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

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SOME MISTAKES

ABOUT MEDIUMSHIP CORRECTED.

Written for The Progressive Thinker,
By the Guides of
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

Mediums are not to be designated as such by any physical or mental characteristics, nor do they differ in any smallest degree from the average human being. People, young and old, in every rank and condition of life, surrounded by poverty and wealth, eminent sometimes, and often lowly, possessing every variety of temperament, disposition and intelligence,—are chosen as the mediums for conveying the mirage of a future life to the world.

The conditions of the particular state that may be called mediumship are wholly unknown to mortals and to many spirits; nor can any one, unaided by spirit perception, tell whether an individual is or may become a medium. All persons of any degree of spiritual perception or unfoldment are aided, impressed and guided in a measure by spirit guardians under Angelic Guides; but mediumship is a distinct expression of spirit power in the presence or through the organism of a person; this expression may or may not be with the consent of the medium, but is absolutely free from any volition on the part of the one whose presence or organism is so employed.

Many people suppose that there is a constitutional temperamental difference between mediumistic persons and others; such is not the case. The psychic aura which surrounds all people and the physical conditions of the individual organism may be acted upon by spirit intelligences producing the state of mediumship. Many are mediumistic for a time, manifesting quite a distinct phase of spirit control or of phenomenal, and the power may be withdrawn, or may change in its phase. The presence or withdrawal of mediumistic power is not because of any organic change in the individual, but because of the withdrawal of the particular action of spirit power which produces the mediumistic state; in other words, mediumship is in all instances the result of the direct action of spirit intelligences upon the psychic nature of the medium.

The quality of the manifestations through persons in a state of mediumship, and sometimes the particular modes of expression, may vary according to the condition and educational bias of the medium, unless the spirit power chooses to exercise an absolute control even in regard to the smallest details. Usually the physical phenomena are given for the purpose of startling the investigators or the persons witnessing them into further inquiry. The manifestations in such cases being adjusted to the senses, there is usually no attempt made on the part of the manifesting spirits to reach the intellect, except through the physical phase of manifestation, leaving the minds of those present to draw their own conclusions.

Frequently when messages are spelled out by the "raps" (the sitters repeating the alphabet and the raps designating the letter to be used until the message is spelled), it is observed that the style of spelling is either correct or otherwise, according to the requirements of the medium; and yet in the presence of the same medium, if the manifesting spirit desire to give an intellectual expression, every word is spelled correctly and the grammatical construction of the sentences is perfect, while the thoughts express a profundity far beyond the powers of the medium. The deduction to be drawn from the foregoing statements is: That wherever it is important, the spirits can and do set aside entirely the personal characteristics or acquirements of the medium, whose "limitations," either physically, mentally or spiritually, only modify the manifestations or expressions when the controlling spirit or spirits do not think it desirable or necessary to set them aside.

In all mental phases, whether of the written or spoken message, whether by automatic control or inspiration or trance, the spirit control may or may not change the usual language of the medium; but in all instances where the aim is to give a phenomenal mental expression, the language and ideas so far transcend the usual or normal possibilities of the medium, that attention is at once attracted in that direction. Foreign languages, unknown to the medium, scientific essays or discourses, the subject matter of which is absolutely beyond the knowledge of the medium, history and details of information, all may be and are supplied by the controlling spirit through a medium totally unacquainted with the knowledge so given. In fact, as in the personal messages given, the medium is (and must be to make the evidence of any value to the sitters) totally

unacquainted with the names, personal history and details of every description connected with the sitters and the spirit or spirits from whom the message is to be given. So in mental phases (all other things being equal) it is better that the controlling influences supply all the details of language, grammatical construction, facts, illustrations, and ideas; but this, like all other phases, must be left to the wisdom of the control.

In many cases of inspiration the ideas alone are given and the speakers or writers are allowed to express them in their individual language; in some instances the ideas are not given, but the words one at a time are dropped into the consciousness of the medium and the end of the sentence is unknown until uttered.

It was claimed by Dante that not only the thoughts and experiences, but even some portion of the language of his Divine poem, were dictated by the heavenly Beatrice. While it is presumable that only the ideas received by Socrates were communicated by his Daemon or guardian spirit, still the conversational style of his teachings would convey the idea of the actual language being imparted by his guide.

Spiritualists as a rule entertain more erroneous opinions concerning mediumship than those entirely ignorant of the subject, and these ideas are addressed mostly to Spiritualists. Some degree of knowledge is necessary even to form an erroneous opinion, and those outside the ranks of Spiritualism and who are utterly without knowledge rarely have any opinions, only a hazy idea that all "Spiritualists" are "mediums" and all mediums "table-tippers" or "rappers."

Primarily, mediumship is for the purpose of demonstrating a future state and the presence of spirits to such as need it.

1. Through physical phenomena not governed by the volition of the medium nor the sitters and absolutely unexplainable by any action of so-called "natural law."

2. Through mental phenomena that attest the action of the individual intelligence of disembodied human beings independently of the will or active intelligence of the medium.

3. The teaching of basic and primal truths concerning the spiritual states beyond the earth and the states of spiritual unfoldment while here. In fact, all that pertains to the possible knowledge of the Spirit-world by the direct action of spirits freed from the mortal form.

Of course the spiritual perceptions and growth of each individual spirit in any world belong to a realm not included in what may be technically called mediumship. The physical phenomena of Spiritualism may occur in the presence of a medium and no claim be made whatever that the individual life or spiritual nature of the medium is controlled by spirit power. Messages from personal friends and mental phenomena may be given, and still the medium may not be blamed or praised for what is given; i. e., a sailor may swear and a parson pray for personal identification, without marring or changing the normal condition of the medium. Such manifestations do not even indicate the state of the spirit giving them; only an evidence of personal identity.

Spiritualists naturally are attracted to and make favorites of the medium or media through whom their personal friends give messages, especially the one medium through whom the first knowledge of this communion came to them; often this develops into a partisanship as reprehensible as it is unjust, since it leads to the disparagement of other mediums equally as good and reliable, through whom other people have received their first knowledge of spirit communion. It is almost pitiful to hear Spiritualists, who ought to manifest more intelligence, say: "My medium is the best; everything is perfect that comes through my medium." The word *my* only is used because that particular medium was the one through whom the messages of a personal nature came to the one using it.

While appreciation and sympathy are among the essential surroundings of a medium (and in fact any human being), still the disparagement of others is no part of real appreciation. Mediums have often been blamed for their seeming criticism and jealousy of one another, but the partisan friends are often largely responsible for this.

Spiritualists and mediums should all remember that the true appreciation of one medium is the appreciation of all; and the real defense of one is the defense of all.

There can be no worse attitude than that which is sometimes found in the minds of some professed Spiritualists: to question the genuineness of a manifestation given through a medium because it is an unfamiliar phase; or worse still, because the

same phase has been witnessed through a favorite medium, and the partisan Spiritualist is jealous that another should have the same class of manifestation. If there is evidence in one manifestation, is there not added evidence in every added manifestation of a similar kind? A Spiritualist in the East, somewhat prominent, and eminent in a certain direction, wrote in connection with a published account of manifestations witnessed by him, that he could vouch for the genuineness of the manifestations and messages because given through his own medium; the medium during the period of time (several months we believe) being almost exclusively in the presence of the one narrating the facts. To us that would be no particular evidence. If twenty or a hundred other people had been present and witnessed the manifestations and heard the messages, or if separately they had received messages and manifestations, would not that have been added testimony? One must have great confidence in the superiority of a person to suppose that his or her personal presence would alone insure genuineness of manifestations. The truth is that all manifestations of whatever kind are adaptations to the needs (not always the wishes) of those receiving them. To the mind of the average Spiritualist that manifestation is "genuine" which appeals to his or her particular state of mind. In the same circle, and witnessing the same manifestations, there are often found as many varieties of opinion as there are individuals present.

To suppose that a manifestation is "genuine" merely because one is personally satisfied, and not genuine because one is not satisfied, is to consider one's individual judgment (often based upon prejudice or partisanship) the standard for the world. The most "satisfactory" seances are often those where no manifestations occur, or where they are so broken as to leave a large space for doubt. Doubts are the points or pivots upon which hang the chain of evidence. It is no fault of the medium if oftentimes the manifesting spirit leaves a break in the manifestations of an evening. A conjuror never fails; but the genuineness of the manifestations through a medium is often attested by the failure or incompleteness of the manifestation.

"Conditions" are often spoken of and insisted upon as explaining the degree of perfection or imperfection of a manifestation, and spirits have necessarily put this word forward, as explaining not only the primal basis of the phenomenal phase in Spiritualism, but "unfavorable conditions" and "favorable conditions" have come to be the universal explanations for what are considered perfect or imperfect manifestations. The facts are that some of the most convincing evidences (i. e., perfect demonstrations) of spirit power have been given under most inharmonious "conditions," and some of the worst apparent failures have taken place when the circle or company were most harmonious. As the state of mediumship is not to be traced to any distinctly uniform basis, so the circumstances under which manifestations may or may not take place cannot be fixed. The word "conditions" is an adaptation to the needs of the human mind, which requires often to know "how?" and "why?" before it knows the facts which the "how" and "why" are supposed to rest upon.

It is often thought that the presence of a skeptic or doubter with a very positive mind will retard or prevent the manifestations of spirit presence and power, yet the writer has known the most positive and wonderful manifestations to occur in the presence of a room full of scoffers. Spirits certainly can, if they choose, manifest in the presence of the person determined not to believe, as readily as in the presence of the person who is indifferent, or predisposed to belief; but why should they? If there are other persons present to be reached, and who are ready for evidence, or if any one of the doubters is ready to accept evidence when offered, the manifestations may occur. If, however, the spirits perceive the attitude of the doubter to be simply one of challenge, and the attitude of the Spiritualists present to be that of those who offer large bets on the success of a favorite horse in the races; a wish that the spirits "would just show that man what they can do" there seems no spiritual or logical reason for the manifestation to occur. In spiritual manifestations, the largest results are those sought for, and the seance is not made the place of "showing what the spirits can do," so much as of giving demonstrations adapted to the needs of those receiving them.

