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THE FIVE GATES.

Through Them, and Beyond.
A Lecture Delivered byELLA WILSON MARCHANT, OF SAN
BERNARDINO, CAL.To the 40,000 Readers of The Pro-
gressive Thinker.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

We know that the sun paints photographs upon glass; and yet, there must be a certain process, and the use of certain chemicals to bring out the latent picture made by the sun, so that the human eye can perceive it. They are even beginning to take photographs in colors; and the latent picture—or the negative, as it is called in the art—has come to be taken with such rapidity that the feet of running horses, and the motions of birds on the wing, have been accurately photographed. Report said, several years ago, that an Englishman had photographed a swallow on the wing, and fixed the bird's shadow on the water perfectly. And now comes the word that a French photographer has succeeded in taking a flying insect, the time of exposure being 1/2500 of a second. There is a tradition that an opera-glass lost by the unfortunate Donner party, the most of whom perished on their way to California during the winter of 1847-48, was picked up many years afterward, and upon the glass lens was found a photograph of all the landscape that lay in the field of view in front of the glass. So that in this case it only needed a sufficient exposure to the action of the sun's rays of one fixed scene to bring out, without chemicals, the visible picture of the scene upon the glass. But the picture was seen only on a glass peculiarly constructed to gather and hold the rays of light. It was not visible upon the framework of the instrument, nor upon the rocks and sands around it. But when every object held a latent picture, or negative, of all that the sun's rays have brought to it, only needing right conditions—or right perceptions—to bring it out or to perceive it—even as the coal, stored away in the earth for thousands of years, or it may be, for thousands of ages, yet, under proper conditions, gives forth the light and the heat which it received from the sun so long ago. The psychometrist takes a piece of that coal, and describes, also, the surrounding country, the vegetable and animal life, where it grew and flourished as a tree in that far-away past. Scene after scene, and age after age, sometimes seem to unfold, one after another, before the perception of the psychometrist.

The principles of every discovery and of every invention made by man, existed in nature before man discovered and utilized it. If the sun, by means of photographic art, can print upon the sensitized plate the wing of the swallow in its swiftest flight, and even the shadow made by that quivering wing upon the water, as it passes, can and does not that same artist sun print somewhere every passing scene of material existence, to be seen and read in all coming time, by the properly unfolded powers of the universe—even as the hieroglyphics of Egyptian sculpture picture out the history of life in Egypt ages ago, to those who understand the key to their translation.

You have heard of palimpsests—ancient manuscripts on papyrus, that have been written over, erased and written over again? By certain preparations, or certain manipulations, the archaeologist removes the upper and reads the lower or more ancient writing; and much of important ancient history has thus been recovered. Sometimes these palimpsests are three-fold, that is, a third writing has been cut over two layers of erased manuscript; and yet they have all been deciphered. So it may be (perhaps by the assistance of higher powers), that from nature's manifold palimpsest the psychometrist often reads the histories of past ages!

Vibrations from the sun—the mighty dynamo of our solar system—in their more rapid velocities, produce light and color; modified and lowered, they produce sound; and if the sun is really the generator of all the physical forces of earth, then all the vibrations producing all our physical phenomena, and answering to the functions of all the instruments of the five senses, must also, directly or indirectly, come from the sun—must, therefore, have a common origin, and hence, they must work from the same basis of action. Are they, then, inter-communicable? Is it possible to translate one class of the phenomena into another? It would seem so. For instance, instruments have been invented by which flashes of light have been made to produce musical sounds, and an intimate relationship has been shown to exist between light and sound; and some one has suggested the idea that we may yet, by the aid of human

inventions, be able to hear the sound of the fires raging in the sun. I would suggest that perhaps the reason that we do not now hear, as well as see, the sun, is because the vibrations that produce sound to us are so much lower and slower than those that produce light. A notable artist, according to the New York Sun, claims that color is music, and music is color, and he has arranged a chromatic scale accordingly. He bases his theory on the agreement or parallelism in the vibration of light waves and sound waves. Each color has its corresponding note, only of course the color is many rounds higher up on the spiral stairway of ascending velocities of wave vibrations. Thus, the slowest vibrations of waves of light, perceptible to us, make red, the "lazy color," as he calls it, and the slowest vibrations of sound, perceptible to us, make C in music; therefore, red is C. The swiftest vibrations of sound, perceptible to us, produce B flat, and the quickest vibrations of light produce violet. Consequently, violet is B flat, C, E, and G, or red, yellow and blue are a perfect chord of colors or sounds. And the writer describes a picturesque cottage, the rooms of which, and the outside, and the blinds, have all been tinted according to musical notes, producing a charming effect, and making a pleasing picture amid the varied foliage. I believe it was Emma Hardinge Britten, a well-known English Spiritualist and medium, who declared that certain sounds produced in her consciousness the sensations or impressions of certain colors. And quite lately I have read of a musical prodigy, now living in Boston, who, before she could talk plainly, used to puzzle her mother by beginning for "purple music," or "blue music." This paper was given as a lecture at a camp-meeting held in Sumnerland, Cal., during the month of July, 1893. After its delivery the chairman of the meeting arose and said that if he could ever regret the departure of a friend to the spirit-land, or wish for that friend's return, he would be strongly tempted to do so just then; for he could tell that his friend, Professor H. A. Tatum, of Alabama, could be present in the form, just then, to confirm the statements made concerning color and music. Prof. Tatum was a fine artist, especially in the line of portraiture, his work never failing to secure the first prize wherever exhibited. He had a very fine sense of tints and colors, and he claimed to have discovered the correspondence between color and music thirty years ago. So this was a verification of the theory from another and opposite standpoint.

Another proof of the inter-communicability of vibratory phenomena, I have heard it said that there are blind people who can distinguish colors by the sense of touch. Whether we shall ever be able to hear the sound of fires raging in the sun, or not, is it not likely that if our ears were sufficiently attuned we could perceive that the vibrations that produce the sensation of light upon our visual organs, also bring with them the "music of the spheres," that we hear so much about, and so little understand the meaning of? If vibrations up to 28,000 in a second produce sound, is it likely that they stop there? May not every increased vibration have its own appropriate sound, uncaught by our dull ears? May not the poet have written wiser than he knew (as poets so often do) when he gave to the world the expression I have several times used—"the music of the spheres"? May there not be a blending of the chords of sound and light vibrations into one grand symphony of harmony, coming up from the different worlds of space to the perception of a being sufficiently unfolded to simultaneously translate or transmute one into the other, and thus drink in the combined essence of both? In this light, I am inclined to question whether, in the higher or spiritual state, our at-present-organized senses may not become merged into one grand, all-comprehending vehicle and receiver—that of universal perception.

As the different classes of physical phenomena may be inter-communicable, so, it will probably be found, are the physical and the spiritual phenomena, more or less, inter-communicable. As, for instance, the shadows I see, with closed lids, of physical objects, and also, as I have sometimes thought, of spiritual objects, produced in the same way—by an impression made upon the retina of the eye. Some clairvoyants say they see with their eyes shut, and others say they seem to see through their foreheads; and some one has said that the seat of eternal vision is the nervous tissue of the brain immediately above and surrounding the eyeballs; and Dr. Buchanan claims that the external region of the faculty of intuition has its forward pole just a little above and

about midway between the eyebrows. Of course, it is the spirit that perceives, but it generally perceives through recognized channels, and those channels give character to the perceptions. The interior spiritual principle of the universe which operates the key to all phenomena, and which key I have suggested may be the vibration theory, differentiates itself into the various methods of interpretation, our special organs, being special interpreters of this principle; and to us it is interpreted into the different dialects of color, music, fragrance, etc., according to the organ of transmission.

As a further illustration of the intimate relationship existing between physical and spiritual phenomena, take spirit photographs. Taken in the same way—apparently by the same photographer, and the same apparatus, as those taken from the physical form, whereby it seems that the vibrations of light print upon the photographer's plate the picture of a form too ethereal for the ordinary unassisted mortal eye to perceive. The Rev. H. R. Haweis, of London, in an article published in the "Illustrated Review," upon "Spirit Photographs," says: "May not a surface more chemically sensitive than the human retina be able to receive impressions of things really objective, but to us invisible? Certainly. It has been done and is daily done by astronomers; De La Rue and Huggins, by dry-plate long exposure, have photographed thousands of stars, whose light no telescope, however powerful, has been able to reveal to the human eye."

So, then, forms in our atmosphere whose vibrations harmonize so perfectly with the vibrations of light itself, that they become perfectly transparent to the general physical eye, and hence invisible—just as the more perfectly clear and transparent is the glass, the less we perceive of the glass itself, and the more we see of the light that streams through it, and the picture of the landscape which it brings with it—so, these forms that are so perfectly transparent to us, that they do not hinder, in the least degree, the light that we see, may yet be able to cast their shadow upon the more chemically-sensitive photographic plate. "For a moment," he refers to these vibrations which produce the phenomena of sound, heat and light. As before stated, the ear is said to be sensitive to vibrations of ether reaching to 32,000 in a second. Between 38,000 in a second and 470 millions of millions, these vibrations, it is claimed, produce in us only the sensation of heat. But I claim that heat vibrations may become, in a measure, visible. Who has not sometimes seen the quivering of the air over a hot stove; over the waving grain-field, or the golden stubble, on a hot summer's day; or particularly over the hot sands of a desert? I particularly noticed this phenomenon on the Mojave desert, and almost fancied I saw the rudiments of a mirage in the quivering of the heat on the distant borders of what was called Dry Lake.

And, by the way, what about mirages, anyway? The wayward, dreamland pictures of the desert. Has it never occurred to you that they may belong quite as much to another world as to this? I have sometimes thought so. True, it is said that "the mirage has been proven by scientists to be produced by air strata of different heat overlying each other and causing the rays of light striking on some particular spot to be broken and sent back to earth again, thereby enabling a place or object which the ray first touched to become visible at the place at which it was finally directed." If this be strictly true, it only proves that I have been saying about light carrying pictures with it. In this case, the picture is refracted, and sent out of its direct course, and so made to reflect itself upon another portion of the earth. But this explanation will hardly account for the wonderful Alaskan mirage, of which there was a good deal of news a year or more ago. A Professor Willoughby exhibited a photograph of this mirage which he had himself taken, and which he named "The Silent City." He was inclined to think, so it was said, that it belonged within the confines of another world. The same mirage was seen and testified to by others who names were given, and who deposed that at the time they saw it they had never heard of what Professor Willoughby called "The Silent City," and knew nothing of his having photographed it. The mirage appeared to be that of a city of extensive proportions, and it was said that "scientists were unable to locate any city of which this might be a reflection, near enough to the Alaskan coast not to be entirely shut off by the curvature of the earth."

But, to refer back to the received scientific theory of mirages generally, you will see that, according to it, heat has something to do with them—strata of air differently heated, creating a mirage, or, as the mist of a foggy morning envelopes the more distant landscape, but ever recedes upon our near approach. We are like pianos of greater or less range of octaves. Some pianos have but few octaves, and consequently their range of musical expression is limited. Other larger instruments have a greater number of octaves, and hence a greater musical range. Musical compositions that could be played on the larger instrument would be curtailed on the smaller one—the notes would run over and find no answering keys upon which to register their vibrations. So it is with our perceptions of the universe. A portion of the vibrations by which our perceptions are made to respond in recognition of that universe, run over the capacity of our senses to perceive, and strike the keys beyond our sight and hearing. But all

the time, the human piano, considering the race in the aggregate, is taking on more and more octaves—is acquiring more and more power to push out into the beyond, and perceive and respond to the vibrations of this great universe, of which we are a portion. Indeed, we have been assured from the spirit side that the time will come when "there will appear upon this planet a human race whose senses will be so delicately unfolded that they will be able to recognize and understand those vibrations which at present elude us. When it does arrive, there will be no need of mediums, for all mortals will be able to see and know and communicate with spirits, and also to perceive the spiritual world and its atmosphere." Then, indeed, will there be scarcely a dividing line—at least, the "thin veil" will be hung much further away on the horizon which shall bound our perceptions, to recede again and again, as we unfold more and more, and climb higher and higher on our way toward infinite perfection.

We have learned to know that there is such a thing as mind-reading on the physical plane, in the sensorium of the brain, sent out by one brain are capable of reaching to and producing similar thought-vibrations in another brain. We know that what the modern scientific sayants call hypnotism is true, that one mind may control or direct the operations of another mind, may voice the sentiments of the one through the organism of the other, or produce mental pictures of persons or places, or imaginary scenes, in the sensorium of the other; causes that either to suffer or cease to suffer; to shiver with the cold, or perspire with the heat, and so on, at the will of the operator. There are even indications suggesting the theory that thought vibrations, acted upon by a powerful mesmeric influence, may produce more than a momentary picture, although only visible to the mesmerized subject. As, for instance, the Rev. H. A. Tatum, in experimenting with a mesmeric influence, I desire to speak of a recent experiment in which, if it is true, there must have been a combination of thought vibrations with light vibrations in producing the given result. Dr. Tatum, a hypnotist of Paris, had a subject in whose hand he could place a paste-board, and by telling her it was a mirror, she would see and recognize whatever was placed behind her head in such a position as to cast their reflections upon the supposed glass of the mirror. The faces of her friends, ink-marks that had been placed without her knowledge upon her own face, were all alike seen and recognized in the supposed mirror which suggestion told her she held in her hand. And that it was not always the mental suggestion of the operator that produced the picture was shown by the fact that she would sometimes nod at the supposed glass, and call by name some friend who had been seated in the field of vision (from the glass) behind her.

If mind can thus influence mind on the earth-plane, is it impossible to suppose that, under certain conditions, disembodied minds can also reach and influence the minds of those who are still in the body. Thought, in any case, must become disembodied before it reaches the subject. So disembodied minds may voice their sentiments through the organism of embodied minds, or cause those minds to see pictures of persons or places, or imaginary scenes, that could be played on the physical plane, and by none more than the most ignorant. This, then, is the secret of our power in healing. So we are not only sought for our agreeable, uplifting companionship, but we make ourselves a blessing to humanity. Who, then, shall say I am not my brother's keeper? for it can readily be seen that we are to a certain extent keepers of one another, and we are also responsible for each other, parent for child, brother for brother, neighbor for neighbor, friend for friend, and in fact, for all humanity, for we are links in the whole chain of life's problem and one cannot become disarranged without affecting the whole.

Drop a pebble in a smooth, glassy pool of water; watch the little eddies as they broaden and widen on its surface until the whole pool is affected; just so do our lives affect the whole community in which we live, either for good or ill, just as we will. Who that has stood before an audience has not noticed in the anxious, upturned faces before him all the different grades of thought of which the mind can conceive; the spirit-blighting effects of inferior and degrading thought; the uplifting, peaceful and joy-giving thought; the careworn and sorrowful thoughts that have been indulged in under the burden of a life of struggle; the thoughts that are linked to correspond with the quality of thought in each, as easy to be read and understood, and in some pitiful to behold, all anxious and eager for one idea to be expressed by which they shall be comforted or led to know and understand better the problem of life; something that shall fit his or her particular case.

