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VISIONS AND EXPERIENCES.

With Suggestions of Their Import to Spiritualists.

At Summerland Beach, August 14, 1897, just at dawn of day I was awakened by a spirit and beheld my room full of seemingly materialized spirits, for a purpose. First I saw the presidents of the United States who have gone from this world to the immortal world, also several statesmen.

An armor-bearer held a very large American flag and waved or dipped it in front of each of the presidents, whose names appeared over their heads in letters of gold. This was something I had never before witnessed clairvoyantly. General George Washington was first, next to him stood Abraham Lincoln, next James A. Garfield, then Gen. U. S. Grant. Opposite these four were Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, John Adams, Tyler, Polk, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Taylor, Pierce, Buchanan, etc. Then came Henry Clay, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Paine, Logan, Arthur, Fillmore, and many others whose names I do not remember and cannot make note of now. After they had waved the flag, they—for it seemed to be their force rather than any personal action, enfolded me in the flag for about a second. Then the one named Alexander Hamilton came forward a step and said: "This flag is of great significance, not only for this country and earth's nations, but also for Spiritualism. We stand for organization and rejoice in the organized efforts to bring this lovely child Spiritualism under the protection of this flag, together with the mediums." Here suddenly by a common move the Declaration of Independence was produced and he spoke of the statutes of this heaven-born republic.

Then Father Washington said: "We point with pride to the clause that man is permitted to worship in accordance with the dictates of his conscience, and this flag is bound to protect him; yes, protect all, we say. Let all mediums and co-workers with the heavenly hosts stand by this flag and defend its colors and let it also defend them. Let them be true and faithful and heaven will defend them one and all." Then the vision disappeared at once, and it was just dawn of day.

I looked out of the window and lo! the ground between the hotel and Mrs. Grove's cottage was literally covered with Indians. They had the war paint and feathers galore. I actually felt afraid of them, they looked so materially real.

Around the Grove cottage they sat on the ground really fencing it in. Then a large group of them rose up and walked into the grounds marked for an auditorium, and began to arrange themselves for a battle. Just then from the opposite side of the grounds, over the hill came a very large wagon drawn by heavy draught horses. On it was loaded a threshing machine. The thought came to me, "Well, that will wipe them out." But no; all of it began to vanish at once, the Indians along with it, and I realized that I had seen preparations for a battle that would not be carried out. I was then requested to make notes of what I had seen, and give one copy to Mr. King, and keep the other for future use.

The above is taken from the notes made in 1897, while at Summerland Beach, Ohio, serving the society as speaker. Now after almost eight years his experience came before me again in a somewhat changed form. The changes that have since been wrought and without battle surprise me, as they are now presented. The first and second parts of the above recorded vision have nothing in common, being on separate planes of spirit life, the latter vision meaning the strife conditions among Spiritualists which should be and really, I think from the way it opened out, will be governed for good, that is, discords turned into harmony and then failures into successes.

Last night, April 15, 1905, another part, a supplement to the first vision, was brought before me, but I failed to get an interpretation from the spirit showing it. President Wm. McKinley came in the midst of a company of spirits and many symbolical things. An immense network was about him consisting of fine wires, and the symbols rolling up cloth, papers, draperies and unrolling them, also manipulating springs in queerly constructed small machines and pulling wires. All I learned was the word "Intrigue" appearing above it, then the words "Vigilance required" flashed out in colors of light, then disappeared. So this was a warning, showing that subtle maneuvers are in progress against the pursuits of Modern Spiritualism and its mediums. This I take is from the church elements, but it is not clear to my mind whether it is the Protestant or Catholic faction that is in these special moves so active at present, or whether they are a unit to crush out Spiritualism for the sake of maintaining their tenets, and I know not what all.

Just after preparing the above for publication a friend called my attention to Brother Hudson Tuttle's remarks in the fifth paragraph of his Review of Passing Events in the issue of April 15, 1905, which confirms my own interpretation of the vision.

MRS. M. KLEIN.

Van Wert, Ohio.

WANTED INFORMATION.

In Regard to a Child Who Was a Wonderful Medium.

The following important letter was written to Mrs. L. M. Garber, of Des Moines, Iowa:

I want some information which you may possibly be able to give me. Some thirty years ago a Baptist minister settled somewhere in Southeastern Iowa, and preached all over that country, and would never accept pay for it. He raised a family of 15 children. To a daughter of his was born a child upon whom, up to the time it was two years old, there appeared messages written upon its skin. Whenever they would bathe the child these messages would appear in red letters, many of which were copied and preserved. Then the spirits told them they would quit writing until the child would be 8 years old. This time is now about up. Now, have you ever heard of such phenomenon? I give you this description for the purpose of identifying the family. What I want to know is, who was that Baptist minister? What was his name? Can you tell me or suggest any way I could get it, or refer me to any one likely to give it?

Hoping you may be able to enlighten me, I am, very respectfully,

E. W. HULL.

1822½ So. Main street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Message From a New-Born Spirit.

The following message, from the Spirit of J. T. Crumbaugh, was received at a private seance, through the mediumship of Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley, at the home of S. H. West, in LeRoy, Ill., on the morning of April 5, 1905, the day of the funeral of Mr. Crumbaugh, and taken down in shorthand by Ninetta McMurray, and read at the funeral. The medium commences by saying:

The following message, from the spirit of J. T. Crumbaugh was received at a private seance through the mediumship of Mrs. Georgia Gladys Cooley, at the home of S. H. West, in LeRoy, Illinois, on the morning of April 5, 1905, the day of the funeral of J. T. Crumbaugh, and taken down in shorthand by Ninetta McMurray, and read at the funeral. The medium's control commences by saying:

This is a beautiful spring morning. The birds have sung and sung, and all nature seems rapt in that sweet quiet which brings peace to the soul. You of the earth plane have gathered together in the name of your spirit friends as did those of old when the Master appeared to them. He thought no more of his loved ones than your dear ones think of you, and they, too, have sensed the earnest desire of your heart and are with you. This, however, is no uncommon thing for them, for this very room is permeated with an atmosphere that is conducive to spiritual influences, hence demonstrations of various kinds have often taken place in this center.

The message that brings your friends to earth to-day is not alone to answer the desire of your hearts that they be with you, but to assist a new-born spirit to voice his words regarding what is commonly termed "transition of the soul."

Your friend has not yet approached the medium that is to have influence over his brain, for he sits in yonder chair in the attitude of a visitor or listener. If your physical eyes could behold him you would be pleased to know he is the same old friend, as well as note the expression of perfect satisfaction upon his face. He wishes us to say that he is much pleased with the steps taken regarding the disposition of the body, and desires that the world be given to understand that he is still a Spiritualist and the advocator of this truth, the truth of eternal life. That no change took place in his mind prior to the departure of the soul. He was met by loved ones who have been very kind to him. They seem to know his every thought and desire and to aid him in every possible way they can. His mother and father are with him at this moment, father on the right and mother on the left of the chair and a handsome young man who, he declares, is his own dear son. Each hand is clasped by the hand of a parent, while the son's hands rest upon the shoulders of the father, making what would appear to you a picture of a family group, but to us 'tis a position that has been taken in order to strengthen the one who sits in the chair.

We will withdraw our thoughts and attention from this little group for the present. It is best we should do this in order to enable your friend to gather his thoughts, as we feel he is desirous of expressing them himself.

You have often noticed people that were a little out of the common gazed upon by the eyes of the curious. You have often noticed where many have placed their attention upon one that stands before them they appear embarrassed. This is the condition that your friend would experience if we had not withdrawn our intense thought and attention from him, and as he collects his forces we will pay attention to some of the other intelligences that we see in this room. First, the first one that approaches us is not one perhaps that you would expect, but a little child. Fair and delicate to look upon; we are reminded, as we look upon this child, of the early blossoms of the spring in all their tenderness and beauty. She has a little apron, the hem of which she holds in her hands, making an improvised basket which is filled with flowers thrown in carelessly, the stem of one kissing the head of the other. Various hues are mingled together and all seem to throw out the sweet breath of harmony. The poetry of color and tone seem displayed in this child's apron. In her child-like manner she walks to you and offers you your choice of the blossoms, and we see your spirit hand stretch forth and take one single little pansy, as though you would be content with that. She then turns to your companion and lifts her little apron to you as much as to say, "Take all you want" and you look over that collection of flowers as much as to say, "They are all beautiful, which one shall I take?" and you pluck a sweet little daisy, a white star-like blossom, and a little bunch of the lilies of the valley, and right over here, as though you had just caught a glimpse a beautiful carnation looks you in the face, but lest you may take too many you say to yourself, "I guess this is all." The child she is, she seems to read the desire of your soul and she picks the carnation and hands it to you, and as she does this some little sprigs of green seem to trail after her hand and you have the cluster of those blossoms in your hand.

Then she goes toward your friend the stenographer, as much as to look into her eyes and say, "You are a stranger, but you, too, can have all you want." And we see and read from her soul that she is a lover of flowers, but like the other lady it is hard for her to say which she loves the best, but the child reads your soul and she hands you a beautiful rose not in full blossom or the tiny bud, but just the half-blown rose and turning to you she says, "This is the flower and the symbol of her life, she is just in that middle stage of growth, and she will experience the growth of the rose." We see beautiful possibilities for this young lady for there is a desire to cultivate the mentality and it will be hers to look back in a few years and say to herself, "Yes, I have grown, how thankful I am that I can follow the symbol of my life, the rose."

Then the child turns to you and she walks toward our medium, at first there seemed to be the feeling of awe and timidity come over her. She notices the dead-like expression of the medium's face and the closed eyes for the first time, but our medium so gladly welcomes this child and says, "Little one, be not afraid, but come closer, come closer;" all children are her friends. Then reassured that all is well she drops the apron from her little fingers and the flowers fall on the floor at her medium's feet and they are all for her, they are all for her.

Yes, there is a carpet of variegated hue, but every shade is a shade so true, the light and the dark all mingled and just like life we would declare, for the shadow and the cloud hang overhead and you would think that all the pleasures of living is dead but interblended with those shadows we know will ever come the light and brightness with its glow.

What is the flower we pluck to-day from all this lot she had thrown in our way? We would have to think and study awhile for they seem the breath of this angel child. If we take one, the others would weep for they all seem company to keep with each other, so we leave the blossoms just where they are, but we will take something that reaches far beyond this room or place, something that mortals cannot incase, and that is, the soul perfume from the flowers, and we will scatter it forth on all the air that angels and mortals may partake of this jewel of love that has come with the baby's flowers.

The voice was broken by the thought wave of our friend. He says he is ready.

Good morning, my friends. Just wait awhile. Don't rush me; this is my first speech, and you know I never was much of a speech-maker. This medium's guide says that both health and disease are contagious, and so our impressions are caught, and you caught my impression this morning, for I stood by your bedside before you had awakened. I had been throwing my thoughts upon you for I knew this instrument was in your home. You caught the impression and acted upon it, and I thank you very much, for it has given Thomas Crumbaugh an opportunity to speak before the body has been disposed of. First I thought I would like to have Lib here, but I guess it is all right that you arranged things just as they are. I am afraid she would have thought me pretty slow.

I want nothing but pure Spiritualism spoken of at my funeral, and I want the people to know that in experiencing the change I met with no disappointment, but everything is already pointing to my advantage. I am a pretty big man yet, but not nearly as heavy as I was this time last week. I get around with ease, and I actually breathe as you folks do, and it seems I breathe in through the entire body, every portion of it is a lung and I am light and easy. You didn't say in your telegram who had come to the other side of life, but this medium didn't hesitate in coming when it had the name of her old friend's house on it, but when she got on the car, and she had to move rapidly to make the train after she got the news, she sat and wondered who had passed on. I didn't keep her waiting long, for I appeared to her and told her that I, Thomas, had come. Poor Lib's mind was so strongly upon me that I took her spirit with me and she spoke to Mrs. Cooley, "I stood by him to the last," and she did, and you all know it. So we were both together, although one was still fastened to the flesh and one was free. Well, I suppose it made it easy for her to go with me, because her mind was so strongly upon Mrs. Cooley and wishing she could be there with her, and I want you to tell all the friends that I consider this a great privilege and this is one of the advantages of knowing something about the other world before you step over the threshold. Do you think I would have known enough to direct my thoughts in the right direction, or to control this medium? Remember, it is not the guide now, it is my own self that is doing the talking. How I wish I could do this at my funeral. The guide smiles and says, "You will be given all the privilege that you can desire, but you will not find the conditions there as you do this morning. New-born spirits like other people, taking up new conditions find things better for them and the opportunity of expressing themselves better, when the eyes of the curious are not upon them."

I want to thank all who gave me a kind thought, and I feel, as I stand here, I can truthfully say that they are all giving me a kind thought. I have been close around, and so far I haven't heard any of the people giving me hard names. I have made myself known at home, but I have more in store for them after a little while. I want you to say to my friend Wesley Owen, that I have a good deal of confidence in him; remember that. I want him to know it, and I want him to look after things for me and help Lib. He knows more about my affairs than any one, I guess, outside of Lib. You know a great deal about them, Mr. West, but I don't anticipate any trouble over material state of affairs, and I am not going to worry. I know poor Lib will be lonely and she will miss me very much, and you just tell her, in one way a burden has been lifted from her, that I was just wearing her out, and now I want her to have a rest, and I will come to her and we will be about as much together as ever.

I want to tell you a little about how I felt when I got out. If you feel just like you have been in a room that was dark and all of the air excluded, and you wasn't able to reach the door, and yet knew that if you did reach the door you would find it barred, and while sitting there thinking of this terrible hemmed-in condition, an opening suddenly appeared over your head and a streak of light crept into the darkness, you would feel there was some deliverance at hand, and your eyes would naturally turn toward that light and the opening, and as you gazed upon it, to your astonishment and joy you found it steadily enlarging, and there came a breath of air, pure and sweet, in upon you, you would feel like raising your hands high above your head and reaching toward that opening—that is the way I felt. It was something drawing me on and up, and finally I forgot all about the dark and barred room, and floated, floated, I don't know where, but I was floating out, it seemed far away and above everything. I knew I was leaving the housetops and the tall trees and yet I was willing that they should be all left, and I went on; if one could imagine himself a wingless bird floating out in space, perhaps that would convey an idea to your mind as to how I felt.

After a little while I was conscious of a force before and behind me. It seemed as though there was a space about twenty-five feet each way that this force was held in; I don't know why it was, but at first I could not look ahead when I discovered this feeling, but I looked back and I noticed I was in a wave, a cloud. It was dark, almost a brown color with a kind of greenish hue to it, and as I looked back I noticed white faces behind me, their hands propelling me or motioning me on. Their faces appeared to me the faces of human beings. I didn't know any of them. Not a face that I had ever seen, and yet they all looked like the faces of good people. It seemed I was compelled to look ahead and there, through this cloud I was wrapped in, were myriads of heads looking toward me and beckoning me to come on. As I looked at this there were faces, most of them, that were my own people and all friends, and some that I was a boy with, and yet they were as natural to me as the day I saw them last, and every one of those faces was the face of some dead friend. They seemed to motion faster. I wanted to reach them but they kept their distance, floating out and on as though they were drawing me; seemingly as though they didn't want me to catch up with them lest I would stop my onward movement; so I went on with an anxious feeling, anxious to catch up with them.

At last the cloud of vapor disappeared, the dark hue was gone, and gradually brightness came in its stead, and it was all so bright, and in a little while I found myself with those people. They were in front and behind me, and I was in the center. They welcomed me and they spoke kind words to me, and everything seemed so easily understood that our thoughts flashed toward each other and were understood without any effort or explanation. Well, I do not know how long this lasted—oh, I should judge about a quarter of an hour of your time, maybe half an hour, but I am sure I shook hands with at least a hundred people in that time and received greetings from as many times that. Then they all left me and I was alone. Not a face or a soul visible.

I don't understand yet how such a rapid change could have taken place, but it did. Alone! alone! not a soul near me. Not a voice or sound of any kind. You can be alone here and hear the birds sing just as I heard it a moment ago and you know and feel there is something around, if you can't see them, but it was not like that to me. Absolutely alone! Thomas Crumbaugh stood with himself alone. I presume it was the first time in all his life.

As I stood there wondering what it meant, I was in the center of what appeared to me as mirrors, great large ones, and the air itself seemed to be one immense mirror of circular form and I stood there in the center and every way I turned I saw myself in all the stages of my earthly life, from a child to the present moment. After awhile I was impelled to move from the center up near one of these mirrors and as I neared it an opening appeared for me and I passed through only to find myself right before the mirrors I had just left, the backs of which were not polished as bright as the fronts, and yet I could see the shadow of myself in them, and here in the center of this mirror I saw my new self. I looked, I studied, I was perplexed. I couldn't understand it, but something answered, not from without but from within. I feel like I could call it a voiceless voice, if such a thing could be, telling me that what I had just gazed upon was the possibilities in store for my future growth and development, and if that which I have seen happens to me I will be the happiest spirit in the kingdom of the soul world.

Well, I never was a man to brag much on myself, and I will not explain all of this this time, but I will work and look forward to becoming the fine man in spirit that I saw in the mirror of my life.

All at once these mirrors disappeared and I saw a lawn stretched out before me, and I was impelled to walk upon it, and I walked possibly fifty or sixty yards when in the distance I saw a house. And the nearer I came to the house the stronger the impression was to enter, and the voice within said, "Thomas, this is your home." I was about twenty feet from this house, I should judge, when a young man appeared before me. He didn't come through the door of the house, did not seem to be on the walk but appeared before me and reached out his hand and said, "Father," and kissed me.

May, strong that I seemed and all that I have passed through on the earth plane, made to feel that I was brave to face trials and things of that kind, and I thought I was strong, but there was something in that touch of that hand and that kiss that seemed to turn the strong man into almost a child. I threw my arms around his neck, and he embraced me, and I stood, great big fellow that I was, and wept upon the shoulder of my darling boy. He called me father, and no one will ever know the sensation that passed through my being when I heard that word spoken. Oh, it meant volumes to me. My boy. I have often felt that I would have given a fortune to have heard him call me "Father, Father," but I never thought that I would experience what I did in that great moment.

He led me into the house. I wanted to ask him questions. It seemed a thousand came to my mind at once, but he raised his hand and said, "Father, rest and have your peace. You know it not, but you have rested on your homecoming, for there is a spell between the time you say you felt the opening above your head and the time you first noticed the people behind you, that you were asleep."

