



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

VOL. 9.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 8, 1894.

NO. 263

BISHOP FOSTER.

His Own Confession!

IT SEEMS TO BE DENIED BY HIS MINISTERIAL BRETHREN—IT SMACKS TOO MUCH OF AGNOSTICISM TO SUIT THEM—LET THIS SETTLE IT.

TO THE EDITOR:—The following letter will explain itself.

DR. H. V. SWERINGEN.—Dear Sir:—I am a reader of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, like your articles. They are usually concise, to the point, and hard to answer. You have more than once quoted Bishop Foster as saying: "However it may awaken surprise, truth demands that we should make the confession that we do not know that death does not end all." One Methodist bishop and one M. E. preacher has denied it to me. Where in his writings can I find it? Yours respectfully, H. V. SWERINGEN.

Inasmuch as the above is not the only inquiry received concerning Bishop Foster's utterance, as several times quoted by the undersigned, in order to settle the question once for all, I will now inform your readers where they can find it.

I have felt a peculiar, irresistible impulse, at the risk of a repetition tiresome to your readers, perhaps, to make frequent use of the bishop's agnosticism in the articles I have contributed to your valuable paper. The fact as above stated, that a fellow-bishop has denied the accuracy or truth of my quotation, would rather indicate that said peculiar impulse was for some purpose in the interest of the cause of truth, and no doubt communicated from the realm of the occult.

One of my first references to Bishop Foster's utterance was made several years ago, upon the occasion of my introduction of Mrs. Ada Foye to a most intelligent audience in Fort Wayne, Indiana. My remarks were published in full the following day in the Fort Wayne Daily News. Another paper of the city, the Daily Gazette, replied editorially to them, charging me with "garbling Bishop Foster's utterance," a charge which I promptly proved to be groundless.

In my quotations of what the good bishop has written, I confined myself exclusively to what he penned bearing only upon his knowledge of, and not his faith in a future existence. Of course it ought to go without saying that a Methodist bishop has hope for and faith in a future existence, but we are now dealing with the subject of knowledge rather than of faith and hope.

In order to give your readers some idea of what the bishop has written on the subject, I will give the quotation in full. In a book written by Bishop Foster, entitled "Beyond the Grave," on pages 16, 17 and 18, may be found these words:

"Does death end all? We answer, unhesitatingly, unwaveringly, no. The answer represents our belief, not our knowledge. However it may awaken surprise, truth demands that we do not know that death does not end all. Nor does any man know that it does. If it were given men on the earth to know, that would be the end of uncertainty, or even questioning. We do not know, therefore we are liable to have misgivings, doubts and fears. There is not a single fact within our reach that furnishes us absolute knowledge. We have neither sense nor mental vision of man after he dies. He does not appear within the range of our faculties. We do not find him. Where he is, or that he is at all, is absolutely unknown to us. Our consciousness is silent on the subject. The dead do not come back to us, and we are not able to go to them. This, without doubt, is the common experience of humanity. If there are any who imagine that they know, we are not anxious to dispossess them of the pleasing delusion—it cannot harm them.

"Having conceded that there is no absolute knowledge in the premises, however, we now affirm that we find it quite impossible to doubt. The strength of the belief is unquestionably instructive, but this only points to its probable truth. That which we now seek to find out is this: Since we have no means of absolute knowledge, what may we rationally believe? Are there facts which ought to determine our belief one way or the other? Let us not fall into the dangerous fallacy, that since knowledge is impossible, inquiry is useless. There is a truth—either man does survive death or he does not. If he does, we ought to believe it, since not to believe it is not only to be in error, but is to darken our lives with despair when they ought to be bright with hope; is to withdraw from us influences which we need amid the temptations and sorrows of this state. To believe the truth, or have truth in our belief, is quite as important as to know the truth; and it is as much a duty to regulate our beliefs according to reason, as it is to attain knowledge of the knowable. The duty to know applies to our class of subjects, and the duty to believe to another, and the duty is equally imperative in both cases."

I have now given a full, ungarbled, impartial, unadulterated quotation of Bishop Foster's utterance on the subject of a future existence, the book in which they can be found, and the pages thereof on which they appear. What think you, reader, of it? Does it require an expert reader "between the lines" to form any idea as to the condition of the bishop's mind at the time he penned them? Was not that condition one of doubt? Surely doubt is written all over it, through it, around it, across it and between the lines. Doubt, doubt, doubt. We understand by the term "doubt"

a fluctuation of mind respecting truth, arising from defect or absence of knowledge or evidence; uncertainty of condition; to be in uncertainty respecting the truth or fact. To have, in the words of the bishop, "misgivings, doubts and fears." We understand by "knowledge" a term denoting a clear and certain perception of that which exists, or of truth and fact. To know a thing precludes all doubt or uncertainty of its existence. Not to know a thing involves doubt, expressed or implied. The absence of absolute knowledge implies doubt. "Belief" is often used for persuasion or opinion, when the evidence is not so clear as to leave no doubt. A man may "believe," and yet doubt that which he believes. He may have faith and yet entertain "doubts and fears, misgivings and uncertainties," respecting his faith. In all matters of mere faith or belief, doubt is implied or expressed by very reason of the want or defect of knowledge of the thing believed.

But more faith and hope are not satisfying, the restless spirit of the age. Here "belief," it is evident from the above quotation does not even satisfy the bishop himself, for he knows too well how mutable beliefs are. Some years ago Bishop Foster had faith in, believed and preached an "eternal brimstone hell." Does he so believe and preach now? Some years ago he believed and preached that the world was made in six days. Does he so believe and preach now? Does he, indeed, believe and preach now more than about one-half that which he believed and preached twenty-five years ago? If not, what does his "belief," "faith," "hope," and "quite impossible to doubt,"—what does it all amount to? What are faith and hope as compared with actual knowledge from absolute evidence?

Because Bishop Foster has not attained the absolute knowledge of a future existence (which is attainable if he will) but seek it by an honest investigation of Spiritualism, he thinks no one else has attained it, and thus refers to those who lay claim to such attainment: "If there are any who imagine that they know, we are not anxious to dispossess them of the pleasing delusion—it cannot harm them." How very kind the bishop is, to be sure, I would return the compliment in something like this wise: If there are any who imagine that Spiritualists do not know what they are talking about, we are not going to break our necks trying to dispossess them of the perplexing delusion—they will finally cease preaching such nonsense when they know better. We will continue at the old stand, taking nothing for authority, and not authority (or the majority for truth.) As Spiritualists we are ever ready to give "a reason for the hope that is within us"—a reason based on knowledge, on individual experience, on incontrovertible evidence, and, therefore, a reason for the knowledge that is within us.

Personally, I am no longer an investigator in the apologetic sense of the term, but a Spiritualist, rooted and grounded and glorying in, proud of, and thankful for the knowledge I possess, that when this physical body shall be laid away in the tomb, I will go to there and the old orthodox "doleful sound" therefrom will not grate so harshly as of yore, upon the ears of the friends who bury it.

H. V. SWERINGEN.

INCIDENT AT A FUNERAL.

A Spirit Speaks in an Audible Voice.

At Louisville, Ky., on November 23d, at 1:10 P. M., of dropsy, Mrs. Mamie, wife of Mr. Clarence Folsom, passed to Spirit-life, age 27 years. The funeral was conducted from the family residence on the 25th, by Miss Lizzie D. Bailey and A. H. Sweetser, both pastors of the First Spiritual Church, of which her husband and parents are members. She was a native of Louisville, and leaves a husband, a son, a daughter, a mother, grandmother and a large number of other relatives and a host of other friends. Some three hours before the breath left the body, she said she saw spirit friends, and gave the names of relatives she had never seen before.

A medium, Miss L. Monahan, under control, offered a beautiful prayer. In closing she said the spirits would call for her in about an hour, and she would be with them in ten minutes. The spirit left with a smile on her face. She was conscious until the last.

A REMARKABLE COMMUNICATION.

In three hours after the breath left the body, with fourteen people present, in a bright daylight room, all talking as usual, both relatives and strangers, and some unbelievers who had made their brags that no spirit could give any manifestations while they were present—all at once her spirit spoke in a clear, independent voice, saying to her husband: "Tell my mamma (who was in the other room weeping) not to grieve, I am not dead."

At that moment, the spirit's father, Mr. L. Zwyoff, entered the room and a medium, Mr. A. Finney, spoke to him, and at the same time the spirit appeared to cross the room, and spoke as before, so at present heard it, and said: "Papa, I am not dead." Now the skeptics were well acquainted with the spirit before she passed away and they say it sounded exactly like her voice. The next day while her husband was giving orders to the undertaker, she spoke again, and told him to put on the casket plate, "With Her Spirit Friends."

DR. THOS. MCABOY.

A cloak, A. D. 72, cost 60c.

MR. CHARLES DAWBARN

He Makes a Tour of Inspection to Honolulu.

MANY THINGS OF INTEREST—VOLCANOES—THE POORLY-PAID LABORERS—INTERESTING PARTICULARS.