Did you ever think, dear public teacher, what a responsibility rests upon your shoulders when you look upon the hungry upturned faces assembled before you? Is there not room for unbounded charity toward our fellow-men, and shall we condemn? Ah, no! If, by chance we are more happily constituted, or by accident of birth are wiser or more capable of reasoning from cause to effect, we should not withhold our talents; be they one or many, but try to teach the benighted and help to uplift them to a better understanding of self; that life may be made easier for them beyond our sight and hearing. But all

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THOUGHTS! THOUGHTS!

As a Man Thinketh, So Is He.

The Uplifting Influences of Right Thinking.

As a man thinketh, so is he. This is what the Book tells us, and how true the statement. If a man thinks evil thoughts, he will express them, and not only express them, but they will show forth in every movement of his face, and if you are a sensitive you will feel his condition whenever you come into his presence. If his thoughts are of a high order and aspiring, you will quickly understand it, and will be put at your ease at once, while the former condition will make you feel uneasy and restless in his presence; a feeling of repulsion will come over you to a greater or lesser extent according to the quality of his thought. Does not this go to prove that we are an expressed thought, all thought from mind through the outer expression, which is the material body, and that soul and body are not distinctive, separate and independent of each other, but different grades of the one substance, which is mind. This, then, shows us how necessary it is that we cultivate only good, loving, kind, charitable and generous thoughts, that they may show forth in us to the advantage of our brother man and a blessing to ourselves as well.

I hear people sometimes remark, so-called Spiritualists as well as others: "This old body is the house I live in; when it is worn out and I have done with it I do not care what becomes of it," little knowing or understanding that the body is mind in a crude state, as it were, which has only to be understood in order to be perfected, even to that condition that shall have no power over it. What a glorious thought! What a delightful contemplation that we may learn to make of ourselves just what we will. This condition of things cannot be accomplished in a day or a year, but by a gradual process of growth and development.

Through perseverance we may become just what we will to be, and as we grow in strength and beauty of thought we show forth a power that is felt by all with whom we come in contact, and by none more than the most ignorant. This, then, is the secret of our power in healing. So we are not only sought for our agreeable, uplifting companionship, but we make ourselves a blessing to humanity. Who, then, shall say I am not my brother's keeper? for it can readily be seen that we are to a certain extent keepers of one another, and we are also responsible for each other, parent for child, brother for brother, neighbor for neighbor, friend for friend, and in fact, for all humanity, for we are links in the whole chain of life's problem and one cannot become disarranged without affecting the whole.

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SCINTILLATING IDEAS.

The Gospel of the Soul's Faculties.

The Saving Power of the Christ.

BY JOHN RUTHERFORD, ROYAL-BY-THE-SEA, ENGLAND.

In the long run, the healthy perception of good eyes will outvote the discoloring effects of all ophthalmic epidemics, how obstinate and wide-spread they may be. And the moral vision of mankind will no less vindicate its natural rights, by returning again and again into clear discernments and settled admirations, and discharging the illusory forms and false tints of each separate age. To deny the ethical competency of the mind for this office—to say that there is no power given for deciding what, among the claimants on reverence, is really noble, true and good—is, with all its pietistic pretenses, an act of the profoundest skepticism, washing away as a quicksand the only rock on which any faith can be built. It is to treat the durable source of truth as evanescent and uncertain, and shut out the possibility of all religion. On the other hand, to set up and idolize the life and thought of any one time as an unquestionable rule for all times, and stereotype it for unmodified reproduction, is to treat the evanescent as the durable, and build on whatever stands above water, heedless whether it be the quicksand or the rock.—Dr. James Martineau.

The narrative of the New Testament, touching but strange as the story of one individual, is sublime when read as the legend of humanity, the history of the moral nature in all individuals, the history of the human quality, the saving quality, in all mankind. "Every man the right comes upmost!" That confidence has its root in a faith which rests serenely on the constitution of human nature and assumes a principle of perpetual renovation working at the core of things; a faith that stills the troubled sea of existence and causes doubt, fear, sorrow, and the agony of disbelief, to vanish like the evanescent waves in the depths of eternity and the immensity of God.—Octavius B. Frothingham.

"No soul so cast down, so vile,
It may not stoop to the heaven of heavens aspires."
—Lewis Morris.

The question of the soul's faculties has always been one of fascinating interest. As no two blades of grass are alike, so no two souls exactly resemble each other in the development of their social, mental, moral and intellectual powers. The differences, however, are merely in degree; they are superficial, not absolute. And in every soul there is a center of unity—the root faculty which we call it—from which all our physical energies radiate. It is the study of this center—the God within—that convinces of the essential integrity of the human soul; of its power to rise superior to death; of its endless resources of life. "When a man thinks from the ideas or essential principles of which the higher consciousness is compounded, then will his thoughts, unlike those of the animal, identify themselves with the unselfish, the impersonal, the sublime, absolute, infinite and eternal."

This "higher consciousness" forms, as already indicated, the radical faculty; it is most interior, but its branches, of course, are "exterior"—pertain to the "spiritual body" and to the brain. The branchial faculties, so far as true religious views are concerned, unhappily too often bear only "dead sea fruit,"—surface opinions and dogmas, which have no affinity with the innermost principle. Such opinions and dogmas are imposed from without by hypnotic and other influences. Churches, colleges and "controls" give mere mesmeric baths for charging the branchial, and aid only in a very moderate degree to true culture or manifestation of the interior spirit. The impartation, however, of true spiritual knowledge causes the inward divinity to react and work harmoniously with the branchial or external faculties and organs.

Phrenology shows when particular powers are in excess or when deficient, or when in balanced strength. Every individual starts life with a development peculiar to himself. This bias is got from parents. Shakespeare well understood this law of hereditary force, and has made Caliban—"the lying slave whom stripes move, not kindness,"—the offspring of a nature, Syracus—of low moral and intellectual organism. Yet Shakespeare indicates that even Caliban has the saving power within him, as is evident by his readiness to worship a being whom he imagines to be his superior.

Clearly, there is no mystery as to how excess or deficiency of the branchial elements arise. Suppose an individual neglects his true culture and exercises completely acquisitiveness, secretiveness, and the animal propensities generally. It is certain then, that thereby increase in strength, and that what they gain may very probably cause a corresponding diminution of the moral energies. We cannot expect in such a case the offspring to be endowed with very ethereal temperaments; and the lower forces, unless counteracted by high educational and other influences, are decidedly apt, in a critical moment, to give "the casting vote." Now the parent in question may amass material wealth, but his services, when weighed in the balance, are of doubtful value to

his kind. For by too exclusively engrossing himself in the selfish sphere, he has neglected to modify his branchial faculties in harmony with the divine center within.

Thus Spiritualist psychology carries with it social reform and justice to the toiling masses. And thereby it has the impress of a perfect science. For science is not a mere classification of facts. If it were so then every separate, isolated mass of facts would form an isolated study, and the laws of the one would throw no light upon—because they have no connection with—the laws of the other.

All science is based upon universal principles of reason. From numbers and geometry upwards, it only clears its way by penetrating the facts which it investigates with rational laws; neither is any sphere of truth finally conquered until we can obtain such an expression of it that the human intellect can interpret every phenomenon as the direct result of some general principle which is as true in thought as it is operative in nature.

Now the idea of the "Divine Inmost," the "Inner Light," the "Universal Christ," constitutes the fundamental principle in spiritual philosophy which enjoins that all the inequalities and deficiencies are merely relative, and bound ultimately to vanish as the soul gains in expression or outward manifestation. It is this great and sublime principle which is calculated to form conduct of a noble and beautiful type. It breaks the tyranny of organization. It exalts the spirit, and thereby sets the seal on moral grandeur. It glorifies human nature, dignifies human life, and sanctifies the experience of the human lot. It allows endless opportunity for the harmonization and vindication of character. With Robert Browning we say—

There shall never be one lost good!
What was shall live as before

The evil is null—is naught—is silence
Implying sound.

What was shall be good, with for
evil, so much good more;

On the earths the broken arcs, in the
heaven a perfect round.

The branchial faculties of the people are not yet developed to properly represent the moral and spiritual attributes of the Christ. The "New Dispensation," therefore, calls for a new plan of education which shall appeal to their interior spiritual capacity. Mr. H. T. Tuttle, in his magnificent work, "The Ethics of Science," says: "Gratification of physical desires should only reach that point where they conduce to our spiritual welfare. Our progress dates at the beginning of being. The physical body is an incident of earth life, which will be cast aside at death. Its use and purpose is to bring the spirit in contact with the physical world for its development. While this earth-side of our nature is of primal consequence, it shrinks into utter insignificance compared with the infinite life beyond. It should be conducted in strict reference to future wellbeing and happiness, and the pleasures of the moment yield to those of the future; the mortal to the immortal."

The spiritual philosophy thus holds up a high standard of excellence. It is the perfection of the spiritual organism, so that it may be a fitting medium for the inward primal essence—the Universal Christ. Truth can only be evolved by this perfection or "at-one-ment" of the spirit with its instrument. Absolute truth, then, if we may be allowed the expression at all, is simply the ideal after which we are to strive, and the love of which is to form our great incentive to unvaried intellectual and spiritual unfoldment. All the sciences are partial revelations of a great whole. The portions that are conquered by the human reason may be perfectly valid, indeed, as far as they reach, and capable of a perfect practical application, but they are still intellectually incomplete; the whole cannot be known, for only in the mind of the Supreme. Thus human knowledge, though never really absolute, yet is, strictly speaking, illimitable. With this motto reason can never rest, but add triumph to triumph in the sphere of discovery, and evolve more and more the Word of God.

Eden, with its angels bold,
Love and flowers, and coolest sea,
Is not ancient story told.
But a golden prophesy.—Emerson.

But the "Eden days" must combine the pursuit of truth with its application to the welfare of humanity. There will not only be work provided for the intellect throughout eternity, but also for the Christ within us. It was Wesley who taught that mankind are missionaries to each other. Both here and hereafter we shall have to look continually after the brethren who have fallen by the way. For

He that shuts out love, in turn shall be
Shut out from love, and on her threshold
Howling in outer darkness.

Alphonso is said to be German, meaning ready one. The name has been more popular in Spain than in Germany. Nicholas is a Greek name, meaning victorious over the people. It was frequently chosen by very elect-popes. Martha, the Hebrew name, signifies bitterness, and some authorities assign the same meaning to the word Mary. Letitia was a very common name among the Romans. It means gladness. Samuel was always a favorite name among the Jews, and means the heart of God. Lavinia, a name of Latin, means a feminine native of Latium.

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BY EMMA MINER,
Author of "Bars and Thresholds," "Led,"
and other stories.

CHAPTER IV.

Shadows on the Wall.

Mrs. Andrus, Alma, and Mr. Emmons stood apart and wondered, that while the others accepted truths which fell from her lips which were a revelation from the spirit-world and their friends there, they could not, or did not, discern the real character of the woman lying beneath it all.

"We must wait patiently," said Mrs. Andrus. "Water will find its level, and she will find hers some day."

"But," said Mr. Emmons, "can you explain to me why spirits will communicate through people who will pervert their mediumship, and use those gifts dishonestly?"

"I'm sure I don't know; but I look at it in this way. I suppose all our spirit friends are anxious to reach us, and, of course, they will take any or every means to do so. If we were in a foreign country, and had only one opportunity of sending a message home, I don't suppose we would stop to inquire into the moral character or standing of the one messenger at hand. We would send the message at any rate."

"Yes; I see what you mean," replied Mr. Emmons. "For instance, several people in this house might never have visited a medium, but as one is among us, we have received strange messages, and so have had the matter brought to our notice in such a way we shall not be likely to forget it, and may continue the investigation."

There was a little pause, during which Mrs. Andrus continued her sewing, and Mr. Emmons appeared to be reading his paper; but evidently his mind was not intent upon its news, for he soon resumed the conversation.

"When wrong things are done or said, do you believe they are done or said by evil spirits, Mrs. Andrus?"

"Not always," she replied. "I think in many instances things are said which prove to be a mistake on the part of a spirit. I suppose some of them are lacking in judgment as well as we mortals. It is well to continue to investigate with each purported intelligence until we can prove something of their competency to judge. Then, again, a medium may judge hurriedly of what a spirit says, and not analyze it correctly, and then give forth their own impressions instead of what the spirit intended; so, in reality, it would be their own conclusion. It may be that there are spirits who, willfully, and out of revenge, would use a medium to get one into trouble, but I never happened to hear of a case. I don't like to charge upon the spirit-world acts which don't belong to them. I cannot help feeling it must be more of carelessness on the part of a medium."

"What do you think about it in the case of your house transaction? You say she described your husband, whom she had never seen?"

"I think she really saw my husband's spirit—her description was so good; but I don't think he advised the sale. When I found she and her brother had been quietly making inquiries about the place, I couldn't help thinking that advice was an expression of her own consciousness, evolved of a desire to help her brother get it at his own price, when she knew he could not pay for it, and that his note was worthless; and I think she knew just what she was saying and doing, too. It was her own spirit's work. That is where she was dishonest. She took advantage of her powers of mediumship to gain my attention, and then used my credulity to accomplish her purpose."

"What puzzles me is to learn how we are to be able to judge in such matters, when the medium seems to have such powers. Where are we going to draw the lines between her good faith and falsehood?" said Mr. Emmons.

"I have, sometimes, impressions about it, but I am always afraid of being unjust to someone when I think they are not to be trusted," said Mrs. Andrus.

"I always follow it out if I have it," said Mr. Emmons. "I never saw the time yet that I had cause to change my mind."

"In that I am deficient," said Mrs. Andrus. "Confidentially, I did not like Mrs. Echo the first time I saw her, although she is in appearance a handsome woman. Something told me she could not be trusted to do right, not even as nearly right as she knew how. The same feeling came over me about Mr. Ledyard. I liked you and Alma from the first."

Mrs. Andrus was prevented from replying by the entrance of Mrs. Adams. She was looking troubled and perplexed.

ahead and make a fuss over it if you want to. When the time comes, I shall maintain my case; and that is all he would say. I believe Alma to be innocent, but what can I do? Some of my lodgers say they will leave if I keep her, so here the matter rests?"

Mrs. Andrus could hardly speak for her distress. Making an effort to control herself, she said:

"Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Ames, who sent us here, might be able to say something to you which would help settle this matter. Will you go to see her?"

"Yes, I will go now," and she pulled on her gloves again and started for Druid street. Mr. Emmons rose and paced the floor. Then, standing before Mrs. Andrus, he said:

"Mrs. Andrus, I promise you I will not rest until I have proven Mr. Vane a rascal who has made a false accusation. She shall be cleared from this shameful mystery and trouble. If you must leave this house, I shall go also, and I will not leave you alone, nor leave you until you are comfortably settled in some other place. Let me be as your son for a little while—I have no other mother."

Tears ran down Mrs. Andrus' cheeks at this kind expression of sympathy.

Alma came in at that moment, and found them thus. She looked wonderingly at Mr. Emmons, who passed quietly from the room. In due time, Mrs. Adams returned from Druid street. She had found Mrs. Ames, and had gained a new idea concerning the matter. She now believed Mr. Vane had been false and treacherous, and she resolved to shield Alma at any cost.