I rested, and at last I felt a sensation drawing me to earth. I did not know where, but I found it was to earth and I returned. Oh, how different was the scene that I saw. Poor Lib was grieving and yet trying to be so brave. I saw at once that the position of the body had changed, and you had it all cared for. I went around my house as familiarly as I always did, but I didn't care to look upon that body any more, yet I did, for I came the next time and saw that they had encased it in a coffin. It looked better to me and seemed like the expression of the face had changed, and it didn't look quite so bad to me as I thought it did. It looked like it might have been my old self fallen asleep, and about as natural as one would expect to see a sleeping man to look when you couldn't see the expression of the eyes. But I would give the world to-day if I could take up that old body and put this body in its place while the funeral was going on. I would like for them to see how the spirit body looked, instead of the natural body. I will be there, my friends, and if I can influence anyone I will do it. But I will not do anything to trouble the peace of that hour, for it is going to be peaceful, rest assured. It is going to be a grand funeral, and I want this instrument—I say I want, I would change that and say that I would be pleased to have this medium in my house and talk with my wife a few moments before the funeral takes place. I want her presence in my house, for it will help create that peaceful condition which I see will prevail.

I can't stay longer. The medium stands here, not more than a foot away from me, and the guide says, "We will have to ask you to withdraw your influence for the present. You may be sure we will come at another time, but our desire is to always aid those whom we can."

(He was asked if this article should be read at the funeral). "I will leave that to you. It matters not to me."

("Don't you think it would have a good effect?")

"Yes, on some, and on others not, but you know I never cared what others said about Spiritualism. I let them know I was a Spiritualist. I didn't care, so I am perfectly indifferent in this regard. Good-bye."

REMARKABLE NARRATION.

Strange Story of a Boy With an Invisible Playmate—At the Age of Three He Had an Invisible Woman Friend—An Illustration That Spiritualists Have No Monopoly of Spirit Return.

Imagination run riot [as set forth in the New York World], is the explanation the average matter-of-fact person would give to the extraordinary phenomenon of a child spending all his time with a playmate that no one else can see.

A psychic mystery, it would be called by those who believe there is more in earth and air than the materialistic philosophers can explain. Whichever be the truth, the phenomenon is extraordinary, for there is no question whatever about the child believing absolutely and implicitly in the reality of his mystic playmate.

Willis B. Miller is six and a half years old and lives with his parents, Capt. and Mrs. W. B. Miller, of McKenzie, Tenn., the youngest of a family of four. He is a little bit of a chap with blue eyes, delicate pink and white face and light brown hair. He is vivacious, full of nervous energy and exceedingly precocious. He reads with ease and is keenly interested in Wood's Natural History. His eldest brothers are grown up and he has never had the boon of the society of children. The enforced association with his elders has made him think and speak differently from most boys of his age. He enunciates with all the correctness of a grown-up, and his conversation gives evidence of ideas that are intelligent beyond his years.

His father says Willis has taught himself all he knows; he learned his letters from his building blocks before his parents knew it, and he taught himself to read and write well.

At Three Had Invisible Woman Friend.

Willis was three years old before he showed signs of anything extraordinary. At that time he began speaking of a beautiful young woman who came every day to his home to see him. No one else could see her, but Willis would walk gravely up and down the garden talking to her. This beautiful but invisible young woman was looked upon by Willis's parents simply as a rather strange expression of the habit of pretending which is so common among imaginative children. They were rather amused by their child's actions, but did not regard them as anything extraordinary.

The beautiful young woman soon faded away from the child's life, and her place was taken by a playmate called Raymond. Willis says Raymond is about his own age, has blue eyes, pretty red lips and hair that shines when the sunlight falls upon it. "Raymond" does not like strangers, and when a third person is in the room he will not enter it, though he will not hesitate to play with Willis in the hall of the Miller's house. When no one else is present he will play with Willis in any of the rooms, but should any one attempt to enter, the real boy will bar the way until the invisible one has had a chance to escape by way of the window.

"Sometimes," says his mother, "I hear Willis in the garden laughing and talking. I go to the door and see that he is alone, but acting just as if he had a companion, asking questions, being evidently satisfied with the answers and replying to questions that he alone can hear. He cannot understand why we do not see his 'Raymond,' as he calls him. Last fall 'Raymond' was supposed to be up in one of the fruit trees, and Willie stood at the bottom talking up in the branches.

"'Get on a thin branch, Raymond,' he cried. 'No, not that one—this. That's right. Now shake it. Shake harder.'"

"His brother Oscar made him a trapeze, and he soon learned to 'skin the cat' and have lots of fun on the bar out in the garden. I have seen him get down and try to teach Raymond the tricks he knows.

"'Put your legs through, Raymond,' he said, and then, after waiting awhile, seemingly watching Raymond's awkward efforts, he laughed and cried: 'Raymond's too fat; he can't get his legs up to the bar.'"

Sometimes Willis seems lonely and says Raymond has a sore throat and must stay at home. Then the child is gloomy and fretful and sits around moping. After a couple of days he comes in happy and cheerful, to announce that Raymond is well again and has come back to play with him.

Tells Raymond's Family History.

He reports every little incident about Raymond—his sayings, his doings and the clothes he wears. He has learned all about his playmate's family, and says sometime Raymond will come to see them all. When Raymond's clothes are soiled, as they are as often as those of the real boy, Willis objects to being washed and tidied, on the ground that he would make Raymond ashamed.

Willis is generous to his uncanny friend and insists upon sharing with him all his belongings. Last Christmas Santa Claus was good to him, but neglected Raymond entirely, and this made Willis sad. He fretted over the inexplicable fact for several hours, and at last took his toys into the hall, divided them into piles with exquisite impartiality and arranged one for Raymond and one for himself.

"This infatuation for his imaginary friend worries me," said the father. "There is something so uncanny about it. Willis is the only one of my children who has ever been anything but perfectly normal. He is insistent that Raymond is an actual boy and is really distressed when we try to argue that he is not. We have reasoned with him, argued, ridiculed, even scolded, but Willis is unmoved and neither reason, argument, ridicule nor threats have any effect upon him. He is loyal to his imaginary playmate and spends several hours every day with him.

"I cannot reconcile his actions with his otherwise intelligent mind. For Willis is unusually bright for one of his age, and the questions he propounds show that he thinks for himself along practical lines. He is fond of investigating things until he really understands them. He asked me recently what made a railway train go from one track to another. I explained the switch as well as I could, and a few days later, when walking with him near the tracks, and we came to a switch, Willis examined the rails, frog and levers carefully and finally announced that now he understood just how it worked. This illustrates the practicality which seems to me so inconsistent with this imaginary being in whom he so firmly believes."

Mrs. Miller looks upon the matter rather differently from her husband; not that she believes Raymond exists, except in the mind of her boy, but she does not reason about it, and is content to accept Raymond without question just because he makes Willis happy. Whenever any member of the family finds fault with Willis she sticks up for him.

"He is my baby, you know," she says, "and I see no harm in Raymond, for he interests and amuses Willis. I am not a Spiritualist or anything like it; but I am not prepared to deny there may be somewhere some little boy whose spirit comes away to play with Willis. It would be strange, but it would not astonish me very much if some day we were to meet a little boy between whom and Willis there would be a mutual recognition, and who would turn out to be Raymond in the flesh. But even if Raymond be only the creature of my boy's fancy, I see no reason for thwarting the child in a thing that gives him happiness, and in which there cannot possibly be any harm."

A representative of the World called on Willis at his home last week and found him a bright and jolly little chap, with nothing abnormal in evidence about him. He told the World representative about Raymond and said his father kept a menagerie. He told all about the animals in this show and, when he mentioned the rhinoceros, he was asked to spell it. He began with "r-h-y," and then hesitated and turned to his father. The World representative suggested "r-i" but Willis said: "No, I will look it up." He got his natural history book and soon found the animal, spelled out its name and laughed at his visitor for suggesting "r-i."

Willis' Father an Inventor.

Capt. Miller, Willis' father, is sixty-seven years old, and was born in Kentucky. He is a self-made and self-educated man, who never attended school, but has studied deeply and has a sound, practical knowledge of law and business. He has patented several inventions of useful articles, and from them he derives a comfortable income.

Psychologists have taken a great interest in the case of Willis Miller and his imaginary friend, but the child's parents naturally demur when strangers try to see him.

TO MARY T. LONGLEY.

With Love's sweet-scented finger-tips,
Midst beauteous blossoms fair,
Angels touched to-day thy lips
To tell of joys o'er there.

Whispered words of love and hope
Make more serene the skies;
No one need in darkness grope
If they but heed the wise.

The world is filled with joyous light,
To make resplendent day;
Sun and Soul are still more bright,
When love is on the way.

The sweetest joys are in those hours
When hope hath filled the heart
With those precious, blooming flowers,
That get from love a start.

Angels from rich treasures bring
To bless our lives with love;
Love listens joyous while they sing
In spirit realms above.

Washington, D. C. J. W. NIGH.

Leaves From the Diary of a Spiritualist Medium

An Interesting and Instructive Narrative from the Pen of that Talented Lady and Excellent Medium, Mrs. I. L. Lewis, of Bethel, Vermont.

(Continued from No. 804.)

February 15. A young girl came to see me to-day. I met her at the door as I was going out with a pan of dish-water to pour it where the birds could pick up the crumbs. The girl asked to see Mrs. Eleanor Drury and seemed surprised when she found I was the woman. I slipped off my kitchen apron and took her into the front room.

She said, "I do not want to tell you my name; I want you tell me what it is."

I said kindly, "I hope you have not come here just to have me tell you things you know perfectly well yourself."

She hesitated and then said anxiously, "But you will tell me something, will you not? You will go into a trance, will you not?"

"I think not," I answered.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed with genuine disappointment; "I am so sorry, I never saw anybody in a trance."

"I am sorry I cannot accommodate you," I said, as I took a chair near her and regarded her attentively. I saw a nicely-dressed, healthy-looking girl, with a wax-doll prettiness and a romantic turn of mind, the sort of girl that requires judicious training. As I looked at her there came over me a feeling of great tenderness, a deep yearning love and I saw standing beside her the commanding figure of an elderly woman, whose pure face was radiant with a great love.

What I said to the girl I cannot recall, but I know I gave her much advice and told her many things regarding people and events of which I knew nothing. When it was over I saw the girl was in tears but she soon dried them and began to talk excitedly. She told me that I had seen her brother Ted, and she named several spirit friends who had through me made themselves known to her, and among the number was her grandmother who had first appeared to me and who had given her minute directions regarding certain business affairs.

"She gave me lots of good advice," said the girl, joyfully, "and I shall do just what she has told me to."

Now I am wondering again, wondering what I have done. It is plain the girl needs guidance but is her grandmother the one most capable of giving it? Here am I the instrument through whom advice has been given to a young girl but as I know absolutely nothing regarding the individuals concerned and the circumstances, I have no idea whether the counsel my lips have uttered is good or bad. If it proves to be bad, will I be to blame? If it does not turn out to the girls satisfaction, will the blame me or her grandmother? She will not blame herself, whatever comes out of it, for undeveloped humanity never blames itself for anything if there is any one else to lay blame onto. I felt that I was doing right while I was giving the message and if I had not been, would I not have been warned? I am striving to make myself so pure and true that only good can be given through me, and it was love deep and faithful that prompted the grandmother's advice, so I will not doubt nor question, but trust. I want more light, a deeper sensing of the truth. My soul cries out with an unutterable longing for a knowledge it has not yet attained, and I know it will come to me. The fact that I am reaching out for it is itself a promise of its fulfillment. The fountain of light and knowledge is wide open to me and I have but to seek patiently to obtain.

The girl was scarcely out of sight before a man and woman drove into the yard. They were strangers. The woman told me that she and her husband had "differed" about something and wanted me to settle the matter for them. The man told me he did not care anything about spirits or the next world; he had all he could do to attend to this one and keep from getting cheated out of his eye teeth, "but there is something I want to know," he said, "and I want you to tell me that or nothing. I want no beating around the bush."

As I listened to the man he was revealed to me obstinate, shrewd, hard and selfish, all the finer sensibilities crushed during years of desperate struggle to obtain that which will avail him nothing in the day that must inevitably come—the day when he must see himself just as he really is. I felt my soul stir with a compassion he could not have comprehended, but I felt that I could do nothing for him.

I turned to the wife who was regarding me with eager expectancy. Her face showed suffering and strong emotions. She had not yielded obedience to her present desires and habits of thought without a fierce struggle. Her higher self had asserted itself and the spiritual had struggled for the mastery many a time, but circumstances were arrayed on the other side and she fought blindly, not realizing the power of the spirit within nor the help that could come from without. A swift sensing of all this and much more rushed over me and a great pity filled my soul, and I took her hands in mine and began to talk to her. All the years of her life with its beautiful hopes and cruel disappointments, its sorrows, hopelessness, hardships, self-sacrifice, repression and heart-hunger stood out before me clearly. I also saw baby forms and I knew that over little graves she had bowed her head in hopeless anguish. As I talked to her about all this and told her about her lost treasures, with their golden curls and dimpled, laughing faces, all the hardness and bitterness, all the envy and greed and resentment in her nature dissolved and for the time being vanished in the sunshine of Love that was poured upon her and she was her own true self, sensing what she ought to be and what she yet shall be.

The man walked the floor like a caged animal while I was talking with his wife. He spoke only a few curt words to me in parting, but in spite of his gruffness I detected a touch of tenderness in his manner as he wrapped an extra blanket about his wife before starting. As for her, she threw her arms around me and clung to me, murmuring thanks and blessings.

"I have had a glimpse of heaven," she said brokenly, "and now I know there is such a thing, I can never feel so sad again."

Such experiences bring to me a realizing sense of the meaning of the words, "God is love," and of glorious possibilities. When the spirit once asserts itself fully, what is flesh and blood before it? When Love calls and its voice is recognized by the soul—O the mighty transformation that begins in that soul! Love like a purifying flame sweeps away the dross and leaps all barriers and bids the Divine Self come forth from its tomb and behold all things made new. Within each individual lies good and all its divine possibilities, and when Love shall cry "Awake!" behold the resurrection morn has come when the slumbering good shall come forth to tread the upward pathway of the soul. My church brothers and sisters talk and sing and pray about "redeeming love" but O, how dim and narrow their vision is.

February 19.—I went into the kitchen this afternoon just in season to see Uncle Ike come in with an armful of woolly-looking objects which he deposited by the stove. "Here, Sue," he called in his cheery way, "here's some work for ye ter do."

"Just as if I hain't got enough of it, now," said Aunt Sue, rather testily, as she left the pie crust she was rolling out, to wrap the helpless and half-frozen lambs in warm blankets.

"Can't help it, Sue; dreadful day this; got to take care of 'em or lose 'em"; and he started briskly for the barn.

I have heard about the "religion of smiles" and I think Uncle Ike must have it. One glance at his rosy, smiling face is enough to give one a feeling of courage, and how much I owe to his unfailing good humor I cannot estimate. His life has proved to me from my childhood to the present that it is possible under all circumstances to be cheerful and even-tempered. He has been a constant inspiration to me, and when I have been inclined to sadness and discouragement I have looked at him and felt ashamed of myself. He has certainly had his full allowance of cares, losses and trials, only he has refused to recognize them as such. "The biggest end of a trouble is the one nearest to ye," he often tells us, adding, "Jest put your troubles on the shelf in the attic and let 'em alone for a month an' then find 'em if you can."

I put on a big apron and went to work on the pies Aunt Sue had left.

"You needn't touch 'em, Nell; you don't like to make pies, I b'lieve," she said kindly.

"No," I answered, "regarding pie I am an infidel. Eat your fruit and don't mix it with grease and flour, save your time and use it some other way, that's my religion—the sort I use when I am cooking," said I, laughing.

"'Pears to me your religion's a queer mixture of queer idees; howsomever its a dreadful handy kind to have around when a feller needs help," was the reply.

We worked in silence until I had put the last pie in the oven; then I said, "Let me take the lamb you have got, and you take one of the others that isn't so lively."

Aunt Sue regarded me critically for a moment and then said, "You'll look pretty 'tendin' lambs all fixed up with your white collar on and your hair lookin' as slick's if you was goin' to meetin'. You're a queer girl, Nell, and I never did know what to make of you since I took you from your dyin' mother's arms when you was two days old. A pritty time I'd had of it with you if I'd been just a plain church member."

"You speak of yourself, Auntie, as if you regarded yourself very much as you would an elegantly trimmed bonnet or a much beruffled frock," I said.

Aunt Sue laughed and went on. "Perhaps so, but I meant what I said. You see, Nell, I didn't know anything about takin' care of babies an' I don't know what would have become of you but Miss Sleazy lived down here where Brown's folks do now. Miss Sleazy was the first medium I ever heard of, and she was as much of a curiosity as a white crow, and folks used to come from miles around to see her. She was a good medium. The spirits used to take complete control of her, but good Lord, they had to, for she was the laziest critter I ever see. At first 'twas your grandma that come an' told me what's what and then later on 'twas your ma herself. I well remember one time when you first begun to run aroun' that you seemed to be ailin,' and I went and wrote a letter an put some money in it to send an' get some medicine warranted to cure babies of anything. I never said a word to anybody about it, not even your Uncle Ike, and there warn't nobody near the house, neither. When I got the letter wrote I laid it up and went to sweepin' but before I got done Miss Sleazy come in, a-puffin' an' all out of breath. Says she, 'The old lady'—she always called your grandma the old lady—'wouldn't give me a minute's peace till I'd come up here, 'an' she leaned back in her chair for a minute an' then she jumped up an' says she, 'Sue Tilden, do ye take the money out of that letter ye've got in the left-han' corner of that upper bureau drawer.'

"Lord! I was so scared I felt my blood run hot an' cold.

"'That baby don't need no store medicine,' says she, 'an' don't you go to stuffin' her with it if you don't want to kill her. You've been feedin' her fried stuff that warn't fit for nobody to eat,' says she. 'You feed her as you ought to an' take the right care of her an' she'll be as happy as a robin in the rain.'"

"Did my mother talk to you like that?" I asked.

"Not just the same; she was softer spoken. Your ma had a good education. Youre a good deal like your ma, Nell. She always used to look fixed up, no matter what she had on, an' you was always particular even as a little tot, but seems to me you grow more so every year. Some folks say it's because you're a widow woman, but I know bettern' that."

(To be continued.)

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PHENOMENA AND PHILOSOPHY,

Their Relative Importance Lucidly Illustrated.

The writer has observed with much concern that many of our great leaders in spiritual thought and philosophy are inclined in these latter days to discourage manifestations as a means of converting men and women to our religion, if I may call it such. Cora L. V. Richmond, President Barrett, Moses Hull, Dr. Peebles, and in fact the great array of rostrum talent—the greatest that ever championed a great cause—a cause infinitely more important to humanity than any other ever presented to mortal mind—all of them, seem to take it for granted either that the world already knows of spirit return, or that it is a fake and fraud unworthy to be taught, or that granting its genuineness it is not of paramount interest as a means of conviction.

Many are the fluent, logical, inspirational lectures that are delivered to expectant, yearning listeners without more than a bare allusion—if even that—to the great fact that an unseen audience is also present, listening to every word spoken, and panting to be afforded an opportunity to speak to their friends present in the flesh—panting, "as, the hart pants for the water brook."

