



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

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## THE SEGULAR PRESS.

It is Devoting Its Attention to Spiritualism, and Publishes Many Articles Beaming With Spirituality and Grand Thought.

### LIVING FOR OTHERS.

The Benefit in Communing with Yourself.

Sublime Words, Worthy of Any Bible.

BY THE LEADING EDITORIAL WRITER OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.—Romans, xii., 15.

That seems to be a very old injunction, and we rather wonder if St. Paul meant exactly what he said. We are apt to think that our first duty is to look after our personal interests, lay up for ourselves a stock of comfort and happiness and thereafter enjoy the accumulation with perhaps a passing word of pity for those who are not equally fortunate. The hard-headed and hard-hearted view is that every man must look out for himself, get all he can, keep all he gets and enter neither into the joys nor sorrows of others. He is to live in a castle where he can have all the pleasures and luxuries of life, but is to keep the world from sharing his good fortune by a wall that cannot be scaled, a moat that cannot be crossed, and a drawbridge that is guarded by a retinue of servants.

The Apostle dreams a different dream. He uses very revolutionary language, and language which makes selfishness and covetousness shrug their shoulders when he practically tells us that we are thoroughly heterodox if we say, "All that I have is mine," for the higher philosophy teaches us to put it another way and say, "All that I have is God's." What you possess—this he insists upon—what you possess belongs to others, if they need it. Your business is not to hoard, but to give. You are not isolated from the world; you are a part of it. If there is joy anywhere you are to rejoice in it as though it were your own, and if there is sorrow anywhere you are to assuage it by fraternal words and deeds.

The text opens up a very large domain which has seldom been explored, the domain of spiritual law. If we infract a physical law we suffer the punishment of pain; if we infract a spiritual law we suffer loss of character, a loss which must be made up if it takes half of eternity to do it. If we do not act on the right principles here we shall go into the other world handicapped, but the lesson must be learned, if not in the present life, then in the hereafter, and not one of the many processes of evolution can be avoided or omitted. It is better, therefore, to begin right than to be forced to make things right by and by.

You cannot be at your best unless you throw yourself into the welfare of others. It requires a sturdy and a consecrated heart to rejoice in the joy of others when there is little to rejoice in your own life, but such an attitude of soul is god-like. The frame of mind in which a thing of that kind is possible is quite ideal—it is angelic. The grosser elements of human nature are sloughed off and you are in very truth a child of God. There is hardly a loftier spiritual eminence to be reached, for you have already climbed as high as heaven.

Think of those in your vicinity fellow travelers to eternity, who are suffering the pangs of poverty, whose burden would be lightened by your presence in the gloomy household and by the gift which you can spare and which you will never miss. If your surplus could fall to their lot; if the crumbs from your table could be bestowed on them; if your warm sympathy were to be offered, not by way of condescension, but as a privilege which you claim the right to enjoy, a larger benefit would accrue to you than to them, and this dull world would no longer be a vale of tears. Brotherly love and interest are "twice blessed," for the blessing falls on him who gives and him who receives.

Why do we make this life so cold and heartless? Why do we care so little for what happens to others and so much for what happens to ourselves? Why do we take everything within reach, as though happiness were for the strong arm and the covetous heart? Is not our philosophy narrow and our religion a pretence? Can we face the Lord without shame or without the consciousness of personal guilt if we have shared no one's grief and rejoiced in no one's good fortune? Under such circumstances we should find that the pangs of remorse would render the joys of the future futile and discover to our sorrow that only good deeds can make even heaven tolerable. There is but one law for the spirit—the law of love. We are in this world that we may do what we can to make it better. We are personally associated with all the burden-bearers within reach of our sympathy, and if we fail to exert our utmost influence to lighten the sorrows of those who weep, to encourage the struggling, to extend a helping hand to the tempted, we are re-

fracting the fundamental principles of a pure and undefiled religion, and have no right to expect the approval of the Father of all His children. It is safer to approach the future with the memory of self-sacrifice than with all the religious professions that were ever made, than with an assent to all the creeds that were ever formulated.

Do your duty to yourself by doing your duty to others. What you have, share it with the needy. Give them words of comfort, seek them out, go into their remote homes and carry with you a saintly soul which rejoices with them that do rejoice and weeps with them that weep. Then your life will be worth something, and you will be greeted on the other side with the welcoming words, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

### COMMUNE WITH YOURSELF.

Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door.—Matthew, vi., 6.

Very few men put themselves under a microscope and look at their souls with the sharp eye of critical analysis.

Self-examination is a prime duty, but a duty which we either neglect altogether or perform with reluctance. The consequence is that a great many of us have yet to make our own acquaintance. To use a blundering bit of rhetoric to illustrate this statement, our estimate of ourselves is so different from what we really are that we could pass ourselves on the highway without a nod of recognition.

If we knew ourselves thoroughly we should work with more economy of energy and to far better purpose.

If we knew what we are best adapted to do, and had an inventory of the mental and moral material in our possession to do it with, there would be fewer sighs and less heart-breaking.

Calm, quiet, relentless self-examination, however, is the most irksome task which we ever set ourselves, and we gladly avail ourselves of every excuse to avoid it.

The simple truth is we have a lurking suspicion that we are not as large or as faithful or as strong or as noble as we like to think ourselves, and we rather fear to look into the matter lest our suspicions should be corroborated.

We enjoy the flattery or the impulsive praise of our friends and try to persuade ourselves that the praise or the flattery is deserved.

In a word, it is a universal fault that we prefer to see ourselves through a magnifying glass, and have no desire to know the exact truth.

When a contractor undertakes to build a house, his first business is to find out whether the necessary timber and stone are within reach. He has the plan of the house always in mind, and so knows what he must do and what he has to do to it. Each of his laborers has a tool chest, and if any one should apply for work not having the proper tools, or not knowing how to use them, he would be treated with scornful contempt. In practical life, when one wishes to earn his living, he must know his trade and have at hand the instruments which alone can make him an available artisan. Nothing could be more absurd than for a man to apply for work as a carpenter or mason who was ignorant of his ability to do what he is to be paid wages for doing.

The same rule applies when we are engaged in building a character. The wise man is a student. He knows what elements go to make up a character, and whether he is in possession of those elements, or, if not, whether it is possible to develop them, and whether a character is worth the sacrifices which must be made in order to construct it. All this self-examination is his equipment, and when he has reached his conclusions he can work intelligently and successfully.

If he is a foolish man—and most of us are foolish in this respect—he neither knows much about the material in his own soul, nor the plan according to which he is to shape his life, and as a consequence has no definiteness of purpose and wastes his energies, for if he begins with ignorance he is apt to end with disappointment.

See the wrecked lives scattered along the shore of time! What more pathetic picture can be conceived than that of a man who has made the worst of himself? His early hopes and ambitions, like the timbers of a stranded vessel, lie bleaching in the sun. The waves that break on the beach sound like a dirge, and you can hear in the air the tolling of bells. Why has this misfortune befallen? In most cases because he had no high aim, and was governed by impulse rather than conviction. If he had known himself more accurately his life would not be the tragedy it is.

What can we do, then, to keep ourselves from making these fatal mistakes? Here is a very practical question. The clergy will tell you to "get religion." But religion is not a thing to be plucked from a tree like peaches. True, you must have religion, but where is it and what is it?

A very simple rule will unfold the

great secret. Acquire the habit of self-communion, and everything else will follow. Spend thirty minutes every day in the silence of your own chamber, talking to your own soul about the great concerns of life, and it will not be long before you have God to keep you company. Quiet, restful contemplation is more magical than magic itself. It is utterly impossible for a man to think about himself for half an hour without becoming ashamed of himself, and shame after a little will transmute itself into resolution. Look over your purposes and motives critically and impartially; shut out the world and unfold yourself to yourself. Examine your hopes and fears, coming to a deliberate judgment concerning their value, and you will find sooner or later that invisible beings "who walk the earth both when we wake and when we sleep" are your welcome companions. There is nothing so nearly omnipotent, so transfiguring, nothing that can so quickly bring you self-contentment, contentment and the consciousness of God's presence in your life as quiet self-examination in solitude. You will find it a Jacob's ladder up which you daily climb to heaven.

### HAPPENED AT THE WHEEL.

Invisible Hands Turned It in Disobedience of Orders.

"Why, no," said the mate, "I can't say that we're a bit more superstitious than other folk. You get into the moors and hills and you'll find landmen quite as foolish as any of us. I'll not deny but there may have been a time—and yet I'm not very sure. That's true enough about steam; anyway, blue water isn't so lonely as it must have been when we were all under canvas. Seems to me it's loneliness that breeds superstition, and there's no loneliness like that of the high seas on a starry night. Still things do happen now and again—things there's no accounting for."

"Here's a case now. I wonder what you would make out of it? It was on a May night, something like fifteen years ago, and we were coming up the channel. It was one of those queer nights when the stars are clear overhead, but everything about you's as black as your hat. We were bowling along with a fresh breeze that brought us a smell of old England, and everything seemed ship shape and snug, when all of a sudden the lookout sent up a yell, and right ahead of us there was a flash of lights and a looming of a big shadow, black against the very darkness. The moment the lookout shouted there was a cry, 'Hard-a-port!' and I gave the wheel a whirl to set it flying. I don't expect you to believe it, but make what you like of it, the wheel stuck as if it had been spiked. I swung my strength on to it; it was fixed like a stone. You can't guess what I felt at that moment, with that cry in my ears and that big shadow rushing out of the darkness. Then two invisible hands, cold as ice, were laid on mine with a steady grip, and the wheel was sent flying hard a-starboard. We swung up into the wind, and as we did so a great ocean liner passed us at almost leaping distance. Had we gone to port we should have been cut in two."

"No, I told you I couldn't account for it. I've wondered, too, at times, for our captain's brother was lost in the channel—run down just like that, too." Good Words.

### "MIRACULA."

A Play Dictated by Spirit Bartley Campbell.

What theatre is to have the new play purporting to have been dictated by the spirit of the late Bartley Campbell is not yet disclosed. It is a curious exploit, and probably its promoters court ridicule as a factor for pecuniary success. The piece is called "Miracula," and its writer, who pretends to be a Spiritualistic medium controlled by Mr. Campbell, said to a Sun reporter:

"A voice spoke to me, saying, 'Write a spiritual drama. You can do it, for we will help you.' Finally the voice commanded me to take my pencil. I did so, and this was the message received by me: 'We prefer to furnish our own dialogue and plot. The plot is ready, and we will be able to unfold it if you will yield to our control; I am Bartley Campbell.' At once the writing of the play began, and in less than ten days the work was completed. I do not wish to be charged with deceit or charlatanry. Spiritualism has now a sufficient following to give it the dignity of an established school of philosophy. 'Miracula' treats it as a philosophical religion in a scenic and dramatic form, the arguments, pro and con, being sustained by typical characters representing the opposing as well as the friendly elements. I called it a religious-dramatic production; its primary object is to present the real philosophy of Spiritualism, and to introduce before the public the genuine phenomena in evidence. I shall attempt to produce genuine spirit materializations, just as they are seen in the seance-room, and have the promise of some very interesting developments. There has never been yet brought together in a single combination such a powerful psychic battery as compose the 'Miracula' company, for they are nearly all mediums of more than usual power, and celebrities in Spiritualism."—New York Sun.

Every base occupation makes one sharp in its practice, and dull in every other.—Sir Philip Sidney.

### A HAUNTED BICYCLE.

George Springwell's Account of the Supernatural.

HOW THE SPIRIT CONTROLLED THE MACHINE AND ITS RAPID SPEED—IT SEEMED LIKE A MONSTER.

"Yes, sir, that bicycle's haunted, and that's all there is to it. I don't know a thing about spirits and things like that, but if you ever catch me riding that wheel after midnight, I won't know it." Thus did George Springwell vehemently declare that the supernatural had taken hold of the bicycle. The tale that Springwell tells is certainly a queer one, and one that is apparently vouched for by a number of his friends. They declare that anyone riding the wheel after 12:30 o'clock on any night will wish he hadn't. The sensations experienced by such a rider are described as startling in the extreme, and accompanied by manifestations that are of the hair-raising variety.

Springwell lives in a modest little house on Lombard street, and is a clerk in one of the large dry goods houses. He came to Buffalo last July from New York, and just before he left the metropolis he bought a second-hand bicycle from a reputable dealer. This he took to Buffalo, and has ridden it steadily to and from his place of business. He is not what would be called a bicycle crank, using the machine merely as a means of locomotion between his house and the store. It was only a few weeks ago that he was aware of the supernatural qualities of the wheel, and this he discovered in a startling manner. He was accustomed to leave the wheel in a small room in the rear of the kitchen every night. One day he bought a cyclometer, and from the aid of the instrument he found that the wheel was haunted. He took careful note of the miles registered on the little machine, and soon began to see that there were small discrepancies, periods of exactly three miles for which he could not account. Every night as he looked at the cyclometer he took a careful note of the amount registered, and every morning it was just three miles more. This bothered him considerably, but he dismissed everything with the thought that the instrument was defective in some way or other.

But a few weeks ago he rode out into the country for the first time, in the evening. He took a trip to the falls, spent the evening there and wheeled home in company with a friend. He reached Tonawanda about 11 o'clock, and waited there till midnight. Then he slowly pedaled out the brick boulevard toward home. He was somewhat tired, and his friend, a man named Zeller, being more of a wheelman, was about a sixteenth of a mile ahead. Just as Springwell reached the dump of trees on this side of Kenmore, he began to experience, what if his story be true, is something distinctly marvelous.

He declares that as he was riding along moderately he struck a chill blast of air. This was on an August night, and he could not account for the extraordinary cold. Something began to work in his throat. Before he was aware he was a prey to a most horrible and vague fear—horrible because of its vagueness. Something terrible he felt was about to happen. He glanced from right to left. Nothing could be seen or heard. He thought he would call to his friend ahead, but felt powerless.

Then as he was riding, a powerful something seemed to suddenly wrap itself about him. He could feel cold hands suddenly seize his hands as they guided the machine, and he could not release them from the iron grip. He knew that he was in the power of some supernatural monster and that the machine had passed from his control. He wavered from side to side. The wheel described curious curves and he thought for a minute he was going to be thrown to the ground. All this time he did not have control of the wheel. He tugged with all his force at the handle-bars, but this did not deviate the wheel from its path a single inch. Terrified beyond description he could not shout. He felt a sickening sensation sweep through him. He felt that something immeasurably monstrous had complete control of every action. Of a sudden the pedals began to revolve with a rapidity that he declares was nothing short of marvelous. He flew up the stretch that intervened between him and his friend with inconceivable rapidity, some unknown power having his ghostly feet on the pedals. On he flew. His friend was assessed as though he were standing still. He cried to cry out as he passed him, but could not. On into the gloom beyond, till the city line was reached, then on again over the asphalt. The long stretch of smooth pavement flew from under him. He jumped car tracks, hardly feeling them, as he passed. Under the white glare of the electric lights he passed with his demon companion. He could feel the ghostly rider behind him was panting under the exertion. He could feel a clammy breath on the back of his neck that sent terrible shivers through his whole body.

Springwell declares with an expression that is indubitable evidence of his honesty that he will never forget this awful ride till the last moment of life. The sensations accompanying this mad flight he says he is powerless to describe. There was not only the horrible thought that he was in the power of the supernatural, but other emotions, that he says no language can ever portray, were concomitant. His very soul was swayed by their intensity and seemed to be in a

shadow of something inexpressibly terrible and ghoulish.

On he flew and he could make out a shadowy something dancing before him. Something vague of outline, and white in color. It danced now here, now there, and he felt rather than saw that it was mocking him. On in the leadership of this phantom he flew. He crossed the Belt line tracks with a bound, then felt he was slowing up. But still he kept on until the curve that Delaware avenue takes before it reaches the culvert where the Park road passes over it. Ahead he could see the white shimmer of an electric light, illuminating its dazzling circle beneath it. He felt the icy hands that had never relaxed their pressure from the moment he had first felt them, loosen a bit of their grip. He was regaining control. But the machine seemed to be dragging something behind it. He felt he could now turn and see the ghostly monster behind him. He craned his head a bit, and at that moment he felt a terrible blow over the head. Stunned, he dropped from his wheel and lay on the pavement. He describes the half-glimpse of the thing behind him as something too inexpressibly monstrous to attempt to portray.

He lay on the pavement for some five minutes, when Zeller came up. He was riding like mad. Zeller stopped when he saw his friend and helped him to his feet. When Springwell told his story, at first Zeller thought he was joking, but he was finally convinced from the look of abject terror in Springwell's face. They revisited the place the next day, Springwell unstrung and hardly able to wheel. From the spot where he first felt the power of the something to where he was hit is exactly three miles and a few rods over.

Springwell wrote to the man from whom he bought the wheel and he received an answer that is certainly queer. The dealer said that a man had brought the wheel in good shape, and asked a very small price for it, and that he, the dealer, thinking it had been stolen, told him he would not buy it. The man swore it had not been stolen, and offered to let it remain there until he was satisfied. He had kept it through the winter and never a sign of a claimant, hence he had sold it.

Springwell is at a loss to account for the strange occurrence. He is utterly unable to say what could have been the cause, save on the hypothesis that some man was murdered while on it, and that it has thus become haunted. However that may be, the fact remains that the cyclometer registers of its own accord a little over three miles every night.—Buffalo Express.

### PALPABLE FACTS.

Psychic Effects of the Weather.

Prof. E. E. Beals has given some interesting data on the psychic effect of the weather, says the St. Louis Globe Democrat. Every person knows of the times when all things appear dark and gloomy, when little ills are magnified into terrible evils, and when what is called a fit of the "blues" has full sway.

These depressed mental states are most frequent on dull, humid days, when the air is muggy and the pressure low, or when thunder storms are imminent, and the electrical potential, or the wind changed. On such days domestic animals become restless; the hens sit on the fence and oil their feathers, and the cat is morose and peevish. Teachers and jailers often note that their charges are restless and ill-tempered during such weather, and commercial travelers cease to waste their time in canvassing their customers, knowing that on such a day it is no use to try to do business. Everybody seems to be more or less irritable, and suicides are more frequent. Dr. Brothers bears witness to the extraordinary effect of bad weather on work. On damp, foggy days, or on days when the air was charged with electricity, the result of his studies would be full of faulty deductions and misconceptions, and what then appeared clear to him seems later to be filled with errors. An actuary in a large insurance company makes it a rule to stop work at such times, as he has invariably found that anything done then is so full of mistakes as to be useless. In a large factory from 10 to 20 per cent less work is turned out on damp days and in threatening weather. The superintendent, in receiving orders to be delivered at a certain time, takes this factor into calculation. Ministers all know that their congregations are as impressionable by weather conditions as mercury. The most eloquent sermon passes over their heads on a very hot day in which there is not a breath of morning air, while if the sun shines brightly, and there is a gentle, warm wind, all the powers of the soul are called upon, and every faculty of the mind is alert, and open to the slightest impression. On such a day the storekeepers know that their sales will run up, as people are gay and expansive. Wet, windy or sloppy weather has, on the contrary, such an influence on the spirits of some people that they dislike to go out of doors, or to put themselves to the least exertion. Dr. Cline states that the number of deaths caused by disease of the nervous system is 50 per cent greater on days with abnormally high temperature than on days with normal temperature, and that equable conditions in pressure and temperature are essential to the successful treatment of these diseases.