TO THE EDITOR:—The twelve days' sail from San Francisco was most delightful, yet in one respect I am feeling disappointed. Ghosts will not materialize in these islands of the Pacific, as I had hoped. Never a ghost-seer can I discover; and, worse still, I cannot even convince myself that the medicine men of the past have had any greater power than their humbug successors of to-day. The Kahuna is a gentleman who, for a consideration, will undertake to pray anyone to death; but as he always commences by informing his victim that he is about to begin his little incantation, we naturally attribute the decease of the patient to his knowledge of what is going on; and there seems no doubt that the Kahuna has a knowledge of some deadly poison, as it is very dangerous to eat of anything to which he or his agents have had access, at least during this season of anxious fervent prayer for your speedy death. Beyond such powers and practices thereto appertaining there seems nothing of occult interest in these islands. I cannot hear of a case where there has been a knowledge either of the past or the future, or any evidence of communion with the unseen world.

MUCH OF INTEREST IN THE ISLAND.

But there is much of interest here all the same. The climate and soil are in certain spots almost perfect, but the capitalist has already taken care that the poor man shall have very little to do with the acres here. Wages are kept down to about \$12 a month at the plantation, where Chinese, Japanese, and Portuguese from the Azores leave no opening for the honest American citizen. For the most part title to land here is held by the government, so you must lease the land you wish to work; and, of course, having no title you find your improvements growing less valuable year by year. Sugar is a most valuable crop here, so long as it is allowed free access to the American market, but on every plantation it demands large capital for most expensive machinery.

Many plantations are now being commenced for raising coffee; but as the clearing of a tropical forest involves a total of at least \$150 an acre before your trees are five years old and bearing a crop for market, there does not seem much opening for the poor man in this direction, more than in sugar. So whether destiny shall make these islands a part of the United States, or leave them in their independence, there seems but little opening for the average American voter.

PARADISE FOR THE TOURIST.

The grandest active volcano in the world is here on the island of Hawaii; so this will continue to be the paradise of the tourist, who, if he has my experience, will feel that a couple of hours on the edge of the crater watching the play of the white hot lava 100 feet below is ample compensation for the rollings and rumblings of the ocean specially adapted for these islands; and there is always the delightful excitement of uncertainty as to how long the goddess Pele will permit you to occupy your seat before she takes it down into the orchestra below. If you repeat your visit to the crater you are very likely to find the snug nook you occupied before has disappeared. The lava all around you is still hot from the furnace, and a stick pushed into the bank will come out coated with boiling sulphur. In fact, the whole region is intensely hot, and the specially adapted for the residence of the preachers and college professors who are so often tried and found guilty nowadays.

AMUSEMENT IN THE SCENE.

Still, there is fun in it for one who is not half-frightened to death at the antics of a baby volcano which seemed to be frolicking all over its parent, like a healthy youngster just before daylight. In one spot a geyser out of breath with its own spout and in another a clown seemed giving a good imitation of the "puff-puff" of a locomotive and the cyclonic hammer wielded by a Corliss engine. It was, for me, just a big pot filled with melted universe, and liable to boil over at any time. This volcano is on the side of Mauna Loa, and only 4,000 feet above sea level; but away on the top and over 14,000 feet high is the crater that has several times put the whole island in deadly peril. It is asleep just now, so the tourist has no temptation to climb.

Honolulu is an evergreen glade where winter is unknown. The child of the missionary has dethroned the Queen. His god gives him the

HEATHEN FOR A SPOIL

the world over. He first saves the soul of the savage and then pockets his farm. That is business from the orthodox standpoint. I have seen lots of deserted little churches on these islands. Sometime in the Fifties the Yankee ceased his missionary contributions, and though the old missionaries and their descendants had grown wealthy, the little church stopped work. There are now many thousands of Chinese and Japanese on these islands, and here in Honolulu something is made of attempting the "improvement." But out in the country, and on the plantations, Mammon is God over all. In fact, I found one great plantation on which the hands are often compelled to work on Sunday, without any pay, if the manager declares

it necessary. For a man to refuse is to lose his job.

As I write, 900 Japanese have just arrived, and all under contract that leaves them literally slaves. In this city Chinese and Japanese have the most thriving stores and grow wealthy, but the laborer at \$12 a month, with the privilege of boarding himself, will be a long time becoming a millionaire. The Kanaka of pure blood is fast dying out, but half-breeds abound, and singularly, the blending with Chinese makes a manly man with the virtues of both races; but the white half-breed loses all but the vices of both parents.

The climate here is depressing, but I found it bracing at the volcano, and the wayfarer may, if he chooses, creep up the mountain-side to any temperature that best suits him; but, for me, the United States has advantages not found here, and I am hoping to soon find myself once again in the little city of San Leandro, in California.

Honolulu. CHARLES DAWBARN.

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

"Lo, we are of one blood!"

—Kipling's Jungle Tales.

The man who seeks his highest to evolve By patient, unrelenting labor, By serious thought, and loftiest resolve, In him I recognize my neighbor. Across wide seas, if need be, we clasp

In real brotherhood; And though thus separated in far lands, Lo, we are of one blood.

Be his skin ebony as mine is white, Or be it copper, yellow, red, If but his heart be open to the light, What are such trifles? We are led By inborn instincts from a common parent

To seek the common good. Such things come not of chance; it is apparent That we are of one blood.

Then czars and emperors and kings, And all men, our brothers, must be free; The Hanover, the Hapsburg, Romanoff Yield to the human family! Ye foes of liberty, in time beware! It must be understood That all men—at their option—everywhere

Are of the self-same blood. Yea, at their option! Who appropriates By force, by fraud, by merechance creates, The wealth another's industry creates, Forfeits his own inheritance. Men make their choices; who their duties shrink

And for self-comport would Degrade their fellow-men to thralldom, work Corruption of their blood. Who loves his fellow-man, acts never thus And by their deeds we know our brothers.

He who asserts relationship to us, Proves it by granting it to others. Exclusiveness, the "I am holier Than thou" has ever stood As the sure mark of their true character Who are of alien blood.

Mark the distinction! It is radical And it is vital. They who ask No more of any than they grant to all Are brothers; they who fain would task

The weaker with the burdens of the strong, And have till now withstood The right of all men with their private wrong.

Are not of the same blood. Nor of a nobler; they would have it so, But true men cannot recognize it. The wretch who groans beneath the fierce knout blow

Is nobler than the wretch who plies it. By helping others we ourselves rise higher; And life is more than food, Than shelter—raiment—it is the desire That all be of one blood.

Strike hands across the oceans, then, My brothers; Stop not at nations' boundaries! The foolish enmity of nations smotheres The spirit which all nations frees. Let not tongues, customs, mouldy prejudices

Prevent the common good. The true solution of your troubles this, Let all be of one blood.

MILES MENANDER DAWSON.

THOSE DAMNABLE "ADS."

A LIVING FACT—WHAT TRUTHS MIGHT PHYSICIANS TELL.

One night an older boy Of a younger boy Told poison soon developed more of its kind:

To-day this younger boy's mind is bazy; Yes, he's insane—"crazy." Just that night's virus dropped All his future sunshine stopped.

Curse these soul-crushing tapers We see "set up" for some papers. Tapers to burn in the soul's dark night, When virtue is driven out of sight.

How many boys and girls go mad Following up one thing damnably "Ad."

In this boy's mind one thing doth dwell—"I'm going straight to hell."

Dear, dear, crushed, poisoned soul, "Over there," if not here, Your angel of light will get control.

G. S. GREEN, M. D.

In 1307 a horseshoe in England cost 14 cents.

A CASE OF SPIRIT RETURN.

The Mother Sought and Found.

TO THE EDITOR:—A case of spirit return has come to my knowledge. The spirit herself says: "I would like to have all the world know how I found a way to talk to my mother."

Last spring a neighbor of mine, Mrs. Curtis, went one afternoon to the post-office, and was handed a letter with only "Mrs. Curtis, Mishawaka, Ind.," on the envelope. She was asked to read it before leaving, that it might be left there if it proved not to be for her.

The letter read: "Mrs. Curtis, did you know a girl by the name of Edna Curtis, who was killed at the South Bend Fair? If so, please write to Bulah Keith, Keeler, Mich., and I will tell you why I ask."

Mrs. Curtis had not even known there was a town by that name, nor had she heard the woman's name. She answered immediately, hardly expecting a reply.

The answer came as follows: "There was a spirit here who wrote on a slate, claiming to be Edna Curtis, and told us that her mother lived at Mishawaka, Ind., and that she was killed at the South Bend Fair, nearly five years before, by being caught in some machinery. She gave some particulars of her death, to prove to her mother that she was Edna. She said: 'Tell me not to feel so badly, for she was not so much to blame for my going to the fair as she thinks she was.' When asked why her mother felt badly about her going to the fair, she said: 'I did not want to go to the fair that morning. My coaxed me to go. After I was killed she blamed herself.'"

This was true. The mother came near death's door at the time, and this one point hurt her the most: She had coaxed her child to go to the fair, a fact that very few of the near friends knew, it being too painful for the mother to talk about. Edna knew that this thought was the one uppermost for years.

Then she said: "Tell me that I was with her last week." When asked why, she said: "Mother was having one of her bad spells, and she felt last week as though all the light had gone out of the world. I had been with her all day Tuesday of that week."

On that very day her mother had made out that remark to a friend at Marcelus, Mich., and added: "I wonder what this is I seem to hear constantly. It seems to be a voice saying: 'Don't! It will come out all right.' Never for a moment thinking it could be her daughter trying to comfort her, until a week after, when getting the second letter from Mrs. Keith, she was told of the words she had used and that Edna had tried to give her comfort.

This and much more was sent through a slate-writing medium, Mrs. Bertha Keith, a daughter-in-law of the Mrs. Keith that Edna asked to write to her mother.

When asked to give her mother's full name, she said: "Send it that way; she will get it."

