

COLONEL R. G. INGERSOLL NOT IN HELL

But, on the Contrary, Finds Himself Very Much Alive In Heaven.

He Visits Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond at a Spiritualist Camp Meeting in Missouri.

COLONEL R. G. INGERSOLL DIES SMILING.



The Springfield (Mo.) Republican says: "Did you hear Robert G. Ingersoll's spirit lecture at Zoo Park?"

This question was a by-word all day yesterday on the streets, in the stores, shops and offices.

"This all-important subject was discussed pro and con hundreds of times over."

"The elite of Springfield was out in force and every word of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, the noted medium, was listened to with great eagerness by the vast assemblage that was present. Mrs. Richmond, who has a splendid voice and wonderful presence, was at her best Sunday night."

"She held her audience spell-bound, and after she had finished her lecture a prominent citizen offered a motion thanking her for her effort and requesting that the Springfield Republican print Ingersoll's message in full. The motion was unanimously adopted."

The following lecture is from the spirit of the late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, through Mrs. Richmond, and is in full reported especially for The Progressive Thinker:

Mr. Chairman and Friends: Through an unconscious brain, in manner of speech that is unusual, with a voice that is not my own, but borrowed for this occasion and from the confines of another world, into which I was ushered suddenly by the white, silent, messenger, I greet you at this hour.

All that was of me in the earthly state, from which I have just arisen, lies behind me; all that is has not been sufficiently in consecutive consciousness for me to declare, while all that is to be lies before me still unexplored, and the great realm of immortality is still a mystery. But when suddenly that shock came which cut off as in a single instant, with a blinding of lightning, my physical form, my spiritual and mental being was not even for one moment lost, nor for one instant was there cessation of consciousness in the brain, not for one instant was there any lack of throbbing, pulsing life. It is true that before and beneath me I saw the mortal body, all that was known of me in human life was lying there, and to my great surprise, I, conscious, thinking, living, wondering Robert Ingersoll stood outside of my body. There it was just the same as when I occupied it, excepting that it was prostrate and lifeless. In an instant I had been transferred into another body. There was the body that I knew to be mine, though not the "glass of fashion and mold of form," there was the brain which I had supposed was the seat of all intelligence that I possessed, now powerless within that cranial, not a cell of which could give forth a thought; there were those lips with which I had been accustomed to respond to words of affection; now when those words called my name I could not answer with those lips; there were the eyes with which I had gazed upon the mysterious, boundless, wonderful universe of life utterly and absolutely without sight, and there was the heart pulseless and still.

"Oh!" I said, "Is that you, that thing that lies there helpless and without possibility of speech or heart-throb, or language, or affection; is that the boasted thing that you called yourself living, there now so prone, so powerless? Have we parted company then? Am I, alive and conscious to go on without you? Why, you were my hands, and you were my feet, and you, tethered and encased in that clay, were my heart, and I thought you were my intelligence and my life. Poor body, what shall I do with you now? I cannot again reanimate those nerves, I cannot again cause that heart to pulsate, I cannot again think with that brain, I cannot again move that body to do my bidding. It is dead."

But who am I then? What form is this that I possess? What is the semblance of this form? What is this that is thinking now? It is not the form that is cold and lifeless there, and what these heart throbs which go out with such ineffable and wonderful compassion? Oh, I am not dead.

There were the beloved, into whose presence I will not introduce you tonight, excepting to say, that they thought me dead. I myself had taught

them that it would be so. Save for that ineffable hope, that divine and wonderful prompting in every heart that seems to yearn toward a higher and diviner life, did I know it? Now by all the powers of earth and air and sky I did not know it.

Mr. Chairman and friends, I have heard it said in this convention and in many councils of Spiritualists while I was still on earth, that had I been true to my convictions I would have avowed a knowledge of spirit life and spirit communion. I did not know of it. I knew what Spiritualists think, I knew what they believe, I knew that there were many of them honest and true to their convictions. I spoke upon their platform and in their camp-meetings, because we were engaged in a common cause, viz.: That of breaking down the errors and bigotry of a blind theology, but I did not know concerning the future life. However I will say now, as some of you may have heard me say in human speech in my own particular person, that I never stood before the lifeless form of a friend, never bent above that image of clay from which the breath had taken flight that all the yearning of my nature did not go out to a great hope for immortality. I never stood beside the casket containing a loved one that I did not remember that the great beneficent life of nature holds all life in her keeping, and I believed that somewhere and sometime those beautiful thoughts and images would be conserved, but I had no knowledge of the life beyond death. I had no evidence that appealed to me as many of you have. There were my affections, my intuitions if you please, that led me through the divine gifts of the imagination and poetry to dream of a future life. There was the intellect, however, and it was trained in such a school of logic and evidence; that nothing could be accepted which was not passed through that particular training school, and that part of me never had the proofs which Spiritualists claimed to have.

That is why I am here; that is why the first moment it is possible, I come to declare that I was mistaken. I was not mistaken, or I have not found that I was mistaken in my estimate of what was not true, because I have found that the future life was not guarded by wardens upon either side who were waiting to conduct me either to hades or heaven. I have not found a yawning abyss opening to receive and devour me with its everlasting flame in the midst of torturing devils; I have not found a far-off heaven with walls and gates of precious stones, with an alabaster throne upon which a personal God is set, whose angels forever sing his praise and play upon harps of gold; I have not found any condemnation from any angel or spirit with whom I have come in contact since the cessation of my mortal breath, but I have found, oh! I have found, such a light as comes to the mariner when out upon the storm-tossed sea he has battled with the elements and has almost been engulfed by the waves and no star shining above to guide him, when the polar light refuses to shed its radiance across his pathway and then in the gray dawn of the morning, over the mysterious, beckoning, storm-tossed waves a ray of light is seen, at first through the long, gray, trailing mist of gloom, then one by one piercing shafts of light rise toward the zenith and at last the world is thrilled and the waters are pervaded with a sense of the approaching day; and then from the great throbbing bosom of the sea, from the storm-crested waves, from the billows which seem to blend the earth and sky at last the chariot of the day is seen, and Phœbus, the mighty god of light, rises in triumph above the waves, and the world rejoices that it is day. Suddenly in the midst of the great, solemn silence of death, in the midst of the whirling thoughts that went surging through the brain into a shadowy something unknown, in the midst of the pulsing tides of affection that sought to reach the loved ones who were left behind, in the midst of this shut off the mortal breath came the surpassing glory of spirit life. This sun of splendor rose suddenly, clear and cloudless, there was

nothing that could mar its beauty or its perfection and sweet strains of music, like those that Apollo might have given on his harp of light among the stars, floated toward my consciousness and seemed to upbear me from the mortal thought.

"Wonderful thoughts came pulsing like argosies of light freighted with dreams of prophecy and hopes of immortality, and these bore the images of loved ones whom I had known in childhood, those who had gone into the white silence of death and from whom I had heard no more. They came toward me, not as strangers, but as those who were aware of my coming and hastened to welcome me."

We did not pass through space, we traveled to no distant land, we did not enter any sphere that I am aware of, but right there in the ineffable and wonderful awakening of all our attributes and powers. Instead of fading when the senses faded, it seemed to me that every pulse was quickened, every nerve was performing a thousandfold more duty. I could hear the voices of the loved ones saying softly and with hushed and tremulous voices, "Is he really dead?" I could also hear their hearts beat and feel the throbbings of their minds as, with great intensity of love, they asked the man of medicine if he could cure me.

But I could hear more plainly that music of the bending spheres, that sound of beloved ones calling and winning me unto this wonderful realm, and those whom I had loved in restored youth and wonderful delight, welcoming me unto the land or realm of spirit.

Was it a dream, could this be another phantasm of the brain? Was it possible that my indisposition has taken on such shape and form? Was I really not out of my body but imagining all this? Sometimes it would flash upon me: This is not music I hear, these are not my friends who have died that I see before me, but only the memory of them, my brain is diseased and I will be restored, and I will be again among the members of my household and my friends on earth as before. But as soon as this thought would come to me there would be the body lying there prepared for being prepared for no longer, and there those spirits pointing me to that form and saying, "No, you will no longer rehabilitate yourself with that form, you are alive in the realm of spirit."

Then oh! such vast areas as seemed to sweep before my vision, the sun-kissed rainbow that crowned the universe seemed throbbing and pulsing with light, and thoughts greater than I had dared to think in that house of clay came through my teeming brain as I realized that I was no longer an inhabitant of the dust, but an immortal human spirit.

Have you ever been in the confines of a closed room, or possibly in the mines in the depths of the earth scarcely able to breathe from an atmosphere so close and damp? Have you ever been shut up in a noisome place where many persons were congregated and not able to breathe the air so vitiated? Have you ever felt tethered and fettered by your environment of dust? If you have, you

introspection, which I understand must come to every spirit, I must meet the deeds, the thoughts and words of my mortal existence. But, friends, I am not afraid to meet them, they are mine and I am responsible for them; I am willing to suffer for them if need be. I shall require to have this introspection before I can take up this vast thread of life, which opens up before me, and intelligently bear it forward to its fruition. I shall require to understand who I am in this realm which is freer and greater than human life. I shall require to comprehend more and more of the great relations of life to life and mind to mind.

But friends, it is not appalling, I find nothing before me that is discouraging; one of the least of those souls that are set free, of these spirits that surge and throng around me in the kingdom of immortal life, I still put my feet firmly upon the foundations of spirit life and I am not afraid. There is nothing in this spirit life that can appall or make afraid; you enter upon your own inheritance, and I am happy to say, that of all the things I may have committed that were wrong, of all the thoughts that may have been unworthy, I have tried to think and act with integrity and justice to my fellow-man.

So I find myself here upon the threshold of immortal life, not with any great spiritual possessions, for I did not have them not with much understanding of the life that opens up before me, for I did not have it. But I find that the dreams that I dreamed, even from early youth and manhood, and the great tides of hope that have uplifted me even in the hour of contact with mortal death are realities, and this the fulfillment of that hope in the region of beloved friends, and the fulfillment of that aspiration and dream in the great world or realm upon which I have entered.

I cannot tell you, as other spirits can, of added experiences in the spirit life, they must come to me. I must wait until the last sorrow has been hushed, until the tears over the casket are dried, which as yet are not fully parted from me. I must wait until I can take up the great inheritance of spirit life worthily and understand its true value and meaning.

But friends, I realize at this moment, in this the first hour of my spiritual existence, that I am not separated from the great bond of sympathy, am not separated from my kind because I am dead, and I hasten to remove any barrier that a word or thought of mine may have placed upon the mind of any of you concerning that future life. If there is one left to be removed from this hour.

I hasten to tell you that unbelief, although sincere and honest, is not the correct attitude for an intelligent mind which may not have knowledge, for, without knowledge, what right have we to disbelieve? Doubt is the great agitator of thought and the commencement of wisdom, and the doubts of the past have enabled man to explore the avenues of human science and knowledge to the fulfillment of the laws of all beautiful nature. But to say that there should be active disbelief in a thing which one knows nothing of is

now revealed to me as being unworthy an intelligent mind. I here retract or retract any word or footnote that I may have taken in the realm of mind against the knowledge of a future life.

I take back no word that I ever spoke concerning the degrading nature of theological fear. I take back no word that I ever spoke against that fear that enthralls mankind and refuses to let him go into the realm of thought and act as a human life. But the difference between the theological heaven and hades and this realm into which I have now entered is the difference between darkness and light, between death and life, between annihilation and existence forever. I still say, as I often said when in human life, that between the hades of orthodox theology and the limited heaven into which only a privileged few could enter, give me hades, for my friends would be there. But we are not there, we are neither in hades or in the burning pit, nor are we in the heaven that would dwarf our hearts' sensibilities by a selfish immortality based upon the foundation of perishing souls.

