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VOL. 29.

CHICAGO, ILL., MAY 28, 1904.

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A Touch of Heaven

WHERE CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT HOW TO SMILE.

There are little children in the world who never learned how to smile. The officers of the Chicago Home for the Friendless know this, only too well. Among those put in their care are many whose childish eyes have seen little of life except sorrow. That hard teacher, Want, moreover, early trained their hands to helpfulness instead of play. One of the first cares of the institution is to make its children happy. This would seem to be an easy task, since hitherto they have so little to enjoy. Yet it taxes the ingenuity of the friends and caretakers who have assumed toward them the place of father, mother and kindred. It is hard to teach baby lips to smile which have never imitated a mother's coaxing fondness, and harder still to make small voices, which always before have been hushed into silence by the harsher noises of life, break spontaneously into laughter. Nevertheless, hard or not, it is done successfully in the nursery of the Home for the Friendless.

When children enter the home no time is lost in making them feel that they have come to a friendly place. Those who welcome them smile, and speak gently, and call each by name. Then the newcomers are bathed and fed and tucked up at night tenderly, and when they awake next day they are met by cheerful words and morning faces. There begins for them a new life of comfort and plenty, in which there are picture books, and toys, and dollies, and a host of friendly little children. Most of them, however, unused to these strong delights, hang back from the rest at first, and show unchildlike faces. They do not know how to play. The common heritage of happy childhood has passed them by.

LEARN TO HELP EACH OTHER.
The head of the nursery has found that the best way to bring these little aliens into the family circle is to put them in the way of helping others. This is something which every one of them can understand from past experience. Soon each takes up of his own accord the simple task that he can do the best. For instance, one tiny mulatto girl, 3 years old, who loves babies, follows around after a couple of tots a year younger than herself, with an air as motherly as if they were her own. Others are sent on easy errands in the nursery, or are given some daily duty to perform. Little girls, under 5 years of age, like to help the nurse air the beds, and make them. When dinner is ready all the children are eager to go on each other's bids. One boy, the oldest, regularly takes the orders down to the kitchen at mealtime.

When the confidence of the children has been won by giving each his distinct place in the family life, it becomes easier to show them how to play together. In the kindergarten they are taught to sing, to clap their hands, to imitate the motions of the birds that they see flying in the park across the way, and to practice all the little arts that make for gladness. On afternoons when the weather keeps them indoors they have a grand frolic in the nursery, running from one room to another, taking turns on the rocking horse, or riding on an improvised merry-go-round. Many of them, however, even after days of this companionship, which they plainly enjoy, have not yet learned how to smile.

SMILE COMES AFTER COAXING.
The smile is wonderful when it comes at last, sometimes after long and patient coaxing. It is as illuminating as a light in a nearby window in the quiet dusk of early morning. Your heart goes out toward it in much the same way; and you want to get closer to it, and you feel a little lonely if you are grown-up that you cannot. Once come, it is there to stay, at least so long as the child is in the home; and with it has come something else, more precious, a willingness to be loved, and a passion for loving. Now the children look for affection in the faces that greet them. A visitor to the nursery is immediately surrounded by little boys and girls with fondling hands and upturned eyes, which smile as affectionately as the lips beneath them. "Take me up! Take me, too!" cries one child after another, every one of them on tiptoes with eagerness for the caresses of which they have never had enough.

Soon they begin to form close friendships among themselves. Often you see two little fellows sitting together, shoulder to shoulder, with beaming faces, which bring to mind that joyous cry of Sara Crew: "I have a friend!"
The fact that some of the children have chums does not keep them from playing all together, little ones, big ones, and middle sized ones, white ones, and black ones. They choose by preference games in which they can care for one another, such as "doctor" and "house," and lacking up each other's shoestrings. This last amusement they never tire of. There is one small black boy named George who proudly calls himself "the black coon," in distinction from another negro boy, a "white coon." Also in the nursery, who is content to let the other children face and unlace his shoes all day long. The head nurse laughingly declares that the largest item of expense in her department is for shoestrings.

WHEN THEY ARE ROGISH.
The discipline of the place is wonderful. Of course, there are rogues, as in every nursery. The nurses know what beds they will find empty when they visit the bedrooms just after the lights are turned out and they know also what beds to look under in order to find the deserters. But most of the children try to keep their fellows, as well as themselves, in order. Nursery sentiment is strong against the boy who insists on being abed in the morning until he is late for breakfast. At the last Thanksgiving celebration when the nursery

children, fifty-one in number, were marching before the officers of the home, it was the smallest boy of all, a negro baby, who called out, "Keep in line, kids."
Throughout the year there are entertainments and festivals in the home to train its children further in their newly learned art of smiling. There are song services for them in the chapel. Musicians, some of them from the Thomas orchestra, play for them; this winter the Apollo club will repeat its concert at the home. Other people come and sing to the children, tell them stories, and teach them games.
Washington park, across the street, is the children's summer playground. They have, besides, a sandpile, where they spend many happy hours.
Thus it is that by being good and doing good, the methods of work in the spirit realms are brought to earth.

THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING

Did It Begin in Italy After the Fourteenth Century, and in England About the Year 1500?

Further citations from Prof. John's "Rise of English Culture." As it is abundantly clear that neither in Paris, nor London, nor Oxford, nor any other northern city did Greek begin to be cultivated until the time of Henry VIII (1509-1547) so it is not safe to assume a very much earlier culture in that language in any city in Italy. Three German printers, Sweynheim, Pannartz and Hahnemann, came to Rome about 1468 or '70. They had been apprentices to Faust at Mainz, whose press the Benedictines claim to have patronized. They found no patrons, but gained shelter in the cloister of Subiaco, which was filled with German monks and under the protection of Torquemada. Here Donatus, the grammarian, was printed, then the work of the monk who assumed the name of Laurentius; Cicero, "De Oratore," and Augustine, "De Civitate Dei." Most certainly neither of the "Fathers" was heard of until late in the fifteenth century, and their Latin is the Latin of the Renaissance.

In no age of Italy were there more than a few readers of the Latin and Greek classics, or of the Vulgate in the closing decades of the fifteenth century. The erection of Greek printing presses is ascribed to Chigi, who had one in his house, when in 1515 an edition of Pindar was printed, the first of Greek books that issued from any press in Rome.

An observation made by Edgar Quinet in a lecture fifty years ago, that what the eighteenth century was to the Frenchmen, the sixteenth century had been to the Italian scholars, is more significant than he himself apprehended. It is now time to say, with the utmost emphasis, that the "Humanists" of the sixteenth century had good ground for knowing that the Renaissance of the monastic historians was in fact a "subtle dream."

There were Greeks in Italy who knew the Christian System of Ideas to be novel and more recent than the Mohammedan. There were Arabian philosophers who held the relativity of the truth of all religious systems, and whose ideas were in sympathy with those of the Greeks. There were a broad-minded Jews of the same school.

It was clearly seen by some that a new dogma in modification of El Islam was arising in the world. The monastic philosophy was denounced as barbarous. A great effort was made to rise above the confusion of rival ecclesiastical parties, and God as Supreme Being was defined as the one immortal intellect in all members of the human race, while miracles and personal immortality were denied. It was a yeasty time, and men knew not what direction the church would ultimately take.

A remarkable story is told of Linares who died in 1574, and is said to have been the first Christian who could read Aristotle and Galen in the original. Sir John Cheke, in his tract on "The Pronunciation of the Greek Tongue," tells us that Linares at an advanced age, broken by study and disease, and near to death, being a priest, for the first time took the New Testament into his hands. He read through a few chapters of Matthew, and on completing the seventh chapter he cast away the book and swore that "either this was not the Gospel or we were not Christians."

The fact that the two materializing mediums exposed in Boston had numerous dupes who "recognized" their "spirit" friends dressed in phosphorescent robes, is an illustration proving that degeneracy is common in the East. Not one of these freak materializing mediums in Boston will submit to test conditions, and the city is flowing with the poisonous filth that emanates from them. Many exposures have lately occurred in various parts of the country, and in every case—not a single exception—the "spirit" has been found to be the medium or a slimy confederate dressed in artificial togery—prepared gowns illuminated with phosphorescent paint! Does not this fact—this indisputable fact—present an object lesson for Spiritualists everywhere to consider? Or do you prefer to remain blind and dumb as to the actual status of our Cause, and let the ulcer in our ranks remain to disseminate its pestiferous influence? A late number of the Banner of Light says:

"Once more, history is repeated and Spiritualism is held up to contempt by the doings of those trading under its name, at least so it appears from a report printed in the Boston Herald, of Monday, 24th inst. The salient incidents lie, in substance, thus described.
"A materializing seance has been held each Sunday night by one May French, assisted by a Nova Murville Jenness. The police have had the meeting under watch for a few weeks and as a result procured a warrant and arrested the two women above named at what our contemporary considerably describes as 'an alleged Spiritualistic seance.' According to the published report the medium appeared in a robe 'which was diaphanous in the extreme,' also in a robe smeared with phosphorus, as was also a cross she wore." The Herald also says: 'After their arrests the women are said to have confessed to the officers that the whole show was a fake designed to abstract money from the pockets of male attendants, without actually receiving it from hand to hand.' As the payment made was voluntary donations, some difficulty was encountered, it appears, as to the kind of warrant needful to permit the arrests to be made.
"Prima facie, there appears to be a case against the de-

endants, and if the asserted confession is a fact, there is more than 'probable cause' for sentence being ultimately passed. The utter lack of moral sense which such fraud implies in those who are guilty of it is lamentable to think of. It is a demoralization as deplorable as that in a creature of the fabled hell of old. It is a wanton and wicked trifling with the tenderest and holiest feelings of human nature and when exposed becomes a tragedy too awful in its nature to contemplate with equanimity. Phosphorized robes and crosses, and a surplice for the spirit (?) of Bishop Phillips Brooks, reveal a cunning and wilful preparation for the commission of fraud which fills every honest Spiritualist with loathing and disgust. If the case is proven and the admission of fraud was a fact, exemplary punishment is richly deserved, and it is to be hoped that in such case the harpies who still prey on our flanks may take heed and turn to methods by which they can earn an honest living.

"But the farcical side of the subject comes here. Why is it that those who are called old and tried Spiritualists persist in supporting these fake shows? There is no attempt made at investigation, no conditions of a scientific character are imposed, inquiry is resented and any attempt to secure test conditions is denounced as the wickedness of the skeptic or fraud hunter. It is farcical, no other term will fit, to imagine that the marvelous phenomenon of materialization can be obtained in a public promiscuous dark circle to which any Tom, Dick or Harry can procure admission at so much per, or by dropping coin into a box. These 'nickel in the slot' shows are held under the worst conditions for honest inquiry, and have been the bane of the cause ever since they first commenced. They are simply a farce and travesty of all that Spiritualism stands for, and though the press has not in the past done it either wisely or well, now we are glad to see they realize that there is Spiritualism and Spiritualism, and are thus adding us in driving the rascals in our ranks out of their business.

"The Banner stands for honest mediumship, and says that a little that will stand the test is far more serviceable to the world than much and wonderful phenomena which result too often in the farce that leads to the tragedies which we have had to deplore so frequently in the past. 'The two women we learn have been sentenced as 'idle and disorderly characters,' to the women's prison at Sherborn, Mass., for one year. They pleaded guilty, but after sentence filed an appeal."

Nothing is understood of early English History until we see that it is a branch of Church History. It has been assumed that the Benedictine who writes under the nom de plume of "Gildas" lived in the sixth century; but on no other ground than that on which children and simple people believe this or that "because they are told so," or "because it is so written."
"Gildas" had an admirable command of the Latin Bible, which no monk had or could have had until the fifteenth century. "Gildas" is certified by another solitary of three centuries later, Bede; Bede by William of Malmesbury, and so on.
"Gildas" has a string of inventions about imaginary British kings, who were called into existence about the time when the greatness of the Tudor House and the glories of King Arthur began to be spoken of.
Almost the first thing that Polydore Vergil discovered (1520) in searching for the materials of English history was a "forgery," set down to "Gildas." About the middle of the sixteenth century we find John Leland laboring to discover a historical "Gildas." He belongs to the same literary faction with the monks who pass for the names of "Bede" and "Alduin."