For the individuals forming or composing a circle a state of receptivity (not necessarily of belief), a degree of harmony between the members, and a general tone of peacefulness must constitute the best "conditions," and these are also the most agreeable and healthful to the medium, but the manifestations may occur amid the thunders and lightnings of Sinai or the confusion of Babel when there is a spiritual need.

It is better for Spiritualists to abandon all speculations, theories, prejudices and cruelties concerning mediumship and toward mediums, and devote themselves, so far as is possible, to receiving in the right spirit the manifestations given and the lessons conveyed.

One may be in a state of mediumship for an hour, for a day, or year, or lifetime. During that time the person so acted upon by spirit power may be made very sensitive to surrounding influences. At another time

the same person may be made utterly impervious to any surroundings or states of mind of the people present. Sometimes the mediumistic action is wholly in the direction of great sensitiveness; sometimes it is exercised in the direction of the greatest courage and heroism. People often blame mediums for faults of omission, of commission, saying: "Having so much aid from the Spirit-world, they ought to do so and so." Others often shield mediums by saying: "O, they are very sensitive and susceptible to surrounding influences, being mediumistic." Both propositions may be true, i. e., a person, because of mediumistic activity, may be very strong at one time, and for a similar reason may be very sensitive at another time; but such indications as the result of a mediumistic state are superinduced, are for an especial purpose, and are not intended to take the place of the normal condition of the medium.

Every medium being an individual human spirit, must have his or her own individual life or experience, and the mediumship is never allowed to alter or in any way modify that individual experience, except in the degree required to make the experience or life-lessons full and complete. Even if the exercise of the gift of mediumship becomes the entire life-work of the medium, it is not a "thwarting or subversion" of the individuality or experience, but a fulfillment. A great cause, even inspired and guided by other minds, may dominate any life, and instead of taking from, will add to the individuality all the time.

Many people say: "O, I would not be a medium for the world, especially an unconscious or trance medium; it takes away one's individuality." Does it? Are all the people in the world who are not mediums, then, perfectly free and uninfluenced by other minds? Does not the workman work for his employer, in many instances under circumstances of servitude? Does he not many times feel obliged to work, vote and even worship as his employer dictates? When an artist copies from the "Old Masters," is it not more servile than to be influenced by their spirits to produce new creations?

If the intellectual people of the world are so careful of preserving their individuality, why do Tyndall and Spencer do their thinking for them? And after having revolted against employing priests to do their praying, why are not the seekers after occult mysteries afraid of following so abjectly their leaders who rob them of their individuality in the annihilation which is the result of accumulated bad Karma, or in the Nirvana which they are never certain of reaching, but which, if they do attain it, there is an absence of all individuality? An intelligent action upon one's life for a specific purpose: that of demonstrating and teaching the nature of spirit existence; an action which includes the unfoldment of all the qualities of the individual, by minds appointed to do a certain work and under higher guidance, cannot take one jot or tittle from the individual life.

Mediums, though often imperfect, are not more so than other human beings; and if people demand perfect individuals as mediums, let them find them for us.

Mediums, though often suffering the agony of martyrs, through foolish and vacillating friends more than open foes, are brought a rare compensation, and in many instances a rich inheritance of spiritual blessings of which they are fully aware.

Mediums, while called upon to make what the world calls many sacrifices, still are not compelled to any more sacrifices than every human being makes who pursues any calling whatever; and many times not nearly so great. Mediumship, although rendering one subject to criticism, animadversion, and sometimes persecution from traitorous friends and open foes, still brings the grateful homage of loving hearts whose sorrows have been assuaged, whose grief at death of loved ones has been turned to joy, and who would exchange these priceless gifts and their possible good to the world for all that the earth affords of wealth, or praise, or power?

Mediumship not only helps all lives to whom the messages and ministrations are given, to overcome the personal short comings and failings, but also assists the medium in all similar ways, besides teaching the broadest charity and highest standard of life as the only aim of existence.

Spiritualists, after all the light received, the messages of loved ones given, the annihilation of death, the surpassing knowledge that has come to the world through mediumship, is it not time that a higher, broader view, a more correct and less selfish appreciation be given, a wider charity and a more encompassing love toward all mediums? Is it not time that selfish wishes, narrow partisanship and technical criticism be set aside for a broad and enlightened perfection of the principles involved in mediumship? And above all, while requiring so much from the Spirit-world through those who are the means of transmitting messages to you, is it not the least that you can do to approach those mediums free from suspicion and with as much of the spirit of Spiritualism as you can bring?

Mediums, we salute you all in love. With the priceless gifts that are yours, the blessed privilege of bearing the messages of love from the skies, remember that each medium owes the other recognition, encouragement, sympathy. In the midst of persecution, be not afraid; surrounded by foes, be not discouraged. The encompassing love of the Heavenly Parent and your own spirit con-

trols and angel guides will surround, strengthen and uphold. Be ye faithful unto death and I (truth) will give you a Crown of Life.

SPIRITS FOUND THE ORE.

Strange Story of How the Gogebic Mines Were Located.

"In the tremendous excitement" which attended the development of the mines in the Gogebic range, one interesting and most singular story was overlooked. It has never been published that the mineral wealth in the Gogebic hills was located by the mystic power of mediumship. Millions of dollars have been made out of Gogebic mines, which are still producing tons of ore every day, yet seven years ago the hills within which this wealth was hidden were worth only the value of the scrubby pines upon them. The *Tribune* goes on to say that among the persons who profited by the discovery of ore were the brothers J. O. and E. A. Hayes and their mother, who is now Mrs. Chynoweth. They were worth a few thousand dollars when they bought Gogebic land, and now they are millionaires. They own the Germania and Ashland mines, believed to be the richest iron mines in the world.

When wealth came to the Hayes they resolved to use it wisely, and for the good of mankind. They built at Hurley a school for the miners, and men who at fifty years of age could not read or write, now have something of an education.

Mrs. Chynoweth and her sons are believers in a singular sort of Christianity. They believe that the Bible precepts are to be lived up to to-day, and that Christ's life should be taken as a pattern. They have no creed, no system of doctrine, and no name for their belief. They are not willing to be classed with Spiritualists, yet they believe in trances, second sight, and spirit messages. Those who attend the school at Hurley are instructed in this spiritual Christianity.

HOW THE ORE WAS DISCOVERED.

Two years ago the family purchased a large farm near San Jose in California, laid out a magnificent park, built a palatial residence, and founded a school for laborers, similar to the one in Hurley. Many families in Wisconsin who had been converted to the Hayes belief moved to San Jose and built homes around the park. The colony attends services in the school building, and the members of the Hayes family preach the sermons and expound the Bible lessons.

Mrs. Chynoweth is the medium through whom the spirit power directs the affairs of the Hayes and all their neighbors. When anything of importance is to be done, Mrs. Chynoweth goes into a trance and speaks the will of the spirits.

E. A. Hayes, the older brother, was at the Sherman House lately. He told the story of the discovery of iron in the Gogebic hills in these words:

"My brother and I had graduated from the Madison University in the class of '82, and had practiced law long enough to build up a fair business, when mother, or the power over us, advised us to make money. We moved to Ashland, which was then a small town with a small boom. At that time the existence of ore in the Gogebic Range was not thought of, and, in fact, few white men had been through the country. Ashland is forty miles away from the place where the iron was finally found."

"One day mother was in a trance and we were consulting her about our affairs. Suddenly her face lighted up and she pointed out of the window in the direction of the Gogebic hills."

"Go there," she commanded. There you will find wealth. Go to the hills, miles and miles off there, and you will find wealth, mountains of wealth within them. Dig down and you will strike it."

THE FIRST PROSPECTOR.

"A short time after that we spoke to Capt. Moore, who had been a prospector. He went in the direction mother had pointed until he reached the hills. When he returned to Ashland he had with him a lot of excellent ore that he had found near where the Colby mine now is. The news spread rapidly and many people started for the hills. A. L. Norrey staked out a claim where the Ashland mine now is, but later gave it up. Hart and Shores sunk a shaft some distance in the rock, but stopped just ten feet above the spot where a vein of ore 146 feet wide was afterwards found."

"We consulted mother, and in her trance the power which controlled her directed us to purchase the land which Hart & Shores and Norrey had given up as worthless. The spirit told us to get as much land there as we could. A company was formed, and my brother and I bought an eighth interest. Prospectors were sent out to explore the hills which the company purchased, and while they were gone the power told us to buy a larger share. We tried to buy another eighth, but no one would sell. Mother went into a trance and through her the spirit spoke. 'Wait. In a day or two you will have the opportunity you want.' Sure enough, the next day Sam Oslander, who owned an eighth, came back from the hills disgusted. He said they were digging in a swamp and that there was no ore anywhere near the property. My brother asked him why he didn't sell out, and he replied that he would sell if he could get what he paid for his share, \$250. My brother bought it, and paid \$10 to bind the bargain."

"The next day the news came that ore had been discovered. The spirit told us to dig deeper in the shaft that had been neglected. We did so and uncovered the vein of ore which has not yet been exhausted."

"After that we trusted implicitly in what mother told us. In a trance she went out on the hill and located the Germania mine. We sunk the shafts where she told us to without any exploration whatever, and struck the best vein in the mine. We have never known any of her prophecies to fail."

For The Progressive Thinker.

RATHER EXCITING.