We are in the midst of the universe of boundless life, we are in the midst of all the souls in the universe which are related to us. We clasp hands with infinite and eternal possibilities, we approach the great mountains of life, which are spiritual thoughts and there sun-kissed and sun-crowned with the immortal splendor of truth stretching far away before my vision and ever and anon turning outward for the consolation of those that are in human life, stretching far away are those wonderful legions of spiritual consciousness, I see them rank and file in serried columns of invincible thought, advance, not like armies of might upon an unsuspecting world, but with messages of peace and joy, and love divine.

I call you, brother chairman, and friends, for the light that is being shed upon human pathways concerning this spiritual realm. I wish it could be broadened and deepened, and opened into every human consciousness. In my feeble way at this time and at this hour I promise you that I will enjoy no heaven; that I will depart to no far-off realm; that I will not separate myself from human existence until I, too, have

made people aware that death is not death, but eternal life.

But for the time come with me unto this all-bountiful, affluent, universal life and light where your hopes are enshrined and those who have left your mortal sight, and whom you think as I have thought were dead, come into the gardens of this paradise that opens before my vision and that has restored to my arms those whom I thought dead and gave to my consciousness the ministrations of my loved ones. Come to me, you who as orphans have wandered up and down the earth seeking somewhat that would assuage the pain of your human grief when the mother's eyes were closed in the slumber of death and the father's hand was cold and lifeless, come to where you can know they are restored; that life is forevermore; that the mother's love poured out upon the heart of the weeping child blurs up the wounds of the aching heart.

Come with me, weary man of the world, plodding day by day in the pursuit of worldly wealth, let me show you how your energies may be quickened, how your mind may be uplifted from the dreary treadmill of seeking for your daily bread; let the consciousness of this life, which I find has been closed to the world, uplift and strengthen your hearts that you may follow your daily vocations with stronger hands and more willing hearts, and know that life immortal is not far away.

Come with me, my intellectual friend, you who have endeavored to cope with the problems of material life, let me show you where behind this thin film of the senses, behind this glamour of the intellect that binds you to-day as it blinded me through my life, is the great spiritual solution of all problems.

Come to those who lead men's souls unto a knowledge of a higher life, and if you dare to know the great problems of immortality, come and prove, not through the change called death, not through that great master stroke which has come to me, but by your firesides, through the instrumentality of little children, where the voice of your loved ones may be heard, make a shrine and altar there, and let that shrine and altar be the place of communion. Meanwhile I must not longer hold the instruments which I have never before used. I might just let those sensitive, tender chords. But let me invite you in the name of Jesus, my beautiful, white Mother who closes the eyes of the sorrowing and the lips of those who mourn, who uplifts the voices and hearts of those who are discouraged; oh! beautiful, white Mother Death, I have come into thy presence, I have felt thy divine uplifting breath, I have seen the whiteness of thy form, the glory of thy countenance, the wonder of thine image, I have entered into thine embrace, thou primal mother. I have seen that thou art all-beautiful.

Oh! thou beautiful angel, misnamed Death; thou art the mother of life; thou art the inheritance of all souls; thou art the baptism, the supreme, eternal comfort; thou art the enfolding glory when on earth; thou art named Death, then behold not thy countenance, see the image of love, loveliness, but thou art all of the stars and worlds of the universe of life; beautiful angel of life, I am thine forever.

Christ's Image on Coins.

Knowing it behooves us, as Spiritualists and freethinkers to be watchful, so that the church shall not control the state; knowing this, and that The Progressive Thinker has never been dilatory in promoting freedom to all law-abiding citizens, I send you herewith a clipping from the Columbus (O.) Evening Press:

Mrs. Ella May Clemons, a sister of Mrs. Howard Gould, has a novel proposition to lay before the American people, says the St. Francis Examiner. She suggests that all the coins made during the first year of the new century bear on their faces a likeness of Christ, and on the reverse side the crucifix.

"Christianity has made America," said Mrs. Clemons yesterday, "and to-day is pushing her onward. In gratitude to God, who has so long sustained and guided us, we, as a nation, should for one year, the first year of the new century, have stamped on all our coins the face of the Redeemer. What more fitting indication for the world that we are in the hands of a Christian people?"

"This idea came to me last Sunday while in church. If it be carried out, not alone would our Lord be honored, but the image of the many who would be converted through the mere handling of our coins. Think, too, what a preventive the coin might be against crime. Would not the most rascally of men hesitate to snatch from the hand of the orphan his last dollar, if the coin bore the likeness of the Savior? Would not the gambler check his impulse to throw a coin on the gaming table if it was of the date of 1900? I believe people of all classes would respect the coins bearing the image of Jesus too much to prostitute them for purposes of sin. Let us try this idea for one year. Maybe, at the end of that time the American people will demand that such coins be continued. American coins are stamped with the benefactors of the country. Why not one year's coins be stamped with the image of the Great Benefactor of mankind?"

Mrs. Clemons, who is now living in this city, intends to place this matter in the hands of some eastern senators, with a view of having the matter called to the attention of the next congress."

I would suggest, while the church is building "fence posts" for the church, we had better set the "fence posts" for them to build on.

Since the church has failed to force a man-made God into our Constitution, it has found a new and dangerous hobby: To stamp our money with a monogram to be accepted by millions of this earth's people, who do not believe in this monogram.

I leave this matter with you and your readers for the present, but think if it is not checked soon, it will take another petition of remonstrance, same as putting God into the Constitution did.

Columbus, O. F. J. SCHREINER.

alive as a spirit.

Col. Ingersoll Very Active In Spirit Life.

SENSATIONAL STATEMENT OF A ROCHESTER CITIZEN—CLAIMS HE WAS IN PRESENCE OF THE AGNOSTIC'S SPIRIT TWO HOURS AFTER DEATH.

One of Rochester's foremost and best known citizens yesterday made an assertion, which, considering its source, is most sensational and likely to attract no little attention. In an affidavit sworn to before a duly accredited notary public with seal, this citizen claims that within two hours after the death of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, he had communication with the spirit of the noted agnostic. For reasons best known to himself, and which would be readily appreciated by readers of this paper, the person who made the affidavit does not wish his name to be published. It is sufficient to say that he is very widely known as one of the most public spirited citizens of this city, and in business and professional life his reputation is by no means limited to the Empire state.

The person who claims to have been in the presence of the spirit of Ingersoll is not a Spiritualist, and says that he will not stand sponsor to so-called Spiritualism. The incident was as much a surprise and revelation to him as to the few friends in whom he confided the matter. He is a prominent churchman, and says that his faith in the Christian religion was not at all shaken, but was, if anything, strengthened by the strange phenomenon.

The story is best told in the affidavit itself which appears below, with names and references which would lead to the identification of the persons omitted.

"I, Mr. A., being duly sworn, do depose and say, I reside in the city of Rochester, county of Monroe, and have resided in said city for more than twenty-five years last past. I am a member of the Protestant Episcopal church and have been for many years. At different times for the past thirty years I have taken occasion to investigate so-called Spiritualistic phenomena. I have done this in a quiet way, without any practical system, but only for the purpose of satisfying myself of the genuineness of many claims upon the subject embraced in the one term Spiritualism. I have not gone into such investigations with any preconceived idea on the subject, or with the purpose of discrediting all claims in that direction. My purpose has simply been that of honestly gaining such authentic information as could be brought within my reach. In the course of these investigations I have attended several alleged seances in the city of New York and in some other places. I have come to the conclusion in many of these cases that there was a good deal of unreality in respect to these claims, and in some cases have made up my mind deliberately that they were mere pretense and of no value whatever."

"On the other hand, I have been convinced, by more than one exhibition in private, of the existence of a future life and of the presence of the departed in scenes with which they were familiar in the world of the living. I have taken occasion to investigate the claims that have been made of materialization, and my opinion is that these are only of the class of shams that have been palmed off on different occasions."

"For several years I have been very well acquainted with a gentleman and his wife who reside in New York. This gentleman is a physician. His wife's name is Mrs. B—. I have been aware of the fact that Mrs. B. possessed wonderful clairvoyant power. I have known her state some very wonderful things, but I have never been advised of her having any mediumistic power except as it may be presupposed in the possession of this power as a clairvoyant. It was only within a few days that I learned the fact that she was regarded by her very intimate friends as being the most wonderful Spiritualistic medium in the world."

"This knowledge came to me in this way. I had business in the city of Troy and went there to attend to that business on the morning of July 19, 1899. Mrs. B. had been quite ill for four or five weeks past, and on the evening of the 18th of July she had been put on the boat for Troy en route to Saratoga. I met her on the morning of my arrival in Troy. During her stay there, I entered into conversation with regard to her power as a clairvoyant, and for the first time she informed me that she had possessed wonderful power as a medium from her childhood. She stated that she had given sittings to her husband and immediate intimate friends, but had purposely avoided any publicity. She gave reasons for this, among which she stated that there were many persons interested in the subject that were objectionable to her, and that there were so many counterfeited representations and manifestations claiming to be under the influence of the spirits, that she wished to avoid all appearances that would indicate that she had any knowledge on the subject."

"Among other tests she said she had performed was that of having a friend write the names of two or three living persons, each upon a slip of paper, folding the paper carefully from her view, and then writing also upon another slip the name of a deceased party, folding that in the same way. Then she took these into her hands, and after some time would tell which paper contained the name of the deceased party, giving his name and also telling the names of the other persons on the papers. This test she performed several times, to my surprise and wonderment, but invariably with precision. "

"Passing the office of the Troy Daily Times on the afternoon of July 21, I noticed the announcement that Robert G. Ingersoll had died suddenly that afternoon, as a race, he has not awakened noon of apoplexy. I went immediately to the room of Mrs. B., and on my way it occurred to me that I would now make a test of her power that could not

be in any manner misleading. "I wrote upon three slips of paper the names of Mr. O., Mr. D., and Robert G. Ingersoll. It was absolutely impossible for Mrs. B. to see what was written. They were folded carefully, into four thicknesses. She took them into her hands one after the other. The first paper she took up was that on which was written the name of Ingersoll. She at once said, 'You have written the name here of a man who is quite a character in the world.' 'Yes, I have written the names of three people who are very well known.' 'Then she says, 'Why, the man is very prominent, but he is not dead. There is nothing that comes to show me that he is, but I do not get his name.' She laid the paper down and picked up another. "She sat for some time handling the paper containing the name of Robert G. Ingersoll. She continued talking on various subjects, but several times remarked, 'I do not quite understand this. I get an influence that convinces me that either one of these gentlemen is dead or has passed out of this life.' "

Suddenly I observed a great change in her manner and appearance. Her face became livid, she threw her arms above her head and screamed rather than spoke, 'Oh! oh! it is Robert G. Ingersoll,' and fell with her elbows on the table before me and her arms outstretched in the greatest agony. 'Why, why,' she said, 'I saw him as plainly as I see you. He came quickly and he said, 'I am just from the body, Robert G. Ingersoll,' and he appears then to have gone back again. He has died only now."

"She then wrung her hands, sprang to the floor and walked up and down the room with the tears falling from her eyes, as if she had met with a great calamity. After a time she became calm and more quiet. I had never referred to Mr. Ingersoll in my conversation with Mrs. B. or with her husband. I was not aware that there was any personal acquaintance existing between any of them. It seemed that there was not any personal relationship as far as Mrs. B. was concerned, but she stated at this time that she had heard Mr. Ingersoll speak many times, and had always admired him greatly for his superior ability. She said further that her husband was very well acquainted with him indeed, as were many of her intimate friends, and that Mr. Ingersoll in conversation with her husband, had many times expressed a desire to see his wife and know something of the wonderful power she possessed. She had promised to permit him to be brought to her home, and was only waiting the recovery of her strength to see him. She was visibly and even painfully affected by the news that was conveyed to her."

