To those who opposed it because of criminal fear, I have no apologies to make, not one word to retract.

As I sit here and review the result of two years' fight for clean Spiritualism by one small man standing almost alone, I cannot but feel that I was right, and that the time will come in the history of the National movement as it has come in Missouri, when radicalism (so called) for purity and cleanliness will be endorsed and supported. Pin that down as a prophecy. What do you think of people as long as I can hold together I shall continue to stand for and advocate by deed as well as mere words practical and sure methods for the elimination of fraud and immorality in our movement. My plain speech placed a club in the hands of people who, for reasons best known to themselves, have SECRETLY been my enemies. I was repeatedly warned by friends that certain parties were moving among the delegates warning them to beware of what they did with that shallow, hot-headed radical fellow, that I had no axes to grind and wished for nothing, their energies were wasted. I desire to say simply that what all have conceded to be desirable results have been obtained in one State because of the radicalism of one shal-low, superficial fellow, let us trust that the time will come when such radicalism as has proved beneficial through results obtained will be adopted and advocated by our more able leaders. I believe that it will.

I am optimistic as to the future of our beloved religion. I believe that the time is almost at hand when fraud, immorality, greed, selfishness and envy will be superseded by fraternal love, by co-operation and consecration, when the things tolerated and condoned by many in our ranks will be tolerated and condoned no more. I mean our secret sins, our wandering brothers and sisters who have left us because of these things, come home rejoicing with us that Spiritualists and Spiritualism have at last been vindicated and we shall be known and RESPECTED for what we ARE as well as for what we ADVOCATE. God and the angel world speed the day, is the prayer of Yours very sincerely,

PAUL McARTHUR.
St. Louis, Mo.

A PETITION.
These are the gifts I ask of thee,
—Spirit serene:
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road,
Good cheer to help me bear the tray,
—And for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen.

These are the sins I vain
Would have thee take away:
Malice and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
And discontent that casts a shadow gray
On all the brightness of the common day.

HENRY VAN DYKE.
"The Jesuits." By Rev. B. F. Austin, A. M., B. D. An excellent pamphlet. Price 15 cents.

"We have not solved all the great problems that confront us as an organized movement. Perhaps some of us are unconscious in expecting too much all at once. Life is a gradual growth, a hardly perceptible evolution, and perhaps that which in the

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Every person with impaired eyesight or suffering from weak or diseased eyes should write for our latest free booklet, entitled "Positive Evidence." The records of phenomenal cures by the "Actina" treatment, as described therein by grateful patients who have been blind and helpless, will satisfy the most skeptical that "Actina" is not only a remarkable stimulant and harmless treatment, but restores eyesight even after specialists have pronounced cases incurable.

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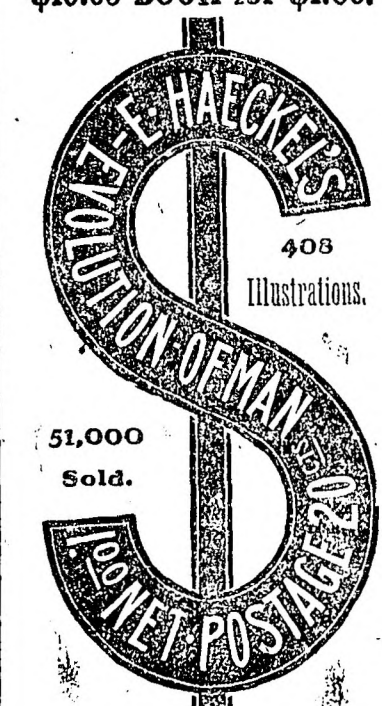
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The Strength of Faith.

As Sublimely and Beautifully Presented by the Los Angeles Record, of California.

Did you read in The Record the other day that article about the Detroit woman who preached a funeral sermon over her husband's body? She said: "Why should we mourn? He has entered into a larger life. It is like a brief separation between friends when one goes on a journey. We say good-by for a little while."

Isn't this sublime faith? Isn't it the sort of faith we're all after? When young, we go striving after jobs or money, or home runs, or some girl's smiles, or something that's a little better than what the other fellow has, as if this life were all and would run on forever. Then death takes our mother, father, sister or some other dear one, and we turn from our heedlessness and begin to ask if this life is really all, if we are never again to see mother's dear face or feel father's kind hand on our shoulder.