Every medium knows that the weather at times exerts a potent influence on spirit manifestations.

The longest pier bridge is said to be that of Victoria, at Montreal, 9,144 feet.

### A MEDIUM ARTIST.

Even if She Does Not Recognize the Fact.

AMALIA KUSSNER, VISITING HER FAMILY IN THIS CITY, TALKS OF MINIATURE PAINTING, IN WHICH SHE HAS ACHIEVED RENOWN ON TWO CONTINENTS—SHE NEVER TOOK A LESSON AND FOLLOWS NO SCHOOL—PEOUULAR FEATURES OF HER WORK NOTED BY ARTISTS AND CRITICS.

Miss Amalia Kussner, high-priestess and pioneer of miniature painting in America, is now in Chicago visiting her family, says the Chicago Tribune. She is acknowledged a peer in her art on two continents, and has received more substantial evidence of appreciation of her ability than mere applause.

Miss Kussner is a young girl, in appearance scarcely out of her teens. It is hard to believe that one so young has already conquered fame and fortune, and receive the highest praise that can be bestowed, and yet be so democratic as she is. With the ease and finesse of a diplomat, she carries one away from topic to topic, always avoiding the one subject—herself—until finally she laughingly admits that she might as well talk of the one subject first as last, for she will not make a talk of her painting—not that she does not love the subject, but she is provokingly modest about her attainments.

SHE NEVER TOOK A LESSON. "How did I begin? O, I just began because I knew I must do something, so I decided to paint miniatures, and the first one I painted was a success, artistically and financially."

"You studied with masters abroad?" was asked.

"No, not at home. I never took a lesson in miniature painting in my life. It simply seems to belong to me as a natural inspiration. Others call it a divine gift, and to me it certainly seems so, for when Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer, who lived so much abroad and never had any desire to be painted, declared, on seeing my first work, that I should paint her, I felt there was something in it."

"I feel as if the reporter were robbed of all working ground in my case, there being no years of diligent labor with various masters, followed by the usual attitude where one invades the border-land of starvation, and the final awakening of pity in the fate, for I neither studied nor starved in the attic, and I attacked the fates rather than sued for favor, and I won. Takes away the romance, doesn't it? But it leaves the substance just the same."

"Yes, I have painted a great many of the most beautiful women in America. I love to paint the Western women. They have an independent spirit that pleases me, and they pose with a freedom and abandon I can make much of. I care more for an interesting personality than beauty of feature, and when I am, working my whole being—my soul entirely—in those two inches of ivory."

### ALL THE TALK AT WATERING-PLACES.

"It has become a great deal, no doubt, for all other branches have been dropped out of discussion in comparison, and nothing was so much talked of at the resorts. At Newport, this summer, I was overwhelmed with work, and vacations are impossible with me in those places. I have just finished a miniature of Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick; also of Mrs. W. S. Walker. Mrs. McCormick's blonde beauty made an exquisite picture."

Early in the spring I painted Lady Arthur Paget, daughter of Mrs. Paron Stevens, and when I go to London this fall, I am engaged to paint the Princess of Wales and many other beautiful English women. I never paint from photographs, as do many of the profession, but entirely from life, oftentimes devoting one whole sitting to studying the personality of my subject. I love the fresh tints, and the velvets, and satins are never so beautiful as it, and this I am constantly impressing upon my sitters."

### ARDOR AND GENIUS COMBINED.

With such ardor accompanying positive genius, it is to be wondered at that this young girl, so gifted, should have attained her marvelous skill in the most difficult departure in art? She follows no school. Her magnetism seems to vivify the life in the sitter, and her own exquisite conception gathers what is best and most beautiful, and gives it full expression. Her colors hint of the Orient in their richness, but bleed like the harmonies in music.

A peculiarity noted by artists and critics is that her miniatures show more figure than any modern painter, and that the neck and bust are as expressive a portrait as the face. The lines lack the stiffness of the French painter, and have a portrayal of life that is the chief charm.

Miss Kussner appeared in New York, by a peculiar coincidence, just with the revival of miniature painting in Paris two years ago. She came unheralded, with simply her first work, and a letter of introduction to a wealthy and prominent patron of art. It is needless to add, the work possessed merit, and since then Miss Kussner has become a synonym for everything superior in that line.—Chicago Tribune.

The longest macadamized road in this country is the National, 650 miles.

The longest trestle bridge is over Lake Ponchartrain, New Orleans, 22 miles.

Nor cell, nor chain, nor dungeon speaks to the murderer like the voice of solitude.—Maturin.

### PHILOSOPHY OF REST.

Lifting Up the Thoughts to the Divine World.

THE SPIRITUAL WORDS OF THE POET LONGFELLOW.

Physical labor is fatiguing just in proportion to the absence of thought, or the depressing quality of the thought. Rest from a change of thought currents. It is a great mistake to fancy that one is only at work when he is doing something on the visible and tangible side. An afternoon on the lounge, or in an easy chair, or a hammock, reading is not unfrequently far more productive even to the busy housewife, than it would have been spent over the mending basket or at the sewing machine. By living high enough to catch the outlook, so to speak, one generates a certain degree of creative energy, which tides over work otherwise exhaustive with little sense of fatigue. To receive this energy is to rest. Therefore the philosophy of rest is to bring one's self into receptivity to this infinite potency. Just how?

One way is simply to sit down alone, and silently, and lift up the thought to the divine world. To realize, quietly, the exceeding beauty of life as lived on the spiritual plane. Things have happened, perhaps, that are irritating, yet hold fast to the thought that one must banish resentment; must govern his thoughts as well as his acts by benevolence; that one must ever keep in his mind the ideal of the divine harmony. This habit of daily concentrating the mind on the divine qualities results in rapid acquirement of poise, exhilaration and enduring strength.

"The Spirit-world around our world of sense floats, like an atmosphere,"

says the poet Longfellow, and the poet's insight has discussed a literal fact. As we are primarily spiritual being, we can receive of this infinite potency in which we live, and move, and have our being if we are sufficiently receptive and harmonious. Life may be narrow from circumstances, but it always may be deep and high. And touching this, one touches the best, and the freedom of the whole world in travel, culture, what you will, could give him nothing higher than this spirituality which may be achieved in the humblest home.—Chatauquan, New York.

### SAW HEAVEN IN A TRANCE.

Miss March, a Colored Girl, Now Displays Supernatural Powers.

CURES BY LAYING ON OF HANDS, AND PREDICTS THE JUDGMENT DAY'S EARLY ARRIVAL.

During a colored camp-meeting held at Cascade, Ohio, recently, a young colored woman named March fell into a trance while listening to a sermon, and remained in that condition three days and nights. On Wednesday evening she regained consciousness. She has since then been giving wonderful accounts of what she saw while in the trance.

She claims to have seen the interior of heaven, and when she tells of its magnificent splendor her lips quiver, and her eyes fill with tears. She says she will live several months yet, and it makes her sad to think she cannot in habit the other world until then. She predicts the near approach of the judgment day, and advises everybody to stop work, pray and prepare for the eternity. She has performed a number of cures by the laying on of hands. Among others, she is said to have cured a Mrs. Anderson, an aged lady of blindness of thirty-nine years' standing.

Titus Unionspiet, ex-Mayor of Delphos, who was lame for years, claims to have been cured by her, and has become one of the flock she is gathering about her. A number of well-to-do farmers of the negro settlement in the adjoining portion of Paulding County, have either sold or mortgaged their farms and joined the flock, which is reported to be now nearly 400. She preaches to them three times a day, but remains at rest in a tent the balance of the time, and it is claimed no one can approach nearer than fifteen feet of the tent when she is inside, as invisible hands guard it.

A week ago the woman could neither read nor write. Now she can do both. She speaks intelligently on all subjects. Crowds of people go to see her.—New York Recorder.

### A Private Circle for Development.

TO THE EDITOR:—Will you kindly permit me to state that I propose forming a circle at once, to meet weekly at any house, to develop for physical phenomena, and should, therefore, be glad to hear from any ladies or gentlemen desirous of joining.

As the adverse influence of a skeptic, or the idle curiosity of an inquirer is so recognized an obstacle to the development of the magnetic aura necessary for physical phenomena, preference will be given to those who have already accepted the great teachings of Spiritualism and who (understanding the subtlety of occult influences) will honorably conform to the conditions required of all those who join the circle.

J. W. DINSDALE, 1533 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

The nearest approach to the South Pole was by Ross in 1842, 78 degrees.

# "THE PRINCESS AIMEE."

A STORY OF INDIA.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

## INTRODUCTION.

MY DEAR BROTHER—It has, as you know, long been my desire to write an story. Strange as it may seem to some, I did not commence the life of an author until after laying aside the worn tenement of clay—of clay, do I say? No, that is not correct; it is simply an old-fashioned figure of speech—my earthly body was not a body of clay, and but a very small portion of clay entered into its composition; it was, rather, a body of flesh, blood and bones, all connected together by a fine network of nerves; and through an inherited tendency to disease, it became too worn to hold me longer, and so I escaped from it, and it was buried beneath the cold sod, as a useless encumbrance.

I was not young, I was not old, but had reached an age which is called middle-life. I had long been like an imprisoned bird within a cage, the wings of my spirit beating at the bars of its confinement; and when the hour came in which I gained my freedom, I sang like a soaring lark and mounted upward; but even the lark does not care to soar always, and must, at last, rest its weary wings.

It is not now my intention to write about the meeting with all my friends and relatives; this will not interest the public at large; but be sure I met all whom I desired to see, and many whom I did not care particularly about; but, long before leaving my home, I was determined, if it were possible, to return to you, my much-loved friend, and work for struggling humanity with all my might.

Upon you, my friend, the wings of my weary spirit at last rested, and many years have elapsed before my real work could be commenced in earnest.

One little book I have already written, and with this, I will commence my second, which shall be called "The Princess Aimee." Every word within this book shall be a truthful record of a portion of my experience within the spiritual realm; not the experience of an angel, or completed whole, but that of a spirit not yet acquainted with all the natural laws of his being.

My soul was still hovering near the earth, my mind interested in its inhabitants, and one may be sure that I found enough to interest me for many and many a year of earth time; yet I did not remain near the earth always, but, like the lark when weary of soaring, I alighted on the old earth to rest my spiritual wings. SARAH E. DUNBAR.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE YOUNG PRINCESS.

One day I had taken a long flight, even for a spirit—I had not yet been long within the realm of spirit—I had flown from North America to India, and becoming weary, and somewhat curious, I settled down within the most beautiful spot which I could find in all India—a garden filled with flowers and foliage of the most beautiful and brilliant hues.

The garden was alive with feathered songsters of the most graceful plumage, and as I had long called myself a spiritual lark, their songs outraged even my own, and they were as happy as I possibly could be, and as well worthy of it. What does it matter whether happiness is confined within the breast of a bird or a human being? Happiness is happiness, wherever found, and consequently heaven; therefore those little birds were in heaven, and, when happiness was within me, so was I.

Now, if I had been within my earthly body I could not have entered this garden; but being a spirit, and invisible to mortal sight, the garden, with all it contained, was open to my inspection; not only the garden, but the princely palace to which the garden was adjacent, and now I heard a sweet voice singing, not that of a bird, but the voice of a young and beautiful maiden.

My spiritual feet now touched the earth, and I walked along the silvery paths, turning into one which led me in the direction of the voice. Presently I came full upon the sweet singer, whereat I paused and listened; but the notes which I heard were not like the lark, joyous, happy and free, but more like those of a mourning dove, sadly and softly singing its life away.

I approached still nearer, and a splendid vision met my sight. Costly rugs and cushions were heaped high, and seated among them was an exceedingly beautiful girl, a young creature in the first flush of womanhood. Jewels of untold value sparkled on neck and arms; bands of brilliant gems were wound about her long, thick, midnight tresses; she was habited in the costliest of silken draperies, and as her voice rose and fell in sweet, mournful cadences, tears sparkled within her large, sorrowful eyes and rolled, one after the other, down her olive-tinted, penchlike cheeks.

I had left a young daughter on earth, whose age must have been about the same as that of this youthful princess—as I soon discovered her to be—and my motherly heart yearned in loving sympathy over this young Hindoo maiden.

To gain the entire confidence of my own daughters, when in the earthly form, to give them my unqualified sympathy and the best advice of which my judgment was then capable, had been an unvarying law with me; and I now desired to gain the confidence of this fearful girl; but I was a spirit, dwelling within another world, of which she was not conscious, and yet I stood within three feet of her, my world and her world so near together and yet so far apart!

This, then, is the great gulf which separates the material and the spiritual; yet I well knew that this gulf was not impassable; a little wisdom, and the two worlds blend harmoniously together. If I made myself known to her, if I established relations, according to our present relations, all unknown to her. If I were visible to her, she might not be willing to give me her confidence—might not care for my sympathy—and I hesitated for a moment or two, thinking that perhaps I ought not to look into

the mind of one who might not like a stranger to know or interfere with her grief; but my great desire to help and comfort her overcame my scruples, and so I approached and stood very near to her, resting my hand upon her shoulder; the spheres of our aura now commingled, and each thought, as it emanated from her brain, was photographed within her aura, or upon it, to be perceived by me as plainly as one on earth perceives the photographic picture of his friend, and I discovered, as I had already surmised, that love, or disappointment in love, was the cause of her sad and fearful state.

I saw the picture of an English soldier, and another of a stern, dark Hindoo, and these I at once knew to be her lover and her father. I could read within her mind the father's authoritative command, and the lover's insinuating pleadings, and between the two, the heart of the gentle, loving girl was torn, and her mind distracted. I also discovered her to be an exceedingly gifted person, for so young, and as pure, sweet and modest as a violet, which she very much resembled in spirit. I became so deeply interested in her nature that I determined to constitute myself her guardian spirit. That she had no mother in the earth-life I soon found out; also that her mother had been one of many favorites with which the Rajah toyed; that this beautiful little Aimee had been accepted as his daughter and princess; had been educated according to her station, and all that wealth could give was hers.

As I thus stood, with my hand resting on her shoulder, but, of course, unknown and invisible to her, a little gate at the farther end of the garden was softly pushed open, and a young man in an undress uniform crept stealthily through, throwing quick, penetrating glances in all directions as he did so; perceiving that no one but the princess was within the garden, he glided, with noiseless footsteps, to her side. As he approached her, Aimee raised her clasped hands, and, humbly supplicating eyes toward heaven, breathing a prayer to Buddha for his safety; for I now perceived that the Rajah's orders were that if this young soldier were found near the palace, or within the grounds belonging to it, he was to be immediately captured, manacled, and thrown into the deepest dungeon or vault beneath the palace walls.

The princess raised her slender finger warningly, and then laid it upon her lips, enjoining silence. The soldier knelt on one of the cushions at her feet and clasped both her hands in his.

"Oh! Aimee! Aimee!" he softly whispered, "I love you! Fly with me, my princess! Gather together all your money and jewels, and let us begone before your father can carry out his orders."

"Look!" he breathed, Aimee; and she raised one of the cushions, as she spoke, and the lid of a large casket, which was buried in the ground beneath it. "Look, my Edward. Is this enough?" he asked, and he heaped within the casket, before her gleaming eyes, glittering jewels, and gold, which must have amounted to a vast sum of money.

He clasped his hands and gazed upon the contents of the casket with greedy hunger. He, a simple lieutenant in Her Majesty's service, the son of a gentleman of very small means, had never looked upon a sight like this before.

I comprehended all this as I stood there, my sphere now blending with those of theirs.

"Aimee," he said, as he grasped a handful of the jewels, and transferred them to his pockets, "can you be all ready, by nightfall, to accompany me on board a steamer which sails for America, at 9 o'clock this evening? I have leave of absence for one month, and by the end of that time, I hope we shall both be safe in that far-off land."

As the young man thrust the jewels into his pockets, tears gathered in Aimee's beautiful eyes.

"I greatly fear," she said, with trembling lips, "that the jewels are far more precious to you than I am. Would you take me for your wife, dear Edward, if I were in poverty and distress, without where to lay my head?"

This was the question which now agitated my mind; for if it were possible to save this lovely maiden from a wretched fate, I was determined to do so. I now looked intently within the mind of this young man, for I wished to discover if he were worthy of the love which this guileless Aimee bestowed upon him, and I found nothing there but admiration for her, wholly on account of her high position and great wealth. The wealth which she would take with her was the one thing uppermost in his mind; but to love and serve her, if she were in poverty and unknown, would not be after his liking; under such circumstances he would have deserted her at once; but he answered, after the manner of hypocritical men,

"It is you, Aimee, and you alone, for whom I care; but as I have very little means, and you are rich, it is better for us to take this wealth; else, we might come to want in a strange land."

I now rapidly cast in my own mind the probable fate of this young creature, robbed and deserted by this man, in a far-off, and, to her, strange country; and I determined to save her, at whatever price. But, how? That I must at once find out.

I left them, and glided swiftly into the interior of this sumptuous abode. I soon found where the Rajah, her father, was reclining, on downy cushions of the richest silks, smoking from a delicate Turkish shag. Choicest wines stood on a small table near him, which he occasionally sipped from a jeweled wine-glass. I glided up to him, feeling as though I must be visible to him, but, lo! I knew that I was not, and yet, as I laid my hand upon his shoulder, he shuddered visibly, as though with cold. He threw the mouthpiece of his pipe down, and raised his eyes to mine—that is, he raised his eyes upward, and they

met mine—and there was generated a subtle power between us, which the French call an *apport*.

"Aimee! Aimee!" Your daughter! She is in danger! My spirit cried forth, and his soul heard the cry; yet his outward sense of hearing heard nothing. He sprang up and darted rapidly across the large and elegant apartment, down a long corridor, and out through a small door; then, through an arched way, to where a little gate led directly into the private garden of his much-loved daughter; here he paused, for it was not his custom to intrude upon the young princess.

"Look through the lattice!" I again cried out, and he obeyed.

There, still kneeling at Aimee's feet, one of her dark, exquisitely-formed hands clasped within his, whilst his other hand toyed with the sparkling jewels within the casket, was Edward.

Instantly the Rajah raised a silver whistle to his lips, blew a shrill blast, and before the young man had cleared half the distance between Aimee and the gate by which he had entered, he was surrounded by the Rajah's vassals, bound hand and foot, and carried to a remote vault beneath the building and thrust in.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE YOGIN.

The Rajah now confronted his daughter. "And this is your obedience," he said, sternly. "Take her away and confine her within her own apartments," he commanded; and her maids gathered about and bore her away without so much as a struggle on her part, for she had been taken entirely by surprise and was nearly insensible.

The maidens laid Aimee upon her couch, and then silently left the apartment—all but one—a tall, dreamy-eyed, weird-looking woman, of perhaps thirty years, the oldest of all Aimee's maidens, and considered by her as well as by the others, a very ancient dame, indeed; for in India a woman of thirty years is considered old.