Calling her large family together that night she said calmly, but kindly:

"I have been making inquiries into this rumor concerning Alma Andrus; Mr. Vane does not make me satisfactory statements. His sister, Mrs. Ames, tells me he is a bad man, and would not hesitate to injure her out of revenge. I have decided to keep her, and we will trust that all may come right. As she has not injured anyone in my house, I do not feel that anyone is called upon to protest against my decision."

This straightforward speech settled the question for the time. Nobody decided to leave, and for a time the trouble seemed averted.

This was not at all what Mrs. Echo wished. She would not leave, for at that time she had special reasons for desiring to remain in the vicinity, and the house suited her purpose.

She returned to her room to meditate upon the present development of the case, and to plan what she could do.

Mr. Ledyard returned to meditate upon the same. Mrs. Echo dreamed, and Mr. Ledyard smoked; each, unconscious of the other's thought or motive, wove a tangled web of treachery and deception, which ultimately might succeed in driving Alma from the house under suspicion.

Yet who shall say the thought of one did not reach the other by some mysterious avenue and light the fires of impression, and deepen and strengthen the influences produced by them?

CHAPTER V.

A Friend in Need.

For days Mr. Ledyard plotted and watched. By constant vigilance and sly management, he managed to take from two of the counters at Marcella's two articles which could be identified as the property of the firm. He carried them to his room, and secreted them in his trunk, meaning to use them against Alma as soon as he could have opportunity.

Two days after this, Mrs. Andrus and Alma went to call upon Mrs. Mills, and together they held a seance which was remarkable in its nature.

She said to Alma: "I see a tall, light-complexioned young man. He is living. I see him holding in his hand two objects; one is dark; the other is something light. Should think the dark object was a purse, or something which looks very much like it."

"He puts these in a trunk and covers them up. He looks evil and ugly, and the evil is meant for you, Alma."

"Isn't the young man a spirit?" asked Alma.

"No. He is too much alive for your good. He must come very closely into your present surroundings."

Alma wondered if it could be Mr. Ledyard, as it was something like his personal appearance, but she said nothing.

"This man, I repeat, wants to do you an injury. He is a snake in the grass. Look out for him."

"But what can I do?" asked Alma anxiously.

"I don't know just yet; only there is one thing I wish you would do—tell the lady where you live what I have said. It will serve you later on."

"Very well, I will do as you advise. What else?"

"You will need to prepare yourself for a great struggle and trouble. It will come all

right in the end, but the trouble comes first. There is a man coming into the matter whom you have never seen. He seems to be far away now. He is an elderly man, dark, and of fine appearance, and wealthy, too. He will be of great help to you and your mother just when you need him most. I should say he is across large water now."

Mother and daughter looked at each other wonderingly. They did not remember of knowing anyone.

"And there is a dark young man who is going to prove a good and constant friend through it all. You have seen him lately. It looks as if you were in the habit of seeing him daily."

Alma blushed consciously. She thought it might be Mr. Emmons.

"I think in two weeks or now you will want to come again; perhaps a little less. It seems as if I must give you a caution. During this two weeks, be very careful that no one except yourselves enter your rooms. There is going to be trouble about it in some way. Don't let anyone go in to be alone there a moment."

"I will remember your warning," said Mrs. Andrus; and they left Mrs. Mills with their minds full of the mystery of her warning.

Upon their return, Mrs. Andrus called Mrs. Adams to her room, and related the conversation which had passed between them.

"I am glad you have told me. I shall know better what to think if anything should happen. I would like to send Mr. Ledyard away, but he would still work his bad ways. If he remains here, I can watch him a little more closely. I just wish I had a good excuse for looking into his trunk, but, of course, that isn't to be thought of. I really feel as if some new mischief might be afoot."

A week later, Mr. Ledyard went into Mrs. Adams' office to pay his weekly dues. Several others had been there before him, and a little pile of bills were lying on her desk. He took his receipt, passed out into the hall, and stepped out on the sidewalk.

Alma stood in the hall, dusting the hall-stand. She apparently took no notice of him as he brushed insolently past her on his way out.

At that moment there was a great outcry in the street. Somebody had met with an accident. Mrs. Adams went to the door hastily to offer assistance, followed by Alma, who stood looking over Mrs. Adams' shoulder.

Neither of them particularly noticed Mr. Ledyard in the excitement of the moment. He entered quickly and, noiselessly, went as quickly into the office, took the bills and rushed upstairs with them.

He tried the door of Alma's room, but it was locked. Then he tried the door of Mrs. Andrus' room. This was not fastened. She had come down so hurriedly to assist about the accident, she had forgotten to fasten the door.

He entered hastily, passed through the room into Alma's, which opened from Mrs. Andrus' room. With the expression of a fiend upon his face, he thrust the money into one of the bureau drawers.

Then he hastened to his own room, meaning to get the two articles he had brought from the store and secreted there, to place them with the bills.

He had thrust them into his coat pocket, but had not had time to reach Alma's room with them, when he heard footstep.

He waited a moment, peering cautiously around a corner of the hallway. He saw Mrs. Echo just coming from Mrs. Andrus' room, with an expression on her face which was both revengeful and exultant.

Although she was his friend and ally so far as Alma was concerned, he did not care to have her know what he had done.

Mrs. Echo passed into her own room. Before he could again get opportunity to reach Alma's room Mrs. Adams came upstairs, and he felt it would be safest to abandon his purpose for that time.

He was disappointed, angrily so. After waiting a few moments, in his own room, he went out, meanwhile wondering what mischief Mrs. Echo had been doing in Mrs. Andrus' room.

Soon after, Mrs. Adams returned to her office and missed the money. She tried to think. There was no one near there at the time except Alma. Bridget was out on an errand. Ellen, the cook, was still busy with her kettles and pans. Phoebe, the chambermaid, was lying in bed, ill with a sore throat. Mrs. Andrus had assisted her, and could not have been in the office. All the lodgers were out, excepting, perhaps, Mrs. Echo.

Mrs. Adams, perplexed, was still wondering, when Mrs. Echo came in hurriedly and in great excitement.

"I've been robbed!" she exclaimed. "I've been robbed! My purse is gone, and an old watch which used to belong to my mother. It was in a box, and it has been taken from my bureau drawer. The drawer was locked, too!"

Mrs. Adams could hardly comprehend it. She said nothing at that time of her own loss. She felt a quick impression not to do so. She waited a moment to collect her thoughts.

"Has it been long since you missed it?" she inquired as calmly as she could.

"I am sure the purse must have been taken this morning. It was lying on my bureau. I don't know when the watch was taken. I have not looked at it lately."

"Could it be possible that someone entered while I was on the steps when that man was hurt in the street?"

"I don't think anyone came in. In fact, I know no stranger came in, for I was looking down from the head of the stairs all the time. I am positive I should have seen a stranger."

As Mrs. Adams had not looked behind her, or on the stairs at that time, she could not say that Mrs. Echo had not been there. She really doubted that a stranger had entered.

"Now, Mrs. Adams, you are a good, easy soul," said Mrs. Echo, with a gathering frown, "but we lodgers have our rights, and I insist upon a thorough search immediately. Don't give the thief time to make way with

the purse and watch, but search now. I insist upon calling an officer!"

Alma stood near, and heard the exciting conversation. She stood with a mute surprise, her soft silk duster trailing from her little thin hands.

It was just after the supper hour, and many of the lodgers were about the halls and stairways. With one accord they began to demand that a search should be begun at once. Mrs. Echo had already sent for an officer, and Mrs. Adams, feeling herself quite helpless, was compelled to allow a search to be made. She had no positive objection to the search, but she felt a strong impression of some unexpected and impending trouble.

The boarders, lodgers and servants were all collected in the large parlor, and an officer remained with them. Mrs. Adams accompanied another officer in his search, each lodger surrendering his or her keys in turn as demanded by the officer.

No purse or watch claimed by Mrs. Echo were found until they reached Alma's room; and there, in a drawer of Alma's bureau, were found the purse, watch and a large roll of bills.

When Mrs. Adams saw the bills she nearly fainted. She asked the officer to count them. There was just the amount taken from her desk a little while before.

"Did you lose the money, ma'am?" inquired the quick-eyed officer.

Mrs. Adams bowed her head affirmatively.

"Is the number all right now?"

Another slight inclination of her head.

"Well, I guess I'll just take care of it for a spell," he replied.

"I don't want to prosecute," she answered, faintly.

"All right. Perhaps you needn't, but I'll keep it for a while. May be 'taint yours, you know."

Mrs. Adams made no remonstrance.

"Now, whose room is this?"

"Alma Andrus' room," replied Mrs. Adams, reluctantly.

"Who is she? Any of your relations?"

"No; she is here to assist me."

"Oh; no offense, ma'am. I thought you looked pretty well cut up over it."

"Oh, I cannot believe she did it!" groaned Mrs. Adams.

"All the same I must look it up."

When the officer and Mrs. Adams returned to the parlor, and the assembled company saw her pale face, they knew something dreadful had happened. A sudden silence fell upon them. The officer advanced quietly to the corner where Mrs. Andrus and Alma were standing.

"You must come with me," he said, placing his hand on Alma's shoulder.

Mother and daughter gave one frightened look into the face of the officer; another quick, despairing glance into each other's faces, and both fainted, and would have fallen but for the outstretched arms of the officer and Mr. Emmons. One of the officers went to the police station for a conveyance, which, as soon as it arrived, carried away the nearly lifeless form of the nearly insane Alma.

Mrs. Adams approached the bewildered Mrs. Andrus, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, exclaimed:

"I shall never believe Alma did it—never! Not for a dozen officers or an hundred Mrs. Echo's! And if I can help you, you poor woman, I will!" It was with these comforting words she assisted Mrs. Andrus to her room.

Returning to the parlor, Mrs. Adams pleaded with Mrs. Echo not to prosecute Alma, but she was implacable.

"I guess Vane was about right, after all," said Mr. Ledyard, turning away with a sneer upon his face.

Mrs. Adams left the parlor, sick at heart, and passed into her office.

Mr. Emmons had followed the unfortunate girl as she was driven away to the station. He did what he could to relieve her from her immediate embarrassment; learned that she was comfortably placed, and sorrowfully left her.

It was Saturday evening, and he tried to console himself with the thought that nothing could be done before Monday, and perhaps before that time something could be done in Alma's favor.

During the excitement of the evening, Mr. Ledyard took advantage of an opportunity to enter Alma's room from the hall, and hurriedly thrust the purse and handkerchief in the drawer which had been lying in his trunk waiting for this evil purpose, conjecturing rightly that Mrs. Adams would be likely to search herself to see if there were any other tokens of Alma's guilt, beyond what was claimed by Mrs. Echo.

As soon as Mrs. Andrus was sufficiently recovered, she, with Mrs. Adams, began to turn over and take out the clothing. Mrs. Adams found the purse and handkerchief to which was attached the tag of the Marcella firm.

"How strange! I never knew that Alma had these!" exclaimed Mrs. Andrus.

"It's strange we did not find that purse when the officer was searching," said Mrs. Adams. "It seemed to be lying right on top; it was almost the first thing I saw when we opened the drawer."

"It looks new, as if it had never been used," said Mrs. Andrus, turning it over reflectively in her hand. "Oh! what a mystery! Will it ever, ever be made clear?" and she sank into a chair sobbing.

Mrs. Adams was obliged to leave her still weeping, and returned to her office. She found Mr. Emmons sitting there, awaiting her.

"I am positive that Mr. Ledyard is in some way connected with this dreadful affair," he said, while his indignation struggled with his despair.

"Yes, and Mrs. Echo, also, I think," said Mrs. Adams.

"Very likely. He looked at her with a minute inquiry."

"Why don't I send them away?" she said, interpreting his gaze. "Because I want to

watch them, now. I can do it better here than if they were away. I shall not resort to any dishonorable means, but I believe they will yet be convicted on account of some of their own acts, and in the midst of their humiliation which they will bring upon themselves, Alma and her mother will be cleared and justified. Now, you see if I do not prove a true prophet!"

"Amen!" fervently ejaculated Mr. Emmons.

"I know I can depend on you for help," she continued.

"Yes, Mrs. Adams, I will hold myself ready for your service."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT A HELPING HAND

The Progressive Thinker Proved to Be to Lucy Myers.

Letter from Emma Rood Tuttle.

Dear readers, you will remember, perhaps, a pathetic story about some old workers in Spiritualism; how sickness and hard times had overtaken them, and they were forced to leave their dear old homestead for a little room in a depot because it was cheap.

Mr. Francis kindly allowed me to tell their story and to offer Miss Myers' services as psychometric reader, hoping she might earn bread as well as spread the truth.

The hearts of a few people quickly responded, and she was given something to do which, she writes me, gave the relief. Among the first to respond was that well-known, erudite gentleman, A. E. Giles, Esq. Others were as ready, and Lucy Myers, of Waynesville, is on the way to helping herself and her invalid sister and brother.

She sent me a test which was very gratifying, because so unthought of and connected with the sweet long ago.

When I was a child and a maiden my father used to take a literary paper edited by that reformer, Jane G. Swisshelm. Frances D. Gage was one of her most valued contributors, and I had an unbounded admiration for "Aunt Fannie's" stories. I always longed to see her face to face. Years went by, I married Hudson Tuttle and had two little Turtles, one a three-year old and one a baby. Of course they anchored me at home. Mr. T. and I were invited to go to Kelley's Island to attend the dedication of a new hall, and among the speakers was to be Frances D. Gage. It was hard for me not to go, but I said to my sister Aggie, who was then in the flesh, and one of our household, "You shall go with Hudson and his mother and see Aunt Fanny. Tell me all how she impresses you; I know you will enjoy it. I must bide at home with the wee ones." So she went, had a nice visit with my heroine, and came back bringing her love to me and regrets that I could not have come.

Long ago my darling sister went to heaven. Years after that Frances D. Gage left her earth work for a new field up higher. These incidents had not been in my mind for years, when I got a letter from Lucy Myers said: "Frances D. Gage is here, and with her a beautiful young lady who is nearer to you than a friend. She turns her head that you may recognize her lovely brown hair, dressed in a style known as a 'water-fall.' So she must have lived on earth many years ago. They both send love to you." Lucy Myers is personally a stranger to me—I did not know that I had ever thought of Mrs. Gage, or, if she knew of my sister in heaven, could not have known how she looked. I was much pleased with the unique message.

But let me give you a glimpse of the medium.

She says: "I think you will like to know how we are getting along, so I write to tell you. I received a letter from Mr. Giles, in which he told me to open an inclosed envelope, and which I found contained two dollars. This did us much good. A deal of inspiration came from the quaint style and kind spirit of the good man, who, he says, lives with his little wife at the top of the hill. I have received letters from States wide apart, and these with communications and some gifts have enabled us to live very well so far. Just now there seems a cessation of these missives. I hope to get more of this to do, as the work is pleasant and interesting to me. I have received a good many return answers expressing satisfaction over the answers received."

"I must tell you that Dr. Dick (our pet dog) is well and growing contented in our small quarters. He is near by me on his little cot. My brother made him a little bedstead and he has a nice straw tick on it and a clean spread. When I get through writing he jumps about and is as delighted as if I had just returned from a journey. He liked the wagon and horses on the farm better than he does the cars. I have come to like the old locomotives as they scream along the way, even the puffing of the smokestacks. Our new friends are very kind and pleasant, greeting us with smiles every day. We find ample chance to do a little good for the cause as we jog along. Yours ever, LUCY MYERS."