It appears that a paper read before the Ministers Association, at Milwaukee, Wis., by the Rev. Theodore Clifton on "The Attitude of the Church Toward the 'Laboring Classes'" excited some of the ministers in attendance, and for a time there was a very spirited discussion. In his paper Mr. Clifton took occasion to say a great many things regarding the churches that were far from being complimentary. He said that the churches and the masses have drifted so far apart that there now is a great gulf between them. The churches were more to blame for the separation than were the masses, in his opinion. He feared wealth was coming to be recognized by the churches rather than merit, and wealthy men and women were the moving spirits of many of them. He could not lay the blame for this entirely at the doors of the clergy, as his experience had taught him that the ministers were more democratic than the laity. How to bring the churches and the masses together was the question of the hour. The Rev. Mr. Hellings thought that Mr. Clifton's remarks were a libel on the church, and the latter retorted by telling a story of how the fact that he had on a new suit of clothes and high hat secured him a seat in a Chicago church while hundreds of equally deserving but not so well-dressed men, and even women, were compelled to stand, notwithstanding that there were many vacant seats. The Rev. Mr. Herrix introduced a resolution setting forth that the church was in sympathy with the workmen and desirous of extending to them the right hand of fellowship, but it was voted down on the ground that to adopt it would be an acknowledgment that the church was wrong and a reflection on the stand that it had hitherto taken. Before an adjournment was reached, however, a resolution was passed declaring that the church recognizes no classes and that her doors are always open to all men, rich or poor, which is true in one sense, but basely false in another. The churches to-day would not admit the Savior, on whom they have their hopes of Salvation, if he should present himself to any of them riding on an Ass, and appearing as hopeless and forlorn as he did in ancient times.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

RATHER SKEPTICAL.

In THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of May 10th I notice an article by O. W. Tennant, in which he desires to combat the views taken by Hudson Tuttle with regard to the spirits of animals. So much can be learned from the first four lines, but I have not read any farther than the first verse, for this reason: I am a skeptic, and what I learn I want on good authority or not at all. He says: "I will withhold the name of the party." Enough! Now we were about to hear something in the interest of science, but when one starts off in this way, I lose my interest from the beginning because he has not given the means whereby to identify the incident. I remember that men who have done most in giving truth to the world, have given their names and every other fact worthy to be known. Here I must rely solely upon the word of Mr. Tennant, who is a perfect stranger to thousands. He is undoubtedly reliable and truthful in his intentions, but how do we know it, since every means of proof is missing? If the incident is worthy of relation, the name of the "friend" should be given. How many people disbelieving the truth of Spiritualism, "I don't throw down the paper, exclaiming, 'I don't believe it, because he declares he will not authenticate it!'" Articles of this kind may be true, but as a guarantee of good faith, give us names, etc., or give us nothing.

I do not speak in criticism of this man or any other in particular, but correspondents should remember that what the critical public and science wants, is indisputable proof.

West Parlet, W. FAY McFADDEN.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

SPIRIT AND MATTER.

In your paper of May 10th, Dr. Whitmore in his talk with Mr. Fisher states that he believes that the materialist theory, that mind, soul or spirit is an outgrowth of the inherent properties of matter, can be proven to be false. If the Doctor or any one else can do this it will be a great point gained for Spiritualism. Of course it will not positively prove the Spiritualist theory true, but this proof would leave that large class of thinkers who believe the materialist theory the most reasonable with nothing better to turn to than the Spiritualist idea. This would stimulate investigation and study on the question, and could not but result in some advance towards the true and positive solution of this interesting problem. Let us have this proof, Doctor, right away. Canon City, Colo. G. P. BROWN.

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J. R. FRANCIS, Editor and Publisher.
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SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1890.

THE MEASURE OF INSPIRATION.

Does Inspiration Partake in any Degree of the Character of the Person Through Whom It Comes?

There is a lingering superstition that spiritual beings are unquestioned authority, and their communications must be infallible. Inspiration, as of divine origin, partakes of its source and the divine cannot err. In the earlier days of Spiritualism the trust placed in communications was more unquestioning than at present, and was often productive of undesirable results. When the over-confidence were met with contradictions and errors, the entire fabric of their faith was shaken, and often from believing all, they rejected all. Had they understood the method by which superior intelligences communicate, and the difficulties that must be surmounted, they would have wondered how it were possible for those intelligences to have even imperfectly expressed their thoughts. A telegraphic current may be sent over the wire by the most expert operator, but if there is a break in it; if there is contact with another conductor, or if the receiving instrument is not properly adjusted, there will be no message, or a distorted one. In the telegraph all these subtle conditions are known and nicely adjusted. The operator sends the current and the receiving instrument responds. Even then there are errors, and at times blunders, such as have sent railway trains moving by their orders, to their doom. No one ever adduces such errors as evidence against the existence of the telegraph. The errors are constantly eliminated by greater care and more perfect appliances.

When we consider the method by which inspiration or communication is effected, we shall more readily understand how the character of the medium must affect the communication. The brightest and purest mountain stream leaping from the rocks, in mists reflecting the rainbow, by passing through earthy channels, become stained and muddy, partaking of the character of the soil over which it flows. Again as it winds across the meadow, reflecting the flowers growing on its banks, and slaking the thirst of the kine, it becomes purified and clear as the sky it reflects.

A medium is controlled by a spirit in the same manner as a magnetic subject is influenced by an operator. Often in the case of the latter, the operator will make the subject act as he wishes, or utter the thoughts he wills him to speak. The latter feat is difficult, and not often ventured in public; yet it is possible, and by practice the subject can be made to do so with remarkable exactness. This applies to ideas, and while there is a tendency on the part of the subject to clothe them in his own language. If the idea is outside the limits of his knowledge, he does not catch the full meaning, and by his expression shows that he does not comprehend it, but repeats as a parrot. It is

possible for a sensitive to be under such strong and perfect control, that he can be used as an instrument, and to write or speak without imparting his personality more than the pen gives character to the thoughts it indites. But this must be of rare occurrence, and impressions are given by stimulation of the mind, far more frequently than by its hypnotic dominancy. The ideas are impressed, and the medium is left to give them expression. If of a character far superior to his education or understanding he will utterly fail to make them intelligible. How often we see illustrations of this in spirit writings and trance speaking. The unthinking will say bosh, with a sneer at what to them is meaningless rubbish, but if we look deeper, we shall discover the evidences of great thoughts vainly struggling for expression. The mediums mind received, but failed to comprehend, and was at a loss for words to give expression. There is a jumble of high-sounding phrases, but the subtle thought has escaped. Such mediums become satisfied with their work too soon; begin to publish their crude writings too soon.

Again we ask, is the tune a master plays on a musical instrument affected by the instrument? If Paganini should come to earth and be given a boy's toy violin, would we expect him to draw from it the divine melody which charmed and delighted the world? Oh, no, we would say, he is indeed a wonderful musician if he makes pleasing melody with such imperfect means. He carefully brings its discordant strings into harmony, as no other touch can do, and then he awakens the chords and makes them give forth all the music there is in them. It is a wonderful performance, and we ask ourselves what would it have been had he one of his own skillfully constructed and perfect instruments? We are rejoiced that he descended to touch the poor half-strung violin, and willingly overlook the false notes and discords made by the failure of the strings, or want of resonance in the body of the instrument. So we are thankful for even imperfect messages, knowing the difficulties the spirit intelligences have to meet.

The idea is the most readily impressed. The exact garbure of words is given when the sensitiveness is capable of receiving it. Names, dates, events, being of an arbitrary character are more difficult, and hence the frequent failures in giving such "tests." Often the vagueness with which they are sought defeats the object of the investigator.

It is because inspiration partakes of the character of the channel through which it flows, that it becomes of vital importance to purify and ennoble the mind of the medium. His thoughts should flow in channels parallel to the inspiration; then the latter becomes an excitant, stimulating the mental faculties, and making them capable of doing more than their normal work. It becomes a powerful educational force. To illustrate: If an inventor departed to the Spirit-world, and having some invention with which to benefit mankind, wished to impart it, he could not do so through an ignorant boor, unless he could induce absolute automatic trance, which would be scarcely possible. He would find inventors with minds turned in the same direction as his own, with whom he could become *en rapport*, and by stimulating their minds impart his ideas. They would not be conscious of any superior power, and would refer the result to their own unaided mentality. Possibly he would find a subject in one who had never exercised his inventive talents, but in whom they were latent, and only awaiting a stimulant.

The spirit-poet, if he would sound the lyre, must have a poet for a medium, else his verse will sink into unmeaning drivel. That medium may or may not be a Laureate; may or may not have ever written a verse of poetry, but in his mental fibre must have the poetic temperament.

Hence in our investigations we must not expect too much of communications; and again we must look elsewhere for them than to professed mediums.

The exquisite measure of poetry; the words of burning eloquence; the wisdom of laws; the almost reasoning mechanical inventions, how much of the stimulus of thought entering into these has come from a higher sphere, and how much is referable to the receiving minds here? are intricate and unanswerable questions.

But enough is known and here expressed to show the wonderful power and invaluable quality of mediumship or sensitiveness, when understood and cultivated along the proper lines of development.

This lesson would not be complete were the instances of phenomenal mediumship omitted. Such are centers of spiritual force, and by their sensitiveness receptive in full measure. A few instances only can be presented, but others will be readily suggested to the reader.

Napoleon Bonaparte was the receptive instrument under the guidance of those who understood the art of war. He knew that he was to break the chains of feudal bondage. It was fraught with suffering and ruin, but it was the only means possible, and before the result was fully reached the great chief-tain became through his arrogance and selfishness unsuspicious, and then weakly met his fate.

The story of Joan of Arc most beautifully illustrates this view of mediumship.

Tennyson has for a long life time poured forth a tide of song, exquisite and pure as the asphodels that bloom on the borders of the evergreen shores of immortality. He fails not to speak of this assistance.