She bent over Aimee, bathing her forehead in sweet-scented water, at the same time murmuring an incantation. Aimee opened her eyes, which were now wild and sorrowful.

"Your words can not save him now!" she cried. "But tell me, Aimee, where have they taken him?"

"I saw them bearing him away toward the vaults beneath the castle," answered Aimee, "and as they passed by me, he said to you, 'Joseph, my husband, whispered to me, that he was to be entombed alive.'"

Aimee shrieked wildly, tearing her hair. "Go, go, Aimee," she cried, "and talk with Joseph, your husband, and learn when and where the rites are to be performed—and oh, Aimee! if it is possible, gain my father's consent, that I may be present at the terrible ordeal. Oh! Brahma, Brahma! Have mercy!"

She arose, and, thinking on her knees, raised her clasped hands and streaming eyes toward heaven.

Now I had always lived in America, and this was my first visit to India, as a spirit, and, consequently, I knew little or nothing of the customs of India or its people; and my soul shuddered as I caught the gist of Aimee's meaning. Entombed alive? Oh, truly, this was a horrible punishment, indeed! To pass out of one's body, as I had done, after a lingering sickness, surrounded by dear friends in the free and open air, when all the cords which held the spirit to the body were attenuated and nearly severed, had not been painful; quite the reverse; but, for a young and strong man to be entombed alive, and pass out in horrible, struggling agony, was indeed, most terrible, and I was bitterly remorseful for the part I had taken in these strange proceedings. Would it be possible for me now to make amends, or undo the mischief which I had unwittingly done? I must go directly to the Rajah, now, and, if possible, inspire in him a soul with mercy; so I swiftly entered his apartment, hovered near him, and with all the power which I then possessed, I tried to impress feelings of forgiveness and mercy upon his brain. But now I found the task impossible. It had been easy for me to influence him in the way he desired to go. His soul had drawn in my thought, or suggestion, as easily as thirsty soil absorbs water; but to change him now from his purpose would be as hard, I found to my sorrow, as it would be for water to run uphill.

What a great lesson I, myself, was now being taught; that a spirit must be exceedingly wise, indeed, to influence all things in the right direction.

Whilst the foregoing regretful thoughts were passing through my mind, the rich hangings, which were before the entrance to the apartment, were thrust aside, and a singular-looking being entered, and after saluting the Rajah, stood in dignified silence before him.

"It has come to my ears that thou art the most skilled magician in India," said the Rajah. "Thou art an adept. One of the Order of the Sun, or the Ancient of the Ancients—hast thou?"

The magician bowed low, but without speaking.

"Show me somewhat of thy power, father, that I may know that thou art, indeed, what thou appears to be, a genuine Yogin, and not a fakir."

The magician smiled. He was a tall, dignified old man, with deep-set, piercing eyes. His hair, eyebrows and beard were as white as the driven snow; the eyebrows bushy, the hair and beard long and flowing. He wore a white turban and long cloak or mantle. Bowing low once more before the Rajah, he threw aside his mantle, raised his eyes upward, and his lips moved rapidly, but no sound escaped them. He had taken a small wand from his belt. He now raised his arms high above his head, and slowly waved them, together with the wand, in the air. He continued this for the space of five minutes, at least, and as I looked,

I saw a most powerful spirit, drawing near unto him—what that shone even like unto the sun; but I, being lately a mortal, was hardly able to look upon it; much less to understand it; but I saw the powerful spirit enter and conceal itself, within the body of the magician; and now it was the spirit, and not the magician, who spoke.

"Thou desirest," said the spirit, "that we show our power before thee: Be-hold!" and the spirit pointed toward the centre of the large apartment, and, where now appeared a large and stately tree, covered with blossoms which filled the room with fragrance.

"The Rajah rubbed his eyes. 'Hast thou cast a mist before mine eyes?' he asked, 'or do I dream?'"

"Thou dreamest not," answered the spirit; and the magician approached the tree, plucked a bunch of the flowers from it and presented them to the Rajah.

The Rajah took them in his hand and examined them closely, but they were real. It was not a trick of hypnotic power.

"Are you able to perform this miracle?" asked the Rajah, rising and going toward the tree; but the magician was silent.

The Rajah examined the tree closely. It seemed to the touch like a genuine tree, yet after all, there was, to him, something weird about it. This was something that I, although a spirit, knew nothing about, and I also approached the tree and examined it minutely; thereupon the powerful spirit, or mahatma, came out of the magician and extended his hands to me.

"Would you know the secret of our power, gentle lady?" he asked.

"It would please me greatly," I answered.

He waved his hands before my eyes, whereupon the room, the magician and the Rajah, all disappeared, and I was standing with the mahatma, in a lonely grove, directly beneath the branches of the same tree which the magician had shown to the Rajah.

"Lady," said the mahatma, "you surely understand that you are now entirely within the spiritual, the material having vanished from your sight. The room, the Rajah and the magician are just where they were before, and so are you; you have simply lost sight of the material and are looking at the spiritual! Now when I shall again enter the body of the magician, you will observe that he—or, it will really be myself—will wave his hands, together with the wand before the Rajah's eyes, when the tree will gradually disappear from his sight; but, lady, the tree is here in the spirit just the same, as you will see; but the Rajah will no longer be able to perceive the spiritual."

"Yet the Rajah sensed the tree by touch, as well as by sight," said I.

"Yes," replied the mahatma; "touch is a spiritual attribute as well as sight. A dead body, when the spirit is out of it, can sense nothing. Lady, all things are spirit, yet some things are covered by the material."

"But how are you able to make the spiritual visible and not the material; and the material visible, and not the spiritual?"

"Lady, my power has become so great as the ages have rolled on, that I am able to transmute myself, through the magician, into the Rajah. To enter the Rajah directly would be impossible. His spirit is not strong enough to bear it. He would be rent asunder; but the magician has led an abstemious and holy life for many years; therefore he is able to bear me, and from him my power is transfused into the Rajah; therefore, the Rajah's spirit is quickened and he is able to perceive that which I desire him to see and feel; yet, even I cannot make the Rajah see that which does not exist; for you perceive, gentle lady, that this tree really lies here within a beautiful spiritual grove, and that this spiritual grove is not hindered in the least by the material palace and grounds of the Rajah."

"Yes," said this now very plain to me, for the spiritual can exist within the same place as the material, and yet neither be cognizant of the other; but a spirit covered by materiality can be made to perceive spiritual things, and a spirit out of the material can become cognizant of material things, or it may not perceive them; as the case may be."

And I will here say that the only proof one needs of this, that a spiritual being may be standing by the side of one yet in the mortal form, and yet that one, rarely, if ever, perceives the spiritual being. The one in the mortal form may pass directly through the spiritual form and yet not know the fact, and the spiritual form may pass through the mortal, and even remain within it, and yet the mortal never become aware of it, and if this is true of the spirit being, it is also true of the spiritual tree, or flower, or bird, or beast, or so on, ad infinitum; yet I do not mean to say that all spiritual life is so near the earth as to touch it or be intermingled with it; I simply mean to say that there is a spiritual strata which does thus rest upon the earth, and it is the first spiritual sphere.

The Rajah now returned to his seat. The tree, as well as the flowers, had disappeared from his sight, and the magician stood silently before him.

"Father," said the Rajah, "your power is very great, and now hear what I would ask of thee. I have a daughter, a very beautiful maiden, a dastardly English soldier has been wooing her without my consent. But before she should wed with this dog of an Englishman, I would slay her with my own hands. This very hour I discovered them together in her private garden. I have captured him. He is now within the deepest vault beneath the castle walls. I would cause him to be slain, father, but thou knowest that I have never sinned, or caused to be shed, any man's blood; and yet, I would that he were dead."

The magician held up his finger, warningly. "Heard?" he solemnly repeated; "Knowest thou not that no man can die; and even if thou didst slay his body, his spirit might haunt and torture thee for many years."

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"I know—I know!" replied the Rajah; "and yet I would that he were safely buried for at least one year; for, as thou knowest well, I can trust but few, and my vassals all love my daughter. She will bribe and cajole them to do her bidding. Most holy father, wilt thou assist me to perform a rite—which I know thou understandest well—to bury him out of my sight, for one year, whilst he still lives?"

The magician bowed low. "All shall be as thou desirest," he said; "and to-morrow, at this time, I will come again, together with mine assistants," and with another bow he departed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MATERIALISM DESTRUCTIVE OF ITSELF.

A Philosophical and Logical Review.

TO THE EDITOR—Professor A. E. Dolbear's very timely and remarkable article, in the *Monist* of July, by banishing some of the old, false fancies of physical phenomena, proves the untenability of Materialism, its heretofore being its main support. The Professor, after a searching analysis and comprehensive survey, closes his very opportune article thus:

"Physical knowledge is doubtless far from complete, but has been pursued far enough to make it clear that matter and ether are two radically different substances, and more, if there be any approach to truth in the position that the elements of ordinary matter are forms of vortex motion of ether or of the ether, then it follows that the ether existed prior to the elements, for the latter are made of the former. If the ether be the frictionless medium it is assumed to be, then no physical process with which we are acquainted could possibly be the condition for the formation of a single atom, and this makes it philosophically needful to assume some agency radically different from any physical agency in our experience which could act upon ether, endow it with energy of a particular sort and make permanent structures. In other words, it makes needful the assumption that matter and ether, with such forms of energy as come into our experience, are not sufficient to account for the physical universe as we find it, and therefore any scheme of philosophy which builds on these alone is a defective one. Such materialism has no warrant from the vortex ring theory of matter."

After this coup de grace, this vigorous coup de pied, it is only reasonable to suppose that no Spiritualist materialist will hereafter have the hardihood to raise the unclean thing from the gutter, and again present it as a claimant to philosophical recognition. The overthrow of Materialism by physical science is literally a case of self-destruction; for physical science has all along been its foundation and stronghold. In like manner and very soon most Agnosticism and Atheism, having lost their underlying support, will follow the same road as their old insolvent partner, "Universal Materialism." And I am not sorry for it, for long did they make me cold and weary.

From the days of Rochefoucauld, Locke and Hume, down to those of Buchner and Schopenhauer, this destroyer of hope, this sensual inciter, has been strenuously at work undermining all moral motive, thereby sapping insidiously the foundations of society, by aiming at the destruction of man's rational sense of moral obligation. Look at Chatterton, Swift and Byron, and the endless train of noble minds whom it sent tossing down to misanthropic graves! And all the while its only raison d'être turns out to be nothing better than the sophistries of pseudo-science! Long ago did Professor Huxley, in replying to Mr. Lilly, utterly repudiate it; and Mr. Herbert Spencer has expressed indignation at being classified as a Materialist.

J. P.

HE SNORED IN CHURCH.

And Then He Paid a Little Fine of \$10.00.

Martin Brown stood up in Justice Underwood's court at the armory, this city, and wanted to know if the old blue laws of Connecticut had been revived for his special benefit.

Justice Underwood said no, but that statute 1624 was constructed especially for the accommodation of such gentlemen as Mr. Brown. Then he assessed Mr. Brown \$10, and the next case was in order.

Brown went into a south side church and pre-empted one of the front seats. He listened to the sermon for a few minutes and then fell sound asleep. Presently the congregation was much disturbed, so the sexton said this morning, by a sound like the beating of the sea waves on a stern and leeward shore. Michael Cletch, one of the pillars of the church, went over and tapped Mr. Brown on the shoulder. "My dear friend—"

"Keep your waw-barrum!" answered the sleeper. Mr. Cletch shook the slumberer so earnestly that he awoke. Then he felt wretched, and Officers Remson and McNeil had to come and cart the Philistine to the station. This was arraigned before Justice Underwood, and the sequel has already been noted.

A pretty how-to-do, that a man is hypnotized into a sound slumber by a dry and monotonous sermon in one of the holy sanctuaries, and then carted off to jail for snoring. Better would it be to eject that preacher or furnish sofas for these tired and sleepy seekers of the gospel of Christ.

The Croton aqueduct of New York is 38 miles long.

The largest ocean is the Pacific, 70,000,000 square miles.

The longest tubular bridge is the Britannia, 964 feet.

The longest suspension bridge is the Brooklyn, 5,989 feet.

The oldest United States college is Harvard, founded in 1636.

The City of Washington has the highest monument in the world.

The greatest collection of books is the National Library of Paris.

The deepest spouting well is at Spengenberg, in Prussia, 4,194 feet.

The most extensive fortress in the world is Fortress Monroe, in Virginia.

## Nervous

People should realize that the only true and permanent cure for their condition is to be found in having

## Pure Blood

Because the health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon the purity of the blood. The whole world knows the standard blood purifier is

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

And therefore it is the only true and reliable medicine for nervous people. It makes the blood pure and healthy, and thus cures nervousness, makes the nerves firm and strong, gives sweet natural sleep, mental vigor, a good appetite, perfect digestion. It does all this, and cures Scrofula, Eczema or Salt Rheum, and all other blood diseases.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. Etc.

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## WORDS OF WARNING

From a Prominent Spiritualist Worker.

Catholics Determined to Rule the United States.

That the Pope of Rome and all his satellites are, and long have been determined to rule this country politically as well as religiously, is a fact obvious as well as obvious, to every clear-sighted discernor of the "signs of the times," to whom "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Political leaders who do not see the danger threatening our free institutions, and Protestant ministers who feel indifferent, or perfectly secure in their present enjoyment of religious freedom, are simply "blind leaders of the blind," unless their supporters are more discerning than themselves of the portents of current events.

The necessity for the A. P. A. movement is clearly evident to all wise, patriotic Americans, but "line upon line, and precept upon precept," quoted from Catholic authorities, is necessary to arouse the lukewarm Protestants, and the priest-blinded, though liberty-loving Catholic voters of our nation, to a consciousness of the secret plots of the Jesuitical bosses of the papal hierarchy.

In justification of this movement I quote from one of the later encyclicals of Pius IX., directed especially to his subjects in America:

"Every Catholic should rigidly adhere to the teachings of the Roman pontiffs, especially in the matter of modern liberty, which already under the semblance of honesty of purpose, leads to error and destruction. We exhort all Catholics who would devote careful attention to public matters to take an active part in all municipal affairs and elections, and to further the principles of the church in all public services, meetings and gatherings. All Catholics must make themselves felt as active elements in daily political life in the countries where they live. They must penetrate wherever possible in the administration of civil affairs; must constantly exert the utmost vigilance and energy to prevent the usages of liberty from going beyond the limits of God's law. All Catholics should do their utmost power to cause the Constitutions of the States and legislation to be modeled in the principles of the true church. All Catholic writers and journalists should never lose for an instant from view the above prescriptions. All Catholics should redouble their submission to authority, and unite their whole heart, soul, body and mind in the defense of the church and Christian wisdom."

Can any language be plainer in showing the political designs of the papal power to unite Church and State, and thus subvert all our liberties? Every word of this quotation should be written in capitals, and kept in daily sight of every lukewarm, careless Protestant in America, as a signal of "Danger at Hand."

To show the ready compliance of "all Catholic writers and journalists" to the Pope's injunction to them, and to further confirm the truth of our theme, we quote from two of the most popular Catholic organs of this country, the Catholic World, of New York, and the Catholic Review:

"The Catholic church numbers one-third the American population, and if its numbers shall increase for the next thirty years as it has for the thirty years past, in 1900 Rome will have a majority, and be bound to this country to keep it. There is, ere long, to be a State religion in this country, and that State religion is to be Roman Catholic. The Roman Catholic is to wield his vote for the purpose of securing Catholic ascendancy in this country. All legislation must be governed by the will of God, unerringly indicated by the Pope. Education must be controlled by Catholic authorities; and under education the opinions of the individual and the utterances of the press are included. Many opinions are to be furnished by the secular arm, under authority of the church, even to war and bloodshed."—Catholic World, July, 1870.

"While a State has rights, she has them only in virtue and by permission of the superior authority, and that authority can only be expressed through the church. Protestantism of every form has not and never can have any right where Catholicity has triumphed, and therefore we lose the breath we expend in declaiming against bigotry and intolerance, and in favor of religious liberty, or the right of any man to be of any religion as best pleases him."—Catholic Review, July, 1870.

This last quotation shows not only the determination to subject our State to Church, but to suppress every liberty we hold dear!

Do Protestants, who have so long enjoyed religious liberty that they feel perfectly secure in its continuance, propose to utterly ignore such bold, audacious menaces as those above quoted? Are any true patriots so short-sighted, or so dead to these "tokens of alarm," as to feel secure while Jesuitical intrigues and sappers are undermining every stronghold of our national security? If oblivious still to such "tokens of evil omen" as already quoted above, let them read the following quotation from the arch-conspirators who assembled at Buffalo, N. Y., 1853, to consider the proposition of the editor of the Freeman's Journal, to take many of the Irish Catholics from our crowded cities and colonize them in the then open West. The Irish Catholic priests thus coldly answered him in the name of their bishops:

"We are determined, like you, to take possession of the United States and rule them; but we cannot do that except by acting secretly, and by using the utmost wisdom. If our plans were known, they certainly would be defeated. What does a skillful general do when he wants to conquer a country? Does he scatter his soldiers over the farm lands and spend their time and energies plowing the fields and sowing the grain? No! He keeps them well-united around his banners, and marches at their head to the conquest of the strongholds. He subdues the large cities one after another. He pulls down the high towers and the citadels he meets on his way. When the farming countries are conquered, and become the prizes of his victory without moving a finger. So it is with us. Silently and patiently we must mass our Irish Roman Catholics in the great cities of the United States."

Then let us multiply our voters! Let us call our poor, but faithful Irish Catholics, and gather them from the far

corners of the world into the very hearts of those proud citadels which the Yankees so proudly building up under the name of New York, Boston, Chicago, Albany, Buffalo, Troy, etc. Under the shadows of these great cities the Americans consider themselves as a giant and unconquerable race. They look upon the Irish Catholic with the utmost contempt, as only fit to dig their canals, sweep their streets, or humbly cook their meals in their kitchens. Let no one awake these sleeping lions to-day; let us pray God that they may sleep and dream their sweet dreams a few years more. How sad will be their awakening when, with our outnumbering votes, we will turn them out, and forever, from every position of power, honor and profit!

"What will these hypocrite sons and daughters of the apostolic Pigmies say when not a single judge, not a single school-teacher, not a single policeman will be elected unless he is a devoted Irish Catholic? What will those so-called giants think and say of their unsurpassed ability, skill and shrewdness, when not a single governor, senator, member of parliament will be elected if he be not sincerely devoted to our holy father, the pope? What a sad figure those Protestant Yankees will cut when we will not only elect the president, but fill and command the armies, man the navy, and have the key of the public treasury in our hands! It will then be the time of our devoted Irish Catholics to give up their grog-shops to become the governors and judges of the land. Then our poor, humble Irish mechanics will come out from the damp ditches and the canals to rule the cities in all their departments, from the stately mansion of mayor to the more humble, though not less noble position of school-teacher. Then, yes, we will rule the United States, and lay them at the feet of the vicar of Jesus Christ, that he may put an end to their godless system of education, and sweep away those impious laws of liberty and conscience which are an insult to God and man." (!)