"I am positive as I can be of any material fact in existence that Mrs. B., at the time of this occurrence, had no knowledge of the death of Robert G. Ingersoll. There was no crying of the news in the street. It was absolutely beyond the possibilities for this lady to have had any previous knowledge of the event referred to before the appearance of Robert G. Ingersoll's own personality in the spirit world before her own eyes, and of his giving his own name to her as I have already related."

"This in substance concluded my interview with Mrs. B. upon this matter. The statement made by her as to the words used by Mrs. Ingersoll are in the exact language made use of by him, namely, 'I am just from the body, Robert G. Ingersoll.' I have simply to add that in all my experience I have never had so startling a revelation made, only an hour or two after Robert G. Ingersoll is said to have left this life for that other life, which he has so many times announced to audiences that have listened with breathless interest to his magnificent eloquence, did not exist."

"I think it proper to add to what I have already said with regard to these manifestations and the investigations that I have given them, that they have caused me to change my religious opinions in the slightest degree. I only see the proof of what I have always believed, namely, a future existence, the presence of an all-wise Providence in everything that pertains to the life we lead in this world, and I have no reason thus far to doubt the existence of the Trinity, which is the foundation of the Christian faith."

The original affidavit from which the above was taken is in the possession of the Democrat and Chronicle. It is signed by Robert G. Ingersoll, as well as the affidavit of the "Mrs. B." spoken of, corroborating the statements contained therein.—Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle.

INGERSOLL.

A light has gone over the border, Brave Ingersoll goes to his home, His heaven and God set in order. In nature's bright fields he will roam. Come back, you old lover, you soldier. Come back to your friends in this land. Come back to your wife and your children. Come back in your spirit and stand. We cannot give up your kind humor, We will not now bid you adieu, And time shall but scatter the ashes In memory's urn for you. The seed has been sown by your valor, Majestic and simple and grand, And rooted, deep rooted. The harvest Through length and the breadth of the land. Oh, life! with the gait of a giant, That thunders with cannon and guns, You know in the glorious presence, The light that shines down from the suns.

And cycling the paths of the ages, Where heroes their victories won, See! Ingersoll's name glides the pages, In the land of our own Washington. Oh, people! wake up to the rescue From ignorance, crime and despair, Each heart-beat will make for the future.

Each feeling and thought is our care, The angels are guiding your conscience, And watching to guard earth's ball, Let's each work for all, like our brother, The great and the good Ingersoll, Mrs. S. A. R. VAN BLARCOM, Lily Dale, N. Y.

Keep Up with the Procession.

You can only do so by subscribing for The Progressive Thinker and reading the vast amount of matter furnished weekly on Occult and Spiritual subjects. Thousands upon thousands of Spiritualists take no Spiritualist paper whatever, hence are totally ignorant of what is going on in our ranks.

know what it is when you set your feet upon the broad, green earth and can breathe the air of heaven and see the mountains beyond and all the bright verdure and know that you are free. Not one thousandth part of this freedom did I ever feel before! Not one millionth part of this great joy. I seemed to be let loose from the fetters of the dust; I seemed to let something fall that was a load, and I entered that realm that was my native element. Have you ever let a bird free from the cage where it was reluctant to sing its song, and then heard it warble in its native air? Have you set free a spirit that was in sorrow or in bondage in the earth life, weighty down with human cares and, perhaps, with poverty and want? Then you know something of the great tide of freedom that swept in and through my consciousness.

It seemed to me that the chain of thought was limitless; it seemed to me that prospect and prophecy were one; it seemed to me that all the things that I saw or did were before my consciousness, and each unworthy act, burned into my spirit with a bitter pang, and much that I had done was brought to my consciousness with added joy, for there were those who seemed to think I had done them good. Whomsoever I had helped in any way came toward me with added love, and upon whomsoever there had been bestowed a benefaction, even with my feeble earth hands and brain, that benefaction seemed doubled a thousand fold."

Do not deceive yourselves, friends. I did not think that I was perfect, and my human imperfections came out to meet me in the most distinct and glaring manner; everything that had bordered upon unworthiness, everything that bordered upon selfishness, everything in human life whatsoever that I had thought or done came before me as a part and portion of my spiritual inheritance, came before me like children saying, "I am yours, you have thought me, you have acted me," and if it is not worthy it proves a shadow and a barrier to my further joy in this realm of the spirit."

I have not fully confronted that retrospect yet, dear friends, and the time is still coming when we must meet that

nothing that could mar its beauty or its perfection and sweet strains of music, like those that Apollo might have given on his harp of light among the stars, floated toward my consciousness and seemed to upbear me from the mortal thought.

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THEosophy AND SPIRITUALISM

Prof. W. M. Lockwood, of Chicago, and Mr. F. E. Titus, of Toronto, Can., Discuss Their Respective Cults.

Mr. Titus's Final Letter on Spiritualism.

Prof. Lockwood, if one may judge by his last letter, believes that the very center of man's existence is a "conscious ego," which, he says, is the "real thinker." This "ego," he places above the physical brain structure, superior even to the mind. He makes of the physical man simply the mechanism. The vibrations of the external world in their journey through the nervous organism and the mind to the ego are transmitted into sensations, emotions, thoughts.

Spirit he makes a general term, applicable to the invisible active principle of all elemental substances. "Spiritual, invisible life substances," he declares, "are the builder, and matter in all its cosmic forms, the result of these in combination." He emphasizes this position by adding, "all forms of matter are the result or phenomena of spiritual substances in combination. Hence the real builders are invisible in all cosmic processes." Under the term "cosmic processes" the building of man's physical form would necessarily come. Then we have as the means by which these processes are worked out, using Prof. Lockwood's words, "a base of polar affinity belonging to and qualifying all types and conditions of matter, and molecular co-relation in consequence of it." Nothing, it is said, is a form of spirit, and spirit is the essence of matter, and all phenomena are produced by their interrelation and interaction. Consciousness, therefore, must be a characteristic of spirit; different forms or degrees of consciousness being due to the fact that consciousness or spirit is exhibiting itself actively through various material organisms.

It may be as well here to ask the Professor where he finds the origin of the "conscious ego" of man, which he declares superior to even the mind?

Theosophical teachings, as I understand them, find it as a ray of that universal spiritual consciousness, which might, not inaptly, be termed the "conscious ego" of the universe. From this all humanity to one source, the spiritual soul of the universe, we find a natural basis for that sentiment of unity which gives rise to the expression "The brotherhood of man," and which is the mainspring of all those fraternal and philanthropic efforts which are so numerous in our day.

BUILDS ITS OWN BODY.

Following the analogy of the cosmic process as the Professor has outlined it, this conscious ego—this invisible, active principle—this builder of material forms—is the maker of his own body. In this operation the conscious ego would employ—again using the Professor's words—"polar affinity" and "molecular co-relation"; that is, the inherent characteristic or attribute possessed by matter of being attracted to or repelled by certain other forms of matter, the very infinitesimal molecules of matter possessing this adaptability and mutual relation. Barring a certain crudeness of terms, as it appears to me, I am with the Professor, and as my terminology may doubt appear just as crude to the Professor as this appears to me, we may let that pass, and I will adopt his expressions for the time being.

POLAR AFFINITY AND CO-RELATION.

Let us follow up the operations of this "conscious ego" as it proceeds to "build" its bodily material organism by means of molecules of matter possessing "polar affinity" and "co-relation." The first characteristic of this organism thus built would naturally expect to be, that it would indicate to an appreciable extent the degree of development or unfoldment of its builder, the conscious ego. If the ego were an advanced one then it would naturally be expected to build itself, most important of all, a good, strong, active, acute mental machinery ("mental fibre" is the Professor's phrase); good, healthy, wide-awake brain cells and nerves through which the ego might become connected with "incoming modes of motion," "connecting man's conscious ego to objective nature," in order that the "incoming waves from without" should be transmitted to the highest possible extent "impress his conscious life principle," thus "evoking thought and mind." Really, the Professor does bring forth delightful Theosophical ideas once in a while, when he allows himself to think freely. He wisely points out that "these physical structures" qualify the character of thought evolved within, and in varying degrees limit the boundary of human experiences, by the functional structure of the sensory system. All of which is so extremely common-sense-like that I have ventured to quote in full.

THE LAW OF KARMA.

I have no doubt that if the Professor had continued that line of thought he would have informed us that the "conscious ego" which built this "physical structure" was responsible for the limitation of the "boundary of human experiences" which he had imposed upon himself by this building. Life, the Professor would use Theosophical terms, he would not doubt say, "The ego makes its own Karma." The past experiences and conduct of that ego which sets about to build his "bodily structure," in the very nature of things, by the operation of the law of cause and effect, determines where he shall build, that is, into what family and nation he shall come, and in consequence, the quality of the physical material he shall be provided with, out of which to build. The "polar affinity" of the environment and the "conscious ego" bring the two into "mutual co-relation."

This brings us to the second factor, namely: That the structure thus built can never wholly express the full powers of the builder. In the very nature of things spirit can never fully express itself in matter. The whole powers and capacities of the conscious ego can not be fully revealed in its physical representatives. As the Professor justly remarks, the activity of the ego is "envisioned and circumscribed by analogous limitations of structure."

GROWTH IS GRADUAL.

A third fact to be considered is, that although the "builder"—in this case the conscious ego—may from the very commencement have a well developed plan of what the fully developed structure will be like, yet looking at the structure, which in this case includes the mind, know that it is built up gradually. In the case of a building of bricks and mortar we do not say "that is the building" before the building is complete. The physical and mental structure we call man is also built up gradually.

As impeded its activity. Finally in the performance of each act it has the result in view. Then it becomes in a larger sense the builder of its own destiny.

When the ego becomes able to impress the object of incarnation and reincarnation upon the lower personal consciousness an important point has been gained and thereafter progress usually becomes more rapid. The face is then turned toward the goal. Life ceases to be aimless. F. E. TITUS.

LAKE PLEASANT CAMP.

Robt. G. Ingersoll Memorial Services.

At Lake Pleasant, July 24, 1899, the services were opened by the audience singing, under the direction of Mr. Geo. Cleveland, "America." Mr. J. Milton Young on being introduced, said:

"The brilliant and only Murray in one of his books describes the fall of a majestic plane, as it started the midnight air of an Adirondack forest. That awful crash in the solemn stillness is one of awe, terribly grand and truly sublime. Last Saturday morning the news was flashed to every part of the civilized world that a mighty monarch in literary robes had fallen. Men who were wont to pass each other on the street, with a simple 'good morning,' this time stopped to say to each other, 'Ingersoll is dead,' and that whatever his religious views, he was truly a great man. To-day the press and pulpit vie with each other in pronouncing his eulogy. All will concede he was the most brilliant agnostic in America, and the most liberal free thinker of the present century. Of his worth and ability as a citizen, his sterling integrity, his ability as a word painter, his unsalable character in his varied walks of life, others will speak and abler pens than mine will write. Across the threshold of home it is not our province to pass, only to recall his last words, 'I am better.' Were these words sublimely prophetic? We trust so."

We honor this man for what he was in matters pertaining to this life. He best exemplified Emerson's statement, 'One world at a time.' In all his plans, work, Robert G. Ingersoll never denied there was a future life. On the contrary he gladly welcomed every evidence of a hereafter, and oftentimes came very near the border line. I quote two of his golden sentences. When some ten years ago his brother died, his last words were, 'I am better now.' Ingersoll repeated the words and said, 'Let us believe that in spite of doubts and dogmas, tears and fears, that these dear words are true of all the countless lips of the unrepenting dead there comes no word, but Hope sees a star and listening soul can hear the rustle of a wing.' These words of burning eloquence will live while history is read in this world."