In an address before the I. S. S. convention, Mrs. Richmond is reported as saying that Spiritualists are "much to blame for their everlasting test hunting." Another says, "messages do much to interest skeptics in the fact of spirit return, and is a drawing card for our conventions." Also, "the time does not seem ripe to dispense with platform messages, and may not come for another quarter of a century." Indeed! I, for one, shall regret it if that time ever comes. I would rather receive—or know that some other hungry soul in the audience received—an authentic message bearing glad tidings of great joy, than to hear the most eloquent address from the rostrum.

The fact is our platform lecturers magnify the results of their discourses, though fraught with logic, eloquence and erudition. I do not believe that a single individual was ever convinced of spiritual existence by argument; not one. Recently, an individual, an honest man, and an honest seeker after truth, said to me, "What is your philosophy?" Like Philip to the eunuch, I began at the beginning, and earnestly preached our doctrine. He said, "That is certainly grand, if true, but what evidence have you of spirit existence?" Then I told him of many, very many incidents of talks with my own children, my father, mother, brothers and sisters in spirit life. He was much affected by my recital, and as tears came into his eyes, he said, "If I could only have that experience I would give all I possess; I would believe you on any other subject, but on this I must be shown." And so it is with the millions on millions of people who have scarcely heard of our philosophy. I doubt if one in fifty, yea, one in five hundred, the civilized world over, have ever so much as heard of Spiritualism; and nine out of ten who have heard of it are absolutely ignorant of what it contemplates. And yet our platform speakers imagine they are converting the world.

It is a mistake. They are converting nobody. They are entertaining and instructing ready-made Spiritualists, and in this way doing a great work; that is all. As well might an army go forth to battle without guns and ammunition. The psychic who is armed cap-a-pie, is the effective soldier. Spiritualism owes everything to her mediums, and when the world comes to know that man does not die, but continues to live and progress, the laurel wreath of "Well done, good and faithful servant," will rest on the head of the honest medium.

I was once conversing with an intelligent gentleman on the subject of Spiritualism. I had told him of sittings I had with a medium at Indianapolis, and of extraordinary messages I had received. He said: "I don't believe it; you were laboring under a delusion; you were hypnotized." Upon my insistence on the verity of the messages he said, "Indianapolis is but thirty miles away; the train will be here in twenty minutes; will you take me there?" Within an hour and a half we were in the presence of the medium. My friend had lost a little boy named Hall, some years before, a fact unknown to me. When we entered the seance room and met the medium who had never seen or heard of my friend, I distinctly heard a voice saying, "Hall!" "Papa!" The medium received the full name, which I and my friend could hear clearly spoken. The medium then turned to us and said, "Do either of you know any one in spirit life named Hall ——?"

I responded, "No." And turning to observe my friend saw that he was speechless and ashen pale. The slate was placed upon the table, the rapid writing was clearly audible, and the three distinct taps indicated a message for one of us. I opened the slate and saw the message was for my friend, and handed it to him. It read: "My Dear Papa—This is your own little Hall. Ain't I glad; Ain't I glad. I thought you would never come. This is your only boy. Hall." Never a doubt entered my friend's mind again. The revelation was inexpressibly grand and glorious. All the spiritual philosophy ever promulgated could not have converted him, but the simple demonstration was all-sufficient.

For more than fifty years I have listened to the story of the cross from the orthodox pulpit. I have heard it eloquently told from the lips of Henry Ward Beecher, Prof. Swing, Bishop Andrews, and Dr. Talmage; but never a manifestation; the dark cloud of doubt was ever present. The world demands demonstration, not doctrine.

Again we notice in a communication to The Progressive Thinker, from the pen of Will J. Erwood, this statement: "The old-time Spiritualist was such because he was compelled to be such by dint of much phenomena; but the newer recruits are Spiritualists because their reason has carried them into the philosophy." There it is again; and again I say, reason never carried any man or woman into Spiritualism. Ask the "newer recruit" why he became a Spiritualist. Will he tell you that it was because of the peerless logic of Moses Hull unfolding spiritual existence by unanswerable argument? Oh, no! He will rather say, "I didn't think there was anything in it until one day I chanced to be present at a seance given by a humble medium, and received a communication, which I knew, from certain facts delineated, proceeded from my child." Or his father, or someone in spirit life. It is surely by "dint of phenomena" that Spiritualists become such, and not otherwise. When once convinced by the phenomena, it is then our friend begins to absorb the philosophy; he sees and knows the fact, and begins to investigate, and inquire why it is so; and thus his mind begins to illumine until its darkest recesses are lit up with the bright effulgence of the grandest philosophy ever revealed to mortal.

I would that our true and honest sensitives, who possess the rare gift of mediumship in its various phases, were the wards of our national and state associations, educated and equiped at the expense of our people, and when tried and thoroughly proved, sent out to demonstrate the great fact of immortality to the world. I believe the time will come when all the mortals of earth, who desire, can readily correspond by improved processes and through mediumistic channels with the intelligences in spirit life; and that the communications sent, and the answers received will be equally as well systematized, recognized, and as specific in every detail, as are communications by wire or letter between the people of this life.

Psychic possibilities in the future are beyond the imagination of the most optimistic; but for whatever developments are made along this line we must look to an educated mediumship for results. Spiritual philosophy will be as impotent to such ends as would be grape and canister in demolishing a battle-ship.

Let it not be understood, however, from what I have said, that what is called spiritual philosophy has not a proper sphere of utility in our psychic system; indeed it is inestimable, invaluable, indispensable; but it follows in the wake of mediumistic revelation, and can in no sense, precede or supplant mediumship, which is nature's choicest benefaction.

Let us equip our honest mediums, and go out with them preaching the philosophy, and never failing to demonstrate it with the highest and best phenomena.

A. J. WILLIAMS.

Shall We Cultivate Honesty in Spiritualism?

The above question is before the Spiritualists of this country. A large and growing class wants Spiritualism undefiled with artificial toggery, illuminated dresses, and subtle trickery and legerdemain. Another class objects to having mediums exposed who dress themselves in dirty cheese-cloth and other paraphernalia for the purpose of representing themselves as spirits. The breach between the two classes is widening. The Progressive Thinker represents the former class, which will only accept a pure, angelic and undefiled Spiritualism, always insisting on absolute honesty. The necessity of cleaning house comes from all parts of the United States. Moses Hull, now in the extreme West, writes of Portland, Ore.: "The Spiritualists are, or have been nearly faked out of existence. Some who were the best Spiritualists in Portland when I was here a dozen years ago never go near the meetings now, simply because of frauds. Spiritualists have sustained frauds for fear that in driving them out they might 'root up the wheat also.'"

F. C. BOVING'S STATEMENT.

Mr. Boving, of Hot Springs, Ark., Again Illustrates the career of Winans, and is Sustained by That Sterling Spiritualist, J. L. Foster, of Elwood, Ind.

Hot Springs, Ark., April 14, 1905.

To the Editor:—In reply to the article headed, "In Defense of Winans," I wish to make a few statements of fact, in order to overthrow an erroneous impression which Winans' friends would like to create on the minds of your many readers.

In the first place the impression created that there is an organized Spiritualistic Society in Hot Springs, with E. A. Nickels as president, is entirely new to me. I have lived in Hot Springs thirteen years and for about one year previous to last October, sat in circles about once a week frequented by most of the people whose names are signed to article mentioned, and have frequently heard the suggestion made that we should have a regular organized society here, and regret expressed that no such society had ever been established. I have made inquiry of some of the oldest Spiritualists in the city and have not yet found one who knows of such a society regularly organized.

Regarding the exposure of Winans which took place in my house, I will say that only one of the parties who signed the article in defense of Winans was present. That was Loretta Harris (colored), who was employed at my house during Winans' stay, and who nursed himoduring his sickness. She was present and witnessed the undoing of Winans at the time Dr. Eastman and I took from his music box the wigs, false beards, mustaches, goatees, etc., used by him in the seance given at my house. However, she was apparently hypnotized, and from beginning to end stood up for him, keeping him at her house for one week after he left my home, and until some of the people whose names are signed to Winans' defense heard of his being in the city and sent for him to come to them.

Winans had on the day before consulted with Dr. Hallman, Eastman and myself, and agreed to leave his trunk, diamonds and paraphernalia with us till he could send us the amount of money for which we agreed to compromise our claims against him. He had at this time a telegram from a friend in Iowa instructing the Arkansas National Bank to pay him $20, which he told us he would use to defray his expenses to his home, and which he had had for several days, but could not cash as he knew no one whom the bank would take as identification.

He having agreed to leave his things with us as security, an arrangement satisfactory to all parties, I accompanied him to the bank and secured for him the money.

Two days later I received a note from Winans, written, so the bearer informed me, from the house of Mrs. M. L. Smith, where he had been given quarters, demanding his trunk, diamonds and paraphernalia. This indicated to us that he had been advised by some wise counsellor that we had no legal right to hold his effects, consequently in order to be right in the eyes of the law we caused to be issued attachment papers against articles mentioned. Winans did not then leave the city, but with the assistance of his new-found friends fought the case and lost. Judgment was rendered against him and in favor of Hallman and myself.

In defense of his actions at my house, Winans, I understand, tells his friends that he was forced by me into giving a seance under threats of being put out of the house, at a time when he was too weak to stand. In reply to this, I positively state that this is a PLAIN, UNADULTERATED LIE, AND ANYONE WHO WILL MAKE SUCH A STATEMENT UNDER OATH IS LIABLE TO PROSECUTION FOR PERJURY. On the contrary he had for several days before giving the seance TAKEN LONG WALKS, and the day before, I had him out driving over the city and mountains for about three hours. He was told by me on several occasions not to attempt a seance till he knew that he had sufficient strength to do so to the entire saisfaction of himself and those who were to sit in the circle. I told him that while we were anxiously awaiting the pleasure, we would in no way hurry him. His reply was that HE WAS FEELING FINE and must begin to make money, as he had gotten into debt to me and others and was anxious to repay us, and that I should act as his manager and receive all money till I had collected enough to settle the expense to which he had put me.

No one dares say under oath that one harsh word or one word of compulsion was uttered by me to Mr. Winans till the time when we found his paraphernalia, when I ordered him out of my house. If anyone disputes this, I herewith brand him as a liar. It is from Winans' talk exclusively that this impression is created.

If anyone doubts that we found in his music box such paraphernalia as before described, he has only to come to me and the same can be shown, as it is now in the hands of the constable as a result of the attachment suit. If any one doubts that he used a portion of his paraphernalia on his person and under cover of same stepped from the cabinet and walked about the seance room looking for some one to recognize him as a materialized spirit, which, alas, they did not, have only to drop a line of inquiry to one of those present, whose names comprise a list of as substantial, trustworthy and highly respected citizens as can be found in the city of Hot Springs.

Those present with their wives were Dr. H. V. Hallman, C. E. Marsh, assistant cashier of the Citizens' National Bank; Capt. Allard, manager of the Government Bath House; E. A. Ekler, our leading photographer; Dr. Payne, accompanied by his daughter, and Dr. Eastman who came alone.

Dr. Eastman and I found that the wigs, beards, etc., were most of them worn threadbare, soiled and dirty, showing that they had been in use for a long time and had probably done service in many seances held by Mr. Winans. To Dr. Hallman, Eastman and myself Winans confessed in Hallman's office that at times he can get genuine materialization, and at other times he cannot. On occasion when his power failed him he was prepared to use the paraphernalia, therefore, we having seen the fake and not the genuine, do not presume to know what he can do at other times and places, but positively state that he does fake, and did, contrary to all our hopes and expectations and of his own free will and choice, attempt to deceive and fake us on the night of Feb. 26 last.

To prove that he has performed similar frauds and deceptions upon other people in other states who had befriended him, I herewith quote from a letter in my possession received recently from J. L. Foster of Elwood, Ind. He is a prominent Spiritualist.

F. C. BOVING.

Hot Springs, Ark.

Letter From J. L. Foster.

Eastman & Boving:

Dear Brothers:—It is surely with great pleasure that I write to congratulate you on exposing that man (if man he can be called) Winans. I have been fully convinced for over a year that the "spirit manifestations" occurring at his seances, wer frauds of the deepest dye.

If there is anything on earth that is WORSE THAN A MURDERER, it is one who will stoop so low for the sake of a little filthy lucre and fit himself or herself up in cheap toggery and represent themselves to be departed spirits, made manifest to those left on earth who were yet sorrowing the absence of their departed ones. I know of no greater crime, nor is there any that I have less respect for. You have done a noble work, my brothers.

Winans and his son came to my house last winter, recommended by as true a friend as I have got, to be a materializing medium of the first water. I as much expected to see some of my departed loved ones as I did for the night to come. He came out into the room ten or twelve times dressed in different attire. We all saw the dirk knife and turkey feathers that you now have as souvenirs. Not one word of intelligence did he give. I SAW THE STITCHES IN THE SKULL CAP that he had on. There was a white crown sewed in to make him look like Old Baldy. I also saw the edge of his false beard where the cloth was turned up.

The next morning when he got up, I saw at a glance that he was packing his traps, although he was billed for another night. He ate but little for his breakfast, and got up from the table before I was through, put on his hat and said he was going. I asked what was the matter? He said he had not held as poor a seance for years, and knew he had not given satisfaction. I was so glad to get rid of him so easy that I did not know how to be thankful enough. I was only a little over a year old in Spiritualism, hence did not have the stamina to have him arrested as I should, but since that time I have done all I could to put others on their guard against him.

I am truly honest in this matter, and I am sure we all must do all we can to rid themselves of all such as he. People who even impersonate do not have to resort to a suit of clothes previously provided for the occasion.

I did not cry when I read your experience with Winans in The Progressive Thinker; instead I SHOUTED FOR JOY. No Spiritualist on the face of the earth should ever patronize him again. Let him go at earnest, honest toil, and if possible overbalance all his evil work with good; but for the life of me I cannot tell how long the law of evolution will have to work before that is accomplished. I TELL YOU WE MUST PURGE OUR RANKS FROM ALL FRAUD IF WE EVER EXPECT TO SUCCEED.

I wanted to write to congratulate you on your catch.

Your brother in the bonds of truth,

Elwood, Ind. J. L. FOSTER.

WINANS AND HIS WORK.

Letter From a Prominent Spiritualist of Grand Rapids, Mich.

To the Editor:—I am admonished that it is time for renewal of subscription; therefore enclose $1 for same. It is a mystery to me how you can publish so good a paper for $1 a year. You ought to have half a million subscribers at that price; yes, you ought to have them on general principles. I like the stand The Progressive Thinker takes on fraud among mediums. There is no excuse for any of it. Let our mediums give only what is genuine, be it ever so little, and the cause will prosper under their ministrations, as certainly as it will suffer under fraudulent manifestations. Poor Winans; I am satisfied he is a medium, and often gives genuine and satisfactory evidence of the fact, but alas! he is ambitious to excel all others and is led into supplementing the genuine with tricks. What a mistake! No possible good, but evil only can come of such a practice. I trust that time and evolution will eliminate all that is unworthy from our ranks. DR. J. C. BATDORF.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

COMMUNION WITH SPIRITS.

It Is Not an Evidence of Insanity, Says the Michigan Supreme Court in Opinion Just Given—Hits the Goff Will Case—Defendants of Will Are Arranging to Take Case to Supreme Court on the Same Grounds.

"Is communion with spirits, and conversing with the Savior, a form of insanity?"

This question [as set forth in the Dowagiac (Mich.) Times] has just been judicially decided by the state supreme court. The conclusion reached was that these manifestations are not evidence of insanity.

The case was brought on appeal from the circuit court of Kalamazoo, but the decision hits identically into the celebrated John Goff will contest, one of the most sensational will cases ever tried in the Cass county circuit court.

The deceased was acknowledged to have conversed with spirits and have been a strong Spiritualist, and for this reason his son, Leslie Goff, alleged him insane and contested his will which left him only a paltry $5,000 out of his forty thousand dollar estate, giving the major portion of the balance to the State Spiritualists Association.

The case was first tried in the probate court, where the will was sustained. It was taken on appeal to the circuit court, where, after a sensational and expensive trial wherein sixty witnesses testified, the jury decided the will was not valid, and the entire estate thereby went to the son and contestant.

Steps are now being taken looking toward an appeal of the case to the supreme court, and the decision in the Kalamazoo case coincides with the claims of those who believe the will should be sustained.

The opinion, which sheds so much light to the defendants of the will was written by Justice Hooker and is as follows:

"We have endeavored to examine the testimony in the case critically. Our impressions derived therefrom are that the woman was for some years a religious person, who perhaps took the teachings of her faith more literally than is usual, that she was much concerned about her spiritual welfare, and that on some occasions she obtruded these things upon others more than is commonly done.

"The evidence indicates, that the woman was perhaps exceptionally religious, perhaps abnormally so, that she believed in the visitation of spirits, not, perhaps, of her own particular friends but spirits generally; that she believed in a personal devil, and that he had personal designs regarding her which were thwarted only through the intervention of Christ, to whom she looked for protection; that she communed with Christ and saw spirits and angels.

"The manifestations of religious opinion, zeal and fervor, are too various and common to justify an assumption of derangement lightly. It certainly would not do for courts of justice to set up their own views upon such subjects, as a standard of what is natural, or in conformity to general opinion. Upon these subjects it would be difficult to determine what religious opinions could safely be called "insane delusions" consisting in the belief of facts which no rational person would believe."

An Important Question

At this period of the year when our minds naturally revert to the time of the advent of Modern Spiritualism, or, more truly speaking, the modern expression or phase of Spiritualism, it seems to me that it would be well to carefully consider some of the present phases of the question as well as those of the past.

It is quite right that we should with fitting ceremonials celebrate and commemorate the birthday of this as of all great movements, but in doing so I do not think it is right that we should blind our eyes to what are the paramount issues of the present-day aspect of the question.

Recent events have brought very forcibly to my attention the fact that we, as Spiritualists, are not, in my estimation, fulfilling the duties that devolve upon us as fully as we might, and I feel that the time is ripe for a general awakening throughout our ranks. We must look the question squarely in the face, and meet the needs of the hour in a manner befitting men and women who claim to be guardians of the world's advanced thought, to a greater degree than were our predecessors in life's great school.

I have observed that in every age there has been a tendency to deify and exalt events more than principles, and what I sometimes fear is that the same thing will occur in our ranks, for history repeats itself—a fact that is well attested by the various events of historical record. If this should take place, we may look for an autocracy as bitter, perhaps, as any we have seen during the world's checkered career.

I am quite well aware that some may think the ideas that follow are rather far fetched, but, as I write and speak what I feel to be the truth, no matter who may oppose, that does not deter me from advancing what seems to me to be self-evident truths. A Spiritualist should be a truth-seeker, no matter whose idols are shattered and hurled to the ground, he or she should be willing to have the truth revealed.