Says Father Chiniquy, from one of his letters the above taunting words of the maples are taken: "By that time (forty-two years ago), the Roman Catholic priests, with most admirable ability, have massed their Irish legions into the great cities of the United States, and the Americans must be very blind indeed, if they do not see that the day is very near when the Jesuits will rule their cities, from the magnificent White House of Washington, to the humblest civil or military department of this vast Republic. They are already masters of New York, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Paul, Milwaukee, St. Louis, New Orleans, Cincinnati and San Francisco. . . . The Irish Roman Catholics were taught to consider San Francisco as their promised land and the rich inheritance God had in store for them. The consequence is that when you and only a few Americans, German and English millionaires in San Francisco, you count more than fifty Irish Catholic millionaires in that city!"

Such is the adroitness and consummate strategy which is massing wealth and power to overthrow our government, and who so blind to the coming storm as to feel perfectly secure while sleeping over a smoldering volcano?

Americans, awake to duty! and prove at the ballot-box your fealty, and show these accursed plotters that Americans yet have loyalty and courage enough to defend their altars and their lives at all hazards!

DR. DEAN CLARK.

## A SKEPTIC CONVINCED.

At a Seance with Mrs. L. A. Roberts.

TO THE EDITOR:—I have a most pleasurable duty to perform in giving to your readers an account of the delightful experience I underwent at a seance given by that most accomplished medium, Mrs. L. A. Roberts, of 107 South Leavitt street, Chicago, at the Spiritualist camp in Twin City Park, midway between St. Paul and Minneapolis. I say it is a pleasurable duty, because of the deep sense of obligation I feel myself under to Mrs. Roberts (for removing the last vestige of doubt from my mind, in regard to materialization being possible), requires that I should make public to your readers the manner in which that doubt was removed. Should any reader desire fuller particulars, I shall be pleased to answer any question by private correspondence, and furnish names of others who will testify as to the accuracy of what I am about to relate.

On the evening of Friday, July 5, I, with my little son Arthur, visited the camp for the purpose of attending a seance of a medium with whom I am acquainted, and finding that I was to be disappointed, I entered the Roberts cottage at a venture, and engaged a seat for myself and little boy. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Roberts for the first time when I engaged that seat. The circle being formed, I was astonished to see absolutely no cabinet whatever in the room, which was a plain, unfinished "shanty" out of a room only, built under the eaves of the gray alder, and the inside of the walls, and the floor at our feet, and the second sweet form that appeared came to me and took my hand, and called my name. My dear wife I saw, recognized, and kissed, beyond the shadow of a doubt. She took our boy in her arms and seemed unwilling to let him go, talking with him and caressing him until the last minute that her strength held her together, and then, slowly, with a smile and a look of unutterable love, passed down at our feet, dematerialized.

Other forms then appeared—a child of ten, followed by a tall man of six feet. Sometimes as many as four or five forms appeared at once before us, and the medium at the table in plain view, helping and strengthening the spiritual forms, and taking them to their friends.

I am a natural skeptic, having been formed upon a material plan, and have attended many materializing seances, and until that evening I had not been convinced.

The motive of this letter is my own sense of obligation, as before stated, and not, as some may believe, the solicitation of Mrs. Roberts; and if this ever catches her eye, she will doubtless be much surprised. The tribute, I feel, is but a poor return for the good she has done me, but such as it is, I send it to your readers. In my heart, I regard Mrs. and Mrs. Roberts as a tower of strength to the cause, for they are conscientious, honest and true. St. Paul, Minn. EVERETT CROMWELL.

## A WONDERFUL FEAT.

Blindfolded Niswonger Runs a Train Over the Belt.

IN THE PRESENCE OF A GREAT CROWD—THE NERVOUS STRAIN WAS INTENSE, BUT THE ATTEMPT WAS IN EVERY WAY A SUCCESS—HOW HE ACCOMPLISHED THE FEAT.

Notwithstanding the heavy rain, hundreds of people crowded about the St. Louis and San Francisco depot, Springfield, Mo., one day lately, to witness the performance of mind reader Charles Elliott Niswonger. At every street crossing great crowds stood good-naturedly in the rain, to get a glimpse of the wonder when the train should pass.

About two minutes of 9 o'clock Mr. Niswonger alighted from a carriage and was blindfolded by a committee; then, taking the hand of Engineer John Monahan, he led the way to the engine, and mounted the cab. Besides the engineer and fireman, A. B. Dodson, there were in the cab Superintendent Parker and Trainmaster Cover of the Frisco. F. S. Trevelyan, manager of the Great Opera House, and the mind-reader's manager, Mr. F. W. Hinestad, a representative of the Associated Press, and a staff of local newspaper men.

The invariable rule of the engineer is to try his air before starting, and there was much speculation if this would not prove a stumper to the mind-reader, but he had no sooner taken his seat and touched the finger-rips of the engineer than he very promptly reached over and tried the brakes.

At 9 o'clock sharp he placed his hand on the throttle and the engine pulled out the same as if a veteran engineer had hold of the throttle. The train was the regular scheduled train of the Frisco road, which makes a complete circle of the city, and then runs thirty-five miles to Bolivar. The route through the city crosses all the principal streets, and at many of the crossings there is no flagman. At these crossings the train comes to a standstill, while the brakemen go ahead to flag it across.

At all these streets the mind-reader made the proper stops, while at crossings with a regular flagman he only slowed up, as is required. At Phelps avenue station he pulled up at the depot and made the stop to take on passengers. A big crowd witnessed the stop here. About one hundred yards beyond the depot the mind-reader stopped, and reversing the engine, backed into a switch. This was a part of the programme known to any one except the trainmen, but the purpose soon became evident. He backed the engine carefully up to the car, attached it to his train with slight jarring, and the train proceeded on the return trip. The stops at Jefferson, Booneville, Campbell, Main and Market streets, were carefully and properly made, and the train brought safely into the north side station again after its perilous journey around the belt.

The most remarkable incident of the trip occurred in the Frisco yards. A brakeman standing on one side of the track, whom Mr. Niswonger could not possibly see, waved his hand in salutation to the engineer, whereupon the mind-reader immediately waved his hand in reply. One of the railroad men in the cab, without previous arrangement, signaled the engineer to whistle while the train was going along an unfrequented locality. In a moment the whistle sounded clear and sharp. The mind-reader had penetrated the engineer's intent in a moment.

The point about the whole performance is that Mr. Niswonger knows nothing of an engine, and had never before attempted to run one in his life.

TO THE EDITOR:—I inclose the above, from to-day's Daily Republican. Perhaps it may be of interest to the numerous readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Mr. E. C. N. is performing some wonderful feats in mind-reading, and these are his first performances, I believe. ISAAC NEVATT.

Springfield, Mo.

## SUNDAY.

"It Will Be My First Day in Heaven," Cried the Dying Girl.

Word has been received from Princeton, Mo., of the sad death of Miss Angie Bowsher, formerly of Upper Sandusky. She had been with an outlying party at Mineral Springs, Mo., and her chum, Miss Allie Ballew, taking a repeating rifle from the hands of one of the gentlemen of the party, attempted to fire it. It discharged prematurely, the contents striking Miss Bowsher in the back and passing through her body. She lived four days, and passed away while sleeping, after one of the grandest death scenes ever witnessed. She had survived an operation which promised recovery, and although suffering no pain, she said she would die. She sang familiar church hymns, and expressed the deepest sympathy for Miss Ballew, who accidentally shot her. Asking what day it was, she was told that it was Saturday, and replied, her face gleaming with happiness: "To-morrow is Sunday. First day in heaven will be Sunday. Won't that be grand?" She then asked Rev. O. S. Russell, whose rifle it was that caused her fatal injury, to read and pray. When he took the Bible to read, she asked every one to listen. He read several verses from the eighth chapter of Romans, after which he offered prayer.

"Let us sing," and then started the song, "Shall We Meet Beyond the River?" She then looked up and said: "Tell Allie good-bye." Calling her sister, she said: "Hortie, I am going to heaven." Before falling asleep, she exclaimed, with outstretched arms: "Oh, how beautiful! Perfectly lovely! I see Zoie, and there is Gennie, and there is Mr. Carl."

## Entertainment.

A dramatic and musical entertainment will be given by the Rountree Historic Club of the Chicago School of Oratory and Rountree Conservatory of Elocution, under the auspices of the Church of the Spirit, 615-617 North Clark street, Masonic Temple, Thursday evening, October 10, 1895. Programme at 8 o'clock under direction of Mr. Willis Edwards. "Pascinations." Excellent vocal and instrumental music between the acts. "The New Footman." Admission, 50 cents.

## SIGNAL TOWER HAUNTED.

Groans and Rattling of Chains All Night Long.

REPEATED INVESTIGATIONS BY TOWNSMAN FLAGG AND OTHERS IN A RAILROAD BUILDING NEAR BRIDGEPORT FAIL TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY—THE GHOST IN FRONT OF A TRAIN.

BRIDGEPORT, Sept. 21.—The signal tower west of the city, on the line of the Consolidated railroad, is said to be haunted. It has a ghost, too, according to the stories of Townsman Charles W. Flagg, and William Harrington and other men. The tower is situated west of the Burr road, and in a lonesome spot. About half-past 10 o'clock on last Sunday night Charles W. Flagg, who was in charge of the tower up to midnight, was aroused by the rattling of chains on the first floor of the tower. A minute or two after it was repeated with great vigor.

Going to the top of the ladder which leads from the first floor to the place where the levers and telegraph instruments are, Flagg called out, but receiving no answer, took his lantern and went downstairs. He made a careful examination, but discovered nothing. A few minutes after he had returned to his post, there was another shaking of the chains, this time longer and more violent. A second search was as fruitless as the first. On returning to his telegraph instruments again, Flagg was startled to find that his clock had stopped. It had not run down, and there was no apparent reason for its stoppage. The rattling of the chains continued, and another investigation showed that a chair which had been in the center of the room had been turned over, and was near the side of the room.

When the night man William Harrington came on duty, Flagg told him of the mysterious noises. While the two men were talking, the rattling started again, and with a trackwalker who was passing, the men searched for some solution of the noises. Nothing could be found. Flagg and Harrington were upstairs, and the trackwalker was sitting outside the tower, eating his lunch, when all three were startled by a series of groans. All the doors of the tower were securely fastened, and then a search of the tower began. A Mr. Baldwin, who was passing, joined in the search. All the time the groans continued and the chains rattled.

There is a cellar under the tower, and it was decided to search there, but the groans which should have guided the trackmen for some time. Finally Harrington took the lantern and started. When the men were in the cellar, the groans ceased, and the chains failed to rattle. The search revealed nothing. Just as Baldwin, who was the last man, was starting up the ladder, the groans started again. They seemed to come from a dark corner of the cellar. The men beat a hasty retreat, and watched and waited until morning for the ghost, but only an occasional slight rap or a groan was heard for the rest of the night.

The ghost came again on Monday night. This time Engineer Louis Hoyt saw it directly in front of his engine. When he sounded the whistle it vanished. Engineer Hoyt, taking out the Bridgeport freight every night, leaving this city about 11 o'clock. When he was nearing the tower he saw that the signals were all clear, and he increased the speed a little. As he passed the tower he looked ahead again, and directly on the track in front of him he saw a human form. It seemed to spring from the ground. He blew the whistle. When the engine came up with the form it seemed to move on ahead of the locomotive, and then disappear. An investigation by the trainmen and those in the tower showed that nobody had been struck. Engineer Hoyt says he is not mistaken in what he saw on the track ahead of him.

## SOME REFLECTIONS

On the Altruistic Spirit of Jesus.

TO THE EDITOR:—The altruistic spirit of Jesus is sorely ignored by the professed followers of their ideal personality. The teachings of the popular church of to-day, and for centuries past, culminate in retarding the spiritual growth of all who come under their influence, but under the benign influence of our advanced thinkers and liberal teachers the world is advancing in spite of the baleful influence of credulism, and we are happy to note the wonderful effect it is having on the masses, at least, those of a liberal turn of mind.

The light in which the Sabbath (Sunday) is regarded to-day differs materially to that of a quarter of a century ago. If all would think for themselves and not allow others to do their thinking it would be but a short time until that supposed sacred (?) day would be relegated to its originally intended place among other days of the week.

Railroads, with perhaps a few exceptions, run trains about as regular on Sundays as they do other days, and the clergy will take a Sunday train when it is to their personal interest to do so, and then in the pulpit will damn (condemn) the company for running trains on the Sabbath. They will also read the Sunday papers they vehemently denounce in their pulpits. Why is it such moral traducers are held in the highest esteem by the apparently first people of to-day? Simply because they do not do their own thinking on these very important questions, but think as they are told to think by their spiritual advisers. The business man is an object of much pity in a real moral and spiritual sense. He is blinded by the pulpit glare. He attends to his business of a material nature and has no time, seemingly, to think of anything else, leaving the real object of his life on this sphere in the care of others, and true to their profession their main object is to keep him in ignorance, and they do not scruple to any means that will not justify the end.

D. D. GLASS.

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## INVOCATION.

Independent Entity, Selfhood, Soul, Element, Atom or Aggregated Whole, Personality of the mythical past, On whom all heavy burdens were cast: We come to Thee in hopes to be Of use in strength and sympathy— In hopes to save some brother's fall, And Thee to save from bearing all. At beseeching burdens Thou art used— Of all things man has been accused.

If we are parts in life with Thee, And Thou art injured, how can we From sharing be entirely free? How can we expect to be Unharmful and harm another, When each in life to each is brother? Thou hast oft been "pleased to take" From earth a son, and gladly break A mother's heart who gave him birth; Break the joys of family hearth; Bring floods to wash away all wealth; Disperse to injure people's health; And oft to sinners partial be, Or slay with like impunity. Thy "chosen ones" who chanced to get In cyclone's path; and yet—yet yet Thy voices blend in shouts of praise, Thro' stormy nights and droughty days, In hope to catch the slightest favor Of Thee, their God, or blessed Savior.

Immovable controlling Power, Unascendable knowledge Tower, Unapproachable, impenetrable Light; Overpowering, irresistible Might; Light, Air, Water and Heat; Space, Material, All Complete, Whatever name that Thou wilt bear—Toward whom is "fired" every prayer—Who runs the world Thyself to suit; To tempt Thine "image," mortal man, And thwart Thine own quite "perfect plan."

We know Thy law, immutable. Therefore we pray most suitable: We pray for that which we, no doubt, Can get by work, and not without; Then, if by work and not by prayer, Each one can get his proper share, Prayer's failure—fails to work—Prayer would starve the men who shrink.

No life is known without its law, Imperfect, or without a flaw. The sun revolves and lights each day The earth, despite a "Joshua." The moon shines on with silvery hue; The earth is spread with frost or dew; Each planet moves in space its own; The clouds sail on from zone to zone; All things that are to-day will be Somewhere, somehow eternally. Hence, man to-day, the most distressed, Some day will have his due expressed. No prayer, nor thanks of flattery Will change what is or is to be. Therefore, Oh, Right, we here implore Our own just dues, and nothing more. DR. T. WILKINS.

## AT EVENTIDE.

(LOVINGLY INSCRIBED TO MY SISTERS.) I am sitting so near the gates ajar, That I hear the tread of the angel's feet; Their voices stir all the upper air With a song whose cadence is low and sweet.

And the words—ah me! It is but the tone That reaches my life from the mystic band, But my spirit takes joy, for I'm not alone. And my spirit the song doth understand.

The day was dark, and weary and long; I had woven many a thread of gloom In Time's old web, and had weary grown Of plying the busy, too busy loom. But this eventide as the gates swing back,

And the work of the day I behold, I see in the light of the falling rays Many a thread of the finest gold. The gold was spun of a loving thought. A little prayer, I thought no one heard. Yet it somehow thrilled my aching heart, And hope was born with no whispered word.

So the day is gone, I know its page Bears the blot of many a briny tear, For the hours were dark, but this eve the rays Promise a morning fair and clear.

It is better to sit with day's work done, Though poor be the effort, than with still hand To listlessly wait while the tide flows on, Or idly count every falling sand. For at eve the Gates may swing ajar, And through the opening there will come a ray.

A silent answer to every prayer That brightens the clasp 'twixt night and day. MATTIE E. HULL.

## THE DREAM OF YEARS.

Whenever my soul seems weary of cease less toil and pain, I recall this dream—given to prove our higher gain:

Once more I stand on a desolate strand, A storm with the night has come; My feet are deep in the drifting snow, An alien far from home; Pitying ones offered a staff to aid my lonely way.

And others bid me tarry till the dawn of a brighter day; But I turn from all their proffered aid, To face the wintry night.

My soul as free as the wild bird's own, winging its homeward flight. For just above the storm-cloud's crest, by mortal eyes unseen, My soul, among the daisies gold, revels in fields of green;

The drifting snows have vanished now, from upland, mead and plain, The morning lark tells my glad heart springtime has come again. Ye who journey in clouded ways, know ye the Alpine rose?

Will blossom sweet beneath the feet That traves the drifting snows? Ere night of years have ended, your spirit pure and free Can soar on heavenly pinions of love and liberty.

DR. MARION HELEN BASSETTE. Henderson's Harbor, N. Y.

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## PEN-FLASHES FROM OHIO.

BY C. H. MATHEWS.

## A COWARDLY CRIME STIGMATIZED.

The shooting, by cowardly men, of their wives and "concubines," has got to be such a common, everyday occurrence, that I fully agree with the New Orleans Times-Democrat that "it is a phase of the crime of murder that is cowardly beyond the ordinary, and that ought to be stamped, by juries and courts, out of this community, which has a prestige for chivalry to preserve." That's right.

## "IT IS BAD FOR THE PREACHER."

says a dispatch from Danville, Ind., September 14. It seems that Rev. H. H. Shaw is on trial, charged with shooting Allie Ferree. The girl was seen at her sister's in Indianapolis, sitting on the preacher's lap, on the sofa, the reverend gentleman (1) having his arms around the girl. A pistol and a razor were the weapons used. The prosecution has strong evidence against the reverend murderer, who tried to get the weapons away from the grand jury so that they would not be in evidence against him.

## AN ORTHODOX BACKDOWN.

The board of visitors of Andover Theological Seminary had about decided to have another heresy trial, Prof. W. Henry Ryder as "Norris," Prof. of New Testament interpretation, and although he affirmed in shorter and clearer terms before the views he had held and they had condemned, yet the board decided, on a sober second thought, that he stood "clearly within the limits of the subscription to the creed." It was a square back-down on the part of the board of visitors, and Prof. Ryder will be allowed to go on teaching the heretical doctrine that Christ is not God, but that his person "was both human and divine." Old orthodox can't stand these heresies trials without endangering the pillars of the church; hence they are willing to compromise.

## PETTY PERSECUTION.

I cannot understand why "the Salvation Army" has been declared a public nuisance by the authorities of Pontiac, Michigan, and an ordinance passed forbidding its preaching on any but two specified streets. They were arrested July 27th at Nebraska City, Neb., also, and then released because no charge could be brought against them. When the army came out again "the fire department attached hose to a hydrant and thoroughly drenched the salvationists. All fair-minded citizens denounced the performance." Well, the salvationists will probably increase in numbers under persecution, just as the Spiritualists are doing. The authorities are all good Christian people (1), of course, and are worshipping and praying to the same God as the Salvation Army. I feel like aiding the Salvation Army, their fight against bigoted and silk-stocking Christianity.