Pseudo-Gildas echoes Pseudo-Jerome when he calls Porphyry a "mad Oriental against the church," and puts into his mouth the saying that "Britain is a province fertile of tyrants."
The sole testimony to the existence of "Bede" in the eighteenth century is the testimony of Bede himself at the end of his "History." The earlier copies of his work did not contain the last chapter. John Leland distinctly tells us it was not to be found in any of the printed copies. The self-testimony was not penned, perhaps, until about the middle of the sixteenth century.
It will be impossible to assign the composition of "Bede's Ecclesiastical History" to a higher antiquity than the latter decades of the fifteenth century. It was not known until the reign of Henry VIII, outside the monasteries, nor printed until 1643, nor criticized in any adequate sense till it came into the hands of the admirable Fuller (1608-1661).
Supposing the Catalogue of Boston of Bury to have been compiled late in the fifteenth century, it shows that at that time Bury was the chief literary center in England, while St. Albans lagged behind it.
The truth is that culture was forced upon the cloisters by the growing curiosity of the world.
(To be continued.)
WM. HENRY BURR.

Suppression of Sunday "desecration" is not suppression of crime. When the church undertakes the "suppression of crime" by law she is very apt, to attempt to suppress something that is not crime at all.—Sentinel.
As long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors, the thirst of military glory will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters.—Gibbon.
No human law is of any validity if opposed to the laws of nature.—Blackstone.
Friendship, like gold, needs the acid test of adversity to determine its purity.—Everett McNeil.
A kind word is a golden key that opens the hearts of the sad and the weary.—Ethel Payne.
He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything.—Samuel Johnson.
To reject religion is the first step towards moral profligacy.—Thoreau.

A Vivid Object Lesson.

As the shades of night thickened and the stars shone in the distant heaven, the glory and inspiration of the summer night thrilled my soul. Long, sad and gazed into the starlit realm of the boundless universe, and naturally my thoughts drifted into that channel which, at some time or other, carries the burden of every mind—Is the soul immortal? Faith alone answers in the affirmative. I closed my eyes on the beauty of the night, to ponder once again the question so fraught with mystery and doubt. I sought the wisdom of the world's greatest intellects, but her scholars, philosophers, and sages were silent as the tomb. I searched the annals of history and heard the voices of Grecian, Egyptian, and Assyrian sages, where at different times in the world's history intellect had shone brightly. I sought amid the accumulated wisdom of past ages, an answer to my question. All were silent. History, science, and philosophy offered no solution. Then as the darkness gathered and the doleful, weird sounds of night cease drifting to my ear, I caught a sound familiar to us all—an infant's voice. The child was crying. Frightened by the darkness, the child was not pierced and awed by the mysterious sounds falling on the infant ear, it gave utterance to the predominant emotion of its nature—fear. For only a moment its cry was heard, then out of the darkness and gloom of night came the soft sweet voice of the mother as she sang a lullaby. Instantly the voice of the infant was hushed, the child was washed and its mind wrapped in peaceful slumber. Then like an inspiration came the thought that there was the true solution of religious faith, that religion is a lullaby to infant minds. Man sees the incomprehensible phenomena of nature, the vast and uncontrollable powers around him, the sea lashed to fury by the tempest, the mountain side cleft by storm and the forest giant smitten by the lightning's blast, and realizing his helplessness and awed by the mysteries surrounding him, like the infant he, he cries for protection and finds peace in the lullabies of creeds and beliefs.—C. W. Gorsuch—in the Truth Seeker.

ROMISH DEMANDS.

Catholicism Must Again Claim New World.—The Public School System Unjust.

These were the headlines displayed in some of the Pittsburg daily papers. With these others were the expressions of Archbishop James B. Quigley in an address before the Roman Catholic Woman's League. It is not our desire to pick at any religious order or organization, but when they are feeling the Protestant public through the associated press in heavy headlines on subjects of so great importance, it is certainly just that they be answered. We shall, however, confine our answer more particularly to the protection of the public schools which he has attacked so unjustly. His first claim is that America was discovered by a Roman Catholic and the cross planted in the name of the church, and for this reason the church should still be allowed to rule the country above State, and control the education of its children.

This idea is the one foremost in the minds of all the church officials, and they have always endeavored and intend to keep it before the people. Authority over State in all countries, but those countries that have had the misfortune to be under the rule and authority of Roman Catholicism have found it very oppressive, and its parochial schools inadequate for the education of the children in any progressive nation. Many of the European nations as well as South America, Central America and Mexico, have until the last few years had their children instructed in parochial schools, and a very few still tolerate the system.

The parochial schools have been repudiated by nearly all of the European countries, by all of Catholic South America except "Bouador," which with never has been with the same view and expression, which by the way is true to life than any one of the many pictures I have; and there are no pictures of Mrs. Pickett except one taken younger, having a poor resemblance to the face with which we are familiar. The spirit photo is recognized on sight by all who know her.

It is strange that people will err on so simple a thing as evidence in spirit phenomena. Most investigators still continue to insist on the same methods in finding truth as are used to prove crime. Truth and crime are not one; they are separate things and require difference in treatment. To test a medium is simply to prove the experiment successful or unsuccessful. In phenomenal Spiritualism, the only proof of any use whatever is in the character of the manifestation made. In the above instance there is the recognition of three faces, with no other possible explanation than that of the spiritual hypothesis.

It is not necessary to assume a medium to be a scoundrel to prove if spirits are the operators, while the fact remains that all evidence is in the character, not the conditions, of the manifestation. Testing the medium is by no means proving the phenomena he is supposed to demonstrate. It is not the medium, but the fact of the continuity of life that is on trial. You can insult the manhood or the womanhood of the instrument by the use of means belonging to the treatment of criminals. He cultivating the cunning of the tiger and the use of brute force, but if you would ascend the spiritual Alps, learn what constitutes evidence and so develop the intellectual and the spiritual.
H. W. BOOZER, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Is Soul Immortal?

As the shades of night thickened and the stars shone in the distant heaven, the glory and inspiration of the summer night thrilled my soul. Long, sad and gazed into the starlit realm of the boundless universe, and naturally my thoughts drifted into that channel which, at some time or other, carries the burden of every mind—Is the soul immortal? Faith alone answers in the affirmative. I closed my eyes on the beauty of the night, to ponder once again the question so fraught with mystery and doubt. I sought the wisdom of the world's greatest intellects, but her scholars, philosophers, and sages were silent as the tomb. I searched the annals of history and heard the voices of Grecian, Egyptian, and Assyrian sages, where at different times in the world's history intellect had shone brightly. I sought amid the accumulated wisdom of past ages, an answer to my question. All were silent. History, science, and philosophy offered no solution. Then as the darkness gathered and the doleful, weird sounds of night cease drifting to my ear, I caught a sound familiar to us all—an infant's voice. The child was crying. Frightened by the darkness, the child was not pierced and awed by the mysterious sounds falling on the infant ear, it gave utterance to the predominant emotion of its nature—fear. For only a moment its cry was heard, then out of the darkness and gloom of night came the soft sweet voice of the mother as she sang a lullaby. Instantly the voice of the infant was hushed, the child was washed and its mind wrapped in peaceful slumber. Then like an inspiration came the thought that there was the true solution of religious faith, that religion is a lullaby to infant minds. Man sees the incomprehensible phenomena of nature, the vast and uncontrollable powers around him, the sea lashed to fury by the tempest, the mountain side cleft by storm and the forest giant smitten by the lightning's blast, and realizing his helplessness and awed by the mysteries surrounding him, like the infant he, he cries for protection and finds peace in the lullabies of creeds and beliefs.—C. W. Gorsuch—in the Truth Seeker.

Is the Soul Immortal?

As the dawned and the sun shone in the heavens the glory and inspiration of springtime thrilled my soul. I sat in meditation upon the boundless realm about me. I wondered at the great system of Nature, the vastness of life, and the meaning of Death, and in the course of my meditations I saw the grass and the weeds peeping forth from the sod beneath my feet. I looked down upon them and thus I heard them say: "The soul is immortal. There is no death. Life is eternal. Nature is the supreme mother. Look upon these green from this parent root other blades of grass and other weeds and gave expression to the life that is within, above, and all around, as we shall when the sun, and rain, and mother earth aid us arise. Life's productive, restless soul is ever moving on with its burden of repairs, changes, renewals, destructions, and its eternal duty to the universe."
I opened my eyes to the beauty and splendor of the springtime and its promise of returning life and her voice so sweet and clear told me that in the cold and dreary winter all the souls of things, too tender for its icy tread, went back to sleep and rest, as others had who preceded them, and though not in form the same, in soul returned again in bodies new.

The sun smiled and the dewy sprays arose from earth to meet the rays, and both went back upon the tender heads of grass and weeds there rising from their winter beds, and kissed them and gave them strength to grow up out of death into new life.
I searched the annals of the ages now forgotten; I sought not the wisdom of the world's greatest intellects who in the depth of all their thought but saw the moving things before their mortal eyes and by mathematics sought to solve the hidden mysteries of the universe; sought the cause of being and forgot to look from inner sense, the very core of life.

I closed my eyes to shut out all this panorama of the earth, placed all mortal sense to rest and went out on the wings of thought. I seemed to float from sphere to sphere, rising, still rising, marking the changes as I passed. I saw sweet faces I had seen before and I heard the voices that I heard of yore. A voice that seemed to come from the light that raised and guided me upon my flight, said: "Does this look like life or death?"
In my soul I answered, but spoke not in human word. My thoughts were read and known but never heard.
My thoughts went out and found reply, as if the voices that I heard of yore cry for light, for knowledge and for peace that comes with knowing, with release from blindness and from bonds of earth, that comes alone through death and birth.

I saw my father, mother, sister, whom I knew, and my brother whom I knew not here on earth, and they were all alive and seemed so glad to see me. I knew I was alive and still attached to the form for awhile.
The scenes were new to me but seemed as tangible as those with which I had been familiar, but far more beautiful than any I had before seen.
I stood entranced as I beheld those friends and kindred there amid the splendor of the scene; they whom I had known as dead, or passed away, and my spirit told me, "This is Life; there is no death to annihilate the conscious man."
I had believed and now I know that Life has no end and through the list of beings up to man there is but change, renewal, growth, unfoldment, evolution.
Man may shut his eyes and think and live in scenes he never saw before. This is called imagination, but in truth is thought on wings of immortality; in

fact is the conscious ego of man away from form, touching here and watching there as quick as light and free from bonds of flesh.
I know that birds and beasts and fish and insects have a language of their own and understand. They laugh and romp and play, and build and fight and sleep the same as man who often believes he owns the earth and controls it for his use. He has not yet climbed heights to which he has not yet climbed. He plays all below him when he thinks it right, that he must be the royal ruler of the earth, but finds his match in death, which awaits to change him from this life to a higher one.
"Is the soul immortal?" Ask the rolling sea that swallows man as though he were a fish and though on land his rightful place were the sea. Hear it murmur as it slaps and lashes the shores of sand and rock, and say "The soul is IMMORTAL; life is eternal and nature is the supreme mother of the universe."
"Is the soul immortal?" No soul having passed to the eternal finish has ever returned to bring the news. They pass on and on, around, above and through, from stage to stage of expression and leave a light behind that gives a clew to their identity. That clew is eternal. The psychic reads and follows that clew back and forth through time and space and sees the very life that time and death cannot efface. Even the tread of feet, the very trail is immortal. We need no pillars of crystal and believe when the facts lie all about us and within us.
DR. T. WILKINS.

ABOUT JESUS.

The Conflicting Pedigrees of Jesus—A Dilemma With Horns Enough for All.