The mind of Dickens attracted and received a flood of thought from those who accepted the story as the best means of impressing truth, and in the profound sensitive state in which he wrote, the ideas became embodied in and evolved the unique character of his pages.

Edison furnishes an example of the inventor, receptive to the influence of inventive genius transcending his own.

The concentration of mind in one direction, which an undivided pursuit calls for, is a primary and essential condition of sensitiveness, and prepares the mind to receive. This "unconscious mediumship" has been an important factor in history, and destined to become still more influential. There may not be such brilliant examples,

but there will be larger numbers, and when generations have passed with only a single example, the future will have thousands.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Returned Without a Messiah.

Superstition is widespread; in many respects it may be said to be general, yet of a harmless kind. It may lead, however, to disastrous results when the objects expected to be accomplished are not achieved. Messiahs have been in the past, and are now, a fruitful source of superstition. Nearly every large city has one or more of these adventurers and they exercise a baneful influence over the weak-minded. The last Messiah was expected by the Arapahoe Indians of Wyoming Territory. Only a few days ago it was announced that an Arapahoe chief living on the Shoshone reservation had returned from a three months' trip to the Pacific coast, where he had gone to welcome the great Indian Messiah, whose coming had been predicted by medicine men and prophets for the last year. The coming of the Messiah was to mark a new period in the lives of the Indians. They were to die and all the dead Indians were to come to life. The expected spirit was to rise out of the waves of the Pacific Ocean. Bill Friday was the designated messenger of the Shoshones and the Arapahoes to welcome the advent. Loaded down with presents, Friday journeyed to a certain rock overlooking the sea and there waited patiently for the arising of the Messiah. Incantation uttered as directed by the medicine man failed to have any effect and the Arapahoe brave returned home. His arrival at the reservation unaccompanied by the spirit threw the Indians into complete despondency and completely destroyed their credence in the prophecies. Cetei, a noted Arapahoe chief, who has been lying ill for several months died shortly after Friday's return. The agents at the reservation are highly pleased at the prospective ending of the Messiah agitation. For some time the Indians have been restless, holding dances and religious pow-wows, and it is now thought they will settle down and become tractable again.

These poor Indians have been misled no worse than millions in the churches, who entertain the opinion that some one died to save them from their own sins and shortcomings.

Scientific Prophecy.

Scientific prophecy is the result of intricate and profound calculations. In a letter to Frank Bookwalter, brother of John W., of Springfield, Ohio, the following is told of the latter, who was a passenger on the City of Paris: When one day out from New York he obtained access to the engine-room, where, upon critical inspection of the machinery, shaft, etc., he became alarmed for the safety of the steamer, but to verify his apprehensions of danger, which were created by mistrust of the durability of a portion of the engine, he went to work calculating the tension, strength, resistance, atmospheric pressure, etc., to which one particular portion of the machinery, weighing some fifteen tons, was subjected, and, figuring from its first revolution to the present date, he was alarmed at the result, which denoted that twenty-four hours was the limit of its durability. The result of his calculation he imparted to his two or three scientific fellow-voyagers, asserting that the engines could not last twenty-four hours. They tried to reason him out of his whim, but in vain. Notwithstanding his prediction failed the first and second day, he remained firm to his conviction and mathematical calculation that the limit of endurance of the engines of the steamer had expired and he was awaiting the inevitable crash. In a few hours it came, inflicting even more serious damage than anticipated.

The Progressive Thinker in the Ledger Office, Philadelphia.

Elliot Rawson is prominent as a newspaper man in the City of Brotherly Love. His article in last week's issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was rich in thought and suggestive to a remarkable degree. He writes to us as follows:

"One of your papers crept into the *Public Ledger* editorial rooms this week, and it was read and re-read by the editors and reporters; was passed around as a veritable curiosity, and the universal verdict was:

"—If that is a sample of spiritual journalism they deserve more credit than they generally receive. Typographically and editorially it is perfect."

"Bear in mind, brother, the *Ledger* is the leading paper in this city and its editors are very wary of giving praise—except where it is actually deserved. One grey headed, lynx-eyed chap—a thorough man of the world,—laughed heartily when he read your article under the head of 'The Home Circle Fraternity,' and wondered how many would be willing to give 'up their vicious habits, in exchange for your alleged currency in spirit life.' He summed the whole up under the *Golden Rule*—Do unto others—etc., and declared it an impossibility."

Robert Ross' Strange Dream Realized.

Albert Ross, a Panhandle brakeman, had an arm and leg crushed by the cars at Cincinnati, Ohio, May 17th and died from his injuries. Before he died he said: "I knew it was going to happen, because I dreamed it Thursday night. I was then dozing on the top of a freight and I dreamed that I was hurt just as I am now, only it was just a dream, and now it ain't. I remember how I fell under the wheels and my arm and leg were cut off and I bled ever so much, and I thought that I was going to die, and then I felt so remorseful and turned over and I awoke." Thus it is that coming events are realized. To some souls the past, present and future seem to blend, and every circumstance connected with life can be seen and recognized.

Mediumship.

The article which we publish this week by the guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, will excite widespread interest. There are many who are deeply interested in that question.

Indeed!—A New Departure.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* has changed its form, and its texture somewhat. Its primary purpose is to promote psychics; its ultimate aim is to help men to correct ethics. In connection therewith, "It is devoted to Arts, Sciences, Literature, Romance and General Reform." "Technical Spiritualism" will also come in occasionally for consideration. Underwoodism will also be a prominent feature of the paper, and perhaps the best part of it. With its change of programme throughout, the *Journal* is no doubt expecting to create a "revolution"—that is to get an entire new constituency as readers. With coarser type it will have less space to devote to "exposures," and with little or no interest in phenomenal Spiritualism, it can devote more attention to Psychics, Ethics and Romance.

This new departure of the *Journal* has been long foreseen. The employment of B. F. Underwood, who has been a leading Agnostic and Materialist, and who never was in sympathy with the Cause of Spiritualism to any great extent, and in no wise allied to it as a worker, was to be the potent means whereby to reach a class of thinkers in harmony with him, and by making a feature of "technical Spiritualism" and "psychics," it was expected to hold some Spiritualists on its subscription list. Spiritualists generally have long ago ceased to regard the *Journal* as a distinctively representative paper. This year it published no reports of the 42nd Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. It is almost barren of spiritualistic news. That it will succeed in finding a constituency in harmony with its new departure, remains to be seen. Under the management of B. F. Underwood, the brains of the concern, it may succeed in doing so. From a purely intellectual standpoint, embodying ethics and psychics, the field is large, and has been comparatively but little cultivated, and that Mr. Underwood will shed new light on those subjects is quite possible. He will have our best wishes in his efforts to reflect light and knowledge on the *Journal* in its new departure.

Modern Nuisances.

Such are the modern christs, gods, and those who set themselves up as divine authority. Probably the greatest one among the number is George Jacob Schweinfurth, who claims to be the "Latter Day Christ." J. T. Morgan who lives at 1131 East Franklin Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn., has been misled by this modern savior, but has now renounced his faith in him. Morgan became a follower of the alleged "Christ" three years ago. Then he had a happy family, consisting of himself, wife, son, and an unmarried daughter. Now he is alone. His wife is living at the house of C. C. Whitney, Minneapolis. Whitney is Schweinfurth's chief apostle and conductor of his church here. Morgan's daughter ran away and married a worthless individual, and the son is a sort of body servant. All his troubles, he says, were caused by Schweinfurth and Whitney. He was at "The Heaven" in Rockford, Ill., for over two years, and began to doubt this new "Christ" when he heard him declare in his pulpit: "I am God and beside me there is no other." His doubt turned to absolute disbelief when he saw how this "God" grasped at all the money in sight and how he behaved toward the women in his "heaven." One of these is a Mrs. Tuttle, who left a husband and four children in St. Charles, Minn., and went to live at Schweinfurth's. It is said that Mrs. Tuttle has borne children since she went there—by order of the New "Christ," she says. Mrs. Tuttle is Schweinfurth's right-hand woman. He is king, she is queen. His confession of faith, first, to acknowledge him as the only Savior; second, to promise absolute obedience; third, to deny yourself, which means to give up money, lands, and family to him. Such contemptible saviors, gods, and wreckers of families should be regarded as common nuisances and abated.

The Arena for June.

The table of contents is as follows: "Queen Christina and De Liar," by Edgar Faucett; "Henry W. Grady, Editor, Orator, Man," by J. W. Lee, D. D.; "The Gap between Common Schools and Colleges," by Pres. Charles W. Elliott, of Harvard University; "The Race Question," by Hon. Wm. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky; "Alfred Tennyson, and the Questionings of our Age," by James T. Bisby, Ph. D.; "Isben as a Dramatist," by Hamlin Garland; "No Name Series," "Our Civilization and the Marriage Problem," by Hiram M. Stanley; "Eonian Punishment," by Rev. Charles Holland Kidder; "Ungava," by W. H. H. Murray. Single number 50 cts; Per annum \$5. Address: The Arena Publishing Company, Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.



Krishna Upon the Head of the Serpent.

The above cut has a deep significance. It stood forth at the head of that admirable lecture by Alex. Wilder on "Serpent Symbols in Religion." That lecture alone is invaluable to every student or thoughtful person, and is itself worth the price of the subscription of the paper. Subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for 16 weeks,

costing you only 25 cents, and you will receive among the number, this most excellent lecture.

A General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers, Doings, etc.

Dr. J. H. Randall, now lecturing in Iowa, writes as follows from Fort Dodge: "Since writing you last I held excellently well attended meetings with our Spiritualist friends at Iowa Falls, and yesterday here. They have a nice hall, well fitted and furnished here, though they hold meetings very irregular. They are united, however, and steadily increasing in strength."