Once the governorship of the great state of Illinois was offered him by the Republican convention, on the condition that he would not discuss religious issues during the campaign. But he stood like the rock of Gibraltar and simply said: 'Gentlemen, my religious belief is my own, and does not belong to the state of Illinois.' This, too, will live and we commend it to the time-serving, week-kneed whom we sometimes meet.

Col. Ingersoll was a true iconoclast, and set more men and women thinking than any other man of his time, and children yet unborn will praise his name. His work on earth is complete; but his words will live after death and shall be forgotten.

Col. Ingersoll lived for a purpose and set many an example worthy of a following. He loved the world and lived very near to nature. He saw true wealth in the grand old forest and in the field of waving grain. The birds and flowers were his delight, and above all else he loved little children. He was kind to the poor and sympathetic with all.

His enemies will not misrepresent him and calumny cannot go where he has gone. Whether he sleeps in cold, silent and pathetic dust, or has gone to the land of light, of love, and a home with the great of earth, the end was peace, and peaceful it must ever be. The future historian will do him justice and write:

"The elements were so mixed in him That all the world might stand and say, Here was a man."

Others will bring the stately lily, the full blown rose, and many a wreath of amaranth and immortelles. I only ask to place upon his grave a Sleepy Hollow little sprig of magnolia.

Mrs. Lyons tendered a beautiful solo, and Mr. Thomas rendered one of Mr. Ingersoll's favorite selections.

Francis B. Woodbury was introduced and said:

"I am better." These words, simple and appropriate, our friend, humanity's friend uttered, and passed into the soul life. One of America's true noblemen, a champion of liberty in its best sense, has closed his earthly career.

A majority of people are born in some religion, many never eradicate the hereditary taint. Not so with this man; he early spurned the creed and dogmas of his ancestors, and with face toward the rising sun of progress he allowed its light to illuminate his life.

Men say he was not religious. This may be true from a creedist standpoint, but he was good, his great heart beat responsive to every call to perfect the living conditions of humanity. An apostle of liberty for man, woman and child, he was an avowed enemy of license.

No man ever lived who painted such word pictures of life in the home as it should be.

Every woman in this land has good cause to weave in his memory a laurel wreath; a gallant knight, a true gentleman will no more plead her cause. In the records of the future when the list of those who have championed true liberty for woman shall be made up, the name of Robert G. Ingersoll shall head the list. Children poor unborn shall add their voices to the song, and in years to come the man who dared to plead for those conditions which would cause them to be born right, shall receive the honor due him.

In the hour of his country's danger, under the folds of the old flag, he marched in its defense. An earnest, true friend of the black man, he was ready to die for his rights as a free slave. His work in destroying superstition, and all that remained of hell-fire and brimstone religion, the terror of the human race, has earned for him the praise and homage of every progressive mind. If there exists a personal God, he owes a debt of gratitude to Robert G. Ingersoll. He devoted the choicest hours of his life to removing from Him all vindictive, human, male attributes with which the church fathers endowed him.

The truth be over and over and over again affirmed, 'An honest God is the noblest work of man,' will ring down through the corridors of time. Henceforth it shall not be a crime to think, and speak honest convictions. A mass

THE HOME GIRGLE

There is a serious lesson apparent to all observant minds, in the very pitiful and deplorable condition of the wife and daughters of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, since his decease. Imbued with the belief that they shall never again behold him, that the burial or cremation of his body will remove him forever from their sight, that never again will they hear his loved and loving voice; they cannot bear to let his body be removed from their sight, to be seen no more, forever.

O, what a cold and comfortless thing is this materialism when the dear and loved are dead!

It is only less comfortable than that belief that consigns the souls of the departed to endless torment in hell-fire. Annihilation were far better than endless misery.

Spiritualism accepts neither. It has something brighter and better. What comfort, what brightness of hope, what gladness of expectation, what cheerfulness in view of the here-

ter mind has declared "light the torch of reason and let it burn." Palsied by the hand that would now write, paralyzed the tongue that would now speak one word in denunciation of the character of the man who was an exemplar of the best religion ever given to man. The religion of making on earth a heaven now, of caring for and educating the orphan now, of causing the sun of happiness and content to illuminate the homes of all the common people now.

The residents of Lake Pleasant tender to his widow their tenderest sympathies. A loving companion, she has aided him to dignify and glorify American home life. We do not forget the loving daughters who have lived so long and happily in the light emanating from a great soul.

In this hour of their great affliction the liberty-loving American people unite with them in their great sorrow.

Our sentiments have been well expressed by Rev. Minot J. Savage, now the most eminent liberal in America. In a telegram to Mrs. Ingersoll he says: "We all send heartfelt sympathy. I am glad he lived, I know he is living now."

A true American citizen has gone home. Wrap the tenement of clay in which he lived, in the flag he loved.

Gather the sweetest flowers for his bier, give him a soldier's burial.

A member of the Grand Army of the Free has departed. Out from the home of the soul, over the spiritual telephone line is heard a familiar voice—listen to it! O, ye who loved him, let it comfort you in your sorrow—I am better.

By unanimous vote the address of Mr. Woodbury was requested to be forwarded to Mrs. Ingersoll and daughters as the sentiment of the meeting.

Mr. Huddington rehearsed many personal reminiscences of Mr. Ingersoll, and read a selection from his pen. Mrs. Clara Field Coffin, Tillie U. Reynolds and Mrs. Alice Waterhouse made brief addresses. Mr. Geo. Cleveland and Mr. Walter Rollins sang "Only a Thin Veil Between Us," and the audience was dismissed.

FRANKLIN.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

(Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting.)

God made man in His own image, in the image of God made He him.—Genesis.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans

Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground.

The emptiness of ages in his face,

And on his back the burden of the world.

Who made him dread to rapture and despair,

A thing that grieves not and that never

Stoils and is stunned, a brother to the ox?

Who loosened and let down this brutal

Jaw?

Whose was the hand that slanted back

this brow?

Whose breath blew out the light within

this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made

and gave

To have dominion over sea and land;

To trace the stars and search the

heavens for power;

To feel the passion of Eternity?

Is this the Dream He dreamed who

shaped the suns

And pillared the blue firmament with

light?

Down all the stretch of Hell to its last

gulf

There is no shape more terrible than

this—

More tongued with curse of the

world's blind greed—

More filled with signs and portents for

the soul—

More fraught with menace to the un-

iverse.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!

Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him

Are Plato and the swing of the Plect-

ades?

What the long reaches of the peaks of

song,

The rift of dawn, the reddening of the

rose?

Through this dread shape the suffering

ages look;

Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;

Through this dread shape humanity

trays

Plundered, profligate and disinherited,

Ores protest to the Judges of the

World.

A protest that is also prophecy.

O, masters, lords and rulers in all lands,

Is this the handiwork you give to God,

This monstrous thing distorted and

soul-quenched?

How will you ever straighten up this

shape?

Touch it again with immortality;

Give back the upward looking and the

light!

Rebuild in it the muscle and the dream;

Make right the immemorial infamies,

Perfidious wrongs, immediate woes?

O, masters, lords and rulers in all lands,

How will the future reckon with this

Man?

How answer his mute question in that

hour?

When his wilds of rebellion shake the

world?

How will it be with kingdoms and with

kings—

With those who shaped him to the

thing he is—

When this dumb Terror shall reply to

God

After the silence of the centuries?

EDWIN MARKHAM.

Oakland, Cal.

"Ancient India: Its Language and Religions." By Prof. H. Oldenberg. The subject is of unusual interest at the present time, and it is here treated in a way to interest and instruct all readers. For sale at this office. Paper, 25 cents.

after, what consolation and peace would the knowledge imparted by Spiritualism bring to the bereaved and hopelessly sorrowing hearts of this stricken family.

It would seem that all would and should be glad to receive this glad message, glad to know that death does not end all, that the spirit still lives on and on, retaining its conscious individuality in all respects, only leaving the earthly physical body behind to return to its kindred dust.

And the convincing, satisfying knowledge is so easily attained!

Blessed be the Home Circle!

In the Home Circle all the needed evidence may be secured. The way is open to all—materialist, Christian, agnostic, whoever will may come and find this knowledge, which shall turn their darkness into light, their sad hopelessness into cheerful anticipation, their despair into joy.

JAS. C. UNDERHILL.

Hammond, Ind.

MID-SUMMER SERMON.

Presented to the World by Puck.

IT ILLUSTRATES IN A VIVID MANNER THE PRESENT STATUS OF THE CHURCH.

By its own tale the church is in bad days. Not only are we poor sinners running after strange gods, but the very priests in the temple are turning against their idols, seeking to cast them down and set up new ones of a strange and fearful fashion. And the keepers of the temple are loth to put them to the door, fearing a revolution that would shatter the temple walls.

The situation is not novel. Periodically, through all its days, the church has had to face it. First it produces heretics; then it expels them. And after a time of protest it moves forward to where the offenders stood. There follows a time of rest, until other heretics push on and blaze another section of the endless path. All thinking has had to be done outside the church, and despite its best efforts to prevent it. Only in strenuous and generally bloody opposition to it have we been able to emerge our little way from barbarism. It has never led, but always followed.

It was as eager to uphold human slavery in this country as it was two centuries and a half before to punish the heretic who announced the earth's motions. But the heretic it has hatched we would have no science, no art, no literature, no justice, no humanity. The Christian religion itself rests upon the teachings of one of the rankest heretics of all time—a rough, untalented carpenter, a radical socialist, who insulted the prosperous, attacked the most sacred institutions of his day, assaulted brokers in the stock exchange and behaved generally in a manner that were to try it to New York to-day, would secure him six months on the island as an "anarchist."

It should be seen, therefore, that there is nothing in the situation to alarm us work-a-day people who have to get along the best we can. Watching the ever-widening circle that rejects its husks of dogma, the church declares that we are grown indifferent to religion. But this is because it cannot see through the wall it always builds around itself at every resting place. To those outside, it is apparent that we are nearing one of those spiritual awakenings that mark history at regular intervals. Even while the self-immured church puzzles as to why its congregations fall off, the people that once composed them are finding elsewhere a rational, working religion that their growing minds demand.

The world seems to be demanding a religion that will help it right here and now. Too long has the church taught man how to die. He now insists that he is worthy enough in himself to be taught how to live. He emphatically rejects all creeds that describe him as a worm of the dust with ninety-eight chances out of a hundred of roasting in perpetuity because he wouldn't let some other else do the thing for him. He has come to know that there never was such a thing as the "fall of man"—that man has never done anything but rise. He finds a revelation in his own consciousness to which all written revelation must conform or be thrown aside. He has quit singing that earth is a desert drear and heaven is his home; he no longer sings that he wants to be an angel, "a crown upon his forehead, a harp within his hand." His developing sense of humor has shown him the mythical character of that ridiculous, impotent, revengeful pomp-lying lord, barbarism—the creation of a cruel, blood-minded tribe of barbarians—that the church has so long scared him into worshipping as God. He ignores alike its threat of an absurd hell and its promise of an equally absurd paradise. He scorns the revolting imagery of blood that runs red through all its fetichism; and scorns, too, its childish clinging to the grotesque Pagan myths of his creation.