It is our claim that our philosophy is a progressive one; we boast of taking a stand in the vanguard of every progressive and evolutionary movement and innovation. We charge ignorance and bigotry against the multitudes who are adhering to the old concepts. We term them idol-worshipers, and yet we are displaying the same tendency to deify, and pay homage to our hobbies, as is shown by the votaries of what we are pleased to term "an effete theology." I submit that these tendencies are inimical to the welfare of Spiritualism, and must needs bring down upon our heads, and those of our posterity, such conditions as will naturally evolve an oligarchy, the outcome of which will be the suppression of the freedom of speech, with its many attendant ills.

These thoughts are called forth by my numerous conversations with Spiritualists, old and new, men and women who have been thoroughly convinced of the central principles of Spiritual phenomena. I have listened again and again as they have expatiated upon the glory and freedom of Spiritualism. I have listened to their strenuous laying bare of the idol-worshiping tendency of the followers of the "blood-atonement." Bitterly have they denounced the inculcation of manifest falsehood in the schemes of sectarianism and creed, foisted upon a helpless people who are forced to submit to the nefarious dictum of ecclesiasticism which says: "The end justifies the means." But before we call down the wrath of high heaven and the "angel world" upon the heads of these idol-worshipers, it behooves us to take an introspective view of things, and endeavor to lay aside some of our own vagaries.

It must not be understood that I desire to uphold the aforesaid "blood atonement" scheme, or any of its concomitants. I simply want to see that we look upon facts from a reasonable standpoint, and through glasses undimmed by prejudice or error. The idol worshiper we have always with us; we have him no less in Spiritualism than in Catholicism and Protestantism, or in Buddhism and kindred beliefs. Why then should we spend valuable time in vilification and vituperation directed toward the errors of others, when we have so imperfect an understanding of our own case?

Perhaps this may hurt some. Truly I hope it does, for when thoughts hurt us it is an evidence of weakness. The truly strong self-reliant soul is never hurt by truth; it is only those who have hugged to their bosom the asp of error that are stung to the quick when an attempt is made to pull it away and free them from its destructive kiss.

It may be asked where I find corroborative evidence of the statements submitted above? I answer in every hamlet, village and city, and,—yes, in nearly every home, we have set up idols and worship them just as the ancients did. Antiquity had its Gods, tutelary and otherwise, their Lares and Penates; their fireside deities. The contemplation of these ancient vagaries appeals strongly to our risibilities, and with difficulty we restrain our mirth.

Before going more deeply into the consideration of this subject that I wish to bring before the jury of public opinion, I want to call attention to the fact that in the ancient day the Gods spake unto man through Oracle and Pythoness, through priest and priestess; through prophet and prophetess. Let me also remind the reader that the persons of these oracles, seers and priests of both sexes were sacred, and woe betide the hapless ones that disputed the findings of the Gods, as spoken by their human mouthpieces. We look back into antiquity from our superior (?) heights of wisdom, and smile pityingly—yes, actually smile when we see the homage and adulation paid these vendors of the will of the Gods. This picture is not only of one land—of one age; it is the kaleidoscope land—of one age; it is the kaleidoscope of time upon the canvas of life, with the human family as audience; it is the view of every age and clime—of every country and epoch. It is Roman and Greek; Egyptian and Assyrian; Persian and Jewish, aye, and Pagan and Christian.

But what has this to do with Spiritualism? I am coming to that. The Gods smiled indulgently at the deception and duplicity of their mouthpieces. The irregularities were for the aggrandizement of the Deities—why should they not smile? for, to borrow again from that concept of things, which, though antique, is still modern, very modern, "the end justified the means." From this hellish doctrine arose the horrors of an inquisition, the groans from the victims of which still reverberate through the corridors of time, giving grim evidence of the ceaseless warfare between truth and error.

Now, then, Spiritualism has brought wonderful tidings to the human family; it has brought the consciousness of continuity of life ('tis nothing new, Chaldean and Egyptian, Sage and Poet have sung this song, for ages), and we have learned that there were still Oracles through whose lips the Sages of past and present generations could commune with man—man, still clothed in human flesh. We have listened to the glad tidings, "All the boundless universe is life—there are no dead," and with loud acclaim we have heralded the fact to the world.

In doing this we have been led—we have allowed ourselves to be led to consider the instrumentalities through whom these phenomena are presented to the world as being of superior order; as being well nigh, if not quite infallible. Gradually some of us have begun to deify, and to lift our Oracles upon a pedestal from which we have dared the world to attempt to remove them. Result: AN INCREASE OF DECEPTION, OF FRAUD AND CHARLATANISM. We have caught the central thought of the continuity of life, but we are not satisfied. We demand more, and in demanding we fan the flames to fever heat; from a radical and vindictive skepticism we have turned to the other extreme, and to crave phenomena and still more phenomena, and some of us are ready to lay down our lives for those who most thoroughly satisfy that craving for a sensationalism which is all too prevalent in the present day. What is the outcome of this? Merely this: The demand upon the individual Oracle or Pythoness becomes so great, and the glitter of the gold to be obtained so blinding, that the eyes of conscience and justice are covered over with the veil of greed, and what the denizens of the other phase of life cannot furnish, the cupidity and mimicry of the human will supply, and, lo! we bow down and worship—whom? Simply the dispenser of coarse mesh and phosphorescence.

The strife between the Oracles becomes greater. Newer Oracles spring up as if by magic. The one thought is, "How may I become a medium?" "How may I get the most powerful controls—such controls as will outshine all others, etc. How can I get the notoriety which will herald my name far and wide?" Ah, yes! the answer comes, "Give something that will astound the people! Convince them of your power, and never, never fail! With the increase of notoriety comes the need of still more astonishing phenomena. With the gratification of this whim comes the need of satisfying that desire. With the advent of each new Pythoness or prophet comes the need of added sensation on the part of the old; sequence: still more deception, and another phase is added.

So holy a thing has mediumship become in the eyes of many, so exalted have mediums appeared to some, that the mere whisper of the presence of fraudulent practice or deception calls forth anathema upon anathema, and the luckless wight who dares to assume that everything that is labeled mediumship is not genuine is bequeathed a very liberal supply of abuse and vituperation; in short, he or she is cursed by the very elect as an enemy of mediums. In our adoration of mediumship we have closed our eyes to what is mediumship, and merely ask, "Are you a medium? Can you give me a test? Please give me a test," and if the interrogated one has some psychic power and gives something that has been clearly outlined in our demeanor and mental atmosphere—ah! we exclaim, "Was it not grand!" Not a thought as to the knowledge of Spiritualism—the qualifications of the so-called medium, nor yet of the presence of excarnate beings. "Why! the idea! Did she not tell me I was troubled, and that it would be all right? Of course she is a medium," and forthwith the recipient of this test (?) is ready to swear by the new medium. Do you see, good friends, how we make a fetish of that little word medium? How we prevent the growth of our movement, and can you not see how we are building up a dogma of veneration that bids fair to destroy the very cause we love?

Because of saying that there were numerous people among those who call themselves mediums who were not mediums, nor yet understood a single thing about mediumship other than that variety which is taught by self-styled "Profs." and "Revs.", the writer hereof has often been designated as "a fraud hunter," as "no Spiritualist" and as "not having gotten out of orthodoxy" yet. But say on, my friends. Let those, who will, pronounce anathema! It cannot injure where the desire of the one upon whom it is hurled, is for the truth and nothing about the truth, no matter how many idols have been shattered or vagaries uprooted. If Spiritualism means to keep silent when deception is done, and palmed off on credulous people as mediumship; if it means the closing of eyes where fraudulent practices are resorted to, for fear we will hurt the cause, then I am NOT A SPIRITUALIST, AND NEVER SHALL BE; but if it means a desire for truth; for the emancipation of humanity, and the elevation of mediumship to the unquestionable throne of morality and honesty, then I am a Spiritualist, for while I do not pose as a censor of public morals, nor as a dictator as to the private life of individuals, I do demand that our phenomena be genuine, or that we have none at all; that we have the right to speak out when we find that spurious phenomena have been given to the public as spiritual manifestations, etc., and this, and this only is my motive for writing this article.

Why should I not question mediums? Why am I to consider mediums as necessarily infallible, when I know they are thoroughly human? Why should I sit silently by and see a fakir shake a white rag at some of my friends, and tell them it was their grandmother, when I know what they are doing? Why is it that I should consider that friends who in the mortal form were of mediocre intellect have become the most profound sages as soon as they have quitted the old tenement, and thus fitted to adjust all my affairs, at so much an adjustment? I am personally acquainted with people who would accept every single word told them by one who poses as a medium, as gospel truth; and these are people who are keen business people, wide-awake in every other particular, and yet they adore mediumship to such an extent that just as soon as a modern Oracle (either in petticoats or trousers) approaches them with any information whatsoever, will bow down in silent submission and worship, and accept the dictum of the seer. This is idol worship of the most pronounced type, and savors strongly of the period when the gods held liaisons with earthly maidens. It is a revival of that principle which enabled priest and prophet to gain such sway over the minds of the people, by compelling them to pay homage to the image of stone which stood as the personification of an individuality, fictitious or otherwise.

To all of this I object as being inimical to the welfare of Spiritualism; as detrimental to the cause we love. Now please observe the revamped paganism—ah! should I not perhaps have said Romanism and erstwhile Christianity? It is this: "We need the frauds for they produce so much more wonderful phenomena than the other mediums; they are doing good because they are interesting people in Spiritualism who could not be reached by less startling events, and that of course is good. We want people interested in Spiritualism, no matter how we get them—and then you know most of the frauds have some mediumship."

Think of it, ladies and gentlemen. Is that not enough to make your heart as sick as it does mine. And yet that in substance is what was said to me in Chicago a year ago, and again a few days ago, and has been said to me in scores of places.

I repudiate such Spiritualism! I abhor it! It is the curse of our cause, and deserves the condemnation of every man, woman and child who cares for the presentation of the truths of Spiritualism to the world. The cry has been, "Don't tell the public that there are frauds, for it will turn them against our philosophy!" Shame upon such an argument. It will do nothing of the sort. IT WILL SHOW THEM THAT WE WANT THE TRUTH AND NOTHING ELSE. CAN WE NOT STAND THAT? IS IT NOT WORTH WHILE TO PROVE TO THE WORLD THAT THERE IS PRINCIPLE AND INTEGRITY BACK OF OUR MOVEMENT, AND THAT IT IS WELL WORTH WORKING FOR.

Such argument brings up the past, and in fancy I can see members of a family placed upon the rack—aye, even murdered, in order that the other members of the same family may be impressed and thus through fear be forced to accept creeds and dogmas against which their whole being revolted, but—"the end justified the means!" Does it? A thousand times No! I want no salvation that must be purchased with the life blood of another who was born of woman as was I; nor do I want any Spiritualism or Spiritualists that must be acquired through deception.

The picture is not overdrawn. Everywhere there seems to be blind worship of mediumship to the extent that people are willing to be mulcted out of their very lives, if need be, rather than see some one of their favorite oracles revealed to the public. People in general do not know what mediumship is. They accept every psychological phenomenon as evidence of excarnate presence, every cold chill is to them an evidence of spirit control. The tricks of every sleight-of-hand man, or Professor of legerdemain is taken—without sugar or anything else, and when some of us object, when we demand that the truth be known, the hue and cry is raised that we are enemies of mediums. When it is proven that the erstwhile "Professor" has really deceived his "idol-worshipers," and his confederates are caught, the "idol-worshipers" sympathize with the much abused (?) one, and cry out, "Yes, you are a fraud-hunter, and you brought fraud and falsehood within your heart and you have got just what you came for," or else, "the medium was obsessed by bad influences and could not help it. I know all about it because he told me they sometimes did that to him." Bosh! If they were controlled or obsessed by anything it was the greed for gold.

It is this idol worship that I object to. I deem it a menace to Spiritualism. I cannot see any difference between the blind follower of a priest and the dupe of a medium (?), or I should say of one who poses as a medium. I can see no difference between the man who wears or worships a charm or idol that has been carried down from antiquity, carried down in principle, but made in the present for the occasion and the man who takes the same attitude toward, and carries with fervent zeal, the charm, talisman or love potion bestowed upon him by someone who claims to have tapped the eternal storehouse of wisdom, and who poses as a medium.

And while I am paying attention to this phase of the question, let me not forget one thing more. I have spoken freely against the indiscriminate ordination of "Professors," "Madames" and "Reverends," and have held it to be a great mistake. I still hold to the opinion, and view it as but another phase of the "idol-worshiping tendency," and to my mind it is disastrous to Spiritualism. Professor means that one has the ability to teach, whereas Reverend means worthy of reverence; now apply both of these attributes to some of the people who have assumed the titles. I am of the opinion that some people would ordain a jack-rabbit if they could get five or ten dollars out of him. Permit me to say that I have no objection to these titles when applied to such men as B. F. Austin, or Moses Hull, and scores of others whose entire lives have been spent in teaching, and who have been in the foreground of life's arena striving for the upliftment of humanity. But I do object to it as simply a means whereby individuals can foist their wares upon an unwary public. It is simply a cloak which amounts to nothing.

Why are we afraid to speak out against these things? Why are the men and women who love Spiritualism too much to allow this nefarious business to be carried on without a protest, vilified, threatened and abused? Simply because we have made a fetish of the word medium; because we have worshiped media more than what came through them; because we have carried with us into our Spiritualism the idea that our friends who have departed this life became at once sages and philosophers, or angels.

Just a few thoughts more and I am done. There should be but one goal, and that is Truth. TRUTH IS EVER PRACTICAL. Only falsehood is impractical. Truth ever leads men aright—only falsehood leads astray. Truth is ever just; only deception is unjust. Truth can never be confined in a book, nor yet can it be confined within one individual or medium. True mediumship is based upon the interrelationship of the spiritual and material phases of life. Mediumship is co-operative, and is designed to further truth. THE PROSTITUTION OF MEDIUMSHIP IS JUST AS BAD AS THE PROSTITUTION OF THE BODY; nay, it is many times worse, because it is prostitution of mind, body and spirit.

Spiritualism should have as its ultimate the establishment of incontrovertible truth and the emancipation of humanity. How much can the trickster, the charlatan and mountebank do toward the realization of that ideal?

First, last, and all the time I believe in mediumship. I believe in spiritual phenomena, but more than all else in the world I believe in the truthful manifestations, and not the false. I believe in a Spiritualism that will be the cynosure of all eyes, because of its superlative excellence, rather than because of its abominations. I believe Truth is Lord, but unfortunately, like Prometheus of old, it has been chained to a rock—aye chained to the rock of error, of ignorance, and the harpies, greed and cupidity, have torn at its limbs and eyes and face until the heart of the truth-seeker bleeds in anguished pity. Spiritualism is truth chained to the rock of sensationalism; the trickster, fakir and charlatan are leeches sucking its life blood. Can we, who claim to love Spiritualism, be man enough, and woman enough to lift up our voices and cry aloud for truth? Can we see the idols crumble and fade away, the while we lift truth upon its proper pedestal, or shall we ever see—

"Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne?"

Will someone tell me?

WILL J. ERWOOD.

NOTES BY AN EYEWITNESS.

Spiritualism Among the Shakers From 1837 to 1840.

The spirit manifestations among the Shakers commenced in the year 1837, continuing without any cessation for the space of eleven years, when there was quite a perceptible decline, though not unexpectedly so, as the same had been predicted by some of our most prominent mediums.

I was living in the society at Tyringham, Mass., at the time of their first introduction in that place, and was then eight years of age.

Nearly all phases of the work which are at this time being realized by the public at large, were at that early date made manifest in our midst.

We had nothing of what is called materialization, nor were any dark seances held, neither cabinets of any kind employed, all being as free and spontaneous as the air we breathe.

There were several trance-goers in our society, one of them, who would occasionally be absent many hours at a time, and on her return to normal conditions relate to us the most wonderful scenes she had witnessed. Temples of worship, learning, etc., and beautiful mansions, gardens, fountains, and the most charming landscapes through which she had passed, all seeming natural, although much more beautiful than anything she had ever seen on earth.

She told of seeing spirits of a very high order; and of meeting with some whom she had known here in the mortal, describing their different costumes, and occupations in which they seemed to be engaged.

These trance-goers also went to places where low, degraded spirits were congregated, carrying on the same demoniac practices followed while on earth. Some were in dark, prison-like places and seemed to be in torment, and were tormenting each other. These sights were very distressing to them, and they would beg of their guides to take them away from the same.

They told of meeting by the way many different kinds of animals all of which seemed nice, and natural, perfectly harmless—even one of them told of seeing a serpent gliding across the pathway at one point, at which she felt a little frightened.

There were many in our midst who were clairvoyant, also those who spoke in unknown tongues, and others who could interpret the same, although not a person in the society understood anything but the plainest of English.

Many spirit communications were given, both oral and written, some for public, and others for private benefit. Personations of departed spirits were of common occurrence in our midst, even those from foreign nations being represented, while the natives were frequent visitors, both in our meetings and at other times.

Many spiritual presents were given to us by the immortals—flowers, fruit, doves, singing birds, instruments of music, beautiful robes, embroidered handkerchiefs, satin slippers, and many other things which I will not attempt to mention in this brief article.

My sister Mira, who passed on in 1844, at twelve years of age, and who had herself never seen anything of a spiritual kind previous to her illness (which lasted but ten days), had trances in that time, and told of floating out on the air, and going to beautiful mansions, seeing the residents, etc., who told her she would soon leave earth and be with them altogether.

She wanted to remain there and then, but they said, "not just yet." It made her very happy through her sickness, and she had no desire to live longer on this side. The morning she passed on she saw a company of spirits in her room who told her they had now "come for her;" two of them she knew, for she had met with them while they were here on earth. She had her senses to the last, and twenty minutes before breathing her last looked up as though seeing something which pleased her and said, "Oh! pretty, pretty!" These were her last words, and she passed on without a struggle or groan. At the funeral, a very large one (for many outsiders were in attendance) our clairvoyants saw her, in company with other beautiful young beings, saying she was happy at her release, and was clothed in a shining white robe, with a wreath upon her head, of roses and lilies. She expressed thanks to those who had cared for her in her illness, and told us not to mourn for her. One of the mediums who saw her said, "mourn not for this little one, for she is called from earth while yet innocent, to beautify and adorn the courts above, and to be a messenger of love from the same, to those left behind."

She often visited us in spirit, and brought to us loving messages, both in oral and written form.

In the time of this great outpouring of spiritual gifts we were told that the same would take place (in time) throughout the whole world—that the truth of a continued life beyond the grave, and the power of departed spirits to return and communicate with mortals, would be spread broadcast over the whole earth "as the waters cover the sea."

These manifestations in our midst were no secret to outsiders, for we held public meetings frequently at which great numbers were oftentimes present, seeing and hearing all that went on. But they ridiculed and annoyed us so much, that after a time it was thought best "not to cast pearls before swine," and the doors were closed.