To the Editor:—Mr. Richard Ransom published an article bearing on the above named subject in your issue of April 23, but as there are some aspects of it not touched on by him I crave the privilege of elucidating it further.
Scattered through the Old Testament are many prophecies of a Messiah who was to come to the Jews and who was to be their great deliverer and savior, and these prophecies usually, particularly that of Isaiah, which is quoted in the New Testament, speak of "the seed of Jesse," and would be a literal descendant of the patriarch, through David, or words to that effect. The Jews expected him to be an all-conquering hero who would save them—not from their sins but from their enemies, and establish them as the leading nation of the world; consequently when the meek and lowly Jesus, the friend and associate of fishermen came, they rejected him with scorn. Not so the Christians. They claimed, and still claim and believe that Jesus was the identical Messiah whose coming was so often predicted in the Jewish scriptures; that his kingdom was to be spiritual and not temporal; that he came to save not only the Jews but all nations from their sins, etc., and that the Jews made an irretrievable mistake when they refused to accept him as such. Under such circumstances it became a matter of the greatest importance to be able to trace his pedigree back to the patriarchs through David, so as to show that the prophecies of his coming had been fulfilled. Accordingly, St. Matthew traces his genealogy from the patriarchs down through David's son Solomon, to and through Jacob, the father of Joseph, the reputed father of Jesus. If the matter had rested there it would have been far less embarrassing than it is at present, but it was not so to be, for St. Luke (see St. Luke 3:23) included thereto by the devil (perdition) also wrote out the pedigree of Jesus, tracing his descent from the patriarchs down through David's son Nathan, to and through Heli, the father of Joseph, the supposed father of Jesus. Now here we have two conflicting pedigrees of apparently the same person, each written by an inspired man, and each claiming to be true. Can it be possible that the saints and prophets are sometimes inspired to write things that are not true?

Perish the thought, for if that were so, it would undermine the whole theory of inspiration.
Suppose the churches adopt the theory that these genealogies are all false, but made of different persons? They will then find themselves confronted with the question, Which one of these persons do you worship as the true Jesus?
But this is not all. There is another view of the matter that is even more staggering than the foregoing. St. Matthew (see first chapter New Testament) after tracing the genealogy of Jesus through the patriarchs and David and Joseph, his supposed father and the husband of his mother, and thus showing conclusively that in his descent he fulfilled the prophecies, immediately (on the same page), overthrows the whole theory of his descent, and practically denies that his coming fulfilled the prophecies, by showing that Joseph was not his father, and that as a matter of fact he had no human father at all, and that at the time of his birth his mother was a virgin. Here we have a triple dilemma with horns enough for all.
Will some ancient and venerable D.D., saturated with theological wisdom please rise and explain.
C. G. STAFFORD.

Eureka, Cal.
Every great war leaves a country with three armies—one of invadants, one of mourning, and one of idle persons ready to commit crime.—German proverb.
Nothing is so firmly believed as what we least know.—Montaigne.
Lay hold on life with both hands; wherever thou mayest seize it, it is interesting.—Goethe.
Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it converts itself into conduct.—Carlyle.

SEEKING LIGHT.

Along Lines Exceedingly Difficult to Fathom.

To the Editor:—It is to be regretted that Mr. Ferris has seen fit to write only a short article for fear of crowding the columns of *The Progressive Thinker*. When I take into consideration the fact that a column of badly written matter (my previous article) was printed on two points, I am inclined to think you would have printed anything Mr. Ferris might have had to say.

Mr. Ferris seems to think that he has considered the most important parts of my communication. In this I beg to differ with him. To my mind the most important parts have been quite set aside.

What the spirits themselves think about it is certainly more important; and yet Mr. Ferris has taken no notice of my request for a statement of the facts presented pro and con, as he claims, by the spirits themselves in support of their own views on the two sides of this question.

OF WHAT FORCE ARE TO US THE HIGH TEACHINGS OF THE SPIRITS WHEN WE CONSIDER THAT BETWEEN THEMSELVES THEY DO NOT AGREE ON PRELIMINARY PRINCIPLES?

If it should be proven that the spirits supporting the principle of reincarnation are all idiots, then we could understand why the high (?) class of spirits do not waste their time trying to bring the other side to their views.

But is Mr. Ferris prepared to say that the spirits who did communicate through Allan Kardec are all idiots?

Another point passed unnoticed by Mr. Ferris is the one made when I said that after forty years' study of the subject I have come to the conclusion that the spirits seem to know very little more than I do myself about the conditions in which they find themselves on their side of the Jordan.

I really thought Mr. Ferris would rake me over the coals on that point. Why his deep silence? He need not fear to hurt my feelings. I desire light, and am willing to receive it even if it has to be pounded into my brain. If Mr. Ferris will not or cannot impart it, I sincerely hope some other Spiritualist will undertake the job.

It is not I alone who desire or need light on this subject. There are many true blue Spiritualists who know less than I do about Spiritualism. As a rule they are too prone to accept as word of gospel everything that comes from the lips of mediums. A little more light would do them good. Spiritualism will make very little progress, I fear, as long as our leaders stand on a high pedestal from which they preach of the beauties of life in the seventh circle, neglecting all the while to take notice of the irreconcilable difference in the teachings of those who stand between them and the masses.

Let those leaders first make sure that they are receiving light from the right sort of spirits, whether they be the reincarnations or the others and then let them unite in teaching us a doctrine free from contradictions. Maybe then the spirits, instead of setting before us as examples, will take lessons from us and will try to reconcile their different teachings.

These reflections have led me away from Mr. Ferris and the review of his article in Number 752 of your paper, which is really the object of this communication.

How to start and conduct this review is a puzzling question. Mr. Ferris and I do not, I see, stand on the same plane. He says and I plead guilty to the indictment, that I do not understand nature's methods. How can I argue, then, with a man who understands them? The best thing I can say in self-defense is that for a man who does understand those methods he makes a poor show at explaining them. That which we understand well, has said a French poet, we can explain well, and the words to make ourselves clear come to us easily.

Why does not this apply to Mr. Ferris' explanation of the spirit birth theory? The only forcible point I can discover in his article is the following:

"Is Nature so lacking in the material for the production of a new man that reincarnation becomes necessary? Did the creation of a fixed number of spirits exhaust the resources of the whole boundless universe so that to sustain life on earth reincarnation became necessary? Reason answers, No."

What reason? Mr. Ferris, of course. For what is "reason"? Is it a true and absolute gauge at the command of every human being wherever he can detect the truth or falsity of facts? Or is it a faculty developed in each human being through observation and co-ordination of facts? If the former, Mr. Ferris should tell us where that gauge is kept. For one, I would be very thankful to him. If the latter, then why should not my reasons' reasons be as good as Mr. Ferris'?

This appeal to reason weakens, according to my views, the force of his point. Besides why should reincarnation prove the exhaustion of the creative force? Are there no other worlds in process of creation? Is space all occupied? Reason answers, I don't know.

This same point can be considered from another side. If there are three ultimate principles in the universe—matter, force and intelligence—then "intelligence" as understood by Mr. Ferris must, like matter and force, be a given quantity; and reason tells us that any quantity will ultimately become exhausted if drawn upon by outside agencies capable of storing and holding forever the power drawn from the whole. But, as Mr. Ferris said, this neither proves nor disproves reincarnation. My sole object in writing this is to show that Mr. Ferris' explanations explain nothing. This can be made plainer if I point out the passages in Mr. Ferris' article in which he says: "Yet one thing confronts us, turn whichever way we will, the world is not perfect." Then follows a paragraph devoted to explaining that we do not see things as they really are; and speaking of those false things he says: "And they seem to imply an imperfect whole." If I understand that paragraph well, it means that Mr. Ferris with Mr. Dresser and other New Thought men believes in a "Perfect Whole," and he is then and there in contradiction with himself as recorded in another paragraph of the same article.

I ought to stop here, but beg leave to ask just one question. Where did Mr. Ferris find that there are "three ultimate principles in the universe—matter, force and intelligence"? I have heard of matter and motion, as believed in by materialists, and of God, life and intelligence (whichever way you choose to call it) as seen by those who believe that God is all and in all, and also by those who believe that God created the world. But matter, force and intelligence is a mixture I do not understand and never heard of.

Of course, my ignorance of a matter so far from against the still seething light and mind change my mind if Mr. Ferris succeeds in opening my eyes. Peoria, Ill. G. P. BENEZET.

Viewed from a Common-Sense Standpoint.

IT IS COMPREHENSIVE.

Masterly Criticism on the Bible by a Masterly Mind.

To the Editor of the New York Sun—Sir:—We learn from your editorial that orthodoxy under the very able leadership of Dr. Patton is confronting heterodoxy on a decisive field in defense of the "full inspiration and supreme authority of the Bible as the word of God." It will be a momentous encounter. What are all our political questions compared with the question whether we have or have not the divinely inspired word of life?

Those whose opinions I share will be inclined to denounce to the use in a critical discussion of the term "Bible," dear and familiar as that term may be. The founder of Christianity, a humble Galilean, naturally received with unceremonial simplicity the sacred books and traditions of his nation. He accepted as historical the story of Jonah and saw in the appellation of Jehovah as the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob a proof that those patriarchs still lived. But Pharisaism obeyed its instincts in crucifying the founder of Christianity. The Anglican Articles say "The Old Testament is not contrary to the New." What can be more contrary to the brotherhood of man than the order to smite the Canaanites, and utterly destroy them? What can be more contrary to the Christian rule of marriage than the injunction of Ezra to the Jews to put away their Gentile wives? The God of the Old Testament to the last is tribal, though he is supreme over the gods of all the other nations and will some day make his tribe supreme. The God of the New Testament is universal.

It is time that we should frankly treat as primitive the Old Testament stories of the Creation and the Deluge, which distinctly clash with the true revelation of science. They ought no longer to be taught to children. I recollect the ignominious struggles of a great geologist, whose lectures I attended in my youth, to reconcile scientific fact with established and consecrated belief.

The Old Testament has its sublimities, its beauties, its passages of advanced morality both personal and social. In virtue of these it must always hold its ground. The Mosaic law, whatever may be the date of its redaction, belongs in its character to a primitive era, and for that era is a notable advance in civilization. Recognizing primitive customs, it improves on them. It distinguishes wilful murder from accidental homicide, and confines to wilful murder the function of the Avenger of Blood. It forbids the taking of money as a satisfaction for blood, which was the general custom of primitive mankind. It condemns the hereditary blood feud. By providing judges and calling on the congregation to judge between the slayer and the avenger of blood, it puts private revenge under the control of public law. It limits the evil privilege of asylum. It limits parental despotism, which among the Romans was unlimited, requiring a public process and the concurrence of the mother in the execution of the rebellious child. Recognizing polygamy, as in those days was inevitable, it guards against the evil jealousies and partialities of the harem. It even mitigates in some measure the

barbarous laws of war, requiring that a garrison shall be regularly summoned, and forbidding the cutting down of the fruit trees, the permanent wealth of the country, which was regularly practiced by the Greeks. It extends a measure of protection to the feelings of captive women. It is singularly free from militarism, making no provision for a standing army, even foregoing forced service in war and treating "peace in all your borders" as the highest blessing. It recognizes slavery; then universal, but mercifully interposes to some extent between the master and the slave. It betrays its human origin in ordaining capital punishment for witchcraft. Mere improvements on the tribal system, though remarkable and even wonderful, can hardly be said clearly to bespeak the intervention of God.

The Decalogue is very high morality for its day, as the continuance of its authority has proved, though its allusion to the creation shows that it was not inspired by the maker of the world. The Sabbath, while in its Jewish form it belongs to the past, has glided with rational modification into our inestimable Day of Rest.

If the grandeur and beauties of the Old Testament are apparent, its weaknesses cannot well be concealed. Who can pretend to admire the ecstatic utterances of Jeremiah and Ezekiel? The Book of Job has been lauded beyond measure. It is striking passages, and its theme is one of the deepest interest. But it signally fails to solve its problem, the compatibility of the sufferings of good men with the providence of God. Socrates, as reflected in Plato, is here clearly above Job.

Some passages in the Old Testament which are in-stinct with tribal cruelty and pandor to the war spirit have borne very bitter fruit. A plea has been entered for the retention of these as congenial to a particular class of converts. It was for that very reason that Ulfilas, the apostle of the Goths, left the Books of Kings out of his translation of the Scriptures.