Waynesville, Warren Co., Ohio.

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The eminent author and musician, Carlisle Peterslee, thus writes from Los Angeles, California: "I have carefully examined the Lyceum Guide, and congratulate you upon producing a work which in all respects seems to completely fill the manifold requirements of lyceum and society spiritual work. It will give me unqualified pleasure to urge upon the society of which I am president the importance of procuring a number of books."

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SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1894

The Milk in the Coconut.

It has been a great mystery to many to understand why the church of all schools repulsed the teaching of Spiritualism. The question of man's immortality has been called in question in all ages of the world, and it was supposed believers in a continued life would be the first to welcome the revelations. Instead, they were the first and the most violent opposers, and they have made constant warfare upon the system from the beginning. Argument, misrepresentation, violence, each in their turn have been employed to prove that there has been no return from the Spirit-world to reveal what is transpiring there.

The opposition has come mainly from the clergy. The layman has seen, or heard, and has been convinced, hence the wonderful acquisition to our numbers in all ranks of life. Not so, however, with the clergy. Few, indeed, have come from the clerical ranks. They fought its teachings from the beginning. They fight it now. They will continue to do so, and why?

The answer to this profound question is a simple one: There was no hell of endless tortures awaiting the believer in the new faith. There was no devil to be held responsible for man's wickedness, or to punish him for his crimes. There were no purgatorial fires, from which escape could be made by priestly prayers. The entire revenue of the church would be cut off without these powerful auxiliary aids to a good life. The priests, and their counterpart—the Protestant clergy, would find their occupation gone and their revenue would go with it. These poor men, educated for the pulpit, and unfitted by long years of preparation for any other field of usefulness, must necessarily cry up their old wars for the market, else they will remain dead stock on their hands. It is good of them to be so very anxious about human souls; but in spite of early education we can't forget the fable of the rat and her young. Excuse us, reader, it may be a case in point: Once there was an old rat, who had reared a large family, so runs the fable. She called her youthful progeny about her and told them in pathetic terms of the great love she bore them; but knowledge she was mortal, she had determined to withdraw from the busy scenes of life, and give her sole attention to preparation for the great change that awaited her. She exhorted her young in regard to their duties to each other, and to the world; then with many tears and assurances of abiding love, she bade them an affectionate farewell. The historian neglected to tell how her solemn admonitions were received by the young rats; but forbidding them to follow, the mother took her sorrowful leave of the world and its many cares. Weeks passed. The little rodents were skirmishing around for food to supply their necessities. Concealed at the back of a high shelf in a closet seldom visited they found a fragrant cheese. Availing themselves of a favorable opportunity, they visited it in a body. Seeking to find a good place for attack, so the owner should not discover they had been there, they found in its rear, close to the wall, a small opening, and proposed an ingress. But, lo! their maternal ancestor suddenly appeared and protested against their advances on her sacred retreat. Indeed, she chided them for following her, and was deaf to their piteous appeals to enter and embrace her. She even told them it was not for love of her they wished to come in but their greater love was centered in the CHEESE.

Were it not for the "cheese," we apprehend the purgatorial fires would be permitted to die out, the Devil would disappear, and, possibly, the preacher, now intent on soul-saving, would be in a condition to give honest consideration to the teachings of Spiritualism.

New York owns one-fourth of the commercial shipping of the United States.

Slaughtered for the Glory of God.

Who can fathom the inciting cause of all these assassinations of the heads of governments? The first great shock of the world, in modern times, was the murder of our own President Lincoln. His assassin proved to be a devotee of the church. His associates were all Catholics. President Garfield was murdered by a churchman. Whether he had accomplices in his bloody work it is probable the world will never know. Mayor Harrison was assassinated by a Catholic. The attempt to prove the murderer insane was merely a device to shift the responsibility of his crime. The recent assassination of President Carnot, of France, was the act of a Catholic, and he but the tool of a cabal, whose purpose it was to destroy the heads of all governments, probably a plan to make the papist head of the church supreme. President Arce, of Bolivia, and his predecessor in office, both liberals, were slaughtered by zealots of the church.

What passage of "Holy Scripture" these assassins quote in justification of their crimes we don't know, but Deuteronomy, 13:10, fully covers the case. In substance: "If thy brother, thy son, thy daughter, the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend who is as thine own soul, entice thee saying, 'Come with us, and let us serve other gods, which thou hast not known, nor thy father, thou shalt surely kill him.' Thy hand shall put him to death."

If such dear ones are to be slaughtered by direction of Infinite Wisdom, for teaching unbelief, how much more justly should the ruler of a people be assassinated, whose influence against the church is as broad as the empire over which he presides!

Our Sentiments.

The following resolution we find among those adopted by the Commercial Association, at Marseilles, Ill., on the 10th of July. Eliminate the foreign element, with its ignorance and intemperance and its anarchistic sentiment as well, from the body politic and there would be slight occasion for strikes, and none whatever for mobs and riot. The dangerous element of this country is the thoughtless foreign rabble, always ready with knife and fire brand for destructive action. If this great strike shall result in further legislation restricting the landing on our coasts of the criminal classes of Europe, possibly some good will grow out of the late contest professedly waged in the interest of labor. Here is the resolution:

"Resolved, That we denounce the action in the past of certain large operating companies in importing and encouraging the immigration of European pauper labor, thereby placing American labor in unfair competition and filling our land with dangerous and lawless ignorance, and we believe it to be the duty of the government to establish such restrictions as will prohibit the further immigration of foreign labor."

We make no war upon foreigners as such, but we do oppose the dumping on American soil of the pauper, the criminal, the anarchist, and the ignorant population of the overflowing hive of Europe, who mistake our republican government as a license for wrong, and violence.

Elementary Ideas.

If sun worship was not the beginning of all systems of religion, it falls little short of it. Animal, tree, sex and fetish worship made their appearance at an early day; but as knowledge advanced element worship took their place. Then the sun was God, the planets were lesser gods, the moon was a goddess, and all the forces of nature had worshippers. Man, believing himself the superior of all earthly intelligences, made God in his own image—a great, big man, with all of man's peculiar attributes and imperfections. Advancing knowledge absorbed the number of the gods, and finally converted him into a spirit, with a home everywhere, his personal, individual presence nowhere. Science seems to interpret him as the fixed and changeless Law, inherent in matter, calling worlds into being, and, under favorable circumstances, animating the minutest atom with life. Here are thoughts which may be elaborated into volumes, and still the subject would not be exhausted, because it is infinite.

The Bloody Hand of the Clergy.

Ex-President Arce, of Bolivia, South America, whose term of office expired a few months ago, was lately assassinated by the church party. Throughout his term of office he had been identified with the liberal element. He developed the mines, constructed railroads, advanced the material interests and prosperity of his people; but he wanted to divorce Church and State, religion and politics, and make his country one of the most prosperous in the southern continent. This was enough. He was murdered, as was his predecessor, also a liberal, a few months ago.

A Daisy.

A morning journal stated a great truth when it said: "The writer who can indite a timely newspaper article just now without offending anybody, is a daisy from Daisyville, Daisy county."

We hope we have not offended by an almost entire silence in regard to the strikers, though, fortunately, ours is not a newspaper.

A GREAT RECORD.

Given by the World's Fair Jury to the Price Baking Powder Company. Especial attention is called to the announcement of the Price Baking Powder Company on another page of this issue. There can be no question that in this standard of their goods, as their purity and intrinsic merit have been established beyond a shadow of doubt. The World's Fair record is one of which any company might well be proud. This advertisement will be read by at least 40,000 in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Dorcas is from the Greek, signifying a wild rose.

CHAPTER OF HINDOO MIRACLES. The Yogi and Occult Forces.

HE SAW THE SPHINX.

Bicyclist Thomas Stevens Has Learned the Secrets of the Yogis, and Has Mahatma Pictures.

Solving Mysteries with a Camera.

The Hindoo Miracles All They Are Claimed to be, but Western People Can Be Taught to Do These Things, Too.

TO THE EDITOR:—A brief allusion was made last week to the wonderful exploits of Bicyclist Stevens, and his full report, as presented by the *New York World*, will be read with great interest by every thinking mind. Mr. Stevens is an American, an explorer, widely known, and universally respected for his honesty and intelligence. Several of the miracles described in the Bible, he says, were performed in his presence. Mr. Stevens asserts that the astonishing feats of the Yogis are genuine. The fakirs he describes as imitators of the Yogis, and says they perform tricks by sleight-of-hand. The Yogis, however, of whom there are less than a dozen in the whole of India, have, says Mr. Stevens, control of some forces unknown to the Western world. He gained the confidence of one of these gentlemen in the territory of the Nizam of Hyderabad.

The Yogi suspended a man in the air, made a mango to grow from a seed to a full-fledged fruit in less than ten minutes and caused things to move about in apparent defiance of the laws of nature. Mr. Stevens took photographs of these remarkable performances, being the first man to bring the lens to work upon the mystery. He used an American camera with a six-plate, sixty-six photographs with which he has returned only deepen the mystery of the Indian miracles, as they prove that no trick was performed upon the eye-witnesses. Hitherto when an orchard has been made to rise out of the ground and bear fruit in the presence of a company of Europeans an explanation has been that the eye-witnesses were all mesmerized.

Mr. Stevens says he could have photographed the orchard and that it actually grew. His camera was not subject to magnetic influence, and faithful records of the astonishing feat of the Yogi. The feat, says Mr. Stevens, are not performed for money, but largely as proof to the natives that the Yogis possess supernatural powers. These powers, he says, are in accordance with the teachings of modern science and show the existence of forces hitherto only suspected. Mr. Stevens says of his remarkable experiences:

THE SPHINX OF THE GANGES.

"I have been investigating the mystery that the Orientalists recently called the Sphinx of the Ganges, which he says is a greater and more ancient riddle than that of the Nile. To say I have been investigating the Mahatmas, however, would be scarcely correct. I am not prepared to affirm or deny the claims of the Theosophists in regard to the Adepts of the Himalayas at present, but I may have something to say about them by-and-by. I found the people of India as divided in their opinions of the Mahatmas as we are. Some believe in them and some do not. Nearly all Indians, however, believe in the existence of men able to work miracles, and it is the miracle-working Yogi or Fakir that I have been rounding up."

"When I went to India it was my intention to penetrate into Tibet, into the 'Mahatma' region, if necessary, to try and solve the mystery of the Adepts of the Himalayas and their alleged power of working miracles, but I did not find it necessary to cross the Himalayas to get what I was after. The main thing was to discover whether these Indian miracles had been known to us ever since Marco Polo first told us about them, six centuries ago, are fact or fiction. It seemed to me about time that somebody should go out there and seriously undertake to get to the bottom of the whole mystery."

"In the first place, there is no question as to the actual existence of the miracle-working Yogi, whilst even in India nine-tenths of the people have doubts as to the Mahatmas. The Yogi makes no pretence of being a demigod interesting himself in the eternal welfare of the human race, such as is claimed for the Mahatmas by the Theosophists. The Yogi only claims to be in touch with occult forces of nature, unknown to the rest of the world, which gives him the power to work miracles, apparently in defiance of the laws of nature. The only resemblance between the Yogi and the Mahatma is that both are credited with these powers of performing miracles of the Bible. Many students of the subject regard the Mahatmas as merely the latest development of this great miracle mystery of the East, which has from time to time mystified any number of travelers, British-Indian officers, Oriental scholars of many nationalities; as well as being the standard mystery of the Indian people."

PLENTY OF EVIDENCE.

"Before leaving for India I spent some time in research in the British Museum, and came to the conclusion that in this as in other things, with so much smoke there must be more or less fire. The amount of evidence in favor of these miracles I found to be overwhelmingly convincing, even though our Western habit of thought, which leads us to suspect a lump in a thing unless it submits to be weighed, or measured, or pounded in a mortar, rebuffs against the thing itself as incredible. To a person who will take the trouble to seriously study the evidence there can be no doubt as to these Indian miracles, but there still remains the mystery of the power by means of which such marvels are performed. To those who will not study the subject for themselves, the idea of

anybody in India, or any other country, being able, for instance, to float in the air, is, of course, incredible, even absurd."

"It was to obtain evidence that should bring conviction home to everybody that I undertook this expedition. It seemed to me that American ingenuity ought to be equal to the occasion, unless the thing was to remain a mystery forever. The result of my investigations is that the stories of the travelers, from Marco Polo to the latest witness of the Indian miracles, who is today giving his experiences in the pages of the *New York Magazine*, are quite true. It is no 'traveler's tale' that these Yogis who devote their entire lives to the exploitation of these mysterious powers are able to play fast and loose with the 'impossible.'"

"I have seen miracles every bit as 'unbelievable' as any of the miracles of the Bible. In fact, at my special request, several of the Bible miracles were duplicated. I will not say for the press, but I wish to reserve these details for photographic lectures; but I will say it is no longer a puzzle to me that the Pharaoh's magicians were able to cause their rods to change into serpents in reply to the same feat of Moses and Aaron. I have not only seen food produced apparently from nothing, but have dined on food thus magically provided. I have seen objects moved without being touched and various things floating in the air, including human beings, besides many other marvels too numerous to mention here."

WHAT TRAVELERS HAVE SEEN.

"To mention just a few of the feats witnessed by various travelers. Marco Polo saw the magicians cause the wine goblets filled with wine to travel through the air of their own accord, and present their contents to the lips of Kublai Khan. A deputation of British officers saw at the court of Delhi the magicians cause a horse to jump a small orchard of fruit trees to grow up and bear fruit in a few minutes. The officers ate of the fruits and nuts, and listened to the song-birds. They also saw the leaves turn yellow in autumn and fall to the earth, after which the entire orchard gradually subsided into the ground whence it had sprung up less than an hour before. They also saw the magicians toss one end of a rope or chain into the air, which remained as the great staff of a broom. Then they saw the command of the Yogis, animals of several sorts appeared on the scene, and rushing up the rope, vanished into space."

"This rope miracle, with men and animals disappearing in the sky, is one of the greatest and most inexplicable feats of Indian magic; it has been seen by dozens of travelers. It was said that our late Secretary of the Treasury, William Windom, saw it on his tour around the world. If so, however, he showed his wisdom in saying nothing about it, for to return, for these things are too incredible for the average Western mortal."

"To come down to yesterday and today. Prof. Harry Kellar, in an article in the *North American Review* a short time ago, told us that he had among other wonders seen a human being floating in the air, in the broad daylight, and out in the open; and in recent numbers of the *Arena* Dr. Heinold has been telling us of trees growing in a few minutes to great heights; of a huge hill of rocks appearing and disappearing in an open plain in a few hours; and many other miracles of Indian magic. My own experiences are but a confirmation of what scores of others have seen from time to time. After every allowance is made for exaggeration, these miraculous doings are actually to be witnessed in India to-day. And these phenomena occur, it must be borne in mind, not at dark seances in rooms, as at our spiritualistic affairs, nor on the stages of theaters, full of traps and wires and ingenious mechanism, but in the open air, in broad daylight."