JULIA H. JOHNSON.

Mrs. Stanford and the Central Pacific.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford's death has led to the recalling of many stories of her kindness of heart, and the encouragement that she gave to her husband, who was the leader in planning and building the first railroad across the continent. He once said, "If it had not been for Jane, the Central Pacific would never have been built." The Boston Congregationalist says, "And she could not vote, either." The Congregationalist might have added that Mrs. Stanford wished to vote, and would certainly have been allowed to do so if the ballot were conditioned on distinguished public service instead of on the accident of masculinity.

When a woman does a good work even under the disadvantages of disfranchisement, some opponents of equal rights draw the queer inference that women do not need the ballot. If an Indian girl manages to make beautiful embroidery with a bit of crooked bone, does that prove that she ought not to be allowed to use a needle? She probably would not think so, if she had a chance to get the needle; and the women who have rendered the most distinguished public service without the ballot have generally been believers in equal suffrage—as, for instance, Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton, Julia Ward Howe, Mary A. Livermore, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Jane Addams and Mrs. Jane L. Stanford.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

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LINCOLN A SPIRITUALIST.

H. D. Sisson's Gives Some Proofs—Seances at White House—Miss Colburn the Medium—Warned of His Assassination.

Miss Colburn's father and three brothers enlisted in the Union army. One of the brothers was sick in camp; she visited Washington and secured his removal from camp to hospital and also a furlough. Here she met prominent Spiritualists who arranged for a seance with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, resulting in her passing most of two winters in Washington. They held private seances in the White House and in many other places; many statesmen, generals and prominent men and women attended these meetings.

Miss Colburn had many "controls." Pinkie, an Indian girl and "Dr. Bamford," an old school physician, were most frequent. Many controls were transitory but all were very pronounced and distinct personalities.

Her first meeting with Lincoln was very impressive. It was in December, 1862. Mrs. Laurie, with whom Miss Colburn was stopping, received an invitation to come to the White House and bring Miss Nettie with her. With childlike simplicity she received the attentions and questions of Mr. Lincoln. Her embarrassment was noticed by Mr. Laurie, who came to her rescue, and while Mr. L. was talking Nettie lost consciousness and for an hour was "controlled," talking, as she was afterward informed, in a very impressive manner; informing those present of the pressure that had been brought to bear on the president and advising him to withstand all pressure; that the Emancipation Proclamation would be the crowning act of his life. Lincoln was asked: "Did you notice anything peculiar in the method of address?" He glanced quickly at a full length portrait of Daniel Webster and replied: "Yes, and it is very singular, very." Turning to Nettie and laying his hand on her head he said: "My child, you possess a very singular gift; but that it is of God there is no doubt."

Afterward, at other meetings, Dr. Bamford advised the Freedman's bureau, picturing the then condition of the negroes, how they were herding together, and the fearful condition they were then in. This suggestion was acted on afterward. Then again, at the time the army of the Potomac was at its worst demoralization by desertions, Lincoln was advised to go to the army personally, which he did. Many of the old soldiers will remember that visit.

Mrs Bell Miller was a medium for physical manifestations; the piano would go up and down while she played on it keeping time. At one time Mr. Lincoln and three others got on to it to keep it down, but without avail. When some one remarked that "some people wouldn't believe if told it," Mr. Lincoln quietly replied, "bring such persons here and let them slip a foot under the leg of the piano and be convinced by the weight of evidence resting on their understanding." A joke that was appreciated with a hearty laugh.

The last time Miss Colburn met Lincoln she warned him of his approaching fate. He turned half impatiently away and said: "Yes, I know. I have letters from all over the country from your kind of people—mediums, I mean—warning me against some dreadful plot against my life. But I don't think the knife is made or the bullet run that will reach it."

If any one who reads this should wish a more detailed account of Lincoln's Spiritualism they can get it by securing a copy of "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?" I presume it can be had of W. P. Maynard, White Plains, New York.

By the way, the above question is a hard one to answer. There is no telling who is who when we come to the word "Spiritualist," and ask for a definition. There is no organized body with rules and regulations or creeds whereby a Spiritualist can be designated or identified. There was a time long-haired men and short-haired women flocked together and professed belief in certain hypnotic performances as spiritual and word went out that they were Spiritualists. Lincoln was a Spiritualist as all are who are honest and unprejudiced, willing to accept a fact as we are given to know facts, and profit by the good there is in them, whether they come by way of the known or the unknown.

I must hasten. I am taking too much time and space. However, another illustration, and then: Charles Foster, because of his wide notoriety and his peculiar gifts, I wish to mention. He exercised his gifts before the royalty in Europe. Bulwer-Lytton, the English novelist, saw him, and engaged him for a month. From these experiences the "Strange Story" was written. I attended one of his seances—a parlor and appurtenances, a brilliant chandelier over a table, four by six, pad of note paper, a vase of flowers, a card with the alphabet, and five of us seated around the table with Foster at the head. We were requested to write the names of four or five persons on the note paper, about an inch apart, cut them off and fold them twice, making a billet a quarter of an inch wide. These we placed before Foster a foot in front, thoroughly mixed. He would pick up one of these billets, place it on his forehead and repeat the name, or ask to have the name pointed out on the alphabet—the alphabet was used but two or three times during the evening—he would then pass the billet to the one who claimed to have written the name, who would open it to find the name correct in every instance. One of the names I wrote produced rather a startling exhibition. On placing one of the billets to his forehead Foster says, "David, Davis, a peculiar character, any one know him?" "Yes," I said, and the paper was passed back to me. I opened it and found "Peter Davis" written there. "By G—d, this is a good place to live in," said he. Foster reached his hand across the table, grasped mine and shook in Peter's characteristic manner, saying: "By G—d, I'm d—d glad to see you. We don't swear much here but I want you to know who I am." The table tipped on to one leg, spilled over the vase of flowers and raps came as loud as would be made with a good-sized hammer.

At other times the name would appear on his arm in blood red letters. one resident of Pittsfield that I know of can testify to this as a fact.

Miss Mollie Fancher of Brooklyn, N. Y., is another psychic wonder, formerly a student of Prof. Charles West (one of the Pittsfield Wests) that I propose to mention here. Doubtless she is the most remarkable phenomena, physically, history has any record of. I treasure my acquaintance with her as the most valuable of any in my mental storehouse. She was not a Spiritualist. Perhaps I will take her up in my next.

H. D. SISSON.

Pittsfield, Mass.

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JUSTICE CONSIDERED.

A Message Received Through the Mediumship of Mrs. Mary L. Kaiser, of Fort Scott, Kansas.

Stern justice decrees that we must do many things that are unpleasant; if we only did the things most pleasing to us some one might suffer by our selfishness, so there is the law that all must obey, that each may receive his just dues. When the time comes when each can do what he desires without hindrance to his brother, there will be no more need of law, but each can be a law unto himself; until the people become educated up to that point, there must be something to restrain them.

Brotherly love will wipe out all the opposing forces and spirit will be felt to be the ruling power. We are striving to bring this about, but the evil we have to contend with is like a vast Gibraltar, almost impregnable. Aggressive spirits that know no such word as fail, keep knocking away until the great rock crumbles and falls; they are the advance guards that lead the way for others less powerful to follow; there are heights to climb that would make the stoutest hearts quail; there are depths to fathom that look fathomless, but those sturdy spirits shrink not at the most difficult task but ever lead us upward and onward with words of cheer so that we in turn can be able to lead those below us into the higher realms of thought. That is why you see men doing such wonderful things, reaching almost to the Gods in their greatness, just because their spirits are more impressional and they are easily impressed by spirit forces. They sometimes do not know from whence they receive their power and inspiration, and go along blind to the true state of affairs; but the most of them attribute it to unseen power, and tell it not for fear of being misunderstood and being thought queer.

Strange what a bugbear that word is to most people; they would rather be called anything else than queer; afraid to let their personality be known, and keep in the beaten paths of tradition; afraid to give their own interpretation of things, or to branch out and think for themselves, for fear of being thought queer. It is strange that one that dares advance a new thought in any line must be derided and laughed at.

To most sensitive souls you might rather point a loaded gun than the finger of ridicule; but for that the world might be further advanced to-day. It is generally the most sensitive that receive the highest inspiration, those strong in spirituality are usually weak physically, and sensitive people shrink from things a grosser nature would not notice.

So sympathize, cheer and draw out those retiring souls, and you may find that you have been entertaining angels unawares.

Shallow water makes the most noise, but when you wish to find deep water you naturally look for the quiet stream; so with thoughtful people, judge them not unwise until you have sounded their depths; there is always something to be learned; scorn not the simple things of life, for if rightly understood they sometimes reveal the greatest wonder.

For instance, this little writing, if you could see the condition it requires to give it, you would not think it such a simple matter, but one of the greatest scientific and spiritual achievements known.

But familiarity breeds contempt, and it seems so easily done that people cease to wonder at it, and blame the medium for not doing better.

Often when well and satisfactorily done they accuse them of fraud, mind reading and so forth. No wonder they become discouraged, for only through sympathy and faith can they do their best work.

Frequently when fraud is cried it is in the sitter and not in the medium. If people would do business more on the trust principle, there would be less fraud than there is now. Let persons know you trust them, they naturally wish to keep your good opinion and will do their best.

But let a person know you think him a fraud or thief, and many times he will turn out to be so. There are more kinds of thieves than one, and one of the worst is the one that steals your precious time, that could be employed in doing so much good. Another is a thief of reputation who steals away one's fair name without one thought of compunction, but would shrink with scorn from a material thief.

There will be some great surprises awaiting many people when they cross the great divide. Virtue will have more meaning to them than simple conjugal fidelity. They will open wide their eyes when pronounced lacking in virtue. The one that tarnishes a fair reputation will be on the level with other criminals and will receive like punishment.

Saint Paul, in describing a virtuous woman mentions several attributes, one of which is the ability of controlling the unruly member, the tongue. Out of a full heart the mouth speaketh, and if one have an impure heart he is lacking in virtue.

The way to improve the world and benefit mankind is not to show up others' faults, but to first purge your own soul of guilt.

Then will you be a shining example to others, and by so doing you preach a greater sermon than ever I did in the Plymouth pulpit.

The salvation of the world depends on just such evangelism. I would rather be the one to save a soul from self destruction, than to win the greatest battle ever fought.

In killing your brethren, you are making homes fatherless, leaving children unprotected by a father's love, and sending the mother out into the world to find employment to keep her little ones from starving.

Such was my campaign against sin, and such it is now, and such I wish yours to be.

With all good wishes for your success, I remain dear friends, yours truly,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The above message was received through the mediumship of Mrs. Mary L. Kaiser, of Fort Scott, Kansas.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1905.

WORDS OF CAUTION.

You should not send money in a letter. You may do so a dozen times safely, and then the next remittance may be lost or stolen. Secure a postal order for five cents, and then you are perfectly safe, and will save yourself annoyance and trouble.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Editor-at-Large for the National Spiritualist Association.

Mr. Tuttle has been engaged to answer all attacks in the secular or religious press on Spiritualism. Send him clippings when an attack is made, giving date and name of paper. Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Any person donating one dollar to the Mediums' Relief Fund of the N. S. A., will, if desired, receive one set of spiritual tracts and one copy of "Violets," a booklet of choice spiritual poems. One contributing two dollars to the fund will also receive a copy of "Leaves of Truth," a cloth-bound book of instructive spiritual matter.

MARY T. LONGLEY,
N. S. A. Secretary.
600 Pennsylvania avenue S. E., Washington, D. C.

The Progressive Thinker's Prophecy.

Several years ago it was stated in these editorial columns, it was apparent from the manner churches were drifting, in a few years little would remain of them but social clubs, to advance the pleasure of its members; that one by one the dogmas promulgated in their creeds would be abandoned; then for a time they would cluster together in literary circles and club life, to finally disappear, as has been the fate of numberless organizations of like character in the past. We had no idea of the immediate fulfillment of that prediction in the near future.

As it chanced the Rockford (Ill.) Register-Gazette fell in our way the other day. The first article coming under observation was a long letter from Rev. G. R. VanHorne, of the Methodist denomination, and for a time an elder of that city. It was addressed to the editor, and was written from Paterson, N. J., March 30, 1905. He had been visiting churches in many cities of the East, and wrote of what he had witnessed with his own eyes. He says:

"Religious life in many churches of the East is at a low ebb. It is low enough to bespeak danger throughout the Middle West, but it is there quite in advance of what I have seen it in the East. Plenty of churches here have degenerated into what is but little better than social clubs and societies for entertainment and amusement, with a religious attachment or adjunct. Moreover the commercial spirit is manifest. Some churches appear to be perpetuated for money making, and make money for the sake of perpetuation. Shows, suppers, theatricals, schemes new and old, novel and attractive, are being devised and operated in places of worship called "The House of the Lord," for the purpose of securing money to support the church. I know one which is able to pay its pastor $1,500 per year, without a dollar of debt upon its beautifull church or parsonage, whose trustees allowed an 'entertainment' to be given in that church for 60 per cent of the gross receipts this past winter, which entertainment was only fit to be put upon the boards of a vaudeville theatre. The trustees said they had been imposed upon. True. But they had been imposed upon only a short time before by a show that outraged common decency; but it was the prospect of making money easily which led them to allow any money making scheme in their church that was unbecoming God's house.

"To some of us who may be regarded by this generation as old fogies and ripe for Oslerizing, there is associated with a church edifice a sanctity that cannot be violated without appearing to be irreverent or sacrilegious. And it does seem irreverent to convert a house dedicated to the worship of Almighty God into a restaurant and a play house. It is a lamentable fact that in some localities the theater goers, dancers, and gamblers have increased in such power as to directly or indirectly rule the church and dictate its policy. The person who for money plays euchre or poker in a 'jungle' is designated a gambler. But the party who plays euchre for a 'prize' in a lady's parlor is regarded as 'progressive.' The former is a law-breaker and liable to be fined or imprisoned. The latter is also a law-breaker, but is a church member in good and regular standing."

We shall not set up as a prophet because of the correctness of our prediction, because the evidence is apparent that all the orthodox churches will occupy the same position sooner or later.

With hell eliminated from their creeds, and the fall of man a fiction, then the need of a Redeemer vanishes; then what else but senseless forms remain, to also disappear in good time?

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The Divorce Problem.

A great ado has been made, for a year or two past, especially by clergymen, over what they are pleased to term "the divorce evil." There is no doubt that divorce can be made an evil by abuse, and there can be no reasonable doubt that in many instances and within proper limitations, divorces may be just, right, and for the best good of individuals and society.

The question must be judged, not merely by what some reputed inspired authority says, but mainly by plain common sense, and the facts of the sociological results of divorce and non-divorce.

No matter what may be written by an "inspired" author, of the only justifiable cause for divorce, for which the clerics contend, it does not stand to reason and a sense of justice, that, for instance, a woman who finds herself legally married to a murderous brute, shall be compelled to be subjected to his viciousness during all his or her mortal life.

The plain fact is, there is more than one just and righteous ground for divorce.

On the subject of "Divorce as a Refuge," the Chicago Tribune has some sensible remarks:

Ethelbert Stewart of the United States department of commerce and labor once said: "The homes that are worth preserving preserve themselves."

It does sometimes seem that to try to purify the home by stopping divorces is like trying to cure a disease by eliminating the symptoms. Is a home happy and sacred? It stays out of the divorce court. Is it impure, and quarrelsome, and unhappy? Then it isn't sacred any longer. Then it is already broken up. Then grace has already departed from it. The proceedings in the divorce court constitute merely a legal recognition of the fact.

Susan B. Anthony stretched the truth when she assured the national council of women that divorce was not an evil "by any means." It can be made an evil. It can be abused. When a young man and a young woman get married and know that they can secure their legal freedom on any trivial pretext, they are likely to permit their fancy to wander, and if they find that their relations are strained they think at once of a separation instead of trying their best to restore understanding and keep intact a bond which demands permanence for its highest value. The ideal marriage is once for all. No one denies this. There should be an attempt to make every marriage permanent, and for this reason it may be that no divorce should be permitted for a certain number of years after the event of marriage.

It is noteworthy, nevertheless, that the freest countries in the world have the most divorces. In countries where a woman can earn her own living she will not consent to live her whole life with an unfaithful or tyrannous husband. The growing economic independence of woman is just as great a cause of divorce as the decline of a belief in marriage as an irrevocable sacrament.

Susan B. Anthony remembers the days of the fugitive slave laws. "Divorce is just as much a refuge for women married to brutal men as Canada was for slaves bound to brutal masters."

George E. Howard, in his standard work on "Matrimonial Institutions," says: "Divorce is but a part of the mighty movement for social liberation which has been gaining in volume and strength ever since the reformation." Carroll D. Wright agrees. "I do not believe that divorce is a menace to the purity and sacredness of the family, but I do believe it is a menace to the infernal brutality which at times makes a hell of the holiest human relations."

Remarriage is another question. But that married death should ever be made permanent in this country by law is unthinkable. The higher the ideal of marriage the stronger will be the impulse to withdraw from it when it sinks below the ideal.

A Preacher's Good Deed.

An illustration of the illuminating effect of a kind, helpful, unselfish deed is found in an incident related by Nels Rylander, the Scandinavian city president of the Chicago camp of Gideons, speaking in Willard Hall one day last week. He said:

"I knew he was a preacher by his coat and collar. I was walking on Van Buren street, over back of the board of trade, yesterday. I saw a poor woman there—an Italian—trying to lift a heavy lot of boards to put on the top of her head. They were too heavy for her.

"Just as I was about to help, this preacher stepped up and tried to lift them. He was not used to hard work; he was a preacher. He stepped aside, and I thought, 'Now it is your business,' but he only went to call a boy to get a cab. I never was so pleased over anything.

"That woman, she never rode in a cab perhaps before. He held open the door as if she was the biggest lady in the land, and the driver lifted those old boards up in front of the cab, and the horses trotted off to her home. The preacher pays the cabman, and then he lifts his hat as she drives away.

"My friends, I am glad I see that action. It makes me happy there are men in God's ministry like that. It's a good deed like that, somebody says, shines as a candle in a wicked world."

Called by a Former Classmate.

I thank Georgia Gladys Cooley of St. Louis, for the explanation she gives of the influences felt and the noises heard by two sisters and their families about the time their brother died. Can she or some one else explain the following:

About a quarter of a century ago I lived in P——, Wales. One Saturday night I made up my mind to get up, if possible, at 5 o'clock Sunday morning, for I had a long ride to make to get to my place of appointment where I was to be at ten o'clock. In my sleep I heard the voice of W. W. D., my former college classmate in Ohio. He is yet a professor in the same college. His voice called me, saying: "William, get up; it is a quarter to five." I instantly woke up, lit a match, looked at my watch, and it was just a quarter to five. Whose voice was this? Was it the voice of my former classmate, who was then thousands of miles from me, and who in a natural way could have known nothing of my intentions? or was it my own subconsciousness calling my conscious mind to awake? If so, why did I imagine it to be the voice of my former classmate? KYMRO.