And all this reform has come chiefly from the curious physiological fact that as man grows more highly individualized they grow also more keenly conscious of each other's sensations. To a thinking man it is no longer of any importance whether a whale swallowed Jonah and subsequently regretted the act; whether the sun "stood still" at Joshua's command or whether God inspired a she-bear to eat some children who were unable to control their mirth at sight of a bald-headed prophet. But it is a matter of daily increasing importance with him that famines stalk beside epilepsy; that as man grows more highly individualized they grow also more keenly conscious of each other's sensations. To a thinking man it is no longer of any importance whether a whale swallowed Jonah and subsequently regretted the act; whether the sun "stood still" at Joshua's command or whether God inspired a she-bear to eat some children who were unable to control their mirth at sight of a bald-headed prophet. 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the subject under the distillation of "wet gain, distilled water is pure, and therefore is quoted by the Doctor, as being spoiled water," application, and he "is un petard." Distilled condensed steam. The off behind in the tea-ouled water. It is that, the's own words, "which stable essence of all its microbes, sewage and or life of the water in the steam, leaving and condensed fifth be-

The Illinois State Spiritualist Association.
Will all chartered societies of the Illinois State Spiritualist Association in sending per capita tax to me, please send them either in post office order or express money order. Make all post office money orders payable at post office station 38.
ELLA M. JOHNSON, Sec'y.
11437 Harvard Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
"Harmonics of Evolution. The Philosophy of Individual Life, Based Upon Natural science, as Taught by Modern Masters of the Law." By Florence Hunney. A work of deep thought, carrying the principles of evolution into new fields. Cloth, \$2. For sale at this office.

have concluded in my mind one of two things—either that thou art God and having descended from heaven dost these things, or else doing them thou art the son of God. Therefore now I have written thee and besought thee to visit me and to heal the disease with which I am afflicted. I have also heard that the Jews murmur against thee and are plotting to injure thee. I have, moreover, a very small but noble estate which is sufficient for us both."

The answer of Jesus sent by the courier Ananias is as follows:

"Blessed art thou, O Agbarus, for without seeing thou hast believed. For it is written that they who have seen me will not believe; that they who have not seen may believe and live. But in regard to what thou hast written, that

upon himself great responsibility when he says that memory only exists, or is imbedded in, the physical brain cells, and to know or recall these memories, we have to resort to a phonographic process of a vibratory reproduction. This of course would be all admitted if I did not at the same time have a spiritual brain to deal with, which certainly does record these memories with vibrations in the same key, but in the higher octaves on correspondingly rapid vibrating brain cells which, according to F. A. Wiggan, are the ones that last, and I do not think that Mr. Wiggan or his control was "running wild" when making that statement. For instance, does not memory come from some other source than the physical brain in the case of a vivid dream, when a person can live through a whole lifetime in a few minutes, and record these vibrations on a correspondingly rapid vibrating brain, that our physical brain cannot begin to hold a candle to, but is perhaps translated into the slower vibrating physical brain, so that we may be able to tell our dream to someone else; or perhaps it is a mere echo on the physical plane of what takes place on the spiritual plane: Now if these are facts as presented, which I

"When we can find a principle, and fix its boundaries to space, or collect and hold in our hand the water of the entire oceans of our globe, then can we formulate a 'declaration of principles' that will embody the infinite truths of Spiritualism, and to those who must have a creed, we would most suggest the following: Obey at all times and under all circumstances your highest sense of right, and fear neither man, god, nor the devil!"

WARREN SMITH,
 Smith's Fork, Tenn.

"Religion as Revealed by the Material and Spiritual Universe. By E. D. Babblitt, M. D., LL.D." A compact and comprehensive view of the subject; philosophic, historic, analytical and critical; facts and data needed by every student and especially by every Spiritualist. One of the very best books on the subject. Price, reduced to \$1.00; paper 50 cents. For sale at this office.

"Progression, or How a Spirit Advances in Spirit-life." "The Evolution of Man." Two papers, given in the interest of spiritual science, by Michael Faraday. Price 15 cents. For sale at this office.

Nature;
the Relation of Its Principles to Continued Existence and to the Philosophy of Spiritualism. By Prof. W. M. Lockwood. Paper, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

IMMORTALITY.
A poem in five cantos "If a man die, shall he live?" fully answered. By W. S. Barlow, author of "Coloas. Price 60 cents.

"In every soul there is bound up some truth and some error, and each gives to the world of thought that no other one possesses."—Cousin.

The bright and scholarly comments of this galaxy of bright minds are of deep interest, and throw a strong and new light on the Bible teachings relating to woman. All should read it.

Price 50c. For sale at this Office.

GENERAL SURVEY.

THE SPIRITUALISTIC FIELD—ITS WORKERS, DOINGS, ETC., THE WORLD OVER.

WRITE PLAINLY.

We would like to impress upon the minds of our correspondents that the *Progressive Thinker* is set up on a level equal to about four compositors. That means rapid work, and it is essential that all copy, to insure insertion in the paper, all other requirements being favorable, should be written with ink on white paper, or with a typewriter, and on only one side of the paper. You are not a fairly good penman, please have your communications copied by some one who is, and oblige *The Progressive Thinker*.

CONTRIBUTORS.—Each contributor is alone responsible for any assertions or statements he may make. The editor allows this freedom of expression, believing that the cause of truth can be best subserved thereby. Many of the sentiments uttered in an article may be diametrically opposed to his belief, yet that is no reason why they should be suppressed. No one person has the whole truth, hence kindly feelings should always be entertained for those who differ from you.

ITEMS.—Bear in mind that items for the *General Survey* will in all cases be adjusted to the space we have to occupy, and in order to do that they will generally have to be abridged more or less; otherwise many items would be crowded out. Sometimes a thirty-line item is cut down to ten lines, and ten lines to two lines, as occasion may require.

Every item sent to us for publication, should contain the full name and address of the writer. We desire to know the source of every article or item that appears. This rule will be strictly adhered to.

Thos. H. Hartley writes: "Those who attended the services of the First Spiritual church of the South Side, 77 Thirtieth street, last Sunday, were treated to a feast of reason, distinctly, and a veritable flow of soul. Mr. Geo. F. Perkins, medium, lecturer and bass singer, all in one, was the gentleman who occupied the rostrum both afternoon and evening. He is a host in himself. To say that he induces, educates, and teaches friends, strangers and skeptics, in fact all within the sound of his voice, is not putting it too strong. As a medium he impresses one that he is voicing exactly what he receives psychically, and no more, which is a consummation devoutly to be wished for on all sides. At times he is impressed to go to the music box, pull out the bass stop and sing some spiritual song, so deep and clear as to shake the foundations generally. We all miss Mayflower, and her clear cut messages from friends in the beyond. But she and her medium are away at the camp, engaged in convincing many strangers, as she has innumerable ones here, of the truth of the continuity of life. To all who desire to hear the philosophy, and see the phenomena ably presented and harmonized, we say, 'Come to 77, any Sunday and every Sunday. You will be thoroughly interested and secure your money's worth every time.'

Dr. B. Franklin Clark, of Belvidere Seminary, N. J., writes: "Please present my compliments to Alcinous for his interesting and educational article in *The Progressive Thinker* of the 15th inst., and inform him that Prof. C. Coles, editor of *Science of the Soul*, Kingston, Pa., has a much more excellent Electric Eye, that magnifies 240 times, and shows the microbes in the human body and elsewhere, their character and occupation of construction and destruction."

Laura Matlock writes: "The Grand Lodge, Mich., assembly had its formal opening Sunday, July 23, with George W. and Zaida Brown Kates, of Rochester, N. Y., present. Mrs. A. E. Sheets presided with her usual ability and tact. Mrs. Kates' tests from the rostrum were such as to win the enthusiastic approval of the audience. The influence of Spiritualism on the World's Progress, was the theme of the address given by Mr. Kates. He was eloquent and convincing. Mr. Kates is a very able advocate of Spiritualism. Next Sunday, Georgia Gladys Cooley, of Chicago, will be at the Grand Lodge Camp."

Mrs. Maude Lord Drake, the excellent medium, is deeply interesting the people of Cripple Creek, Col. She will labor there during July and August.

Will C. Hodge is now interesting the camp-meetings out West. Mr. Hodge is a growing power in the Spiritualist ranks.

The Gazette says: "There were yesterday miracles described the other day by a man of the highest standing and reputation—a professor of a great university—in which he was the miracle worker. Hundreds of intelligent, well-educated, well-informed men and women listened, applauded and believed. All this happened in the parlors of the Hotel Majestic, New York city. Prof. John D. Quackenbush, of Columbia university, one of the most distinguished living psychologists and a man who has devoted a large part of his life to a scientific study of hypnotism, presented to the members of the Psychological Society the Psychic Study Club and their friends typical illustrations taken from his case book of certain vices and moral defects, with an outline of the treatment, he pursued and the results he obtained. These cases included excessive cigarette smoking, hopeless dishonesty, kleptomania and dangerous delusions. Prof. Quackenbush declared that hypnotism is the greatest of moral forces. Among other things Prof. Quackenbush said: 'Human beings are hypnotized by other human beings between whom and themselves exists a peculiar sympathy or harmonious relationship known as rapport. I have reached the conclusion that every person of ordinary intellectual capacity can hypnotize some other person, and that the great mass of men are hypnotizable. The success of hypnosis depends largely on the desire of the patient to be cured. Given this, and the battle is more than half fought. As a rule, there is no hope of securing the consent of a patient while the controlling passion is the passion of hate. In the subsequent reactionary stage appeal may often successfully be made to the regrets, fears, self-respect, or higher instincts of the unfortunate, and acquiescence is thus secured.'"

C. W. Bassett, of California, writes: "I for one must send you my heartfelt thanks for the very liberal and truthful manner in which you are editing your valuable, precious and much-needed paper, for the sake of the enlightening

of your fellow-men; and I hope you may live to a ripe old age, and know before passing over that the church people have been converted to the cause of truth. You must put me down as one of your real well-wishers for the cause of spiritual truth."

Will C. Hodge writes: "Col. Ingersoll is entitled to the thanks of every thinking man and woman for effectually disposing of the Devil before taking his departure for the other country, and every lover of humanity and the truth ought to thank *The Progressive Thinker* for giving this incomparable lecture to the world. No man in the past generation has done so much to break the fetters of superstition, and free reason from the bondage of creed, as R. G. Ingersoll, and no paper devoted to the interests of Spiritualism has done so much to second his efforts as *The Progressive Thinker*."

B. Baker writes from Montreal, Can.: "Oscar A. Edgerly lectured here for the second time, without any advertising more than a few hand bills, and the board outside the hall. The attendance was so large that after filling in the passages, it was found necessary to remove to a larger hall in the same building. He lectured again on Wednesday, the 19th, to an appreciative audience. He has consented to stay over to deliver another lecture on Sunday, July 23."

Sarah L. Brownwell writes: "The Sunlight Center Band will have a basket excursion to St. Joseph, Mich., on Aug. 24, 25, 26, and 27. Line, on the Grand Rapids and Lake Michigan line, at 9:30 a. m. Foot of Washburn avenue; headquarters Lake View Hotel. Return 9:30 p. m. Purchase tickets in name of the band. All are welcome."

Dr. N. F. Ravlin and wife, Mrs. Nellie Lockwood and Mrs. G. Partridge comprise a happy little party en route for Lily Dale. They will be housed at No. 1 Library avenue. Dr. Ravlin will organize a class in suggestive therapeutics, Mrs. Partridge will give psychometric readings, and the other two will give tests at the camp, en route on the way. After a few days in Indiana, Mr. Lockwood will follow.

S. E. Inman writes from Grinnell, Ia.: "Mrs. Eva McCoy, of Marshalltown, comes down here, and stays a short time, and helps to tell the beautiful truth, that we never die. Her work is good, and leaves a lasting impression on those who hear her. She is one of the honest mediums and that is the kind we want in this city."