Bertha Keith is an independent slate-writer that the world needs and ought to have in the field. There is much need for those that the Spirit-world can do perfect work through.

MRS. JOHN QUIGG.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Like some old Turk who in the lazy noon Sits smoking in the sun, And with his fancies weaves a drowsy tune Scarce ended but begun; Who idly watches the slow shadows creep Where lies his favorite fair one fast asleep,

And muses in a listless, dreamy way, On yesterday, to-morrow and to-day. So doth the Indian Summer in a maze Of slumberous still dreams, Send forth the light blue tissue of the haze

On valleys, hills and streams. Soft languors of the Orient seem to weave Delicious visions with their we breathe; And from each tree the birds who linger yet

Sound the clear bells of Nature's minstrel. The golden splendors of the Eastern world With rarer charms are blent; The woods a million banners have unfurled

In colors opulent, And slowly through the silence steals a shade To where my cheek on Earth's brown breast is laid;

My heart in sweet abandon, come, what may, Blest in the rich perfumings of to-day.

CORA LINN DANIELS.

That "Pun."

TO THE EDITOR:—The "pun" by Andrew Jackson Davis introduced by your correspondent, "H." in a late issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, reminds me of a witty remark by the same author once when visited by me for medical treatment. I thought I had trouble with the liver. The doctor looked at me a moment and asked me to place my hand where the pain was. I did so, whereupon, smiling, he said, "I will give you \$10.00 a pound for all the liver you will find in that locality." I was way off.

Boston, Mass.

Pliny mentions oatmeal as a favorite food of the Germans.

VOICE OF A NOBLE WORKER.

Her Sympathies Extend Far and Wide.

A COMPREHENSIVE VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM—DEFENSE OF THE RIGHT—CONTRAST WITH A MINISTER—A FUNNY EPISODE.

TO THE EDITOR:—It is not often that I encroach upon your time or space, but I feel at this time to thus publicly say a good word for your paper. From the first it has been the best, best seems to grow better with every number. The spirit of the paper, manifested in its bold and fearless advocacy of right and truth, in all departments of life, is to be commended.

SPIRITUALISM IN A BROAD SENSE.

Spiritualism, as I understand it, is the science and philosophy of life, least must embrace life in its complex or all-sided nature, and, consequently, cannot be wholly wrapped up in the spiritual side of being, but must of necessity have to do with that which is of the material nature; knowing also that the elevation of humanity, materially or physically, tends to make better the conditions for the unfolding of the spiritual nature. An empty stomach, bare feet, and a shelterless head, are not conditions conducive to high moral and spiritual attainments, so let the voice of Spiritualists, through the press and upon the rostrum, be lifted against oppression and wrong in all forms and places. Let it be lifted against class legislation; against unjust taxation; against monopoly and plutocracy; against wickedness in high places; against corruption in State and Nation.

Let it be heard against those social evils that pollute both the social and political atmosphere; that despoil the home life of its sanctity; that rob motherhood of its sacredness; that produce diseased, deformed, idiotic, half-made-up specimens of humanity. Let the voice of Spiritualism be heard upon all questions that have to do with the welfare of the people, and that tend toward "the healing of the nations."

THE FREETHINKERS.

Especially commendable is the position of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER in its attitude toward that class of our brothers and sisters known as Freethinkers, and I read with pride, pleasure and profit the report of the Congress of the American Secular Union, and the earnest and eloquent addresses of our Freethought friends, as reported in your paper, for it is known that materialism was battling for the rights of "man, woman and child" before modern Spiritualism had birth, and are not we, Spiritualists, largely indebted to infidelity for the "religious" freedom we now enjoy? The infidels planted the Tree of Liberty in the far-away past, and through the long ages it was watered by their tears and blood; kept alive by their labor, and devotion to principle, and, perhaps, I may add, that in the nineteenth century modern Spiritualism blossomed from the topmost twig, and while, as Spiritualists, we may feel that we have acquired a knowledge that extends beyond material life, still the fraternal feeling and the co-operation of Spiritualists should be extended to our materialistic friends, in their brave and noble work in demolishing religious idols, in breaking the fetters of priestly tyranny, in resisting the encroachments of ecclesiastical power that threaten the life of the nation, and in their efforts to make better the human race. I say, let freethinkers of all names, stand together in the universal brotherhood of humanity, and let the principle of human brotherhood. The writer has tried to carry this principle into practice, as far as circumstances would permit, and while I have not been a contributor to the spiritualist press, still many of your readers know that my voice has not been silent, nor my pen permitted to become rusty.

A FALSIFYING MINISTER.

A little time ago, one of the orthodox ministers of this city felt called upon to preach a sermon upon "Infidels and Infidelity," in which he slandered, abused, misrepresented and lied to his heart's content, and only as a preacher can, and then it was that the pen of a Spiritualist was used in defense of the lives and deeds of infidels, and seven long articles were penned and published in one of our secular papers, in reply to the sermon, and now comes the funny part of the defense. In the articles written, no allusion to Spiritualism had been made, and one good, pious soul, who chanced to read them, mistaking the writer for one who had no belief in a future existence, sent to the paper a finely-written poetical effusion, wherein I was accused of teaching a doctrine "as black as hell," and having taught in it of "hope or faith," and of "beating upon the drum, with cross bones, the dirge of woe and despair at the door whereon crape was hung," but my spirits bubbled over with merriment when I made reply, and "bearded the beast in his lair."

And thus I intend to use the freedom that is mine, preserved to me through the efforts of the brave and fearless champions of free thought, called Infidels, Atheists, Agnostics, Materialists, etc., to speak in defense of truth and right. I do not intend to try the one talent that is mine, but use it, and thereby hope to gain other talents.

Yours for the truth,

CLARA WATSON.

Jamestown, N. Y.

Charlemagne paid \$7 for a pair of shoes.

POLYGLOT PEEBLES' DEFENSE

He Makes Confession of Episcopalianism.

FOR WHICH HE ASKS NO FORGIVENESS AND PROMISES NO REPENTANCE.

Referring to a paragraph in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of November 17th, concerning "We have been told that Dr. J. M. Peebles is a member of the Episcopal Church," I have to say, first—Well, what of it? Bishop Colenso, who wrote that great work against the Pentateuch, was an Episcopalian. The late distinguished Bishop Brooks, so liberal and broad-minded, was an Episcopalian. Canon Farrar, who wrote "Eternal Hope," condemning endless hell torments, is an Episcopalian. Heber Newton, of New York, extracts from whose sermons are often quoted and endorsed by Spiritualists, is an Episcopalian. Are these, and hundreds of others that I could name, any the worse for it?

The phrase that I "left the Spiritualist lecture-fair several years ago," is not only incorrect, but absolutely misleading and unjust to me, because I have not left this field of work. When in Texas, though worn down by medical practice and sanitarium work, I delivered more parlor lectures upon Spiritualism, and occasionally in halls, than all other Spiritualist lecturers in the State combined. Upon reaching San Diego, Cal., I gave the principal address here at the last anniversary of modern Spiritualism; and have spoken in the Spiritualist hall several times since.

True, since graduating and practicing medicine, dating back over fifteen years, I have not traveled from Maine to Alabama, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, lecturing upon Spiritualism "proper," and half paid at that! I can count up right here and now, from my books, over \$3,000 owing me from Spiritualists for lectures, for my books, and for money loaned to them. One of these delinquents, from a spasm of conscience, wrote me a few weeks after my San Antonio sanitarium burned, that "he would pay me just as soon as the angels got the money for him." Such angels are "slow," and hereafter, in dealing with me, they will have to give the best security on real estate.

But to the point. Yes, I am a member of the Episcopal Church, of the Universalist Church of the Gathering Order of the Shaker Church; of the First Independent Church, Battle Creek, Mich.; of the Independent Christian Church of Alliance, Ohio, and of the Unitarian Church in San Diego—and whose business is it? Also, I belong to three—certainly three Spiritualist societies. And whose business is it? Poor and unwise is that honey-bee that can extract sweets from but a single blossom; and small is that paterfamilias of a man that can belong to but one society, or to one church. Down on this one-wheeled bigotry; down on every splinter-puckered ism that coops up and crushes the soul!

And, further, I am a theosophist in the true sense of that word; theosophy—divine wisdom—and whose business is it? My theosophical certificate was duly signed in Adyar, India, by the President; and my consulting mahatma is my own best judgment!

And, still further, I am a Knighted Mason, an Odd Fellow, a Son of Temperance, and a member of the Independent Order of Good Templars, an organization that I helped to create nearly fifty years ago—and whose business is it? If I had stolen a horse, robbed a bank, or eloped with my neighbor's handsome wife, it would be somebody's business—society's business.

Conversing with, and congratulating a Presbyterian recently upon the revision, and re-revision of their Westminster confession of faith, I assured him in tones most tender that I greatly favored the revision, and would probably join that church when they got their confession revised up to the sublime moral altitude of universal brotherhood—of love to God and love to man; making the last article read: "God for this day only." It is needless to add that I am still outside the Presbyterian Church.

And, moreover, I am not a member of the Baptist Church. The immersion part is all right. I believe in immersion, and in frequent application of water to the whole body. Health demands it. But the "close communion" is a stunner. I can't believe in that; and if told by some narrow sectarian Baptist that "I must believe or be damned"—then I'll be damned; that is all!