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A Sermon Parable.

Dr. Hirsch is still reading striking lessons to his congregation, and to others as well, of especial application to those, Jews and Christians, who hold to the Bible idea of a God. Non-believers and agnostics, too, may find a lesson, leaving out all reference to a God.

"The czar of Russia to-day is a counterpart of Pharaoh. When he hears of disaster he wants peace; when it is past he wants to fight. 'Am I not born to sit on the throne?' reasons this czar. Some say he is a good father, and others that he is a confounded idiot. But he says one thing and does another, and he never does the right thing at the right time."

So spoke Dr. Emil G. Hirsch during a sermon at Temple Israel, in which he used the old customs of the Jews to draw wholesome similes in a lesson for the people of to-day.

"The czar of Russia is a Pharoah, dot for dot, line for line—one an exact picture of another. When Moses asked for the liberty of the Jews, Pharoah wanted to know by whose orders this demand was made. Moses replied: 'The God of the Hebrews.' Pharaoh sent his private secretary out to look up the name in the books and he returned and reported he couldn't find any such name. 'Who is this God of the Hebrews, that I should listen to him?' said Pharaoh. He did not realize that there is one power that wields the destiny of nations regardless of kings and czars.

"Pharaoh thought himself independent. He didn't bother about God. It is the same with some of our wealthy young men of to-day. Like Pharaoh, they think they are independent of God. That is the leaven of arrogance and selfishness.

"The man who is rich enough to-day need not believe in God. But he is not free from his own ignorance and selfishness. All he can do is to eat, drink and sleep. These men have no real pleasures, for in simpler things is found real pleasure. They think they don't have to know God. They are slaves to ignorance and arrogance and selfishness—the homez that is fermenting in their hearts and destroying their manhood and morals.

"Thousands of us are slaves to low passions and low desires. This is the leaven we must first remove if we want to be free. No one can be free who does not free himself first. The Pharaoh of Moses' time, with all his power, was a slave to arrogance."

Ignorance or Dishonesty?

During revival periods, and whenever the clergy are especially ambitious to gain converts to their faith, they are ever quoting Matt 16:26:

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

That clergyman must be very ignorant who has not learned this is a false rendering of what passes for the original Greek. The preceding verse reads:

"For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

Dr. Adam Clarke, the great Methodist commentator on the Bible, of this text says:

"On what authority many have translated the word psyche, in the 25th verse, life, and in this verse, soul, I know not; but am certain it means life in both places. If a man should gain the whole world, its riches, honors, and pleasures, and lose his own life, what would all these profit him, seeing they can only be enjoyed during life."

Opening the Revised Version, and we find that favorite text of the sensational preacher rendered:

"For what shall a man be profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and forfeit his life? or what shall a man give in exchange for his life."

Thus, in a single text, is seen how the so-called King James' translation of the Bible was made to accommodate and strengthen false creeds. The classical student who turns his critical attention to the subject is met on every page with false renderings, evidently made purposely to build up a false faith.

Well educated clergymen insist the whole doctrine of endless damnation is either built on false translations of what Christians call the sacred text, else on its false interpretation.

Dr. Clarke was closely associated with John Wesley in founding Methodism. His Commentaries on the Bible is, or should be, on the shelves of every Methodist minister's library. For a hundred years it has been standard authority in the church, and is quoted as authority by all sects. Then it must be ignorance or dishonesty that cites this falsely rendered text to frighten victims into the church fold.

Unworthy Action.

The sensational press delights in startling headlines to arouse interest in the most unimportant news items which appear in their columns. An Associated Press dispatch from Salonica, a large seaport city in European Turkey, populated largely by Jews, a few thousand each of Greeks, Turks and Franks, says, "The Albanians are threatening a general massacre of Christians at Prizrend, Ipek and Diakora. The Albanians are furious because of the thwarting of an attempt to lynch a prisoner suspected of murdering an Albanian."

The motive in sending this news is to arouse hate against the Turks, and the great display of exclamation points is to extend that hate to Christians in America.

Suppose every attempt at lynching in America was similarly and truthfully displayed, saying: "Christians are killing each other in America. Caught in the act, or suspected of some trivial offense, they are arrested by a mob and burned at the stake. Scores, perhaps hundreds, are thus sacrificed yearly in this Christian country."

The truth is, the missionaries have determined to spread their faith at any cost, and have planned to drive Mohammedans out of Turkey. They are ever on the lookout for a pretext to arouse prejudice against those people. The most trifling incidents are magnified into mammoth proportions hoping to bring on an issue between them and the great Christian powers. Turkey is constantly put to great expense, and is ever placed in a false position by this cruel action of malcontents, the missionaries, who seem to be sent to Turkey expressly to stir up strife; certainly they make but few converts.

Very few stop to think that the Turks are of our own race, members of the great Aryan family, later arrivals in Europe from the common parent hive in Central Asia, from which we are all descended. They inherit a belief in one God only, and reject the addition of a Son and Holy Ghost to the Godhead. And this, the substance of their offending, is the reason the missionaries seek their extinction, or conversion.

DEMONOLOGY, WITCHCRAFT.

A Comprehensive Review of Their Origin and Significance.

Demonology, or obsession by evil spirits, is a teaching which has come down to us from our Aryan ancestors. It is as old as human history, an inheritance from paganism. It properly has no place in our spiritual literature. It was not heard of among the immediate founders of our philosophy, and when it was engrafted upon it, it came from those who wished to weave the inculcations of Christianity into the new faith.

Hesiod, the Grecian poet, told how the men of the golden age, after death, became demons, guardians and watchers over mortals. These demons were classed as intermediates between gods and men; they were understood to be the ghosts of dead men.

The Christian devil is represented to have been an angel of light. Because of his ambition to rule a war arose in heaven, and Lucifer was cast out and down to Tartarus, with his retinue of followers. These come to earth at will, lead mortals astray, induce them to engage in all manner of wrong, so God, at a final judgment will consign them to endless woe.

The whole system was built on the theory of the fall of man. It was an attempt to account for the existence of evil in the world.

In pagan mythology Pandora's box was closely connected with the story, as was the eating of the apple by our reputed first parents in Jewish mythology, absorbed by Christians.

As there was no "fall of man," in our spiritual philosophy, no original sin, no damned spirits, no need of a Savior to redeem men from a condition to which the race was never subject, so, save to those clinging to the cross of orthodoxy, there are no obsessed spirits to be placated, appeased or expelled.

The story of the Gadarenes, told of in Mark v, with unclean spirits that came out of the tombs, a legion of them, whom Jesus permitted to enter two thousand swine which were drowned in the sea, is a monkish fiction, built on the old-time belief.

Witchcraft was an intrusion of the obsession theory into the theology of the Middle Ages, which played such an important part in the 16th and 17th centuries, and was continued into the 18th century.

If all this silly teaching of barbarism is to be revived, and made a part of Spiritualism, how much has the new faith improved upon the hell and damnation theory, as taught in the churches?

Educated physicians, still members of Christian churches, have explained all the narrations relating to evil spirits in Bible story, and elsewhere, on the theory of a diseased brain and shattered nervous system. The insane and the epileptic, who at times simulate demonology so closely, are victims of irritation of the brain or of the spinal cord. Those remedies that allay irritation drive out the devils.

Ignorance made those subject to chorea, with distorted features, and inability to express themselves intelligibly, the victims of angered or malicious devils; and, sad to relate, there are doctors who cater to this delusion, and for a good round fee are willing to render their services in expelling the unwelcome intruder.

Sir Walter Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft" has been drawn upon for very much of the recent literature relating to this subject. Medieval history abounds with accounts of witchcraft, witches being only tools of evil spirits.

The time was when no one had the necessary bravery to oppose popular opinion on the subject. Lawyers at the bar, judges on the bench, authors in their books, and the whole Christian world seem to have been believers in the superstition; while the fires of Smithfield were employed to carry out the Bible instruction, "Thou shall not allow a witch to live."

What a sad, sorrowful and murderous history does this "thus saith the Lord," recall! It is a fit subject for tears and grief. Thirty thousand unfortunates, in England alone, between 1541 and 1604, were sacrificed to this superstition. Scotland's last victim was in 1716; quite as many as in England were given a foretaste of the agonies of the fabled hell by being burned alive.

Every country in Europe accepting the Bible for authority, seemed to vie to see which could rival the other in observing this command of God. Our own America did not escape the damnable contagion. Commencing at Salem, Mass., in 1692, the jails were filled with victims, and it was unsafe to express a doubt of their guilt. Fifty-five persons suffered torture, and twenty were executed. It came to that, every wrinkled old woman who was in somebody's way, who had incurred someone's displeasure, or was of eccentric habits, was a witch in the service of evil spirits. There were persons to swear they saw the guilty wretch astride a broomstick, which was serving as a horse, and she was flying through the air to reach some person she desired to bewitch. There were wizards, too, who were supposed to be in the service of evil spirits, and executed their commands.

Obsess, from the Latin obsession, signifies to besiege, a besieging by an evil spirit. The witches were only the instruments of the damned to obsess, injure, torture, or destroy others—a sort of intermediate between the devils and their victims.

The clergy all along, have insisted Spiritualism was the product of the devil and his accessories. How far short of the truth is their claim, if the recent innovation is to be accepted as truthful? HISTORICUS.

Legerdemain and Fraud.

The last issue of the Review of Reviews contains notes of an interesting interview with Prof. Chas. Richet by Mr. W. T. Stead, the able editor of our contemporary. Reference was made to psychic photography. "Ah," said Professor Richet, "irrefutable photographs of spirits do not exist." "Humph," replied Mr. Stead, "that depends upon what you regard as irrefutable. I AM WILLING TO ADMIT THAT ALL PRECAUTIONS IN THE WAY OF MARKED PLATES AND ABSOLUTE CONTROL OF THE WHOLE PROCESS BY SCIENTIFIC MEN OF GOOD FAITH ARE FUTILE AGAINST SUPREME LEGERDEMAIN AND UNSCRUPULOUS FRAUD. But what does seem to me irrefutable evidence is when you get the photograph of a spirit form whose identity is unknown to you and to the photographer, but which is instantly recognized by others not present at the time as an unmistakable portrait of a deceased relative." "And you have such photographs?" "I have such photographs. I may fail a hundred times, merely obtaining portraits of unknown spirit forms. But sometimes I succeed, and obtain an unmistakable likeness, and one such success outweighs a million failures." "This is very interesting," said M. Richet. "What we want are facts—always facts—no matter how elementary they may be, but let them be unimpeachable." The Professor was right, but are his scientific brethren looking for facts upon the psychic plane?—The Two Worlds, England.

THE IMAGE OF BUDDHA.

What It Represents Among the Orientals.

We have often been informed by travelers that in almost every locality wherein there is a place for it, in the home, in the yard, in the place of business and on the street, wherever there is a proper place for it may be found a statue of Buddha, representing the figure of a human generally in a sitting posture, but always bearing that beautiful and harmonious expression of countenance conveying the idea of a condition of happiness and contentment, a uniform expression which the Japanese and Chinese carvers only are able to produce. This expression, alike upon them all, appears to typify a condition of satisfaction, attained only by the fulment of all the high aspirations of the soul of a person, who had reached a condition of relative perfection while yet in mortal embodiment.

Now the question naturally arises: Why are so many images of Buddha placed in such conspicuous places? Is it that they may be worshiped by the people as a God? Or do they present to the masses an ideal image of God? By no means, the Buddhist in both China and Japan do not regard Buddha as a God, or his sculptured form as the image or representation of a deity at all. On the contrary, he is held by these patient, oriental people as worthy of their highest esteem and veneration only as a perfect man. It is for this reason that his figure is made so common and conspicuous, not to be worshiped, but through constant contact with it, to arouse and keep constantly in the minds of the people an aspiration to become so near as may be possible to what Buddha was, a perfect man.

In addition to this we are able to discern a glimpse of the Spiritualistic theory running through their religious thought. They believe in the continuity of life, immediately following the condition of death, and that their ancestors are constantly with and about them, at all times conscious of their thoughts and acts. For this reason they are continually on their guard against acts or even thoughts which they think would not be approved by their dead ancestors. Their belief in these conditions is held by some writers as the cause for their pleasing characteristics, for they are always polite, considerate, generous, unselfish and interesting to the foreigner among them, for they believe that in practicing these virtues they are specially pleasing to their ancestors, who are conscious of their doings.

The Literary Digest, reviews the last book on Japan, written by Lafcadio Hearn, from which it appears that the history of Japan is the history of her religion, the basic idea of which is ancestor worship. Mr. Hearn says: "Each member of the family supposes himself or herself under perpetual ghostly surveillance. Spirit eyes are watching every act. Spirit ears are listening to every word. Thoughts, too, not less than deeds, are visible to the gaze of the dead. The heart must be pure, the mind must be under control within the presence of the spirits. Probably the influence of such beliefs uninterruptedly exerted upon conduct during thousands of years, did much to form the charming side of Japanese character. Yet there is nothing stern or solemn in this home religion to-day, nothing of that rigid, unvarying discipline supposed by Fustel de Coulanges to have especially characterized the Roman cult. It is a religion rather of gratitude and tenderness, the dead being served by the household as if they were actually present in the body."

What can more beautifully or more truthfully express the sincerity of belief in this idea of the presence of the spirits of the dead than the words of Vice Admiral Togo, in his personal address to the spirits of the dead Japanese soldiers and sailors who perished at Port Arthur, as expressed by him not long ago at a memorial personal service, given in their honor in Tokyo, the capital of Japan, in which he said:

"As I stand before your spirits I can hardly express my feelings. Your personalities are fresh in my memory. Your corporal existence has ceased, but your passing from this world has been in the gallant discharge of your duty, by virtue of which our enemy's fleet in this world has been completely disabled and our combined fleet holds undisputed command of the seas. I trust this will bring peace and rest to your spirits.

"It is my agreeable duty to avail myself of my presence in this city, whither I have been called by our emperor, to render a report of our success to the spirits of those who sacrificed their earthly existence in the attainment of so important a result as that above rendered." MEREDITH B. LITTLE.

Glens Falls, N. Y.

APPRECIATIVE LINES.

A Letter to One of Our Contributors.

Charles McArthur, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

Dear Sir:—Allow me to congratulate you upon having written such an able and most instructive article upon Catholicism, as that which appeared in two recent issues of The Progressive Thinker. These two issues alone have been worth the subscription price to me.

I rejoice exceedingly that such truth is being presented to the public, and widely circulated as it must be. It will do much to help ignorant humanity free itself from the bonds of the church, and the shackles of creed.

The world needs such outspoken men as you are, who have investigated much, and thought deeply; and it should be their highest aim to give their knowledge to the world, that it may benefit thereby.

The world is rapidly approaching that stage in its evolution, where priestcraft must give way to science as the master.

That stagnation of mind which gives rise to the expression, "Ignorance is bliss," shall no longer be taken literally.

But the wave of free thought now sweeping over the civilized globe, shall quench those hell fires set alight ages ago, and shall wash from the minds of ignorant souls of earth that blind faith in the power of a personal God, and the infallibility of his authorized agents in the church.

Thanks to you, Mr. McArthur, and to all great souls working on earth, for the greater enlightenment of human kind, for the upliftment of humanity and the unfoldment of individual soul powers.

There is the promise of a rosy future, the dawn of a new era for this sorrowful star, a time coming when the perverse conditions that environ man and woman shall be set aside as being breeders of crime and poverty, and that the true light may the quicker come to each individual soul.

The advanced thinkers, the philosophers of the present, need encouragement and sympathy; let us all help each other, for the work is the grandest ever taken up by the human mind; the field is broad and the need for workers is great, and now that the time is ripe, let us all rejoice that we live in this golden age, and in spite of the persecutions suffered under earthly rule, of the adverse criticism of men, and the grinding heel of poverty, we can go right on, each in his own way, and lift man out of the rut, that time and long custom has made for him.

I trust, Mr. McArthur, you will give us new light upon this subject from time to time, for, corresponding to the good you may do others, so will you be doing good to yourself. With best wishes from a friend and brother,

St. Louis, Mo. GEO. WEBER.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

She Has Something Interesting and Suggestive to Say About Dreams and Visions.

Here is a curious paradox [as set forth in Hearst's Boston American].

"One who must be obeyed" has said to me: "A remarkable dream came to me in my sleep. I was urged in a vision of the future to free the poor slaves of superstition who live in terror of their dreams. Tell them there is no significance in dreams. The command was most imperative—heed it."

There are indeed thousands of people who destroy the pleasure of the breakfast hour by a relation of their dreams—nightmares caused by indigestion—and there are others who allow night fancies resulting from things read or talked of during the day to shadow the sunlight of the waking hours.

I knew a bright woman who loved the marvelous, and she bought herself a dream book. Each morning she arose and consulted this book, and at length she even arose from her bed several times each night to read the significance of her visions, for fear she might forget them before morning.

This resulted in a broken state of health and continual worry, for, like the usual dream interpretation, nearly nine-tenths were warnings of coming evil. And so this usually sensible woman finally awoke to a consciousness of her own folly and burned the dream book and lived in health and happiness thereafter.

One thing is certain—he who relates his dream breeds more dreams, and he who is silent overcomes the dream habit.

Dreams love to hear themselves talked about, and they will not visit those who ignore them.

The wise seers of earth tell us there are three orders of dreams. The first comprises nine-tenths of our dreams—the visions and nightmares resulting from indigestion. To eat too much, to eat the wrong food or to eat not enough will produce unhappy dreams.

The next class is the dream which follows as a sequence of thoughts held during the day.

The third order is the symbolic dream, sent by our invisible guides to warn us of some approaching event of importance—and to prepare us for either its joy or its sorrow.

Such dreams are rare, but they do come at times.

Their influence is weakened if we attach undue value to the nightmares and visions of a tired mind or disturbed digestion. The wise men of old it was said, "slept without dreams and woke without anxiety."

There are savants who tell us that many dreams which puzzle our waking minds to explain are caused by the stars. For instance, you dream of an experience or a person you have not thought about in twenty years perhaps. You wonder why this should occur, but these wise men say it is occasioned by a recurrence of astronomical conditions; the heavenly constellations are in precisely the same situations as when you had your early experience or met the person of whom you dreamed.

It is believed by many people that the dream of a wedding is a sign of a funeral; yet I know a woman who tells me she dreams almost weekly of weddings and frequently is arrayed in dream bridal robes herself. She has never lost a member of her family by death, and but few close friends. Her life is particularly happy and free from the shadow of death.

Still, again, people who live almost wholly in the physical senses are often in dreams made victims of mischievous intelligences from the under world—disembodied mentalities who have not developed the spiritual nature in life, and who linger near the earth seeking the gross and the weak to torment in sleep.

