



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

VOL 121

CHICAGO, AUGUST 31, 1895.

NO. 30

FOUR STRANGE STORIES.

THEY CONFIRM THE GRAND TRUTHS OF SPIRITUALISM.

VERY REMARKABLE.

These Remarkable Statements;

As Made by a Writer in the New York Sun.

TOM SWIFT'S APPEARANCE, BEFORE MRS. SHELLEY WITH THE TALE OF HIS OWN SUICIDE—MRS. WILSON, IN SAG HARBOR, ASSURED BY THE APPEARANCE OF HER HUSBAND, THEN IN THE SOUTH SEA, THAT SHE MUST NOT BELIEVE REPORTS OF HIS DEATH—LIEUT. WILSON'S GIFT OF FORESIGHT UNDER MR. BARTHOLOMEW'S INFLUENCE—THE GHOST THAT CLEARED THE GARRET FLOOR OF EDITOR WILSON'S RESIDENCE IN FAIRMOUNT.

To what extent it is possible for a disembodied person to render himself objective to the consciousness of living persons? That question has not yet been definitely settled, even by Spiritualists, to whom the "summer land" is familiar as Hoboken. Plenty of persons will tell you of having seen or heard ghosts, and few have felt them—the latter generally when the medium could move around quite handsily—but really solid, meaty spooks seem to have been rather scarce. Florence Maryatt appears to have enjoyed something pretty near a monopoly of that kind. In her rather surprising book on the subject she avers acquaintance with ghosts that swung partners in a waltz, dandled young ladies on their knees, and actually weighed in stone or more. Naturally, such a bodied returners from "the other shore" are contemplated with apprehensive doubt by the gentle race of the table-tippers and "Planchette" consultants. But as long as this ghost business is one of the live questions of interest at the present time, pretty much all over the world, and too much knowledge on the subject cannot be accumulated if a correct understanding of it is to be arrived at, the robust spook must not be ignored.

A more extraordinary specimen of this type will hardly be found than the one presented in the following narrative, the facts of which are vouched for by thoroughly credible witnesses, and at the time of their occurrence were known to a number of persons here in New York. That publicity was not given to them long ago has been due entirely to the strong prejudice against notorious entertainers by the woman to whom the manifestation was primarily made. While she lived knowledge of the matter was kept close in her family. The reason for suppression exists no more, as she has passed away. Her children, who were personally cognizant of the circumstances, are still resident New Yorkers, and attest the truth of this very remarkable story.

In 1863 Tom Swift came over here from Ireland. He was a musician of extraordinary ability, and was endowed with a genial, kindly disposition that won for him the affection of all who knew him well, but unfortunately he was dissipated. Love of liquor had brought him down to the gutter in Dublin, where he had been one of the leading teachers of music, and when he came to this country it was with the hope of entire reformation. The hope was futile. His habit was too firmly rooted. He found many friends here, the principal one among them being Mrs. Mary Shelley, a gifted musician and established teacher of music in New York, who had known Swift in Ireland. Indeed, friendship had long existed between her family and his, and he seemed to regard her as a mother, confiding to her his hopes and troubles. For a short time, until he obtained a place as organist in a church and got a few pupils, Swift kept sober, but as soon as his fortunes gave that much promise of brightening, his old vice reasserted itself and conquered his good resolutions. As an almost immediate consequence, he lost his place as organist, his pupils were not sufficiently numerous for his support, and he was threatened, and deep despondency overcame him.

Mrs. Shelley was at that time suffering from an illness that kept her in bed several months, and her daughter Mary was in close attendance upon her, occupying an adjoining and connected room. One night, when Mary was about to go to bed, her mother called to her in an imperative tone: "Mary! Come here at once! Tom Swift is here!"

"Indeed, I will not," replied Mary laughingly, for she was partly undressed, and did not think how strange it was that Tom Swift should then be in her mother's room, which he could not have entered without passing through her apartment.

"But you must! I want you," rejoined her mother, adding a moment later: "You can come now—he has gone."

Mary hurriedly threw on a wrapper, slipped on her mother's room and looked around. Certainly the young man was not there then.

"He is gone," repeated Mrs. Shelley, "but he was here a moment ago, sitting

on the side of my bed, and said to me: 'Mother, I couldn't stand it any longer and have killed myself. I am dead now. If Fred (one of Mrs. Shelley's sons) will go around to my boarding-house he will find in the drawer of the table in my room a black pocketbook containing money enough to pay the funeral what I owe her, and a letter to Mr. M—, who will see to the burial of my body.' Then he went on to give a lot of directions about his papers and what he wanted done with his things and who should be notified in Ireland, and so on. And I wanted to tell you at once while it was all fresh in my mind, so that you would help me to remember. Nothing should be forgotten." All those details she carefully recounted and Mary made mental note of them. Finally she said: "Oh! one thing more. He said that one of the boarders in the house where he lived, whom he described, and whose name he gave, entered his room when he was dead, found his corpse on the floor, and took the opportunity to steal his gold watch from his body, and has pawned it at the pawnshop around the corner in the Bowery."

Mary placed no credence in all this. She suspected that her mother was a little light-headed or had been dreaming, and was so anxious about her that she bestowed little thought upon Tom Swift, or what she regarded as the very remote possibility of his suicide. But the older lady insisted that she had been wide awake, in full possession of her senses, and that Tom Swift had really come to her, as she had told, and made those communications. In the morning, when her son Fred was told of the supposed visitation, he remarked: "Well, I'll settle that easy enough. I shall stop in and see Tom. It will be right on my way."

He saw Tom, but Tom was dead, and he was here for a number of hours. Since the ghost's word was good for so much, Fred pushed on to further investigations of its credibility. The black pocketbook was found, with the money in it, exactly as Tom's ghost said it would be, and the letter also. Among the boarders gathered in the suicide's room, who looked and seemed to be one man whose appearance tallied perfectly with that of the man denounced by Tom's ghost as a thief, and Fred, who, by this time, had taken the ghost's word for anything, walked straight to him and demanded the watch.

"What watch?" replied the fellow, assuming a look of surprise.

"Tom's watch."

"I don't know anything about it," replied the fellow, who came in here, found him lying dead, took his watch, carried it to the pawnshop around the corner in the Bowery, and put it up."

"Who told you?" demanded the man.

"He said so," answered Fred, pointing to the dead man. The thief turned pale, and with trembling fingers fished the pawn-ticket out of his pocket, gave it up and fled. In every minute particular the statements made to Mrs. Shelley by Tom's wrath concerning his papers and effects were fully verified.

So far the story of Tom Swift's ghost is equalled by many other well-attested ones, and though interesting as adding to the weight of testimony confirming the reality of such appearances, it is not really extraordinary. But from this point it is truly marvelous.

The Shelleys knew all about Tom's engagements with pupils, and when the sad fact of his death was made known to them by Fred's corroboration of the ghost's word, they thought it would be a proper thing to fill out whatever unexpired terms of tuition he had left, just as if he had made that arrangement in order to keep faith with his pupils. It was a kindly care for the poor fellow's reputation, and Miss Mary Shelley, who was a fine musician and excellent teacher, willingly assumed the duty, settling forth upon it at once. The coroner by that time had taken charge of Tom's body.

At the first pupil's house, where Miss Shelley presented herself, the pupil's mother answered her ring at the door, and when she said, "I have called to give Mr. Swift's lesson in his stead," replied with considerable acerbity:

"Mr. Swift was here and gave the lesson an hour ago. And I told him he need not come any more. He acted so strangely that he frightened my daughter almost to death."

"But," gasped Miss Shelley, "Mr. Swift is dead. He committed suicide last night."

The woman slammed the door in her face without a word of reply, as if too much scared to know what she was doing. At the next place Miss Shelley, upon stating her errand, was told:

"Mr. Swift was here, gave his lesson, and went away nearly an hour ago. As it was the last of the quarter for which he was paid, he will not come again."

Miss Shelley gave up the idea of filling Tom Swift's engagements, which he seemed capable of filling, alive or dead, and went home.

Nearly a fortnight later four young men arrived in New York from Dublin, who were common friends of the Shelleys and of Tom Swift. Two of them were midshipmen in the English navy, on leave, and one was Tom's cousin. They presented themselves at Mrs.

Shelley's and said they had got in the evening before, but immediately upon landing had accidentally met Tom Swift and gone on an all-night spree with him. They had all got drunk together, and in the latter part of the night—they did not know exactly when, or where, or how—they had disappeared without giving their address or making any appointment to meet them again. That did not trouble them, however, as they knew the Shelleys boys, Fred and John, could give him address, and they meant to hunt him up at once.

When told that he was dead, that he had committed suicide, and was buried while they were on the ocean, they would not believe it, and could not be convinced until they saw the newspaper reports of his death and the inquest.

For a full month after Tom Swift's body had been laid to rest in a suicide's grave, he was met occasionally in the streets and was recognized by persons who had known him well, and always most clearly, it was observed, by those who had not been aware of his death.

II. In 1843 the bark "Thames," E. Wilson, master, from Sag Harbor, bound for the North Pacific on a whaling expedition, at a point in the South Pacific, about four degrees below the equator (the exact latitude and longitude not now remembered by his son, who supplies and vouches for the facts), fell in with a monster sperm whale and lowered boats for its capture. Capt. Wilson succeeded in making fast to the whale, which started off at a terrific rate of speed, towing the heavy boat, with him and four sailors, and swam so fast and far that the mate, Thomas Brown, left in charge of the bark, entirely lost sight of the chase. Finally the creature, in a fit of destructive rage, charged the boat and closed its ponderous jaws upon it. Three of the four men at the oars disappeared at once and the boat was reduced to splinters. Capt. Wilson and the surviving sailor, a Portuguese, clung to and supported themselves by the floating tub, in which the harpoon line had been coiled. The whale, halting thus effectually disposed of his tormenters, swam away.

That catastrophe happened about noon. The Portuguese sailor held on to his side of the tub about four hours. Then exhaustion overcame him; he let go and sank. After he was gone Capt. Wilson found difficulty in keeping the tub from tipping and filling, and was compelled to climb upon it and balance himself across it. The position was far from comfortable and of doubtful safety, but, in narrating the circumstances afterward, he always said that he did not feel while perched on the tub, so long as he remained conscious of anything, the slightest anxiety. It seemed to him that he was simply waiting for certain rescue, and the loss of the men and the boat troubled him more than any fears for his own fate. Night fell; the long hours of darkness passed; day dawned; the sun rose higher and higher, shedding on him a fierce heat; still the undaunted skipper floated and calmly waited. The water was not cold, but hunger, thirst, and the strain of his cramped position gradually weakened him, until he lost consciousness. The last thing he remembered was thinking for a moment of his wife, to be "taking the sun."

The next he knew he found himself lying in a bunk, aboard a French whaling-bark, and was told that he had been picked up—after having first been almost run down—three days before.

Capt. Wilson's wife at home in Sag Harbor, was startled about 4 o'clock in the morning into sudden wakefulness by her husband's entering the room where she slept and sitting down near the front of the bed, when, according to the programme by which he left home, six months before, he ought to be somewhere in the Pacific Ocean catching whales, and not doing to return for thirty months more. She sprang up, calling him by name and asking excitedly: "What is the matter? Where did you come from? Is your vessel in again? What has happened?" Of course, she imagined that the bark had come into Gardner's Bay, and that he had come across the neck of land to Sag Harbor, but his untimely return could mean nothing else than disaster of some sort.

He held up his hand as if to calm her excitement and replied pleasantly: "No, it isn't that. I only want you to know that if you hear that any accident has happened to me it is all right, and I'm coming home with my ship."

"Why, you are home! It is all right," she rejoined, "and you haven't had any breakfast." Saying this she jumped out of bed, and throwing on a wrapper, hurried past him toward the kitchen, calling as she went to her mother, who slept in an adjacent room: "Ed has come home, mother! The ship is in. Get up."

He called after her to detain her: "Oh, no; my ship has not come. I have come to tell you this, so that you will not be worried." But she went on into the kitchen, and there open the shutters to let in the early light and prepared to start a fire, when her mother, who had looked into the room she had just left, called to her: "Where is he?"

Mrs. Wilson hastened back to her bed-

room and looked about, but her husband was no longer to be seen. Her mother, having found the door locked and bolted on the inside, and the shutters and windows fastened, flatly denied that the captain had been there, and declared that her daughter had dreamed it all, but the wife stoutly maintained that she was wide awake, had seen him as plainly as ever in her life, and that he himself had been there and told her things she believed and would continue to believe, even if she could not explain how he had got in or away.

Now Brown, when the captain and his boat went away in the wake of the big whale, did his best to follow them with the bark, but the wind failed and before it served they were far out of sight, the mischief had been done, and he would have needed to sail close to them to see what was left of the objects of his pursuit—merely a floating tub, with two men's heads near it, nothing more than a speck on the waste of waters. For three days he cruised about and then sadly abandoned the search as hopeless. Shortly afterward, encountering a whaler homeward bound to Sag Harbor, he sent a letter to Mrs. Wilson announcing the loss of her husband and the boat's crew. That letter reached its destination in six or eight months and with it went other letters from the surviving crew of the "Thames," and the reports of the man on the whaler that brought those missives, so that nothing seemed to be better established in Sag Harbor than Capt. Wilson's death at sea. But one person utterly refused to believe the report, scoffed, and even laughed at it, and that was his supposed widow. His funeral sermon was preached in the church he used to attend, and she was present, but not in mourning. A headstone was set up at an empty grave in the family burying ground, over in Greenwich, Conn., a sorrowing relative, to commemorate his virtues, but Mrs. Wilson said, "What nonsense!" and went on wearing gay colors. The whole village censured her heartlessness, but she would not put on mourning, could not be got to shed a tear for her husband, and persisted, in the face of the scandalized community in affirming: "He is not dead. He is all right, and will come home with his ship. I know he will, because he told me so."

Meanwhile, Capt. Wilson had to remain aboard the French whaler some three months as she was out for business and doing rather well among the whales of the South Pacific, until finally she ran up near Honolulu and put in there. The "Thames," under Mate Brown's direction, was also doing quite well, taking a considerable part of her cargo of oil long before reaching the point to which she was destined, but when nearing the Sandwich Islands the mate thought it would be a good idea to stop there for fresh provisions and, if possible, to get men to replace those who had been lost. So it came, to the unspeakable amazement of the mate and his crew, that as they passed the quarter of the French vessel, running into the Honolulu harbor, they were hailed by Capt. Wilson, who, standing on the taffrail, shouted to them: "Send a boat!"

The "Thames" went on the taffrail, filled up with oil in extraordinarily quick time, and made altogether one of the shortest whaling voyages to the North Pacific, her absence from port being only two years and three months.