I half despise a wheelbarrow—a wheelbarrow with but a single wheel, running in a narrow rut, pushed by a sectarian clodhopper. Give me a carriage with four wheels, and give me a man that can rise above isms, above personalities, up and on to the plane of eternal principles. Such a man accepting truths—accepting and appropriating the good and the true wherever found, builds upon a rock. I had forgotten to say that I belong to the Society of Veteran Spiritualists, Boston, Mass., and I am a reporter connected with one of the Press Associations, which association furnishes news for hundreds of our best periodicals. Permit me to say, in closing, that there is one church that I am exceedingly proud to be a member of the great Church of Humanity, of which God is the infallible head. And there is one church, quite numerous, if not popular, that I will never join—the church of semi-idiot and self-sufficient bigots!

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

San Diego, Cal.

Rice was introduced into Spain by the Arabs, and into Italy in 1463 by the Spaniards.

THE PSYCHOGRAPH.

A Successful Seance With It.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE—QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

In a private letter an investigator gives the following interesting experience:

We did not at first have much success with the psychograph. We had a niece visiting us, and with a neighboring young lady who came out of curiosity, we held several seances, but the most we could get were names—any number of names of all my dead relatives and friends, and when these were exhausted, names we never heard of before would be given just so long as we had patience to sit. When we asked questions there was a wavering uncertainty which made it quite unreliable. In this I remark our experience was singular, inasmuch as names are said to be hard to get. However, there was little use in getting a whole communication of names if no answer came from them, so after a few sittings we invariably broke up with laughing at the torrent of names.

Then a neighboring woman came in, and seeing the instrument wanted to take it home and try it. She did so, and at once, sitting alone, received a joyous message from a deceased sister. She became so enraptured, she sat by it all her spare time and made spare time to sit. She talked of nothing else. She got so she would not do a thing unless she first consulted her spirit-friends. Then suddenly she received a message signed "Satan." She was a church member and believed in the "Evil One." He said he alone had given her all she had received, to tempt her and lead her astray. Every time she set the first words that came would be: "I, Satan, am here."

It was bad medicine for her to take, but I thought perhaps it was given by her spirit friends to wake her out of complete dependence on them, for she had, as it were, lost her individuality. They misadvised, if that was true, for she was so frightened she brought back the psychograph and said she would never sit again.

Well, we thought we would try it ourselves again, and the index soon told us that some one was present.

We asked: Was it Satan who communicated?

A. No, one of her friends.

Q. Do you think it right to be thus false?

A. No, but—

Q. But?

A. Everything not straight is Satan.

Q. Who are you?

A. J—

Q. My grandfather?

A. Yes.

Q. Can you not bring us some notables, like Lincoln or Napoleon?

A. No, I never met them. I can give you some of the largest names, if you want them.

Q. We know, and hope you will not return to name-giving. Why did you do that at first?

A. To practice so we could control. We were afraid to start with thoughts, for they might be so changed in getting to you.

Q. Will you tell us which political party is right?

A. No.

Q. Why?

A. Because none are right.

Q. What were your politics when on earth?

A. Democrat; but that is not what a Democrat now implies.

Q. You would be a Republican?

A. Not quite. I would not tolerate trusts or monopolies.

Q. You would stand for the Temperance party?

A. Temperance is well, but a pretty narrow plank for a national party to stand on. I'd have plans enough for the whole people to stand on.

Q. Then, of course, you advise being a Populist?

A. Of course I do not. The People's party ought to be a good party at present if it is immature.

Q. You see good and bad in all?

A. All; but ask no more. These affairs do not interest me.

Q. Is it a burden for spirits to come and communicate?

A. A. For me, yes; for others, no; for breaks the monotony of an idle existence.

Q. Can you give me tests so I may feel sure of your identity?

A. Everything possible.

I then asked a series of personal questions, as to children and family matters, the answers to some of which were known to me, and others not, but which I verified. All, with one exception, were correctly given. That was his own name, which was given without a middle letter and repeatedly declared to be correct, when the Bible had it recorded with that middle name in full.

I do not profess to account for this, but otherwise everything was perfect. Nor do I attempt to account for the remarkable facility of communication after the instrument had been returned, unless from the magnetic influence it had received.

Altogether I was well satisfied with the psychograph and regard it as the most perfect and reliable means of communication. I am somewhat of a mechanic, and must say that I never saw an object gained by such perfection in scientific construction as in the revolving disc and index.

MOLLIE.

There's a spicion in the atmosphere o' snow,

An' it makes my heart go pit-a-pat for'

I kin almost feel the tingle,

An' hear the merry jingle,

An' the crackin' o' the cutter on the snow!

There's a sharp an' likely feelin' in the air,

That sets the blood a-glowin' rich and rare;

I kin almost see the glimmer

O' the stars 'at shine an' shimmer

When a sled in the parkin' winter air!

O, I hunger for the tinkle o' the bells,

An' the ne'er forgotten story 'at it tells.

O' straw rides quaint and jolly,

In the days when pretty Mollie

Made my heart-strings tinkle, tinkle like the bells!

There's a soft an' subtle feelin' in my heart,

'At drives away life's every sting an' smart,

O, the memory of love's folly!

It was sleighin' time when Mollie

Put her sweetest an' her sunshine in my heart!

—New York Sun.

THE CAUSE IN LOUISVILLE.

Local Mediums Give Tests After Each Lecture.

TO THE EDITOR:—The First Spiritual Church of Louisville, Ky., has been in existence for upwards of ten years, during which time we have not missed a single Sunday night's service. During those years our rostrum has been occupied by some of the best talent on the Spiritualist platform, and by local talent, Miss Lizzie D. Bailey, your humble servant, and others.

Our rostrum is at present occupied by the Rev. A. H. Sweetser, who was formerly a Universalist and a Christian minister. Brother Sweetser, upon having his Spiritual eyes opened, threw up a good salary and withdrew from the orthodox church. He is now throwing his Spiritual shots into the ranks of Christians, Campbellites and Universalists.

Some years ago we determined to use our local mediums in giving tests at the close of each lecture. This rule we have not deviated from, and the result has been that many persons who have visited our hall from curiosity have, through the descriptions given them of their spirit friends by our mediums, become earnest and open avowed Spiritualists. It is but due them that their names should be given. They are: Miss Lizzie D. Bailey, Mrs. M. E. Marshall, Chas. Hoffmeister, Dr. Thos. McAbey and Mrs. Mary Jewell.

We hold during the winter months a monthly social. We give our next social on December 27th.

I will now close, with an earnest wish for the prosperity of your valuable paper and the advancement of Spiritualism.

DR. J. H. WILSON, President.

ARE THE CHILDREN HOME?

Each day when the glow of sunset fades in the Western sky,

And the wee ones, tired of playing, go tripping lightly by,

I steal away from my husband, as he sits in the easy chair,

And watch from the open doorway their faces, fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead, that once was full of life,

Ringling with girlish laughter, echoing boyish strife,

We two were waiting together; and oft, as the shadows come,

With tremulous voice he calls me: "It is night; are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently, "they're all home long ago,"

And I sing in my quivering treble a song so soft and low,

Till the old man drops to slumber with his head upon his hand,

And I tell to myself the number home in the Better Land;

Home where never a sorrow shall dim their eyes with tears;

Where the smile of God is on them through all the Summer years;

I know—yet my arms are empty that fondly folded seven,

And the mother heart within me is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening I only shut my eyes,

And the children are all about me, a vision from the skies;

The babes whose dimpled fingers lost the way to my breast,

And the beautiful ones the angels passed to the world of the blest,

With never a cloud upon them, I see their radiant brows;

My boys that I gave to freedom—the red sword sears their vows!

In a tangled Southern forest, twin brothers bold and brave,

They fell and the flag they died for, thank God! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted away on wings of light,

And again we two are together, all alone in the night!

They tell me my mind is failing, but I smile at idle fears;

He is only back with the children, in the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the Summer sunset fades away in the West,

And the wee ones, tired of playing, go trooping home to rest,

My husband calls from his corner: "Say, love! have the children come?"

And I answer, with eyes uplifted: "Yes, dear! they are all at home!"

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The Scope of the Work.

The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World consists of 400 closely printed pages, neatly printed and substantially bound. As prices go, it is worth at least \$1.50. This is Vol. I. of a series. Twenty thousand copies have been contracted for and all will be sold.

In fact, we expect to dispose of at least 100,000 copies. In inaugurating our Publishing House, we have presented you a specimen of its work for examination. Just think of it—what a sweeping reduction in price! The entire libraries of the world cannot furnish you with the data on Death that will be presented in the various volumes. The analysis of Death will be complete—most comprehensive. You can get this work for 50 cents when you send in a dollar subscription. This enables us, in a measure, to bear the burden of the inauguration of our Publishing House.

WHY SHOULDN'T I?

My canary sings the whole day long Behind his gilded wires;

Shut in from all that birds enjoy And happy song inspires;

The freedom, grace and action fine Of wild birds he foregoes;

But, spite of that, with lightsomeness His little heart o'erflows.

"The world is wide, And birds outside—

In happy cheer always abide—Why shouldn't I?"

I, too, must dwell behind the bars Of toil and sacrifice;

From heavy heart and weary brain My prayers or songs arise;

Yet, all around, sad hearts abound And troubles worse than mine;

If aught of comfort I can bring To them, shall I repine?

God's world is wide; If I can hide

My crowding tears and sing beside—Why shouldn't I?

HELEN M. WINSLOW.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond at Englewood.