Inspiration must be universal or none. We are not warranted in picking out certain passages and pronouncing them divine while the rest are human. A single error or immorality is fatal to the divine origin of the whole. That a divine Being should err or mislead is inconceivable. Not less inconceivable is that he should have subjected himself in his operations to such a law as evolution, and then waited for Darwin to explain the dispensation to mankind. Gladstone, maintaining the divine source of Genesis, in effect makes the Creator guess at the process of creation and come strikingly near to anticipating the Nebular Hypothesis.

It seems to follow that the Old Testament ought not to be bound up with the New as the record of a continuous revelation, hard as it will be to dissolve the union between the two parts of our family Bible.

The value of the New Testament, to a rationalist, does not depend on the proof of apostolic or contemporary authorship, on the credibility of the miraculous parts of the narrative, or on anything that higher criticism has swept or is sweeping away. It rests on the Character unmistakably portrayed, and on the doctrines which unquestionably gave birth to Christendom.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

A Vivid Portrayal of the Future.

A VISION.

In Which a Fearful Clash of Nations Is Vividly Portrayed.

As I lay in my bed the night of Nov. 12, 1903, I felt myself sinking into a deep trance and yielding myself to the will of the angelic forces. I was almost blinded by the vivid flashes of light of an electric whiteness. Suddenly a form of Napoleon, in uniform, appeared and no sooner had I recognized him than his features changed and he appeared in the uniform of a brigadier general of the United States army. I was impressed with the fact that some person in the army of the United States would be controlled by the spirit of Napoleon, and that the career of this general would so closely follow the historic lines of Napoleon's wars in the south and east of Europe, that he would be styled the "American Napoleon."

I next saw a great shaggy bear, and above him waved the imperial colors of the Russian empire. The bear seemed to be angry. The cause of his disquietude was at once manifested, for there appeared a very fierce and warlike lion. The "Union Jack" floated over him. There also was an immense eagle floating in the air bearing in his beak "The Star Spangled Banner."

The lion and the eagle simultaneously and immediately attacked the bear, and then a great number of fierce wolves came to his assistance. The lion and the eagle completely disembowled the bear, while he is standing on his hind legs to defend himself, the lion tearing downward and the eagle upward. The wolves seeing the bear disabled, proceeded to complete his destruction.

A veil is drawn over this scene, and a seaport on the Mediterranean sea is seen, before which is a vast fleet of war vessels of three nationalities: The United States, Great Britain and Japan, showing a triple alliance.

A beautiful city looms up in the distance, with minarets, mosques and minarets, with figures of men with right hand raised to heaven and the index finger pointing upward, calling the hour of prayer.

Then for a moment in the sky flashed in letters of living light the word, "Constantinople."

A naval engagement takes place. Where they bombard the city until it is completely wiped out. The inhabitants ask no quarter and receive none. Through the smoke of the engagement I seemed to be lifted above this scene and in the distance, on the vast plains, I saw an immense army of infantry and cavalry, column after column, brigade after brigade, division after division. I could hear the steady rhythmic tread of marching feet, the call of the bugle, the roll of the drum, but not a sound of a human voice. The Stars and Stripes were intermingled with the Union Jack. Then there came a fierce conflict be-

tween these allied forces, and another immense army which seemed to spring up without any warning. The Russian banner waved over this fierce array. The rear of this army was composed of a fierce undisciplined horde of infantry under at least five different flags, while the main body was of Russian cavalry. In this engagement the Russian army was defeated and the colors trailed in the dust. The only sound of human voice came from them in a wild shriek of despair, a heartrending cry of agony. The Anglo-Saxon forces fought in silence, and the directing spirit of the land forces was the general whose form and figure grew out of that of Napoleon. The rear guard of the Russian army, seeing the main part of their army routed, began to plunder and complete the work of destruction.

The smoke of the battle disappears and with it the contending forces. In their place a modern city rises on the old site of Constantinople. I could see the busy rush of commerce and spires of Christian churches take the place of mosque and minaret.

The vast plain presented the appearance of a vast tract of cultivated land, with towns and villages, railroads and all modern improvements, and a peaceful, prosperous, and contented people. Over every village, town and city floated the commingled folds of the Union Jack and the Star Spangled Banner. This prosperous country included all of Turkey and nearly the entire southern half of Russia.

A voice proclaimed: "That the events described in this vision would be consummated during or before the year 1913, and that all Anglo-Saxon nations will be formed into one vast Republic on which the sun will never set and whose shores will be washed by every ocean and every sea."

"Kingdoms, crowns and principalities" will bring tribute to this world-wide republic. Then shall be ushered in the glorious day in which righteousness shall cover the earth as with a garment. The sword shall be beaten into a pruning-hook and the dove shall nurture her young in the mouth of the discarded cannon. The lion and the lamb shall lie down together and a little child shall lead them. There shall be no longer creed or sect. Man shall no longer say to his brother, "Let us go up into Jerusalem to worship," for the kingdom of God shall be with men. The Prince of Peace shall scatter peace, love and harmony over all the earth. Behold old things have passed away and all things have become new. I, even I, John of Patmos, have spoken."

To the Editor:—The above clairvoyant vision was given through the mediumship of a highly developed sensitive while in a deep trance. I was commanded by the forces to make a record of the message which was to be given. If anyone taking an interest in it wishes the name of the medium, I leave it to the medium's pleasure in answering any inquiries.

607 Ridge Ave., Allegheny, Pa. H. W. FANE.

ACTUATED BY A WORTHY MOTIVE.

He Desires to Be Thoroughly Tested.

To the Editor:—The very timely article in *The Progressive Thinker*, of May 14, entitled "Deep-Seated Corruption in Boston," and calling attention to the danger that genuine mediumship may be classed with the fraudulent mediumship, and come with it under the ban of the law, has aroused a great deal of attention among thinking Spiritualists and mediums, who fully appreciate the efforts of your noble work in keeping

the name of Spiritualism free from stain; and to the end that it may be further demonstrated that there is such a thing as genuine phenomenal mediumship, I desire to offer my services under test conditions, as my guides have heretofore favored me, and given, slate-writing, painting and partial materializing, in the light. I am willing to be tested at any time or place that may be decided upon, and I am willing to see what can be produced under the most difficult conditions mentioned in the article named, or any other reasonable test under which the forces can work.

Let such of your readers as are interested name the time and place, or appoint a committee to take charge of the matter and report.

WM. F. LANGDON.
No. 70 East 24th Street, Third Flat, Chicago, Ill.

THEOSOPHY DEFENDED.

One of Its Ablest Minds Steps to the Front to Remove Some Misapprehensions That Exist in Regard to This Cult, Which Has Much That Is in Perfect Harmony With Spiritualism.

To the Editor:—My attention has been called to an article in your issue of April 16, in which Mr. Hudson Tuttle makes some statements in regard to Theosophy and the founders of the Theosophical Society which are so far from being facts, that they seem to call for some correction.

I may preface my remarks by saying that it was a matter of great surprise to me to see so bitter an attack on Theosophy in your paper, inasmuch as our mutual attitude towards each other had always seemed to be of the friendliest nature. Theosophists have always recognized all that is true and good in Spiritualism, and the things which they consider undesirable are the same that have been heard of by Spiritualists and condemned unreservedly. Certainly there is no reason why Theosophists and Spiritualists should have anything but the friendliest feelings for each other, and that there is nothing fundamentally antagonistic between them is proved by the fact that a great many devoted Spiritualists are members of our society.

Col. Olcott, as Mr. Tuttle correctly stated, met Madame Blavatsky at the home of the Eddys, where he was investigating the Spiritualistic manifestations for the New York Graphic, and incidentally for his own satisfaction. Whether these reports deserve the title "bizarre and flashy," is, of course, a matter of opinion. It is a fact, however, that they gave to many persons a satisfactory proof of the genuineness of Spiritualistic phenomena, and by their widespread publicity and the stamp of truth which they bore, gave to Spiritualism a standing in the regard of the public at large which it had not before enjoyed. It is also quite true that this acquaintance resulted in the founding of the Theosophical Society, which event occurred in October of the year 1875. That nothing of an occult or mysterious nature occurred on this occasion is proved by the following extract from the first volume of Col. Olcott's "Old Diary Leaves," a book which gives an authentic account of the history of the society: "Some stupid story was gone about that, while the committee were sitting, a strange Hindu walked into the room, threw a sealed packet upon the table and walked out again, or vanished, or something of the sort; the packet, when opened, being found to contain a complete draft of a constitution and by-laws for the society, which we at once adopted. THIS IS SHEER NONSENSE, NOTHING OF THE SORT OCCURRED."

This shows conclusively that no Theosophist claims that such an occurrence as Mr. Tuttle mentions, took place. It is further a fact that there was no such object as that mentioned by Mr. Tuttle, namely, to "conserve the divine wisdom of the Hindu fakirs, and instruct western civilization in its mysteries, the avowed object of the founders by whom the society was founded, being occult research and philosophical study. The sentence relating to Brotherhood was not at that time included, as there was no idea that in founding this modern society of students, a world-wide movement had been inaugurated, as afterwards proved to be the case. Mr. Judge was never president of the American branch, either before or after the removal of the heads of the society to India, for the very good reason that there is not now, and never has been, a president of the American "branch," which is not a branch, but a section, there being but one president of the whole society, which has its headquarters in India, where the present resides. Col. Olcott was elected president of the newly formed society at the time above mentioned, and has always been its president up to the present day.

Of Mr. Judge, it is sufficient to say that after the death of Madame Blavatsky he left the society together with many of his personal friends, and founded an independent organization, the same which still exists under the leadership of Mrs. Tingley. This is entirely separate and distinct from the Theosophical Society as founded by Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott. The aspirations upon the private character of the heads of this society are as wholly unfounded as the other statements of Mr. Tuttle above alluded to, and it is not my purpose to take them up in this statement, but it may not be amiss to point out that there are many reasons why a marriage may be dissolved without reflecting in any degree upon the character of either of the parties concerned; and further, the fact that such a separation has occurred is no reason why either or both of the persons concerned may not afterwards conduct a useful work for humanity. I will state further, that so far from the society "flourishing under the good rupees their dupes dropped into their treasury," the early days of the society were days of struggle, and it was only by reason of the unselfish devotion of its leaders, who gave all they were possessed of to this cause, which had for them, become the cause of humanity, that it was enabled to stand firm. It is not, even now, a wealthy society. This is partly because the acquisition of wealth is not one of the aims of the members.

With regard to the Psychological Research Society it is a fact that their report was based on the biased testimony of a pair of disconcerted, married husband and wife, whom Madame Blavatsky had rescued from want, given a home, and treated as members of her family, and who repaid her, with the basest ingratitude. Such things have been known to occur frequently among other people, I believe, some among your own readers may even have had similar experiences. The testimony has been repeatedly disproved, and is unworthy of further notice.

With regard to the last sentence of Mr. Tuttle's article, excluding Mr. Judge, we are glad to believe that the character of the leaders has indeed impressed itself upon the whole society, so far as that character represents an unselfish devotion to the study of the struggle with difficulties, the following of a high ideal, and a deep love for humanity. No one who has any acquaintance with the Theosophical society or its members thinks or believes for one moment that the charges there made have the slightest foundation in fact, and in making them I must point out once more, that Mr. Tuttle impugns the honor and purity of purpose of many fellow-Spiritualists who are members of this society. He characterizes as dupes and fools such men as Sir William Crookes and many others of similar standing who are shining lights in the scientific and literary world. It may be well in closing to mention here the fact that the society, which all may see that it is a purely philosophical body of students, interfering with no man's religious ideals, and laying no bonds on any man's conscience. They are as follows:

First. To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of humanity, with-out distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color.

Second. To promote the study of

DEATH OR BIRTH.

Thoughts on the Nature of Our Transition.

Everyone ought to be interested in the subject of death, for none are excused from the experience it gives. Some persons look upon death as the extinguisher of life, the annihilator of mankind. Others take an opposite view—a birth into higher life, much like the change a butterfly experiences as it moves out of its cocoon prison, to enjoy a more extensive liberty in a world of pleasure and beauty.