Incoming vessels were then signaled from Cedar Island to Sag Harbor and when the "Thames" was announced as in the offing, pretty much the entire community went down to the wharf. Among them was the woman who was looked upon as the heartless widow, and the disfavor with which she was regarded deepened when it was seen that she was dressed in white, with bright ribbons flying, and had a happy look of glad expectancy in her face. A few pities her for the grievous shock she was about to receive. But when the vessel approached the wharf, to the dumb astonishment of everybody except her, Capt. Wilson stood upon the taffrail silently watching the mate "bring her in," and he was the first man who leaped ashore. Then the cheers of his townsmen burst forth, and, while he embraced his wife, they surrounded him and overwhelmed him with congratulations. The reception quite dazzled him. He could not account for it until they told him that he had been supposed dead.

"But I knew you were all right," interposed his wife, "because you told me so."

"Oh! I did, eh?" he replied, looking questionably at her.

In most similar cases of apparent manifestation of the astral double, the person unconsciously projecting it has an intense desire to make the communication, and has been with consciousness generally of having done so. Capt. Wilson, however, had no recollection of having even thought of sending any message to his wife, or wishing that she should know anything of the disaster that had befallen him. When he came to figure up the time allowance between Sag Harbor and the point where he was picked up, he found that his double had appeared to his wife after his last conscious thought while he was adrift and before he was picked up by the French vessel.

III. In December, 1894, the 109th U. S. Colored Troops, in the force investing Richmond, lay before Fort Harrison, about a mile from the James River.

Li. Col. Bartholomew was then in command. His bandmaster, an excellent musician, brother of the Lieutenant-Colonel, was a reserved and taciturn man, who, mused by himself, avoided acquaintanceships, and never voluntarily

spoke to anybody, except as about to be told. Some kindness or service to the bandmaster by Lieut. Thomas E. Wilson (acting captain of Company G), when on the picket line one day, seemed to arouse a grateful and mildly friendly feeling in the silent man, who, a few evenings after, made a formal call upon him, the first he was known to have made in the service. The strange visitor entered the A tent and seated himself in silence, smoked his pipe awhile without uttering a word, and went away saying: "Good evening."

Lieutenant, having fallen into his humor, was equally sparing of speech. Upon a second visit the bandmaster said: "Good evening" when he entered as well as when he departed. The third time he called he became loquacious. He said, "Come and see me." That was all. In that strange way sprang up quite friendly relations between the two men, who seemed to develop a mutual liking and were often seen together, but never wasted words in conversation. From this point on the story should be told in Lieut. Wilson's own words:

"On Tuesday evening, when I went to the tent of my friend the bandmaster, I was very much worried. The last news I had from home, my favorite sister, Ida, was dangerously ill, and ten days had elapsed since I had any news. But, of course, I said nothing to him. I simply sat down, lighted a cigar and smoked in silence. Presently there was a scratching on the canvas of the tent at the door. He said: 'Come in.' An orderly poked his head in, saying to me: 'Lieutenant, the Colonel wants to see you.' I arose and followed him to the Colonel's tent. Col. Bartholomew stood in a bright light, holding a telegraphic dispatch in his hand; the orderly who had brought it over was present, his horse panted at the door.

"How is this, Wilson," the Colonel demanded, as I entered the tent. 'Have you been applying for a leave of absence?'"

"No, sir," I replied, in surprise.

"Very strange! Somebody has. An order granting you ten days' leave of absence has been telegraphed from the War Department at Washington to Fortress Monroe, and thence up to General Ord's headquarters, and sent over here by courier."

"I reiterated that I had not applied for any leave of absence, but he replied: 'No matter; you had better take it. Something important in your family, no doubt. Some one has got it for you. You can ride over to Varina Landing and take the boat at 4 o'clock.' And as he turned away I heard him muttering something about 'must have a devil of a lot of influence to get a leave sent that way.'"

"I caught the boat. She had a number of invalid officers and men and some discharged men aboard, but I was the only well officer. A quantity of baled cotton was piled on her forward deck. On the way down to Fortress Monroe we had two incidents. A discharged soldier stabbed a sergeant. I found an assistant surgeon aboard, going home on sick leave, who looked after the wounded men, and at the first landing I was in charge of the local Provost Marshal the man who did the stabbing and two witnesses. In the course of the afternoon the cotton took fire, some of the men having emptied their pipes on it, and twelve or fifteen burning bales had to be thrown overboard."

"At Fortress Monroe I took the boat for Baltimore, an entirely strange city to me, where I had never been before and about the topography of which I knew nothing. Somebody on the boat, during the night, had told me I could get a good breakfast at the United States Hotel, so when we landed I hired a little darkey on the wharf for a quarter to pilot me there. At the hotel I encountered a big Irish porter, a witty, lively fellow, who amused and pleased me so much that I remembered him. From Baltimore to Philadelphia I went by train, and in the latter city, owing to my ignorance of the roads, found that I had to take a cab across the town to get a train for New York by the route I had chosen. That delayed me so that it was 6 o'clock in the evening when I landed. An Eighth street stage took me up town, and I went home at once to my father's house on Seventh street. As I approached I saw my sister Nora going up the steps to the front door, and followed her. She entered with a latchkey, I passed in behind her, and went down stairs into the basement without noticing me, and I ascended to the sitting-room on the next floor above, where I found my father, mother and sister Ida, who was very much better than she had been when I last heard from home. Mother was sewing, and they were talking about family affairs. Nobody seemed to take the slightest notice of me. I sat down in a corner, staring at them and listening. From their conversation I gathered that two of my cousins, Will Lyon and Mary Squires, had married against the will of their mothers, who hated each other dearly—that my mother had helped the young couple to marry and was now aiding them in starting house-keeping. She had four patterns of dress goods for Mary to select a dress from, and I noticed the designs and colors of them. Finally I went to my mother, put my arms about her and kissed her, but she did not seem to be aware of the fact. Then I turned to my father, determined to claim his attention, and put my hand on his shoulder to shake him, but found that nothing I could do would make any impression upon him. The strangeness of the situation excited me a great deal. I spoke to them and was unheeded, put myself before them and was unheeded, touched them and was unheeded, yet was fully conscious of everything about me and heard every word of their placid,

contented babble. My feelings so overtook me that I felt on the verge of bursting into tears, when suddenly I found myself sitting in the bandmaster's tent in the same attitude I held when the orderly came to the door, with my cigar yet between my fingers and still alight. Hardly more than a minute or two could have elapsed.

"Are you satisfied now that your sister is all right?" asked the bandmaster calmly. I replied that I was, "You were getting so excited I had to bring you back," he said.

"Not another word was uttered by either of us on the subject. In a few minutes I got up, said good night, and started for my tent. As I passed Col. Bartholomew's quarters he happened to come to the door, greeted me, and invited me to enter and see something quite rare in our camp—something in a bottle. I went in, saw the something rare, and even tasted it. Then we chatted, and I told him of my strange experience. It interested him intensely. Tattoo sounded and I would have retired, but he would not let me go.

"No," he said. "Never mind about that. You set to work at once and write a letter home, detailing everything you can remember seeing and hearing there, things that in the order of time allowed for your travel should happen on 'Thursday evening, two nights from now.' The letter may get there before then, but even if it does not reach them by that time it will at all events be in New York and delivered much before any such report could be even telegraphed here and repeated back by letter after their occurrence. If you have actually seen into the future, that will prove the astounding fact. Write your letter and I will have my orderly take it to the boat, with a letter from me to the Captain that will insure its being forwarded in the most expeditious way."

"I sat up until 1:30 o'clock writing that letter, for it was a very long one, full of detail, and it went as agreed. My mother did not receive it until Friday morning. Before she had read it half through she flung it from her, threw up her hands in horror, and cried out that it was the work of the devil. By return mail I had from her a letter of excited pleading with me to pray for deliverance from the power of the evil one. But from my father I learned that my forecast had been absolutely correct, down to even the smallest details, concerning everything occurring there that evening. A couple of weeks later I chanced to ride with Col. Bartholomew over to Gen. Hunter's headquarters, and we called together upon Adj. Gen. Seely, who happened to be an old friend of my father. In the course of conversation the Colonel asked:

"Did anything happen to the boat that went down to Fortress Monroe on Wednesday?"

"No," replied the General, "not that I know of. Oh! By the way, he continued, turning to a clerk, 'send an order to have that man who stabbed the sergeant sent up here for court martial, with the witnesses. He may as well be kept here as there.'"

"When and where was the sergeant stabbed?" asked the Colonel.

"On the boat; on that trip you asked about."

"I thought you said nothing happened to the boat."

"You asked about the boat. Nothing happened to the boat."

"Did anything else, of a noteworthy character, happen aboard the boat on that trip? I have a particular reason for asking, and would like to know, if possible."

"Gen. Seely did not remember that anything else had occurred, but upon hunting up the official report of her trip on that day, it was found that some cotton bales aboard her had been set afire by the carelessness of the soldiers with their pipes, and it had been necessary to throw fifteen bales into the river. 'The incidents—the stabbing of the sergeant and the burning of the cotton—it will be recalled, occurred on Wednesday and were fully known to me, and were narrated to Col. Bartholomew sixteen hours before.'

"In June, after the capitulation, when my regiment was ordered down to Texas, I resigned from the service and in company with three brother officers who had also resigned, came home by way of Baltimore. My experience was generally known and had been much talked over among the officers of the 109th, so, as we neared Baltimore, my companions banteringly challenged me to lead them to the United States Hotel for breakfast, following the route I had gone upon the little darkey's guidance. I unhesitatingly averred my ability to do so, but when the boat reached her wharf the place was quite strange to me, and I was at fault. They began laughing at me, but an idea came to me. The mate was near us, and turning to him I asked: 'Did you, in December last, land where you do now?' 'No,' he replied. 'We landed then away-down yonder where you see them three spiles.' We went there, and instantly I recognized the place. From that starting-point I went directly, even by the darkey's short cuts, through a rather tangled part of the town to the hotel. But, on arriving there, we found no such big, witty Irish porter as I have described. The porter was a large, fat, solemn negro. Again my friends began to laugh, but my confidence was by that time strong. I said, 'Wait! let us see the clerk,' and, going to that official, I asked: 'Where is Mike?' using the name I remembered having heard him called. 'Mike,' the clerk replied, 'left us in January. He is at the Monument House now.' My triumph was complete.

"In New York I went to the stables of the Eighth street line of omnibuses to

find, if possible, the driver with whom I rode on the box that night, and the other drivers readily identified him from my description, but unfortunately he had gone away, they didn't know where."

IV. In 1880 Mr. Wilson, then, as now, on the editorial staff of a New York daily newspaper, leased, at Fairmount, a house belonging to Mr. Schumann, then Secretary of the Germania Fire Insurance Company. It was a commodious, handsome and finely-finished residence erected by the owner for his own use, and, for a time after its completion, occupied by himself and family. The death of a member of his family made the associations of the place unhappy to him, and he moved away. Then the house was leased for three years by Mr. Sontag, a clerk in the Germania Fire Insurance Company's service, who eventually gave it up and moved out as Mr. Wilson moved in.

The incoming tenant bought a considerable part of the furniture belonging to the outgoing one; among the rest all that was in an exceedingly pretty room, which was one of two partitioned off in a very large and high garret. In explanation of the apparent newness of everything in this apartment, Mrs. Sontag said:

"I fitted this room up for my sister, but the first night she was in it I frightened her for fun, and after that she never would occupy it."

A few days after the Wilsons were in possession Mr. Wilson's young brother-in-law, Samuel Barnes, paid them a visit, and as he supposed remaining over night, the pretty garret room was assigned to him. He was tired, and went up to bed at about 9 o'clock. An hour later, Mr. Wilson had just got into bed when a great racket and sound of shouting burst forth in Sam's room overhead, and Mrs. Wilson had barely time to exclaim: "Sam is calling you," when the young man came bounding down stairs from the garret with a red quilt thrown around him and yelling: "Come upstairs, Tom, I've got a burglar." Then he dashed back again up the stairs, followed immediately by Mr. Wilson, who had merely stopped long enough to snatch up a club and call his two dogs, one of them a rather savage brute. When he reached the scene of action, Sam, who was holding the room door shut, exclaimed: "He's inside."

"All right," responded Mr. Wilson, swinging his club, "throw it open. We can handle him."

Sam flung the door open and they jumped through it. There was nobody visible. Evidently Sam had, as he averred, had a hard fight. The bed was tumbled as if combatants had struggled all over it, and three of its slats were broken, a number of objects about the room were overturned, and some were broken, but though they searched everywhere, nobody could be found. Mr. Wilson called his dogs, but they would not leave the stairway, and, though ordinarily courageous animals, rather fond of a fight, they were evidently afraid of something and eager to retreat down stairs. The "burglar" could not have escaped down the stairs, the wire nettings on the windows had not been disturbed, and he was not in the adjoining room. There was no other hiding-place, and the only way of exit open was a very small stovepipe hole in the chimney, hardly big enough for a man's arm to be put through. But he was gone.

"I think Sam," said Mr. Wilson meditatively, "we will have to put this down as a clear case of jim-jams."

"Jim-jams be blanked!" exclaimed Sam hotly. "I was wide awake; saw him plainly as I see you now, and had to fight for my life." Then he went on to relate his experience, which he, to this day, insists was the following:

"I had been sound asleep, and was half aroused by somebody crawling over the foot-board toward me. I had merely a sort of vague, dim idea that it was Webster, my roommate at home, without being sufficiently awake to think that was a queer way for him to come to bed, and I rolled over to give him place. Then I must have dropped asleep at once, for, after a time—I do not know how long—I was again stirred to a vague realization, as before, of the fact that a man was coming over the foot-board, and that time I had the idea that I was having a nightmare. I fancied that I saw his face in the clear moonlight; a thin, malignant face, with a long, pointed, sandy beard, but sleepily ascribed it to a nightmare; I fixed myself more comfortably and once more slept soundly. The third time I awoke fully, with him on me, his strong, boy fingers clutching my throat. He was doing his best to strangle me, and I had to fight for my life. I managed to heave him off my chest, but he reared his grip on my windpipe. We rolled over and over on the bed and then to the floor. I hampered him as well as I could, and finally I broke loose. For the moment I seemed to have stunned him, and he lay on the floor. In the moonlight I saw his face, and it was the same I had seen in my supposed nightmare. Snatching up a quilt to cover me, I dashed down stairs to call my brother-in-law there back—and he was gone. I am sure of only two things, that I had a very real fight for my life with something, and that that something was not a human being."

Sam, as well as the room, showed the marks of a violent conflict. He finished the night on a lounge down stairs.

Mr. Wilson wrote to Mr. Sontag, the recent tenant, asking: "While you lived here did you ever have a visitor or lodger a man about 30 years old, tall and slender, who had a long, pointed sandy

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.

ASHLEY (OHIO) CAMP.