When old we feel that life is short. The years, since youth, have fairly whirled by. Life seems to have been pretty much made up of hard work, losses, disappointments. We ask IS THIS ALL?

Sooner or later, no matter how great or small a success of living we have made, each one of us makes for himself or herself a faith. We say to ourselves, if this life is all, then it is a joke and fraud on the human being, and we reach out for what eternity may hold and yearn to know its secrets. We have seen mother close her dear eyes forever. We have put flowers in little dead hands that only yesterday were warm upon our face. We have taken, perhaps, our sweetheart wife in our arms and clung to her and held her dying body tight against our heart in vain combat with death. And then we have gone back to this life's routine to build up and live upon faith that we shall again have those whom we have "loved and lost awhile." This is faith's birth, in many cases. It is the Creator's best, most merciful gift to mankind. Without it, what is life and all the material things which we can gain? We all die to-morrow.

"Why should we mourn? He has entered into a larger life." True. Much grief is but expression of selfishness. It is hard to tear from the mother's neck the arms of her dead child and make her satisfied with the faith that the babe is safe and happy on the breast of the Great God who made her and who was not cruel enough to make the GREAT PLAN end with this life.

How it wrenches the heart to come home from the cemetery and look upon the empty chair! Even when gray hairs come to us and we look back over the long years, a smile or a handclasp that was missed all through the long struggle come again to us, and we mourn. We forget the "larger life." We forget that to the dead the time encompassed by our lives is but a breath; that the separation is brief indeed, save as viewed from our own selfish standpoint.

"We say good-by but for a little while." Such faith is really all that religion has to offer, and it is enough. Blessed is the life of which such faith is the inspiration!

A little while, weeping mother, bowed father, mourning husband, wife, sister, brother, and you shall again have your loved and departed ones, under the plan of a Creator who is all mercy and love. We say good-by for but a little while. The reunion is for eternity!

Interesting Phenomena.

Proof Positive of Spirit Return and Communion With Earth Friends.

To the Editor:—Herewith are presented phenomena which utterly preclude the possibility of subjective telepathy or mental collusion.

Although similar to much of the invaluable scientific data obtained by the Psychical Research Society, and the conditions may appear frivolous to the fastidious, their importance must be obvious to the investigating mind. In this particular instance I have been positively assured that an exorcise human intelligence has communicated with us mortals, so much so that I have sent details to Professor Hyslop for his consideration.

Having forwarded to The Progressive Thinker an essay on "The Dynamic and spiritual power of the sunbeam," weeks elapsed before the editor could find space for its insertion, and I had arrived at the conclusion that the article was too speculative for recognition.

In the meantime my subscription had expired. So convinced was I of the rejection of my communication that I wrote for return of the essay, if not available. No reply had been received up to that particular time.

My wife was absolutely assured in her mind that the matter was refused admission, and we had both put the details altogether out of our minds. In fact, I did not purchase from the local dealer the current issue.

Just before lunch hour, my wife being clairaudient, distinctly heard the voice of one of her spiritual attendants say: "Go down town and get a Progressive Thinker." Mrs. O. impatiently remarked that she saw the spirit, as she saw no reason why she should get the paper. She then saw the spirit who deliberately pushed her across the floor.

Thinking that issue might contain something about Mr. Colville's announcements, whom we were expecting as our guest during his forthcoming visit to Seattle, as we had received no reply to our letter, she complied with the request, but did not open the paper until she arrived home.

The article referred to was there, published over my signature. Dr. Hudson is here placed upon the horns of a dilemma. No mortal had directly or indirectly imparted the information. It couldn't be telepathy or thought transference from the editor, because he does not know of my wife's existence.

No friend here in Seattle ever intimated the fact. Even if they did mentally they would think of me—not my wife, and I solemnly swear on my sacred honor that such a suggestion never entered my mental sensorium.

A Father Visits His Son in Spirit.