## SMASHED THE VIOLIN.

James Hodge, of Nile Township, near Portsmouth, Ohio, at one time a good violinist, so runs the story, has heard a violin played about his house when the player was visible. It finally became annoying, and he shouted to the unknown violinist to "Break the blanked thing." The music sounded louder, and then he heard a loud crash in the closet, where the instrument was found in an old chest smashed to smithereens. He is nonplussed. But the Spiritualists of Portsmouth can give him an explanation.

## TOO COVETOUS.

Rev. D. L. Webb, a revivalist, who was holding meetings at Nauvoo Church, was not on hand Sunday, September 8. He preferred to elope with the wife of John Swords, a wealthy farmer, with whom he boarded. Now Swords is hunting for the preacher with a shot-gun. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife," etc. Gospel truth!

## BROUGHT HER TO.

A woman, about to be baptized in the Campbellite Church, Jamestown, Kansas, fainted, but the nervous preacher promptly dipped her under the water and she "came to" all right.

## WHAT A TRAVESTY!

Isaac Edwards, the Hocking county, Ohio, murderer, was hanged in the penitentiary at Columbus on the 15th of September. The chaplain, at the murderer's request, sang "Nearer my God to thee," and he "met death bravely."

## EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

The dispatches of August 12, 1895, record a horrible story of brutality at the Atlanta, Georgia, penitentiary, in the flogging of Harvey Merritt, with 70 and sometimes 175 lashes on the bare back, the blood spurting forth at each stroke. Six men held him while the punishment was being inflicted, and "one of his eyes was put out by the terrible strap." And yet Grover Cleveland says "We still profess to be a Christian people and will find our safety and welfare in enforcing upon our public servants the mandates of Christianity." What a travesty this upon the morality and religion of the nineteenth century!

## IN THE LEAD.

Chicago is progressive in all things, says the Dayton, Ohio, Herald. An undenominational club of ministers has been organized there, and its members are to discuss social, political and religious questions on broad grounds, and a more cordial religious fraternity is to be established. Here is another instance where Chicago might be followed by religious teachers of other cities, with much good to their fellowmen.

## RELIGIOUS FOLLOWMEN.

It seems that there is in Pittsburgh, Pa., a peculiar style of religion among the disciples of "The Church of the Living God." The preachers held daily services in a big tent for more than a week ending July 30, consisting of prayers, reading the Scriptures and passing the hat. The practice of kissing all the worshippers was dispensed with, because the superintendent of police had threatened to arrest them if they did not leave the city and discontinue the public practices of the "kissing religion." Supt. O'Mara, who, of course, is a good Catholic, it is said, did not interfere, fearing his motives might be misconstrued. A mob of boys, however, made an attack

on the "tabernacle." "Down with the tent," and in a twinkling a score of jack-knives were brandished and the good, little Sunday-school boys fell to cutting the ropes. The preachers refused to leave the city until threatened with imprisonment. It is wrong to persecute these religious people, who have good authority for their kissing ceremonies. "Salute one another with a holy kiss." The churches of Christ salute one another—Rom., xvii, 16. "And he came near and kissed him." That was Jacob, who kissed his father, Isaac—Gen., xxvii, 27. There are scores of places in the "Holy Book" where kissing is recommended and practiced. That superintendent of police had better be minding his own business and let the "kissing Christians" alone. Their my sentiments. The reading matter in their "tents" is said to be "objectionable." But then, if we were to eliminate the objectionable parts of the Bible, it wouldn't be nearly so voluminous.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, the highest prelate in the Church of England, admits that divisions among Christians are the chief obstacles to the progress of the gospel. A church divided against itself must eventually fall.

## THE GREAT AGNOSTIC.

Prof. Thomas Henry Huxley, one of the most learned and eminent men of the present century, was born at Ealing, England, May 4, 1825, and died June 22, 1895, aged 70 years. In his death the world loses an expounder and teacher of truth who has no fellow living. He is widely known the world over for his warfare upon dogmatic religion, and his classification of himself as an "Agnostic," that is, one who "does not know" anything about any life but this, and "who rejects all alleged supernatural revelations." Yet, notwithstanding his "infidelity" to all phases of revealed religion, his history is that of a great mind, directed by an honest and fearless will. It is to be hoped that he peered into the future and caught some glimmerings of the life beyond the grave, through the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism. He was a truly great man.

"Not great like Caesar, stained with blood,  
But great as he is good."

## SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

Henry Borisovich Levin, an expert photographer, who was a member of the American Psychological Society, and who declared that he had seen "no evidence that Spirit-photography was anything but a trick," writes a letter which appeared in the New York World, in which he surrenders gracefully. Here is what he says: "I have never believed in Spirit-photography. \* \* \* But I am unable to explain the photograph by which this was produced." The New York World pronounces the photograph "remarkable indeed." In this connection I wish to say that, since I had occasion three or four years ago to testify as to the genuineness of certain spirit photographs, I have had stronger evidence, since then, of its truthfulness. An intimate friend, with whom I had been associated in business for forty years, passed over in April, 1891. Since the opening of the Brady camp meeting, H. E. Chase has been taking pictures as usual. On one of these pictures, among eight or nine "strange visitors," I discover my friend, so distinctly impressed on the plate as to leave no doubt in my mind that he crowded into the cottage and was caught by the camera along with the others. I commend the above to S. W. Fallis, "expert," of Chicago, who, like Mr. Levin, didn't believe in spirit photography. People do not usually believe until they get the evidence, and then it is no longer a matter of choice, but they are forced to believe.

## RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Georgia has a quiet, harmless Seventh Day Baptist believer in the chain-gang, for a year, for working on Sunday; and a number of the same class of believers have been sent to jail in Tennessee because they refused to pay fines for the same alleged offense. This in violation of the Federal Constitution, which guaranteed civil and religious liberty to all.

## CATHOLIC BEER.

August 29.—The protest against the manufacture and sale of beer by the Benedictines of St. Vincent's Abbey, at Beatty, Pa., was not only a protest, but a consideration by Archbishop Satollf. Rev. Father Zurcher, of Buffalo, N. Y., is also displeased, and sends in an objection. However, as they "only make four barrels a week, which the monks regard as an insignificant output," and it is drunk by the priests, it is not likely to be stopped. It is said that the permission to make beer was given by the former pope, and Pope Leo will not be likely to interfere. By the way, did not a certain notable individual turn water into wine at a marriage in Cana of Galilee? See John, ii, 3. This beer, it is said, is sold for the benefit of the poor, and is allowed to the priesthood in limited quantities.

## STRANGE PROVIDENCE.

The worst wind-storm that ever visited Boonville, Mo., was July 30th, which destroyed school buildings and damaged the spires of the Baptist and Catholic churches. It seems to me that "providence," in whom so many pious people put their trust, should, at least, protect the school-houses and the churches; but it seems that He is no respecter of persons or of property. And yet we are told that "the prayers of the righteous availeth much."

## ABUSE OF INDIANS.

Passenger Agent Fee, of the Northern Pacific Railway, extending into Yellowstone Park, denies that the Indians have been committing depredations there. "The Indians, who are the most superstitious people on the face of the earth, have always given Yellowstone Park a wide berth, on the theory that the geysers and other wonderful phenomena in which the park abounds, are to be accounted for by the presence of 'evil spirits.'" The Indians have been, from time immemorial, the best abused people on the face of God's green earth, not even excepting "God's chosen people," the Jews. They have been driven from their lands, and attempts made to Christianize them with rifles, Bible, and whiskey, until they are almost exterminated. In less than one hundred

years a full-blooded native American Indian will be a natural curiosity. "Lo, the poor Indian whose untutored mind Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind; His soul proud Science never taught to stray Far as the solar walk or Milky way; Yet simple nature to his hope has given, Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven; Some safer world in depth of woods embraced; Some happier island in the watery waste; Where slaves once more their native land behold, No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold. To be, contents his natural desire; He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire; But thinks, admitted to that equal sky, His faithful dog shall bear him company."

C. H. MATHEWS.  
New Philadelphia, Ohio.

## VIEWS AND EXPERIENCES.

## Satisfactory Materialization Realized in Good Light.

## NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A VETERAN

I feel like writing an article on materialization, and illustrating it with an experience. I always like to relate my experiences in the phase of materialization when I am sure they are genuine, and I never do relate them, as many know, when there is a possibility of doubt.

The phase of materialization is the most wonderful of all the phenomena, and the most difficult to be comprehended of any, and I never wonder that so many good Spiritualists doubt them as genuine manifestations, and think the phase does more harm than good to this modern, and as yet unpopular religious movement.

Although the phenomena known as spiritual manifestations claim to prove a future life from scientific facts, Mr. Savage, that bright Boston clergyman, says "that is what mankind wants to know to-day more than anything else," that is, to positively know whether death is the end or whether we consciously survive it. Still the great majority of civilized mankind reject this modern testimony and prefer the Christian, or Bible idea of future life, for which there is no evidence except hope and faith, and they actually think and act as if this life was all; when hardly a scientific scholar is to be found who does not think that death is the end, except the few who have investigated spirit phenomena, and endorse the Spiritualistic idea. I think the sensuous phenomena prove that death is not the end; they may not prove immortality, but certainly prove that man survives his physical death; and if he survives one death, as Mr. Savage says, he can reasonably suppose he can survive any number of deaths, and that is practically immortality. Hence, the importance of proving spirit phenomena, and it explains the interest that Mr. Savage and the rest of the Psychological Society take in the phenomena; and he and they are so sure they are on the right track, in the search for the truth, that he says we are on the eve of proving it. I think the Christian church is full of the hope, even if it often sneers at its claims, and would be sorry to see it decided to be an illusion.

For myself, I am sure it is based on fact, and I don't know anything that I am sure of more than I believe in the end of the individual. I think it is the mission of Spiritualism to prove that fact; the details of what may occur after the fact is not so reliable nor of so much consequence as to know if there is a future life, knowing that we can draw our own inference and prepare for it. I like very much the Reverend Mr. Murray's idea, which was in a sermon preached when he was the pastor of Park street orthodox church. As he was not a Spiritualist, I do not see where he got the idea—certainly not from the Bible or his creed. Perhaps he was a mediumist, and got it intuitively at any rate. I think it literally true, but very unscriptural. I will quote it because it conforms with my own idea, and is worth recording:

"To me the Spirit-world is tangible. It is not peopled with ghosts and specters, shadows and outlines of being; but with persons and forms palpable to the apprehension. The multitudes are veritable, its society natural, its language audible, its companionship real, its lives distinct, its activities energetic, its life intelligent, its glory discernible. Death will not annul the countless differences of mind and heart which make each individual here. Heaven in all its mode and manner of expression will abound with personality. Each intellect will keep its natural bias, each heart its election. Groups there will be, and circles, faces known and unknown will pass us, acquaintances thrive on intercourse, and love deepen with knowledge."

I began to speak of materialization, and so will continue and say the phase has not been explained really intelligently by either spirits or mortals; the facts are claimed to be produced, but the conditions, as yet, are extremely far from being satisfactory as a general thing, and certainly if genuine and actual are the most wonderful phenomena in the whole list of phases. I am sure they are genuine, but when I have proved them to be so I must say there are other phases that suit me better, and are more convincing of the claimed fact, than are the materializations. Certainly independent table-writing is to me, and so it was to Epes Sargent, more humanly convincing; so are the raps and tips of a table when in the light, and we know they are genuine, for in both cases they are intelligence pure and simple, and the intelligence that proves departed spirits; it is not the rapping or the tipping, or the fact of writing on a closed slate, it is the intelligence that accompanies the act, or manifestation; and, as Robert Dale Owen said: "One fact, and one alone, will prove modern Spiritualism, and that is an intelligence that is not the intelligence of any one in the room, or in the form." The Reverend Mr. J. Savage said the same thing in the same words, probably quoting the Owen remark; so two pretty bright men consider the intelligence to be the factor of proof. All I can say is, I have had the experience of all that I have certainly had that "one fact," and many times repeated, and in about every phase of the manifestations. Every rational man

knows that intelligence is of human genesis, and when there is intelligence there is or was a human mind. The meaning of intelligence, for the Devil is dead, and no one now believes in a personality of evil, and the Infinite never talks in a language, and it is a condition based on fact, that any intelligence that comes to us must be from a human being—in the form, then from one out of the form—a spirit.

Wm. Stanton Moses—a scholarly man, a graduate of the University of Oxford, and late editor of "London Light"—under the nom de plume of M. A. (Oxon), once, in reply to the question how he knew the manifestations were the work of spirits, gave the best answer I ever saw, and it will not be out of place to quote it here: "My first reason is the intelligence that communicates says they are, and my second reason is I never came across an intelligent force, and never knew any one who ever did. Force is that which is used by intelligence, and the intelligence is what I call, and what 'calls itself a spirit.' I think I have the argument where I found an intelligence which no mortal has produced; and when the intelligence is not our own; of a booming character, and is demonstrated to have come from no one present or in the form, it must have come from a spirit, and that settles the matter with me. That is why I like the simple modes better than the more complicated phases, such as materialization; but it takes all kinds of people to make a world, so it takes all phases to make all classes of minds."

But, for all this, if my sensuous experience is good for anything, I am sure of two things: that in the manifestations there are bounds both by spirit and by mortals; and I am sure also there are genuine phenomena, and what they claim to be.

Among the disabilities of my getting proof of genuine materialization is the fact of not being able to make the appointment with a spirit to meet me at some other medium's seance and then meet the appointment. I have heard of that being done, but I have never succeeded in the fact that I have heard of, and when even at both seances the spirits have identified themselves to be really the persons they claim to be, I do not like the inability of a spirit, at a test seance where he has identified himself, to tell me when he materialized to me last, and identify the two interviews, even when they have been very recent. I do not know as it would be evidence if they did or could repeat the message I asked them to at a prior seance, for telepathy might explain that. But for all that, I am quite sure I have had genuine spirit materialization.

Now, after the foregoing as an introduction, I will relate an experience that I am willing to swear is what it claims to be. My son, Elliott, died ten years ago. He has appeared to me many times, and better made up, and more natural than any other spirit. I will relate one instance, because it was at a seance under test conditions, and given to Prof. Wallace, who was present. I am positively sure there were no confederates. This occasion was at Mrs. Ross', whom I consider the best medium for the phase I have ever dealt with, and I have done so many times, and under perfect test conditions, and I have perfect evidence they are what they claim to be. One of the objectionable features of materialization is their usual darkness, and difficult to see the features of the spirit or apparition. I think the seances at Mrs. Ross' the lightest and most satisfactory of any I have attended. This one given in the presence of Prof. Wallace was remarkably so. My son appeared and I went up to the cabinet, and my wife also, who was present. He looked very natural, and the light was very good; he stood at the opening in plain sight, and in a good light. I think a photograph of him as he stood there would have been recognized by any one who knew him. He began talking to his mother, nothing particularly her bones, spoke of how becoming it was; it was very natural for him in life to notice and speak of her appearance, and that made what he said seem very natural—it was what I would have expected, and it made the interview very interesting. He then said to me in his pleasant, cheerful way: "Father looks very well in my clothes," laying his hands on the garments I was wearing. This I consider very good, for I was then wearing his clothes. I knew I had some of them on, and on examination afterwards I found I had all of his on—coat, pants, vest and his undershirt, and that being just my size, I had no opportunity to swap. Now, I am sure of two things: It was not Mrs. Ross or a confederate; and how did the spirit know I was wearing his clothes? I am sure no one in the room knew it, or suspected it, and I did not know the extent of it myself until I investigated it. This, of course, is a trifle for a spirit to materialize and state; but trifles become sublime from their source. To my wife and me it was very convincing, and the fact was very convincing to the people present, and was long remembered. I told him before he left I wanted to introduce him to Prof. Wallace; he retired for a little strength, and came back, and immediately he introduced to the professor, who remarked how strong and well he appeared; and he certainly looked strong enough to remain and go home with us. My son always came in good shape, and better than spirits generally do. He came often at Mr. Albro's, when the Berry Sisters were the mediums, and so he did at Mr. Fairchild's.

I remember on one occasion, at a seance given to the Rev. Mr. Savage, which was arranged by him under test conditions, he came out and walked over to me when I was sitting 25 feet from the cabinet. I went with him to the cabinet and called up the reverend gentleman, and introduced him as my son, saying he had said the last kind word at his funeral services. He asked: "Does it look like him?" I said, "Pretty much; but I feel 'twixt it is a spirit." I think Mrs. Fairchild was a good medium, but I always liked my son's appearance at Mrs. Ross' better than anywhere else. He always appeared more sober at Mrs. Fairchild's—as if he was not so happy a frame of mind. Perhaps Mrs. Fairchild was not, and cast her shadow on the spirit; but my son identified himself there as he did at Albro's, and had at the latter place his usual and natural cheerfulness.

Perhaps I have said enough for an article. I have not explained how I produced the facts, and I do not think it necessary to lengthen this article to do so, only to say I am sure I am making a true statement, and have given my views of the phase and illustrated it by a positive fact from my experience. I am sure those who know me will believe what I say.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

## MORE DEVOTIONAL.

## A Plea for Greater Spirituality.

## AT GRAND LEDGE, MICH.

On September 8, after camp-meeting, we had a picnic and a good time eating peaches while visiting. Then we had a conference, for our speaker was sick and absent.

I think our conferences should be more devotional, more prayerful, more longing for another, more repentant for abusing a friend or neighbor in an angry spell; more of a willingness to ask forgiveness and to apologize for rudeness or harshness; more of a desire to grow spiritually and to reconcile an offended brother and to make our part all right; more of a desire to return good for evil. A polite person will always apologize for any wrong done. When a person humbles himself to make his side of a wrong right, he exalts himself. There is not enough spirituality among Spiritualists.

As we live here, so we attract. An unforgiving, spiteful person will attract kindred beings about him, intensifying his own unhappy condition and making his associates unhappy.

Asking forgiveness once is none too much; but forgiveness should be asked for every and all wrongs. There is not enough forgiveness or religion among Spiritualists. They are all the time seeking after a sign, after phenomena, without practicing the little spirituality they learn. If we can't pray as church-members do, we can pray in accordance with our philosophy, to the bright angels. Our Spirit-friends like to be asked for their assistance, and like to be thanked for their aid and trouble. If a person is asked to do a favor he will do it quicker than if never asked. A person or spirit may not know all our wants, and if we ask for good, unselfish and righteous favors, our prayers are more apt to be answered. Prayers along the lines of a progressive, spiritual development are more apt also to be answered.

As we live here, so we enter the next life, and as we live, so we attract, hence Spiritualists have the strongest reasons for prayer and a thankful, devotional state of mind. One of my angel guides has asked me to pray before going to bed, and I am doing so. I ask good, pure angels, if they have the time to spare, to assist me to grow more spiritual; to outgrow my faults; to strengthen me; to inspire me to have charity for those who misjudge me; to outgrow all envy, jealousy and spitefulness; to return good for evil; to have pure thoughts; to assist my friends to endure their trials. I learn to be thankful for small favors from my spirit friends.