Communication from Mattie E. Hull.

Again it is my privilege to become a resident of the Spiritualists' Villa at Woolley Park, adjacent to the pretty little town of Ashley. The meeting opened the 8th, and although it was excessively warm, each service was larger than last year on the first day. The platform in the pavilion never was more tastefully decorated than on that occasion. We missed the genial presence of some of the co-workers who were with us last season, none more than Mr. Skinner and his lovely daughter, who rendered efficient service as musicians. The president called the meeting to order at 11 a. m. After a few remarks, followed by music, Prof. D. M. King, the "Father of the Camp," was introduced, and he gave a brief review of the work accomplished by the National Spiritualist Religious Camp Association and set forth, in an impressive manner, the principles on which the Association is founded. He referred to the grand achievements of the Central Department at Maple Dell, in the erection of a fine auditorium, and said that without doubt one would be built at Woolley Park in the near future. He gave an interesting account of the effort that he with the co-operation of Messrs. Woolley and Wandell, had made to the interior of the establishment of a camp at Millersport (near Columbus) to be known as the "Summerland Camp." He occupied some time in presenting the work that is to be taken up the present season in this camp. The dinner-bell warned us that the time had come to adjourn, and without ceremony the meeting was dismissed, to be called at 2:30 p. m.

The exercises in the afternoon were opened with congregational singing, after which the writer was introduced as the speaker. My theme on that occasion was "What Has the Harvest Been?" I endeavored to show that there had been a great stride in the advancement of Spiritualism the past twelve months. I was reminded that my last discourse on this camp-ground the previous season was based on the question: "What Shall the Harvest Be?" Having been actively engaged in the field a greater portion of the time since then, and being careful to take observations along the different lines, I felt I was prepared to answer the question, and took for my subject, "What Has the Harvest Been?"

I am glad to say that the progress has been all that we could expect. One of the most encouraging signs is that the bitterest opponents are among those who have read little or nothing on the subject, and those who denounce in strongest terms the manifestations, are those who never visited a medium. The fact is, those who go into the investigation of Spiritualism, and continue it long enough, always feel to explore still further, and such are always repaid for so doing.

Such were some of the ideas that I endeavored to set upon the minds of my hearers, but I will not take valuable space in your journal to give even a synopsis of the discourse; suffice it to say, I was congratulated upon my effort and assured that the address "filled the bill."

You see, Brother Francis, I am not so modest as some of my co-workers, who usually say when they are complimented, "I did not do as well as usual," or "It was not my best." As a general thing, an inspirational speaker knows when his work meets with a response. It may not be eloquent, or so artistic as on some other occasion, or as could be rendered by some others, but if it meets the demand, and does the useful work, it is always a good work. I do not like vain boasting, nor silly conceit; but I do like the spirit of assurance when on the side of right, and why should not a speaker know as well as a listener whether the work is commendatory? I admire to hear a lecturer say (when good conditions have been furnished): "I am sure I did well." Why not? A good inspirational effort is always a compliment to the audience. So when I am congratulated upon an effort, I always feel much credit is due those who have listened to me and furnished the conditions.

Prof. D. M. King made a few remarks relative to the camp work, and urged the full co-operation of the campers. At the conclusion of the speaking, Dr. H. T. Stanley, of New York, was introduced and gave excellent tests. I say his tests were excellent: so they were, unless the many who received messages undertook to deceive the people by saying the medium had told them the truth and that he was a stranger to them. This no one believed: the parties did who claimed the messages were tests.

Monday is called campers' day at Woolley Park, and is usually a day of comparative rest, but there was so much to be done the present season, that the little cotton villa presented a business-like appearance the entire day. We are surrounded by a farming community, and many who come here every season are engaged in agricultural pursuits, and must look after their crops before they leave home; consequently it makes them a little less settling in camp, and some find it inconvenient to attend early in the morning, so the crowd is never here until the second week.

Tuesday, at 9 a. m., the children's class was organized, and the dear little ones who were with us in camp last year, and participated in the children's work, seemed quite impatient for the opening of their meeting. At 11 a. m. a few assembled to assist Prof. King in forming a class for psychic study. The work in this line is of inestimable importance to those who are seeking unfoldment in the line of psychometry, clairvoyance and clairaudience. Some of us felt that time has come when, as mediums and workers in the great field of Spiritualism, we should endeavor to co-operate with the Spirit-world by knowing how to put ourselves in the best condition possible for them to guide us into the most useful lines of work. We also believe that we are spirits here and now, and need not wait until we shall have put off the mortal to realize something of our capabilities. It is not so much what is said in these classes that inspires and assists in the unfoldment of our powers, as the influence that is brought to bear when a group of persons intent on one object concentrates the mental and soul forces in that direction. Hence this work is valuable, and I would recommend it as a great addition to all camp work.

Tuesday afternoon an interesting session was held, consisting of answers to questions, short speeches, and the rendering of a poem by one scribe on a subject given by some one in the audience. The night meetings during the entire session of camp will be devoted to lectures and the giving of tests. Dr. Stanley has thus far been the only platform medium with us, but he has done a good work; in fact, the messages he has given have been remarkable, containing many proofs of spirit identity.

The president of the association, Charlie Waugh, is a young man, but he does well considering his inexperience. He is devoted to the work, and carries into it a kindly, cheerful spirit, that is so helpful, especially in new camps. The Waugh and Heverlo families are fixtures here; that is, they come each season. Mr. and Mrs. Granger (he is one of the officers) are residents in Ashley, but they come to the ground each season and work untiringly in the interest of the meeting. Mrs. G. goes about the grounds looking after the interest of the campers, their needs, etc., as a good mother might be supposed to look after her children. It is the same here as in every new camp, the hard work falls upon a few. But, if good-will and harmony reigned upon every camp-ground as it does here, the work would not be as hard in some places as it is at present.

The Beard family, of Columbus, are here, "bag and baggage." They have an ample residence, composed of a number of tents arranged like a house of several apartments. I am assured that Mr. Beard will build in the near future; possibly he will have his house erected the present season. After the people are fairly settled in camp, dedications will be in order. The cottage where I am quartered is to receive a few finishing touches; but we shall aim to have it "set in order" before Mr. Hull arrives, and I intend to give him a royal reception.

Pardon the length of this. I will not trespass in like manner again while here. There is always so much to be said in the commencement of work in camp. With best wishes for all the camps and many co-workers,

LAKE BRADY CAMP.

Various Interesting Incidents.

Monday evening the various mediums on the grounds united in giving a benefit seance for the little camp newspaper—"The Brady Lake Mirror." Quite a varied programme was presented. Madame Alice D. Le Plongeon, the famous French traveler, and author of "Yucatan," gave an interesting account of some of her adventures. Mrs. Zetta Eide, the camp soloist, rendered a beautiful song, after which Miss Mabel McCaslin recited "The Hasty Pudding" in her usual artistic manner. Mrs. Nellie Ulric gave an exhibition of palmistry. Taking the hand of O. N. Bancroft, of Millwood, Va., a total stranger, she gave him a correct character reading, telling events in his past life and making prophecies for the future. She also gave several other psychometric readings from handkerchiefs, all of which were acknowledged to be correct.

After the camp soloist, rendered a beautiful song, after which Miss Mabel McCaslin recited "The Hasty Pudding" in her usual artistic manner. Mrs. Nellie Ulric gave an exhibition of palmistry. Taking the hand of O. N. Bancroft, of Millwood, Va., a total stranger, she gave him a correct character reading, telling events in his past life and making prophecies for the future. She also gave several other psychometric readings from handkerchiefs, all of which were acknowledged to be correct.

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RIVERSIDE PARK.

Closing Hours at this Camp, Grand Lodge, Mich.

The last week of the new camp is closing grandly. Visitors from far and wide have been here to see its picturesque, natural and healthful advantages, with which all people are well pleased.

Mrs. Jennie H. Jackson was here last week; she is another of Michigan's favorite speakers. Her improvisations are filled with sense, melody, rhythm and rhyme. In inspiration she is a leader. She and her husband gave a stonemason's entertainment about the World's Fair. From Onondaga she brought a horseshoe crab. She is a naturalist.

All know Lyman C. Howe and the sallies of wit bubbling out of his improvisations. He speaks here next Sunday, August 18, the closing day.

Mrs. Effie F. Josselyn was here on Tuesday, and spoke from subjects given by the audience. She was well pleased with the harmony existing in our new camp.

Bro. Geo. F. Perkins made a flying visit and was delighted with the hale and hearty manner in which he was met and greeted and made welcome. The feeling of brotherhood is the result of unselfishness among the promoters and workers of the camp.

The camp is a society organization and belongs to the people; and all have a voice in electing trustees, who choose their officers.

Their terms of office are as follows: J. C. Rosenberger, four years; J. S. Mudge, three years; Will Divine, two years; W. W. Howe, two years; Mrs. A. E. Sheets, two years; Geo. H. Sheets, one year; J. P. Russell, one year.

At each election the new trustee is chosen for the same length of time as his predecessor, so there are old members on the board all the while.

Dr. A. B. Spinney, of Detroit, was here and gave one of his old-time rousing lectures; he had his Bible and accepts all the historical proof, whether ancient or modern, on Christian or on heathen ground. Nature's laws of immortality and spirit return are as universal and eternal as gravitation, and the spiritual philosophy comes home to the peasant and the exalted scientist alike without being carried by missionaries, or the same length of time as his predecessor, so there are old members on the board all the while.

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WHICH MAN WINS?

The one with steady nerves and a clear brain. That means, in nine cases out of ten, the man with a good digestion. A Ripans Tabule after dinner may save to-morrow's business.

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LIFE WORK

CORAL V. RICHMOND.

With portraits representing Mrs. Richmond in 1857, in 1870, and in 1894.

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THE FREE THINKERS'

PICTORIAL TEXT-BOOK.

SHOWING THE ABSURDITY AND UNTRUTHFULNESS OF THE CHURCH'S CLAIM TO BE A DIVINE AND BENEFICENT INSTITUTION, AND REVEALING THE ABUSES OF A UNION

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THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

Published Every Saturday at No. 40 Loomis Street.
J. R. Francis, Editor and Proprietor.

Entered at Chicago Postoffice as Second-class matter.

Terms of Subscription.

One year	\$1.00
Six months	.60
Three months	.35
Single copy	10c

Remit by Postoffice Money Order, Registered Letter, or draft on Chicago or New York. If sent by draft, please specify the bank and the name of the payee. If sent by draft, please specify the bank and the name of the payee. If sent by draft, please specify the bank and the name of the payee.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1895.

God's Great Displeasure.

"Struck by lightning," says a telegram from Quakertown, Pa., on the 5th inst., announcing the descent of a bolt of Jove on the Methodist church of that town, wherein twenty worshippers were prostrated, and several were severely injured, some of whom it is thought fatally. These events are so common, and have been mentioned so frequently, it may almost seem tautologous to refer to them. We do so in this instance to revive a "celebrated case" of a few years ago.

The papers of the day were filled with painful details of an affair which transpired in Arkansas. An infidel, who neither feared God nor loved the Devil, so ran the story, became terribly angered. Being a swearing man (a very silly habit for an infidel), he called down the vengeance of God on the object of his wrath. Having been reared in the church, and learned its lessons all too well, he overdid the task and angered God, so the latter gave evidence of his displeasure, by hurling down one of his fiery bolts and killing the blasphemer on the spot. Those in the poor fellow's company, having witnessed the vengeance and swift retribution of the Divine ruler, gathered up the remains, and buried them in a deep grave on the spot where he was slain. As the task of burial was done, one thoughtless fellow remarked, the offender was now beyond the reach of further harm, when down came another bolt, which opened the grave and scattered fragments of the mangled corpse all over the field, making it impossible to collect them.

The very learned, distinguished and highly veracious Rev. DeWitt Talmage, from his Brooklyn pulpit, drew by his powerful imagination, a lesson from this speaking affair, a warning to infidels, which was simply withering. Some fool infidel, whose curiosity got the better of his judgment, appealed to the Christian father for a definite location of this thrilling event, that he might aid in making it more public; but the grave Doctor had not troubled himself. It was enough that God had taken the punishment of blasphemy into his own hands, and had taught unbelievers a lesson which he hoped would be effective. The inquirer was not satisfied. He was determined to trace the story to its source. Aided by the press he found it originated with a backwoods sheet in Arkansas, and it came in the form of a contribution from a distant part of the State. When chased to its hole it proved to be one of the agonizing productions of that literary Munchausen—Muhlaton—who is never content to detail ordinary events, but gives rein to a vivid fancy, and he told a story he knew would delight the readers.

Those who have watched the eventful history of this modern Munchausen will recall his vivid description of the emergence from the sea of the lost Atlantis, soon after the appearance of Mr. Donnelly's book giving an account of its submergence. The account of its resurrection was told with great particularity in the New Orleans Picayune. A clerical friend, personally acquainted with the editor, wrote inquiringly for the facts. The reply: "The statement was from the pen of a vagabond press correspondent, and gained a place in the Picayune columns during my temporary absence from the city."

Soon after a cave was discovered filled with the remains of a lost people. It greatly excited the Mammoth Cave in dimensions, and its display of relics of ancient art was just marvelous. It was the production of Muhlaton.

Then a meteor fell in Texas. It covered a whole acre, and sank more than a hundred feet into the solid earth. The only regret is the story was not true, and that both Muhlaton and Talmage had not rested beneath the sunken rock.

The mother of Vauban, the French military engineer, was very skillful in mathematics, and gave her son a taste for the same kind of studies.

All Deserve Execution.

It matters little which way we turn, to savage nations or to civilized, religious hate is tyrannical and destructive of life. The fetich worshippers of darkest Africa have their counterparts, in the most enlightened nations. Even countries protected by law find it impossible to shield its citizens from the violence of opposing sects. Look at Catholics in our own America, resorting to mob rule to protect their religion from fancied insult! And, then, Protestants warring on Catholics, and both on Chingmen! It is not so much because the latter are of another race, as it is they are Jeshi-worshippers, which led to the California riots a few years ago, and to the slaughter of large numbers of them a little later in the mopping region of the Rockies.

We are horrified with the news from China, of the massacre of Christian missionaries and their families by the benighted and fanatical followers of Confucius; but it is only a repetition of similar scenes of violence common to all the ages when creeds have been brought in conflict. To-day the Chinese are murdering Christians; a few days ago it was Christians who were murdering Chinese, and yesterday the American Government was contributing largely from its resources to recompense suffering families for the slaughter of loved ones by a merciless mob.

Churchmen talk and write learnedly of the peaceful methods of Christianity in winning converts to its faith. What ever may be the fact now, it was not always what is alleged. The great conquests of Christianity were made with the sword, on gory battle-fields. When nations were overcome by superior force then the war was waged on individuals, the Inquisition finding their victims among those they branded heretics.