H. T. Reeder, of Helena, M. T., writes: "In THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of May 17 I see a communication from John C. Hennessey, stating that their public election on the 5th of April last resulted in their defeat by 257 votes; and that the Catholics had it all their own way. Please let me inform you that the American citizens of precinct 34, in Silver Bow County, Montana, were disfranchised at last October State election for the acceptance or rejection of the Constitution, and election of State officers. The disfranchisement of those citizens was the prime cause of all our trouble. Catholicism is no way concerned with it."

The People's Spiritual Society meeting, held at 2:30 p. m., the 25th ult., at Bricklayer's Banner Hall, 93 South Peoria St., was attended by an interested audience. Mrs. Anna Orvis answered questions and delivered an inspirational address; it was very fine. She then gave some fine tests to strangers, which were all recognized. Mrs. DeWolf being called upon by the President, Mr. Jennifer, addressed the friends in an earnest manner, which was received with applause. Prof. Tolman and Mrs. Orvis rendered a beautiful song, "Over the River." Mrs. Dr. Morrell made a few remarks. The meeting closed with the best of harmony.

E. D. Moore, of Watertown, N. Y., writes: "Mrs. Mary C. Lyman has been speaking at our Temple the months of April and May and we have engaged her for the month of June. She is a fine speaker."

J. W. B. writes: "Sunday the 25th, Sister Mattie E. Hull concluded her lectures at the People's Progressive Society. To say that she highly entertained us is to express it very mildly. She taught us the better way of life, and a Spiritualism that the world to know would be the better for receiving and living. Feeling that a slight testimonial was due from us, the following was hastily drawn, and unanimously passed:

"Resolved, That we, a public body, assembled listening to discourses delivered by Mrs. Mattie E. Hull, most cheerfully state that we have been very highly entertained and richly repaid by the words of wisdom which fell from her lips, and that we recognize them as an inspiration and philosophy worthy a deeper and fuller investigation. We heartily commend her to the kindly consideration of our friends, and all lovers of practical Spiritualism wherever she may be called to teach."

Hudson Tuttle well says: "Evil spirits may influence to evil thoughts and deeds, but the conditions must first exist in the recipient's mind. If the medium is not in the receptive state; if he is above the sphere of evil, he may safely bid defiance to the whole universe of 'elementaries,' hobgoblins and spirits of the damned!"

Maud Lord Drake indulges in prayer. She says:—"I started out in life without an earthly guide, and though I have passed over burning ploughshares, the spirits have led me on to a haven of rest. By prayer, by fasting, and by uplifting my soul to the higher influence, has this end been gained. People say there is no good in prayer. I do not know what my life would have been without prayer. No influence ever came to me except through prayer, and by it I have always ascended the golden thread of hope."

There is to be a spiritual camp-meeting at White River, Tulare Co., in California, beginning June 28th and closing July 5th.

The *Golden Gate* says: Prof. H. A. Streight, the great landscape artist, who painted the beautiful symbolical "Golden Gate" which adorns this office, is now busily at work on a large landscape scene in Santa Clara county. The point of view is at the mouth of Stevenson creek, back of mountain View, on the Sleeper Trust Track. The scene is wonderfully beautiful at this place and Prof. Streight has caught the inspiration, and is giving a wondrously natural reproduction.

M. S. Linden, of Milwaukee, Ore., says: "So, now, we can have an opportunity of letting the world know our numerical strength, for a census of all of the systems of religion is to be made. Let all Spiritualists or Liberals, or any particular school of philosophy not orthodox, state their position to the enumerator. Our spiritual strength can only be shown by our life and deeds." The numerous cowards in the world will prevent the exact number of Spiritualists being given. A census will accomplish nothing in that respect.

J. H. Randall will lecture in North McGregor, Iowa, June 7 and 8; in Dow, Wright Co., 10, 11 and 12.

Mrs. E. Cutler writes from Newark N. J.: "I have been absent from home six months, working for the cause, also organizing two Women's Unions and two Childrens Lyceums in Buffalo and Watertown, N. Y. My work has been in North Collins, Rome, and Oneida, N. Y., and last night I occupied the platform at Newark, N. J. I find good audiences here. I go from here to Parkland Camp Meeting."

"Many failures," says the *Golden Gate*, "have been recorded against the divining rod, and faith in them is confined to a very few. It seems that one is now in existence that is absolutely reliable. It is the invention of A. W. Chillis, of Truckee, to whom electricity suggested the possibility of making the much-abused instrument a certain and efficient aid in locating mineral ore. This new electric mineral combination is declared to unerringly indicate the exact spot of buried treasure, and to locate gold and silver deposits. The machine was repeatedly tested recently, in the presence of

one hundred of Truckee's most reliable citizens, under the strictest test conditions. Large sums of money were buried, which the ingenious apparatus discovered inside of ten minutes.

Dr. J. W. Angell, writes to us from Iowa Falls, Iowa, that the progressive thinkers there are investigating Nationalism. A club, called "The First Nationalist Club of Iowa Falls," has been organized. The Doctor says: "To more effectually get our objects for organization before the people of this vicinity, we determined to secure the aid of some noted speaker from abroad, to come here and address the people in a public hall, upon the subject of Nationalism. Fortunately for us and our cause, we were enabled to secure the services of your fellow townsman Dr. J. H. Randall, a speaker well known throughout the whole land as a most eloquent advocate of Spiritualism as well as of other reformatory subjects. He met with us last Wednesday evening the 21st inst., and to an audience of ladies and gentlemen, nearly filling the largest hall in our city. Let other Nationalist Clubs desiring such assistance as we did here be sure to call Dr. Randall to their aid. The Doctor met at my house a few of our Spiritualist friends on Thursday evening, the 22nd, to whom he gave an hours talk upon the Philosophy of Spiritualism. I have been a full believer of its truths since its first inception. I have listened to and read very many lectures upon that subject, but never before have I been so completely charmed by its presentation as I was by Brother Randall's discourse that evening."

Thos. Lees, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: The 6th Annual Memorial Service, in honor of the workers and friends who have passed to spirit life from here, will be held at Memorial Hall, 10:45 a. m., Sunday, June 8, under the auspices of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. All invited, and flower plants solicited.

Quarterly Convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association will be held at Tyson, Vermont, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 6, 7, and 8, 1890. Opening in Liberty Hall, at 10 a. m., Friday. Will be held in the Grove, on Sunday, if the weather is fair. Vermont speakers: Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Brandon; Mrs. A. W. Crossett, Waterbury; Mrs. S. A. Wiley, Rockingham; Lucius Colburn, Manchester; test mediums, magnetic healers and Mrs. Mary Eddy Hutton and Bro. William Eddy, materializing mediums, of Chittenden, Vt., will be present; also the world-renowned singer, lecturer, and test medium, J. Frank Baxter, of Chelsea, Mass., is engaged for Saturday afternoon and Sunday. President, Lucius Webb, of East Granville. Vice-presidents, Dr. E. A. Smith, Brandon; Hon. A. E. Stanley, Leicester; Hon. Janus Crossett, Waterbury; Luther O. Weeks, secretary.

Bishop A. Beals has an engagement to speak at Eau Claire, Wis.

Dr. J. K. Bailey keeps his ball rolling. He spoke at North McGregor, Ia., April 30; gave parlor lectures and seances, and in public hall on Sunday. From May 1st to 6th, inclusively, at Monona, Ia.; at Randall, Ia., 11th; Independence, Ia., 13th; Winthrop, Ia., 18th; Manchester, Ia., 20th; Maquoketa, Ia., 25th; Mendota, Ill., 29th. We hear good reports of the Doctor's work. Keep him busy. Address him in care of P. O. Box 123, Scranton, Pa.

NOTES FROM ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

I closed my engagement here last Sunday, to a large and sympathetic audience. My engagement of nine months, commencing the second Sunday in September last, has been productive of much good, and I leave the society with much regret, the different members of it having endeared themselves to me in many ways of tender regard and friendship. Especially to the officers of the society: Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs. Sowers, Mr. and Mrs. Flowers, Mr. and Mrs. House, do I owe them much for their untiring efforts in my behalf, and the sympathy given me in my efforts has enabled me to place the society on a firm healthy foundation, ready for future and more efficient work. The members of the society have extended me an invitation to return and renew my ministration at my earliest convenience, and the arrangement may be perfected for the coming winter months.

I go from here to-morrow to fill an engagement for the society at Eau Claire, Wis., and return here next July to hold some grove meetings adjacent to the twin cities, St. Paul and Minneapolis. This may be the means of uniting the two cities upon some organic system, with the object of establishing a Spiritual Camp Meeting association in the near future. There is much need of co-operative work, and should the time come when the Spiritualists here in the Northwest feel it their duty to work together for the common good of all in the promulgation of spiritual knowledge, a mightier power will spring up and the ranks will rapidly fill up from all walks of life, and the voice of truth be heard echoing the glad tidings which shall be for all mankind. All letters should be directed to me at Eau Claire, Wis.

BISHOP A. BEALS.

GROVE MEETING.

The Spiritualists of Butler and adjoining counties will hold their annual three days' grove meeting on the 4th, 5th and 6th of July, in N. Bowen's Grove, half mile north and one and a half miles west of New Hartford, Iowa. There will be two discourses each day. Fact Meeting at 9 in the morning, and a medium's meeting at night in the hall devoted to giving tests, with a small fee taken at the door. Admittance to the ground 10 cts., or season tickets 30 cts. No extra charges to those that wish to put up tents. Also a refreshment stand and a ladies' ice cream parlor, and all other necessary arrangements to meet the demands on the grounds.

Speakers: Mrs. Nelse, of Shell Rock, and Mrs. Carrie Firth, of Michigan. Music by Prof. Stephens and wife, of Illinois, and C. L. Wheeler, of Iowa. The following are the officers: N. Bowen President, Mrs. Lyda Bawn, Vice-President; Mr. Frank Bawn, Treasurer, and Mrs. Ella Walters, Secretary.