Frank T. Ripley has just closed a successful engagement at the Lincoln Park (Neb.) Spiritualists' Camp-meeting. He lectured and gave tests at Arlington, July 30, at Murdoch, Neb., Sunday, August 6. He starts for Ohio, August 8. He can be engaged on route. Address all letters to him in care of Dr. Madding, Murdoch, Neb., until Aug. 5.

The Voice, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, says: "The Rev. Dr. Austin, of Toronto, recently expelled from the Methodist ministry for heresy, preached by request of a number of prominent citizens in the Winnipeg Theatre on Sunday afternoon last on 'Freedom Through the Truth.' He referred in several passages to the church building costly cathedrals in the presence of hovels and huts where laboring men were struggling to get a fair day's wage and a fair day's work. In speaking toward the close of his sermon on the religion required by the times he said: 'It is evident to every student of social science that a system that gives life in the United States, but 17 per cent of the value of production to the labor that produces it—that produces more evils in New York City than in the whole of Ireland—that alienates to a few favored ones the franchises of great cities—that makes legislation in class interests notoriously common and practically easy—that in the midst of social science, the bench and the legislature and the press into subservience to the plutocrats and the corporations, a system under which millions of laboring men and women rot in unwholesome dwellings without the necessities of life for the masses of improvement is neither Christian nor just.'"

G. W. Kates writes: "Having listened lately in several places to songs rendered from 'Inspiration's Voice,' published by H. W. Booser, of Grand Rapids, Mich., I desire to say that it is replete with words and alms that will greatly aid the public services of the Spiritualists. It is a book of such value that every society should at least occasionally use its contents."

According to a dispatch to the Chicago Herald, Lottie Fowler, who is believed to be the once famous medium of that name, died Saturday last at the Manhattan State Hospital for the Insane on Ward's Island. She was taken to the hospital about four months ago from 309 West Forty-second street, where she held Spiritualistic seances, but with such little financial success that she was almost destitute. She had been ill for some time before she became insane, and had been befriended by a Mrs. Brayton, to whom the medium showed newspaper clippings, photographs and correspondence establishing the proof of her identity as Lottie Fowler, the well-known Spiritualist of the '70s. Her real name was Charlotte Connolly. She made her famous prediction in Bridgeport, Conn., when she foretold the explosion of a cart-ridge company's mills and the death of one employee. Within six days her prophesy came true, the citizens mobbed her for a witch, she was arrested and her money taken from her. The judge who tried her found nothing on which to hold her, but ordered her to leave the town after giving her money back. Her dealings after that were with the rulers and great people of the earth. In 1874 she prophesied that the Prince of Wales would meet with an accident while out driving, and that his coachman would be killed. In 1880, in St. Petersburg, she prophesied the assassination of Alexander II. On March 1, 1881, the crime was committed six days later. The truthfulness of her prophesy caused her expulsion from Russia as a nihilist."

K. D. Dietrich writes from Grand Rapids, Mich.: "At Briggs Park Camp last evening was the scene of a very interesting occasion, it being the last appearance of Mrs. Marzian Carpenter, who has won for herself a warm place in the hearts of the people of Grand Rapids. We have learned to love her not only for her beautiful mediumship, but for her sweetness of nature and no-camp."

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This department is under the management of
Hudson Tuttle.
Address him at Berlin, Heights, Ohio.

NOTICE—No attention will be given to anonymous letters. Full names and addresses must be given, or the letters will not be read. If the request be made, the name will not be published. The correspondence of this department has become excessively large, especially letters of inquiry requesting private answers, and while I freely give whatever information I am able, the ordinary courtesy of correspondents is expected.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Mrs. M. E. Kratz: Q. (1) If spirits mature in spirit life, why do so many who have been in spirit life for twenty-five or even one hundred years, talk through "their mediums" like prattling children? and why after years of "control" do they talk in exactly the same manner?

(2) Why are so many mediums controlled by "Indian spirits," and why is a dead Indian more reliable than a living one? These same mediums would not have a living Indian for an associate, yet the spirit Indian is "my guide So-and-so," until it would seem that what an Indian spirit did not know was not worth knowing.

A. Similar questions were asked and answered sometime ago, or rather referred to the mediums having such "controls" for answer. None has replied, and the perplexing query returns for solution.

Spirits who would willingly become the "control" of a medium, and continue in the routine of communications, must be on the lowest plane of intelligence and without desire to advance. The usual conduct of seances is "not" promotive of progress, and as the mediums does not improve, and the spirits who are "controls" are stationary. Some of these "controls" at first personate a little child, with outrageous attempts at "baby talk," and continue year after year the same performance. Once begun, the impressions grow more and more easy to give, as it is easier to play a tune that is constantly repeated than a new one.

Hence it is to be inferred that in such cases, for want of opportunity or desire, there is no advance, or that the character whether of Indian maiden, child, or "Big Chief," is assumed at the beginning and maintained.

It is claimed that the Indians have more power to control because nearer to earth-plane. This is doubtful.

T. A. Mervin: Q. Is it taught by many that God is the central sun of all intelligence and spirit, illuminating the human mind. What is your opinion?

A. This department does not intend to give "opinions," but facts and deductions therefrom. "Opinions" have been and are the ruin of mankind. It is useless to ask questions about the character and attributes of God. I intend only to write of things I know, or at least of things that can be known about. I know nothing about God. No one can know anything about him. No spirit has made the stupendous claim to know. Of opinions and guesses on this subject the hottentots are as valuable as the theologians.

Peter Halloway: Q. (1) A traveler in the East told me that he had seen the coffin of Mohammed, and that it was suspended in the air, without the least visible support. Is this statement acknowledged by travelers and authors as true?

(2) Over forty years ago I saw a statement by Horace Greeley that a spirit delivered a message, going from Massachusetts to Georgia to do so, in less than an hour. At this time, why may they not be sent with messages by our generals to report the position of the enemy and to give the news in advance of the telegraph?

A. The story of Mohammed's coffin is one of the falsehoods, which though repeatedly contradicted, is as constantly repeated, being one of the pious lies which form the stock in trade of our preachers. The "traveler" who related this story is a "fraud."

That spirits are able to "carry" messages, and that they have done so, has been repeatedly shown. It is essential to have a reliable receiving medium. This being true, it does not follow that spirits may become the slaves of any and every one who may choose to call them. If a seance is held out from an army, or detectives employed to look up criminals, they are paid a price, and "the spirit" are expected to fly on such errands, and the senders receive all the benefit and congratulate themselves on the cheap and excellent service!

B. S. Landos: Q. How many Shakers are there in the United States? How can one become a member?

A. According to census report, which probably may be accepted, at present as the order has more than 100,000 members. There were eighteen communities, in Maine, at Gloucester and Alfred; in New Hampshire, at Canterbury and Enfield; in Massachusetts, at Harvard, Hancock, Shirley and Tyngsboro; in Connecticut, at Enfield; in New York, two at Canaan, and one at Groveland and Mount Lebanon; Ohio, at W. Water, Union Village, North Union and Watervliet; in Kentucky, at Pleasant Hill, and South Union. The value of church property was \$36,000, with \$350 sittings, and the total value of property \$10,000,000. The family at Union Village, O., has been broken up, no young members joining, and age preventing the carrying on of the community work. The Mount Lebanon family is the central or Northern group.

To join, all that is necessary is honest intentions and belief in the doctrines of the community.

The order as a whole is not increasing, but on the decline. There are few attractions presented to the present generation, imbued with worldliness and aggressive ambition. It is a refuge for the defeated; the lover of a quiet, peaceful life, and the seeker of a delightful retreat. Based as Shakerism is on the belief that the passions are necessarily evil and degrading, it sets itself directly across the new views of life, which hold that strength of character is gained by control of the lower nature by the educated will, and not by their blotting out. It interprets the relations of man and woman according to Paul rather than Nature.

H. S. Packard: Q. Is phrenology reliable, and where can a reliable book on the subject be obtained?

A. The work of Gall, who is credited to Dr. Gall, which scientific men have failed to acknowledge, for his discovery and demonstration that different regions of the brain exercised different

functions. He introduced a new method of dissecting that organ and led the way to the splendid achievement since his time in the study of the nervous system. Yet he did not, as he claimed, and is claimed for him, demonstrate that the minute divisions he made into "organs," were correct. Even granting it to be true, the conditions of phrenology, of dissection of purity and supply of blood, of "temperament," are so great and incalculable, that it would be impossible to read character therefrom with certainty. Of course the practical phrenologist gives charts, advises on business, etc., but he trusts more to physiognomy, and knowledge of human nature than his science. That certain regions of the brain are devoted to special functions, is too well known to be called in question. Thus the appetites are at the base, the moral perceptions at the top, the intellectual faculties at the front, but this does not prove the correctness of the minute division into "organs" occupying exceedingly small portions of the skull, and these not identified with the convolutions of the brain beneath.

The astronomer deals with the science of astronomy, and because he deals with science, which is absolute demonstrated knowledge, he can calculate an eclipse to happen a thousand years hence, or as having happened a thousand years in the past. If phrenology had a true science, reliable, in phrenology, he could from the organs with which he has mapped the head, give the character with unvarying certainty. This he cannot do; he cannot even approach correctness, unaided by other means.

There are numerous books on the subject, the most popular published by Fowler & Wells, N. Y. Dr. J. R. Buchanan has a large book on this subject, advocating a system of his own, differing materially in the mapping of the brain into organs, from that of Gall and Spurzheim.

A. D. Marble: Q. In "Suggestive Therapeutics" Editor Sidney Flower says: "There is nothing in the philosophy of Spiritualism which is superior to the philosophy of Christ. There is no hope or promise in the doctrine of Spiritualism which is not embraced in the doctrine of Christ." What can be said in reply?

A. Simply, that Rev. Flower, like all Christians, sets up an ideal Christ, as unlike the real as white is unlike black. The real Christ, taught, according to the four evangelists, doctrines which it would be by no means agreeable, or wise to practice at the present time. To take no thought for the morrow, to give alms to the poor and follow him, to submit to blows and wrongs with abject humiliation; to become, in other words a tramp and a vagrant. His brutal words to his mother when she approached him; his command to forget all the beautiful relations of the affections; his wholesale manufacture of wine, thus sanctioning drunkenness as he was accused of doing; his anger, taking the law into his own hands, driving out the money changers; his senseless and puerile cursing of the fig tree on account of its not having signs of season; show characteristics not desirable for imitation.

Aside from the personal Christ is the religious system founded on him as a savior. He is a part of the scheme of redemption beginning with the myth of Eden and man's fall. That scheme by which a few are saved to heaven, while the great majority are plunged into everlasting fire is not a pleasing contemplation.

Perhaps Rev. Flower belongs to that class of preachers who believe that their greatest enjoyment will come from seeing their dearest friends writhing in hell. If so he will thereby be impressed with the "superiority" of Christ's doctrines, and the utter inferiority of Spiritualism, which teaches that all things originate and are sustained by law, and spirit existence is as natural as life here; that all the scheme of redemption is a false hope, because a spirit cannot be lost from God, and hence the only salvation is through and by means of knowledge.

MY LIGHT IN THE WEST.

Strange what a vastly vacant feeling I have been for many a day. I have been in a groove in summer. Every song-bird should cease to sing; Under our roof-tree, since the May-time, Twitter and coo, and chirp I'd heard, When suddenly, off in the chill November,

Vanished the young, with the mother-bird.

Was it a bird in the roof-tree cooling? No, but a baby fresh and sweet From her puffy fists, with their finger-dimples,

Down to the velvet pink of her feet! Kissing her seemed like kissing flowers.