TO THE EDITOR:—We regard it as a sign of the times and a tribute to the shrine of truth, when the pastor of a church, however broad its platform, not only invites an advocate of Spiritualism to fill his pulpit, but also selects its ethics and principles as the theme for the discourse. On Sunday evening, November 25, long before the hour of service, the Universalist Church at Englewood was crowded to the doors by an eager, intelligent audience, anxiously waiting for the promised discourse by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

The pastor of the church, in broad and gracious terms, introduced the speaker, courteously waiving the usual order of service, leaving it entirely in the hands of the guide. Indeed, this courtesy was a particularly marked feature of the entire evening. Even the selections of music had evidently been made in deference to the speaker's opinions, and I may say here, were exquisitely rendered by the choir.

After the invocation, which at once enchaind the listeners, the subject (which by request of the audience was selected by the pastor of the church), "What will be the New Spiritualism, its Philosophy, and its Work?" was then handled by the guides of Mrs. Richmond in their usual masterly manner. As she proceeded the sentiments and feelings of the listeners became apparent. Scattered through the audience was a sprinkling of her own people, and these might have been known from their looks of pardonable pride as they drank again of these old truths, falling from the lips of this their own beloved pastor; but it was a study to watch those who for the first time listened to this peerless advocate of Spiritualism, as with calm, quiet dignity, in language at once choice and sublime, she unfolded page by page the message of love and immortality.

At the close of the service hundreds crowded around Mrs. Richmond, eager to clasp the hand of this wonderful instrument. It was an evening long to be remembered. May we not hope that the seed sown found its lodgment, carrying joy and sunshine to many a sorrowing heart, and will yet prove a beacon light, guiding them into this haven of peace.

CAROLINE CATLIN.

MOTHER NATURE.

We see thee, Mother Nature, In the rippling of the brook; We see thee in the woodland, As in an open book.

We hear thy gentle footsteps In the rustling of the leaves, And we hear thee sweetly warble In a voice that ne'er deceives.

Thy loved embraces enkindle, Wherever we may roam; Pure thoughts of thee, the matron Of the universe, our home.

Nor sun, nor cloud, nor rainbow, Inside of the domain, Can cease to be according To thy laws that ever reign.

Thy breath, the gentle zephyr, That fans the parching ray, Is love itself, captured, By the touch of summer day.

The groomed field and the meadow, The lowing cow and ox; The lowland and the mountain, The sand and rugged rocks;

The billows and the seashore, The ships that plunge and toss; The hurricane and thunder, The sea-weed and the moss;

All voice thy name in praises, In the silence of their souls, And chant harmonic music That down the ages rolls.

DR. T. WILKINS.

A CHILD'S STRANGE DREAM.

On the Night Judge Summers Died, It Dreamed It.

W. J. Driscoll, superintendent of mails, was a warm friend of the late Owen Summers, who took a great fancy to Mr. Driscoll's boy, a bright little youngster of nearly three years. The judge frequently petted him and gave him dainties, and in return was fully repaid by the child's admiration.

Now comes the strange part of the story, rather to be accounted for in the occult than by any ordinary science that men believe through the proof of causes by effect.

On the night that Judge Summers died the little fellow awoke with a start, followed by a scream and the exclamation in a voice trembling with terror: "Oh, mamma! mamma! Judge Summers says he's dead."

The little lad was bathed in cold perspiration. He was comforted and told that he was only dreaming, and after some time was tucked away sound asleep in his crib.

The next morning the announcement came, startling the whole community, that Owen Summers was dead.

Now, the question is: "Did the spirit of Owen Summers, wringing its way into the unknown, tap at that child's crib, in the dead of night, and whisper in the little fellow's ear an eternal farewell?"

Those who believe in the occult will look at it in that way. Let those who don't believe in it explain the coincidence—for, even as a coincidence, it is strange, passing strange.—The Florida Times.

An Interesting Experience.

TO THE EDITOR:—The "Encyclopedia of Death" was received yesterday. Please accept my thanks. I shall read it with pleasure.

My brother went to Spirit-life October 20. He was not a Spiritualist. He always would say: "O, well, this will all be explained by science and the church."

He has returned first and paramount obligation is to a foreign potentate, or power; and that power in its very nature and spirit wholly inimical to free institutions.

Instead, therefore, of crying "religious persecutions" our Catholic brethren ought to (and probably are) amazed at the magnanimity of American citizens in allowing them the right of citizenship at all. Every true American and lover of religious and political liberty the world over cannot but feel under great obligations to the Progressive Thinker for its early and persistent efforts in bringing to the light of day and of public execution the many diabolical schemes of Romanism, and all other religious orders, seeking in any way to undermine our free institutions.

If the powers of darkness under the

Barley is found, mentioned on the earliest Egyptian monuments.

Rice is said to be the staple food of nearly one-half the human race.

It is said that mules fed on corn that has the snout will lose their hoofs.

Maize has probably more enemies than any other species of grain.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air;

Full many a tramp in filth and rags is seen Who might, with pluck, have been a millionaire.

—Kansas City Journal.



Our Newsboy Announcing Our New Departure, and Volume I. of "The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World."

THE NEW DEPARTURE.

The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World.

The Great Novelist, Author and Lecturer, LEON LEWIS.

Expresses His Views of the Book.

Here is a book that responds to its title! It is, indeed, a grand and unique collection of much that is known of the invisible world, the realities which there await us, and the relations of this present existence to that which is to come.

Like a wise seer of the ages, who has been busy separating the wheat of life from its tares, this book comes to us as a repository of the highest and best thoughts of our race on the grandest and most important subject which can ever animate the human mind—that of knowing whence we come, whither we are going, and what is the actual meaning of that sublime mystery of mysteries, our advent into this world and our passage out of it.

Who will venture to remain ignorant of that great gate through which we must all pass—nobody knows how soon—when the whole story is told with such endless detail and profusion as we see displayed in this volume? Surely no one who has a single thought above the dull scenes of mortality can be ignorant of the fact that we are offered in this volume the accumulated wisdom of one of the great Nestors of the spiritual movement of our days, and that we have here the best offerings of a busy and well-balanced life for such a trifling sum of money that we stand amazed at the offer. It must certainly be the wish and the hope of all men and women who are well-wishers of humanity that Mr. Francis will not sow such seed as this in vain! The great spiritual republic has in this handsome and elaborate Encyclopedia a shrine around which it can and should rally, as a great step towards a still grander advance, and it will be a veritable calamity to our cause, as well as a personal sin at the door of every man claiming to be a Spiritualist, if this worthy enterprise of the author-publisher does not find an instant and widespread recognition. LEON LEWIS.

Co-Operation.

It was a happy thought—our New Departure. We are chockfull of them. It is the Young America manifesting itself—bubbling over with vitality and good-will. It has been our fond hope to have THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and a Publishing House to the Spiritualists of the world. This New Departure is one step in that direction. It is made in the interests of Spiritualism. The Publishing House will surely be evolved, and no mistake. We are making the sacrifice. The burden on us is heavy: on you it is too light for you to feel. Now, we ask your hearty co-operation. Send in your yearly subscription, and with it 50 cents for the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World. It will be sent to you postpaid. If not prepared to renew your subscription now, and want the benefits derived from the book at once, send in the yearly subscription of a new subscriber, and both of you can have the advantage of the offer at 50 cents each.

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—Kansas City Journal.

DR. V. FELL.

He Reviews the Situation.

A RINGING PARAGRAPH FROM LYMAN C. HOWE—"THE INSIDIOUS CHARACTER OF THE ROMAN HIERARCHY—THE CATHOLIC OWES ALLEGIANCE TO THE POPE."

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Headquarters for the sale of the above works: Carlyle Petersilea's Music School, W. M. C. A. Building, 209 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

specious name of "Religion" can be held in check a little longer in this country, the general enlightenment now fast flooding the country will make impossible the schemes of religious bigots, and secure to our beloved country, now in the throes of industrial and religious revolution, a happy and glorious future, Nashville, Tenn. V. FELL.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. This dainty little booklet contains chapters on "Blessed Be Drudgery," "Faithfulness," "I Had a Friend," "Tenderness," "A Cup of Cold Water," "The Seamless Robe," "Weeding and Blessing," and "The Divine Benediction." There are sweet thoughts in sweet phrase; and the embodiment of sweetness and light. As a sample take this: "Father Taylor was philosophically right when he said in his stirring way, 'It will never do to send Emerson to hell, for just as soon as he gets there he will change the climate, and the tide of emigration will set in that way.'" Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

A STORY FROM PULLMANTOWN. By Alice Beech-Sayer. Illustrated with sketches by Capel Rowley.

This is a story that aims to present a lifelike picture of Pullman and Pullmanism from the standpoint of the workman, as shown by the history of the now widely-notorious town of that name. The story is told with a good deal of vigor and feeling, as though written by one who had passed through the experiences of a Pullman workman, including privations, strike and all. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., publishers, Chicago.

W. yle Petersilea.

THE DISCOVERED COUNTRY.

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Published Every Saturday at No. 40 Loomis Street

J. R. Francis, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at Chicago Postoffice as Second-class matter

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The PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be furnished until further notice, at the following terms, invariably in advance:

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SATURDAY, DEC. 8, 1894

The Headless Men of Ethiopia.

St. Augustine, in his 33d Sermon, addressed to his reverend brethren the words following:

"I was already Bishop of Hippo, when I went into Ethiopia with some servants of Christ, there to preach the Gospel. In this country we saw many men and women without heads, who had two great eyes in their breasts; and in countries still more southerly, we saw a people who had but one eye in their foreheads." (Quoted from note on p. 62 of Rev. Robert Taylor's *Synagma*.)