About three months ago my friend, Joseph Alonzo Scott of this city, passed on to the higher life. His sister-in-law, who is not a Spiritualist, distinctly saw him immediately after his transition, open the gate leading to her home, and smilingly disappear from her view. Some weeks afterwards this same lady, having occasion to go east of the Cascade mountains, took with her the child of the deceased, a boy about six years of age. Being much afraid of coyotes, he left his crib one night and begged his aunt to take him into her bed. She did so, when immediately there appeared the spirit of the father, who soothed the child with his magnetic manipulations; held up his hand to Mrs. Scott, to implore silence, then smilingly withdrew. Just after the passing over the mother of this same spirit saw him in a dream, and he told her that the trouble in his eyes did not affect him now.

My wife has seen him repeatedly, and held a long conversation with him.

Two Clairvoyants, Absolutely Strangers, Have the Same Vision.

While attending service in the Unitarian meeting held in Druid's Hall, Wellington, New Zealand, on Sunday morning, June 3, 1906, my wife was interrogated by a stranger, thus: "Are you clairvoyant?"

"Yes," she replied.

"What do you see round Dr. Jones while he is preaching?" continued the stranger.

"I see an Oriental spirit, dressed in a turban; also a middle-aged lady, and an old, gray-haired man who looks like a German Professor," returned my wife.

"This," said the interrogator, "is exactly according to the description of a lady friend of mine who is also clairvoyant."

The lady referred to was absolutely unknown to Mrs. O., therefore there could be no collusion or mental telepathy in the manifestation.

A spirit Appears to a Friend Six Thousand Miles Away With Flowers Emblematic of Her Transition.

While we were in New Zealand, in the month of May, 1906, there passed away one of the sweetest spirits that ever wore flesh a person-

THE NOTORIOUS HOWLANDS.

They appear in Court and are Committed for Trial.

Clarence Howland and his wife Elizabeth, and Samuel Ryxex and Mrs. Ryxex, Spiritualists, appeared in court this morning before a very material magistrate, and were committed for trial on charge of having conspired by deceit and falsehood to defraud the public.

Mrs. George W. Low appeared first in the witness box. Mr. Price, for the crown: "You went to a meeting at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Ryxex, on Bathurst street?"

"Yes."

"What kind of meeting?"

"A spiritual meeting."

"Did you believe you were going to see a spirit?"

"Yes. But I've changed my mind now, because they were cheating me."

"Did you pay any money?"

"Yes, a dollar."

"What was to be done for the dollar?"

"Spirits of dead friends were to be produced."

"Did you ever see any?"

"One was brought out—my husband's mother."

"That did the spirit say to you?"

"She was pleased to see me and kissed me on the cheek."

"Did you ever see another?"

"Yes."

"Whose?"

"One supposed to be granny, but granny and my mother-in-law were the same."

"How many spirits have you seen altogether?"

"Five."

Magistrate:—"And you paid a dollar each time. What had the others to do with it?"

"They attended the meeting."

Mr. Price:—"What was Mrs. Howland's name?"

"Elizabeth."

"Did she materialize your mother-in-law?"

"She was supposed to be independent."

"Before you went did you consult Mrs. Howland or Mrs. Ryxex?"

"Yes. Mrs. Ryxex said I would be throwing money away."

"Did you see Mrs. Howland?"

"Yes. She said she hoped to convince me that materializing was true."

"What did you see?"

"A white spirit in a cabinet. It said 'Granny' to me. Mr. Howland led me to the cabinet and the white spirit came out."

"Then what happened?"

"The curtains closed again. Then Mr. Howland said 'wait a minute.'"

"Then what happened?"

"The curtains opened again and the spirit kissed me, gave me a chrysanthemum, and a message."

"What was the message?"

"It told me to be good to Willie."

"What did the spirit say when you grabbed it?"

"It squealed and hollered."

"What did you think the flower was?"

"I thought it was from the spirit world, took it home and tried to wear it."

"Were you deceived?"

"Yes, grossly."

Mr. Godfrey, defending:—"Are you a Spiritualist?"

"I was an investigator. Taint what I am going to be now."

"Doesn't your husband go off in a trance?"

"No. Didn't he go into a trance and tell you to go to the house of Mr. Ryxex?"

"No; he does not go into trances."

Magistrate:—"Perhaps he uses another kind of spirits."

Mrs. Low resented the insinuation.

Mr. Godfrey:—"What did Mr. Howland say to you when you went?"

"That anything might happen from an impersonation to a materialization."