A prayerful, aspiring state of mind is far better than cursing, swearing, slang or vulgarity. I ask an interest in the reader's prayers and good thoughts, and thank you in advance for the same.

The board of trustees of Grand Ledge, Mich., has reduced the yearly rent of lots at Riverside Park to three dollars for any lot. There are some desirable lots.

On Sunday, September 23, Dr. P. T. Johnson, of Battle Creek, spoke for the local society. He is such a good speaker that he deserves to be employed constantly. A person can easily see by his actions and gestures when his controls change. He cannot be controlled to speak in an unknown tongue. He referred to the habit of giving advice when we say: "Well, now if I were in your place, I would do so and so." The fact of it is, we would not do so, for we would have our friend's disposition and environment and we would do just as he does.

The local society has secured Union Hall for its home until next spring. They will hold socials and meetings.

On Sunday, October 13, Dr. A. B. Spinney, of Detroit, will speak. Would not Grand Ledge be a good location for a college in future years? Then the children of Spiritualists would feel at home in a friendly college of their own? HENRY E. MARTIN.

## THE DIVINE TRAMP.

He came with worn and tattered robes to the crowded city's street, And sought the haunts of wretchedness, where stumble erring feet; His head was bent in sorrow—with wounded outstretched palms He asked in name of mercy for daily needed alms.

The soul of greed eyed him askance: "Who are you, sir?—Go on!— Asking aid of rich and poor—I say to you, begone!"

We were our own to succor—our paupers to clothe and feed. Begone! thou pale impostor!" said the cruel spirit of greed.

Then he turned to a sad-eyed woman, whose face bore guilty stain— She had bartered virtue to save her babes from hunger and pain—"Sister," he said, "I am hungry, with no place to lay my head; Mercy, I beg in name of Christ, give me a crumb of bread!"

She answered: "I, too, am friendless—my abode is one of woe; Yet children await my coming, and father will we go."

My one brown loaf with these divide, in name of the merciful One."

When lo! from off the kindly breast the tattered robe was thrown— Jesus of Nazareth stood revealed—snow white his comely dress.

His wounded palms gave bearing balm of love and tenderness. "Behold the need of light," he said; "where greedy mammon sways, Behold unselfish love of hearts pushed to the downward ways."

Oh, ye who rob the toiling poor to swell your hoards of gold, You nail my spirit to the cross, as did the ones of old;

Ye grind them down beneath the wheels of selfish gains to-day; Ye starve their children, that your own be clad in bright array;

Ye offer much to a God of wealth, nor know that Jesus stands Near palace homes and dens of want, with wounded feet and hands!"

JAS. M. WADE.  
Dorchester, Mass.

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## SPIRITUAL SONGSTER.

By MARRIE R. HUNT. Thirty-eight of Mrs. Hunt's



## 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.

E. P. H. writes from Oswego, Mich.: "Mrs. A. E. Sheets, one of our old workers, has just closed an engagement of five Sundays with the First Spiritualistic Society of this place. Her style is forceful, her comparisons are fine, and her lectures are highly intellectual and educational. The people of the place appreciate the excellent work done by her and her guides, while here, as was shown in a special meeting of the society and its friends, called to consider ways and means whereby we may enter into a more lengthy engagement with her. She comes to us for the Sundays of December at least. Mr. D. P. Dewey, of Grand Blanc, Mich., will occupy our rostrum the Sundays of October."

W. J. Colville's course of eight public and two private lectures in Denver ended October 1. The attendance was large and representative. He is now in Los Angeles, lecturing for the First Society of Spiritualists. His work in Oakland begins November 1.

The Woman's National Convention met at Lake Brady, Ohio, on August 20. Dr. Martin, chairman at the Lake, welcomed the delegates, and Mrs. Dr. Pierce, of Boston, responded. The meeting was a grand success.

F. A. Wiggins, the celebrated lecturer and platform test medium, of Salem, Mass., speaks for the society of Spiritualists of Indianapolis, Ind., for the Sundays of October and November. Societies desiring his services for week evenings, located within a hundred miles of that point, can address him at Indianapolis, General Delivery.

E. T. Dalbey, M. D., writes that W. W. Aber gave two wonderful materializing séances under test conditions. "Dr. Fisk, an excellent independent slate-writer, has given some remarkable tests, in the broad, open light of day, to parties bringing their own slates."

E. J. Bowtell spoke at Yonkers, N. Y., September 13; at Fraternity Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., the 15th and 26th. He will lecture at Manhattan Liberal Club, New York City, October 11; Brooklyn Philosophical Society the 13th. Present address, 533 De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

An ardent, outspoken Spiritualist writes from an Eastern city, where a society or club has been formed, composed of people whose hearts are in the cause, but whose lack of means hinders their work. In the same city are well-to-do persons who claim to be Spiritualists, but they attend and help to support the popular churches, and do not render practical and pecuniary aid to Spiritualist effort. One business man and medium, when called on for help to carry on Spiritualist meetings, said he could not give anything, for he had just given to the Y. M. C. A. Some so-called Spiritualists even go so far as to apply vile epithets to their poorer and more plain-clad brethren who are trying to uphold the banner of Spiritualism to the public. This is a sad sight, and ought not to exist.

Secretary writes from Port Huron, Mich.: "Mrs. Anna L. Robinson is again at home after her grand work at the various enthusiasm for her husband's work, and bound to make a greater success of it than ever, and if her lectures thus far are a prophesy for the future, she will do so, although she has given perfect satisfaction heretofore. She is also very much in earnest in regard to the lyceum work; and each Sunday adds several new members to the already long list of old ones. We feel sure that the good spirits will bless her efforts and the seed now sown will bring a rich harvest in the future."

J. B. and C. Miller write: "We noticed in a recent number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER a card from M. F. Hammond. Now, to all who are interested in the cause we will say that we can recommend him as a good speaker; one who has the best interests of Spiritualism at heart, and any society will do well to employ him. He is a number one organizer. We know of towns where there are many excellent Spiritualists and good mediums, and no society—Kalamazoo, for instance, and we believe the many friends outside of these would be pleased to hear that some good missionary had accomplished the work, and we believe the South Haven friends, as well as others, of Mr. Hammond would be pleased to know that he had been called to do the work."

Frances A. Tuttle writes from Clyde, Ohio: "Sunday, September 22, we had Marguerite St. Omer with us again. After a grand lecture, full of eloquence and truth, she gave readings from articles laid on the desk, and in all cases they were remarkable and true. One

lady, in a trembling voice, acknowledged the reading of a purse, and told why Marguerite St. Omer felt so much of a spiritual influence and so sad. Her labor here has not been in vain. Many have been brought to see the truth of our beautiful faith, and are seeking more light. May she continue the good work wherever she goes, and open the doors of the Spirit-world to all who hear the words of wisdom and truth may see beyond the veil and know for themselves that Spiritualism is true."

H. C. Sessions writes: "Utilize Your Gifts," is the title of a communication from Clara Marsh in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of September 21. Here is her closing sentence: 'May all to whom the gift of mediumship has come receive it as a sacred power and wear it as a crown of purity in public and private labor.' These are words fitly spoken, and I would that they might be heeded by every medium and true Spiritualist."

Mrs. Lizzie M. Brewer, a noble lady, residing in Westley, R. I., responding to the call for six thousand Spiritualist volunteers to donate fifty cents each, to liquidate the indebtedness of the insolvent Chicago Camp Association, sends her donation of fifty cents, as one of said volunteers. The lady sends it in care of Dr. Greer.

Posing as "wonderfully-gifted mediums," Dr. Alexander Hume and Kate Fox, the notorious, are still carrying on their fake shows, and asking in the shelds from duped audiences. At Aspen, Colorado, recently, a young man viewed the operations of the fakers, from a perch above the stage, unknown to the operators. He tells freely what he saw of their tricks—for it is all trickery. People left the hall disgusted with the fraud that had been imposed upon them. Our informant writes that a good medium could do much good at Aspen.

John P. Goodwin, of Seward, O. T., writes that he would like to go to some society where he could find a permanent home. "I think I might be of use to the society, and I know that they would be of use to me in my development. I wish to pay a tribute to the Encyclopedia of Death, etc. It is as grand a work as I ever read. I had rather judge from the title that it would be something of a 'Hank' from the tomb, a doleful sound character; but, after a careful perusal, it should make one feel that it will be a pleasure to die, or rather, begin to live. It is good reading for Spiritualist or Christian."

Ella McRoberts, of Boston, Mass., writes: "After going to Mrs. Maggie Waite's seance, Sunday eve, the 22d, I wanted to tell your readers whenever she came their way to be sure to hear her. She gave names in full, and relationship, and incidents in your life, without a moment's hesitation. Last evening she gave some of the most marvelous spirit tests that were ever given from a spiritual rostrum in Boston."

Secretary writes from Meriden, Conn.: "The Psychological and Liberal Society of Meriden, Conn., will resume meetings Sunday, October 6, with Mrs. Carrie Loring, of East Braintree, Mass., as speaker. We have secured for the coming season the large and beautiful Odd Fellows' Hall on State street. It is well lighted and ventilated and easy of access, which will be a great benefit to older and feeble people. We have nearly all our dates filled, and by the best speakers on the spiritual rostrum. With good speakers, good singing and a commodious hall, our meetings are resorted with every prospect of successful and gratifying results."

B. F. Schmidt writes from Indianapolis, Ind.: "On the 1st of September the Indianapolis (Ind.) Association of Spiritualists again began weaving the wool of liberal thought. We take up the work in real earnest, and aim to continue presenting our beautiful philosophy of truth, that shall yet rid the world of error and superstition. Our first speaker in the eight months' course of lectures that have been planned, is that earnest, honest soul, E. W. Sprague, of Jamestown, N. Y. He has served us well during September, and has presented much in his way that has been interesting and instructive. His talks are plain, and well calculated to interest a mixed audience, and his earnestness of delivery gives confidence. He is certainly doing much good, and the cause is benefited by his earnest labors. Mr. Sprague, who is with him, does much good in her private work, and is a pleasant and agreeable lady socially. October and November sees us with F. A. Wiggins, of Boston, who is a great favorite with the Indianapolis people. Our hall is always filled to overflowing when he is with us. In December we will be served by Mrs. T. D. Sawyer, in January by Mrs. A. E. Sheets, in February by Mrs. Celia Nickerson, in March by Miss Marguerite St. Omer, and April by F. Corden White."

Subscriber writes: "The First Society of Spiritual Unity holds regular Sunday services, at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., in Irwin Hall, corner of West Madison and South Paulina streets. This hall is spacious and comfortable, with seating capacity for fifteen hundred people—a credit to our cause. Now, friends of Spiritualism, let us see that every seat is filled by earnest minds, ready to advance our glorious cause. The spirit teachers desire your co-operation in the good work, and in their labor of love, to lighten the burdens of sorrowing mortals. Please give this entirely more than a passing thought; read and reflect, then act, and you will be the happier for performing your duties."

L. P. R. writes: "On October 2d the Spiritualists of Unionville, Mo., met and effected the first organization by electing A. J. Williams as president, Jessie McCalment as secretary, and Mrs. Eliza McCalment as treasurer. The society is to be known as the First Society of Putnam County Trustees, the object being to investigate psychic phenomena and discuss the science of soul culture. Truth being our object, we will endeavor to honestly and earnestly investigate as best we can all the phenomena connected with Spiritualism. As the masses of the people become more educated, free thought and free action will be more general. Creeds and dogmas are fast falling to the rear, and Intelligence and truth are taking the lead in the great intellectual reformation of this, the opening of the nineteenth century."

Mr. St. Clair reports that Munster, B. C., would be a most excellent place for a good medium. Many are becoming deeply interested there.

Societies wishing the services of A. E. Tisdale, the blind orator and lecturer, for the last two Sundays in February, the month of March and the last two Sundays in April, 1895, may address him at 547 Bank street, New London, Conn.

Mr. Edgar W. Emerson and Hon. L. V. Moulton will occupy the platform of the First Society of Spiritualists in Washington, D. C., during October.

O. E. Dent writes: I wish to say we are glad to have Bro. A. F. Brown, of St. Paul, Minn., with us in Michigan. He is doing a grand work here, and has been kept almost constantly at work. His psychic readings are good. We have had him at Westburg eight days. I was with him at Hasket Park Camp and also at Marcellus, and can heartily endorse him as both lecturer and medium, and I sense the views of our State Board when I say so."

Mrs. O. H. Soule writes: "On Sunday, September 22, Mrs. Marion Carpenter, of Detroit, lectured for the Ionia (Mich.) Spiritualists' Society, both morning and evening, to full houses, giving tests at the close of each lecture to the greatest of satisfaction. Mrs. Carpenter is one that can be recommended to all as a true worker in the field. She also gave a seance on Monday eve to a good house, giving a brief sketch to each one. The time was pleasantly spent by each and all, while some hearts were made the happier by her coming."

Will C. Hodge is engaged at Ashland, Wis., for the month of October. He can be addressed there for further engagements.

Prof. Lockwood speaks for the Spiritualists at Columbus, Ohio, the Sundays of October. He would like engagements during the week at places within one hundred miles of that city. Letters sent in care of T. A. Skinner, 102 Lincoln street, Columbus, Ohio, will reach him.

H. F. Tower writes: "A new society has been organized in New York City called 'The Ocean Club,' that meets every week on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, in Spencer Hall, 114 Fourteenth street. The hall has been taken for the month of October, and if we secure the patronage of the people that attend the meeting of the leading Spiritualistic societies of New York City and Brooklyn, we will continue to hold the Wednesday meetings throughout the season. At the first meeting held on Wednesday, October 2d, every available seat in the hall was occupied. Mr. T. Ransom Sanford was the chairman and in a speech he outlined what would be the objects of the new society, the most essential of which secure the services of some of the noted workers for every Wednesday night meeting. Mr. John Morey, formerly of Brooklyn, but now at 255 West Fifteenth street, New York City, was the speaker and test medium for the evening. His speaking and tests were of a high order. At the meeting on Wednesday, October 9th, the following mediums and speakers will be present: Mr. W. F. Peck, Mr. John W. Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Henry Rogers, J. Cole Blake and Mr. John Morey."

Della Platt writes from Battle Creek, Mich.: "We are still giving our mite to help the cause. Dr. Hammond, formerly from the East, has lectured for us the past two Sundays and will be with us next Sunday. He is an earnest and faithful worker, and we bespeak for him a warm welcome, wherever he may be called."

Mrs. Mattie E. Hull has been lecturing to large audiences in Iowa, where she has been enthusiastically received. She goes this week to Unionville, Mo.

Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson passed through Chicago last Saturday on her way home from the camp-meeting at Fort Worth, Texas. She reports it a grand success.

Wm. J. Masters, corresponding secretary, writes: "The Progressive Spiritualist Society of 3120 Forest avenue, Chicago, resumed its meetings the first Sunday in September, re-engaging their former pastor, Rev. Geo. V. Cordingley, for one year. Our society is well attended and in a flourishing condition, and we look forward to a spiritual harvest during the winter. We have our first monthly musical literary entertainment and dance of the season on Friday eve, September 27, which was a success in every way, owing, in part, to the assistance of the following well-known talents: Opening remarks by the Rev. G. V. Cordingley; Mr. Lew Howard, inspiration pianist; Miss Eldora Parsons, eloquist and impersonator; Mr. Max Hoffman, tests and psychometric readings; Miss Brown, recitation; the world-renowned independent slate-writing mediums, Mrs. Lizzie and May Bangs, gave a wonderful seance in the light of independent slate-writing, many messages being received and all being recognized by some one in the audience. One message of especial interest was written in letters of gold, whilst the seance was suspended by a handkerchief on a walking-stick, held by two skeptics, who stated to the audience that they could feel and hear the writing whilst the message was being received which was convincing to them beyond a doubt. A piano selection by Miss Flossie Paul, and Master Walter Graham, after which our pastor, Rev. G. V. Cordingley, favored us with an impromptu poem on 'Music,' 'Innocence,' and 'Our Coming President,' which was rendered in his usual brilliant manner, closing with remarkable tests, all of which were recognized. At the close of this programme old and young enjoyed refreshments, gaiety and dancing. These entertainments will be given the last Friday of every month during the season."

The Michigan Stove Company, Clinton street, between Van Buren and Harrison, are using aluminum largely in the mixture from which the "Garland" stoves and ranges are made, thus greatly improving the material used. The Garland stoves are superb, as can be seen at this office.

"Garland" Stoves and Ranges are no higher in price than the worthless imitations. Ask to see them.

A heap of ill-chosen erudition is but the luggage of antiquity.—Balzac.

Men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them.—Sterne.

Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks invisible, except to God alone.—Milton.

I would have a man great in great things, and elegant in little things.—Johnson.

Thought is the blossom; language the opening bud; action the fruit behind it.—Becher.

You cram these words into mine ears against the stomach of my sense.—Shakspeare.

Great minds must be ready not only to take opportunities, but to make them.—Colton.

## GLORIOUS NEWS!

## Dr. J. O. Batdorf Escapes the Meshes of the Law.

## Let Us All Swing Our Hats With Joy.

TO THE EDITOR:—The federal grand jury closed its session to-day. When my case was under consideration I was permitted to appear before the jury and make a statement of my method of doing business. I gave them a history of this prosecution from its inception, and related the conversation I had had with the postoffice inspector and the district attorney one year ago, in which I expressed my willingness to change my advertisement in any way the government officials might require, if they would inform me what was wanted, and that they had failed to inform me and had brought this suit one year later without warning or notice.

I am happy to say that the jury returned no bill, and I am free to do business under the new arrangement and new advertisement. Kindly publish these facts as the thousands of readers of your good PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be interested in knowing the result. Sincerely and fraternally yours,  
DR. J. O. BATDORF.  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

## THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR:—In another week the National Convention of Spiritualists will be in session in this city. Even now the indications are that the attendance will be large, and the enthusiasm great. Every society in the land ought to be represented at this convention, as business matters of great importance to Spiritualism will there be considered. Nearly thirty amendments to the constitution of the N. S. A. will have to be disposed of, and many items of new business will be introduced. Measures looking to the protection of mediums from persecution, and the public from imposture will be discussed.

Methods of establishing an active propaganda of raising revenues and of establishing missionary circuits will also be acted upon. The matter of securing just treatment for our magnetic healers, our speakers and platform test mediums under the law will be dealt with at length. It is necessary to take a case to the Supreme Court of the land in order that it may be finally adjudicated.