Scientists affirm that matter cannot be annihilated; if not, why should man, a superior being, with unlimited capabilities, be extinguished like a flame of light. The thinking or soul principle, which is the unseen workman or spirit architect that forms the material body, which is an instrument for the individual spirit to make existence, wants and wishes known on a material plane of life.

All admit matter exists, then all must admit that the formative principle which builds and operates the body exists prior to manifestation, for the simple reason from nothing nothing comes. It seems impossible to nature to develop intelligence, reason and memory within our mentality unless the mind principle has a prior existence in our individualized personality. Sensation, experience and observation, educate or develop our reasoning faculties, but do not create the principle or ego that possesses them.

Then if we possess an individual entity anterior to manifestation, it follows as a natural sequence, we must have a posterior or continued conscious intelligent existence in nature's invisible, ethereal realm of being; and death a birth, an event, a stepping stone in life's progressive experience. To those who work to aid others in forsaking evil doing, death is an open door of beauty that admits one into a life of divine realities.

Let one go out upon an ocean beach, pick up a little pebble, reflect and reason. This may have existed for thousands of years in the past, and may for ages to come; but man with mind of superior ability to invent machinery, to control the elements of nature, to do him useful service, his existence seems ephemeral, like a mosquito. Is it reasonable that the inanimate stone should be so enduring while intelligent, reasoning man's life is so short and uncertain?

Perhaps when we experience the change mislabeled death, the event will be as easy and desirable as a chicken moving out of its egg-shell home, into nature's beautiful enjoyable environments. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote a beautiful poem entitled, "The Other World." She expressed her idea of its nearness and ease of access as follows. "It lies around us like a cloud, a world we do not see; yet the sweet closing of an eye may bring us there to be."

Man, from evidence received, appears to be a dual being composed of the unseen spirit body, and the visible material man, the clothing of a thinking personality. At death-birth the invisible active, thinking man moves out of the material form, accompanied by the unseen spirit body, to enjoy living in a more ethereal and refined realm of conscious being, with relatives and friends gone before.

Paul of old wrote, "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." He also reported that he was caught up into the third heaven, and saw things unlawful to be told. He expressed himself as being in doubt whether he was in the body or out, but appeared positive about his spiritual experience. We think Paul's idea correct, for we know we have a natural body, and we believe we have a spiritual body from the evidence we have received. Our reasons for accepting Paul's testimony are: We have been acquainted with people who appeared to be honest and intelligent, who said they had left their material body, but were in possession of a spiritual body, clothed in spiritual garments—all real to spiritual perception; also could travel with ease and rapidly from one point of being to another. When people of our time claim to have similar experiences, like Paul's we feel it would be doing him an injustice to discard his testimony when we accept the evidence of people of modern times as truthful and reliable.

From testimony received, purporting to be given by spirit friends, to prove their individual identity, as spiritual beings, having a conscious soul life, though unseen by mortal eyes, we feel assured that death is a birth, or an experience in the evolution of life, and it is, as such, an opportunity, a privilege, to prepare to live, by being useful, charitable, truthful, living a loving humanitarian existence here, as a preparatory schooling for spirit or heavenly soul-life hereafter.

GEORGE F. BAKER.
Granville, N. Y.

comparative religion, philosophy and science.

Third. To investigate unexplained laws of nature, and the powers latent in man.

This is the platform of the society, wholly inoffensive as you see, and according to the opinion of some people, even laudable. Certainly there is nothing in the society or its teachings to call for such a bitter attack as the one which prompted this statement, and which, I am sure, must have been due to the fact that the writer had taken the trouble to investigate carefully before making it. So far from existing "largely on paper," the society is represented at the present time in every country on the globe, and is constantly spreading, and its membership is composed of thinking people, who as a whole, bear comparison with any other body of people in the world. It is always a pity when people descend to personalities, and I am sure Mr. Tuttle will pardon me for saying that a person who is at the head of the inquiry department of an important paper like *The Progressive Thinker* has a great responsibility upon him; hundreds of people read, and are guided by, his statements; the least he can do in justice to these people who depend upon his statements, is to take every precaution, to make them strictly in accordance with facts, and eliminate everything which may be misleading, in order that the confidence of those who look to him, may be justified. I am sure the gentleman has every intention to make his answers accurate and reliable, and will be the first to regret any error which may unwittingly creep in. And I rely upon your sense of justice to give a place to the above statement.

With all good wishes, I am,
Sincerely yours,
CLARA F. GASTON.

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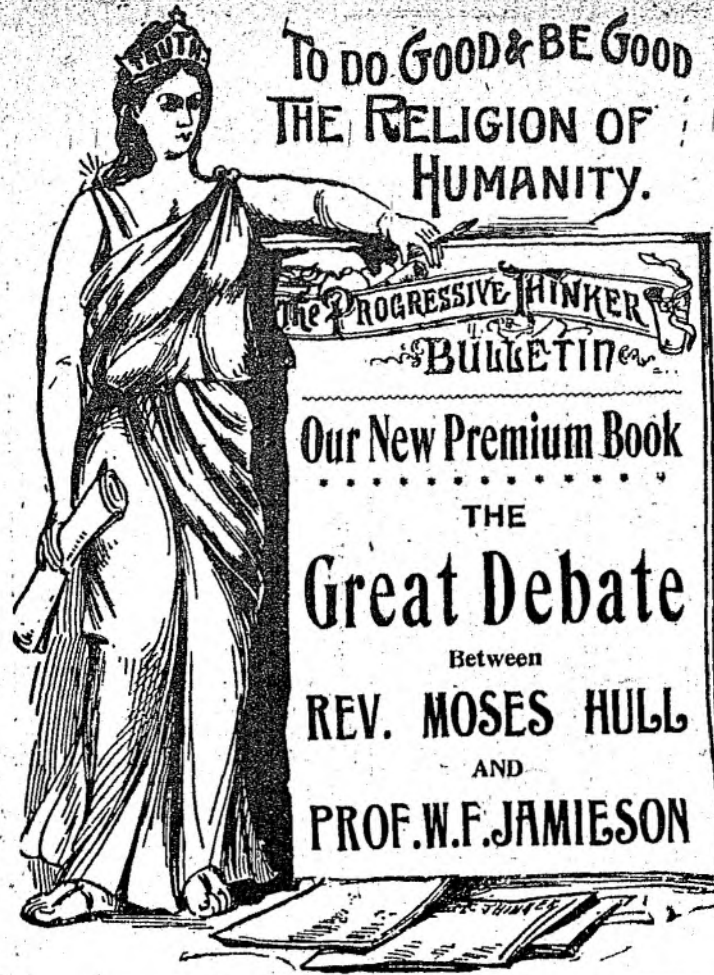
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SATURDAY, MAY 28 1904.

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Editor-at-Large for the National Spiritualist Association.

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How a Rabbi Views the Bible.

In a discourse on "Why People Don't Read the Bible," Rabbi Alexander Lyons, of the State Street Temple, Brooklyn, N. Y., said:

"The Bible has meant more to our civilization than any other volume, and yet it is comparatively little read. Three hundred pupils in higher New York schools have been questioned on the subject. Only one answered creditably. At Johns Hopkins University the same experiment was made. Out of eighty students only one answered correctly, and he was preparing for the ministry.

"That the Bible is so extensively ignored is easily accounted for. It is not read because people want entertainment. We are a busy, weary, nervous lot. We work too much and rush too much. In leisure we want relaxation. So we read light novels. These do not tax, and they entertain. The Bible is neither light nor entertaining. It is difficult and serious.

"Sectarian bickering has made the Bible a touchy subject. The greatest contribution to the common ignorance of the Bible has been made by its sincere but misguided friends. They have claimed too much for the book. They have called it divine in origin.

"They have insisted upon its literal truth and final authority in its every particular. They have removed it from the realm of reason. They have expected advancing mankind to maintain a credulity with the capacity of Jonah's whale. What results? Just what might have been expected. A reaction set in. Too much was claimed for the Bible. Too little came to be believed. The Bible may thus be said to have been smothered to death by the excesses of its friends."

Sar'is Commended.

C. W. Stewart, a prominent lecturer, writes from St. Louis, Mo.:

"I wish to say that the Sar'is article in last week's Progressive Thinker, 5th page, is the best thing that has appeared in years in any paper. It should be read by every thinker in the world."

"Why I Am a Vegetarian," by J. Howard Moore. An address before the Chicago Vegetarian Society. Price, 25 cents.

The Ravings of a Mountebank.

The season is rather late for revivals, but as they were somewhat neglected during the extreme cold of mid-winter, and are a necessity to "save souls from a burning hell," or, in other words, to replenish the empty purses of the "evangelists," so they are now here in all their glory.

A late issue of the Rockford Register-Gazette has found its way to our table, in which we observe Rev. Billy Sunday is "doing" our suburban neighbor. He has caused to be erected what he calls a tabernacle, capable of holding several thousands of victims. Billy commences his exercises by taking up a contribution, announcing on the evening mentioned by the Register-Gazette, that "this people of Rockford are lousy with money, and it is time to get rid of some of it."

Our readers must excuse us for a few quotations from Billy's sermon, which we find in the paper mentioned:

"People go around cussing and damning God until the time comes when they think the undertaker is going to measure them for a shroud, then they whine like a sick cat."

"Talk is cheap, but it don't go down with God. You must deliver the goods."

"I served the devil twenty-three years and I know his gang and all their tricks. I'm after the devil now, and I'll deliver a solar plexus blow before I'm through."

"The trouble with this town is the damnable heresy which has been preached here for years, and which has been sending men to hell by the score."

"The Liquor Dealers' association hates me. There is no man they would spend so much money to down. God curse their black, vile hearts. I'll fight to the last inch. The reason there is no preaching here Monday evening is because I'm going to Marengo to fight the cusses."

"There are mothers in this town who encourage their children to run the streets and mix with this damnable socialism and then they call on 'The Evangelist' to come from hell and the house of ill fame."

Says the Register-Gazette:

"During the course of his address Mr. Sunday threatened a business man of the city, whose name was not mentioned, but whose letter the speaker said he had in his pocket. 'I'll make him look like 30 cents before I've finished with him,' yelled 'Billy,' and the audience laughed."

Good orthodox clergymen are in regular attendance at Rev. Billy Sunday's exhibitions, and they seem to enjoy his antics hugely while he is disposing of his overstocked vulgarisms.

It is reported that this mountebank made a thousand converts at Dixon before leaving there for Rockford. "And of such," according to Rev. Sunday's followers, and the clergy who lead in applause, "are the kingdom of heaven."

"St. Peter will favor the better class of the population of Rockford by ticketing them to hell," so writes a friend.

Doesn't Believe the Damnation Theory.

The following is an Associated Press dispatch to the West:

New York, May 10.—Rev. Charles Briggs of the faculty of Union Theological Seminary, in an address on "The Higher Theological Education," before the Seminary, said among other things:

"Eccelesiastical domination is the greatest foe of theology.

"The peril of ecclesiastical domination is not dangerous in this country to any extent except through the organized ministers and theological schools.

"The Christian ministry is no longer what it ought to be, where the best educated man in the community is the minister. The public estimate of the ministry and the church declines when the congregation is better educated than the minister. We must have a much higher education than is given in the theological seminaries.

"It is impossible to believe that the greater number of the world, the heathen, are doomed to eternal damnation. We have an enlarged view of our world, and if it is true that the other worlds are inhabited we must adapt our theory to them."

"The religious value of the Bible is greater when it is stripped of impossibilities. How much greater? God if he did not live in infinite distances before creating the world in six days. There is nothing more absurd than for the theologian to be afraid of the truth."

"There is no schism in the real truth. The systematic theology of the future will not be denominational, but constructed by the inductive and general methods of organized theology."

There is good, practical common sense, from an educated clergyman who entertains an honest thought, and though a college professor, educating young men for the ministry, yet how unlike the "Sun-do-move Jaspers" after whom the multitudes follow, and are impatient of contradiction.