"Mr. Howland always got the dollar."

Magistrate:—"Yes, that seems to be the only material part of the business."

Mr. Godfrey:—"That night you grabbed the spirit you were not deceived?"

"No."

"What took place?"

"Mr. Howland came into the room. All the doors appeared to be closed. Mrs. Howland went into the cabinet, and we all joined hands. Then the cabinet door opened, and there were flowers here."

Mr. Godfrey:—"How did they get there?"

"Don't know. I didn't examine her."

"Then a white figure appeared?"

"The lace, which could be used as a turban or as a veil."

"What did you do?"

"I grabbed Mrs. Howland, and the lights went up."

"What had Mrs. Howland on when you grabbed her?"

"A skirt. The lace was torn off by Mrs. Ryxex while I was holding her."

"Why didn't the police get it?"

"She ran into the kitchen."

Mr. Price:—"When you grabbed her what did she say?"

"She screamed and said: 'For God's sake let me go. You're a mother, so am I. My mother is dying in the States.'"

Mr. G. W. Low, husband of the previous witness, corroborated his wife's story. He had been twice to Spiritualist meetings, and paid \$1 each time.

On the first occasion he saw a spirit he believed to be his mother.

Mr. Price:—"What do you think now?"

"That it is all a humbug and a fake."

He saw his wife grab Mrs. Howland, and heard her scream.

Mr. Price:—"When you saw the spirit you thought to be your mother, what happened?"

"She called me her boy, kissed me, and told me to be good to Willie."

"Any other spirit materialized to you?"

"No."

A friend, who resides here in Seattle, and was well and strong when we left for the Antipodes.

One morning my wife said to me: "Either Anna Sauer or Mrs. Sandahl is dead. Anna appeared to me with flowers laid over her arm, which were evidently symbolical of the spiritual change. She did not speak, but pointed to the flowers, which she evidently wished to convey a spiritual message."

Months elapsed, and eventually we received a letter from Mrs. Sandahl, giving particulars of the passing away.

These particulars exactly coincided with the time of the spiritual vision.

Seattle, Washington.

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your knowledge?"

"Well, someone, supposed to be a schoolgirl friend of mine was, but I knew no one of the name given."

Magistrate:—"You paid, and believe you were defrauded?"

Mr. Low:—"I'll give Mrs. Howland \$500 if she can prove to me the spirit of my mother, and give her a week to do it."

Mr. Godfrey:—"When you saw what you believed to be your mother, did it look like her?"

"Yes; I could not identify the voice, though. It was muttering and weak."

Magistrate:—"That's enough. The evidence proves that the business is a perfectly absurd fraud, and can only deceive the most ignorant. I'll commit the four for trial, and if they go on humbugging people in the meantime, the police must bring them here and I'll deal with them."—Evening Telegram, Toronto, Canada, October 25, 1907.

HYPNOTIC MEDIUMSHIP.

I see The Progressive Thinker as a new-modelled ship, capable of sailing in the air, or on water.

The management of this new-modelled ship. Its managers are all progressive thinkers, therefore will progress through the hypnotic sea of prestidigitatorism to the shore of pure Spiritualism, and come out on the flowery plane of pure Spiritualism, where the true light of each one's own unfolded spiritual senses will be the spiritual searchlight of the soul.

Then mortal will not become a slave to spirit; nor spirit a slave to mortal; but hand in hand they will climb the golden stairs of Nature's evolutionary laws. True ministering angels will take the place of controlling, earth-bound spirits and fakelism will not be identified with Spiritualism, for self-control will take the place of spirit control.

Spirit control is the last effort made by prestidigitator to enslave the human mind. When Spiritualists wake up to the realization that spirit control is of priestly origin, and self-control is true Spiritualism, then the true line between Spiritualism and prestidigitatorism will be drawn. This is the work of progressive thinkers, and The Progressive Thinker is the leading paper on that line of progression.

A. C. DOANE, Summerland, Cal.

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Dr. Madison Peters, in his sermon in the Methodist Church, in speaking of the kind of a church needed for the present time, said:

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"One of the first steps that should be taken to give the world the impression that religion is a thing for the living should be the tearing down of the undertakers' signs. To win the confidence of the world we must convince the world that we are serving a practical purpose."

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