IN THE INDIAN JUNGLE.

"I have seen these marvels at a seance of magic in an open space in the Indian jungle, in the full glare of the tropical noon, and under conditions such as make the suspicion of conjuring clap-trap too absurd to be given a second thought. You may add my testimony to that of all the rest, that the theory of conjuring in explanation of these miracles is simply ridiculous."

"Is it to be understood that you have not only seen these miracles, but have brought back snap-shot photographs of them, Mr. Stevens?"

"Quite true. It must have occurred to people that if there was any reality in these miracles, it ought not to be beyond the ingenuity of this age of the well-nigh universal kodak to round up a miracle-working Yogi and secure photographic demonstrations of his powers that would shed a flood of daylight upon the subject. I have been one of the fortunate ones, and I, of course, shall include in my disclosures my own 'recipe' for getting in contact with one of these interesting characters, so that others may pursue discovery."

TO RETURN TO THE MAHATMAS, MR. STEVENS, DO YOU PERSONALLY BELIEVE IN THEM?

"I don't know. I simply have an open mind on the subject. Plenty of people who are bigger fools than their neighbors believe in their existence. It is always safe enough to ridicule things; you don't lose anything by it, and if you turn out in the end to be correct you stand a chance of being looked upon as a knowing customer, which is to some people an enviable reputation. On the other hand, so many things have come to pass that have been ridiculed as absurd that thoughtful people nowadays leave the fun of open ridicule to others, whether the subject is Mahatmas, or communication with the people of Mars, or any other 'impossible' thing."

"I don't know but I ought to become a Theosophist and a believer in the Mahatmas after my experiences with the miracle-working Yogi. It is a mistake, however, to think that all Theosophists believe in the Himalayan adepts, or that Theosophy requires them to do so. Whether men, myths, or demigods, however, the Mahatmas are an interesting study. In India I met a native gentleman who assured me

these miracles are performed. I have been to school, so to say, to a Yogi, and have been taught how to get into touch with and manipulate the secret forces of nature that enable a man to do such incredible deeds as to turn a rod of dead wood into a quivering serpent, to produce food from 'nothing,' to cause objects to move and to float on 'nothing'—to mention only one or two things. Do not understand me to say that I am now able to work these miracles. Not everybody will be able to do these things, even when they know the key to this mystery, but there are people here in New York who have it in them, and require but the knowledge imparted to me by the Yogi in order to outdo all the magicians of the East. Whenever we have picked up anything from the Orientals we have usually managed to beat them at their own game, and I predict that the rule will hold good as to miracles and magic."

THE YOGI'S SUBTLE FORCE.

"I do not intend to keep this secret long. Much depends upon the public themselves. The secret will be of practical value. There are not wanting indications which you would recognize in a minute, if I were to point them out, that the subtle force of the Indian Yogi's power of working miracles may eventually develop in the hands of practical Western people into something more valuable to mankind than either steam or electricity. It is, however, not a force that can be protected or monopolized in any way, as by a patent. The only possible way for me to compensate myself for the outlay of time and money in going to India and getting to the bottom of the mystery is by a season of photographic lectures. The weakness of the situation compels me to become practically an accomplice of the Yogis in perpetuating the mystery for a short time longer."

"Does your discovery explain away the difficulties of understanding the miracles of the Yogis?"

"It explains away a good many of them, and will conceivably in the end explain everything that is now obscure to our understandings. The subject does not, of course, affect the question of the divine origin of the power bestowed upon the miracle-workers of the Bible, for those whose faith is an all-sufficient explanation. To many people, however, the miraculous element in the Bible is the serious stumbling-block to their belief, and I can safely say, I think that I have an ace up my sleeve that will be interesting indeed to all doubting Thomases. Many eminent divines and thinkers see in the miracles of the Bible simply the operations of laws of nature which are, as yet, unknown to us, but which will come to our knowledge in the natural course, and by it is a knowledge of these hidden forces that is the secret of the power of the Indian Yogi, and I, for one, see nothing improbable in the same explanation of all miracles."

"There are skeptics and skeptics. The Frenchman, Laviolette, whenever told of the fall of a meteoric stone, always replied: 'There are no stones in the sky, no one can fall out of it,' and so far as he was concerned, that settled it. But fortunately for the progress of human knowledge, a man may be a skeptic, and also at the same time a reasonable being. To persons already acquainted with the wealth of testimony in favor of the modern miracle, my photographic lectures will probably remove any lingering traces of incredulity."

INCREDIBLE BECAUSE NOT UNDERSTOOD.

"The only thing I ask people to bear in mind is that these miraculous phenomena are only incredible and wonderful to us because they are not yet plain to our understanding. To the African nations, half the things a civilized person does are similarly supernatural. Now I can promise you in all seriousness that a few months hence everybody who cares to know will understand all about how the Indian magician manages to, for instance, convert a piece of stick into a snake, and how a mango tree may be made to grow and bear fruit in a few minutes. I am aware that this sounds like a pretty large order. I know what I am saying, however, and can promise you that these revelations will create a sensation, and open up the road to results that may eventually revolutionize things more than steam or electricity has done."

"Are these miracle-working Yogis easy to get at, Mr. Stevens? Do you consider them accessible to the average enterprising traveler?"

"In this, as in many other things, it is comparatively easy if you know how to go the right way at it. It cannot be said, however, that the Yogi is ordinarily accessible. On the contrary, plenty of men have spent the greater part of their lives in India without seeing anything of the Indian magician. I can only say that I have been one of the fortunate ones, and I, of course, shall include in my disclosures my own 'recipe' for getting in contact with one of these interesting characters, so that others may pursue discovery."

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that he had seen one in a village of the Himalayas."

The above account by Mr. Stevens is remarkable, and the results will be watched with keen interest.

JUS TICE.

SCINTILLATIONS!

As They Are Reflected from Ohio.

And Communicate Some Startling Facts.

RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR AFFAIRS—CATHOLIC PRIEST AND MURDER—SALOTI—THE JEWS—JOAN OF ARC—SUNDAY BATTLES, ETC.

TO THE EDITOR:—How closely religious and secular affairs often become blended together in the battle of life may be seen in the following: Hon. Martin A. Foran, an eminent lawyer in Cleveland, Ohio, was attorney for Michael Murphy, who had received injuries in a fall from a scaffold during a windstorm. The defendant's attorneys, Messrs. Goulder & Holding, objected to some of the passages in Mr. Foran's reply as "redundant, irrelevant, trivial and improper," and moved to strike out, to-wit:

"This reply admits that every effect, event and act, past, present and future, in the universe, is the direct result of God's will, or immutable law, or of the great primal cause. That while the plaintiff admits that God permits imperfectly constructed, unsafe and insecure scaffolding to fall in pursuance of the operation of the law of force and gravitation, and that while he admits that God allows one man to suffer because of the negligence and carelessness of another, he emphatically denies and denounces as a hideous blasphemy that God designs or wills evil and harm to any of his creatures."

In their brief in support of their motion, Messrs. Goulder & Holding, for the defendants, in rather stilted vernacular, complain that "the reply confounds the permission of Annihilation with the fixed predestination of Calvinism," and the nature of a stricture on an assumed discovery of an antipropagative tendency in the allegations of the answer."

The plaintiff's further complaint that "the reasoning in the answer is sufficiently comprehensive to satisfy the most liberal latitudinarian, and content that a pleading when an unscientific matter is to be determined is neither a fit nor proper place for theologic didactic."

Just so. Now you see it, and now you know it. In this flippancy manner are "the immutable ways of God's providence" criticised in courts by puny men, at torneys at that.

When Father Dominick O'Grady, the Catholic priest, was called in Judge Kumbler's court in Cincinnati, June 4, to answer to the charge of murder in the first degree, for killing Miss Mary Gilman, in April last, he did not appear.

The doctor who had been attending him said O'Grady was not able to come into court. Query: Was this wicked priest really sick, or was he only acting the hypocrite, like Cardinal Richelieu, in the days of Louis XIII., as depicted in Bulwer's historical drama of that name?

"Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold, and the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks: Arm it in rags, a pigmy straw doth pierce it."

—Shakespeare.

The case goes over until the July term. If Rome can save him, he will not suffer.

The apostolic delegate, Salotti, warns the Catholic Poles in Cleveland, Ohio, to be on guard against the rebellious priest, declaring that "Kolazewski, by his course of conduct, has incurred ecclesiastical censure, and that he cannot celebrate holy mass, and much less exercise any parochial rights."

The other rebellious priest, says he "in receipt of hundreds of letters of encouragement from people all over the country." The new congregation have bought nine acres of ground on Marcelline avenue, and paid \$8,000 for it. The question suggests itself: What will the Pope's Lieutenant-General do about it? I would like to read the secret correspondence between the holy father and his ablegate, Salotti. If in a civil court, the priest would be arrested for contempt. Had he lived in the days of the Inquisition, then? It is suggested that the Catholic Poles have a right in free America to establish a church "on their own hook," the opinion of the ablegate to the contrary notwithstanding. Since the foregoing was written, or on the 20th day of June, 1894, Father Kolazewski was formally excommunicated by "a major non-tolerant excommunication," which divests the priest of "all his dignities," honors and hopes of preferment. This is the severest form of censure usually employed by the church of Rome in disciplining its priests. All Catholics "are forbidden to become members of this priest's schismatic congregation." "It is equivalent in substance to anathema, from which it only differs in regard to the formalities by which the latter is surrounded." Now we shall see what we shall see. This is truly a Catholic "sensation."

The N. Y. Sun says: "In the reign of William and Mary in England, in the seventeenth century, it was proposed to raise money for war purposes against James and against the French, by singling out the Jews for a special tax, because they were rich, and it was proposed in the House of Commons to exact a particular hundred thousand pounds from the Jews. They were few in number, and consequently helpless." The Sun, in order to fortify its opposition to the income tax, cites what Macaulay says:

"Special taxation, laid on a small class which happens to be rich, unpopular and defenseless, is really confiscation, and must ultimately impoverish rather than enrich the State." There is no similarity between the cases at all. The Sun's sympathies are with "the small class, which happens to be rich," and would exempt them from an income tax. They are the Wall street bankers and millionaires, and if there are any rich Jews among them, why, let them pay their share of taxes, and help to support the Government in its war against the French.

The Progressive Thinker of May 26th contains an interesting discourse from the standpoint of Abraham Lincoln, through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. It was delivered April 6th, 1894, at Chicago, and fore-shadows in a most remarkable manner the situation of to-day (June). It bears marks of statesmanship. If ascribed to Mrs. Richmond, it is, if possible, more marvelous, as a literary production, than if it had come from the lips of the immortal Lincoln when on earth. To those of your readers who may not have read this very able political paper (printed May 26, 1894), I say read it as truly wonderful, and time will so demonstrate it will be reading the same source. Another lecture from the same source, printed June 2nd, is equally interesting and truthful. Shawmut Universalist Church, Bos-

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made—
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

In Paris, May 31, it being the anniversary of the death of Joan of Arc, several Masonic lodges placed a large floral wreath upon the statue of the Maid of Orleans in the Rue des Pyramides, inscribed: "To Joan of Arc, abandoned by royalty, burned by the church." The wording was seen by a number of zealous young Catholics, who more zeal than common sense, who gathered in a body and made a dash for the statue. When the young Catholics reached the wreath and tore down the inscription there was a free fight between the Masons and the Catholics, and for awhile "clubs were trumps." Finally the police charged upon the combatants and dispersed them, after making a number of arrests. Joan of Arc was undoubtedly a medium and was under the control of disembodied spirits. At the age of thirteen she claimed to have received commands from heaven to go and liberate France. After a year's wandering in May, 1412, she was burned at the stake by the English, to whom she had been betrayed. She died, declaring that "her voices had not deceived her," and with the name of Jesus on her lips. She was executed as a "sorceress," against whom not the slightest crime could be proved. If the Catholics get the upper hand in free America, "witches" and "sorcerers" will be again burned at the stake, even as Joan of Arc, John Rogers and Michael Servetus, the latter of whom was changed with "heresy" by John Calvin, the founder of the Presbyterian church, and burned at Geneva in October, 1553. The history of this remarkable woman is a study for Spiritualists and is full of interest.

"The great King of kings Hath in the table of his law commanded That thou shalt not murder: wilt thou then Spurn at His edict, and fulfill a man's? Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand, To hurl upon their heads that break his law."

At a grand military ovation held at old Fort Seneca, near Tiffin, Ohio, May 27, 1894, among the speakers, Gen. Wm. H. Gibson scored the preachers who objected to holding memorial services on Sunday. He said that when the boys were down South fighting rebels they never quit shooting because it was Sunday, and that he believed no day too holy or too sacred to do honor to those who fell in defense of their country. "The General is right; and, whether right or wrong, history records the fact that the fiercest battles of the war were fought on Sunday, as it happened, and after solemn prayers by the army chaplains, who were well paid for supplicating the 'God of Battles!'"

"Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." At Wapakoneta, June 3, a news

ton, is contemplating a change from a conventional religious organization to a "non-sectarian people's institute." An entire new department in the field of Universalism will be inaugurated. It is proposed to raise \$50,000, and thereupon establish a society devoted to cultivating the social as well as the religious life of its people, forming musical, literary and perhaps workingmen's clubs, teaching sewing and other useful accomplishments. This is a very laudable enterprise and should be fostered and encouraged. It is only another among many daily evidences of the insincerity of the crowds that satisfy the longing of the people for something higher and better than old orthodox, with its rewards and punishments, has to offer.

From an able and exhaustive article in the June number of the Arena, entitled "Child Slavery in America," by Eliza Parsons Stevens, Assistant Factory Inspector for Illinois, I clip the following indictment:

"Public opinion will sometime cause to be entered a formal protest that a nation that suffers child labor is unchristian and uncivilized, its code of laws inhuman, its people without moral sense or moral courage. And when that time comes, the public will say it has always held such opinion."

"Speed the day!" If any more evidence were required to demonstrate the insufficiency and inadequacy of the Christian Church as a civilizer of mankind, this question of child labor does it most effectively. Let our good orthodox brethren in the churches ponder over these things.

It was a good, old-fashioned class-meeting they had last Sunday down at Shad-rack's cross-roads, near the Ohio river. There were strangers in the flesh, members of one common spiritual family.

The minister leading the meeting could only call on the strangers by pointing his finger at the altar, and looking old and gray, and turning to the younger members, said:

"Why, my dear friends, His yoke is easy and His burden light. Why, I am the vilest of sinners; the lowliest worm of the dust; a poor, blind, tottering old of sorrow. But I find seasons of blissful rest. I throw all my mistakes and sins and shortcomings upon the great burden-bearer, who died for my sins."

Minister: "A-men! Will the brother from Kentucky lead us in prayer?" C. H. MATTHEWS, New Philadelphia, Ohio.

A STORY.

Used to Illustrate a Truth.

The medium was under the control of our boy who passed over in infancy. We had been talking with our boy who passed over last, at the earthly age of twelve years. Of course we naturally missed him more than the one who was with us only a short time, though the mother's love for the infant was that which no man ever can understand. "When he came we felt a little guilty, a little, though we had neglected him in the conversation with the other boy. He said, though, that he did not mind it, as he and his brother were one, and what one had the other had."