In the same secular paper from which the foregoing was clipped was a report of a sermon by one of the other sort of reverends. We clip a paragraph:

"Some people in the days of Jesus believed in a probation after death, and that all sin would be forgiven. Jesus said, 'No, not in this world, nor in the world to come.' The Universalists say there is no eternal punishment. They lie. Universalism was born in the pit of hell. The 'hath never forgiveness' of Jesus declares them false."

Are Converts More Valuable than Truth?

Protestant clergymen in these last days, seldom mention hell in their pulpits. In their funeral discourses they almost invariably teach Spiritualism. Indeed, aside from prayers and hymns, they can easily be mistaken for spiritual advocates on such sorrowful occasions. Ambitious to increase the membership of their churches they not only countenance but encourage the ambulatory revivalists whose principal stock in trade is offered justice, a burning hell, and a crucified God. "On Eve," they say, "rests the cause for man's sin, and escape from endless torture can only be gained by faith in the atoning blood of a sinless and suffering Savior."

We wren to astonishment when we see clergymen who have virtually preached Universalism for years, encouraging and cheering on mountebank revivalists, who whoop up a bottomless pit with all the grace and noisy eloquence of a pioneer Methodist of fifty to seventy years ago. Is it because it is only through fear of eternal retribution they hope to gain accessions to their waning numbers? It looks like it.

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"The Progressive Thinker's Editorial Reaches General Conference of the M. E. Church, and Changes Date of its Adjournment."

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At the time this editorial comment appeared, the General Conference had already fixed upon Saturday, May 28, as the date of its adjournment. As showing the influence of our brief reference to this matter, we clip the following from the Chicago Tribune of May 19, giving a report of the previous day's session of the conference:

"The date of adjournment was by vote changed from Saturday, May 28, to Monday, May 30. This was done to avoid Sunday travel. It is within recollection that a motion to adjourn on Saturday would have been instantly attacked on the precise ground which called for the change at this time. But members of the floor actually pleaded for the retention of Saturday on the score that every man would determine his relation to Sunday travel under the direction of his own conscience."

It will be remembered by the reader that The Progressive Thinker is always dated a week in advance of its delivery, so that it reached the General Conference about the 12th or 13th of May.

We are always glad to offer any suggestions to our Methodist brethren which will be of any benefit to them in their deliberations.

Help Us.

Now spring has come at last with the revival of business, an easy money market, increased activity in every field of industry, with long days and leisure hours mornings and evenings when the mind needs mental pabulum, as verdure does sunshine, why not add to your mental enjoyment and our encouragement by swelling our subscription list? Two cents a week for valuable reading matter which, made up in book form, would make full fifty volumes of choice Spiritual literature; not one whit the less worthy because not made into book pages. They will become books in a little at a time. Continued for years he becomes learned. If the "kingdom of heaven" is not made of such men, they become leaders of public opinion on earth, and aid in shaping the destiny of the ages that are to be.

Give us the patrons in this morning of the century, then observe the expansion of knowledge among those who peruse its well-filled pages, as the age shall advance.

When we had but one hundred subscribers we wanted a thousand. The thousands gained we wanted ten thousand. These gained we wanted twenty thousand. Now our ambition points to fifty thousand. Gained, we shall insist on one hundred thousand; and then not less than a million will gladly our growing ambition. Good reader, help us, and the worth of The Progressive Thinker shall increase as its power for good increases.

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How These Christians Do Love One Another!

By the associated press reports we notice that two Baptist ministers in the South got to fighting recently while on their way to a church convention, shooting each other with revolvers. And now comes the report through the same channel that all is not serene in the General Conference of the M. E. church in session at Los Angeles, Cal., the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley having in open meeting charged the Rev. Dr. Neely with willful misrepresentation in some question they were debating. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity-ah." "Best be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love-ah."

Rev. J. F. Cordova, pastor of the Methodist church at South River, near New Brunswick, and Miss Julia Browne, the 18-year-old daughter of J. Conover Browne, a trustee of Cordova's church, disappeared after the Tuesday evening prayer-meeting. Browne became alarmed when his daughter failed to return home, but it was not until nearly 11 o'clock that word was brought by a trolley motorman that the minister and the girl had been seen on a trolley bound for New Brunswick. Cordova has a wife and three children.—Chicago Tribune, May 19, 1904.

What a howl would have been sent up if the above-mentioned had occurred among Spiritualists!

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Spiritual Transition.

"Listen, listen, spirit free,
Hear the heavenly symphony,
Soft descending from the skies,
From the soul's fair Paradise,
Listen, spirit, while you wait
Near the angel city's gate,
Strains of music floating free,
Thrill the soul with ecstasy."

"Earth recedes and disappears—
Vanished all its sighs and tears,
Swells the heart with joyful thought,
Blessings all divine are brought;
Music's strains salute the ears;
Banished earth's poor hates and fears;
Drinking in the soulful sound,
Heavenly peace and rest abound."

"Passing from the earth away,
Lo! the night is changed to day;
Faded all the scenes of earth—
Ope the eyes in spirit birth;
Earthly tones no more ye hear—
Spirit voices greet the ear;
Being to the things of earth—
Living by immortal birth."

Glad my soul expectant waits
Opening of the shining gates;
Joy and sorrow as they come,
Bring me nearer, nearer home,
Morning breaks on heavenly hills—
Beauty all my being thrills—
See! the messenger is come—
"Welcome, Spirit; welcome Home!"

JAS. C. UNDERHILL.

Hammond, Ind.

THE FUTURE CAN BE PREDICTED.

A PROPHETIC DREAM

That Was Fully Realized, and Extraordinary Tests Followed.

Mrs. Eliza Rugg, of Denver, Colo., dreamed of seeing herself crossing a very clear stream of water. The scenery on the farther shore of the river was most beautiful, and acted as a magnet to draw her across until she was enabled to stand upon its velvet-like bank.

The impression made by the dream was that she would soon pass from the earth plane, and all would be well.

The Friday evening following she was taken suddenly ill and passed away Sunday morning.

She became converted to Spiritualism at its first advent into this country and has been a firm and staunch friend to the cause ever since. She was a firm believer in the power of the mind over the body, and to this, no doubt, is due her many victories over disease. She was ever active, and often said, "she was never satisfied unless she had some work to do." Her own children all passed away in infancy, but she was a loving mother to her brother's child whom she raised, his mother passing out when he was but two years old.

This bright young man did all that a son could do. His every word and act was ever prompted by the spirit of gentleness and kindness. He will miss his

dear aunt-mother, but the lessons she has taught him will be the pleasant and profitable chapters he will read as he reviews the book of life that she thus far has aided him to live so well.

Several hours before the funeral the arisen sister paid a visit to the writer, and said:

"I am so happy. I have found the change—all, yes, even more than I had anticipated, and I would not change places with you for anything that could be offered me."

A vision followed in which I saw the room where the remains rested in the casket, and on arriving at the home I found everything just as she had pictured to me. On leaving the cemetery a hand was gently laid upon my shoulder. On looking up I saw our dear sister standing beside me; realizing she had attracted my attention, she said:

"Mrs. Cooley, I wish to thank you, for you have made this a very pleasant day for me. I have enjoyed it all so well. I am now going to rejoice with my loved ones in the spirit world. Farewell."

As the last word found its way to my spirit the good sister passed from my sight, leaving a feeling of perfect peace and contentment.

This proves that our philosophy is worth having, for it is not only good to live by but grand to pass out by. Would that all the world had the consolation at these times that we Spiritualists have. Well can we afford to work for such a cause, knowing that loved ones on both sides of life are benefited thereby.

GEORGIA GLADYS COOLEY.

Spirit Manifestations In the Church.

"SLEEPING PASTOR" HOLDS HIS AUDIENCE SPELLBOUND.

Stretches Himself on a Cot for an Hour, Then, Seized With Violent Trembling, Delivers His "Message" From Heaven, Illustrating the Fact That Spirit Manifestations Are Not Owned Exclusively by Spiritualists.

Sharon, Pa., May 17.—Members of a sect in Wilmington Township are aroused over the sensational preaching of Jacob Kaufman of Middleburg, Ind., who is known as the "Sleeping Preacher."

Kaufman came here several days ago, saying that

he had a special message from heaven to deliver.

Kaufman stretches himself on his back upon a cot and, with his right hand raised, occupies this position for an hour or more, when he is seized with violent trembling. His attendant, Adam Shrock, then announces that Kaufman is ready to deliver his message, and assists him from the couch to the floor, on which he falls on his knees and pours out his prayers.

Schrock then helps Kaufman to his feet and he will preach from two to three hours, holding his listeners spellbound. When he is finished he is laid back on the couch, and is as rigid as a corpse. After a time he recovers his normal condition. He has gained a strange power over many persons, who are regular attendants at the services.

Spirit Manifestations on a Pane of Glass.

NELSON BEHYMER CLAIMS TO DISCERN DEAD WIFE'S FEATURES.

An alleged phenomenon that has caused no end of talk among the people of the east part of the city is reported from the home of Nelson Behymer, residing at the southeast corner of South B and Nineteenth streets, Elwood, Ind.

While sitting in the kitchen of his home about half-past five last Sunday evening, Mr. Behymer, in looking west across the street toward a small outbuilding or shed on the property of Robert Cooper, noticed the peculiar flutterings of a pigeon.

The bird so attracted his attention that he arose and went to his window and looked out, following its motions. Repeatedly it circled and fluttered round a small window in the gable of the shed. Turning his eyes up to the window, so Mr. Behymer declares, he saw there reflected the image of his wife, who died a few years ago.

Mrs. Behymer was one of the most prominent workers in the Holiness Christian church, and yesterday more than a hundred people, who had heard of the strange reflection, visited the Behymer home. Many of them claimed, that by standing in a certain spot in the Behymer kitchen and looking across the street, the image of the dead woman was plainly revealed to them. Others, however, were unable to discern anything out of the ordinary, and looked upon the alleged vision as a creature of the imagination.

A remarkable fact in connection with the case was that the original pane in the shop window was the only one in which the reflection could be seen by any one. When it was changed and the window in the opposite end of the shop substituted, nothing could be seen, even by those who claimed to make out the features plainly in the original glass.

The vision was the talk of the east end yesterday, and is still attracting much attention.—Daily Record.

An Earnest Plea For the Family.

MARRIAGE.

The Family Is the Rock Foundation of Nations.

The Progressive Thinker of April 9, contained an interesting article from the New York Sun about religious interference in marriage generally, and the restrictions imposed upon "mixed marriage" in particular, by the Catholic church.

How strange in a republican country! Let me relate a personal experience in monarchical Germany, about forty years ago:

Belonging to the Protestant Lutheran church, and marrying a Roman Catholic, the ceremony was performed in a Protestant cathedral, without any hindrance whatever. This fact also determined the children's question. They simply belonged to the church where their parents had been married.

Since that time a law of obligatory civil marriage has been passed in Germany, and is as strictly enforced as any other law. Every couple is to be married by a magistrate, appointed for the purpose and bound to forward a certificate of marriage duly performed. It can be solemnized in church, if the contracting parties desire it; but the religious education of the children is entirely left to the parents' choice.

Uranus and Saturn to Render the Earth Miserable.

It seems to me that the editor of The Progressive Thinker has on several occasions remarked that he hesitates to publish prophecies because there are so many kinds of them (and I don't blame him), but I can't refrain from mentioning a few things given out in public by the invisible messengers through their medium, Mrs. Wm. J. Howes, here in Chicago. Those messengers say that during 1904 and 1905 Uranus and Saturn will bring an evil influence over our earth (perhaps the astrologers can give us some further enlightenment on that subject), and that this disturbing influence will bring about more suicides among the mentally and morally weak, and more disasters

A few additional general remarks about marriage and divorce do not seem to be out of place right here. The Catholic church created a "sacrament" of marriage, based on "Adam's rib," which, if it ever existed, has long ago fallen into dust. Time progresses, views change; institutions change and must evolve from crude into more and more perfect structures.

For the sake of social order and the preservation of the family, marriage bonds should be kept as strong and pure and lasting as possible. The family is the rock foundation of nations, and on its quality, and structure depends the welfare of millions.