This is a most important matter, and every Spiritualist and every society of Spiritualists ought to take a deep interest in it, and in the other measures above alluded to. We urge all Spiritualists to note that reduced rates have been secured upon all railroads from New York City on the east, to the Mississippi and contiguous territory on the west, and from the Ohio river to the south to the Great Lakes on the north. Tickets will be sold on the certificate plan from all large railroad centers to Washington, which will entitle the purchaser to one-third of one fare returning home. It must be remembered that all purchasers are to pay full fare one way, asking for a certificate to the National Spiritualist Convention as they do so. This certificate must be presented to, and signed by Secretary Woodbury in order that the reduced rates may be obtained for the return trip. These tickets must be purchased at least fifteen minutes before the departure of the train for Washington, and will be on sale from October 12 to October 15, and will be good to return on until October 21. All persons wishing to visit Washington on the terms above specified can purchase these tickets in this city. The tickets are not limited to delegates, but all Spiritualists and Liberals wishing to attend the great convention, to see the nation's capital, and to have an enjoyable excursion are eligible to these rates. We hope that the Spiritualists from all sections of the country will avail themselves of this opportunity to attend the National Convention, thereby showing their appreciation of the reduction of fare that has been so kindly awarded us. These rates were obtained through hard work on the part of Secretary Woodbury, and the N. S. A., and it is due all concerned that there should be a full attendance.

Societies that do not feel able to send a representative at their own expense can send their credentials in blank, signed by their proper officers to the ticket agent, whilst the credentials are sent committed to appoint some one to act for them. A letter of sealed instructions should also be sent to the committee to be placed in the hands of the delegate appointed, for his or her guidance in the convention. By so doing, every society in the United States, now connected with the N. S. A., can be fairly and justly represented in our convention. It is most important that this matter should be considered, therefore we urge all societies to take immediate action in relation thereto. Let every society's quota of delegates be filled in order that the work of the coming convention be done to the satisfaction of all. Send in your credentials, and your sealed letters at once. Spiritualists, do not fail to attend the Washington Convention. Come one! come all!

HARRISON D. BARRETT, Pres.

Swedborg and the Other Life. There is much in the account of the slaughter by an East Thirteenth street butcher of his wife, to make evidence in support of the theory of the followers of Swedborg, that human being can be suddenly possessed by demons from the other world. Such a supposition can only best explain the savage and atrocious murders sometimes rife like the fire referred to. It will be remembered that Swedborg's theory during long trances—witnessed and verified by long believers in his revelations—to have been angelically conducted through the realms of the immortal world, and to have learned that every person, during life, was attended by both a good and an evil spirit, to either of whom he could, at will, submit himself. The good spirit was termed on earth conscience, and the evil one devility. Man's happiness on earth from listening to the good spirit, and resisting the evil one. Under that theory the man who sprang upon his wife and brutally murdered her without apparent cause must have been on close and intimate terms with the evil spirit.—New York Mercury.

The oldest German college is Heidelberg, 1356.

## The Camp at Ft. Worth, Texas.

This new camp-meeting has proved a success. Jennie Hagan-Jackson was a great favorite there. Dr. DeBuchanan's lectures, too, made a decided hit. Mediums were present from various parts of the country, and a most excellent time was had. The Gazette, speaking of one of Mrs. Jennie Hagan-Jackson's addresses, says:

"The auditorium at Tyler's Lake Park was well filled Thursday night to hear Mrs. Jackson's lecture. The professional and business classes of Fort Worth were well represented. Many evidently came through curiosity, but before the little woman had spoken very long they were the most interested of listeners."

"Man; His Origin as an Evolutionary Expression of Nature," was her first subject. We have but little absolute knowledge of man, she said. The eternities of speculation lay about us. We are all from an unknown shore, sailing over an unknown sea, toward a vast futurity. Men for years have done the most graceful vaulting in trying to reconcile Genesis with geology in their accounts of creation, and the origin of man. But we have all learned that instead of there having been a sudden creation we have been passing through a series of changes. The process of growth in all the ages has resulted in man, its last and highest product.

"Reverting to the Genesis account of man, she said Adam was said to have been created perfect by God; then he took a rib from him and made a woman out of it. Adam must have been imperfect after this surgical operation was performed, and God was to blame for it. And how could poor Eve be expected to be perfect, when she was an after-consideration and made out of nothing but a crooked rib. She had always been glad Eve got the apple first, for if Adam had picked it he would have eaten it all. However, he got part of it, and it must have been the core, for 'Adam's apple,' still sticks in his throat. Taking a broader view of religions, she said they all told the Adam and Eve story. Scholars knew this. If we look at it, then, as a beautiful allegory, there will be nothing to criticize, but if we regard it as a historical fact, it is full of absurdities.

"Death never came into this world as a punishment for man, she declared. Death is as natural as birth. It is not the king of terrors, but the white-winged messenger of peace. In short, there is no death in the common sense in which it is used."

Prominent among those present were: C. W. Newman (editor of Dawning Light), Capt. Watkins, Secretary McConnell, Mrs. Hinsdale, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. McConnell, Mrs. Crane, Dr. Lamar, Mrs. Annie Gaines, Dr. B. C. Tabor, Col. James Hindman, Mrs. Dr. Lamond, Mrs. Dr. Cole, Dr. G. L. Lincoln, Hon. J. W. Wray, W. W. Aber, Mr. and Mrs. Gilman (materialization mediums), and many others. The Texas Spiritualist Association is officered as follows: President, Capt. J. C. Watkins; first vice-president, Mrs. L. A. Hinsdale, of Fort Worth; second vice-president, C. W. Newman, of San Antonio; third vice-president, Dr. J. De Buchanan, of New York; W. J. McConnell, of Dallas; treasurer, Mrs. L. S. Sutton, of Fort Worth. It was decided to create the office of assistant secretary, and D. A. Stone, of Dallas, was chosen to that position. Five directors were chosen as follows: Judge J. W. Wray, Fort Worth; O. E. Dickinson, Mineral Wells; Dr. B. C. Tabor, Dallas; Miss Bettie Lenox, Stephenville, and Mrs. L. A. Hinsdale, Fort Worth.

## MICHIGAN TO THE FRONT.

## Something of Especial Interest to Spiritualists of Michigan.

TO THE EDITOR:—Michigan is ahead in Spiritualism; it is the Banner State, having more local associations than any other State in the Union, and is auxiliary to the National Spiritualists' Association, having a charter; it is noted for taking more spiritual papers than any other State, and has the oldest spiritual church in the world, located at Sturgis, and it is well kept up. We have a large corps of speakers, and several that developed here are working in other places now.

As to mediumship, I claim we are ahead in numbers and variety. Now, when we look over statistics and find that, in twenty-eight States of this Union our opponents tried to pass bills, last winter, to get a corner on our rights, and to think of it for one moment that fifty-one of our prominent workers are either behind the bars or pending sentence, is it not time for the spirit to move us to action?

It is said there are, very near fifteen million Spiritualists in the United States, and if such is the case, why don't they place themselves on record by organizing and uniting for protection?

Now, let me say a little to my co-workers of Michigan, as president of the Mediums' Protective Union. We have a Mediums' Home—one of the three in the United States and it is paid for; we are out of debt on it, and what we want is united action. Organize; take out a charter from the State Association and let us know how many we have that are willing to be known by their works. We are to have another meeting of the executive board November 27, and can take action on applications for charters or ordinances, at that time.

Mrs. J. B. Jackson has got out a book known as "Our Noted Workers." I want to have a book, or directory, for myself, and I appeal to all professional mediums and lecturers of our faith in this State to please send in their names and post office address. Write your phases, how long you have practiced, and if you take any spiritual papers and how many and which—as I am so often asked about mediums and speakers. I will find it convenient in my missionary work, and I take subscriptions for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I hope all co-workers in the State will answer as soon as convenient.

I expect to devote all of my time to the work after November 1st, and I wish those that I promised to see after that time, to make their dates, so I can schedule my dates to the best advantage.

I will hold myself ready to answer calls to attend funerals at all times.

O. E. DENT,  
Trustee of State Association,  
Vicksburg, Mich.

Every great writer is a writer of history, let him treat on what subject he may.—Lander.

## PASSED OVER.

## Dr. John W. Westerfield, President of the Indiana Association of Spiritualists.

One of nature's noblemen has passed from mortal sight to the higher life. It seems fitting that more than a brief mention should be made of this event in the life of one of the pioneers of modern Spiritualism.

Dr. John W. Westerfield came from revolutionary stock. He belongs to a family identified for generations with the development of New Jersey, Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana, many members being men of prominence in their respective communities. His great grandfather moved at an early date from New Jersey to Kentucky, when that country was yet an unbroken wilderness, swarming with wild beasts and yet wilder red men. In a fight with Indians near Booneville, the great grandfather of Dr. Westerfield was killed and his wife and daughter carried into captivity.

Dr. Westerfield was born in Preble County, Ohio, June 1, 1818; he came to Indiana when 13 years of age. His education was obtained by walking two miles to a log school-house and setting on a bench made of split saplings. In 1839 he commenced the practice of medicine at Anderson, Ind., where he soon acquired a large practice. In order to reach his patients he was obliged to ride on horseback through dense forests, great swamps and swollen streams.

In 1842 he married Miss Mary Russell; they became the parents of a son, John, who died in his fourteenth year. He has held numerous offices of trust in the community in which he resided, being elected to the offices of commissioner and auditor a number of times.

It is seen from the foregoing that Dr. Westerfield was a pioneer. Entering the country when only a wilderness, he bravely endured the vicissitudes of such a life to clear the way for those to follow. So we find him still a pioneer in the realm of religious thought; for such a man the religious dogmas and credited superstitions of the past would not answer, so in 1849 we find him investigating and becoming convinced of the truth of Spiritualism. This was a time when it cost something to be a Spiritualist. He and his wife bravely faced the public ridicule and ridicule which were heaped upon them by churchy bigots, and helped blaze the way and clear the road for the liberal thought of today.

Dr. Westerfield and his aged wife who survives him, were the first Spiritualists in this county, if not the State. It had long been his hope and ambition to see the Spiritualists of Indiana united in a State organization and a camp established; he has lived to see this an established fact.

In 1887, mainly through his instrumentality, the Indiana Association of Spiritualists was organized and a beautiful forty-acre grove purchased for a camp site. Since 1890 camp-meetings have been held and have been a decided success from the start, and are growing in attendance and usefulness each year.

Dr. Westerfield has given largely of his means and time to the end. He served as treasurer for two years, and since 1889 has officiated as president. In all the affairs of life he has been found honest, careful and upright, a man that has held the respect and esteem of every one who knew him. His life was spent in doing good and he passed to the beyond Sunday, September 29, as peacefully as the sleep of a child. The simple inscription upon the floral offering from the Indiana Association of Spiritualists told this whole story of his life. It read:

HIS CREED.

"I believe in doing all the good I can, and as little harm as possible."

The funeral oration, which was delivered by Mrs. Colby Luther, his co-worker for years, was replete with force, eloquence and mastery, holding her audience spellbound for over an hour. The tribute she paid to Dr. Westerfield was beautiful in the extreme. Her hearers went away impressed with the beauty of a noble life, and with the thought indelibly stamped upon their consciousness that "There is no death; all is life."

FREDERICK J. MACOMBER,  
Anderson, Ind.

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## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This Department is under the management of the distinguished author, speaker and medium

Hudson Tuttle.

Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

J. C. D., Washington, Pa.: Q. We have had a medium, a grand, good man, whom everyone respected for his honesty and charity. He has now become filled with the idea that to communicate with the good spirits the medium should be perfect, and hence, will not exercise his gift because he feels that he is not good enough. Is it prerequisite that the medium be perfect, to get communications?

A. It indeed would be well if all felt as this medium, the necessity of purifying themselves, and perfecting angel graces before entering the presence of the departed.

The more fact of being able to receive communications depends on organization, and not on moral character. But the kind of communications received, the class of spirits drawn to the medium, depends on character and intelligence.

It is well for the medium to be careful and watchful, but he should not carry that to the extreme of prohibition. No one is perfect. The spirits are not themselves, and it is folly to expect perfection here. Better receive the assistance tendered by our spirit friends, though it may come through channels and by ways with which we do not sympathize. It is a wonderful triumph that we have them at all. So few have marked mediumistic power, that it becomes a duty for those who have, not to place it under a bushel, but where it may assist others.

J. L. Cameron, Salt Lake City: Q. (1) What are the necessary elements or qualifications in order to develop into a materializing medium? Is it necessary to sit in a circle to develop this phase, and is materialization possible without the medium being entranced?

(2) I see lights that come and go suddenly, or glide across the room; how am I to understand these?

A. (1) The present desire which is so universal and intense, to receive materializations, and strive for phenomena which in the nature of things are impossible, is not to be encouraged. The constant exposures which attend these reckless exhibitions have a very depressing influence on the cause.

It should be observed as a rule to sit in a circle, or alone, and whatever form of manifestation comes cultivate the phase, whatever it may be.

(2) After a careful examination of this individual case we must say that the lights seen are from strain of the optic nerves, and our correspondent should take extra care of his eyes, or the symptoms will become greatly aggravated.

T. O. T., Michigan: Q. We have a medium (a lady) recently developed in automatic writing. The communications have been very good, but recently they tell her that she is soon to die, and that the great shadow she feels means her death. Can this be the work of the evil spirits, or can the higher order of spirits foretell such events?

A. There can be no doubt but advanced spirits can foretell events. It is equally beyond doubt that, having the presence enabling them to do so, they would not cause pain and inconvenience by imparting such knowledge. "Implicit faith" should never be placed in any message, and the higher the source claimed the more severely should it be examined. As the intelligences writing for this department are appealed to, their direct answer is not in accord with the message received by the medium. Her spirit control intends well, but mistakes the meaning of the "shadow." It is inept disease, heralded by nervous prostration, which casts the shadow, and if she at once takes the necessary precautions in methods of living and remedies she will escape even the threatening attack. Exercise in the open air, a lessening of responsibilities, a tonic, and determination to dictate to the spirit intelligences, instead of being an automaton in their hands, will dispel the shadow, and bring another order of control.

S. E. W., Old People's Home, San Francisco: Q. I am sadly perplexed over the manifestations which come to me. For years I have heard names, and words have been spoken to me, but only just once, and try as hard as they may, they are not repeated; I have raps, but they come suddenly, and will not answer questions. Almost forty years ago I had two pet dogs. Recently I have heard the bark of a dog. Please tell me why my dear ones will only speak one word?

A. Your dear ones come near you, and when you are for a moment passive they speak a word, that is, make the thought-impression of a word and immediately you are thrown into a positive state of expectancy, and then can hear no more. The stronger your desire, the farther you remove yourself from the necessary state. Difficult as spirits find it to impress a medium, it cannot be maintained that a dog, if a spiritual being, could impress its bark on a clairaudient. It must be the work of an intelligent spirit, probably for the purpose of identification, or to awaken some buried memory.

If the correspondent will sit in a well-formed circle a few times, she will be able to preserve the receptive condition and receive messages instead of words.

C. Phelps, Soldiers' Home, Cal.: Q. (1) The assertions are often made that the ruins in Egypt contain stones of such weight that no known method of engineering at present could place them in similar position. Is it true?

(2) Is there anything in history or research to warrant the conclusion that there has ever been a time when the human family had reached as high a state of civilization as the present, either spiritually, intellectually or morally?

(3) What are the most generally accepted conclusions in regard to date of the pyramids of Egypt?

(4) Have the marks, paintings, pictures or hieroglyphics on the rocks, in

Arizona and New Mexico, ever been deciphered?

(5) Is the cause of tides established beyond question?

A. (1) The blocks of stone in the Pyramids are not as large as some obelisks, which seem to have been made from a single piece. The sculptures on the walls of the temples show exactly how the blocks were transported, as the scenes of the building are represented over and over again. The blocks were mounted on rollers, and drawn by men, who took hold of the long ropes, by the hundreds or thousands, as the need might be, and drew the enormous load, smarting under the lash of a master.

The Obelisk, now standing in Central Park, New York City, is a fair representation of these stones, and when it was raised no difficulty was experienced in placing it on board a ship and transporting it across the ocean and erecting it in its present position. The Monolith, cut in a Wisconsin quarry, to be set up at the World's Fair, exceeded in size any block ever cut before, and the design of setting it up at the Fair failed only because of want of means. The forging and setting up of the Ferris Wheel, or manufacture and transportation of the Krupp Gun, calls for more engineering skill and more powerful appliances than would be necessary to handle any stone in the pyramids or temples of Egypt. The astonishment is not so much at the size of the separate blocks, enormous as they are, as at the rude methods and seeming inadequacy of the means at the command of these primitive artisans.

(2) It is the force of an axiom, that the present, spiritually, morally, intellectually, is in every respect superior to the past. The average of human life is about double what it was only two centuries ago; and the means of happiness have increased in even greater ratio. The day-laborer can clothe himself and his family, give them better food, and more sanitary shelter than ancient kings were able to do by their. Any man who has been taught to sneer at the present, and eulogize the past should read history, and learn how that terrible past contrasts with to-day. It is one of the lies which have been repeated by generations, until they pass for truth. Through all ages slavery has been sanctioned. It is upheld by the Bible, and the right of the master over the person of his slave has been taught from the pulpit. The age shook off slavery as too vile to be maintained. A century ago the criminal was meted the most horrible punishment, quartering, drawing and burning by wild horses, pressing by heavy weights, burning, scourging, were some of the forms taken by this barbarity. To-day this savagery has yielded to the humane treatment which seeks to reform and not vindictively avenge. Not a generation ago the insane, most pitiable of the unfortunate, were chained like wild animals, and if they raved were scourged or starved. Now they are treated with loving kindness, and many under such care are restored to reason. Not twenty-five years ago there was public expressed opinion as to the just treatment of animals, and by the Bible it was taught that they were made for man, and had no rights he was bound to respect. Now Humane Societies are educating the people out of cruelty into kindness.

Only a few centuries ago, and the nobility, even kings unable to write, were obliged to sign their marks. One in thousands or even millions could be said to be learned. Now great congresses of learned men readily assemble. Even to this generation women have been held in bondage, and are now becoming free and the equal of man. All the great inventions and scientific discoveries are of the present century. What would be our condition without them?

(3) Aside from speculations, which conflict and cancel each other, nothing is positively known as to the great pyramids. The methods used are represented by paintings, but the time of their building is conjectural. Leynaut Bey sank a shaft at the base of one of the oldest Pyramids, 72 feet, and brought up from all that depth remains of Egyptian art. As this 72 feet represents sediment brought down by the annual overflow of the Nile, at a given rate, which as estimated makes the time for the accumulation 40,000 years. The depth into which the pyramids are enveloped in this deposit would tell their age, but this has not been attempted. The revelations of the 72 feet of deposit shows the vast period of the civilization on the banks of the Nile, and the vast temples and pyramids, were the work of generation after generation, adding, extending, completing. There are evidences of architectural ideas, carried out on the lines of their designers, because the Egyptian people did not change and followed in the work of preceding generations, as new generations of bees complete the cells begun by those preceding. There are temples of antiquity reaching past the so-called date of the creation, by thousands of years, and pyramids completed within 2,000 years B. C.

(4) The hieroglyphics on the rocks of Arizona have not yet been deciphered, but they are related to those found on the temples of Central America, and some insight might be gained by comparison. Dr. Plungeon has been quite successful in reading the inscription on the walls of the ruined cities of Central America. He calls the language the Maya-older, he thinks, than the Sanskrit. The ancient races of Arizona were of the same race as all the people of Central America and Mexico.