"You do pretty near forget sometimes that you have two boys here, don't you?" he said. "You are a little like the story I heard of the old Irish woman. This story may be true, I don't say it. I know lots of stories. I take that from Governor McKim. I like to tell them, too, just as he does. I know lots of real funny ones!"

"Well, this story runs like this: An old Irish woman came here and stood looking around with her mouth open, her hands placed on her hips, and arms 'akimbo.' You call it, don't you, papa?" After looking around awhile she said: "Oh, don't think it is much as a place at all, at all. Oh, don't think it is much as a place at all, at all. Oh, don't think it is much as a place at all, at all."

"Are not your family and your relatives here? Is not Jamie, your husband, here?"

"Auch! Do yeos t'ink Jamie wud thay in a place like this? Shure it's too slow fur him 'ere."

"Well, your children are here, are they not?"

"Shure, Mike was killed in a drunken row, and Pat, he was hanged. Do yeos t'ink they are thay here, even if they ever got 'ere?"

"Just then, three beautiful, rosy-cheeked, healthy-looking Irish boys ran up and exclaimed: 'Oh, mother, we are here; don't you know us?'"

"Now, who the devil are yeos? Do you t'ink O'im the mother o' the loikes 'e yeos?"

"Shure, mother, don't you remember the three triplets you had just before you left Ireland for America, and who only lived a few hours?"

"Oh, Och! had yeos to the bloody little spahpeens, and was it fur this that brought the loikes of yeos into the world? Shure I to yeos lived just about long enough in the world to go to a Protestant heaven!"

The above simple anecdote illustrates two points. First, that many people have children in spirit-life whose days in this world were not a span long, though they have been almost, if not quite, forgotten by them. We are apt to forget that the little ones did not stay an hour in this mundane sphere, they live and grow up and progress forever on the other side.

Second, that the prejudices and teachings of a lifetime are not at all changed by the change called death, the passing to Spirit-life, but are all carried with us to the "other side." They are not like the gold and silver that men tell for chest and rob each other for, and which must be left behind at last.

See the Fur Fly.

At a meeting of delegates from the Christian churches of Indiana at Chesterfield, near Anderson, July 15th, a challenge was issued to the Indiana Association of Spiritualists for a debate on the subject of Spiritualism. The challenge was accepted and the discussion will be one of the features of the Indiana Spiritualist annual camp-meeting, which convenes at Chesterfield, Thursday for one month's session. The challenge is the result of a trade on Spiritualism and a personal attack on Moses Hull, the lecturer, made by Rev. Mr. Braden in the Christian Church in March 4, Mr. Braden will lead the discussion, Moses Hull, assisted by Mrs. Colby Luther, will be on the defense.

Toil with pain, and you will eat with measure.

SHE SPEAKS NOT.

Broken Heart of Sixty Years Ago the Cause.

Visiting the Sick and Supplying Food to the Poor Her Work.

Spirit of Her Dead Lover Has Given Her Good Advice.

Margaret Mayfield is the name of a remarkable woman, who occupies a tumble-down house among the hills, two miles west from Chesterfield, Conn.

Sixty years ago the woman is remembered by old settlers as being a bright young girl, the daughter of a prosperous farmer. She was then about 19 years old, and her hand was sued for and won by a young workman who sailed from New London, by the name of Harry Griffin.

The couple were to have been married upon Griffin's return from a voyage, but he never came home. He was drowned on the capsizing of a boat in which he was assisting in the capture of a whale.

About the time that the vessel returned, bringing the information of Griffin's death, Margaret's parents, who were well along in years, died, and with a broken heart the girl sold the farm, and, turning her back on the world, she sought out a remote corner of New London county and established her residence there.

That was nearly sixty years ago, and since then no man has heard the woman utter a word. Whenever she communicates with any one she does so through the medium of a slate, on which she writes. She always carries the slate with her when she visits the towns. These visits are made for the purpose of purchasing provisions, and occur about four times a year.

During the past winter, which was extremely severe and trying in the remote districts surrounding Chesterfield, there was a good deal of suffering among the Russian-Jew settlers who have colonized the district.

Among these people the woman is well known as an agent of mercy. She has cared for the sick, and furnished the poor with provisions and other comforts of life. She has no means of communicating with these people, for their language is unknown to her, and her slate is useless, for they cannot read her writing.

Her sympathy has been her guide, and she is treated with an adoration by these people that approaches worship.

Scarlet fever has been a scourge among the Jews in the colony, and Margaret has fought it with the aid of her knowledge of herbs with remarkable success.

Her age is not definitely known, but she must be nearly 80. She is well preserved, still shows evidence of beauty in her younger days, and, were it not for her gray hair, one would not be apt to guess that she had passed her 80th year.

For years she has been called Capt. Mag by the people who know her, and her aid in cases of sickness that have baffled the practicing physicians has frequently been sought by sufferers far and near, and she is given credit for having performed some wonderful cures.

She never asks a fee for medical service, and when questioned by her beneficiaries regarding the compensation due her, she always points to a box nailed to the wall of the room in which she lives.

On the side of this box is pasted a strip of paper on which is written the words, "For Harry's Sake." If the visitor has a contribution to make he can do so by dropping it into this box.

The woman ascribes all her success to the advice given her by the spirit of her dead lover, to whom she has always claimed she was married. She consults him in all matters, and is guided by him without reserve.

Though it is not definitely known how much the "Capt. Mag" has communicated, there is every reason to believe that the sum will reach upward into the thousands, and as the woman has neither kith nor kin, speculation is rife as to the disposition that she will eventually make of the money.

Capt. Mag claims to possess the power of prophecy, and the plain people living in the neighborhood of her habitation have come to place great reliance upon her predictions. Especially is this confidence manifested among the farmers, who have for years consulted her before planting their crops.

If Capt. Mag says that it will be a good corn season or a potato year, or that the hay crop will be long or short, the farmers are governed in their actions thereby, and it would be a hard matter to find a farmer in the neighborhood of Chesterfield who would say that in the matter of planting he had ever neglected following the captain's advice.

The first two weeks in April and the same length of time in September of each year the woman shuts herself into her house and refuses to see anybody.

During that time she claims to hold communion with the spirits that have been made known to her by Harry. It is on such occasions that she claims to get further knowledge of future events and climatic conditions.

When the spring doors last April, at the end of what she calls her period of communion, she foretold to her visitors the visit of cholera to this country. At that time she said that the disease wouldn't get a very firm foothold here, but that it would sweep over the Western continent.

At that time she told the farmers to plant plenty of corn, and to put pork into their cellars, for the grass crop would be light and beef pork would be high.

It is unnecessary to say to those who are obliged to patronize the meat markets nowadays that the latter prediction has proven to be correct. In central Connecticut the hay crop was exceedingly short, owing to the protracted drought.

When the captain came out with her forecast last September, she told the farmers to prepare for a severe winter, claiming that the precipitation of snow would be greater than had been known in this part of the world for 30 years.

The spring, she said, would be late, east of the Allegheny mountains, but that the ground would be in splendid condition for all sorts of crops, and the farmers in all sections of New England might expect a splendid harvest of hay in the fall.

This will be a first-class potato year and the advised farmers to plant all the land they could afford to cultivate with tubers.

Capt. Mag is a good deal of a farmer herself. She has under cultivation about 10 acres of land that she ploughs and plants and hoes with her own hands, raising only such produce as will be needed by the stock that she keeps, which consists of one cow, a horse and half a dozen sheep. These animals are pets and show the deepest affection for the woman.

This strange woman has made arrangements for the interment of her remains when she dies. On a knoll a short distance from her house, she has had erected a monument of gray granite, on the top of which sits a bronze figure representing a telescope pointed towards the sky.

A plot of ground is inclosed by an iron fence, and upon it she has buried the remains of such pets—cats, dogs, sheep, etc.—as have died. The grave area is laid out with careful precision, and at the head of each an oak tree has been planted, upon the trunk of which a board is nailed bearing the name and character of the creature buried there.

She entertains the belief that the spirit of her pet animals as she has enjoyed it on this side of the grave.

Though generally considered "queer," Capt. Mag is a personage whose redeeming qualities are many, and in the community around her retreat she hasn't an asseverate enemy, while there are many who bless her hands for their charity.—Boston Herald.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Next General Convention of the Spiritualists at Washington, D. C., October 9, 10 and 11.

The Board of Trustees of the National Spiritualist Association met at their office in Washington July 6 and 7, it being the regular quarterly meeting of the board in pursuance of the requirements of the Constitution.

This meeting was important to the Spiritualists of the country as provisions for the holding of the second annual convention were the main subjects of consideration.

A resolution was adopted to engage the Masonic hall for the sessions of the delegates, and for meeting in mass convention during the evenings of the 9th, 10th and 11th of October, the daytime being agreed upon for the regular business of the convention.

A motion was adopted to extend a general invitation to all speakers and mediums to attend the convention.

All delegates are requested to apply at the office of the Association, 510 E Street, N. W., October 9, before 10 A. M., for badges, and present their credentials, when they will be supplied with membership tickets.

Mrs. Milan C. Edson was selected to act as chairman of the committee on decorations of the hall.

Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader was selected as chairman of the committee of reception of delegates.

The secretary was instructed to forward to each chartered society duplicate blank certificates for the officers to fill in the names of such delegates as are elected to represent the society in the convention.

Proposed amendments to the constitution submitted by Mr. Cadwallader, secretary of the Spiritual, Educational and Protective Union, were read.

Also several proposed by Brother Geo. W. Burnham, of Williamstown, Conn. All of which were referred to the convention for consideration.

A resolution of sympathy with Brother J. W. Lunceford, of Lexington, Ky., was adopted, and that the same be printed in the spiritual papers, with an accompanying request that he solicit all Spiritualists to assist Brother Lunceford, who has become the victim of persecution by overzealous so-called Christians, who have had him arraigned on false charges, one of which is for "calling up the dead." The board of trustees being satisfied that the charges and his arrest were instigated from malicious motives and a prejudice against the cause of Spiritualism, solicited all true Spiritualists to contribute, as far as their means will allow, to the defense fund of Brother Lunceford, who will be under a considerable expense in defending virtually the cause of Spiritualism.

Reports from foreign countries are being received, and one of a very important character has been acknowledged from Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, of Manchester, England, relative to the status of Spiritualism in Great Britain. It is an interesting communication. These reports will be presented to the convention.

The board of trustees passed a resolution to meet at their office on Friday preceding the convention.

A motion was adopted to recommend a change in the date of holding the annual convention, to have substituted the third Tuesday of October of each year, instead of the second Tuesday.

A motion was adopted that the secretary correspond with each camp, and endeavor to arrange for a definite time when the National Association will have the privilege of presenting its claims upon the Spiritualists for their support and co-operation, and that a general order be made for such date as may be agreeable to the management of the camp for such purpose.

Mrs. Elizabeth Sloper, of San Francisco, having resigned as a trustee by reason of sickness and inability to give attention to the duties of the office, on motion the resignation was accepted, and Mrs. Olive A. Blodgett, of Davenport, Iowa, was elected to fill the place.

The board then adjourned, to meet on Friday, October 5.

ROBERT A. DIMMICK, Sec., 1,108 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Especially Excellent.

Every number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER contains a great deal of most excellent intellectual food. It has the cream of the best current thought. Glance over every page and you will find something of special value to every reflective mind. Do not fail to renew promptly when your time expires. If not able to send a year's subscription, send any small amount within your reach. These are critical times—hard times, perhaps—and a Spiritualist paper is the first to suffer therefrom.

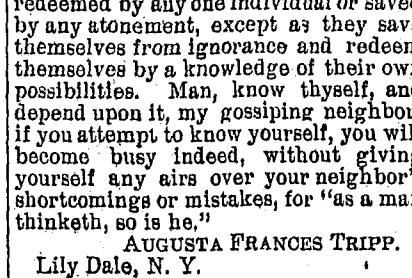
THOUGHTS! THOUGHTS!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.

through a knowledge of their own possibilities, that they may grow strong to do battle with the conditions, that are weighing them down and causing them to seek of themselves, "why they were born but to suffer."

Life is beautiful, if lived according to our highest ideas of right, and time is too short to waste it in trifles; there are too many suffering all around us whom we can help to uplift if we will, and place upon a better footing in life by teaching them to understand the laws that govern their own being and that they are their own saviors, and not be redeemed by any individual or saved by any atonement, except as they save themselves by a knowledge of their own possibilities. Man, know thyself, and depend upon it, my gossiping neighbor, if you attempt to know yourself, you will become busy indeed, without giving yourself any airs over your neighbor's shortcomings or mistakes, for "as a man thinketh, so he is."

ANGUSTA FRANCES TRIPP, Lily Dale, N. Y.



Bear in mind, please, that we cannot publish weekly reports of meetings. Whenever a change is made in speakers, or anything of special interest, send us a brief item, please. A great deal can be expressed in a dozen lines; but long reports will not be sent. Meetings are of local interest only. We extend a cordial invitation to all speakers to send in their appointments to lecture, and general movements, which will be read by at least 40,000. We go to press early Monday morning, and items must reach us as early as Friday or Saturday in order to have immediate insertion.

Dr. Reed writes from Lansing, Mich., that the local society there closed its sessions with an ice cream social. The members of the Temple of Magi there also take a vacation until September.

Secretary writes that Frank T. Ripley's ministrations were so successful in Cincinnati that he has been engaged there for September.

Societies wishing the services of A. E. Thompson for the months of October and November, 1894, should for the season of 1895, address him at 547 Bank St., New London, Conn. Mr. Tidale is blind, yet he is a fine speaker, and should be kept employed.

H. Pettibone, the materializing medium, went to Atlantic City, Iowa, from Omaha, Neb., where his services created a great deal of interest. He is now working his way East.

J. G. Jackson, of Hockessin, Del., was in the city a few days ago. He is eminent as an astronomer and advanced thinker.

Mr. Coulson Turnbull, whose lectures to private classes have excited so much interest in this city, will deliver a funeral service in any place within 100 miles of the city. He will also respond to calls to lecture. Address him at No. 8 South Sheldon street.

Mrs. Gurtis Slater writes as follows: We have had a feast of power and manifestations at this camp. We attended one of those delightful materializing seances given by that always pleasing medium, Mrs. L. A. Roberts, last Saturday evening, July 14, at her rooms, No. 20 Thomas street, Muskegon, Michigan.

The circle consisted of twenty persons, and during the two hours it was held, two funerals and twenty apparitions, one, two and three at a time, and all were recognized. Her public tests given at the mediums' meeting on the campgrounds were so interesting and so correct, that she was the object of attention of a great number, and we know that wherever she goes, those coming in contact with her will be benefited and made happy.

Dr. M. Roberts writes from Muskegon, Michigan: We have had a most delightful camp here, and those at the head of it have left nothing undone for the comfort and pleasure of all. We cannot be too loud in praise of them. I am now ready to consider offers from societies for lecturing, followed with tests, given by my wife, Mrs. L. A. Roberts, materializing and test medium. Those wishing to address us can do so at Clinton Camp, Iowa, until further notice.