Geo. W. Walron, the English trance Speaker, has left Chicago, and is now located at 66 Linwood Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE MYSTERY OF THE POSTERN GATE.

A Remarkable Narrative Illustrating Spirit Power.

Marvelous Occurrences, as Given by Emma Hardinge Britten.

[NOTE.—This most wonderful narrative is taken from *The Two Worlds*, Manchester, England, an excellent paper devoted to the dissemination of Spiritualism, occult sciences, ethics, religion and reform. Its editor, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, stands pre-eminent as an orator, author, medium and seer, and the weird narrative which she publishes under the head of "The Mystery of the Postern Gate," would never have been given to the world had she not felt deeply impressed that every word of it is true. The circumstances of the narrative were communicated to Mrs. Britten by a descendant of the family whose fortunes they detail, and the curious episode connected with them was only permitted to be repeated on condition that the real names of the actors should be concealed, as well as the scene of the occurrence, under fictitious titles. Emulating from a high source as Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, we shall follow her by publishing the narrative in *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*.]

CHAPTER VI.

We closed the last chapter with the expression of Constance Kalozy's secret determination, uttered to no one but herself, but still registered as her fixed purpose, that she would neither rest, by day or night, until she had solved the *Mystery of that Postern Gate*. And what was then the mystery to which Constance, so practically devoted to the cares of her poor household, and so constantly engaged in ministering to their comfort, was resolved to devote herself? To explain this we must ask the reader to picture to himself once more the dried-up moat, the old drawbridge that crossed it, now used only as a foot-way to the great central gate, and the mass of embattled stone buildings that stretched away on either side. On the right the dilapidation was complete. On the left still remained what had once been a splendid hall and suite of rooms, now dismantled and bare, and these led into the court-yard with ruins, ruins on every side, and in every variety of picturesque, fallen and ivy-covered dilapidation. Crossing one angle of this court-yard, the explorer arrived at an opposite section of buildings, some portion of which were in tolerable repair. A narrow pathway ran along one side of the court, and led to an entrance once devoted to domestic purposes, but now more frequently used by the family, than the gloomy passages and halls of the front part of the castle. Passing through this second entrance, and pursuing the path, which at each step became more difficult and overgrown with brambles and weeds, the explorer arrived at a curious indentation of the outer walls forming a sort of square angle, on one side of which was a low, heavily-clamped postern door. The place was difficult to find, and without the purpose of visiting it, the angle and the door within it might have escaped notice, by nine out of ten pilgrims traversing the walls. Within the castle, the various passages and turnings that terminated in this gate, were as many and complicated as if the builder had designed them for a maze. Constance remembered that her first visit to the castle was at this postern gate. Still, the obscurity of the passages, and their intricate windings, would have deterred her from ever trying to seek it, had she not been again and again summoned to the spot by an unmistakable signal from without. This consisted in nine low but distinct knocks, given in *three threes*, just as her father had instructed her to give when first visiting her uncle.

From her earliest residence in that house, through a period of several months, these signal knocks were continually being sounded on the postern gate. They never came unless Constance was alone, and they were repeated, until, following the sounds, they guided her to the door. Unlike any other of the castle fastenings, the latch and bolts which secured the inside were new and easily opened—but when the young portress with eager haste would unfasten the gate, not a living creature was to be seen. In vain Constance had searched the bushes, brambles, and every nook and corner where the invisible disturber might be hidden. All her efforts to discover the source of these signal knocks were to no purpose. Nothing, in short, afforded her the least clue to their source. The fact that the knocks were in *three threes*, thus singularly duplicating the instructions her dead father had given her, seemed to imply that they were produced by an *intelligent* agent, and not an accidental one, and though Constance was as little tinged with superstition as any young person of her age and time, she could not shake off the impression that these sounds emanated from some occult power. She had heard and who in any age or country has not?) of invisible beings knocking for re-admission into the homes and scenes of earth they had once inhabited, of "airy voices that syllabled men's names," and forms that reflected the images of those the world called *dead*. What so probable, she thought, as that some former dweller of this ancient castle might be drawn hither by the mysterious links of earthly love or memory—perhaps even her own early struggles and crushed aspirations might have won the protecting care and guidance of the spirits of just men made perfect and free from the trammels of earth? Such speculations as these had filled the mind of the fair chasteine until she had almost persuaded herself they were realities, and she had even grown to love as she listened to these mystic knockings, and determined within herself some day she would summon courage to speak to them, and see if she could not obtain some signal response.

There was still another subject of interest connected with that postern gate. From the very first time when she herself had knocked upon it, and her grim Uncle Paul had opened and shut it, she had noticed faint sounds as of a sweet-toned bell chiming. Since she had grown to be so familiar with this postern, and had so often opened and closed it in answer to the invisible knocker, she had proved to her satisfaction that those bell-like detonations were either attached to, or communicated with, the gate. They never failed to sound, and that too in varying numbers, for she had counted as many as eight, nine, and on one occasion twelve consecutions.

The fact that some number of sounds attended the shutting as well as the opening of the door, convinced her that there were

spirings connected somewhere with an invisible bell or clock, the machinery of which was operated upon by the movement of the gate. It was whilst she was one day curiously searching around the walls, and in and out nooks that abounded in the passages leading to this gate, that Constance discovered in a dark angle or turn in the passage leading to the postern, a very indistinct and faded representation of a large clock, some seven feet high by three across. At first the explorer thought it was a real clock, and jumped to the conclusion that she had discovered the secret of the chiming sounds, but on examining this object, by the aid of a lamp, more closely, she found the clock was simply a painting—dial-plate, hands, and all, being apparently a portion of the solid wall. As an offset to this opinion, and as if still more to deepen her perplexity, Constance was at last convinced that the hands on the dial *did move*, and although they were not raised by a hair's depth from the wall, some unknown cause *did move them*, and, so far, prove their connection with the postern gate as to invariably point to the same number on the dial as had sounded at the gates, and thus it was that Constance Kalozy had determined that she would neither rest day nor night until she had found a clue to the entire mystery. Her only difficulty at present was, that the sounds of the bell and the motion of the clock-hands were clearly mechanical, but as to the knockings, no reasoning could ever resolve them into any other source than that of being caused by some *intelligent* operator. So deeply infatuated had the lonely girl become with this little problem of hers, that she had trained the only poor pensioner her humble means would allow her to help, to come for his weekly dole to that postern gate. The road to the castle did not terminate there, but led on, over the hills beyond, to another small mountain town. On one occasion, during a pelting storm, Constance, on returning home, was attracted by the sound of a violin, which her finely organized ear at once detected as being touched by a master hand. Looking around for the performer, she was shocked to perceive in him an aged blind man, led by a little dog, at the end of a string. To invite the poor wanderer in, and give both the dog and his master such fare as her harder afforded, was the immediate impulse of the tender-hearted Constance, especially when she remembered how the father of her own beloved Rudolph, Herr Muller, was blind also, and how she had heard of his long rambles, guided only by his faithful little dog. Of course she had to hear the blind man's story, and learn how he had seen better days, and at one time played in the orchestra of the Prague theatre. Having the misfortune to lose his sight in a fire, which consumed his dwelling and all he possessed, he had been given a shelter in the house of his only son, but as this son was a very poor and ill-paid post-office clerk, and had a sick wife and large family, the good old violinist thought it no degradation to wander off sometimes to distant towns and villages where his relationship to his son would not be known, and support himself on his way by the exercise of his art. Constance did not learn all this on the first interview; but her delight on hearing the sweet and artistic sounds produced by the aged musician, was only to be equaled by her sympathy for his helplessness and patience. In time she invited her new friend, as she termed him, to visit the castle once a week. On these occasions the generous Constance, well-pleased Baron Fritz, the poor, peevish mother, and the delighted children, were the auditors. Old Anna, the cleaner, was always to be seen lurking in the background; and when the blind musician struck up one of the merry Bohemian dance tunes that sent Franz and Ella spinning round the vast hall with very shouts of glee, old Anna, seizing the great watch-dog by his fore paws, would make him join her in grotesque gambols to the joyous rhythm, and Constance, like an embodied sylph, would spin round and round before the dying children. Even poor little Nix, the patient mongrel guide of the blind musician, would drop his basket at his master's feet and join the graceful dancers, capering around them with obvious but subdued enjoyment of the pleasant scene.

It might have been difficult to say which of this strangely assorted party most keenly rejoiced in these weekly gatherings. The hearty welcome and still heartier meal, no less than the generous *douceur* which always closed his visit, sent the old musician away full of renewed life and thankfulness, sentiments amply shared by his four-footed friend, and not less surely felt by the lonely dwellers of the castle. Removed now from the gossip of the town, and their newly-acquired rank drawing the inevitable line of caste between themselves and their former familiars, the poor family were even more desolate and alone in their baronial state, than when they dwelt in the humble cottage as mere shopkeepers. And this poor blind pensioner it was that Constance had instructed to come each week to the postern gate, and by a signal knock of his own, and a strain from his delightful violin, Constance felt as if such a summons from the world of which she was a part would do something, at least, to break the spell of mystery that connected itself with that postern gate.

We have said that the new baron (our Fritz of old), had taken a strange delight in frequenting the tower chamber, in which there was good reason to suppose the former lord of the castle had spent the principal part of his time, and from whence, popular rumor alleged, those sighs and sounds had been witnessed by the neighboring foresters, which had stamped the place with the evil name of "The Wizard's Tower."