Church formulas cannot create loving and devoted couples; cannot influence the development of children, physically, mentally or spiritually. The bond, whether forged by church or magistrate, or both, may prove anything but moral, anything but holy, and may "command" dissolution. No ceremony or rigorous law will ever bring about sound marriage conditions; but alone the careful education of mind and soul; the sharpening of the faculty of discernment in young people; discernment of personal qualifications in would-be mates; discernment between the crude and fitful fire of passion, and the lasting beneficial sunshine of true sympathy.

MRS. HENRIETTA STRAUB.

Port Orange, Fla.

On land and sea in the form of earthquakes, explosions, fire, panics, etc., than ever before; also that the World's exposition at St. Louis will

At this time, since 1909, 29

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This department is under the management of

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

NOTE.—The Questions and Answers have called forth such a host of respondents, that to give all the interesting and valuable answers to be made in the most condensed form, and often cleared is perhaps sacrificed to this forced brevity. Proofs have to be omitted, and the style becomes thereby terse, which of all things is to be deprecated. Correspondents are asked to keep their questions and write letters of inquiry. The supply of matter is always several weeks ahead of the space given, and hence there is unavoidable delay. Every one has to wait his time and place, and all are treated with equal favor.

NOTE.—No attention will be given to anonymous letters. Full name and address 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, and it is impossible to answer them all. While I freely give whatever information I am able, the ordinary courtesy of correspondents is expected.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Levi Wood: Q. Did Abraham Lincoln belong to any sect or church?

A. The claim that he did has been repeatedly made by gospel ministers, who dislike to have it known that a worthy and upright man can be found outside the church. Not a trace of Lincoln's religious beliefs is to be found in his biography. He was a member of a church. That he was of a deeply religious nature cannot be questioned. He and Mrs. Lincoln were Spiritualists as proven in a book published some years ago by Nettie Maynard, who was called "the medium of the White House." No one who ever had the pleasure of meeting this wonderful medium would for a moment doubt her word. It was when after a long and terribly painful illness, in company of a party of friends, we went to White Plains where she resided. For several years she had been the victim of rheumatism, and we found her, with body, limbs and arms drawn into contortions dreadful to see. She was able to move only her head, and was constantly racked with pain. Yet her expression was angelic. Not a murmur of discontent, or complaint! And presently she became entranced and her face was that of a saint. There was no mistaking our spirit friends. Then her expression changed, and we knew that Abraham Lincoln was talking to us. His discourse was characteristic and worthy of the source it claimed. After coming out of the trance, Mrs. Maynard answered inquiries about her mediumship while in Washington, during the war. She said that he came many times, sometimes alone, sometimes Mrs. Lincoln accompanied him. The emancipation proclamation was issued by the spirits he consulted, and the famous "going to the front" was suggested.

Schoolboy: Q. I and my chum are in dispute. He says one can swim best in deep water, or a body will float easier. I say it's not so. Pa says consult you.

A. Well, my boy, I think if you were in deep water, when you knew it must be swim or drown, you would swim better than in shallow water where you could wade out. But a body does not float easier in deep than in shallow water. Both are exactly the same in sustaining power. Buoyancy depends on the amount of water displaced. To float, the body must be lighter than the weight of water it displaces. The difference between these weights, measures the buoyancy.

J. A. W., Silver Creek: Q. Is the wife of the late Prof. Denton living, and are his sons alive? If so, please give their address.

A. All reside at Wellesley, Mass. The sons, have since their return from the expedition to New Guinea, where Prof. Denton departed this life from fever contracted in the jungle, published an interesting volume giving the results of his and their researches on this expedition.

E. L. Ray: Q. When we are told of things on the spirit side of life, by spirits like Denton or Peterline, are we to have doubts?

A. Because a statement comes from a spirit source, gives it no more authority. Spiritual beings may know more of spiritual things than those in this life, but they are not infallible. We are to doubt everything not demonstrated, and at least, if we do not reject, hold in abeyance everything which is not clear to the reason, and acceptable to the understanding.

The superstition nourished by ignorance, that whatever comes from spiritual source must necessarily be infallible, has been a scourge to humanity.

Marguerite Miller: Q. Is there sin in the absolute?

A. The Absolute is God, the Infinite Good. There cannot be two absolutes in the universe, and hence sin must be limited to finite beings. What is sin? Failure to conform to the laws of being. When we cease to conform to the laws of being, we transgress, and adjust our conduct in harmony with these laws, sin disappears. The pain which comes to the sinner is not for punishment. It is not vengeance or retribution, however much it puts on that appearance. There is no overlooking or pardon or forgiveness. The only way to atone for sin is to turn and do right, that is become in harmony with the laws of being. If we place our hand on a burning coal, it will burn as long as it remains. The only way to prevent the continuance of the burning is to remove the hand. If we yield to the passions or desires, we become transgressors of the moral laws, and there is no respite until reason and conscience control the actions.

Hence as will be concluded, evil and sin will be outgrown with the increase of knowledge. As every transgression comes from ignorance, the savior is knowledge.

Elliott Wyman, N. H.: Q. Many

Mind Marvels Illustrated by F. L. Oswald, M.D.

The drugs which Dr. Holmes describes as "the chemicals that accomplish the wonder of anesthesia," were discovered only after forty centuries of medical experiments—forty millenniums, perhaps, if the Brahmins are right that the sages of Nepal investigated the properties of herbs two thousand generations before the birth of Christ.

The magic of mental emotions effects a greater miracle in less than a minute. Chloroform affects the brain, the action of freezing mixtures is transient and partial; but in a fit of fury superhuman exertions and lightning-like flashes of aggressive or defensive intuition often go hand in hand with a total eclipse of the sense of pain.

Desperadoes, weltering in a rough-and-tumble fight, need not much heroism to disregard wounds; they do not feel them; excitement acts as an anesthetic with a perfection illustrated in the experience even of sensitively organized children, and of such men as Baron von Kleist, the soldier-poet, who stemmed the tide of defeat on the battlefield of Kunersdorf and became cognizant of a shot through the chest only when his lungs suddenly pumped up blood instead of air.

"Why did you give those wretches a chance to rob you?" his friends asked him when they found him half-naked and almost exsanguis. "It isn't my fault nor theirs," he gasped. "They gave me fair warning, but I didn't feel the first bullet till the chance of retreat was cut off." In a suburb of Lima the traveler saw a young Spanish student cut all to pieces in a fight with a professional rowdy, but withal, hold his own with the skill of a trained wrestler, till he got a chance to stab the ruffian to the heart.

"What does death amount to if you don't feel it," he smiled, when he expired in the arms of his brother a few minutes after.

Even four-footed champions get the benefit of that battle-narcolepsy; wolves and their domesticated relatives fight desperately in silence; in dog-pits often no sound but that of cracking bones can be heard for minutes together. "Do bull-dogs never squeal if they are hurt?" Prof. Burklund asked a professional trainer.

"Don't they," laughed the expert, "you ought to have heard old Brindle when I happened to step on his paw this morning." But in the heat of battle nothing but stragulation will make them "break away." A shower bath of hot water will only provoke them to snap back, in protest against the freak of an untimely meddler.

The development of that fighting apathy, by the way, is a curious instance of evolution by survival of the species; indifference to warning sensations can hardly have promoted the longevity of individuals, but their tribe was apt to profit by their passive heroism, and thus, eventually, proved the fittest to hold its ground. But in the course of what myriad ages? Like the sight of a river-gate, with water-worked cliffs a mile high above present water-levels, it is a gleam of cosmological truth piercing the mist of parish dogmas.

Among the practical applications of the result that of the Baresarks might occasionally be worth remembering as an exception to the rule that the Stygian Ferry abhors volunteers. The ideal euthanasia ought to be the painless end of old age; but that hope failing, the next best expedient might be Harold Hardrad's advice to "die fighting." And not our biped foes, necessarily, but such enemies as wolves, flames and floods. Buddha Sakyasinha may have taken a club along when he clambered down the cliffs of the Juma to end his life in a tiger den.

In paroxysms of rage, a strange instinct guides the under-dog's fangs to the most vulnerable points of his aggressor's anatomy. Wounded baboons, in the crisis of a last fight for liberty and life, have more than once freed themselves by tearing the wrist-artery of their captor. And it is an almost miraculous fact that in extremes of danger Nature now and then comes to the assistance of feeble creatures by poisoning their saliva. In a frenzy of retributive wrath tort-

cases are reported where those about to depart from earth have promised that if they still lived, they would communicate with their friends, and yet no response has come. A lady friend tells me that she cannot believe since a dear sister with whom she talked calmly before her departure promised that if she lived in spirit and if it were possible she would come and tell her. Many years have passed and yet not a word has she received from the dead. I am a firm believer, but this question puzzles me.

A. A friend, on the eve of departure to a foreign country makes earnest promise that he will communicate with us if possible. When he arrives at his destination he finds that there is no way provided for conveyance of letters, and no cable stretches under the sea by which a message can be sent. He may desire to redeem his pledge as earnestly as we desire him to do so, but he finds it impossible. We do not say that this friend is false, a liar, or that he has ceased to exist. In like manner our spirit friends find the conditions of the spirit world so different from their expectations, and the methods of communication so uncertain, they weary in attempting to impress their presence.

Even when such impressions are received, how often we turn away thinking or saying it is all imagination! We close the door in the faces of our spirit guests. We expect them to come to us, while we remain in idle passivity or behind barred doors. If we want them to come, we must assist them. If you expected a friend in a neighboring town to talk over the telephone, you would go to the receiving instrument. If you kept away you would not expect to converse. You readily see the conditions necessary. You would say that to complain that you could not converse with your friend, or that you do not believe it possible to do so, when you have not aided yourself of the means, would be childish. Yet how often we hear people say that they have never received a word indicating the presence of a spirit friend, when they have neither visited mediums, nor prepared themselves! The spirit friends come and linger until, hopeless of making their presence known, they cease the vain endeavor. We may think our great anxiety should call them to us, and their voice come to us, like an answer to prayer, yet this anxiety may be the bar between us. We have the alternative of going to those who act as transmitting instruments, or putting ourselves into a receptive state.

tured animals thus may become suddenly able to inflict a fatal bite. The naturalist Waterton had a passion for pets which at last took the form of a monomania. After rounding up his animal park with land-purchases, left and right, he surrounded the whole with a poacher-proof fence, and then stocked it with all the birds and beasts he could get hold of, but warned amateurs to be circumspect in approaching animals in a trap. A snared squirrel bit his thumb to the bone, and a few hours after a doctor had to save his arm by pumping him so full of antiseptics as to handicap his mental energy for the rest of his life.

Chaining up dogs may have a good deal to do with the development of hydrophobia poison. To an animal naturally restless as a hyena, close confinement must be protracted torture, and it is by no means impossible that rage—and not silent rage, but an agony voiced in obstreperous protests—thus avenges the victim on the eyes of its tormentors. "Dogday" heat must be acquitted, if it is true that in the African haunts of countless tramp-dogs hydrophobia is almost unknown.

Rage has been known to affect mothers' milk, both in human beings and animals, and a peculiar instinct warns maltreated females of various domestic animals to avoid their young for an hour or two.

Hence, also, the familiar experience that a fit of anger takes away the appetite. Envenomed saliva has to be expurgated before the organism will trust it to assist the work of digestion. Grief shortens life to an extent justifying the traditions of Oriental nations whose philosophers attained abnormal ages by retreating to the sanctuaries of the wilderness as a refuge from provocation, while the inmates of Buddhist convents are short-lived.

Life-and-death perils, on the other hand, often stimulate the mental faculties to a miraculous degree, while hope still lingers, and now and then awaken instincts which man once shared with his dumb fellow-creatures and which still manifest themselves in a few tribes of primitive nations. At the approach of a rain-storm that threatened to cut off his retreat, the naturalist Waterton thus suddenly felt a revival of the long-lost "faculty of direction," and, almost in a bee-line, made his way through pathless jungles to a river-ford. "The clouds," he says, "had hidden the sun; I had lost my way completely, and I am unable to account for the saving impulse, but it came with the urgency of an inspiration, as soon as I realized that my remaining chances of escape were measured by minutes."