Cool and silken, one fears to blight. But cannot leave in their unsolved beauty

While they bloom in our hungry sight. How we laugh at the idle nothings Born of the efforts the wee things make;

They pick at an eyeball, only winking A nose, they have roiled up to an ache!

Plucking hairs from our heads by dozens, Tearing our ear-lobes almost through; Pulling faces, and crushing ribbons— Well, what else can the dear things do?

It is bubble, bubble, toil and trouble; Life is crested with foolish strife; Baby is practicing little lessons— Strengthening her up for the work of life!

Let her pull at the "flock of teethes" and laugh at the curling of her lips. Let her learn that the things we covet Often slip through our finger-tips.

Just as the birdling, which in summer Cooed and laughed in our roof-tree boughs,

Flew away when we longed to keep her Making music about the house! Fearful eyes watched her white robes flutter,

Blight with the misty gold of her crest, Until they faded on lake and prairie Off in the boundless, beautiful west.

Now when the days don their evening dresses, Scarlet or gold be their drapery, I can always see in the land they are walking

Something more bright and dear to me. 'Tis the tender face of a blue-eyed baby, Lighting the sky in the glowing west, And her guardian angel sweeping earthward.

Coming to watch above her rest.

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

THE TRUE AND FALSE.

Interesting Experiences in the Phenomena.

One of my best experiences with the phenomena was that of a sitting for slate-writing with Mrs. Kate Blode of Chicago.

About twelve years ago, while living in Geneva, Neb., I made my initial trip to Chicago. While in the city a stranger to everybody, I called at the Religious Philosophical Journal office and procured a list of mediums. Among the mediums, five in all, I selected Mrs. Blode for slate-writing.

I called and asked her for a sitting, and without further conversation, the medium seated me in a chair near a window with the leaf raised. We sat near each other. Taking a slate from the table, I examined it to see that it was free from writing. Mrs. B. took hold of the slate with me, each by a corner at the same end, put a small piece of pencil on and showed it under the leaf, holding our disengaged hands together on the top of the table leaf. Writing was soon heard and when the slate was withdrawn there was a message from my father, with the name of the sign, a name common given name. There was neither fraud nor any indication of fraud.

Another very perfect message was had through Mrs. Blode, now in spirit life. It was at Colfax, Iowa, where we were in attendance at the semi-annual meeting of the M. V. S. A., of which she was a director, and moving force, and, the vice-president. She only gave a few sittings at this meeting and to particular friends around, but I could fasten on no child that I knew.

The slates were cleaned and I tied them up in my own silk handkerchief, laid them upon the table and placed my right hand on the top slate, her right hand on mine, my left on her right, and her left on mine. Thus, in broad daylight, without pencil, in about two minutes, I received a message that covered the inside of each slate and at the bottom were six names signed. Three for me and three for Judge M. P. Rosecrans, of Clear Lake, Iowa, whom I intended to visit on my return to my home, then in South Dakota, but I had said nothing to anyone about it, and really did not know as I could get a stop-over privilege on my ticket until I asked the conductor on the train.

I stopped over and compared the hand-writing of the Judge's son who passed out in the army, I believe, and the signature of the Judge's son who varied, and on my own, the signature of my wife's mother was letter for letter the same as her last signature in earthly life.

So much for the genuine in my experience in independent slate-writing. I have had that which purported to be spirit writing, but around which was woven the cunning of the trickster. I now am quite familiar with about all the methods of obtaining bogus writing, and while I may not suspect any one, I speak with both eyes open, and have, directly and indirectly, been the means of persuading novices in the deception out of the business.

I have seen enough to know there is the genuine in this phase, and am satisfied. But I am also satisfied that much of that which is claimed as genuine is the rankest fraud, and the sacredness of the true is so deep within me that the false cuts like a knife at my sensibility, because I love the true, I hate the false, not to trickster, but in tricks, and would help put it down, by almost any honorable means.

I do not think the "gang" has me down on their "blue book" as "dead case," as they have my good brother, H. D. Barrett, but if they have they will soon erase it.

I have been victimized more on the materialization trick than upon any other, and I do not to-day know, positively, that I ever saw a full materialization, and therefore do not know that anyone ever has seen one; but believe I have seen materialized hands and faces, and think I have good and sufficient reason for making a statement to that effect, and I will tell of it, for some may be deeply interested in knowing how a "fraud hunter" can see anything but fraud.

About twenty years ago I was a resident of Edgelyville, Iowa, and had good and true friends there now who, seeing this statement, will bear me out in it.

When I first arrived in the little town seances were being held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cowley. I made myself known to them, and was invited to join their circle, which I willingly did.

The medium for materialization of hands and faces, and general physical manifestations was one W. R. Little, whose present address I do not know. At these seances I depended upon the credulity of others pretty much, for I got no personal tests, such as seeing the faces or hands of relatives; but I got prima facie evidence that the medium was genuine. Some time after this I got the same medium in my own house, made my own test conditions, which were satisfactory to all the sitters. All got loving messages from their spirit friends.

At the time of the seance a Congregational minister held a prominent place before the cabinet (a fifteen-foot square room, with a black curtain for the door and aperture) and was more than elated at his tests and so stated in a following Sunday sermon.

But the test that was perfect to me was the following: On this special evening I had locked and sealed the doors and windows, and blanketed them to prevent light in the cabinet. The circle was dimly lighted and I read in. In going about the cabinet, reading it, all by myself, I picked up a cane on which I had carved the bust of a Turk, carried it to the remotest corner of this large room and placed it horizontally across some clothes hooks where were hung many articles of wearing apparel. As I laid it there I spoke mentally to "Sammy," the brother and spirit guide of Mr. Little, and told him that if, at the close of the night's seance, he would hand the cane to me through the aperture I would ask no other test.

At the close of the seance the cane came through the aperture and a voice from the cabinet said: "I heard your silent request, Brother Wilkins, and hand your cane as the only test you asked to-night."

Of course I laughed and thanked him, and then made the statement to the circle.

I have had many good tests along other lines when least expecting them, am not a test hunter, am not a fraud hunter, but I know the truth and deplore the false, and would stand by that truth to the last, but I will fight as hard to extinguish the burning flames of fraud in the meantime.

DR. T. WILKINS.

"Voltaire's Romances," translated from the French. With numerous illustrations. These lighter works of the brilliant Frenchman, and invincible enemy of the Catholic Church, are worthy of wide reading. With philosophy and romance are combined, with the skill of a master mind. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

In the Life of a Retired Farmer.

NUMBER FOUR.

While living in 1877, near the city of Mineral Point, Wis., my wife's sister and her husband came to visit us, from his home in Nebraska.

My brother-in-law's name was Clark Garrison. Accompanying them was a babe, some three or four months old. The child's name was Letta Garrison. They remained with us about eight months. Little Letta had learned to walk and run about the house and premises unconsciously well for a child of her age. Indeed, I was more than ordinarily taken up with her, as I considered her very smart; and to say that she was, even would be speaking the truth, or, pretty an angel, would not be far out of the way.

At the close of their visit they went to live in Iowa, at a place called Strawberry Point, where they had resided before going to Nebraska. I have never seen them since, but heard they were living at Prairie-du-Chien, Wis.

A year or so after their visit to us, I received a telegram saying, "A child in the agony of death." No human being sent the dispatch. It came quick and sharp like a lightning flash, and seemed like a buzzing wire running through both ears, and when it stopped, the words came loud and plain, "A child in the agony of death," and no more. The bell did not toll and that was quite a relief to me.

I had forgotten little Letta, and tried my best to pick out a child of my acquaintance for their malice around, but I could fasten on no child that I knew. Although quite a worry to me, I gave it up. This telegram came on Sunday morning, as I moved back from the breakfast table.

In three or four days I received a letter from Letta's father—a solemn one to me—saying, "Little Letta would be dead when I received the letter." A solemn message to me to think that beautiful, darling child was dead.

I have no language to express my feelings. I lean my chair against the wall, and solemnly sit, thinking, when like lightning through my ears the wire was singing, and when it had stopped these words were spoken in my ears: "Remember your telegram last Sunday morning." It was a beautiful shock to me, as the bell did not toll when the message came, "A child in the agony of death."

I turned around to the table and answered back to the father and mother. "Your solemn letter received, and little Letta is not dead, but is going to live." I told them my dispatch last Sunday morning—"A child in the agony of death." They answered back by return mail, and overjoyed, saying—"that from early morning till night, their neighbors all called in, thinking little Letta dying, but she is better now, and did not die."

Letta grew up a beautiful lady and well educated; is now married, and the last I heard of her, lived in Prairie-du-Chien, Wis.

This experience out of many others I leave behind me as a record.

J. S. BEARDSLEY.

Minneapolis, Minn.

(To be continued.)

THE SUNSET LAND.

There is, as Indian legends say, A land far in the Western wild— A brighter realm, though dark the way, Whose light is ever soft and mild.

There is a land whose glorious bowers Are purer far than Orient clime, Where bloom the sweet perennial flowers,

Where birds of song forever chime— An Isle of rest for those who roam Through wood and solitary wild; Whose visions, like the thoughts of home,

Shall soothe in death the forest child. Amid its calm and peaceful shade When slowly sinks the orb of day, The trembling rays of sunlight fade And melt in silvery beams away.

And o'er its bowers there ever rests The calm of calm and peace— Like hush of eve, or starlight breeze, With whispering breeze and dewy showers.

Of had the untutored red man sought To find the wandering spirit's home; Released from earth, no science taught His soul where men's pale shadows roam.

But nature, with her tuneful lyre, Threw round his path her mystic spell, and glowing with immortal fire, New light, new radiance, round him fell.

He marked the day-god's path on high, Beheld the stars' perpetual round, And from the scriptures of the sky The secret of his soul was found.

Then rose within the red man's breast Emotions deep and strange and wild; Thoughts that in days of yore ne'er blest

His waking dreams, his sleep beguiled. Then in the whispering breeze was heard The rushing of the spirit wings; The wind-harp and the green-wood bird Brought tidings of all fearful things.

Lo! like the star's ethereal beam, Light breaketh o'er the loved one's grave. And Hope's glad rays mid darkness gleam, As sunlight o'er the ocean's wave.

In dreams he looks beyond the veil— That shuts him from the heavenly strand; When youth and joy and life shall fail, Then haste they to the Spirit Land.

"There shall the spirit find its youth," As wakening from a joyous dream, Mid words of balm, the fount of Truth Shall bless them with its holy beam; And there shall the haunting of the deer be found,

By crystal streams and plains away, Where the parting sigh, with its mournful sound, Shall tell no more of the heart's decay.

Where the weary hunter's bow shall find, And a home mid the forest's sylvan shade, While Indian maidens their locks shall bind With wreaths of the fragrant myrtle made.

Oh! there shall they bathe in the founts of life, And hear the songs of the free out-troll, Till every trace of their earth-born strife Shall be washed forever from the soul.

BELLE BUSH. Seminary, Belvidere, N. J.

Every one of his opinions appears to himself to be written with sunbeams.—Watts.

CONVERTED MINISTERS

By All Means Let Them Be Helped.

It is often remarked that ministers of the Gospel, in conversion to Spiritualism, are "boomed" more than the old-time workers in our ranks. We are somewhat disposed to toudy to the person who leaves an orthodox pulpit for the spiritual platform and perhaps it is to show our appreciation of their mental virtue and moral stamina sufficient to teach the truth. Surely, they make a sacrifice, financially and perhaps usefully! But, we should be careful not to exalt them too much above those who have been faithful against much greater opposition, and who have fought the gallant fight of true plume.