The press now teems with recitals of violence upon offensive missionaries in China. These Chinese offenders are only repeating acts of Christian violence. The time was when a country looking out upon a favored nation which was enjoying greater superiority than theirs, ascribed its prosperity to a more powerful god, and would send messengers to that nation, negotiate with and purchase that god so as to ensure his aid in their interests. No favored nation thought of forcing its god on an unwilling people; and yet this is just what outside countries are trying to do in virtually forcing Christianity on China. The people of China have not invited Christian missionaries there. They have a religion of their own, better adapted to their needs than is Christianity. It has protected human life for thousands of years, while Western nations have been torn and wasted by desolating wars.

The government of China, in opposition to the wishes of its subjects, has been forced by Christian cannon to give asylum to Christian missionaries; but the people rebel, as would any other self-respecting people. Their wars on women and children are no more abhorrent than were similar outrages by Christians in past centuries.

We have only words of hate for any people, sect or creed which employs violence to advance or suppress faith. The savages of Africa, the barbarians of China, and the devotees of Jesus, all who would promulgate a religion, or put it down by bloody methods, deserve and shall receive our severest execrations.

Rough on the Preacher.

There must be a terrible wrong somewhere which should be righted. When a clergyman aspires to a secular office and gains it, of course it is his, and he ought not to be disturbed in its peaceful possession; but news comes from Superior, Wis., that Rev. C. S. Starkweather—who was elected mayor of that city, has been impeached by the city council. The telegraphic dispatch from there says:

"He was found guilty of extorting money from the police and firemen in consideration of allowing them to retain their positions, and of agreeing to accept money from the saloon-men and gamblers for allowing them to run as they pleased."

The possibilities are, the reverend divine, in accepting the office of mayor, innocently supposed he was to exercise the same rights, enjoy the same privileges and immunities, and be protected in their possession, as other folk who are not preachers. The denunciation of saloons and gambling belonged to his trade as a pulpitist; but when clothed with the prerogative of a great office he could see no impropriety in making a little money by farming out these franchises to his friends for Christ's sake. Then the wicked aldermen who had determined by ordinance to suppress the saloons and gambling, literally sat down on him; and now the great question which agitates the people of Superior City is, whether Rev. Starkweather is their official head or merely the head of his church. And that must be decided by the courts.

Evidence of God's Displeasure.

The Episcopal church at Centerville, Ct., was an object of displeasure to Almighty God; so on the 30th ult. he hurled one of his thunderbolts at the belfry, and knocked it into smithereens. The world is governed by special providence, if we can trust the Bible and the preachers. Our earnest search is now to find the church against which he has never displayed his wrath. Did any one ever hear of a Spiritualist church having incurred God's displeasure? Has he ever shown any special hate for those whom churchmen dignify with the title "Infidel"—not in the faith? that is what we want to know.

Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, was one of the most populous cities in the world. Its people were all good Catholics; but something went amiss. We don't know what. The earth opened on November 1st, 1755, and down went the city, and down went the people, from 30,000 to 40,000 of them perished in an instant. That should have been a warning to the world, to put no trust in the saving grace of Catholicism—provided every calamity, as the church so often claims, is a special visitation of God for the punishment of sin.

Cunning Old Rome.

The slimy old octopus is reaching out its tentacles to capture the colored people. An order of colored nuns has recently been established in a Southern State, with a "mother" at the head of it. Rome is cunning, and is straining every nerve to conquer.

Better than Jesus.

It is a pleasure to record the fact that the Chicago Presbytery, on the 8th inst., by formal action recommended that fermented wine be no more used at communion service in any church within its jurisdiction. This proposition to use unfermented wine as a substitute should meet with approval by every lover of temperance reform.

But the proposition carries a lie on its face, which should be next remedied. Wine is the fermented juice of the grape. It is not wine until it is fermented. To that time, it is simply the juice of the grape, known in commerce as "must," from the Latin "mustum." It was wine, and a very superior article, according to the statement of the governor of the feast, which Jesus made at Cana, and it was wine which was metamorphosed into his blood, which did service at the last supper. Churchmen now see the tendency of forming a drinking appetite by tampering with prayer-made "blood of Christ," out of spirit-proof wine, so they are improving on the teaching of "our Lord" by a non-intoxicating substitute. It is well.

A Hopeful Sign.

A hopeful sign of the times is seen in Catholic Mexico, where a commission from the liberal party has been formed for the purpose of compelling a rigid enforcement of the reform laws framed by Juarez to control the privileges of the clergy. The commission proposes to discover and suppress hidden convents, and to compel the clergy in the interior towns to suspend public processions of Romish character. Thus it would seem that even Catholics themselves are tired of priestly impositions. The late revolution in Ecuador was largely a revolt against the domination of the Romish church. Convents were thrown open, and such of the nuns as desired liberty were allowed to depart. A number of priests were forced to fly.

SOLITUDE AND SILENCE.

How Nature Does Its Best and Finest Work.

Nature's best and finest work is done in solitude and silence. The precious pearl is developed in the oyster, far away even from the sunlight, as the coarse bivalve lies hidden deep down in its ocean bed. The diamond is imprisoned in the mine, knowing its own glory only when rescued from its cradle of darkness, and the gold for which men even sell their souls is created by the mighty alchemy of nature, deep in the bowels of the earth. The dew which recreates the freshness of the earth in summer time, is begotten in the darkness, and the secret of the chemistry of the universe is only to be unraveled by a careful search behind "the appearance of things."

This thought is suggested as I realize that we are nearly at the end of the Lenten season, when for forty days each earnest communicant is expected to retire into the solitude of his own soul, and work out the problem of his own nature; to reflect upon shortcomings, to encourage holy aspirations, and by acts of devotion bring the soul nearer to a full comprehension of, and a closer communion with the highest ideal of life.

We are bidden to overcome the world, and to that end surely once a year, at least, one should be able to overlook the world from a sort of private vantage ground, quietly aloof from all, and it seems to me that the evolution of a higher spirituality, which surely is the first object of the Lenten fast, can best, if not only, be attained by a retirement from the common environment of life, and by seeking solitude so far as may be consistent with the duties arising out of the relations of life. Thank God! one's soul is never imperiled by devotion to the nearest duty, even if that duty conflict with the highest development of spiritual possibilities—spiritual evolution. Such is verily impossible when society coquets with conscience, and gives up time to Lenten luncheons, Lenten concerts, Lenten dinners, and heaven save the mark, Lenten wassels!

Apart from the church's ideal, the value of solitude for a definite time can never be overestimated, and it pleases me to imagine what great achievements in the higher arts might be made if artists, musicians and men of letters could be free from the distractions of social and commercial life for the six weeks of Lent each year, and at Easter could offer each at the altar of his own patron saint the production of the time of sacred seclusion. Alas! so many dreams of beauty are lost to the world because of the lack of time and quiet in which to render them imperishable in marble, oil, verse or tune.

Very few people think of the value of seclusion. It is the only opportunity to become acquainted with one's self, to subdue what is undesirable, and at the same time, come in closer touch with great truths, with moral principles, with nature, eye, even with God, who is the fountain, as he was the creator, of all life. Somewhere I have read: "Solitude is God's closet, the sacred auditorium of the secrets of the higher life," and in the quiet of a Lenten retirement from society's beguilements, one can almost be sure of a conscious generation of noble purposes, and the soul dilates to its greatest majesty, and when the time comes for a renewal of everyday associations, which so drains and dissipates one's best forces, there is, for a time, at least, a consciousness of reserve of power gained by the rest, and by the entire change of routine of life.

Fortunate, indeed, is it for us all that to some extent, at least, the church's Lenten season is recognized, and, although few are able to seek that seclusion, which Richter said "was a spiritual fountain hall full of medicinal waters," yet any can withdraw into the privacy of his own home, and by slight effort, can even in this brief season develop some degree of spirituality, and indulge in sacred memories, and can be for much of his time alone with his own soul, his destiny and his God.

JULIA HOLMES SMITH, M. D.

A dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral taken in time has prevented many a fit of sickness and saved numerous lives. This proves the necessity of keeping this incomparable medicine where it can be readily reached at all hours of the day and night.

A SERIOUS QUESTION AS TO WHO ARE THE HEATHENS.

MISSIONARY WORK.

An Exceedingly Lively Tilt, In Which the Whiskey-Breeding Missionaries Get the Worst.

FRANCIS B. WOODBURY PRESENTS SOME TELLING FACTS, SUPPLEMENTED BY SIMON WOLF—AS USUAL, SOME ONE HAS TO RISE WITH "YOU LIE" ON THE TIP OF HIS PEN.

I desire to thank the editor of the Post, Washington, D. C., for myself and many others, for his liberality and the position he has taken in his editorial columns, on those great and important questions of a free press, free speech, and constitutional rights, as regards religion for all people.

His editorial articles in regard to the persecution and prosecution of Seventh Day Adventists and Salvation Army people cannot be excelled. I can give him a long list of the names of my own people who have recently fallen into bigoted clutches, but that is not my object at present. He has also shown his liberal and progressive spirit by his publication of Mr. Wolf's letter. He has hit the nail square on the head in regard to the missionary business. Thousands of dollars have been expended in India, China and Japan—that could have been better used in America. Think of this: Last winter a poor woman in this city walked the streets with a child in her arms, ill with a contagious and malignant disease, from early morning until evening before she could find a place to care for or have the child properly nursed. This would be impossible in some so-called heathen countries.

The lectures given in this city last winter by representatives of the Jains and other people in India proved this. It is a fact that natives of the Orient are hounded and harassed by over-zealous missionaries. Our civilization is all right in America, but in India it surely in many cases has wrought positive harm. Among my many correspondents is K. Chakravarti, of Calcutta, India. In a recent letter this accomplished native says:

"India is financially poor but spiritually happy. In time of famine the poor are fed by private individuals, and some feeding from five hundred to six hundred a day. It would be stating a fact, that the Christian missionaries were the early pioneers of Western education in India. They did at one time great good to India, which outweighs the evil of a few conversions here and there. What are even one thousand conversions here and there to the many millions of Hindus? The cases of conversion are becoming less and less every year, as the natives are understanding the worth of their own religion and the motive of the missionaries for advocating conversion. A case of conversion is looked upon as a calamity, a calamity to the members of the family from which a member is thus separated forever, and a calamity to the individual converted, who suddenly thinks himself free to eat, drink and live as he pleases. As to your words, 'Saving souls through Jesus,' I doubt very much if the converts improve any, socially or spiritually. They are obliged to marry among converts or very low classes, and thus degenerate very fast. A case as mentioned by you (the woman with the sick child) is unknown to us. If, for instance, any one comes to me or my temple, I am bound by social and religious laws to look to his or her wants at sight. Such homelessness as mentioned by you demands my fullest sympathy and aid."

"In India one word only, 'atithi,' is sufficient for one to find temporary shelter and food in a fellow-man's house. The word is so much respected that if there be no sufficient food in the house for the inmates and the stranger, the food there is is shared with him. Then, you see, there are numerous temples all over India where devotees and poor people find every day food and shelter. Our temples are not only places of worship, meditation and prayer, but they are places where daily the poor are fed. We have no workhouses for the poor, no poor-laws. Beggars go about every morning from house to house and get something from each. If a man among us always turns away beggars from his door, his neighbors would shun him and look upon him with contempt. Nobody would see his face the first thing in the morning. Consider, then, how a selfish man is looked upon among us. To those religious men who have left the world and gone to bleak mountain places to meditate, men in the plains send food and blankets."

"Think what a national calamity it would be to introduce the Western system of living and religion, etc., in India. As regards Christian religion, I beg I may be permitted to say as I think, that it is a part of the ancient Hindu religion, containing love for mankind and for forgiveness. Our religion, so to speak, is the complete religion. It not only improves morals, but develops the powers of the soul and inculcates love for mankind, spirits, and the Spirit-world and God. It teaches how the body should be trained to ward off disease and how temptations are to be withstood. 'If a tree is to be judged by its fruits, then Hindu religion is the best.'"

"K. CHAKRAVARTI, 'Calcutta, India.'"

I will not intrude on your valuable space to make any comments.

FRANCIS B. WOODBURY, Secretary National Spiritualists' Association.

Washington, August 14, 1895.

NEVER USED A KEY WHILE IN THE ORIENT.

I have read with more than usual interest the admirable editorial in today's paper (The Post, Washington, D. C.) on the question of the missionaries in foreign lands. Only last evening, I made use of the same argument, and in addition thereto, asked the pertinent question: "How the good people of New England, who believe in the different schisms of the Protestant faiths, would like the disciples of Confucius and Mohammed to come there and interfere with their beliefs and religious feelings?"

The native Chinese and Armenians, when let alone, are no worse and no better than any other class of humanity in any other part of the world. They have their ideas of faith, and have as much reason for its belief as we have. We send annually thousands of our best men and women into foreign lands to combat the religious ideas of the natives, and to try to convert them to what is called "Christianity" and "civilization," and yet, speaking by the card, I can say that, during my sojourn among the people of the Orient, I found a spirit of liberality worthy of all commendation, and the Jew, and Christian, and Mohammedan were living side by side, worshipping God according to the dictates of their conscience, just as we do here, provided that the natives of the soil, who certainly have some rights, are not interfered with, and not harassed and hounded, as they now are, constantly, by what is called "missionary work."

As an instance of their want of Christianity and civilization, as understood in the Occident, I would state that I never looked a door, trunk or bureau during my entire stay, and never missed even the smallest article of value, fully proving the anecdote wherein a European shipper on the wharf of the Bosphorus had unloaded his cargo, looked about him, and when asked by a Mohammedan what he was looking for, he replied, "For some one to watch these goods." The Mohammedan laughed and said: "Why, you need not have any fear, there is no Christian within forty miles of this place."

of New York or any other city neglect their duty, spend their money on luxury and sumptuous excursions, and allow their brother-men to starve. God will hold the rich responsible for the abuse of wealth, but He, too, will hold the Christian responsible for disobedience.

Take a case in point: Jerusalem has had more endeavor expended upon it to improve its religious character than any other city since the world began. The Lord of Glory taught in its streets; the twelve apostles preached there; and yet Jerusalem remains to-day one of the most wicked, if not the most wicked, city on the face of the earth. There are certain persons so depraved, so ungodly, and so obdurate, that you can do nothing with them. No use wasting your time with such. In fact, we are commanded not to do so, viz.: "Cast not your pearls before swine."