Ordinary liars would not be believed when they repeat such stories, but a Christian bishop, one of the Church Fathers, a canonized Saint, whose name comes down to us with such high indorsement, needs no further vouchers. The Ethiopia of those times is the modern Abyssinia. A headless race who lived in that region has not survived to our times; but the tales of Christian missionaries, who claim to have visited that country, are still found in our libraries. That we have not a fuller account of these people with eyes in their breasts, may be explained in Chamber's Cyclopaedia, article Ethiopia.

"Through the misguided zeal of the early Christian missionaries, who here and elsewhere considered it their first duty to destroy all the ancient records of which they could get hold, nothing but a few half-erased inscriptions have survived."

Professedly from Abyssinia has come many very choice manuscripts, in confirmation of the New Testament, also the book of Enoch, all quoted by churchmen with great satisfaction, and all scarcely questionable modern forgeries.

Persecution Strengthens Hostility.

Whilst the violence of churchmen did so much for the spread of the gospel among heathen tribes, in recent times it has driven many advanced thinkers into open and unqualified antagonism. The founder of the Boston Investigator, upwards of sixty years ago, is a case in point. That staunch old paper has been storming the church citadel with literary shot and shell, from that time to this, increasing in vigor as the years have advanced. This brave thinker, Abner Kneeland, was originally a Baptist preacher. He became fully convinced that Christianity was only a survival of Paganism; its Hell an instrument of devilish priests, to frighten victims into the church; and its material heaven a bait for gulls.

Mr. Kneeland was persecuted, as all have been and still are who express an honest thought in opposition to the claims of the church. In the preface to his "Review of the Evidences of Christianity," after stating the Pentateuch was compiled since the Babylonian captivity, he goes on to say:

"Had I been permitted honestly to declare these discoveries, my feelings in favor of immortality were such, I doubt whether I would have undertaken this last investigation, had it not been for persecution. But I now sincerely declare, that though I thought it very cruel at the time, yet I am now glad I was persecuted. If people only knew the pleasure of being free they would not be content to remain slaves. Slavery to the opinions of others is the worst kind of oppression."

Pantheism in Brief.

Perhaps as good a definition of God as was ever made by human genius was that inscribed in hieroglyphics on the temple of Sais, quoted by Dupuis, in his *Origin of All Religions*: "If all that has been, all that is, and all that shall be, and no mortal has yet lifted the veil that covers me." Piny, the great naturalist, who seems to have been a Pantheist—all is God—expressed a similar idea when he wrote: "The world, which comprises in its immensity the whole creation, is an eternal, an infinite God, which has never been created, and shall never come to an end. To look for something beyond is useless labor for man, and out of his reach."

Pope gave expression to the same thought:

"All are but parts of a universal whole, whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

Duplicity and Deception.

Paul, in 2 Cor. 12:10, boasts of his great success in winning the Corinthians over to his cause, by saying, "Being crafty, I caught you with guile."

CRAFTY is defined as cunning, artful, fraudulent, skillful in deceiving; and GUILT is duplicity, deceit. As a verb, it means to conceal, to delude.

So Paul, after gaining the Corinthians over to his cause, boasted he practiced fraud, cunning, deceit and duplicity to win them to his views. He told them, 1 Cor., 9:22, "I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means win some." He assures his readers that he was "an apostle of our Lord Jesus Christ." His productions make nearly one-third of the New Testament. His teachings enter more largely into the creeds of all churches than do the words of Jesus; and yet he was an artful deceiver.

Need we be surprised that churchmen practice fraud, deceit, and duplicity, not only in the promulgation of their faith, but in their dealings with men? The preachers, having learned of Paul, and being "crafty," misquote and misapply the Bible to deceive those who rarely read it for themselves. Scarcely one of them who does not quote:

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," applying it to the heathen Sunday, which neither the patriarchs, prophets, Jesus himself, nor the early fathers of the church, regarded as a holy day. They know the words were never applied to Sunday; and yet they keep up the deception of quoting it just the same. Does not every preacher who makes a false application of that passage speak an untruth as fully as any other falsifier who bears perjured evidence to deceive?

A Fatal Concession.

At the Baptist Congress, lately in session at Detroit, the press dispatches say: "The interpretation of the Old Testament, as affected by modern scholarship," came up for discussion. The most prominent names, professors of colleges, theological seminaries and universities, took part in the discussion. "Each speaker announced unequivocally his conviction as to there being certain historical errors in the Old Testament." Concede that errors abound in God's holy word, and the whole book, for doctrinal purposes, is as valueless as a rope of sand. Orthodox churches in the past have insisted the Bible was inerrant and infallible.

"One link broken and the chain is destroyed."

Return to Savagery.

Leading churchmen in the East are advocating the re-establishment of the whipping-post for small offences. The ducking-stool will be a natural accessory. While about it, why not revive the banishment of Baptists, the whipping of Quakers, the hanging of witches, and the torture and burning of heretics? These steps taken and we are again face to face with the Inquisition. The restoration of those olden glories brings us back to the times when unbelievers trembled at the sight of a Christian until the winds had scattered his ashes. O, for the good old days before infidelity and science had corrupted the world!

Washington a Distiller.

A speaker at the Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, in session at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 18th ult., made the statement that Washington owned a distillery and sold whiskey; that his expense account, in his own handwriting, shows he spent money freely for liquor when he was a candidate for the Virginia Legislature. She was mistaken in the additional statement that the Washingtonian temperance movement originated about one hundred years ago. That organization, which did so much for temperance reform, had its birth in Baltimore on the 15th of June, 1840, only a trifle more than fifty years ago.

Not Well Received.

The story comes from England that our own and only Talmage was not well received by John Bull during his late visit there. He evidently expected to realize large contributions for the rebuilding of his three-times-burned and God-cursed tabernacle, but the London *Figaro* says: "Any attempt to collect funds would have been a failure, as the Doctor's theatrical methods are not appreciated in England."

O, how cruel! So the Doctor came home, resigned his charge, and it is said, is about to become an evangelist, a companion, of course, of Sam Jones, Sam Small and such. And all because the Londoners would not give him money to build another church for God to burn!

Discouraged.

The evangelical Christian element of Germany, it is said, is getting discouraged. The younger element takes little stock in the virgin-born Jesus, co-equal and co-eternal with the father. The trinity—three gods in the great God-head; original sin; the fall of man and the atonement; a personal Devil and an endless hell, all are of the past, and the thinkers of the church are building along new lines.

Is not this statement equally true in all civilized countries?

Commerce Leads the Way.

That was a correct thought we saw expressed the other day, that Christianity follows the trail of civilization, and is not the leader. Commerce opens the ports of the world, and the vices, like rats, swarm in the rear.

The Lightnings Are His.

Ten per cent. of all the buildings destroyed in this country during the last year by lightning were occupied as places of worship—in common law, dwelling-places for God. Was he angered because of the architecture of the buildings, or was it because of the teaching in them?

"SUBLIMINAL."

A Discussion in Reference to It.

A CRITICAL ANALYSIS TO EXPLAIN THE NATURE OF IMPORTANT WORDS.

TO THE EDITOR:—It seems to be assumed that the unfortunate word subliminal signifies something like subconsciousness. I suppose, in the mind of the careless reader, the "sub" settles the question. It is with no expectation of casting new light upon the word that I offer a somewhat critical analysis of it; for some will accept the popular use of it, and take for granted the unsoundness of my position, while those who have devoted some attention to the word will agree with me, and perhaps may have expressed a similar view. I cannot undertake to say what was the intention of the architect of this word, or how he intended it to be understood, unless, indeed, he meant to convey the idea indicated by its analysis. In seeking for the stem of this word, we may observe without discussion that the prefix "sub" may be dropped, leaving us to deal with "liminal."

Before proceeding, let me remind the reader (of what he already knows) that the euphonious elision of a letter from the root or stem of a word is very common. Thus it will be remembered that instead of "isidem" we have "idem;" for "quidvis" we have "quavis." Remembering this, we turn to our word "subliminal." There is no Greek word that has a root or stem sounding like this word, but it is clearly built from the Latin. There is a hint of "sublevo," whose infinitive is "sublevaré." Dropping "sub" and turning to "limen," we find (as the reader knows) the threshold of the door. Juvenal uses it in the sense of a verb, "to cross the threshold." This is used in Virgil, Cicero and Cæsar; and it is worthy of observation that it had even then become figurative. The idea often being to pass out of the "domus," to go beyond. We have also, as in Virgil, "dulcia limina mutant."

Here the idea of passing the threshold (or changing) is conveyed. We have "limen," with many other significations, but I am reviewing only those that are pertinent.

Reassuming "sub," we find "sublimis," which, as we would expect, means elevated, or raised up. Searching for this in the Greek, we find "metēteos," signifying floating in the air. This word, in German, is "erhaben." Thus Kant, speaking of duty, writes: "Duerhabener groesser name," which, like the others, signifies a sublime name.