(5) Every now and then some one will gain brief notoriety by disputing the received theory of the tides and advancing another. All of these originate with men who do not comprehend the laws of mathematics which express and demonstrate that theory. A test of a scientific theory is, that from it future occurrences may be predicted. By this theory the ebb and flow of the tide may be calculated for a given place any number of years ahead, with the same certainty as an eclipse of the moon or sun. This shows that the fundamental principle is correct.

Right Living." By Susan H. Wixon. The author shows a very practicality in her method of teaching the principle of ethics. She illustrates her subject with many brief narratives and anecdotes, which render the book more interesting and more easily comprehended. It is especially adapted for use in Children's Lyceum. In the hands of mothers and teachers it may be made very useful. Young and old will be benefited by it. Cloth \$1. For sale at this office.

## THE BOY MEDIUM.

A Very Remarkable Seance.

TO THE EDITOR:—On the evening of September 17 I had the pleasure of attending one of the Brookway family's seances at their parlors. This boy medium, Charlie Brookway, was searched and placed in a steel cage, after a close examination of the same. This cage is constructed of open lattice-work of half-inch strap steel, the meshes being one and a half inch, raised by cords of each mesh; the cage is five by two by two feet in dimension, with a door opening all of one side, which was secured with three hinges and two padlocks; sealing-wax was placed over keyholes, with impressions thereon. To prevent any openings in or out, a rope was passed around the cage, in and out through the squares, over the ends, and the same knotted and sealed. Seals were placed in several different places, all over the cage.

A table was then placed eight and a half feet from the cage; upon this table were placed ten or more small slates, some being brought by those present. Among the slates was a pair brought by a skeptic, who said it was his trickery, and that he would prove it by his slates, which were wound around with string, the knots being sealed also on the corners of the slates. A cornet, music-box, banjo, two bells, speaking trumpet, and a "dumb telegraph key," were also placed upon the table. The table and cage were enclosed in a cabinet of dark cloth, ten feet long, five feet deep and seven feet high, suspended by ropes from the wall, with a slide curtain across the front. The light was then shaded so all could plainly see any part of the room—there was no possible chance for a confederate, as everything could be plainly seen.

The curtain was drawn across. It had hardly reached the end when the bells were tapped, and we could plainly distinguish that the bell was floating from one end of the cabinet to the other; the trumpet came, and through the aperture in the curtain and an independent voice bid a pleasant greeting to all; after which, most all present received tests through the trumpet. The trumpet seemed to lose force, and fell to the floor outside of the cabinet, in plain sight of all.

The cornet was then blown upon, loud enough to have been heard one block away; several bugle calls were given, which were at once recognized by Mr. Genur, a prominent citizen of Oakland, who was a soldier in the late war. The trumpet at this juncture glided from the floor, where it had fallen, the name of the spirit bugler was given, and Mr. Genur conversed with him. This raising of the trumpet from the floor, in full sight of all present, was considered a very convincing manifestation. Hands were seen to come out of the outside of the cabinet, several in number, and in different sizes—babies', ladies' and men's hands. One face was seen, but not plain enough to be recognized.

Mr. Robert Bishop was called up to the cabinet and caressed by his spirit wife, she placing her hands upon his head. He says he is positive it was his wife's hands. His daughter also came. Mr. Bishop was a perfect stranger to the medium. The full names of his wife and daughter were given through the speaking-trumpet.

Next heard a clicking or rapping sound, which turned out to be the telegraph key in the hands of a spirit operator. An operator (Mr. Alonzo Coons) being present, read the clicking sound; several messages, giving names, were given, and all recognized. Slates were seen to come out, held by a hand, and another hand, of a different size and shape, writing upon it. All the slates were handed out by a visible spirit materialized hand, and found to have messages thereon, addressed to parties in the audience, and signed by full names, which were all recognized.

The sealed slates were found to contain colored writings upon both insides of the slates, and the seals not broken. This dumfounded the skeptic, although he said it was positively done by invisible power; but, like a great many, could not accept that it was disembodied spirits who did the writing.

The banjo was played upon, and came outside of the cabinet. Flowers were thrown to several present, and when we sang "Sweet By-and-By," it was accompanied beautifully by the cornet, in the hands of the spirits. Some one suggested that the curtain be drawn while the manifestations were going on, which was done. The bells were ringing up to the time the light fell in the cabinet, when the bells were seen to fall. It was then found that the medium was still in the cage, with none of the seals broken. The boy has been in the public work only a short time, but bids fair to equal any phenomenal manifestations of the present day.

He has been placed under various test conditions, such as filling his mouth with water, so it would be impossible for him to blow the cornet, or speak through the trumpet, even if he was liberated from the cage.

Mrs. Brookway, the boy's mother, gave an independent slate-writing; a pair of slates was furnished; a skeptic was nominated by the audience; said to write on the slates and the slates, which were passed around for inspection; the slates were placed on the floor (previously having been strapped together by a strong rubber band), the skeptic placed both his feet upon them, and soon writing was heard going on the slates.

Imagine the surprise of the skeptic when both slates were found to be written full, and signed by his relative's full name. A jealous so-called medium of our city made a false report as to the honesty of these mediums, which was published in the San Francisco Chronicle, but it neglected to give the truth in regard to these mediums, or of the spiritual cause. We give this to your readers, feeling it to be a justice due these mediums, believing them to be true and honest, they have produced the manifestations of their several phases under very strict conditions.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is earnestly read by many skeptics here. The cause is progressing as well as could be expected. Mrs. Cowles has just returned from Los Angeles, and was made welcome by her many friends.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine." Contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth-binding, 432 pages. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

## AN EXPLANATION.

The Free Church of Sturgis, Michigan.

TO THE EDITOR:—Anticipating the appearance in the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of the paper forwarded a few days ago, regarding the Harmonical Society and Free Church of Sturgis, I solicit your permission to present a further explanation of the circumstances which called out the resolution accompanying the report.

It may be remembered that I entered a public protest in May, 1895, against stopping the June meetings. At that time the officers of the society were discouraged in consequence of the lack of funds and thought it would be advisable to forego the June meetings and try to keep up the weekly meetings, and I protested against this as favoring of disloyalty to the founders of the society and the principles which called the Free Church into existence, a resolution having been passed at its dedication that "a three days' anniversary meeting shall be held, in commemoration of that notable event, each year following, in the month of June." By a great effort on the part of the soliciting committee and officers, the June meeting was held that year and the year following, and the chain, I am happy to say, stands unbroken to the present.

A short time before Mr. Wait's death the building was inspected by experts who declared that general repairs were absolutely necessary to its preservation, and the consequent general overhauling of the church, within and without, must have cost the society a little short of \$1,000. The interior bricks were cut out of the walls and good ones fitted in, the dome was taken down and replaced by a new one, a handsome and durable metal roof put on, every member of the inside walls and ceiling were handsomely frescoed, the old platform was replaced by a new one of modern style, the floor newly carpeted, the seats rearranged and what with varnishing, painting and other improvements, the old house now looks like new. The building is in good condition and will not need repairs for many years to come, and we think it a great pity that this old, historic house—nicely furnished and capable of seating nearly 400 persons—must be kept locked up nine-tenths of the year for the lack of funds to pay expenses, when we know that its meetings could be made self-supporting if vigorously started. Its meetings have always been appreciated in the past, hundreds who attended them can testify, and many are now hoping to see them resumed.

This old house, the first of its kind in the world, represents great principles, principles which are dear to every reader. It stands for freedom of speech and of religion and for the blending of the future world with this. Surely it ought to be sustained.

The society here at home is doing its full duty, but, alas! the laborers are few and some of them are old and weak, but they have allies abroad whom they hope will stand with them shoulder to shoulder in the battle for humanity and liberty. If the Free Church meetings had a good "send-off" many who have become cold would warm up; the society would be encouraged to still greater effort at home, and many desirable acquisitions to its membership would be secured.

For my part I long to see a reserve fund, owned by the society, which could be drawn upon in case of danger or necessity, while the committee worked on to meet current expenses; for I hold with the founders of this incorporated institution, that the Free Church should not be permitted to fail, or the principles represented by it to die; but that both should stand year after year, and generation after generation, gathering strength and security as the centuries roll away.

THOS. HARDING.

Sturgis, Mich.

## LINCOLN AND SPIRITUALISM.

Some Interesting Facts.

CONTRIBUTED BY S. M. BALDWIN TO THE WASHINGTON POST.

Several of your correspondents state that the late Judge Holt and others were Spiritualists. This is not strange, as it takes cultured people to understand the science of this wonderful modern phenomena, which is the same as the Bible records in the ancient times. Senator Ben Wade, chairman of the committee on the conduct of the war, and Senator Henry Wilson, chairman of the senator military committee, being both well-known Spiritualists, were the first to daily interview President Lincoln. They doubtless regarded it as his duty to use all rational means to bring victory. There is a well-known lady residing here (Mrs. E. M. Best) who says she was invited often to the White House seances to assist in forming the required magnetic battery to enable them to hear direct from the armies and navies. I quote a part of one of the many messages recently received from Mr. Lincoln between two slates in this city: "I knew all about these things in my mortal day. I had Belle Laurie at the White House many times during the stormy rebellion to seek advice how to proceed from the higher realms met, and I got it, sir, and followed it out. Emancipation was born in heaven, and my order came from that source, and I struck the blow so ordered by the invisibles, and it was mighty, for it was from God," etc. The original message, signed in Mr. Lincoln's own handwriting, can be seen at the residence of Dr. Theo. Hansman, 1310 I street, Washington, D. C.

"Old Testament Stories Comically Illustrated." Church people are cautioned not to open this book, as its comical pictures, based on Bible texts, tend to induce uncontrollable levity. It is a book for the freethinker who wishes to rest from busy cares, and drive away ennui. Price, in strong board covers, \$1; cloth \$1.50. For sale at this office.

"The Gospel of Buddha, According to Old Records." Told, by Paul Carus. This book is heartily commended to students of the science of religions, and to all who would gain a fair conception of Buddhism in its spirit and living principles. Spiritualist, or Christian can scarcely read it without spiritual profit. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"From Soul to Soul." By Emma Rod Tuttle. Lovers of poetry will find gems of thought in poetic diction in this handsome volume, wherewith to sweeten hours of leisure and enjoyment. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

## STARTLING THOUGHTS.

A Warning Sounded Against Dangerous and Low Controls.

A CLEAR-HEADED WORKER GIVES HIS VIEWS—THEY ARE WORTHY THE SERIOUS CONSIDERATION OF MEDIUMS AND SPIRITUALISTS.

TO THE EDITOR:—I attended the meeting, the first afternoon meeting since their vacation, of the First Society of New York, and listened to and drank in some very clever remarks by a German, who spoke, as near as I can remember, about as follows:

I am a Spiritualist, a scientific, philosophical Spiritualist! I have passed beyond the mere phenomena to the more beautiful, more soul-satisfying philosophy. I am from the West, and want to give a valuable and gratuitous bit of advice to my brothers and sisters of the East: Never let a low Indian control you. Never let your control be lower than yourself. For, while you might mingle in brotherhood with the lower grades of any nationality, for the laudable purpose of ameliorating their condition, not one of you would wish them to control your actions; neither in this life, nor that to come. Seven-eighths of all the Indian tribes are Roman Catholics. They pass out with the mighty brotherhood of the church at their very elbows; therefore such Indian is not a desirable control. Many think the Indian exerts a powerful healing influence. It is not so. Whatever healing power mediums possess is inherent in themselves. Spirits draw from the healer. Healers are born, not made. Mediums are born with the elements of the phase of power they represent. These are bestowed by nature, not gifts of spirits. They are the developments of patience, perseverance and inward harmony of innate conditions, brought to light, perhaps, by spirit forces, but only as the sculptor brings to light the classic statue from the unsightly block.

Marble statuary is not hewn from wood, nor wooden beams from snowy alabaster. There may be a spontaneous burst of some marvelous psychic force in an isolated case, but, like the volcano, it is struggling until it cracked, and rent its bonds asunder.

Pick your associates here as you would wish to there, and don't seek for nor allow a control spiritually your inferior.

These may not have been the learned gentleman's exact words, but the sum of them I have faithfully chronicled, and I ask that they may be published in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, for in its columns they will not be lost. They favor of a philosophy which, if followed, would raise the standard of Spiritualism.

So many of our originally pure-minded mediums have fallen from their high state; have been led into "a fool's paradise," through yielding to these same pernicious influences, that have the ponderous machinery of the church at their back, and have been ground to powder by its merciless cogs. How many women have married men to reform them. How many women and men have courted controls for a like purpose. To draw a moral, I will quote from Tennyson:

"As the husband is, the wife is; Thou art wedded to a clown, And the grossness of his nature Will have weight to drag thee down."

I am not a medium, but often the observing onlooker may see moves the player not of.

A word more, that if fully heeded, will be of some good to the cause, and I'm done.

I have seldom attended a meeting where that harmony, so essential to perfect unity, was not most severely lacking. A medium occupies the platform,—to give tests? No! to air her grievances, abuse her professional sister, speak of her superior connections, here and yonder, or to tell what marvelous manifestations take place at her seances.

Our venerable and venerated president, Mr. Henry J. Newton, whom I believe to be a thoroughly good man—an honest man—"which is to be one picked out of ten thousand," a man whose charity is boundless and whose patience is inexhaustible; whose firmness is unquestionable, and activity for the cause tireless; for, had it not been, where would the cause be with the First Society? He says he believes in mediums advertising themselves. He certainly does not take his own medicine, for he is a modest man, which you will admit is a rare and most desirable attribute. The Italians say: "A closed mouth never catches a fly." But how much better for Mr. Jones to praise Mrs. Brown than for Mrs. Brown to do it!

The second Sunday afternoon meeting was well attended, despite the almost suffocating heat. I had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Whitney, of California, give tests. The lady fairly scintillated with diamonds, and spirit power. She gave but few tests, owing, no doubt, to the intense heat, but the few she gave were remarkable. Had I received such, I had been divinely blest.

Mrs. Whitney's tests were devoid of circumlocution, and must have been very satisfying to their recipients. In my poor opinion, one good test, straight from the shoulder, is a knock-out-blow to the waverer, and worth a thousand of those so-called tests, each one of which may mean an ambiguous crack at most anybody.

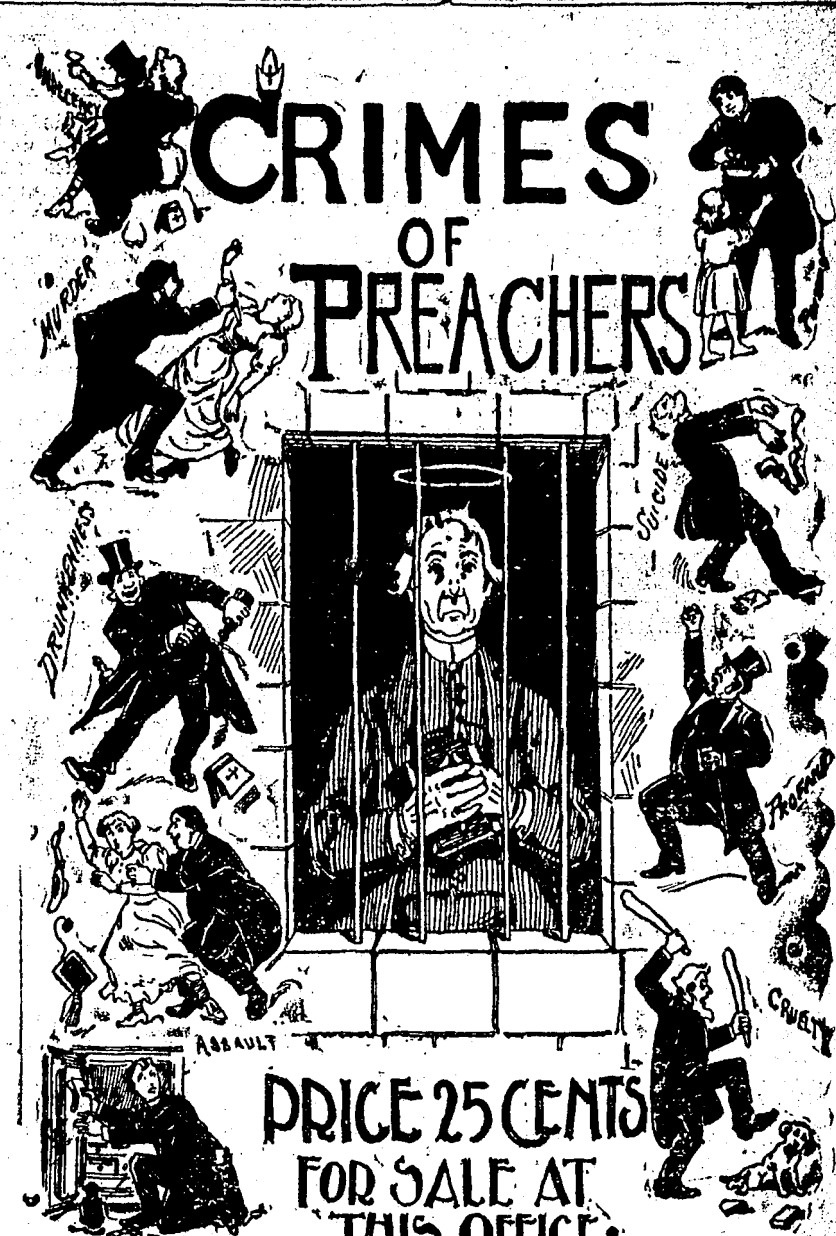
In these degenerate days of startling and unexpected exposures we are confronted with a new gorgon. Who will solve it? That is, as a problem. What do these exposures prove? A phenomena that must run its course; an increase in the number of investigators; a corresponding increase in the number of bungling fraud-producers. Each new Richmond that enters the field finds himself the center of an admiring throng, only too ready to be misled of their belongings, they are little or much. These same Richmonds march on to seeming victory until, fortunately for the cause, they meet the cool, intrepid and experienced generals—those cool, clear-headed strategists of Spiritualism, when these seemingly invincible rascals are hoist by their own petard. Hoping for their utter annihilation in the near future, I am in all good intent yours,

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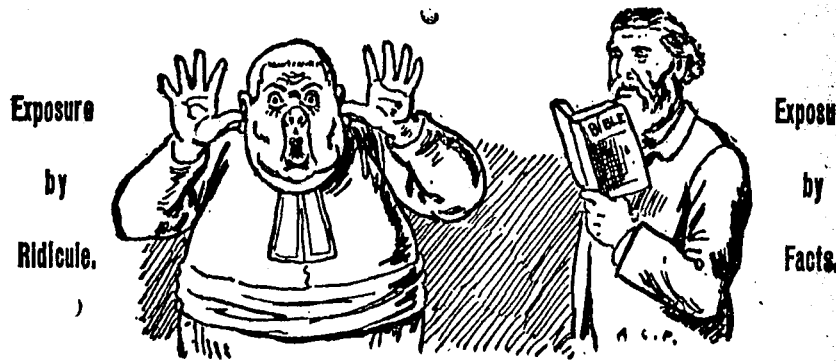
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