It is rather strange that any man in an enlightened country should compare the morality of Mohammedanism with that of Christianity. The Bulgarian atrocities that brought on the Turkish-Russian war of 1877, and the late Armenian atrocities, hardly show up the former in a very favorable light. Every country under Moslem rule is distinctly going to destruction. The slave trade, with its barbarous cruelties, is now being carried on and extended in Africa by Mohammedans. But wherever Christianity is genuinely accepted, there peace and plenty, righteousness, enlightenment and prosperity abound. Madagascar has been turned into a prosperous, civilized country by it. In hundreds of the South Sea Islands the inhabitants have changed by the influence of Christianity from cannibals, rioting in the most hideous cruelties and religious rites, into happy, peaceful communities.

Such anecdotes as he relates are exceedingly hard to authenticate. If a Mohammedan ever did say that there were no Christians within forty miles of any place on the Bosphorus he lied, for there are thousands of Greek Christians all round there.

It is a mistake to suppose that Eastern people are honest. I have lived among them—not merely traveled—and I know the Hindus are the greatest adepts on the face of the earth at lying and stealing, and the other nations of Asia are not far behind.

Let the spirit of the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, where a few leading lights from each sect of religion came—not whole nations with their manly and uncharity—will never be realized. The religion of the God-man alone will eventually prevail, and cover the earth with its blessings.

REV. O. R. BOURNE.

W. E. CLENDANIEL OF THE WASHINGTON LYCEUM MAKES A GOOD POINT.

The recent able remarks in the Post on the subject of foreign missionary work would seem to require no additional ones, but to my mind there is one point not clearly brought out so far, i. e., that our government is a purely secular one, and not committed to the support of any religion or church. While the atrocities recently committed are horrible, and demand for humanity's sake that all steps possible be taken to prevent their future occurrence, the fact remains that our government is compelled to place itself in the unfortunate and inconsistent attitude of supporting by force of arms the maintenance of a particular religion on foreign soil in defiance of the wishes of the natives. Let such of our citizens, including missionaries, as have the time, means and ability, devote their energies to the alleviation of suffering among our own countrymen, when it will be found that there is work enough at home for all.

W. E. CLENDANIEL.

STUNNING REPORT IN REGARD TO MISSIONARIES.

A cable to the New York Herald, of August 17th, from London, gives the following:

"The United States cruiser San Francisco will on Tuesday next proceed to Havre, where she will go into dock to be cleaned and overhauled. The work is at least a fortnight and much longer unless the vessel is ordered away by the United States Navy Department. Rear Admiral Kirkland, commanding the European station, whenever he speaks upon the subject, is emphatic in his condemnation of the missionaries in Turkey. He says that he has found that one of the most prominent Sunday-school teachers in Syria spent three years in the penitentiary at Pittsburg, Pa., and that, taken altogether, they are a bad lot. The cause of all the trouble, Admiral Kirkland asserts, is that, relying upon the protection of the American government, the missionaries defy the local laws, and do not merit the despatch of a war-ship at every appeal made by the missionaries, most of which appeals are not true."

Rather Monotonous.

Save the eternal singing of "holy, holy, holy Lord, God of our salvation," the orthodox heaven seems to be a place of eternal idleness. There is no advance in knowledge, no growth in wisdom, but on and on through a termless eternity it is "holy, holy, holy Lord, God of our salvation." Please, good Peter, ticket us to the lowest place in Pluto's empire, anywhere to save us from eternal monotony, the bane of life and happiness.

The Diffidence.

The Creator equipped our primal ancestors with every faculty requisite for rendering life here a blessing; but left it to their own energy, perseverance and self-reliance to develop their latent potentialities.

Churchmen would have it understood this life is only a preparatory state for a world of happiness that awaits us beyond the grave, and that misery is the normal condition of mortality.

"Temple Talks," by one of the Magi Vol. I, are a series of lectures, delivered through trance, by an ancient Egyptian Master of Wisdom, who is a member of the Hermetic Brotherhood. They are a most able and earnest presentation of the higher spiritual philosophy on such topics as "Power of the Will," "Mesmerism," "How to Gain Power," "What Man Thinks He Is," "What Man Really Is," etc. The book is really a text-book for suggestion, meditation and spiritual growth. Price in stiff cover \$1.25. For sale at this office.

A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich.—Mrs. Browning.

CHICAGO CAMP-MEETING.

Continued to September 18th.

The soaking rain of Friday night proved a great boon to the campers, and as a consequence there was a good attendance Sunday morning, and a noticeable increase in the afternoon.

The morning services were conducted by Mrs. Scovel. The theme for her discourse was, "Though dead, I am still living," and she handled it well.

AFTERNOON SERVICES.

A statement was made at the opening of the afternoon services, by President Porter, regarding the progress of the new organization, which, in substance was as follows: "We have a certificate from the State Auditor, entitling us to a name—'Spiritualists' Chicago Camp-meeting Association'; a seal—paid for; a stock-book—paid for; and when we get five-hundred shares of stock subscribed, for which we give temporary receipts, we can procure a charter and issue our stock certificates." He would not, in speaking of the indebtedness, acknowledge the wisdom, nor commend the act of making so great an involvement, "but it was made and has to be met—it must be paid." As to the sureties, now four in number, this is certainly true, unless otherwise the amount can be raised.

The president erred when he said that the seal was the first ever owned by a united Spiritualist association. That might be true of Chicago united Spiritualists, and no doubt he meant it thus, but every chartered association in the land has a seal.

We had hoped to be able to procure the complete financial statement of this issue, for the month of August, but found the matter, so far as the present financial secretary is concerned, in a chaotic or unbusiness-like condition; no fault of Mr. Clark's either, as nothing in the way of books have been turned over to him, only a conglomeration of bits of paper, from which to glean a statement. We are promised a statement, and shall expect it for the next issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

We give it from experience in such cases that nothing gives a purer air of substantiality to an organization of this kind than a disposition on the part of officers to be open and frank regarding all their doings, especially in a financial way. If they are behind, let the statement show it; if ahead, let that be shown, and confidence is established at once. They are now placing their stock on sale for a permanent association; nothing would more takingly inspire solid business men to subscribe than to read a clear, concise and business-like record of the entire financial work of the institution. Brother Allen, the present treasurer, gave us his statement from the 17th to the 25th inst., and promised the rest for the next issue. The totals are as follows: Received, \$311.45; paid out, \$255.38. This does not include Sunday's gate receipts, which at 75c. are \$71.40, probably reaching \$75.00. Brother Allen thinks, with us, that the financial statement is due to the Spiritualistic public, and will be advantageous to the association. So, also, do Secretary Clark and Dr. Greer, and all others with whom we conversed.

Dr. Willis Edwards and Ada Foye spoke and gave tests to an audience of about four hundred in the afternoon, who seemed highly pleased with both talks and tests.

The camp has extended its session to the 18th of September. This is without extra rent, and in the desire to use the allotted ten days for completing their organization, and in the hope of meeting their large indebtedness.

A cloud of sadness was thrown over the audience by the announcement of the death of the dear old companion of Father Williams, full notice of which will be found in another column of this paper. Special memorial services in the pavilion next Sunday afternoon.

At the request of your scribe, the president asked all those in the afternoon audience, who endorsed the philosophy of Spiritualism, to arise, and all arose in a body, and on a request that all who do not take any Spiritualist paper arise, about one-eighth arose. This was an agreeable surprise, indeed, and shows that the philosophy is keeping pace with the phenomena.

The floral decorations about the rostrum were grand and inspiring.

The president of the German Society of last Sunday's services informs us that we bungled their names, and we apologize in plain English, and spell them thus: President, Charles Voelker; and Carl Bluttarsch and Fritz Obrack were the speakers.

The past week has been one of encouragement to the management and interest to the public.

DR. T. WILKINS.

Mohammed revered his mother and inculcated similar reverence in his teachings.

St. Augustine, in his books, speaks of the debt of gratitude he owed to his mother.

Haydn dedicated one of his most important instrumental compositions to his mother.

Sydney Smith's mother was a clever conversationist and very quick at repartees.

Von Ranke's mother was literary and the author of several essays and other works.

One of the few redeeming traits in the character of Henry VIII. was his respect for his mother.

Gibbon's mother was passionately fond of reading and encouraged her son to follow her example.

Coleridge revered his mother. He once said: "A mother is a mother still, the holiest thing alive."

The mother of Lord Cornwallis did not, at first, see the idea of a military career for her son.

Mozart's mother was a delicate, spirituelle creature, who, it is said, seemed more soul than body.

It is said that the mother of Charles Darwin had a decided taste for all branches of natural history.

The character of Washington's mother is too well known to need more than an allusion.

Hasty counsels are generally followed by repentance.—Liberius.

If your body is erect, your shadow will be straight.—Chinese.

Joy is an exchange; joy flies monopolists; it calls for two.—Young.

The man of thought strikes deepest and strikes safest.—Overbury.

A good inclination is but the first rude draught of virtue.—South.

A DIVINE LESSON FOR SPIRITUALISTS TO CONSIDER.

HUMANITY'S SAVIORS.

Lifting the Lowly and Unfortunate.

Dr. Gray and the Epworth Home.

SOCIAL IDEAS OF THE NOBLE MAN WHO IS DEVOTING HIMSELF TO THE LEAVING OF THE SLUM DISTRICTS WITH ELEVATING INFLUENCES—A DIVINE LESSON FOR SPIRITUALISTS TO CONSIDER.

TO THE EDITOR:—Not many weeks ago THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER published an article on the Hull House, of Chicago, and the noble work of its founders and assistants in behalf of humanity. We now have the pleasure to present a companion-piece, an account of another enterprise of similar aims, though working on somewhat different lines, and partaking of the same saving grace of noble humanitarianism.

As said by "Amber" in the Times-Herald:

Halsted street is not a garden of delight, neither is it a place where people who are used to the delicate things of life resort from choice or instinct. It takes a good deal of what you might call practical religion for a man to consent to lay aside the good income derived from a popular pastorate and spend his waking hours in Halsted street, ministering to the needs of people who are neither very appreciative of nor very grateful for what is done for them.

Yet this is what Rev. Dr. Gray has done in establishing the Epworth Home, over on the corner of Congress and Halsted streets. He has almost literally obeyed the command given to the young century centuries ago: "Sell what thou hast and give to the poor." Prompted by the urgency of a voice within which bids him accept self-sacrifice in place of gain, banishment in lieu of a comfortable home amid environments to which he is accustomed, this earnest-hearted man has thrown himself with all the ardor of his being into the work of humanitarianism.

A little over a year ago, Dr. Gray borrowed a cellar in the midst of one of the swarming districts of the West Side, and going out on the streets recruited six small boys to be his guests for an evening.

"What did you do that very first thing?" asked somebody, to whom he was telling the story of his effort. "Give them a military drill," replied the Doctor. "The boys were noisy and rude, but we got along first-rate, and the next week I had twenty to entertain. They liked the show so much that on the next night of gathering we had seventy boys."

BOYS FORSAW SMOKING AND PROFANITY.

"They smoked and used profane language, so that the old cellar was blue, but I said to them: 'Look here, boys, I'm here to be a boy with you. We'll form a club and you shall make the rules. Are we to have smoking? All in favor of it say aye.' Not a voice responded. 'Those who are opposed to smoking say so.' And the cellar walls rang with a vigorous no. We never had any tobacco after that night, and we put promptly to vote in the same way and with the same result. Strange, wasn't it? It goes to prove that everybody knows pretty well what is right, even if they don't practice it."

From the beginning in the borrowed cellar Dr. Gray's project has grown into an organization of several hundred membership, with clubs, kindergartens, missions and Sunday-schools. The Doctor is a large man with the finest manners and an eye as blue as a patch of June sky. He talks with directness and force, and is panoplied with the courage of his own convictions. He does not believe in any but thorough methods, and prefers to begin reform work from the side of a man's humanity rather than his undeveloped spirituality.

"I never talk religion to a hungry man," he says. "I first make him comfortable. There is plenty of time after that to evangelize him. It is a mistake to think that all the people who live in crowded and poverty-cursed districts are slum people."

HOME SENTIMENT AMONG THE POOR.

Dr. Gray makes a certain distinction in which he is not supported by Carroll D. Wright in his recent government report. Where families hold together, accepting all sorts of privations, and even enduring the horrors of the sweat shop system that they may keep a home, however poor and wretched it may be, such people, Dr. Gray believes, should not be called denizens of the slums. The true slum element, he holds, exists only where the tramp population lodges and scatters. Such people as have no ties, and do not care, to make them, sleeping in saloon doorways and open parks, without homes or home instincts, are the only slum denizens.

A mother who thinks enough of her children to keep them together, toiling all day over the washtub that she may cuddle them under rags at night within arm's reach, should not be classed with the brazen profligate who lives perhaps in the same locality, but is as destitute of maternal instinct as the she-wolf is of mercy.

Carroll D. Wright, in his report, makes no distinction in the classes, and there is where Dr. Gray disagrees with him. According to a recent estimate, carefully computed, there are 102,000 slum people in Chicago, an estimate very much less than the one given by Mr. Wright, who classed the crowded tenement districts where the home principle pertains in the same category with the haunts of the tramp and profligate population. Dr. Gray makes the statement that the slum population is increasing at the rate of nearly three per cent. annually.

INCREASE OF POVERTY.

He also believes, and his belief is based upon careful estimates, that poverty is increasing alarmingly in these districts. Within a radius of half a mile of Epworth Home there are 60,000 people and 300 saloons. The maintenance of these saloons keeps the people poor. Each saloon costs the people \$5,000 a

year to run it, and the drain upon each neighborhood where the saloon exists is something tremendous. The average weekly earnings of the men who support the saloons is about \$3. Imagine, then, what per cent. of those earnings is taxed to keep the saloon flourishing.

Another reason for the increase of poverty, Dr. Gray thinks, is the system of day labor, which renders a man subject to be thrown out of work at any time. That crime is increasing in the same ratio the Doctor does not hesitate to declare. The statistics of Mr. Wright show that in 1894 the arrests in the Halsted street localities were equal to one-quarter of the population. All this makes a dark picture.

What is to be done? The question is answered by the Chicago Forward Movement, of which the Epworth Home is chief factor. It is the aim of Dr. Gray and his co-workers to settle in the midst of these crowded tenement districts, and become part and parcel of the population. It is by getting in touch with the home life of the people that the good doctor plans his best results.

"We do not intend to make presidents and queens out of these men and women," he says, "but we hope to do the best that can be done with the material given. If we purify the homes we purify the fountains. Where we only reach individuals, we do only what we might if we purified barrels of water here and there, while the fountain's head runs poisoned water."

"In talking with a minister of the gospel the other day, the excellent man laid down to me, with a good deal of vigor, the law of holiness. 'We pronounce it the same way, almost,' said I, 'but we spell it wholeness. We get at all sides of a man before we touch his spiritual; we teach him to be self-supporting, self-respecting, clean, and wholesome before we talk holiness to him. We proceed by the same method preached by St. Paul: 'First the natural man, afterward the spiritual.' We meet the wants of these people in a way to awaken higher wants."