It is commonly said that the time is near when the churches shall absorb the cause of Spiritualism by teaching its philosophy and embracing its phenomena; and it begins to look as if it will be so. When that good time does come, the churches will be more useful and attract more people. But, will it destroy the usefulness of Spiritualists and of mediums? On the contrary, will it not rather strengthen our ranks? Secularism will likely always exist, and in the good time to be, Spiritualists will be one of the sects—or, perhaps, an eclectic body yet going before, breaking down the barriers of progress. Let us, then, encourage the preachers! Give them fat jobs as possible and pave the way for some of the rest of us!

Some of the "heretics" do not fare very well. Occasionally we meet one who has "suffered much for opinion's sake." Such an one was converted to Spiritualism at our Rochester, N. Y., meetings last winter. He dared to at once espouse the truth! He could no longer preach Calvinism, hence he accepted a rough and poorly paid position from a local newspaper, and sought for an "honorable" leave-taking from the Presidency; but, instead, he has been dishonorably dismissed as a heretic. His soul cries aloud to advocate the truth, but the "test case" of our platform does not permit a "philosopher" to satisfactorily sell his mental wares. But he sees the need of the psychic work, and says to us: "As Helen Williams so often says, 'reach out, assert the 'I,' and take what so freely belongs to you.'"

There is the generous spirit that reaches us to not only the achievements of others, but to the very things that grow envious! If they who are more greatly endowed, mentally or psychically, can usurp public places we have occupied, let us rather welcome than deprecate. The sooner we create "fat" places for preachers, the sooner will the churches teach the spiritual philosophy.

My clerical friend further writes me as follows:

"I've not been inside of any church since you left; not because I would not like to go, but for reasons which I find are forced upon me. Since my unfortunate experience with the steel-headed Presbyterian I find myself loath to trust any Sunday worshippers of any sort, although I do not class the free-spirited people of your denomination with others in my mind. I would like to attend the meetings here, in fact. But I simply will not until I can pay the price and wear something besides patches."

"As for the 'orthodox church clubs' and societies for the prevention of true Christianity, I could not be hired to sit and endure the 'discourses' which they so self-consciously pour forth."

In April I asked the presbytery, or rather I asked two members of it for bread, in the shape of an effort to assist me in raising some money, a small amount. The response was merely a stone. For when that body met they deposed me without a hearing or even a notice of their anticipated action. If they choose to deal out death to humanity and to all of one's highest aspirations, can you wonder that I should choose to worship in the grand temple of nature where such abundant life in all its myriad forms is being dealt out so bountifully?

"Many friends have been raised up for me by the very peridy of that arbitrary denomination. And the fact that I am neither grieved, hurt, nor angered by all their unworthy actions, is accompanied by the feeling that I can wait until true friends shall have brought to bear upon my enemies those influences which shall, in the end, win for me more than the apparent loss."

Speaking of reform efforts he writes: "The majority seem to feel that if anyone will build an engine, fire it up, attach some pump cars and wire the tracks for it, and then we will get on and ride if the train will wait until we secure passes. That has been my experience in church work."

He further pours out his soul to us in our work, as follows, and it is to the weary spiritual worker an incentive to go forward:

"But I do not intend to write you so lengthy a letter as Paul's to Timothy, or the 'Philippians.' But since I have gotten through with long prayers to the unreasonable God of the 'orthodox' people, and have stopped singing about 'Leaning on Jesus,' of course I have more strength of my own and more time in which to visit by letter with true friends. It has done me good simply to hear from you, to say nothing of the feeling awakened by the realization of the kindly spirit prompting you to write. It is helpful to know that there are some true hearts on earth, else life would not be worth while."

"Therefore, be it resolved, that you not only 'set the woods on fire,' but that, in place of the brush and hemlock, you cause the sweetest of rose-scented flowers to bloom about the temples of wisdom, strength and beauty, erected by many lives inspired to effort in this direction by your teaching. And may your work be successful everywhere you go, and your rewards be very palpable in every plane; not excepting health, strength, dollars and enjoyment."

Shall we not, by some means provide for willing tollers? Why be envious of one another? The field is ripe for many harvesters, and humanity needs genuine hearts to aid them.

Such souls crying for secular work, or any kind of work within the ranks of people who are mentally free, find no one able to help. It is a sad commentary upon the capacity of Spiritualists when we have not "influence" sufficient to help to an ordinary livelihood, a brother who lacks bread because of his daring to acknowledge the truth. We cannot prosper until we can protect the friends of truth. And yet, so many say the Spiritualists are "too busy" to help our spirit friends, even, tell us to care not for worldly affairs. And still, we go on toiling and suffering without means to the end of benefitting humanity by feeding their stomachs and clothing their bodies before we offer them spiritual pabulum.

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June, July and August, are the most depressing for sick folks. You need the watchful care of a good physician now if you ever do. Why not consult at once

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If you are under the care of some good physician and are getting better do not write us, but if you are not receiving the benefit you should, write us.

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is nature's warning that something is wrong. Thousands have been cured by our treatment. Why can't you also be restored to health?

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is now open and many patients are coming and going daily. We can accommodate fifty patients in this New England Health Home. We are usually crowded during July and August. It is well to write and secure your rooms ahead. Terms are from \$7 to \$15 a week. This pays for all treatments, including baths, massage, magnetic and psychic treatments. Carriage rides free to patients; beautiful drives. It is the best spiritual sanitarium in the world to-day. Send for the pamphlet called

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QUESTIONS

Intended for Self-Examination.

SATURDAY NIGHT THOUGHTS.

How many seeds have we sown in the pathway of life to brighten and gladden the hearts of others? Do we turn the beggar from our door hungry and thirsty? Do we always do to others as we would have them do to us? Do we all keep the beautiful light of Spiritualism trimmed and burning, that those who are in darkness may see its brightness? Do we fear to say: We do not believe, but know the philosophy of Spiritualism to be true? How many kind words have we spoken to the erring, endeavoring to lead them back to paths of virtue? Do we sow the seeds of truth which angels bring us, that barren soil may become more fruitful, giving freely to others what costs us nothing? Do we strive to subdue the earthly passions, cultivating the spiritual within us? Are we willing our children should be led higher by spiritual teachings, taught that sin cannot be forgiven? Are there any among us who send their little ones to orthodox churches, to be taught—though the sin be as venial as white as snow—that they should be taught to believe that the Father in heaven has had orthodox ministers tell me I could not save myself through good works or by living a pure life, but only through belief on Jesus Christ.

Let us not allow our little ones to be taught worthless creeds, which are pernicious and untrue; for the sake of popularity, or bread and butter. Let us remember martyrs of the past, and be apostles of truth to-day if by so doing we may bring the truth to shine on those in the darkness—the truth which frees the soul of man forever from the false and cruel teachings of the barbarous past.

To all who live far from Spiritual societies and the glorious lyceum, I wish to say: Keep our darling little ones from the orthodox Sabbath-school, and teach them at home the sweet and beautiful thoughts which the angel world are ever bringing to those who are willing to receive them. Teach them to fear not the scorn of the unwise, knowing that the great and noble of all lands are not ashamed to listen to inspiration's voice; that the most eminent men of to-day are classed as free-thinkers or Spiritualists; that ministers of orthodox churches cannot believe what they preach, their congregations sleep during the dry and tedious sermons which have been preached for ages, becoming an infliction more than a benediction. Let us teach our children to love.

Listen to the voices coming from above, the voices of the angels, filled with hope and love.

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Anyone who is sick and failed to find relief, should send their name and address (with stamp for reply) to Dr. J. CRAIG, Sacramento, Cal., and I will through spirit power send you the cause and condition of your trouble; and after I give you a correct diagnosis, if you wish help I will make my terms within your reach.

N. B.—The above advertisement is for the benefit of suffering humanity, and if you know of any one who is sick, and is skeptical, show them the above ad. and I may convince them of the truth of spirit return.

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The full term of this home-school for youths of both sexes will begin September 20. Location healthy and beautiful. Adults prepared for college or business by experienced and liberal teachers. Its art departments include music, painting, mechanical drawing and literature. The Seminary is based on the Golden Rule, its co-educative force, its moral, and its spiritual training. The subject of Fear occupies one whole chapter. The whole field of man's relation to the forces bringing either the health which is harmony or the discord which is disease is handled by one who evidently understands this subject. The booklet of 100 pages, is proving its interest by its sales. Sent on receipt of fifty cents. For sale at this office.

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R. F. Poole, Clinton, Iowa.—Your remedies and system of psychic treatment have helped me more than any I have ever used and I have tried many. Please send remedies for another month.

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Please try my remedies, Elixirs, Magnetic Compound and system of psychic treatment. If not satisfactory I will refund the money, \$1.10.

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Sunday Spiritualist Meetings in Chicago.

The Englewood Spiritual Endeavor Society holds meetings at Neuman's Hall, Sixty-third street and Stewart avenue at 8 p. m., every Sunday. Lecture and tests by Irene M. Dobson.

The Englewood Spiritual Society holds services every Sunday at Hopkins Hall, 628 W. 63rd street. Conference and tests at 3 p. m. Lecture and spirit messages at 7:30 p. m. All invited and seats free.

Church of the Star of Truth, Wicker Park hall, No. 501 West North avenue. Services at 7:45 p. m., conducted by Mr. and Mrs. William Lindsey.

The Spiritual Investigating Society meets at 3223 Cottage Grove avenue, under the direction of Dr. Carr. Lecture and tests at 8 p. m.

The Progressive Spiritual Church, G. V. Cordingley, pastor, room 409 Handel Hall, 40 Randolph street. Services at 7:30 p. m.

The Freedom Society will hold meetings Sundays at 3 p. m., at 404 Ogden avenue, during July and August.

Band of Harmony, auxiliary to the Church of the Star of Truth, meets at 808 Handel Hall Building, 40 Randolph St. every first and third Thursday of the month, beginning afternoons at three o'clock. The ladies bring refreshments; supper served at six o'clock. Evening session commences at a quarter to eight. Questions invited from the audience, and answered by the guides of Mrs. Ashton. Always an interesting programme. All are welcome.

The Gross Park Spiritualist Society holds meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at 1788 N. Hoyne avenue.

Forty-third Street Christian Spiritual meetings will be held in Kenwood Hall, 4308 Cottage Grove avenue, each Sunday, 3 p. m., conference and tests; 8 p. m., lecture by Dr. A. Houghton; tests by H. F. Coates and others. All are invited. Good music and seats free.

Spiritual Endeavor Society, meets at No. 4 South Hoyne avenue, near Lake, at 8 p. m. Sarah B. Brownell, pastor.

The First Spiritual Church of the South Side holds services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m., at 77 Thirty-first street. Lecture and spirit messages at both services. Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley, pastor.

The West Side Spiritual Society has consolidated with the First Eclectic Society of Spiritual Culture, and are permanently located at Van Buren's Opera House, Madison street and California avenue. Services at 3 and 7:45 p. m. Judge Maguire assisted by other good speakers from time to time, will lecture. Mr. Grupp, psychometrist.

Send in notice of meetings held on Sunday at public halls.

We cannot keep a standing notice of meetings and circles held at private residences. We have not space for that purpose.

"Woman, Church and State." By Matilda Joselyn Gage. A royal volume, of more than common intrinsic value. The subject is treated with masterly ability; showing what the church has and has not done for woman. It is full of information on the subject, and should be read by every one. Price \$2, postpaid. For sale at this office.

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The whole field of man's relation to the forces bringing either the health which is harmony or the discord which is disease is handled by one who evidently understands this subject. The booklet of 100 pages, is proving its interest by its sales. Sent on receipt of fifty cents. For sale at this office.

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