It was on a certain summer evening that Constance, who had not visited this weird spot for nearly a week, now deemed it her duty in her capacity of housekeeper and "maid of all work," to ascend the stairs, broom and duster in hand, for the purpose of—what good housewives call—"putting things to rights." Old Anna had finished her day's work and gone home. Fritz,

after consultation with his dear confidante and sister, had resolved to make another visit to Prague, and once more consult with Herr Muller on the unaccountable silence of Rudolph, who had now been absent for nearly the appointed two years. Fritz had promised his sister not to remain away more than three or four days, although she affectionately urged him to make the most of his brief season of respite from his incessant garden and field work, and stay, if he felt disposed, for at least a week. Taking advantage then of the "master's absence," Constance, "on household cares intent," ventured with eyes somewhat more distended than usual, and a sort of awe-struck look on her beautiful sad face, to peer into the wizard's retreat, with a view of plying her task if all was well within. All was well, and indeed the scene was such an inviting one, that the timid visitor not only boldly advanced into the chamber, but actually seated herself in the chair (the best one in the house) which Constance, in her thoughtful care, had provided for her brother.

Without looking round the room, she fixed her eyes with a sentiment of deep and restful enjoyment on the grand gothic window, through which she could look out upon the vast ranges of forest, the towering hills sloping down to rich meadows and peaceful valleys, all illumined by the gold and crimson hues of the brilliant setting sun. How long she sat contemplating this lovely landscape she never knew. It was only when the lustrous skies assumed deeper lines of crimson and purple, and the fading light began to curtain the face of Nature with a veil of glittering mist and thickening shadow, that Constance started from her dreamy reverie and began to recollect herself and the purpose that had brought her there. She was on the point of rising to quit the tower, and defer her work till the next day, when her eyes fell on an open portfolio on the table, on which lay a bundle of papers, apparently in MS., inscribed on the outside leaf in a bold, clear hand, with the words—

"CONFESSIONS OF A LOST SOUL."

For the space of nearly five minutes Constance stood, with eyes fixed and a motionless form, gazing on the inscription. What thoughts passed through her mind, or what unseen but potential influences shaped her purposes, may never be known; enough that she suddenly rose, turned from the table, and left the room, carefully closing the door behind her. For the next two hours the faithful and unselfish Constance devoted herself to preparing and serving the evening meal for her mother and the children. When this service was rendered, she tenderly assisted the mother to her room, smoothed her pillow, folded the clothes carefully around her, saw the children each to their little nests, and with loving caresses bade her three charges good-night. She then proceeded to trim two lamps, one she lighted, the other she kept in reserve; and then, with a firm step and undaunted mein, she made her way up the steep tower steps, seated herself again in her brother's chair, and, placing her lamps in position, took up the roll of MS. from the portfolio and commenced to read—

"THE CONFESSIONS OF A LOST SOUL."

To be Continued

ECHO SONG.

Who can say where Echo dwells?
In some mountain cave, methinks;
Where the white owl sits and blinks;
Or in deep sequestered dells,
Where the fox-glove hangs its bells,
Echo dwells,
Echo!
Phantom of the crystal air,
Daughter of sweet mystery!
Here is one who needs thee;
Lead him to thy secret lair;
Myrtle brings her for thy hair;
Hear his prayer,
Echo!
Echo, lift thy drowsy head,
And repeat each charmed word
Thou must needs have overheard
Yestern eve, ere, rosy-red,
Daphne 'nown the valley fled,
Words unsaid,
Echo!
Breathe the vows she since denies!
She hath broken every vow;
What she would she would not now,
Thou didst hear her perjuries,
Whisper while I shut my eyes,
Those sweet lies,
Echo!
—Thos. Bailey Aldrich in *Atlantic Monthly*.

Written for *The Progressive Thinker*.

THE FOX SISTERS.

BY ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH.

Regarding the Fox Sisters and their return to Spiritualism, with Mr. Cook, I feel that it is our duty to again fellowship these mediums; but, my reason for thinking so is because it is right to forgive and seek to aid the erring in their efforts at reform. Mr. Cook's plea in their behalf, to the effect that it was the Spirit-world which caused them to depart and denounce, is calculated to lead other mediums astray; for, if one or two are thus led astray by the Spirit-world, who we are to believe are seeking to establish truth, then certainly there is the same justice in other mediums claiming their inability to refrain from practicing deception in their mediumship or in any way.

No, Mr. Cook, this will not do. As well may we say of some other mediums the spirits forced them to have confederates and we should patronize and love them just the same. Now, if any person seeks to reform, let us freely give them our hand and encouragement. This is true charity; but let us not seek to place the stain at the doors of the Spirit-world; or what is the use for mediums to desire to be honest and guided by honest spirit hands. We may as well drift, and care neither for right nor wrong; just drift, for we are at the mercy of spirits!

I beg to be excused. I believe in seeking to put down the evil that seems rather to inhere in man's nature and needs battling constantly, than to feel that my own spirit is wholly at the beck and bid of others in or out of the mortal body; and I hoot the idea of "lying that truth may abound."

To the Fox sisters, who have stated their desire to return to us and to desist from former errors, I gladly extend a fraternal hand and cordial welcome; but they and we should put their failings at their own door, and sorrow over them.

Memphis, Tenn.

Written for *The Progressive Thinker*.

EXPERIENCES IN SPIRIT LIFE.

BY ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

"Mamma, kiss me good-by, I shall go to-night," said a sick and feeble boy who had been confined to his bed for months with a slow, insidious disease. He had waited patiently for the glad summons to come; he hailed with joy every new and strange sensation, as the change called death. The anxious mother bent over him and kissed his pale lips, cheek and brow, saying: "Not to-night, darling. Mother can not spare you. Mother wants you to live for her. She cannot stay in this cold world without her little boy."

Slowly the thin pale arms reached toward the grief-stricken mother and wound themselves around her neck. The face lighted with a halo of spiritual light. The lips parted with a heavenly smile: "Mother dear, please let me go. I will be a good boy." Then unclasping his arms and looking intently he exclaimed: "Mamma, there she is again. Oh! so beautiful! She wants me, and I want her. Beautiful spirit, won't you take me now, or tell me when you will, so I can tell my mother, for she has been the dearest, sweetest mother a little boy ever had? Oh! mother, she shakes her head, and I must suffer more."

The pale, thin hands were clasped over the faintly beating heart, as he repeated his evening prayer. The eyelids closed and he slept, watched alone by the devoted mother and unseen angels. A few more days passed; the end of the earth journey had come.

"Oh! how strangely I feel, mother. It is growing dark, and I feel chilly. Is this death? At last! at last! Good-by, papa and mamma, I am going now. I will return, dear mother. Your little boy will not leave you all the time. Kiss me, mother. Do you love me?"

The angels parted the curtain and silence fell over the bereaved hearts of his parents. This little boy had been taught the truths of Spiritualism. He could see and converse with the unseen world about him. What a consolation to his parents.

Months passed, as we count earth time, ere tidings came from this little boy, whom we will call Willie. Tidings came at first from afar; came from perfect strangers to the parents; came with words of cheer; came assuring them that he had found the Spirit-world more beautiful than he could describe. As time passed on circumstances developed conditions. The mother saw her boy and conversed with him. We will now let him tell the story of his first awakening in spirit life.

"The last I recollect was the kisses, mamma, you showered upon my face; they are still there, like pearls, to adorn my brow through eternity. You called my name. I came back from the bright visions just a moment. Papa led me until I lost sight of him in sweet sleep. When I awoke I was on a downy bed, flowers in great profusion were around me. I did not realize that I was dead, and called you, mamma. Then I went to sleep again. The next thing I knew, a kindly smiling face looked into mine. Said I, 'I want my mother.'"

"You shall see your mother soon; you are not sufficiently rested."

"Then I slept again. When I next awoke, grandma took me in her arms and fetched me to you. Mamma, you were alone in the sitting-room, darkened to shut out the world and its sounds. A favorable moment came. I whispered in your ear, 'Mamma, put on my ring.' I could see a fine thread of light from myself to my ring, put away among my things. You looked up, somewhat startled, went immediately and slipped my ring on your finger; then I knew the line of communication was established, and that I should be able to make myself known to you soon. Oh! the joy it gave me, none but the angels know; to be recognized when I go to my earthly homes is unspeakable happiness. Dear parents, I am in a beautiful place. Could you but know how beautiful, you would not wish me back. Everybody is kind to me here; no shadows reach me in my summer home. Cease your sorrow, mother. Do not worry so for me. My earth work was finished. I only come for a short time, just to bless you; come for my soul's good and yours. Life is eternal. The Spirit-world is vast. Mother dear, look up from the grave of your buried hopes, and believe that your little boy will ever bless you with his presence and fadeless love. When in my spirit home, I study Natural History. Live, dear parents, so you will not regret what you might have done. Live up to your highest, noblest thoughts and aims. You have many grand spirits ever near you doing all in their power to develop you to the mighty truths of life. I must go now. I will come again, and tell you of a journey I have taken, and the wonderful sights I have seen. My guide, Maxellio, led me to a beautiful city, walled around with pearl and jasper. I caught the sound of music more beautiful than I had ever heard before. As we approached the main entrance the gates opened at the voice of my guide. Kindly smiling faces bade us welcome. We were at once conducted to a chamber where already many were seated. 'You know, mother, that the spirit is the person; the spirit receives all the experience of its embodiment; the outside covering (or body) resolves itself back whence it came. It serves its purpose for the good of the soul it has covered.'"

"The hall or chamber was circular; seats all around; each seat just large enough for two. We were seated near the raised platform, similar to those upon earth in assembly halls, only one upon another, till the fifth was smaller. Upon that was a fountain, the sprays emitting a perfume so fine and pure that it enfolded me in ecstatic bliss, while music from unseen harps resounded through the grand arches of this wonderful building. My guide anticipated my thoughts, and said: 'My son, this lesson is only the A, B, C of what you must soon learn.' 'O, said I, 'what is there more to learn? What spot could be more beautiful? Please let me remain here.' Said he: 'Be not impatient, my son; you are in the third sphere. You have much to learn, and much work to do in returning to earth with glad tidings to those who anxiously await you. The work you was to accomplish upon earth is still yours to do. You yet have the soil of earth dross to your garments. In time you will go home whence you came, robed in shining

garments, with pure crystal drops of 'Well done, thou good and faithful'; enter now into the wisdom chambers of peace. Dear parents, I shall soon have you both with me here, and then my cup of happiness will be full. I will come and tell you, mother, from time to time of my experiences."