LOGGING-HOUSE WORK. "When we first commenced our work a year ago," the doctor went on to say, "we set about at once to open rooms where the people might sleep without lying all night in alleys and saloon doorways. From December 15 to April 15 we lodged over 20,000 people, and fed a fifth as many. Every night during the cold weather of last winter, we sent men out to the streets at 1 a. m. to canvass them for tramps. At least three or four were gathered in each night. During the winter, over 100,000 men, women and children were housed. Of course, no one can prove the genuineness of their conversion, but there are very few instances where we have encountered these men a second time in our canvass of saloons and slum districts. It is our aim to locate such men and women as have strayed from their families back in the home circle, however poor it may be. It is only in the home that we can do lasting work. The slums of great cities can never be purified by redeeming the men."

"The only way to efface slums is to get hold of the children and aid the mothers. Our investigations are glorious. We differ from the Hull House only in the term evangelical, as applied to our methods. Miss Addams is not a believer in orthodox Christianity, and works solely on social lines. We send out children every week to country towns, where good men and women receive them into their homes for short vacations."

"One of the most important features of our work is home visiting. Those who go from home to home and floor to floor in these densely populated quarters do not carry religious books, nor talk on religious topics. They carry bright pictures to tack upon the walls, and story-books, which they leave behind them. In one squalid apartment the other day, where one of our visitors stopped to pin a pretty picture upon the wall, a woman, who was lying sick upon a miserable bed, looked up and apologized for the dirt and disorder all about. Next time the visitor called the place had been scrubbed and put in shape."

LIGHT TO THE LOWLY. "One woman said to Miss Dix, not long ago: 'Life doesn't seem the same thing it did before you came here. I used to want to die before morning every night when I went to bed, but you people have given me something to live for.'"

"You would be surprised," continued the Doctor, as he arose and put on his big felt hat, in readiness to go, "to know what refined and intelligent people we meet often on our rounds, especially among the women. Not many weeks since I recognized, bending over the coffin-lid of a baby at whose funeral I was called to officiate, the daughter of one of the wealthiest men in my church years ago. She had married unfortunately, and drifted down with her husband's fortunes until I found her here, in what Carroll D. Wright puts down as the slum center of Chicago."

"Our plan to locate libraries of twelve books in each family has not worked as well as we expected. We have not abandoned the project, however, but realize that the people must be educated in the need of many things we have inaugurated with the plan we propose for them."

Dr. Gray and a few of his co-workers, among them a dear girl who ought to be summing at this moment in God's country, rather than casting her sweetness in a poisoned neighborhood, propose at once taking possession of a three-story building at 49 Pearce street, which they will make in every sense a central home. There they will live and identify their interests with the swarming humanity that surrounds them, hoping to become the haven that shall in good time lighten the lump.

MEDICAL AID IN READINESS. The hall on Halsted street will be kept for the workshop. Eleven physicians are on the Epworth staff, and donate their services to such patients as Dr. Gray sends them. Specialists whose names rank high in their nobles of professions agree to treat whatever case falls in their way free of charge to all concerned. Dr. Gray hopes to reach the solution of many problems which have agitated scientists and thinkers in the foundation of great humanitarian

schemes. They are problems considered almost too delicate for public discussion, and yet, until they are freely and openly canvassed, the Epworth Home, and all other organizations, are working in the dark. They are like artificers who have no light, and lacking it, must fall far short of perfect results.

As the big doctor bowed himself out, carrying with him a presence that made even a bleak room a little more comfortable for its tarrying, somebody whispered softly to herself as she turned to her desk: "God bless him and the good work, anyway, for it is the nearest approach to Christ's teachings Chicago has seen in many a day."

Truly, amid all the destroying influences permeating the social fabric, it is encouraging to observe such enterprises as the Epworth Home and the Hull House.

While one shudders with horror at the indications of the recent inhumanities at Dunning, where an unfortunate insane man was, as is alleged, kicked to death by brutal attendants, whose instincts would unfit them to be the keepers of wild beasts from African jungles—much more unfit than to have the care of unfortunate and helpless human beings: it is a joy to turn to such exhibitions of the better humanity's work in upbuilding and saving the world.

While every healthful mind must cause the system of political favoritism that makes the Dunning atrocities possible, no good man or woman can withhold hearty approbation of the saving work of Hull House and the Epworth Home. Spiritualists, here is a pattern for you in many respects to follow.

It is by such works as these, and not by the preaching or inculcation of religious dogmas, such as compose the usual church creeds and articles of faith, that practical humanity-saving is effected.

And far better and wiser is this kind of missionary work at home, than to send missionaries to the Hotentots, and the cannibals of foreign lands—or to China, Japan and India.

Hammond, Ind. J. C. UNDERHILL.

A UNIVERSITY

At Ossadaga, New York.

NOT A NEW IDEA, BUT A PERSISTENT DREAM OR PROJECT OF THE FUTURE.

This subject is now being presented to the numerous solid visitants of this summer resort, and has received a metallic response in the offer of one gentleman to contribute one thousand dollars, if subscriptions could be obtained for nine thousand more. An earnest effort is promised for that purpose. Several ten-minute speeches had been made, urging the necessity of such an institution, and voicing the varied ideas of the speakers as to the methods to be devised.

That it should not be one on the old lines, which, according to an accepted idea of foreigners, "that our high-school graduates increase the list largely of educated paupers," should be changed to "doing," on an enlarged kindergarten plan, instead of simply "knowing," that youth should be educated in practical matters, the eye and the hand trained to construct, and the will to execute.

Various minor and narrow ideas found expression, which might eventually find a niche in the broader field of a complete revolution in the physical, moral and mental development of this mixed race of Anglo-Americans, who, though not so repressed and suppressed as in the smaller foreign dynasties, yet are suffering from a natural contraction of the larger liberties and broader freedom of their less-cultured but more independent progenitors.

Certain it is, that if the physical and moral regeneration are thoroughly attended to and enforced, the purely intellectual and spiritual will have a sound basis for the evolution of a superior mind in an inherited constitution of exceptional capabilities.

President Gaston evidently has had the subject under consideration for a long period of time, and so expressed himself briefly, as is the case with those who really have something at heart too weighty to be expressed in flippant or ill-considered phraseology and with his well-known determination and perseverance, will inaugurate the beginning of some well-laid plan for the final consummation of his devout desire to witness the erection of a suitable and spacious temple, and the possession of sufficient grounds, which might well occupy the central and eastern portion of this island, and these comparatively virgin woods, for the execution of now and original plans.

Of course, the first details of this much-needed enterprise would have to be proportionate to the funds subscribed; but the foundation plan or design should be one of elastic proportions, capable of any expansion circumstances might require. And the summer vacation could be still instructively occupied by these lecturers from abroad; as versatility of talent, and the presentation of thought in new forms, is what attracts and interests the multitude thronging here every summer. There certainly must be enough families throughout the land, having youth of either sex to educate, who, with the assurance of paternal care of them, would help to furnish the means for so desirable an education.

Lewis Oliver.

Lily Dale, N. Y.

Financial Statement.

TO THE EDITOR:—Kindly give place to the following statement of the North-western Camp-meeting Association:

RECEIPTS.

Received from stock.....\$ 560.00

" " camp-meeting.....2,223.11

Total receipts.....\$2,783.11

DISBURSEMENTS.

For property.....\$ 962.82

For camp expense.....1,736.25

Total disbursements.....\$2,699.07

ASSETS.

Property—tents, cottages, etc., \$ 962.82

Bills receivable.....325.00

Due tent rent.....0.00

Due on account stock.....185.00

Cash on hand.....85.04

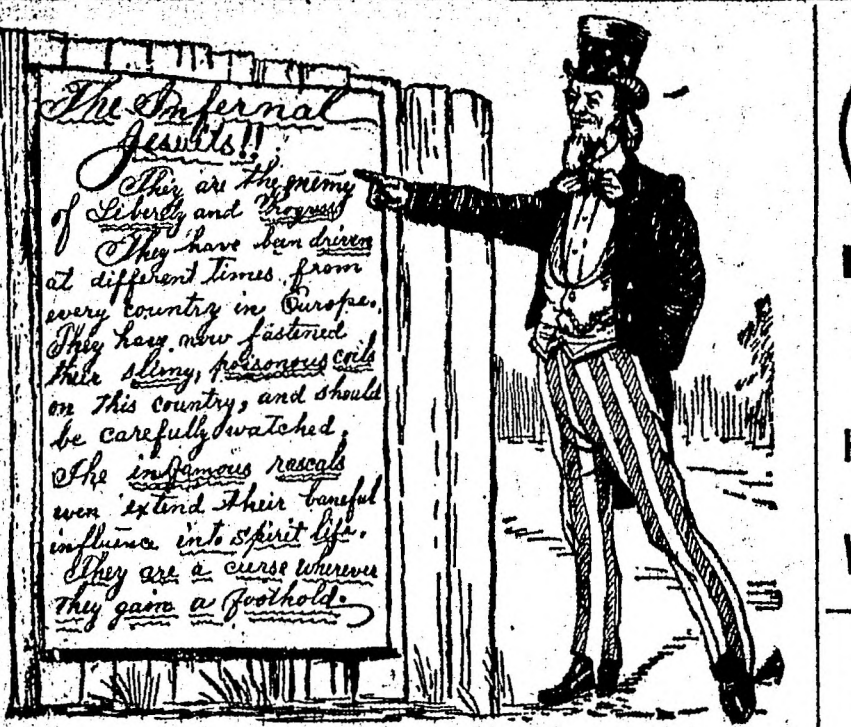
Total.....\$1,563.86

Liabilities.....none.

ALLEN F. BROWN, Sec'y.

St. Paul, Minn., July 28.

When the hair has fallen out leaving the head bald, if the scalp is not shiny, there is a chance of regaining the hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.



TAKE IT BY THE NECK. SHIPS THAT NEVER ARE LOST.

Growth of Catholicism.

"You have got to grasp the serpent by the neck, and notwithstanding the slime, you have got to put your foot upon him."—Elbridge G. Gerry.

The membership of the papal church in this country increased 175,000 in 1894, according to the official Catholic directory. This shows that the papist population of the United States is 9,077,356. There are 17 archbishops, 75 bishops, 10,503 priests, 6,649 churches with resident pastors, 3,050 missions with church, making 9,300 churches in all, 5,194 stations and chapels, 9 universities, 182 high schools for boys, 609 high schools for girls, 3,731 parochial schools, with 775,070 pupils, 239 orphan asylums, sheltering 30,837 orphans, and 821 charitable institutions. The total number of children in papal institutions is 918,207.

These statistics we consider well worth the closest consideration of every lover of liberty, mental or physical. Europe, and especially Italy, is dumping her hordes of paupers, idiots, criminals and religious mountebanks into the United States, until the army of ignorance, superstition and crime has been swelled to the above-quoted alarming figures. The majority of the emigrants landing on our shores are first-class, gold-edge, nickel-plated papists, loyal followers of the Pope of Rome.

"Rome stands for absolutism and ignorance—she believes in the few educated and the many ignorant. The Pope in his encyclicals to America of January, 1895, claims that the Catholics should be in fact a majority in the front rank of education, of the sciences, etc. We must judge a tree (or a religious system) by the fruit it yields. In the Argentine Republic, papal to the very marrow in its bones, 83 per cent. of the people can neither read nor write. Rome has ruled Mexico—our near neighbor—for over 400 years, yet 98 per cent. of the Mexicans are ignorant, and all are very superstitious. In Spain—once a first-class power, now dwindled to a paltry kingdom through the motherly treatment of the papal church, with her inquisitions, racks, rags, and hangings—80 per cent. of her natives are in the most dire ignorance. Italy, the home of the brigand, the cut-throat, and costly churches—the beloved land of the papacy—the land of priestly celibacy and bastardy—70 per cent. of its people are ignorant. They may be very religious, but they are extremely ignorant. Look at Ireland, or any other country where either Roman or Greek Catholicism prevails, and a pall of superstition, ignorance and crime, like a dense cloud covers the land. As the Rev. Vossburgh of Boston, truly remarks, 'I don't care how good a papist is, for the better the Romanist, a Romanist, in the bottom of his heart the worse he must be as an American.'"

The following clipping will, in part, verify my assertion regarding criminals landed on our shores:

FOREIGN CRIMINALS AND PAUPERS.

"According to the last census, in addition to those of foreign parentage, the persons of foreign birth supported at the public charge of the people of the United States were divided as follows:

Insane.....35,300

Criminal.....15,932

Pauper.....27,648

Total.....78,880

"The average annual cost of a pauper, a lunatic or a prisoner in the conservative and economically managed public institutions of Massachusetts is one hundred and fifty dollars."

"The annual cost, then, of maintaining this standing army of foreign-born vagabonds is not less than \$11,832,000."

So long as a person is subject to the Church of Rome—so long as his soul is in bondage to the priest—to ignorance, superstition, and crime, just so long he can never become an American citizen, no matter what he may claim—no matter how often the farce of making him a citizen by law may be gone through; a Roman Catholic—a supporter of the great enemy of human liberty—the papal church—can never be at heart an American citizen.

The A. P. A. is termed an un-American organization because it wishes to protect our liberties and our labor from the persistent encroachments of that hydra-headed monster, poverty. They propose to do it as the ballot-box, if possible; if not, more convincing means may be resorted to. The exposures of the Roman officials in Washington, D. C., of their barefaced robbery of clerks in the government employ of their many encroachments, and the demanded servility and obsequiousness of said clerks, as published in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, perhaps not un-American, but it should rouse the country to a sense of its peril.

It may be a question with others as to myself—are not inquisitions, auto-da-fés, racks, thumb-screws, burning with hot lead, tearing out eyes, limbs and entrails, and all the other cruelties and horrors practiced by the papal church, not two hundred years ago, rather an un-American method of conversion? We must cut off the tentacles of this religious devil-fish, and the sooner we do it, the better for us.

E. M. JONES.

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DIAL PLANCHETTE.

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Do you wish to investigate Spiritualism?
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The Psychograph is an invaluable assistant. A pamphlet with full directions for the

Formation of Circles and Cultivation of Mediumship

With every instruction. Men who were not aware of their mediumistic gift, have, after a few sittings, been able to receive delightful messages. A volume might be filled with accounts of the many who have begun with it as an amusing toy, found that the intelligence controlling it knew more than themselves, and became converts to Spiritualism.

Capt. D. B. Edwards, Orient, N. Y., writes: "I had communications (by the Psychograph) from many other friends, even from old settlers whose grave-stones are moss-grown in the old yard. They have been highly satisfactory, and proved to me that Spiritualism is indeed true, and the communications have given me heart's greatest comfort in the severest loss I had of son, daughter, and their mother."