We find, further, that this word gives rise to the pure, classical Latin word "sublime," which has become Anglicized (Latin making three syllables). So far, then, we have "sublimis," with corresponding key words, in other languages, all signifying "that which is elevated or carried away from earth—above, grand, stupendous," etc. Comparing the word "sublimis" with subliminal, we may notice that if we drop the "nal" of the latter we shall have left "sublimi," and this is a sublimis and we have exactly the same word. Now, remembering the profatory words concerning euphony, elision and interpolation, what may we add to this word signifying partaking of, or in the nature of the sublime? "Al" is just such a suffix; such as, "natural," partaking of nature; plural, partaking of many, etc. But "subliminal" would be non-euphonic; for euphony insert n, which is in exact accord with linguistic building; and we have the exact word "subliminal," meaning not a "subcorpus" (lower body), but a sublime, elevated, supermundane body. This is the sense in which I have received the word, and there is no scholarly method of torturing any other meaning from it, whatever may have been the intention of Mr. Myers.

With this meaning, the absurdity of a "supraliminal" body will be apparent.

A word now as to the necessity and reality of this meaning. All mediums going into a trance condition experience this elevated, grand, unearthly feeling, as I am told by them. Hence this high subliminal feeling, or sense, is a condition; yet the idea of there being a subliminal self seems to me, at least, as extremely silly. I write this article more especially because a wrong impression is made by its erroneous reference in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. B. R. ANDERSON.

Concordia, Kansas.

A Splendid Holiday Gift.

The following offer is still good: The Life Work of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, by H. D. Barrett, is now in press, and will be sent as soon as issued for \$1.50 to all who will subscribe now, and send the money. After the book is out the retail price will be \$2.00. Send P. O. order to Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Chicago Ave., near Greenleaf, Station Y, Chicago, Ill.

A Happy Affair.

On Saturday, November 24th, Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter was united in marriage to T. D. Kayner, at Milwaukee, Wis. We congratulate most heartily the happy pair, and hope their lives may be long and useful. Mrs. Porter is an excellent medium, and Mr. Kayner stands high as a citizen of Chicago.

Ayer's Pills, being composed of the essential virtues of the best vegetable aperients, without any of the woody or fibrous materials whatever, is the reason why they are so much more effective and valuable than any other cathartics. The best family physic.

Prof. W. Yates.

Prof. W. Yates, not finding the atmosphere of Minnesota as agreeable as that of Chicago, has returned to this city, where he will practice his profession. He can be found at Thirty-first street, near Prairie avenue.

A piece of papyrus as large as a sheet of foolscap cost an Athenian in the year B. C. 241, 25 cents.

The people of Herculaneum paid \$2.40 for the shoes that they wore on extraordinary occasions.

The first watches, made at Nuremberg and called "Nuremberg eggs," commanded nearly \$500.

The first negroes brought to Virginia were sold at various prices, from \$40 to \$60 each.

The straw of rye is often of far more value than the grain.

MICHIGAN.

The Cause There as Outlined by Dr. Schermerhorn.

TO THE EDITOR:—A few words of encouragement to the many faithful workers and numerous believers in our progressive philosophy are always gratefully received. Michigan is exceptionally favored by our loving friends who have crossed to the other side, and never before in the history of modern Spiritualism has there been such an earnest universal desire to know the truth relative to man's immortality, as there seems to be at present. Nearly all of the nineteen auxiliary societies to the State Association, are holding interesting meetings in their respective localities, and judging from the reports sent in from time to time, they are faithfully spreading the gospel of glad tidings.

We are making preparations for the mid-winter meeting of the State Association, which bids fair to excel all others, both in the attendance of delegates and the excellence of the official programme. Time and place of this meeting will be announced later in the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, which is equivalent to sending a personal notice to nearly every Spiritualist in Michigan.

We cordially invite our brothers and sisters residing outside the State to attend this meeting, assuring them of a cordial reception and a generous entertainment for both body and mind.

We are exceptionally blessed with the bright prospects of having two new camps, where these grand truths can be presented to inquirers through the agency of our best lecturers and mediums.

The success of the ten days' meeting, on the shores of Lake Michigan, at Muskegon, last summer, has induced our people at Muskegon to organize a permanent camp association, and hold a larger meeting there next year. It is an ideal spot, overlooking the grand old lake, and being so accessible both by water and rail, will eventually become the summer home for Spiritualists of Western Michigan, Chicago, Milwaukee, and other convenient points. This meeting will be open on the last Sunday in June and continue four weeks.

Owing to the unfortunate litigation involving the ownership of Haslett Park, the smallness of the grounds, and difficulty in conveniently reaching the place by rail, the Spiritualists who have assembled there annually for twelve years, have decided to accept the generous offer of the D. L. & N. railroad, and locate a new camp at Island Lake, forty miles west of Detroit.

A more perfect spot for a camp-meeting would be hard to find in Michigan. The grounds are beautifully wooded, high and rolling, bordering on one of the most delightful inland lakes of pure spring water, and hard gravel shores.

The management of the Detroit, Lansing & Northern railroad have promptly made every concession asked of them in securing possession of these grounds, and their reputation for fair dealing and generous treatment of their patrons, makes this a most desirable line of railroad to be located upon.

Preparations are under way for securing financial aid, to erect suitable buildings upon this property, and it is the duty of every fair-minded Spiritualist tributary to this camp, to donate liberally to the best of their financial ability, toward carrying out this grand enterprise. It is designed to eventually make of this place an educational center, where our beautiful philosophy can be properly taught, and all reliable phases of mediumship developed.

With local camps at Orion, Vicksburg, Devil's Lake and elsewhere, we should appreciate the great opportunities for the practical establishment of the philosophy and religion of the future.

Let us all unite in a brotherly effort to convince the world that to be a conscientious Spiritualist is virtually becoming the noblest work of God.

DR. F. SCHERMERHORN.

FROM DALLAS, TEXAS.

The Texas State Spiritualist Association.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Texas State Association, with headquarters at Dallas, Texas, was chartered January 17, 1893, and while the association, with its corporate powers, has done much to be proud of in the way of guaranteeing to mediums the same protection under the laws of Texas as are given to ministers of the various denominations; it has presented the face of Spiritualism through its phenomena and philosophy in a manner that has demanded the respect of its enemies, and to-day we are glad to proclaim that throughout the broad domain of Texas, not a city, village or hamlet but what some eyes have been opened and hearts have been made glad to know "There is no death."

But we must not stop at this. We must establish the truth of Spiritualism in every village throughout the State; have our own meeting houses, lectures, our camp-meetings, where we can meet annually; and in order that we may get the wheel in motion, I earnestly request every man and woman who has the cause at heart, in Texas, and our brethren from other States, to unite in one grand rally in the city of Dallas, on December 26th, (closing the 29th), and place Spiritualism in Texas on such a firm foundation that all the Devils of an orthodox hell cannot "prevail against it." Then, brethren, let us come to the convention feeling the great responsibilities resting upon us. Millions of our race are in "darkness and in chains," still wandering in the wilderness of superstition, and ignorant of the grand and beautiful truth of Spiritualism. Bring good thoughts with you to this convention, and let us devise ways and means for a more useful and harmonious dissemination of the philosophy of Spiritualism. The different railroads leading into the city will give round trip tickets for one fare, firm and valid for one State, and no doubt our loving brethren from other States can get holiday rates.

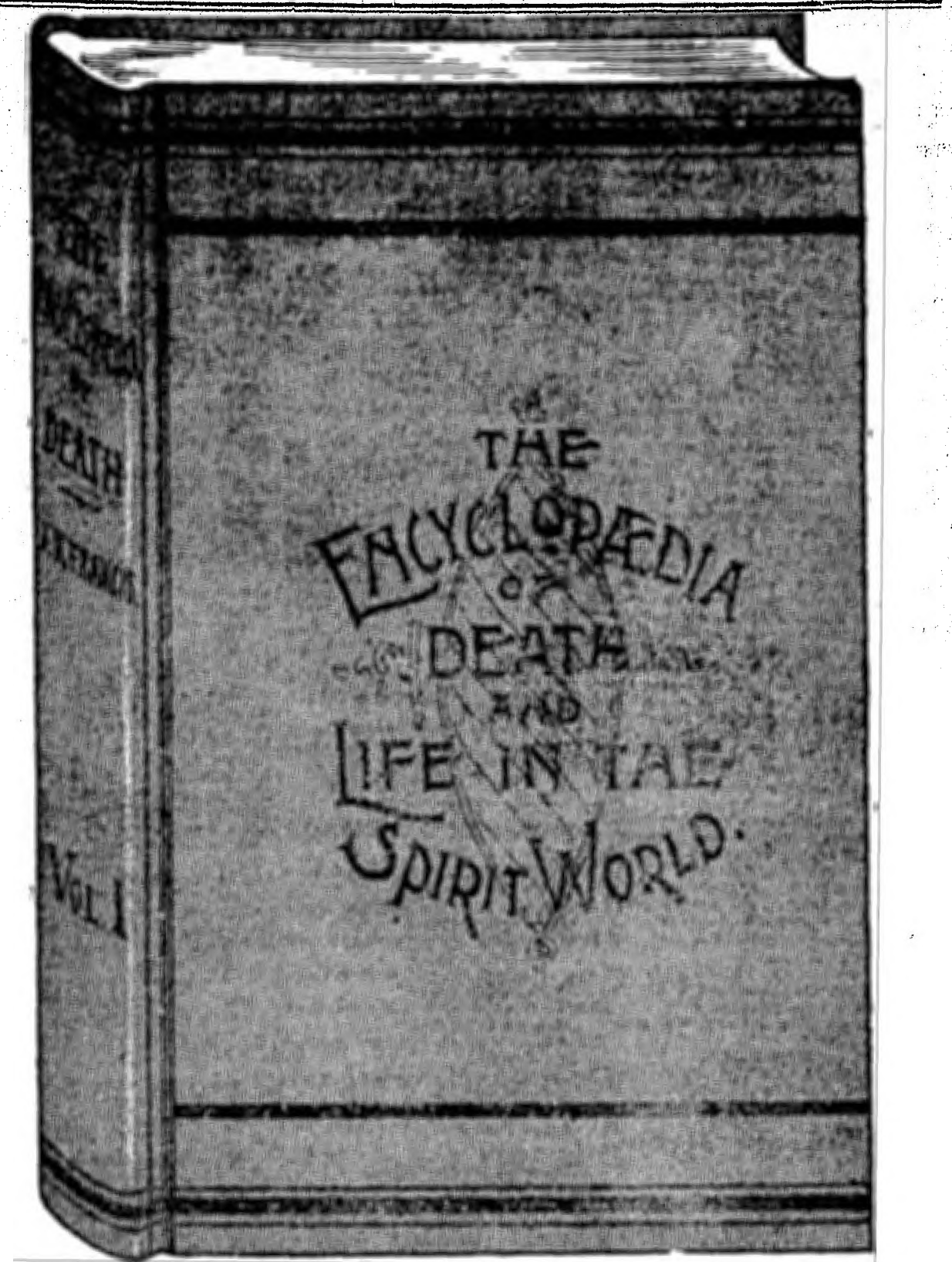
Remember, friends, we must have a Camp-meeting in Texas—a place where we can come together once a year and have a spiritual jubilee.