VERSES WORTH PRESERVING THE ONLY ONES WORTH READING.

[This poem, which is often asked for, is by Richard Realf, once secretary to John Brown in anti-slavery days. He was born in England, and his crystal voice much resembled Edgar Poe's. He committed suicide in San Francisco about 1877.]

INDIRECTION.

BY RICHARD REALF.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the rosebud of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exaltation of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning out-mastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty sceptres the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did unfold him;
Nor never a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the palster is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is hidden;
Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed, in the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward Creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giver;

Back of the hand that receives, thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving;
Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;

The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where these shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim athwart, and the essence of life is divine.

Written for *The Progressive Thinker*.

BASENESS.

The *School Journal*, which pretends to be an exponent of truth on the lines of education, in a ridiculous editorial entitled "The Old and the New Psychology," makes use of the following statement, with all the pedantry which comes of conscious power:

"It was an age of theory. But we have come out of those times into an age of experiment. Thought is different. A hundred years ago thousands believed in ghosts. Now nobody believes in them, because careful experiment has proved that nobody has ever seen them. This is taken by everybody as conclusive testimony."

Who are the "nobodies" and the "everybodies" spoken of in the above falsehood? Are they not the narrow-minded bigots and sensualists who wish to crush truth in order that they may fatten and grow rich on the ignorance and superstitions of their credulous religious victims? It is wonderful how men with any pretensions to common intelligence and honesty can put forth such wilful lies as do these champions of error in their endeavors to bolster up their medievalism and bigotry. The editorial writer of the *School Journal* stultifies himself when he says "nobody" believes in ghosts. His Bible talks of little else. Jesus and St. Paul preached about them. Ghosts walked through the streets of Jerusalem at the execution of Jesus. Saul saw a ghost, and Jacob wrestled with one. All along the lines of ancient and modern history ghosts appear and thousands of witches have been burnt alive on account of them, and modern science declares that spirit return is a positive and overwhelming truth. There are twenty-five millions of believers in the spiritual phenomena now living, and yet this wisecracker who writes editorial nonsense for the *School Journal*, says all this evidence is false, or words to that effect. There is this consolation, however, to advanced thinkers. The infamous lies, perversions of truth, garbling of evidence, and pandering to the fleshpots of earth, exhibited by such men as the editorial writer for the *School Journal* are so flagrant and overdone, as to defeat the vile purpose for which they are written, viz.: the suppression of truth. Such writers overshoot the mark and remain a laughing stock to an intelligent people. The only ones that grin are their religious dupes. The *School Journal* man ought to know that the scientific men of the world have taken the spiritual philosophy and phenomena out of the region of doubt into the domain of positive fact. The real reason why the *School Journal* writer don't want people to believe in ghosts is, because it would be money out of his pocket.

The spiritual philosophy comes to relieve mankind from a vast army of religious sharks and confidence men, who are fleeing the pockets of all they can dominate by their infamous lying.

Rochester, N. Y.

NOTES FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

In your issue of May 17th is a communication from Hudson Tuttle, which has a clipping from a Washington paper regarding the house now occupied by Secretary Blaine. Dr. Haunsman, one of our best physicians, informs me that he visited the Secretary before he occupied the house and warned him of impending danger, at the suggestion of spirit friends.

Dr. Haunsman, who resides at 1310 Ist., has a large pile of slates on which are written communications received through strictly test conditions, from different mediums, from many of the world's great philanthropists in this and former ages; many of them he has not only seen, as he has that gift, but a few have given him their likeness, while the slates were bound together. The Doctor has not authorized me to state these things, but I presume, as he is one of the best men of the earth, he probably will not object for others to know these facts which will greatly aid in popularizing the divine plan of salvation taught by Jesus and the apostles, which, from present indications, will soon be generally accepted, and be the means of ushering in the long prayed for millennium era.

S. M. BALDWIN.

Mr. E. Congar, of Chicago, writes: "The article by Frederick F. Cook, of N. Y., is able, clear, just, and true, beyond question, from my view. I indorse it with satisfaction. Hope we may hear more from Mr. Cook."

THE PSYCHOGRAPH.

—OR—

DIAL PLANCHETTE!

This instrument has now been thoroughly tested by numerous investigators, and has proved more satisfactory than the planchette, both in regard to the certainty and correctness of the communications, and as a means of developing mediumship. Many who were not aware of their mediumistic gift have, after a few sittings, been able to receive astonishing communications from their departed friends.

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

Dr. Eugene Crowell, whose writings have made his name familiar to those interested in psychical matter, writes as follows: "I am much pleased with the Psychograph you sent me, and will thoroughly test it the first opportunity I may have. It is very simple in principle and construction, and I am sure must be far more sensitive to spirit power than the one now in use. I believe it will generally supersede the latter when its superior merits become known."

A. P. Miller, journalist and poet, in an editorial notice of the instrument in his paper, the *Workingman* (Minn.) *Advance*, says:

"The Psychograph is an improvement upon the planchette, having a dial and letters, with a few words, so that very little 'power' is apparently required to give the communications. We do not hesitate to recommend it to all who care to test the question whether spirits can return and communicate."

Just what investigators want. Home circles want. Price, by mail, free with full directions for use \$1.00. For sale at this office.

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SPIRITUALISTS visiting Chicago can find *any* spirits, equal to those at hotels, with a Spiritualist family, at 38 St. John's Place, near Union Park.

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PSYCHOMETRY. Consult with PROFESSOR A. E. SEVERANCE in all matters pertaining to practical life, and your spirit-friends. Send lock of hair, or handwriting, and one dollar. Will answer three questions free of charge. Send for circulars. Address, 195 4th street, Milwaukee, Wis. May 3.

MRS. STODDARD-GRAY AND SON, DeWitt C. Hough, hold materializing seances every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock; Tuesday and Saturday, 2 o'clock, 323 W. 34th street, New York. Daily sittings for communication and business.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and *Spiritualist* books can be obtained at the residence of Tim Merritt, 323 W. 34th street, or at Brentano's, 5 Union Square, New York.

TO SPIRITUALISTS! As the success of Spiritualism depends largely upon mediumship, and as many persons still undeveloped would make excellent mediums if properly developed, the writer will go to any town or city where three or four persons will agree to form a class for development; the charges will be fifty dollars for each person developed. The writer will pay his own expenses. Make your application by letter to J. W. CURRIS, 251 S. Jefferson-st., Chicago, Ill.

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W. H. YOSBURGH, Magnetic Physician, of Troy, N. Y., is meeting with marked success in treating the sick, who cannot reach him personally, through his powerful Spiritual Magnetized Paper. Some very remarkable cures have recently been accomplished through his great power of healing, recorded in paper. Two packages forwarded by mail for \$1. Address, 244 Ninth street, Troy, N. Y.

THE BLIND MEDIUM, Mr. Fred A. Heath, gives readings by letter. In order for full directions how to test his powers he makes this remarkable offer. Send ten cents in silver, with lock of hair and stamp and he will send you a trial reading. Address, FRED A. HEATH, No. 6 Park Place, Detroit, Mich.

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OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

Located in the Most Delightful Country and Climate ON THE GLOBE!

BUILDING PROGRESSING RAPIDLY.

THE site of Summerland constitutes a part of the Ortega Rancho, owned by H. L. Williams, and is located on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, five miles east of the beautiful city of Santa Barbara, which is noted for having the most equable and healthful climate in the world, being exempt from all malarial diseases.

Here Spiritualists can establish permanent homes, and enjoy social and spiritual communion under the most favorable conditions for health, pleasure and development.

A railroad station, postoffice and express office are now established here, and the Free Public Library is completed. The Public School has just opened in the Library building. A new school building is in course of construction.

Tracts of land adjoining Summerland, containing from five to ten acres each, adapted to the growth of all temperate and semi-tropical products, including bananas, oranges, lemons, figs, grapes and nuts—will strawberries and garden products all the year—can be bought or leased at low prices, and on easy terms. A map of Summerland and the subdivisions of the Rancho, with a pamphlet giving all particulars, will be mailed to any address. Summerland faces the south and ocean, gently sloping to the latter, when as fine bathing-ground exists as can be found anywhere. A fine beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara, back and two and a half miles to the north, extends to the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque background. A most beautiful view of the mountains, islands, ocean, and along the coast, is had from all parts of the site. The soil is of the best.

The size of single lots is 35x50 feet, or 35x120 feet for a double lot, the latter fronting on a fine wide avenue, with a narrow street in the rear. Price of single lots, \$25-\$50, which is donated to the town. By uniting four lots—price, \$130—a tract of 50 feet by 130 feet is obtained, giving one a very commodious building site, with quite ample grounds for flowers, etc., and securing a front and rear entrance.

Pure spring water is now conveyed to the entire tract from an unfailing source, having a pressure of two hundred feet head. The object of this Colony is to advance the cause of Spiritualism, and to make money selling lots, as the price received does not equal the price adjoining land (not so good) has sold for by the acre. The government of the Colony will be by its inhabitants the same as other towns and cities. A prohibition of liquor clause is in every deed. Title unquestionable.

Orders for lots in Summerland will be received, entered and selected by the undersigned, whose parties cannot be present in person, and who will be the privilege of exchanging for others without cost (other than recording fee), if they prefer them when they visit the ground.

Reference: Commercial Bank, of Santa Barbara, Cal. Send for plan of town, and for further information, to

ALBERT MORTON, Agent, 210 Stockton St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.