Mrs. G. Partridge, psychometrist and healer, may be addressed at Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa, during the month of August. She has charge of the vocal music at the camp-meeting there, but will attend to her psychometric work also.

Mrs. Lillie Fross, of Monon, Ind., writes: "We have had an exposure—so the orthodox folks say—at this place, but it did not expose very well. Mrs. E. J. Carr, a young medium, of Lafayette, an intimate friend of mine, came here to hold a few seances, and as there were a few people here who seemed to be anxious to investigate, we let them in, and one of them jumped at what he thought was a form, but which only proved to be the 'impersonation,' which was fully explained before she was entranced. It has caused her several days of sickness. Several in the circle received a slight shock. Such exposures only help the cause. Lafayette Spiritualists, as well as myself, can recommend her to the cause."

Mrs. E. Cutler, trance medium and psychometric reader, will locate in Boston, Mass., the 1st of September. She would like to make arrangements with societies in Massachusetts, or near Boston. She will go on liberal terms. Will give short talks before giving tests, and help build up weak societies. Address until Sept. 1st, Eden P. O., Parkland, Bucks Co., Pa.

Dr. T. Wilkins will take his outing at the Clinton, Iowa, camp-meeting during the month of August.

Mr. Horne, a prominent Spiritualist of this city, is rusticating at the Twin City Camp.

C. H. F. writes from Nashville, Tenn.: Spiritualism here is on the upward move at last. On the night of the 11th inst. a number of the friends met at 112 South High street, and quietly organized themselves into what will hereafter be known as the First Bible Society of Spiritualists of Nashville. The following were elected officers: R. K. Keen, president; J. C. Turnell, secretary; C. H. Figures, treasurer. The new society is launched under favorable auspices, and may the guiding power of exalted spirits give wisdom to our councils. We have a membership of twenty, and from all indications the increase will be continuous and large. Nashville will lose in a few days two excellent mediums, Miss Hattie Rother and Madam Desmond. They go West from here, and will stop for work in St. Louis, St. Joe, and Kansas City, Mo. We commend them to the friends wherever they may stop."

Friends and correspondents for engagements will please address Mrs. Virginia Barrett during July and 1st of August in care of "Town & Brothers," Washington, Pa.

Frank T. Ripley addressed a large and appreciative audience at Lincoln Court hall, Cincinnati, Ohio, July 15. He was on his way to the Lookout Mountain Camp-meeting. Mr. Ripley can be engaged for the fall and winter months, by addressing him at Lake Brady, via Kent, Ohio.

W. S. Collins writes: "Theodore, La., is a town of about 2,500 inhabitants. There has never been a medium here, but I think one could do worse than stop over a day or night with us. There are one or two Spiritualists here, and many who would be convinced."

A. B. Conly, trance and inspirational lecturer, of San Diego, Cal., was in the city last week, on his way to Managua, N. H. Conly is an enthusiastic worker in the ranks of reform. He will return soon to California.

Dr. Dean Clark, who is capable of doing an excellent work wherever employed, may be addressed for engagements during December at 1055 Market street, San Francisco, Cal. He is a veteran worker in the reform field.

T. A. Thompson, who has been spending some time at Fort Scott, Kansas, was in the city last week. Mr. Thompson was at one time widely known in connection with the Grange movement, as one of its ablest lecturers. He now proposes to lecture on Spiritualism and other reformatory subjects. He will spend some time at the various camp-meetings.

Bishop A. Beals, after filling a successful engagement at Muskegon, Mich., and at the Interstate Camp, went to Miles Grove, Pa., where he can be addressed for fall and winter engagements. During December he will be at Grand Rapids, Mich. Mr. Beals is one of our most active and efficient workers.

Dr. W. S. Rowley's address for the next ten days will be Onset, Mass.

Twin City Camp. During the past two Sundays the camp-meeting has been well attended, but the attendance during the week-days is awfully low. Any person coming on the grounds during the week-days would simply be astonished to know a camp-meeting was being held. The only mediums who have covered expenses are the materializing.

During each Sunday the lyceum has been a grand success. Dr. W. Yates has brought the lyceum well to the fore, and the visitors are in high praise in that the lyceum has been a grand success. They all others are charmed with the location on that mighty "Inland sea," Lake Michigan, and with the untiring efforts of the managers to make it pleasant, and voted with an enthusiastic "aye" to have it repeated next year. Encouraged by the desire of the campers at this first offer, those having the matter in charge will make an effort during the recess to present a camp in 1895, as ending as the mighty hills which surround it, and as endless as the rippling murmurs that lave with joy its sandy shores. W. S. DECKER, Secretary Interstate Spiritual Camp.

Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa. TO THE EDITOR:—I visited the beautiful park again last Sunday, and was richly repaid for so doing. I heard a very fine lecture by Will C. Hodge: subject, "What has Spiritualism done to benefit the Human Race?" The lecture abounded in fine points, the speaker taking the broadest humanitarian grounds on the labor as well as the other points mentioned.

The tents are nearly all up, presenting the appearance of a white city. The people are coming in now on nearly every train, and soon the tents and rooms will be occupied. Among those in camp are Mrs. L. S. Neblett and daughter, from Southern Texas, the latter coming for the purpose of being treated magnetically by Dr. J. C. Phillips, who is nicely situated in his commodious tent. Mrs. E. Harker, assisted by Dr. Phillips, sang for the meeting last Sunday. Prof. Sartorius is expected to-night. JULIUS.

Dinner parties are mere formalities, because you want to see him.

On Monday afternoon, July 15, Miss Trask and Miss Miner, girls of 17, were bathing. Miss Trask got beyond her depth, and being unable to swim, caught hold of a lady near her, who, in her sudden fright, shook her off. With an agonizing shriek Miss Trask called for Alice's help, who, being a good swimmer, although at some distance, started toward her at once. When she reached her Miss Trask seized her in such a position that both went down.

They rose together, but before Miss Miner could shift her position so as to swim to advantage they sank again. Miss Miner bravely led to Miss Trask, and by the most desperate and courageous effort succeeded in swimming with her unconscious friend to the float, where the lady before mentioned was sitting in comfortable security, in company with some boys. Miss Miner exclaimed: "Take her somebody," and then hands were reached out to Miss Trask by those on the float.

Miss Trask soon recovered consciousness. Miss Miner was much exhausted, but afterward declared: "I would have drowned sooner than let Jessie go!"

The parents of Miss Trask, both of whom are mediums, are profuse in their expressions of gratitude for Miss Miner's bravery.

Passed to Spirit-Life. Passed to the higher life June 19, 1894, from the home of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth E. Wass, John Hawkin, at the advanced age of ninety-two years, one month and twenty-one days. For some time before his departure he earnestly longed for his change, feeling that death had no sting and the grave no victory over his spirit.

He passed away so peacefully that his daughter, in whose arms he rested, did not know when his transition took place. During the six months of his last illness he was a great sufferer, and we doubt not he is now rejoicing with joy unexpressed that he is forever freed from the trammels of his mortality. The arisen one was the husband of Mrs. Rachel Hawkin, who departed for the bright realms of the spirit spheres, in Fair Haven.

Loyal to His Church. The Roman Catholic Abbe Arnould, in his book, "The Modern Jesuit," at page 72, is quoted as telling of a Jesuit novice, who affirmed, "Were God to order me, through the voice of my superior, to put to death father, mother, children, brothers and sisters, I could do it with an eye as long as, and a heart as calm as if I were seated at the banquet of the paschal lamb."

We take it God makes no such orders, however often the "superior" may assert to the contrary.

A Remarkable Cure. (ADVERTISEMENT.) DEAR DR. DOBSON:—It becomes a duty as well as a pleasure to make due acknowledgment to you of the benefit my husband has received from your treatment. For six weeks previously he had been sick with pain in the head, face and eyes. We used such remedies and appliances as are usually administered, but without effect. Finally he grew so bad that we called an allopathic physician, the best in town, who used his medical skill, but to no purpose, as he steadily declined. He maintained that one eye must be removed, to save the other, but his remedies only made him worse. Husband, myself, friends and the doctor, all despaired of his life, as a steady decline at his age, sixty-nine years, terminates usually at the grave. But I and one other faithful friend would not give up yet. So upon his suggestion I wrote you. A perfect diagnosis was given, remedies sent promptly, and treatment begun. He had not been using your medicine and magnetized paper four days till a change for the better was manifested, and his improvement is such that now, after two months, he considers himself well—better, in fact, than for twenty-five years. He has some hopes that sight may be in some degree restored to his eye. Whether it is or not, you and your band of healers have accomplished great things for him, and we are truly grateful. He might have been saved much suffering had we employed you sooner. Blessings attend you.

F. E. P. MALCOLM, N. MALCOLM.

P. S.—My husband's recovery is a great surprise to his family and neighbors, and they cannot account for it; but to me, a Spiritualist, it is no mystery. You are doing a noble work. Continue working in harmony with nature's laws. People should be taught what those laws are and how they operate.

Truly, F. E. P. M. Glidden, Iowa.

NOTE.—Having carefully copied the above from the original, and read it by copy, we can testify to the truthfulness, honesty and intelligence of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm.

MOSES HULL. (See ad. in another column.) Address all letters to San Jose, Cal.

Feeble and Peevish. My little girl, Prudence, was feeble and peevish, but since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla she has improved very much, is fleshing up and acts like a different child.—MRS. ANNIE MAUGH, Croton, Ohio.

SPECIAL NOTICE ADVERTISEMENT. If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be persuaded to take any other. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which possesses peculiar strength and curative power.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething" softens gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. a bottle.

IMMORTALITY, OR FUTURE HOMES and Dwelling Places. By J. M. Peebles, M. D., a book of rare merit, interesting to every body. Price \$1.50.

HER DOUBLE LIFE.

Strange Affliction of a Little Girl in Pittsburgh.

She Goes Into Trances During Which Her Spirit Leaves the Body.

CASE WHICH HAS PUZZLED THE PHYSICIANS—THOUGHT SHE HAD CALEPSY AT FIRST—SWOONS AND REMAINS IN A TRANCE FOR HOURS AT A TIME—SHE WAS TERRIFIED BY HER EXPERIENCES AT FIRST, BUT NOW TAKES DELIGHT IN "GOING AWAY INTO SPIRITLAND" EVERY DAY.

The dual existence of a young girl in Allegheny, Pa., is now attracting the attention of scientists to such a degree that men of prominence, within the past few weeks, have come from Canada, Washington, D. C., New York, Chicago and points nearer home, and have put the little maid through tests severe. The young girl lives quietly with her mother on Grant avenue, Allegheny. The fact of this dual existence has been recognized by the mother for two years past, first with dread, then with shame, and now for the last six months with a full appreciation that the double life has been sent for some purpose, now apprehended as a mission for good.

The affliction of the child, as it was termed, was first whispered about from friend to friend. As the strange and conflicting conditions of life continued, outsiders were attracted and finally the attention was drawn of those who delve into mysteries pertaining to the spiritual side of life. So six months ago the young girl was taken away by spiritualistic tests, said to be of the severest nature, was then declared to be a direct link between the material and spiritual world. Still the mother sought to hide her child, the youngest of a family all now gone to other homes.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

But, as stated, the constant coming of people of prominence could not be ignored, the strange, weird declarations of the young girl could no longer be concealed, the sacredness and sanctity of the modest home are gone, and, responding to the earnest request for the following interview, mother and child yesterday consented to tell their story to the world. The appearance of the young girl, a maiden of fifteen, when the Pittsburgh Dispatch visitor was announced, was such as to command instant attention. She was just recovering her normal state after a calm which, to judge from its lingering effect, must have inspired in a beholder a feeling beyond that of mere admiration. Her face was beautified beyond that of the human. A faint flush in the cheeks, and the ruddy tint of the lips, redeemed the otherwise deathlike pallor of her countenance. Large, blue, dreamy eyes, shaded by long, moist lashes, the broad forehead overshadowed by the clustering dark fringe of curl, suggestive of the dewy tangles of a babe awakening from a profound slumber, features an inspiration for an artist, the whole bearing of the young girl was that of refinement and intense spirituality. As the languor of the child was passing away, the mother chatted freely of what had just occurred.

"Emma is just passing into her normal state," said the mother. "In a few moments she will be her own bright, animated self. In this dreamy condition she has been telling me truths sublime in nature and spiritual in tenor. All that is noble, pure and good, all that tends to elevate and improve, all that is grand in religion, my child tells me while absent from the body, and it is now impossible for me to longer keep these things to myself. For over one year I kept my daughter within doors and away from the outside world as far as possible, because I was ashamed and dared not expose her affliction to the world. But lately I have realized that this double life is one of the mysteries with which I dare not interfere."

"Emma was always a very delicate child, and we humored her accordingly. She passed through four severe fevers after she was six years old and was not very strong at ten years of age. Still we sent her to school—to the first ward school, Allegheny. She went to school steadily for four years, making fair progress and was apparently an average school-girl, neither too frisky in disposition nor too morose."

"One evening she was sitting at the table here in our house writing a letter to a girl friend who had moved away. All at once she swooned. I screamed, for we were alone. Help came. We applied simple remedies and we worked with Emma for a long time. When she came to she said she had been having the most delicious sleep. This was but the beginning. She swooned at school. She swooned on the street and was carried in by the policeman, and the report went around the neighborhood that Emma, my bright, beautiful Emma, had cataleptic fits. Our means were modest, but I had everything done for my child that I could afford. I took her from school and put her under medical treatment. She had baths, electric treatment and massage. But to no avail. So we lived quietly alone and in a few months Emma began to talk while in her swoons. Then she would tell me in recovery of strange places where she had been, how she could see herself sitting or lying in our room, but yet she felt that she was elsewhere. She could enter other homes, she said, and once on awakening she told me of a lady who was in great distress, crying in her own home some distance away. I verified this, and found that the lady in question actually had been in distress at that time. I was in absolute terror, and kept my child near me and as closely in the house as possible. When she first began to talk she carried messages from her dead father. These frightened me more than ever, for most of the messages were concerning things of which the child had never known. I began to question her while she was in these swoons, and found that she

could answer me intelligently. She thus became a go-between for regular communication between myself and her dead father.

"For one year I suffered all this distress and it drove me from the church and from friends. When Emma returned to her other self she always seemed refreshed, as you see her now, gentle and sweet, ready for any of the little household duties that fell to her lot."

A TALK WITH THE STRANGE CHILD.

While the mother spoke Emma was gradually recovering her normal state. Her countenance seemed to lose somewhat of its deep spirituality, though her face was still pretty and attractive. When questioned as to her feelings while in the trance, or swoon, Emma said:

"I have no feelings. It is to me a deep and refreshing sleep, and I always awaken feeling in excellent spirits. Often I can look at my own body as it lies quietly in this room, but the scenes I visit are as dreams when I awake. Only sometimes I have met people whom I have seen in these dreams, and once I visited a home on earth where I remembered having seen everything in it before while absent from the body. When I first swooned it came to me suddenly, and I thought thousands of fingers were tugging at my nerves. Then I lost all feeling and began to ascend up and up until I could no longer breathe. The sensation was delicious. I could remember nothing that I saw or heard, only that delightful sensation. I was not a particle frightened when I swooned the second time, and by and by I rather liked this slipping away from earth for an hour or so now and then, and I soon found that I could do so by simply remaining passive and withdrawing my thoughts from everything. This is the course I now pursue whenever I wish to voluntarily enter into my other self. I remain passive. Then my hands get cold, then my feet, and by and by I am cold all over; then comes unconsciousness. If the self on earth talks, I do not know it. I have seen myself talking, however, and know that I really do talk."