Dr. Eugene A. S. writes: "I have made his name familiar to those interested in psychic matters, and I am sure must be more sensitive to spiritual power than the average man. I believe it will generally supersede the latter when its superior merits become known."

Securely packed, and sent postage paid from the manufacturer, for \$1.00. Address:

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THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER Publishing House was inaugurated for the benefit of our subscribers. Books will continue to be published from time to time, at about the same price of the Encyclopedia, enabling our subscribers to keep abreast of the times at a nominal cost. It will be a good investment for every Spiritualist to become a subscriber to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, in order to be able to buy the books we shall publish at almost actual cost prices.

Bear in mind that the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World is furnished to any one for fifty cents when accompanied by a yearly subscription.

A subscriber can extend his subscription one year at any time, and get the Encyclopedia for 50 cents.

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The Encyclopedia contains 400 pages; it is neatly printed and substantially bound, and as prices are at the present time, it is worth \$1.50. It has been published for the exclusive benefit of the subscribers to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and is almost an actual gift to them.

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The chapters reveal a new method in psychic and spiritual research. They show vivid glimpses of a stupendous moral and spiritual supererogation, moral confusion; that only veritable faith can survive, and the childhood period of faith and fancy will be superseded by knowledge and facts. For sale at this office.

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IN THIS VOLUME THE AUTHOR,

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GENERAL SURVEY.

The Spiritualistic Field—Its Workers, Doings, Etc.

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 used. 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.

Last week Moses Hall delivered several lectures at Haslett Park Camp, Mich. He went from there to Ashley, Ohio.

Rev. James DeBuchanan, M. D., Ph. D., writes from 1220 McGee street, Kansas City, Mo.: "It has been some time since I wrote your paper or did any work in obtaining subscribers. I have done considerable of that work in the past, and my good wishes are just as strong as ever; but for nearly a year I have been so ill that I have been unable to speak or work but very little. I have given my time for seven years to missionary work, establishing societies and preaching the truth in small towns and places where good speakers and earnest discourses are just as much needed as anywhere, but where the people could not raise money to pay first-class speakers. I have repeatedly declined offers from city organizations offering large salaries, knowing that money always finds good workmen to do this missionary work where I often made less than expense. Now that my health is giving out and I am waiting impatiently for the call to come to the angel world, when I ought to be able to take the summons of a slight rally and put myself again in order that, while I live, I may provide in order that my family, who are actually in need to-day because of my inability to earn enough to provide for them, and for nineteen months I have been unable to go and see them on account of lack of means. Now, after devoting my years to the work, I think I have some right to appeal to the spiritual societies to aid me at least to the extent of giving me appointments to earn my living and render the value received by speaking from their platforms. I am not begging. A descendant of the Charlemagne begs not; but I ask aid to enable me to earn money in this way. As to my qualifications as a platform speaker and inspiring medium, I think I need to say but little. I have lectured in the principal cities in Missouri, Kansas and Illinois, and held debates with the champions of the church, and all I can say without egotism, with no discredit to myself or the cause. My studies, travels and researches in the old libraries of Europe, and my twenty years in the church ministry, fit me for work in the field of spiritual reform in a peculiar manner and way given to but few." Mr. DeBuchanan has been in the lecture-field for a long time, and wherever he has been he has given excellent satisfaction. He should be kept constantly employed in his declining years.

Abby A. Johnson writes that she is enjoying excellent health; that she did not miss a single one of her lecture engagements, which were almost continuous from September to the middle of June. At Queen City Park, where she spent six days, she gave three rostrum lectures; also three public lessons, besides much private labor. She is not on the sick list nor the retired list, and has her slate nearly filled for the coming season. Addie R. Smith writes from Portland, Oregon: "The New Era and Lincoln Grove camp-meetings have closed. There is at present but one spiritual meeting holding open doors. The wave which swept over us for a year or more has receded, leaving only the imprint, but not without doing much good, however. There are but few mediums in town now. I have been, busily engaged holding meetings at Sunnyside, a place ten miles from the city. On the 16th of June I organized and dedicated the Johnson Camp-Meeting grounds, where meetings have been held each Sunday with grand success. I lecture and give tests there on Sunday. There is a lecture, with a good attendance, and it is doing much good. The president, Mr. Seth Johnson, and wife, are pioneer Spiritualists, and in clearing their farm long ago reserved a grove for the purpose of some day holding spiritual meetings therein. The long wishing and patience have at last been rewarded. The grove is in a pretty spot overlooking the road; is well fitted up, and has good water on the grounds. The society at present is highly encouraged, and will hold meetings regularly."

E. T. K. writes of attending seances at Geo. T. Albro's, Boston, Mass.: "I went there with my father soon after my mother's transition to Spirit-life, not believing in materialization. Mother came again and again; materialized at our feet and all around us. She and my sister came and told me facts that no one else knew and proved beyond doubt the continued existence. Almost every time I have attended a seance, mother and my sister materialized outside the cabinet, and dematerialized: spirits materialize on tables, sofas, in friends' laps,

and all around the room. They come from over the top of the cabinet, and go back over the top of the cabinet. Men and boys come dressed in black clothing, and look as natural as life. Spirits come dressed in exquisite lace and shine and glister like stars. Words fail to express the beautiful harmony they bring. I have seen many as six spirits outside the cabinet at the same time and stay out several moments. I think some have stayed out ten minutes at least. It is grand and marvelous."

Will C. Hodge writes from the Clinton Camp: "I am too busy to say what I could wish. Please say that the camp is full, and everything booming. J. Frank Baxter left us this morning. The unanimous opinion of the entire camp is that he is simply grand."

Fred Hays writes from Cleveland, Ohio: "Dr. James Hays, whose services have been most appreciable to our people, during his stay in our city, is a lecturer, inspirational speaker and psychometrist of a very high order of development, and as such I recommend him to those wishing to procure the best talent on the Spiritual platform. Knowing him to be an honest, conscientious teacher of our philosophy, I take this means of calling the attention of the public, desiring that it may reach and interest those in our cause who have been, hitherto, strangers to this gifted medium."

Dr. T. Wilkins, already well-known to the forty thousand readers of *The Progressive Thinker*, as a writer and poet of winning talent, would like engagements for Sunday meetings within easy distance of this city. Correspondence attended to promptly. Address: 34 Walnut street, Chicago.

Geo. Campbell, Nanaimo, B. C., writes: "Mrs. S. J. Lemont paid us a visit. She was appreciated. The lectures were attended by 150 to 200 people. Her psychometric tests, reading from trinkets, etc., were very good. The people that became acquainted with this good lady pronounce her a noble, honest woman. Prof. D. C. Seymour will visit Nanaimo during August. His lectures and tests were well received when visiting last winter. A physical medium would be well received. The writer has in view a project to organize associations in Vancouver and New Westminster, etc., and in conjunction with Victoria and Nanaimo associations. The municipal laws are not favorable for traveling mediums, but they can safely exercise their calling, when protected by a society. There is a grave necessity for all free, independent, thinking Spiritualists to organize and demand the freedom that other religious bodies have gained. Christians, when separating from the old sects, have had to fight for a place; it is now our turn to batter down the walls of intolerance."

Farmer J. W. Riley, of Marcellus, Mich., writes: "I wish to say to the many who have written me, that I will not be able to attend the camp-meeting at Liberal, Mo. My health is improving, but my guides think I am not able to make the trip to Missouri, so I shall work a little in our own State, if nothing happens."

Mrs. Isa W. Kayser seems to be doing a most excellent work in Iowa, lecturing and giving tests at Ottumwa and St. August. She is nobly sustained by the spirit of her father, the veteran E. V. Wilson.

M. F. Hammond writes: "Grand Ledge Camp broke up in the best of feeling, with a wish that all might return another year to enjoy as good a time as we have had this. Haslett Camp is booming, and I see no reason why it may not continue so."

C. Champion writes as follows to Dr. H. V. Swearingen: "I have just read your lecture in the columns of *The Progressive Thinker*, which you delivered before the Occult Science Society of Ft. Wayne, Ind. I wish to congratulate you for your fair and honorable diagnosis of the subject discussed. But in that section of your discourse, 'Trusting God,' you say: 'Right is always right, and wrong is always wrong, as well in the days of Moses as to-day.' I have been believing that 'right' is always 'right' at the time it is 'right,' and 'wrong' is always 'wrong' at the time it is 'wrong.' That 'evolution' brings its changes and new developments, and these their new created truths, which, when discovered by man, brings new requirements in the establishment of new conditions of 'rights' and 'wrongs.' In short, what may be 'right' at one period of time, might not be 'right' at another."

Will C. Hodge is engaged for the Sundays of September 1st and 15th, by the Society of Spiritual Progress, Thibault, at Belvidere, Ill. He would be pleased to hear from parties who desire the services of an inspirational speaker. He will attend funerals. Address him at 40 Loomis street, Chicago, Ill.

C. W. Peters writes from Mount Pleasant Park Camp, Clinton, Ia.: "The camps are booming this year. St. Paul Camp was quite a success, clearing, I believe, over one thousand dollars. I had the pleasure of lecturing there, to a large audience, followed by Dr. Rothelmer, in spirit telegraphy. I arrived at Mount Pleasant Park Camp on the day of the opening, and spoke before an audience of over one thousand people, on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 4. We have heard grand lectures delivered here by L. V. Moulton, Mrs. Gladding, Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Grumbein, Mr. Frank Baxter, Prof. Lockwood, and Moses Hall. There is a fine array of mediums on the ground, and all giving perfect satisfaction; several converts have been made. *The Progressive Thinker* is well spoken of by the many we meet here who have read its pages."

T. C. Delvel writes: "The Spiritualists' Association will hold a convention at East Fairmount, Leavenworth county, Kansas, from September 27 to October 6. Good speakers, mediums and musicians will be present, and an intellectual and spiritual feast may be enjoyed by all who will come and partake. This beautiful camp is situated between East Fairmount, on the Santa Fe railroad, and Wallula, on the K. C. & N. W. railroad; one-half mile from each depot; and is one and one-half miles from Fairmount, on the U. P. railroad. Teams will convey passengers to and from the camps. Further information can be obtained by addressing T. C. Delvel, president, Wallula, Kansas."

Harry H. Peablies writes from Fort Worth, Texas: "Our society is progressing to the highest point, and with the least we have we should be the most advanced in Texas, and our leader is Mrs. Wilson, a most eloquent and instructive speaker, and I am proud to say she is loved by all who are

fortunate enough to have her acquaintance."

The Home Spiritualist Society will open its meeting at Bricklayers Hall, Sunday, Sept. 1, at 7.45 p. m. It will be conducted by C. L. S. Jenifer.

W. J. Colville will be in Chicago from September 10 to 23 (both dates inclusive). Public lectures will be given every evening at 8 o'clock, and on Sundays, September 15 and 22 at 3 and 7.30 p. m. A class in Spiritual Science will also be held at 3 p. m. on six afternoons, in a good central locality. Full particulars next week.

"Miracula" is the title of a Spiritual drama written through the hand of I. R. Sanford by Spirit Bartley Campbell. It is proposed to put this play on the stage in all the principal cities of the United States. It is throughout an illustration of the Spiritual philosophy, and it is believed that it will prove a happy hit.

K. A. Burham, of Tampa, Florida, writes: "Brother Will A. Scholander is living very ill at Tampa. He came to us in poor health, the result of his persecution at Inverness. He had begun a good work for the cause of enlightenment, and was somewhat improved in health, but was taken suddenly ill one week ago, and will not again be in condition for work for several weeks."

Rev. A. Wheeler writes: My wife and I just arrived at Decatur, Ill., from Jacksonville, where we had the pleasure of meeting our brother and co-worker, Robert Smith, who, by the way, kindly got up a trumpet seance for Mrs. Wheeler, which she and her band gave as usual, to general satisfaction. I came here to deliver a series of lectures, and we are being entertained by that genial and amiable lady, Mrs. Indie Hill. Any society wanting a speaker and psychometrist and test medium can address me here; also my wife can be engaged for trumpet seances."

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Notes of Travel by Dr. Coonley.

TO THE EDITOR:—I have just returned from a most pleasant and successful engagement with the Southern California Spiritualists' Camp-meeting Association, which has had the distinction of having conducted the first camp-meeting in Southern California. The camp consisted of a large auditorium tent with a seating capacity for about six hundred and a dining-hall, refreshment stand and fruit tent; and the campers' tents numbered about forty. The camp was a success in every particular, and great credit is due the president, S. D. Dye. We were pleasantly located near the beach in the outskirts of the pretty little seaside resort of Santa Monica, and only twenty miles from Los Angeles.

Among the old wheel-horses of Spiritualism were Prof. J. S. Loveland, Dr. J. M. Peablies and Prof. J. G. Clark, the poet-musician. To hear these grand workers in the cause were indeed a rare treat.

The following speakers and test mediums ably and eloquently presented the grand truths of Spiritualism: Prof. W. C. Bowman, of Los Angeles; W. P. Hawthorth, Long Beach; Dr. Carpenter, Riverside; Dr. A. B. Coonley, San Diego; Mrs. S. Cowell, Oakland; Mrs. Rozella Elliott, San Diego; Mrs. Lydia Allen, Summerville; Dr. Schlessinger, and wife, San Francisco, and Ben Barney, Portland, Ore. The meetings were well attended, and we think much good has been accomplished. The association is endeavoring to establish a permanent camp, so I understand, at Santa Monica, Long Beach.

During the camp the First Spiritual Society of Los Angeles were favored with the cream of the camp in both test mediums and speakers. Dr. Coonley surprised all with his musical control and lectures. Miss Allen surpassed even her previous efforts, that were possible; Miss Rozella Elliott surprising and pleasing all with her convincing tests. These three are comparatively new mediums, and have been in the field only a few years.

Thus the first Spiritualist camp-meeting in Southern California has made its bow to the public, and stands as an emblem of what perseverance and energy will accomplish.

Dr. A. B. COONLEY.

San Diego, Cal.

ANNUAL CONVENTION

Of the Michigan State Spiritualist Association.

The annual convention of the Michigan State Spiritualist Association met at Lansing on Monday, August 12th, in A. O. U. Hall. No business was done in the forenoon, owing to the absence of President H. H. Moulton.

Many were present from surrounding camps—Grand Ledge, Haslett and Island Lake. The ladies of Lansing Society served dinner and supper in the adjoining hall, which gave the delegates a good opportunity to get acquainted.

After dinner, Brother Moulton not appearing, the convention was called to order by Vice-President Mrs. A. E. Sheets, of Grand Ledge, who presided over their deliberations with the utmost grace and dignity.

The regular secretary being absent, C. A. Clement, of Lansing, was chosen to act for him.

After the usual routine business of appointing committees on credentials, resolutions, etc., a recess was declared.