J. C. WATKINS, Sec'y.

In the reign of Claudius, elephants were worth \$700 apiece in Egypt and \$1,100 in Rome.

The genuine Damascus blades, that could be bent into a circle cost from \$500 to \$1,000.

The price of a day's board in Athens B. C. 400, was 4c, or about \$1.20 a month.



This is the Size of The Encyclopædia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World.

THE GREAT JURIST,

The Hon. A. B. Richmond.

He Expresses His Views of the

New Departure.

TO THE EDITOR:—When you announced a New Departure in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, I wondered what it could possibly be. It seemed to me that in conducting your paper, you have covered every possible ground for the advancement of human thought and our beautiful religion. I waited almost impatiently to see what the culmination of your project would be. A few days ago I received your beautiful book. I opened it and became interested in the first page, and my interest continued with unabating admiration until I finished the last line of the last chapter.

It came to me during the laborious trial of several important cases in our courts, but I could not lay it down after I had once commenced it. And after clients had gone in the evening, I read and read until the "wee short hour ayeont the twal."

It is truly a wonderful book, full of information which puts an old and dreary subject into a new and charming light. The scientific part of the book is beyond criticism, and those who read it cannot help but feel that the "awful passage of death" is after all but the opening of the portals to a new and more beautiful world. It is as interesting as the most glowing pages of fiction. It is exceedingly well written, and has the charm of novelty even in those days when books are poured from the press like an inundation. It is truly an Encyclopædia upon the subject announced on its title page. I finished it, and as I laid it down I inadvertently exclaimed "O Death where is thy sting! O Grave, where is thy victory!" A. B. RICHMOND, Meadville, Pa.

Account books, such as were used by the merchants in the days of Pericles, cost 18 cents.

A house of four rooms rented in Pompeii for \$5 a month; a single room cost \$3.

The price of a wife in Zululand twenty years ago was six cows with their calves.

A gentleman's hat in the time of Charles I. cost \$1.50, and the plumes cost \$1 more.

In 1620 silk stockings sold in Paris for \$6. They were long, reaching above the knee.

Barley is one of the most ancient of plants.

There are said to be over 600 varieties of wheat.

The first ancient author to mention rye was Pliny.

Fine flour composes about 80 per cent. of the grain.

In India the cultivation of rice antedates history.

Oats were not known to the Hebrews or the Egyptians.

Millet is pre-historic in South Europe, Egypt and Asia.

The earliest mention of oats in China is in A. D. 618.

Maize has been found in the most ancient Peruvian tombs.

"Spurred rye" is one of the most deadly poisons known.

WILLIAM HOWITT,

And the Strange Things Seen by Him.

FROM A LETTER TO REV. ASA MAHAN, OF CLEVELAND.

More than six years ago I began to examine the phenomena of Spiritualism. I did not go to paid or even public mediums. I sat down to my own table with members of my own family, or with friends, persons of high character, and serious as myself in the inquiry. I saw tables move, rock to and fro, and raised repeatedly in the air.

I heard the raps (sometimes a hundred at once) in every imaginable part of the table, in all keys, and of various degrees of loudness. I examined the phenomena thoroughly. Silly but playful spirits came frequently. I heard accordions play wonderful music as they were held in one hand, often by a person who could not play at all. I heard waves and hand-bells carried about the room in the air; put first into one person's hand, and then into another's; taken away again by a strong pull, though you could not see the hand touching them. I saw dining-room and drawing-room tables of great weight not only raised in the air, but when placed in a particular direction perseveringly remove themselves, and place themselves quite differently. I saw other tables answer questions, as they were suspended in the air, by moving up and down with a marvelous softness. I heard, sometimes blows, apparently enough to split the table, when no one could have struck them without observation; and breathed perfumes the most delicate. I saw light stream from the fingers of persons, or while mesmerizing some one. As for communications professedly from spirits, they were of daily occurrence, and often something wonderful. Our previous theological opinions were resisted and condemned when I and my wife were alone.

Many persons whom we know draw paint or write under spirit agency, and without any effort or action of their minds whatever; some of them even having never learned to draw. I wrote a whole volume without any action of my own mind, the process being purely mechanical on my part. A series of drawings in circles, filled up with patterns, every one different from the other, were given through my hand—one each evening. The circles were struck off as correctly as Giotto, or a pair of compasses, could have done them; yet they were simply made with a pencil. Artists who saw them were astonished, and as is generally the case in such matters, suggested that some new faculty was developed in me; when lo! the power was entirely taken away, as if to show that it did not belong to me. The drawings, however, remain; but I could not copy one of them in the same way if my life depended on it. A member of my family drew very extraordinary and beautiful things, often with written explanations, but exactly in the same mechanical, involuntary manner. In fact, most of these drawings are accompanied by explanations spiritually given, showing that every line is full of meaning.

I may add that I have never visited paid mediums, but I have seen most of the phenomena exhibited through Mr. Home, Mr. Squire and others. I have seen spirit hands moving about; I have felt them again and again. I have seen writing done by spirits when I laid a pencil and paper in the middle of the floor, and very good sense, too. I have heard things announced as about to come to pass, and they have come to pass, though appearing very improbable at the moment. I have seen persons often, in clairvoyant trances, entering into communication with the dead, of

whom they have seen nothing, and giving those who had known them the most living descriptions of them, as well as messages from them.

Now, it is idle to talk of odic force in the face of facts like these, which are occurring all over America, and in various parts of Europe, and which accord with the attestations of men of the highest character, in all ages and nations. In Greece, Plato, Socrates, Pythagoras, and numbers of others asserted this spirit-action; in Rome, India, Egypt, Scandinavia and aboriginal America, as well as in Judea, and amongst the most eminent fathers of the church, the leading minds of every age but this have but one voice on the subject.

It is the last vain clutching at shadows to avoid coming to the substance, which makes those educated in the anti-spiritual theories of the past century seize so eagerly on the odic force as their forlorn hope. It will be torn by advancing truth from their grasp. The cry that all is imagination is gone already; odic force is the present stage, and it must go, too.

WM. HOWITT.

A SELFISH OLD WOMAN.

And How her Nature Was Changed.

A year ago there came on the campground at Haslett Park, Mich., an elderly lady, somewhat a stranger; she happened to become acquainted with one of the working mediums and wished to be in the latter's society most of the time. Of course, mediums belong to themselves; their spirit guides want them to work for the general good of all and especially the benefit of investigators. No medium can be compelled to be tied to any one person, not even to her husband constantly.

Some people are so monotonous in their own society that they become tiresome to one whose thoughts move quickly and gaily. I told the elderly lady that, as a member of the reception committee, it was my duty to introduce her, or anyone to others, and help to make her feel at home and to find new acquaintances. She said she felt miserable, and as if she wanted to leave the grounds. I told her I would sit down and visit with her, or I would introduce her to many others just as nice and good; that the way to be happy was to make others happy; then the debt of gratitude they owed us would reflect back to us and make us happy. She did not know that selfish people are often passed by and let severely alone for more congenial associates.

Shortly thereafter, I met the medium, and she, too, felt as the old lady did, half neglected, and as if she wanted to leave the grounds. She was soon controlled, and a cross, ill-natured spirit manifested, and wanted the medium to leave the grounds. I questioned that spirit and reasoned with her. I talked kindly and explained that no medium could be monopolized for any person's exclusive society or companionship.

That spirit admitted she was from the said old lady, whose selfishness was now more fully explained. By my reasoning, by the medium's mental prayers and good sense, and by the help of the medium's spirit band, that vain and selfish spirit was converted and reformed, shedding tears through the medium and feeling sorry at last. Then that selfish spirit, having learned a lesson, left the medium, and the old lady soon felt better natured.

As like attracts like, how careful we should be to have only reasonable thoughts. Sensitive people should learn to keep themselves self-poised in thought and action, in their feeling and passions; then they will not have such experiences with undeveloped spirits.

H. E. MARTIN.