"One time I saw myself singing and my mother told me that I did sing, but in a strange language. My mother tells me that many tests have been put to me while I have been away from earth."

"One day a clergyman called and to satisfy his request I left the body. While absent from it he ordered a bible placed in my hands, then for nearly an hour he called for the location of different passages in the Bible. My mother told me that I never failed to give him the right place. And when I came to be told me the same thing himself, and said that I was a mystery he could not understand."

Spiritualism in California.

TO THE EDITOR:—There has been no report lately from California's coming inland city—and of this there is no question, as we have all the natural advantages: climate, soil, etc. The next great advantage is water for irrigation, and of this we have an almost unlimited supply. We are in the midst of one of the greatest valleys in the world. It is ninety-three miles by railroad, and one hundred and nineteen by steamer, to San Francisco. This city of 20,000, with the surrounding country, is destined to have a grand future. As to things spiritual we are doing nicely.

We had Mrs. Georgie Cooley with us for four months. She is a very promising young lecturer and test medium, and an excellent lady. Henry B. Allen is a most wonderful musical medium. In his line I think him second to none. We recently had Moses and Mattie Hull with us for six lectures. It is useless to say anything in their praise, as everybody knows them. They will always be found on the top of the ladder. For the past month we have Mrs. E. Eldrich, a good lecturer, character reader, a first-class worker and one of the all-around good Spiritualists. She has two more Sundays with us, and the question is, who comes next?

Before closing, I wish to say one word in favor of pure mediumship. I believe the time has arrived that we should allow no materializing medium to hold public circles except under absolute test conditions. We must expose all frauds—at least we will do it here. I have noticed several times in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER as to Mr. and Mrs. Fitch's materializations and independent slate-writings. They dare not give a test seance anywhere. I challenge them and Mrs. Held to a test, and they dare not give it. C. V. Miller, of San Francisco, is a materializing medium of whom I have heard some good reports. I have never met him, but hope to make his acquaintance in the near future.

I suggest a simple test that is very effective. Here it is: Make a gown or sack of thin black goods, large enough to have them step into; bring it up inclosing all the body, and fasten it around the neck with a drawing string, tie it, and cover the knot with sealing wax. Have the same cord or string long enough to extend to the floor while in a sitting posture, and fasten it securely to the same. Now, Spiritualists everywhere, apply these tests. Why not test them? Who says no? I know materialization is true. Now, if we will but get rid of frauds, we will convert the world.

A. L. FOREMAN, M. D.

Stockton, California.

The Progressive Thinker

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STRANGE PHENOMENON.

Further Confirmation Desirable.

TO THE EDITOR:—I write you in regard to a strange phenomenon experienced by two prospectors of this place, on the 2nd day of this month. Harry F. Cook and Henry Page started from Creede on a prospecting tour, on the morning of July 2nd, and when about eight miles north of here, on a steep, narrow comb of the continental divide, far above timberline, their attention was attracted by a buzzing sound that seemed to emanate from a depression in the rocks in front of them. Mr. Page says that his first thought was that it was caused by bees or hornets, but his companion remarked that anything of that kind would not likely be found in an altitude of 12,000 feet. Mr. Page picked up a rock and tossed it over to the place where the sound seemed to emanate, and when he extended his arm in the act of throwing the rock, what was his surprise to hear the buzzing sound transferred to the tips of his fingers. He withdrew his hand, and Mr. Cook extended his, and was astonished to hear the strains of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," which seemed to issue from the tips of his fingers. They both repeated the experiment, and by thinking of some old tunes, were favored with hearing them plain and distinctly: "Pop goes the weasel," "Home, sweet home," and several other familiar airs. They stood there almost spellbound for nearly an hour. They are both considerably puzzled over the strange occurrence. Soon after leaving the spot, it commenced to hail and continued till there was a fall of about three inches. Mr. Cook expects to go back to the place soon and make further investigation. He is a well-known prospector, having come here in the early days of Creede and is owner of the "Cora Bell" mining claim, on Mammoth Mountain, near this place. We would be pleased to hear from anyone who can throw any light on this strange occurrence.

JOHN A. WEST.

Amethyst, Creede Camp, Colorado.

The Meeting at Vassar, Mich.

The Vassar two-days' camp-meeting, on the 14th and 15th inst., was a glorious success, thanks be to Bro. Applebee and Bro. Williams, who were the bone and sinew of the occasion; also to Bro. Potter for furnishing free the use of his beautiful grove, situated one-half mile from the lively village of Vassar. The meetings were conducted by Mrs. Anna L. Robinson, of Port Huron, Mich., and Mrs. Minnie Carpenter, of Detroit; both were very interesting and instructive in their discourses, and many fine tests were given by them with unmistakable identity, and were in almost every instance recognized by persons in the audience. Both ladies acquitted themselves with creditable honor. M. A. Root, of Bay City, was present and greeted many old friends, and his good words of cheer and encouragement were thankfully and well received. May he live long and prosper. The old "war horse" veteran singer, Prof. P. O. Hudson, of Bay City, Mich., was present, and entranced the audience with his stirring as well as pathetic music. Hudson is truly wonderful; he is truly a musical magnet. The attendance on Sunday, the 15th, was over one thousand, and to see the eagerness and rapt attention of that vast audience shows conclusively how eager humanity is hungering for the truths of our glorious philosophy. The meeting has caused a great awakening in Vassar, and many new converts were made. We have sown the good seed and it will spring up a thousandfold. Thanks be to the angel world for assistance on the occasion, and may we all live to see many more such meetings at Vassar.

Mrs. S. E. HUDSON.

Spirits Paint a Nude Picture.

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATION GIVEN TO FAITHFUL QUAKER CITY THEOSOPHISTS.

Word comes from Philadelphia, Pa., that the masters who control the earthly movements of all faithful Theosophists have favorable designs on some person or persons dwelling in this vicinity is firmly believed by Simon P. Kase, his wife and the choice circle of congenial spirits that hover around them. This belief has become a certainty to them within the past few days, because of a manifestation those masters made in the handsome residence of Mr. Kase, 161 North Fifteenth street, where all of them were present declare that a wonderful picture was precipitated upon a canvas thirty by twenty inches in size. The picture certainly is in evidence.

The medium through whose powers the picture appeared was James Copeland, who is well known in his line. While traveling in the West he claims to have been told by his special mahatmas that if he would place a canvas thirty-six by twenty inches in size in Mr. Kase's cabinet the most powerful manifestation ever given to mortals would take place. He at once came to Philadelphia and arranged for the event. The canvas was placed in the cabinet and the spirits invoked.

In deep silence twenty minutes slipped by and the canvas was found to be blank. Four times was the canvas withdrawn without result and the faithful were about to give up in despair. Then the masters relented, and the fifth effort proved successful beyond the hopes of even Copeland.

The picture represents a young woman, costumed in the primitive style in vogue in the garden of Eden, though a gauzy scarf, possibly a detached fragment of cloud, is draped about her shapely loins. Perched upon her hand is a brilliantly-tinted butterfly, which she seems to be studying intently. —Chicago Sunday Herald.

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The Soldiers' Home, Los Angeles, California.

TO THE EDITOR:—That the unseen forces should combine to pour out their spiritual blessings on the poor old veterans of the Soldiers' Home and smooth down the rough places of their declining years, is, I think, quite enough to warrant me in claiming a small portion of your valuable space. There is, perhaps, no place on earth where so large a percent of white heads, and maimed and disabled bodies, can be seen as in a Soldiers' Home; many of them are agnostics or skeptics, in consequence of which religious sentiment has too often received a cold shower. There being a few Spiritualists in camp, however, it was decided to organize a society which, when completed, secured the services of Prof. N. S. Ravlin, of Los Angeles, for a series of lectures. Last night the closing lecture was delivered. To say that the distinguished orator has done ample justice to the occasion and given the cause a veritable boom, would be only putting it in its mildest form. Nowhere, perhaps, was there ever more interest created in so short a time. Henry B. Allen, of Summerland, California, also dropped in and gave a seance, in which music was played on instruments far beyond the reach of mortal hands. A guitar was also played as it went floating round the room in mid-air above the heads of those in the circle. Communications were also written by spirit hands and put in the pockets of sitters. Many of these were from departed friends, of whom nothing was known except by the recipient. All of the manifestations were of such a convincing character that it seemed a pity that the medium could not stay longer, particularly so as several came with their money that could not be admitted on account of room.

Mrs. Georgia Cooley also called at the home and gave a few tests from the rostrum after one of Professor Ravlin's lectures. A number of the tests were not recognized at the time, but on the following morning the parties receiving them met the lady at the depot and, after acknowledging the tests, said everything was so new and wonderful to them that for the time being they were unable to talk upon the subject, but after thinking the matter over they were thoroughly convinced.

As the Soldiers' Home is a kind of portal between this world and the next, it is surely well that all should realize what a pleasant thing it is to know that the continuity of life is an assured fact and not a myth handed down from barbarous man.

C. PHELPS.

The Tidal Wave in Oregon.

TO THE EDITOR:—Never in the history of the past has there been as much interest shown in the cause of Spiritualism in Portland as at this time, and I may add, never was there such an opportunity to those seeking to gain a knowledge of spiritual truth as we have to day; we have more and better developed mediums, both at home and from abroad, than ever before. I will not attempt to give a full list of them, neither can I describe the many wonderful phases of manifestations. We have with us, just now, the celebrated John King, of New York, who has circumnavigated the globe, been in the frozen regions of the North, and under the burning sun of the equator, and away round Cape Horn; in New Zealand, Australia, and in the islands of the Pacific; who, unimpaired of purse or scrip, goes wherever his spirit guides direct, and always meets a hearty welcome in every land and clime and always returns to his native land bettered in every sense of the word.

Then we have Ben M. Barney, the marvelous reader of sealed letters, who, together with his wife and daughter, is doing wonders in the cause of Spiritualism. Then we have the gifted slate-writing medium, Mrs. Alice M. Warnock, from your city, who, although in the morning of life, bids fair to outshine the most brilliant stars. Then there is Mr. and Mrs. De Noyes, from San Francisco, clairvoyant and trance mediums, who have just arrived among us. How many others here from abroad I could not say, but will mention H. Pettibone from the East and from San Francisco as one of the grandest mediums I have met for thirty years, which is saying much when one considers the many grand and noble ones I have had the pleasure to meet with.

In some future letter I may give in detail some of the many phases of his mediumship. Then we have such home talent as Mrs. Bruce, independent slate-writer; Mrs. Addie R. Smith, clairvoyant and test medium; Mrs. Baxter Reynolds, of the same class of manifestations. Thus, you see, we have a tidal wave in spiritual unfoldment in this dark corner of God's footstool.

Portland, Oregon. CYRUS A. REED.

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Commencing August 10th, and closing on the 26th. Preparations are being made to make this the grandest meeting ever held by the society. Good speakers and mediums will be an attractive feature. A fine new dining hall and restaurant has just been completed, where all can obtain good board for \$3.50 per week, or 25 cents for single meal. Tents can be rented by applying to the secretary, stating whether you want them furnished or not.

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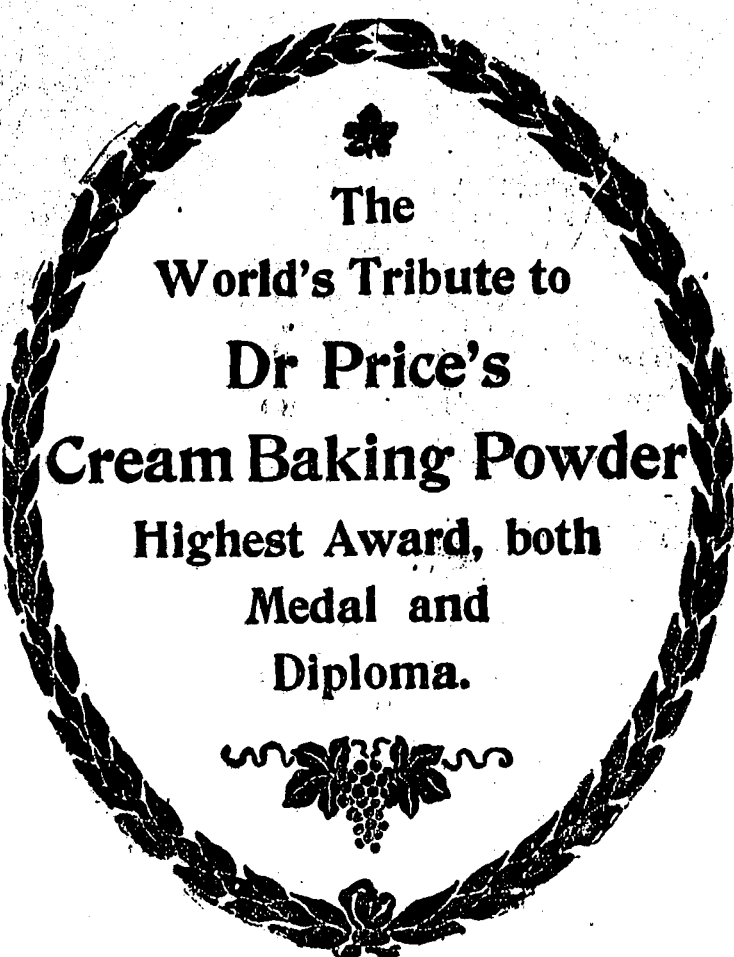
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NOTE—The Chief Chemist rejected the Alum Powders, stating to the World's Fair jury that he considered them unwholesome.

"The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER is the standard for purity and perfection the world over, and is beyond comparison. Its purity and goodness are household words. Always full weight. Never varies. Never disappoints.

Dr. Price's is peculiarly adapted for export, as neither long sea voyages nor climatic changes affect it. Will keep fresh and sweet for years.

It is a fact that certain envious manufacturers of Baking Powder, who lacked the temerity to even place their goods in competition with Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder at the World's Fair, have, since it closed, advertised that they actually received an award. To an enlightened, appreciative public, comment on such an unfair and reprehensible act is quite unnecessary.

How Cream of Tartar Is Made.

Cream of Tartar—which enters so largely into the manufacture of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder—is obtained from the tart wines of France, Germany, Austria, etc. The Crude Tartar, called Argols, is deposited on the sides of the wine casks during the fermentation of the wine. After the wine is drawn off this crystal deposit is removed, dried and exported to America, where the elaborate process of refining goes on, producing the snow-white crystals of Cream of Tartar. Specimens of this product, in all its conditions, from the crude Argols in its original wine cask to the purified and refined article embodied in Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, were shown at the Price Baking Powder Company's late exhibit in the Agricultural Building, World's Columbian Exposition.

NOTE—The Cream of Tartar Refinery controlled by the Price Baking Powder Company is the most complete and extensive in the world.