And in the crisis of a mutiny, when the crew of the little flotilla were getting uncontrollable, the commander of the Pinto conjured Columbus to change his course from west to southwest. "I sprang me da (My heart warns me)," he said, "that we are close to land in that direction." Helms were shifted, and a first-class chart of the West Indian archipelago could not have enabled the adventuresome seafarer to steer their way straighter to the nearest island.

A still stranger case is that of Shadrach, the Circassian hero-patriot, who had dodged the pursuit of three Russian armies, till they bribed hundreds of native spies, and finally located the irrepressible rebel in the mountain stronghold of Aul Himri. Eighteen regiments reached that burg from almost as many different directions, and completely surrounded it before the refugee had a chance of escape. Deserters confirmed the report of the spies, and a whole army-camp reinforced the besiegers. Every possible route of flight was closed, but when Aul Himri was taken by storm, the great guerrilla leader had disappeared. Eleven years later did they catch him on the plateau of Ghumbi; and after conciliating his prisoner by kind treatment, Prince Baryatinski one day invited him to his tent, and ventured a long-deferred question: "How in the world did you get out of Aul Himri?" "It was by a plan that got in my head in the nick of time," said the captive, "a scheme that may never again get in the head of a human being, so the chiefs of my tribe agreed to guard its knowledge as a family secret."—Felix L. Oswald, M. D., in Vim.

PLATFORM TESTS.

A Letter From a Prominent Lecturer.

If, as is alleged by Spiritualists generally, the object of presiding spirit plan is to convince the audience that it must be obvious that these phenomena should be presented in a manner calculated to accomplish that purpose. As they are usually presented the real object would appear to be the collection of fees.

We have had many exposures of the tricks of fortune tellers, and claiming or not in regard to the same in regard to all the various phases of mortality. In the mental and spiritual field, however, there is more hope for an unconscious wrongdoer than for one who deliberately chooses evil, because the ignorance of the latter is the hardest to overcome.

Is it not defective reasoning which insists that an Infinite Being requires frequent mental offerings of praise and adulation? Is it not on a par with those who bring gifts and lay them before wooden idols to gain favor and to allay anger? It would be deemed an imperfection for a man of superior intellect to deviate from any course because of the flattery of inferiors, or to show self-conceit by seeking such praise. Therefore, how can any thoughtful person imagine the Creator being influenced either by praise or by condemnation? The genuine feelings of each individual affect himself and those who come under his influence, but they never cause the slightest deviation from the plans of the authority's intent, and no conceivable possibility for God to be swayed. He would know in advance and would have planned the changes; there are no limitations of any kind to the Infinite, and other points can be imagined.

Ever and ever the problem of evil recurs: Why does it exist? There can be no answer while fully satisfied mortals. Shall we understand it, the higher life? To anyone of advanced moral intelligence it must be apparent that the best and wisest course for all to try to live up to their highest conceptions of goodness, and to patiently strive for light, more light, in full sincerity and without arrogance.

The worship of the Bible has been a constant hindrance to the impartial consideration of the merits of Christianity. ALEXANDER SPENCER.

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LIST OF CAMP-MEETINGS.

Send in Your Dates and Names of Secretary at Once.

Interest in the various Spiritualist camp-meetings has commenced, and secretaries of the same should report at once to this office, so that proper corrections as to dates, etc., can be made.

Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa.

The camp-session of the M. V. S. A., Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa, will open July 31 and close Aug. 28. For programmes address Mollie B. Anderson, secretary, Clarksville, Mo.

Maple Dell Park, Ohio.

The American Spiritualist, Religious and Science Union will hold a camp session at Maple Dell, commencing July 24 and closing Sept. 1. Lucy King, corresponding secretary. Address with stamp, Box 45, Mantua, Ohio. The grounds will be open for family reunions, Sunday-school picnics, and Sunday meetings, etc., from June 1 to Sept. 15.

Chesterfield, Ind.

Chesterfield (Ind.) camp-meetings opens July 14 and closes August 28. For programmes and other information address Lydia Jessup, secretary, Chesterfield, Ind.

Forest Home, Mich.

The fifth annual camp-meeting opens at Snowflake, Mich., July 31 and closes Aug. 21. Write to Mrs. Ruth Eastman, secretary, Manassas, Mich., Box 69, for full particulars.

Unity Camp-Meeting.

The Lynn Spiritualists Association will hold meetings every Sunday at Unity Camp, Saugus Center, Mass., commencing June 5 and ending Sept. 26. For full particulars address Mrs. A. A. Averill, 42 Smith street, Lynn, Mass.

Freeville, N. Y.

The dates for the Central New York Spiritual Association Camp-meeting, at Freeville, N. Y., are from July 23 to Aug. 22, four weeks and five Sundays. Owing to the protracted and severe illness of our secretary, Miss Victoria C. Moore, I am acting secretary, to whom all letters pertaining to the camp should be addressed. W. W. Kelsey, President, Cortland, N. Y.

Lake Brady, Ohio.

The Lake Brady Spiritualist Camp-meeting opens July 3 and closes Sept. 4. For full programme address A. G. Keck, Akron, Ohio.

Delphos Camp, Kans.

This camp-meeting will begin August 5, closing August 22. Address all communications to I. N. Richardson, secretary, Delphos, Kans.

Grand Lodge, Mich.

The Grand Lodge (Mich.) camp opens July 31 and closes August 28. For full programme address J. W. Ewing, Grand Lodge, Mich.

Island Lake, Mich.

The Island Lake Camp, at Island Lake, Mich., 42 miles from Detroit, on the Flint and Pere Marquette railroad, commences July 10 and extends through the month of August. For full programmes address H. R. LaGrange, secretary, 84 East Montclair street, Detroit, Mich.

Harmony Grove, Cal.

Camp opens July 17, and closes July 31. For particulars address Frank C. Foster, secretary, Escondido, Cal.

Onset Camp.

Commences July 24 and ends August 28. For full programme and particulars address the secretary of the camp, Onset, Mass.

Franklin, Neb.

This camp commences July 29 and closes August 15. For full particulars address D. L. Haines, secretary, Franklin, Neb.

New Era, Oregon.

The First Spiritualist Religious Association of Clackamas county, Oregon, will open their camp-meeting at New Era, Oregon, July 2, and close July 26, including four Sundays. Camp about 18 miles south of Portland. For further information inquire of George Lutzler, Oregon City, Oregon, secretary; J. H. Lucas, of Portland, president.

Unity Camp.

The Lynn Spiritualists Association will open meetings for the summer season at Unity Camp, Saugus Center, Mass., on Sunday, June 8. Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock and other good speakers will be present. Services will be held under the direction of President Caird every Sunday at 2, 4, and 7. Some of the best speakers on the rostrum have been engaged. Mr. Albert Blinn will be the speaker on June 12; Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, June 26; May S. Pepper, July 3; and Mrs. Kate M. Ham, July 13; Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, August 7; Mrs. Whitlock, August 14; and Mrs. George W. Kates for the month of September. June 19 will be Haverhill Day, when the "Helping Hand Association" of Haverhill, Mass., will join the Lynn society in a cordial invitation to all Spiritualists and their friends to meet with them on that occasion. A few other dates remain to be filled. The music will be, as in the past, of the very highest order.

The grove will be lighted by electricity for the evening service. Refreshments can be procured at the society's restaurant.

There will be a test-seance every Wednesday at 3 p. m. Admittance to all meetings free.

A. A. AVERILL.

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PSYCHOMETRY IS.

The Answer of One Who Wrote From Experience.

I wish C. H. M., who writes from Elkhardt, Ind., in The Progressive Thinker of May 7, would take a run up to Chicago and let us prove to him that psychometry as an art, a science, a gift, does exist.

As I view the subject psychometry is a strong and beautiful phase of mediumship. I do not give Prof. Buchanan the credit of having discovered it. These things are, have been, always will be; but sometimes when an individual gets in touch with Universal Mind and a great truth is brought to the soul's remembrance, and through the soul to the conscious mind, that individual forgets the Source and takes an overiose of credit to self. Then we have a patented title, as Christian science.

We are so prone to condemn and deny that of which we know nothing. Once upon a time, after dabbling in, and believing in, more or less—palmistry, astrology, theosophy, etc., I chanced for the first time upon an article on character delineation with only names as a basis. Of course I said, "Now, this is too idiotic. I am gullible, but here is where I draw the line." Although not a student of the Kaballah, I have since investigated sufficiently to know that only my ignorance made me skeptical and dogmatic.

But no matter what the science, no matter what the art, no matter what the business, dear C. H. M., you will find that the successful man is invariably he who has cultivated most carefully that intuitive sixth sense. I know, personally, a half-dozen up-to-date, successful physicians who trust this power in themselves in diagnosis, to the exclusion of the patient's own testimony. If need be.

In Lincoln, Neb., I have an acquaintance who is numbered among the most successful young business men of the city. He is engaged in the sale of real estate and the importation of blooded stock. And he will tell you that his success is the simple result of energy and "following his hunch." He has placed up his man "psychometrizes him" and knows exactly how to handle him—what he wants and how much he is willing to pay for it. He has cultivated this power and trusted in it until it has become a tower of strength. And that is exactly what the other mediums have done and are doing.

That no one down in Indiana took the murdered girl's clothing to a clairvoyant, in order to trace her murderer, does not seem, to me, logical proof that psychometry is a fake. The failure to do this may have been the result of ignorance or prejudice. I know a dear old man out in Montana, a native Missourian, who has never been on a railroad train. The thing may be all right, but he prefers to travel sixty miles to a stretch on the back of an old cayuse. He isn't even a "show me" Missourian. Some people are like that, you know. And you can't know them against their will.

Now I am a stranger in the city of Chicago, and I assure you of not sufficient importance to have my name in any part of a Blue Book. Deeply interested in this work, I, shortly after my arrival, selected from the notices in The Progressive Thinker, a Sunday meeting to attend. I chose that of Mrs. May Elmo, at 26 Van Buren street, and it is to her I would like C. H. M. to go, if he visits the city. I have never witnessed a more perfect exposition of the art of psychometry.

I have no doubt that had the services of Mrs. Elmo, or any other reliable clairvoyant who loves the work for the work's sake, been enlisted in the Indiana murder case, she could have done what the detectives failed to do; although no medium would seek or desire the work.

Would any person who had learned to believe in the Unseen as the Real wish to hound to the death a brother man or seek to avenge the murder of even their nearest and dearest? I think not. I can truthfully say this of myself, so it must be true of thousands of others. Perhaps here we have another reason for clairvoyance not having been brought to bear upon the Bedford murder mystery.

MABEL BURNHAM PACE.

What I saw in Broad Daylight.

Some three years ago I was called to a farmer's house to see his wife who was very sick with dropsy and heart disease. After examining her I clairvoyantly and prescribing for her I went into the sitting room to be by myself. I saw a body of water, or rather a beautiful river and a boat crossing the river. Three spirits were in this boat, and I saw them take this sick woman, who was dressed in white, over this river. I knew she was not long to remain on earth. This was in June, and I saw letters before me, "September."

She died September 9. After this vision passed away I felt a strong influence come over me to go to the front door, a sash door that faced the South. There was a broad flat of land, low, wet and swampy, some scattered trees, and quite a piece of timber. Smoke began to rise from the ground, and it was so dense that I could not see the tops of the trees. This smoke cleared away and a blue flame of fire came out of the earth. All at once it disappeared and there were fifty or more oil derricks standing, pumping oil. I asked the farmer if there ever had been any oil discovered in that locality. He said, "Yes, over on that hill there, five miles away, they drilled for oil and struck it and a good quality, but only a small quantity." Now I must have discovered the oil field. Now if there is any Spiritualist who will buy the land which can be bought for a low figure, I will do the square thing with him and agree to build a spiritual temple large enough to seat 5,000, and build it so it can be used as a fort in the future if it is necessary for protection, etc. An oil man has offered me a million for the land if I will prove to him it is a rich oil field. Here is a chance for some Spiritualist to make some money, and he must agree to help build the temple. I have a man to do the drilling by steam.

DR. S. C. MARKLEY.

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