Upon reconvening it was found that every society in the State except two was represented. Reports from the State secretary and treasurer show the society to be in a prosperous condition, with quite a balance in its favor. Charters from Nos. 19 to 27 have been issued during the past year.

Our society at Port Huron, under the leadership of Mrs. Anna L. Robinson, reported a lyceum of one hundred children.

Notice of anticipated changes in the constitution were given, after which the association adjourned until 7 in the evening.

Upon assembling again, Mrs. Sheets read a telegram announcing the severe illness of Brother Moulton at Ravenna, O. Election of officers was the first business of the evening, which resulted as follows: President, Hon. L. V. Moulton, Grand Rapids; vice-president, Mrs. A. E. Sheets, Grand Ledge; secretary, Mrs. May Ayres, Lansing; treasurer, Dr. J. C. Baird, Grand Rapids; Dr. A. W. Edson was chosen delegate to the National Convention.

After considerable discussion upon suggestions for the good of the cause, the convention adjourned at a late hour.

all feeling that the work had been well done, considering the disadvantage of having the two principal officers absent.

C. A. CLEMENT, Sec. Pro Tem.

Lake George Camp-Meeting

Sunday, August 18, at Lake George, was a very beautiful day, and with the day came many new workers to the camp. We had the honor of listening to a very able discourse delivered by Mr. M. B. Little, of Glen's Falls, and all who listened to him felt very much inspired by his words of wisdom and truth.

Dr. W. B. Mills, of Saratoga, the well-known medium and earnest worker, gave many tests and delineations. Mrs. White followed him with descriptions and tests. Mrs. Florence White is doing a good work here this season, convincing the most skeptical of spirit communication. Through the instrumentality of Dr. Mills we were able to secure the Saratoga Quartette, which rendered us very fine singing, and was highly appreciated by all.

The charming scenery and beautiful lake inspires every one who comes to see us with a thought of a longer stay, and added to that, the beautiful philosophy which is taught, through our noble cause, holds them here, so that last Sunday brought out the largest number this season.

The camp is quite lively now, as there is something going on all the time to keep one employed in sightseeing, besides being spiritually benefited. Friday was quite an exciting day, it being the regatta. There were some fine swimming and rowing matches. Many different places were represented along the lake, by the varied steamers, all bearing their different colors and flowers, and everybody on board had a good time.

Mr. John Chism and family have arrived, and are nicely situated in their tent.

The beautiful steamer "Manie" took a large party up the lake last Saturday, and Henry Woodfin all expressed themselves delighted with the trip.

Thursday evening was very highly enjoyed by listening to a grand concert given by that well-known musician and teacher, Prof. J. J. Watson, and daughter, of New York.

The spacious hall was full, and all were deeply inspired and moved by the sweet music given.

Thus it is at Lake George Camp, but it is impossible to tell what we have here by a pen picture; one must come and see for one's self to fully appreciate.

CON.

Lake George Camp.

TO THE EDITOR:—Having just returned after a most delightful outing at the new camp at Lake George, I thought I would send you a few details.

Leaving Albany at 8.30 a. m. reaching Caldwell, at the head of the lake, at 10 a. m., I was conveyed by "bus" a distance of a mile from the depot to the campground, arriving at the new and commodious Hotel Woodfin, complete in all its appointments, and managed by that prince of landlords, Eugene L. Seelye.

I met many friends who were stopping at this beautiful spiritual home. The very atmosphere is laden with both spiritual and physical health-giving forces.

The campground is situated at the head of Lake George, and is shaded by a growth of native forest trees and commands a magnificent view of the lake and mountains. A mountain spring supplies an abundance of water, which is unsurpassed for its purity. Constant improvements are being made and the cottages now on the grounds are models of neatness and beauty. Lots are being sold and many new cottages will be built early the coming season. It combines all the requirements of a camp and a beautiful summer resort. The managers should advertise and get people interested. I am sure that if they come and see for themselves they will be sure to want a home on the shore of beautiful Lake George.

Just across the lake from Hotel Woodfin is Mount Keroson, with a height of 2,000 feet. A cable had been completed and hundreds of people take the trip every day. One of the most beautiful landscapes greets the eye from the observatory of the Mountain House. I was charmed with its grandeur and loveliness. The managers of the camp association did a wise thing in building a fine hall in a wing or extension of the hotel. It has a seating capacity of five or six hundred, and has all necessary furnishings, including piano and organ.

Last Sunday Dr. Mills, of Saratoga, brought his quartette of singers, who furnished very acceptable music. Mr. M. B. Little, of Glen's Falls, gave a very interesting talk on some of the phases of spirit expression in phenomena, of which he has been an earnest student for many years. It left a good impression. The address was followed by tests by Dr. Mills and Mrs. Florence K. White.

Surely the prospects for Lake George Camp are very encouraging, and it will be a Mecca for thousands as the years go by.

ALBANY, N. Y.

The Liberal Camp-Meeting.

TO THE EDITOR:—In the midst of busy preparation for the fifth annual encampment at this point, we pause to let the world know that there is such a place as Liberal, Mo., and that it is the Mecca of Spiritualism in the West. Under the wise and efficient management of our worthy president, George H. Walsor, the Spiritualists of the West have been provided with a camp-meeting ground which is a monument of his taste, and an evidence of the artistic ability of its projectors in rendering the camp attractive.

Camp opens the 24th, and everything is hurry and bustle. Many campers are on the ground, some having been here a week or more. Preparations are being made to entertain many more visitors than at any previous camp, and an evidence of the intention of the management to satisfy the thirsty longing for truth which is evidenced by the public.

Found in the best array of media! talents secured by them for the occasion. We have the best of everything that can be secured in mediumship. Old frequenters of the camp will be pleased to know that the lovely Anna L. Robinson, one of Michigan's leading speakers, whose intelligent guides present the truths of Spiritualism in such a simple and convincing manner, will be with us again this year, also other prominent speakers and test mediums.

Our physical mediums are so well known that they need no words of commendation from us. For materialization we have W. W. Aber, C. E. Edson, Mrs. M. A. Tabor, and Mrs. Martin, who has recently developed the phase, and with the most surprising results.

The public need have no fears but that they will be properly cared for, and for those who are seeking development, we would recommend this as being the most spiritual camp we know of, and that is the important factor in development. We have no clichés here, and consequently no favoring. The different phases have all been provided for, and we have plenty of room, coats, tents, pillows, comforts and water. The dining-hall is managed by Mrs. Martin, who catered to us last year, and her success in the past is sufficient guarantee for the future. On the whole, we are looking for a splendid camp, fraught with good results to every one. We can accommodate all who come. We do not close until September 8, lasting three Sundays. HENRY P. BROWN, Secretary.

GRAND LEDGE.

It Is Pronounced the "Devil's Spook Grounds."

SECRETARY RUSSELL WIELDS A SPOILY PEN IN ITS DEFENSE.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Riverside Park Camp, at Grand Ledge, Mich., is one of the camps that has passed into history for 1895, as a very successful enterprise. It has far exceeded the expectations of its promoters, for to tell you the fact, they expected to be "left in the hole," as they say, so deep that it would take several mule-teams to draw them out; but on the contrary, we are raised to the seats of the band wagon and have taken positions as first-class artists and the echoes of "Hark! from the tombs!" have merged into the more lively and congenial refrain of "Shoo, fly, don't bother me."

Speaking of echoes, Mr. Editor, here are some for your consideration, and right from the tombs of this nineteenth century, and oh, so doleful:

Some of our good Christian people in this community are so incensed over the appearance in their midst of the "Devil's Spook Grounds," that they have really agitated the question of raising up an en masse to prevent their carrying on such unholy work as is given by the "naughty" Spiritualists. This is a very common echo, and falls very quietly upon our well-trained ears; but here is something that sounds like the cannon's roar: During the third week of our camp, I addressed several of our friends along both lines of railway running to our city, in the interest of swelling the excursions which were gotten up in our behalf for the following Sunday, among whom were the Cross Brothers, of Lyons, Mich., whose names were banded me by a friend of theirs, in good faith. The next day, I received the following reply:

"LYONS, MICH., Aug. 7, 1895.

"J. P. RUSSELL, Grand Ledge—We will not aid you in the least in your Sunday excursion business. Every Sunday excursion run is in violation of a plain State law, and there are anarchists enough in the country without our seeking to make more. Yours

"A. H. CROSS."

To which I replied August 10, courteously, as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. CROSS—Excuse me for this tardy answer to your very intelligent and complimentary letter of the 7th inst., and in reply I will ask you to kindly overlook our extreme ignorance in regard to the 'plain law' relating to running excursion trains on Sunday. We were aware of the fact, however, that at Chicago, during the World's Fair, the good Christian people joined hands with the saloonists and gamblers to close their pearly gates against that terrible, worthless class of anarchists, who are frequently (through mistake or policy) called the 'dear' laborer; and really, dear sir, it is surprising to learn that there are anarchists in this holy State of preachers, Epworth Leaguers, W. C. T. U.'s and Y. M. C. A.'s. Excuse me, but life is too short to multiply words over poor, unhappy religion. The following verse tells all in a nutshell:

"This seldom we meet with such wisdom, From only the Gods can it come; Poor God, please forgive us the freedom, For which best intentions were done. When God rules the suffering people By force, to keep them from sin, You will find in the region of people, Like your own, the head of a pin."

"Yours, with the kindest regards, "J. P. RUSSELL."

The above echo from Mr. Cross shows the true inwardness of old cross theology, toward the higher and more progressive people of the age. As to the "plain law," which was retorted by Governor Rich in our last legislative session.

Our camp season will end with a grand picnic on September 7 and 8, in which all the camp associations of the State are expected to participate.

J. P. RUSSELL, Sec'y.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to Spirit-Life, at Footville, Ohio, Mrs. Fidelia J. Clough, aged 66 years, wife of Mr. R. E. Clough. She deceased had been a Spiritualist many years. She was a loving wife and mother, and leaves a large circle of friends to mourn her departure. The funeral services were attended by the Rev. Carrie C. VanDuzee, of Geneva, Ohio.

Mrs. Betsy T. Williams, wife of Father Williams, passed to the higher life August 22d, and her remains were laid to rest last Saturday, with a few words at the grave and a large concourse of loving friends and relatives. She was 77 years and 6 months old, and had been a loving and amiable companion to Father Williams for fifty-five years. On next Sunday afternoon there will be held at the Chicago, camp-meeting grounds, special memorial services in honor of the dear old arisen spirit, who had known of her "beautiful home over there for forty-four years. Mr. and Mrs. Williams have been residents of Chicago for thirty-seven years.

DR. T. WILKINS.

Weber, the musical composer, had a musical mother, who found pleasure in the gems of classical music.

The mother of Auber, the composer of French operas, had excellent taste in both music and the fine arts.

Bach's mother had a marvelous ear for music. He said she was a better judge music than his father.

VERY REMARKABLE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1.

beard, and who wore a Prince Albert coat, buttoned up to the neck?"

Mr. Sontag replied: "No, we never had any visitor of that kind, and, more, during the time we lived in that house we never had any ghostly visitors or any ghosts." Mr. Willson had not written a word about ghosts, or given the slightest hint that anything of the sort was suspected.

Three or four weeks later, the Willsons were visited by Mr. S. Slagle, a countryman, 45 or 50 years old, a sober, steady, healthy man, with no superstitions, and no more imagination than a clam, used to retiring at 9 o'clock and sleeping soundly until 5. He went to that pretty room, and at about midnight was heard charging down stairs. He called up nobody, but found himself a lounge and the dining room and slept there until morning when he went away as soon as possible. No explanation was made by him, and no questions were asked.

Two weeks later a servant was engaged, a large, handsome, and exceptionally intelligent Irish girl. The pretty room was given to her, and she was delighted with it; but in half an hour after going up to bed the first night, she came down stairs, and said to Mrs. Willson:

"I cannot undress up there: somebody is looking at me all the time. I know somebody is there."

Another room was put at her disposal, and the next day she satisfied herself that by no possibility—except by floating in a balloon—could anybody have peered in at the window of the apartment first given to her, and that it was impossible for a spy to have been concealed anywhere in that part of the house. So she said:

"It was just silliness and nerves on my part, and I will conquer it. To-night I shall take possession of my own nice room."

She made a second trial and succeeded in getting herself partly undressed, but then, although a strong light came up the garret stairs from the hall below her own lamp burned outside her open door and she was certain that no human being but herself was on that floor. She was so completely overwhelmed by the consciousness of another presence that she darted down stairs and never thereafter would renew her attempt to occupy that apartment.

The station master at the depot said that Mr. Willson a few days after: "That new servant of yours seems to stay! It has been the custom when girls came here about the middle of the first night to sit on their luggage until the first train came along to take them to town."

It could not be learned that any of them had any fault to find with the Sontags, or averred having seen any ghosts, but something had scared them badly in every instance. Several men visited the Willsons were sent to that pretty room, and every one finished the night, as Mr. Slagle had, on the dining-room lounge or in a hammock under the trees on the lawn. In no case did the Willsons over mention any suspicion that they kept a haunted chamber, and they carefully refrained from asking questions.

The children of the family, too young to know anything about the mystery in the house, on several occasions, when playing on the lawn, in daytime, saw looking out of that garret-room window a man who perfectly corresponded with the description given by Sam Barnes, and reported to their mother that he had beckoned for them to come up to the garret. Care was taken that they did not go. Neighbors also saw the man at the window—saw him so frequently that the supposition was prevalent in the neighborhood, at one time, that the Willsons had some friend or boarder living with them, who was too much of an invalid to leave his room.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Willson ever saw the denizen of the garret, but Sam Barnes had two more experiences with him, and in one of them Mrs. Willson participated in some degree. Sam was putting down a hall carpet on the second floor, near the foot of the garret stairs, and Mrs. Willson stood near, with her back toward him, looking out of a window, when she suddenly experienced the sensation of a damp and very cold wind rushing by her. At the same instant Sam sprang up with a yell of "There he goes!" and dashed up the stairs to the garret. Having whipped the demon out, he was not averse to trying conclusions with him again, but though he swore yet he saw the man pass between him and Mrs. Willson and go up the stairs as plainly as he ever saw any material object in his life. He searched the garret for him in vain. On a subsequent occasion, when he was in the garret on his knees gathering up litter from the floor, Sam heard and felt something pass by his head. It conveyed the sensation of a cannon ball rushing by him. It was too much for his nerves. He was willing to fight anything he could see and feel, but an invisible something capable of effecting such a demonstration of force was more than he was disposed to encounter, and he fled.

It is much to be regretted that measures were not taken to gain more thorough knowledge of the mysterious cause of those manifestations, but the family were averse to the notoriety that would have been almost inevitable, and contented themselves with establishing a sort of tacit treaty of peace with their unwelcome guest, abandoning the garret room to him, and finding themselves content with his letting them alone.

J. H. C.

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