The more attention is paid such dreams and the more fear they arouse the greater power is given the tormentors.

Refuse to believe in them, and insist on ignoring them, and the dreams cease.

If you have a prophetic dream—one you have learned by experience means a warning—accept it as an indication that invisible friends are watching over you and will give you aid in your hour of trial, even as they now give you warning.

But do not construe every nightmare as a vision of coming events, and now and forever cast out fear from your heart.

Nothing can harm you but your own thoughts and acts. Think right, act right, live right and fear not.

Fear is the only thing to fear.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"TO MY LOVE."

Send me a thought, my own sweet one,
And breathe it full of tender love.
Send me that thought with gentle tears
To float it from thy home above.

Send me a sigh, so softly breathed.
It scarce could stir an angel's wing.
'Twill echo through my lonely life
And to my soul sweet comfort bring.

Send me a hope that we shall meet
Beyond this valley where I dwell.
That hope shall bear me from this night
And cheer my heart with Love's own spell.

Send me a flower that shall not fade
But bloom my lonely life to cheer,
That blossom shall an emblem be
Of Hope and Love from thee so dear.

Send me your love, your tender love,
That ever fills my soul with rest,
And it will come with healing power
To charm this sadness from my breast.

ANITA SILVANI.

The Milk in the Cocoanut.

The ministers of Traverse City, Mich., have adopted stringent resolutions against Sunday funerals. They declare large floral displays are offensive to good taste; that bands of music and marching clubs are repugnant to the mourners, and that large funerals held on Sunday are desecrations of that day. —Ex.

Desecration of God's holy day to be buried on Sunday! Of course it is. No fee for preaching a funeral discourse on Sunday can be expected, therefore the desecration. The Progressive Thinker would advise churchmen to dispense with priestly service on such occasions.

"Discovery of a Lost Trail." By Chas. B. Newcomb. Excellent in spiritual suggestiveness. Cloth, $1.50.

INTERESTING EXPERIENCES.

Demonstrating in a Marked Manner the Bright Side of Spiritualism—Materialization in the Light.

To the Editor:—I have taken a great interest in the obsession articles, and I would say I know that obsession is true, for I have had those called demons come and take possession of my organism and hold me under their control for hours at a time. Many times I would attempt to force them away, but found it best to talk kindly to them, and try to help them understand that it was best for them to go away and learn of those who were ready and willing to teach them the law of control.

For 28 years I have been used as an instrument in the hands of those in the spirit world, and not for one moment have I regretted my time and labor for those who were trying to use me as a mouthpiece for a wise and loving purpose.

I have a guide who came to me twenty-five years ago, calling himself simply Tom. At a sitting with friends one evening he partly entranced me, and the first sentence he spoke through my organs was an oath, which shocked the entire circle of eight persons. Then my husband began to chastise him, which only made matters worse, and from 9 o'clock p. m., until 3 a. m., I was held under his influence. Then a lady said to him: "My friend, do you not know you are doing this little woman an injustice by keeping her from her sleep; she is very tired; now you go away, won't you please, and let her rest, then come again at some other time."

"Oh, can I?"

"Yes, you can, and then maybe you can tell us who you are and what we can do for you."

"All right, I'll do it," and true to his word he came from that time on and has come at different periods until the present time; and I want to tell you now he is one of the finest controls or guides I have, and I have many. The lessons I have learned through their loving care, and all the good they have done for the fallen or unfortunate ones on the earth plane are more than Rockefeller's millions could even do.

I am not a public medium, and I never expect to be, but I know that obsession is true. Tom has progressed from a demon to an angel, if there is such an one in the land of souls. He made me promise at one time that I would allow him to use my organism as an instrument between the seen and the unseen. He would stand by me through thick and thin from then on. We could see and understand that he was an honest and earnest worker for his own upliftment. As time passed on, he not only advanced, but gradually developed his own mediumship and then passed on higher, and to-day returns with messages from those in the higher conditions or spiritual spheres.

My time and patience have been well rewarded, for he is an ever ready helper, and his counsel is a comfort to all who listen to his voice. He has given us a history of his earthly life, and also his work in the spirit world. So much for one who was a soul in ignorance, but through his own desires has arisen to a higher condition in the real life. This is one instance among hundreds I could enumerate that I positively know as being facts.

I have seen and talked with my own loved ones in the higher life, just as plain as I ever did while they were in the mortal form. I have had them materialize and talk to me in my own home with myself and baby girl. Three children and a sister came in broad daylight, at 2 p. m., with the sun shining, and nothing but the window shades to obscure the light. They often warn me of danger by calling me by name; then often they come in the night and rap on the table, chairs or wall. I am clairaudient and clairvoyant. I see and hear spirits as plainly as in real life. I could write volumes on what I have seen and heard.

MRS. A. LARAWAY.

Detroit, Mich.

SUMMUM BONUM.

Some Valuable Hints—A Plea for Self-Control in Cases of Obsession.

The recent highly instructive discussion of Obsession appearing in The Progressive Thinker, has undoubtedly been of great value in throwing light upon a subject hitherto but little known.

To at least one interested reader it was a one-sided controversy from the first. The theories advanced by the opposition were as bubbles that collapsed in the hand of hard reality, yet they served a good purpose in bringing out personal experiences that will probably benefit many similarly afflicted.

Obsession, perhaps the most distressing disease known, is not a pleasant thing to contemplate; still it must be seen in order to be suppressed, and should be viewed not as conquering hero, but rather as a serpent to be crushed under the heel of enlightenment and knowledge.

What, then, is the chief lesson to be learned, if not that we should prevent the malady whenever possible, and if already contracted, get it speedily cured?

It is evident that the sensitively organized individual who would cultivate mediumship, i. e., receptivity to influences, should first of all master the art of self-control, and next learn how to attract the good and repel the evil. The subtile magnetic forces summoned to his aid will bring whatever he calls for; but with high ideals and an honest desire to help his fellow beings, with daily striving for upliftment and advancement, there is little danger. Are not the angels ever ready to foster and protect good enterprises? Think great thoughts, and you will hear the rustle of their wings.

Some one has said that health is "catching," and so it is. All good influences are subject to the great law of magnetic attraction, if we but put ourselves en rapport with them.

But, if some of nature's laws have been misunderstood, or if the mind while still in a passive state, falls into a lower habit of thought, ignorant spirits may gain admittance and assume a hypnotic control of mind and body. Then comes the struggle for mastery, and the insidious enemy that has crept stealthily through the unguarded door must be ejected without delay.

Like cures like, say the homeopaths, and so the magnetic currents that brought the disease, must be the ones to cure it. "Similia, similibus curantur." Fixing the mind upon material things has a palliative effect, but for good results the disorder must be fought to a finish with its own weapons; and if the unhappy victim be unable to cope with it alone, there are, fortunately, mental physicians who will induce the unwelcome visitors to depart.

By a careful perusal of the pages of the Open Court, those who fear obsessions may find many useful hints and suggestions, while the novice will learn that mediumship should be approached with reverence and noble aims; that no no one should strive to peer behind the curtain merely to satisfy a morbid and impertinent curiosity. The derelict may be drawn into the depths, but "hitch your wagon to a star," and scale the heights.

SUSANNA DRAKE BISHOP.

La Habra, Cal.

Thomas Paine and His Work.

A Lecture Delivered by Mrs. H. L. P. Russegue, at Hartford, Conn., Sunday Evening, January 29, 1905.

Never has a man been honest and true to his higher and nobler convictions, but that that man has always met criticism, and cruelty. Such men are always martyrs, they wear the "crown of thorns," if they dare conflict with opinions that have become established, but in nowise has there ever risen so fiery a storm, so cruel a persecution, as whenever established ideas pertaining to religion have been assailed. The words that quickened the path of Thomas Paine did not pass to the spirit world with him, they still speak such thoughts as shall fire men's hearts, and uplift human thought to a higher level of freedom. I do not mean, when I use the word freedom, that any one shall interpret it as license; I only mean the liberty of thought, the liberty of opinion, the liberty of worship, the liberty of devotion, the liberty of fidelity to truth, according to the highest and best interpretation. John G. Whittier voiced the same spirit that came down the centuries to us from Paine, and if you will allow me, I will read that poem, not for criticism to him, not to his memory, but what Paine had promised him.

OH, SPEED THE MOMENTS ON.

Just God! and these are they
  Who minister at thine altar, God or right!
Men who their hands with prayer and blessing lay
  On Israel's ark of light!

Pilate and Herod friends!
  Chief priests and rulers, as of old, combine!
Just God and holy! is that church which lends
  Strength to the spoiler thine?

Paid hypocrites, who turn
  Judgment aside, and rob the holy book
Of those high words of truth which search and burn
  In warning and rebuke—

Feed fat, ye locusts, feed!
  And in your tasseled pulpits thank the Lord
That from the toiling bondsman's utter need
  Ye pile your own full board.

How long, O Lord, how long
  Shall such priesthood barter truth away,
And in Thy name for robbery and wrong
  At Thy own altars pray?

Woe, then, to all who grind
  Their brethren of a common father down!
To all who plunder from the immortal mind
  Its bright and glorious crown.

Woe to the priesthood! Woe
  To those whose hire is with the price of blood
Perverting, dark'ning as they go,
  The sacred truths of God!

Their glory and their might shall perish,
  And their very name shall be
Vile before all people, in the light
  Of a world's liberty.

Oh, speed the moments on
  When wrong shall cease, and liberty and love
And truth and right throughout the earth be known
  As in their home above. —John G. Whittier.

Nothing more radical was uttered by Thomas Paine.

In 1737, in Thetford, England, was born Thomas Paine. He seemed endowed with a wonderful love for humanity. In his early childhood his sympathies were quick, and extensive. He breathed out to the world the tenderest care and love that was possible for childhood to conceive of. He lived the life that was preparing him to do battle for the highest truths that are vouchsafed from on high to man. It seemed as though he was led by a "chariot of fire," that was coming down from the heights of heaven, to illuminate the hearts of men, for he carried a force with him that governments felt. Why he should have been condemned, we often ask, and we will try to make the questions asked, before we finish the discussion of his life, his labor, his mission, and highest purpose.

Thomas Paine always found in the land where need existed, a home. Wherever there was any such thing as slavery, of body or mind, there he considered his place. When advised not to go to America, that it was here that a fight was being waged for the freedom of a nation, he said "wherever there is a cry for liberty, there is my home." When he came here to America, what was the result? He was recognized as a man of power of intellectual thoughts, of mental ability. He was recognized by our Government, was appointed a member of the general assembly in Philadelphia, and there his work surely is engraven in golden characters upon the records of time. Neither time nor change can erase them from the tablets of this country, nor allow that they be forgotten by any lover of liberty, or any one who appreciates the rights of men.

He did more for the Revolution, with his pen, than Washington did with his sword, and when Washington wrote to the assembly of Philadelphia, that unless something was accomplished, whereby the soldiers could be inspired, he feared there would be a mutiny, Paine rose, in the grandeur of the highest purpose that ever quickened the soul of man, that ever fired the highest thoughts of a patriot, and declared in that assembly, that he would give all his salary, the immense sum of $500 (the salary of a year), for a fund to be raised to carry on the fight for liberty. The appeal was carried on, and they raised 300,000 pounds for purposes needed for the army.

But he carried such a force with him, and his words were living fire, until his papers were read before every regiment, they were read to the soldiers, and every edition was read throughout the army, that the men might be inspired to nobler duties, and higher conceptions of the need of a new nation, and surely no man ever accomplished a higher or greater need. When he conceived his work was done here, and there was a call for him over in France, he traveled over seas and entered the conflict there. He raised war against Robespierre, he waged the rights of man there, and when consigned to prison by Robespierre, on his way he gave out his "Age of Reason," and to the world it carried a new light, it awakened a new thought. He did not stop to persecute religion, but he did wage war upon theology.

Please remember that I draw the line between religion and theology. Religion is the shower of truth, that comes down from the heights of heaven to the souls of man. It is to him that which is best and truest and nearest to the Divine soul of all things.

Paine has been accused of no belief in God. He closes his "Age of Reason" by announcing, "I believe in one God, and my religion is to do good." Has anyone any higher creed than this, has any community any higher inspiration than this, has any religion any higher incentive of nobler work than this? It was the salvation of a race, of a nation, the salvation of all men, the salvation of truth, lifted out of error, and builded upon the rock of eternal divinity. Thomas Paine recognized the one sublime principle, that the rights of the individual constitute the rights of the nation and the rights of man were to him the highest standard of obligation that could possibly go out from any human life, to any other human life.

He recognized the fact, that individual rights could not exist, without community rights, without national rights, and there could be no such thing as national justice, unless there was individual justice, that there could be no such thing as national freedom, national liberty, without individual liberty, individual freedom to think and to live one's own life, so long as one did not injure one's brother, this is religion, and it is the religion to do good, it is the religion to help the downfallen, it is the religion to uplift those who are trodden beneath the iron hoof of wrong, it is the religion that redeems slaves, and brings them out into the glorious sunlight of freedom.

Paine uttered his belief in the ultimate emancipation of the slave. He believed in the rights of the slave, as well as in the right of the man who owned him. He believed in the rights of men, and always battled for the right. When Louis XVI. was condemned to death, he fought for his life. he struggled to preserve that life, until he should have measured out the years allotted unto him; he desired that he should be deported from his country, but that his life should not be taken, and when he was consigned to prison by the edict of Robespierre, his cell door was [illegible]ered.

W[illegible]ere carried out to the guillotine, he was among that number, b[illegible] might call it Providence, Spiritualists would call it the action o[illegible] friend, his door swung open, and the custodian who bore out the prisoners to the guillotine, left him in his cell. James Munroe brought him to this country, he kept him in his family for more than a year. He was invited by Jefferson to his home at Monticello, and was welcomed, as a man of power and might is welcomed to-day among men. But all of a sudden, the contumely of theological bigots was visited upon him.

In the state of New York, where they recognized in him a wonderful might, the majesty of a wonderful mind, the power of an intellect, the presence of a soul devoted to the good of humanity, they gave him the home at New Rochelle, consisting of a house, and 300 acres of land, they honored him in every possible way, they piled upon him the honors of their love, in their recognition of his espousal of the cause of the country, and when he passed away, only theological bigots maligned him. It was his desire that he should be buried in the Quaker burying-ground, but this was not allowed, because he had not accepted their theological dogma, therefore he was buried on his farm. Later, those who had appreciated the man, carried his body to England, where it now reposes.

But see what bigotry has done. To-day, there spreads over our fair land the feeling of censure for Thomas Paine among those who have not acquainted themselves with his character, his work, or his mission. You ask them why they do not believe in Thomas Paine, and they will declare he was an infidel. But what is an infidel? Christ was an infidel to the Jews. Cotton Mather was an infidel to those with whom he disagreed. Jonathan Edwards was an infidel to all those whose opinions conflicted with his. We are infidels to that which we believe is wrong. If to love the truth, and to honor virtue, and to bow before the supreme mandate of Almighty God, that makes man His instrument, the mirror upon which His Divine law is written, then we are infidels, infidels to all that shall oppose this fact.

To be an infidel, is simply to disbelieve. Paine declared it is poor mathematics that made "two times one makes one;" he could not believe in the Godhead being constituted of three distinct individuals, but he believed in one God, one eternal law, one Divine force, one universal spirit, one supreme love that permeated the whole universe. He believed in that God which Dr. Abbott speaks of, and desires to come out of theology, and confirm as his God, and we stand hand in hand with that belief, in that Divine principle, in that Holy Spirit, in that life and force that pervades the universe.

We never have been able to conceive, (save that throne of human intelligence,) of the highest upon which he has ever written his law. We believe in no law away from all man, which Abbott calls the "absentee" God.

Why, think, if Lyman Abbott had lived in 1780, he would have been blasphemed as bitterly as Thomas Paine. It is simply the fruits that are being borne upon the tree of knowledge, as the consequence of a free and honest soul, that exalts the character of all men, as wide as the universe, as high as the heaven, as deep as hell, everywhere and in all things, Divine and Supreme. Thomas Paine has accomplished much, and were he to look down upon us today, and upon the world at large, he can see everywhere the fruits of his labors, he can see the fruition of his thought, he can see the emancipation of the slave, he can behold the onward march of truth, the uprising of human intelligence, he can see the bonds removed that fetter human souls, the growing less and less of bigotry, the upbuilding of divine truth, and the onward march of human love.

Thomas Paine, when he passed from earth, received the call from on high, with that calm repose that characterized all his life. He knew no such thing as fear. He knew there was a light over him, and a light within him, that held him at one with God, in whom he believed. He knew there was a Divine truth, and he believed that earth was not all there was of life. So today, from the spiritual world, his heart is gladdened to behold the march of truth, as it carries upon its bosom the human race. Freedom is entering all grades of human life. Freedom of thought is broadening human experience, it is broadening human love, deepening the Divine purposes of humanity, making more liberal laws for men; we are coming closer to the spiritual life of the universe, our hearts are beating more in Divine unison, with that great heart-throb of all life, the spirit of God.

It is coming closer and closer to that Divinity, until we are warmed to higher endeavors, and nobler pursuits. Intelligence is coming to the front, theology is losing its hold. Religion no longer holds the souls of men, because it is binding, or fettering them; but theology is losing its hold because it has always enslaved men. Religion always beautifies life, ennobles human thought, enriches human intellect, quickens the pulses of every man and woman, and leads them to a broader, more illumined life. Theology has been that power which has commanded the world, not to step one step further up the hill of progress, because their opinions are labelled "thus saith the Lord, thus far, and no farther can you go," because "thus saith the Lord."

Wherever there is truth there is law; wherever there is goodness, there is God; wherever there is wisdom there is Divinity; wherever there is beauty and holiness and sweetness in the human soul, there is the Divine spark of the eternal Spirit, and we are the followers. We may be walking in the train of light that has been left, because of the work of Thomas Paine. He was a leader amongst men, he led many, in France, in England, and America. He was honored in these three countries as few have been honored. England recognized his marvelous power, France elected him to high positions, America welcomed him to high offices, and he was made a leader amongst men.

The influence of bigotry and superstition has subsided, and above all things, the true religion of love has overruled theology. Then politicians who were so narrow in their beliefs, declared it was right that both Paine and Jefferson should dangle from the same rope. It was only that cobra-headed monster that has cried: Down, down to Truth, and Down to Progress. Yet the work of such men as Paine has gone on, he has sown the seed, generations that have followed, have gathered the fruits thereof.

They are being renewed again and again, and sown again and again, and the world has grown larger, a greater power for peace is smiling, where only conflict existed. Until there shall be no more hunger, until there shall be no more cold for the poor, until there shall be no more wrongs to be righted, until there shall be no more necessity for spiritual progress, the mission of Thomas Paine will never have been completed. It is going on and on, his voice is heard in the high heavens, his power is felt in the lowest of earth, his wisdom is a guiding star, and his justice is for all.

OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

War is the shame of humanity; an indelible blot upon civilization; a disgrace to religion; the joy of fiends; the sorrow of angels.—Norcissus Agapa.

Sing you the anthems of battle and
  lauds of the victories won
Till the voice of your exultation goes
  up to the gates of the sun.
Sing of the glory of war and of fame
  that is won by the sword
And the joy of the hard-fought field
  where the blood of heroes is poured!
When Christ looks down on the world
  where His drops of agony fell,
Will his soul find pleasure, think you, in
  this red baptism of hell?
Drenched in a brother's blood, O Cain
  of the branded brow
Shall you lift to a God of Peace your
  hand that was red but now?

Worms of an hour, to sting each other
  and crumble back into dust,
Leaving behind them the wrongs unrighted, the woes and griefs that
  they must.
For not with the ones that fall shall be
  closed the chapter of pain
In the shriek of the bursting shell and
  the bite of the leaden rain.
For the lust and fury of battle was
  breathed in their every breath
And the madness of war upheld them to
  rush wide armed upon death.
But ours is the heavy burden, the waiting, the anguish and fears,
The long, long days of suspense, and
  the midnights marked by our tears.

"Glory, honor and glory!" Brave words
  —but what shall be said
To the breaking heart of the mother
  who weeps for her early dead?
And who shall comfort us, who? Nor
  God nor man, if he fall—
He who was soul of our soul, our more
  than heaven—our All.
Father, husband or brother. The war
  that will last for life
In the aching heart of a mother, the
  broken heart of a wife.
And what shall it comfort the dead,
  however our vengeance raves
If the field be heaped with their brothers, the ground sown thick with
  their graves?

Shall it comfort the hearts that mourn,
  to know with the dawn of each day
Of Death's ripe harvest gathered, and
  women stricken as they?
O boasted civilization, and reign of a
  merciful God!
While the blood of our slaughtered
  brothers cries up to him from the
  sod!

"Vengeance, is it not mine? I will repay," saith the Lord,
And, "Whoso taketh the sword, the
  same shall be slain by the sword."
Honor, glory and honor! O fools and
  blind as you stand,
To sing a joy that springs in the woe
  and shame of your land!

BEATRICE ST. GEORGE.

KEEP A MERRY HEART.

Whistle a tune, if you can't sing,
And that should seem the next best
  thing
That you can do; perhaps 'twill cheer
The heart of some who chance to hear.
Better whistle than to pout
And scold, and fret, no one can doubt;
So keep a merry heart, my lad,
And thus make other people glad;
Do all the good you can each day,
And as you toil whistle away.

—From Character Builder.

"How to Train Children and Parents." Mrs. Elizabeth Towne takes the position that in many cases it is the parents that need the training more than the children, and advises parents to look to themselves. Twenty-five cents could not be better spent than buying this little book. Anyone that has the care of children should read it. Price 25 cents.

"The Attainment of Womaly Beauty of Form and Features. The Cultivation of Personal Beauty, Based on Hygiene and Health Culture. By twenty physicians and specialists. Edited by Albert Turner." Of especial interest and value. Price $1.

Pacific Coast Journeyings,

Number Two.

Unless my memory proves false, as it sometimes does, my last letter left Mrs. Hull and myself in Seattle, Wash. The readers are assured that ours have been busy weeks since we left the principal city of the Sound. I think I did not finish my report of the work done there.

Mr. R. F. Little is mostly to blame for the work we did in Seattle. He got up the meetings and made a success of them. He is president of the State Association of Spiritualists, and of the State Camp Association, which camp is to be held between Seattle and Tacoma, I think, in July. Mr. Little is the right man in the right place. He is a much more than ordinarily intelligent man, and nearly a life-long school teacher; he has handled so many of those who were budding into man and womanhood that he knows better than some of the rest of us do how to set and keep others in the right place for work. One great point that Artemas Ward made about "one G. Washington," fits Mr. Little perfectly, that is, "he never slops over." Another is he knows how to arrange his corps of assistants. Each of his helpers tries to do his full duty. This is a great help to a worker.

Our meetings in Seattle were all held in the Unitarian church, except on Sunday afternoon and evening. On these occasions, the church being otherwise occupied, the afternoon meeting was held in the Grand Opera House, and was largely attended. There were perhaps more people there than could have been crowded into the church.

At night, Pythian Hall, a large and beautiful auditorium was well filled to hear the talk and to do something for the Morris Pratt School. The donations raised at that meeting by contributions and otherwise amounted, if my figures are right, to a little over $80. If every place we go would do as well our school would soon be in a flourishing condition. It does these poor old pilgrims good to see how fast the sentiment has changed in behalf of the Morris Pratt School. It is exactly as it was prophesied the night before I agreed to try to make the school a success. There has been no trouble in the work but was there foretold, nor have we had any victories that were not there foretold. Such things increase our faith in the wisdom of those who have the work in charge.

Mr. Hall, the able and efficient president of the society which meets in Pythian Hall, did all in his power to make all of our meetings successful, and to his faithful work we owe much of the success attained. Mrs. Bosley, formerly Mrs. Thomas, the pastor, did all she could to help the work along. Other mediums and speakers did all in their power to assist in the work. Mrs. Liness, from Spokane, the editor, and I believe the publisher, as well, of The New Thought Sun," a very pleasant lady and a good worker with both her tongue and pen, did all in her power to make the meetings what they were.

Mrs. Gifford, one of the oldest workers in the city, though she had an invalid husband, was generally on hand with smiles and good thoughts and words, to cheer the pilgrims. We are to return home via Seattle, and hope for another pentecostal shower on that occasion.

On Sunday morning, March 26, we boarded the Sound Steamer "Flyer," for Tacoma, and had as pleasant a little journey as could be obtained on a cool and rainy morning. In all my travels during the last three score of years I have never ridden on a more beautiful body of water than Puget Sound. I have several times taken longer journeys on the Sound than I did this morning. It does not take quite two hours to go from Seattle to Tacoma. Brother Little accompanied us to Tacoma. A mistake either in reading or in writing telegrams caused the friends to fail to meet us as they intended. This did us no harm as we found protection in the police station where we belonged. The fact is, Mr. Knowland, the chief clerk of the police force, is the secretary of the State Association of Spiritualists, and president of one of the local Spiritualist societies. Mr. Knowland soon found us out, and took us to the home of Prof. Estes, where we had a good and a welcome home.

We began in Columbia Hall that afternoon and held meetings every afternoon and evening until Wednesday. Audiences were large and deeply interested. I am sorry to say there was and is a lack of harmony among the societies in Tacoma. Two of the societies seem to harmonize perfectly, but for some reason, Dr. Dickey's society and the others do not pull together; of the trouble I know but little. I always try to keep out of local disturbances. I made an effort to get the societies to cooperate, but failed.

Dr. Dickey's society, called "The Occult Band of Harmony," seems to be thoroughly united and prosperous. A good lyceum is connected with it, and I think it is doing a good work. I urged it to connect itself with the State Association, and thus get in touch with the N. S. A., but probably in vain. There is little doubt but that Dr. Dickey is a good medium, and a man of education and talent, and one who under the right management will do a good work almost anywhere.

On Wednesday, March 29, Mrs. Hull and I dined with Dr. Dickey and his good wife. The Occult Band of Harmony on that same evening improvised a fine reception for us. This reception consisted mainly of a program of music, speeches, recitations and refreshments.

Mrs. Lovejoy administers to the society of which Mr. Knowland is the president. The name of the society has gone from me. There is one other rather small society, which I am informed is doing a good work, but I cannot at this time remember its name, nor the name of the one, or ones who administer to it.

Tacoma is a beautiful city on the bank of Puget Sound. It contains, I believe, about sixty thousand inhabitants. The people of Tacoma, are like those of every other city on the Pacific Coast; that is, they live in the best city in the world. Tacoma raised about $28 for the school, besides a little surprise donation of $4.25 was handed us from the Occult Band of Harmony.

My brother, Daniel W. Hull, met us in Tacoma, and we had a joyful meeting. He is two years younger than myself; that is to say he was young two years before I began, and has been growing ever since. To-day he passes the 72d milestone on the journey of life. He is full of life and vigor. To look at him one could not believe that he had seen a day over sixty years in this world. He is a "fanatic." I think it has been forty years since he has tasted meat or tea or coffee. Poor fellow, he has had but little fun in this world. He never was drunk nor did he ever eat or burn any tobacco. Now he is going to begin to build at Vineland, Cal., a great sanitarium. He thinks he will have it done by the time he is seventy-five to eighty years young. There he is to cure the liquor habit, relieve the insane, cast out demons and work sundry other miracles during the remaining centuries of his earthly existence. Dr. Peebles, at the age of eighty-six, has gone across the Herring Pond as a missionary, and now my brother is building a sanitarium in this country, while I at the age of seventy, with my young Brother Weaver at the age of seventy-one, am trying to build up a great university—one which is to leave Harvard and Yale in the rear. I give the boys and girls of fifty and younger, fair warning that they were born too late to accomplish much. At least they must "tarry at Jericho" until their beards are a little longer grown.

At midnight on the night of March 29, Mattie and I started for Ashland, in Southern Oregon, where we arrived just twenty-four and one-half hours later. Ashland has been our farthest point to the south on this trip. It is only thirty miles north of the California line. Ashland is a fine town of between three and four thousand people. It nestles in nicely among the beautiful Umpquas Ciscues and other mountains. It has an abundance of pure running water, as clear as crystal, flowing from the mountains on every side. Besides that there are several mineral springs, flowing sulphur, soda and other kinds of life and health-giving waters, so clear that one is in danger of stepping into the water without seeing it.

Spiritualism and Liberalism seem to be in the ascendancy in this part of Oregon. I think there is no more prejudice against Spiritualism in this part of Oregon than there is against Presbyterianism, Methodism or Mormonism. In fact the people are greatly inclined to allow everybody to think as they must, and to act as they please so long as they do not interfere with the rights of others.

Our principal errand there was to dedicate a new hall, just finished by the Spiritualists. They call it "Memorial Hall." A Brother and Sister Holton (I have forgotten their first names), left several thousand dollars to the Spiritualists with which to build a meeting place.

The Spiritualists of Ashland, like the sensible people they are, thought it not best to pile up a pile of brick and mortar merely as a memorial to those who paid the bills, to be idle six days in the week; so they added to the money presented by the Holtons and builded a business block in connection with their hall. They put their hall and business block in the business part of the city, so that they could rent stores and business rooms nearly or quite enough to give them a good income on their investment. The result is they make from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars per year that they would not have had under other circumstances. Even their hall is rented nearly every night in the week.

The Ashland society has thus far kept aloof from all other organizations. In fact I think it was before, and thus independent of almost all other Spiritualist organizations on the coast. It has always endeavored to steer clear of the ignorance and the fakeism which has so long crowded itself upon our platforms. It now sees that it can do more and better work by co-operating with the state and National Associations than by working entirely independent. I think it will now take out a charter.

The Spiritualists are, or have been nearly faked and frauded out of existence. Some who were the best Spiritualists in Portland when I was here a dozen years ago never go near the meetings now, simply because of frauds and ignorant platitudes which have been handed out in the name of Spiritualism. Some Spiritualists have sustained frauds for fear that in driving them out they might "root up the wheat also." As a means of self-defense the society in Ashland has become willing to go into co-operation with other societies.

One A. M. G. Wheeler, and one of his wives is even now working this coast, casting a blight on Spiritualism. He is now in Ashland. Supposing that Mrs. H. and I had left this part of the country, he claimed that we fully endorsed him, that we were among his best and most trusted friends—that he had worked on the platform with us for seven years, etc. He had appeared before the crowned heads of Europe. In fact, the Wheelers had such a reputation as no other mediums in the world had ever enjoyed. But they got their advertisements out too soon, as they had done in Medford. In Grant's Pass and other places on the coast they have used themselves up.

Among the chief workers in the society in Ashland is W. H. Breese, of Talent, who is the secretary of the society. Also his talented wife. Mr. Evans, the mayor of Ashland, is the treasurer of the society. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Smith, and their son Arthur and his wife Agnes, are noble and intelligent Spiritualists. The pilgrims found as good a home with these saints as they have even in their own house. So we learn the Spragues did also. Mr. J. E. Smith is the president of the society. Mr. and Mrs. Guard have lately moved from Michigan to Oregon. They are pure gold. Mrs. G., with the assistance of a band of intelligent helpers is organizing a progressive lyceum.

Brother and Sister Sprague have done good work all along the coast. I still think that Brother Sprague's overweening design to organize new societies runs away with his judgment sometimes. He organizes societies which are born only to die. It is a question whether such organizations do not retard the work. Notwithstanding this criticism, all praise the zeal, earnestness and devotion of Mr. and Mrs. Sprague. They have done good work throughout the West.

At present writing, April 16, we are in Portland, having large and good meetings, but of this, more soon.

MOSES HULL.

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The above is the number of the present issue of The Progressive Thinker, as printed at the top of the first page, right hand corner. If this number corresponds with the figures on your wrapper, then the time you have paid for has expired, and you are requested to renew your subscription. This number at the right hand corner of the first page is advanced each week, showing the number of Progressive Thinkers issued up to date. Keep watch of the number on the tag of your wrapper.

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Its Workers, Its Work, and General Progress, the World Over.

CONTRIBUTORS.—Each contributor is alone responsible for any assertions or statements he may make. The editor allows this freedom of expression, believing that the cause of truth can be best subserved thereby. Many of the sentiments uttered in an article may be diametrically opposed to his belief, yet that is no reason why they should be suppressed; yet we wish it distinctly understood that our space is inadequate to publish everything that comes to hand, however much we might desire to do so. That must account for the non-appearance of YOUR article.

WRITE PLAINLY.—We would like to impress upon the minds of our correspondents that The Progressive Thinker is set up on a Linotype machine that must make speed equal to about four compositors. That means rapid work, and it is essential that all copy, to insure insertion in the paper, all other requirements being favorable, should be **written plainly with ink on white paper, or with a typewriter, and only on one side of the paper. Please bear this in mind.**

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

TAKE DUE NOTICE, that all items for this page must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer. It will not do to say that Secretary or Correspondent writes so and so, without giving the full name and address of the writer. The items of those who do not comply with this request will be cast into the waste basket.

KEEP COPIES of your poems sent to this office, for they will not be returned if we have not space to use them.

Take due notice that items for this page in order to insure insertion must contain the full name and address of the writer. Otherwise they may be cast into the waste basket.

ALWAYS GIVE YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS WHEN SENDING NOTICES AND COMMUNICATIONS FOR PUBLICATION, OTHERWISE THEY WILL FIND THEIR WAY TO THE WASTE BASKET.

THIS GENERAL SURVEY DEPARTMENT IS ONLY INTENDED TO CHRONICLE THE ENGAGEMENTS AND WORK OF SPEAKERS AND MEDIUMS. A REPORT OF WHAT THE VARIOUS SPEAKERS SAY WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED, AS WE HAVE NOT SPACE SUFFICIENT FOR THAT PURPOSE.

ALL THE HONEST MEDIUMS IN CHICAGO RECEIVE THE CORDIAL ENDORSEMENT OF THE ILLINOIS STATE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION, WHETHER ORDAINED OR NOT. AS THERE ARE NUMEROUS FRAUDS IN THE CITY, IT WOULD BE WELL FOR ALL CAMP OFFICIALS TO BE EXCEEDINGLY CAREFUL AND WRITE TO DR. GEO. B. WARNE, 4203 EVANS AVENUE, FOR INFORMATION, IF THEY DESIRE ANY PARTICULARS. SUMMER CAMP-MEETINGS, WHEN PURE IN SOCIAL CONDITIONS, ELEVATED IN MENTAL AND SPIRITUAL TONE AND CONDUCTED ON STRICTLY BUSINESS METHODS ARE POWERFUL AIDS IN SPREADING THE TRUTHS OF SPIRITUALISM. IT MUST NOT BE FORGOTTEN THAT THEY ARE ALSO THE HARVEST TIME FOR THE FAKIRS, BECAUSE THEY COME TO THE RALLYING CENTERS FOR NUMBERS OF PEOPLE, MANY OF WHOM ARE HUNGERING FOR PHENOMENA ALL THE REST OF THE YEAR AND READY THERE TO PART WITH THEIR MONEY WITHOUT PRUDENCE. SPIRITUALISTS AND THE PUBLIC AT LARGE LOOK TO EVERY ONE OF OUR CAMP OFFICIAL BOARDS TO PROMOTE DECENCY, ELIMINATE TRICKERY AND RECOGNIZE ONLY HONEST MEDIUMS. THEY SHOULD PROTECT THE NOVICE AND THE GULLIBLE FROM IMPOSITION AND ROBBERY. THEY ARE LARGELY EDUCATORS OF THE PUBLIC. CAUTION, CANDOR, COURAGE AND DISCERNMENT ARE REQUIRED BY THESE OFFICERS.

Mrs. Carrie Firth Curran writes from Havana, Cuba: "The climate here is very fine, and this is a very old and quaint city, but they tell me there have been great improvements since it has been controlled by the Americans and turned over to the Cuban government, but still there is room for great improvements, so many forts it seems the people have always been prepared for war. The most of their streets are very narrow, but are very clean. The buildings are almost invariably the same in architectural style. Husband and myself sail for Tampa this week; then on our way home will take in New Smyrna, Detona, Seabreeze, St. Augustine, Jacksonville, Atlanta, Chattanooga, and then home; will arrive in Toledo about the first of May, when I will take up the state work that the officers and missionaries have been caring for during my absence, hoping to hold a number of mass meetings before our next state convention, as I already planned before leaving. On my arrival home will give due notice of our state convention."

Frank T. Ripley, speaker and message medium, has the Sundays of May and June open for engagements. Terms reasonable. Address all letters in care of General Delivery, Louisville, Ky.

Victor L. White says: "The Open Court in The Progressive Thinker is great. I enjoy the conflict of pens."

Dr. J. S. Christison says: "We all know that the same event will usually create in similar minds similar thoughts, and as all influences which affect the nervous system and its currents from without stand for nothing until they are interpreted by the mind through its laws of the association of ideas, it is evident that a given current of energy which strikes a fittingly sensitized brain will naturally set up a series of ideas corresponding to the form of the current received."

The Chicago Chronicle has the following from Oklahoma City, Okla.: "Believing that they were fulfilling a divine prephecy, Mr. and Mrs. James Sharp, their 14-year-old son Lee and a young Scotchman whose name is not known paraded through the streets here today as naked as the day they were born. As they marched they shouted hallelujahs and warned the people that the world was coming to an end in three days. The police placed them under arrest and escorted them to the police station, where they were locked up pending an inquiry into their mental condition."

When writing for this page use a pen or typewriter.

We go to press early Monday morning, hence communications intended for that current issue should reach this office not later than the previous Saturday morning. Bear this in mind.

Benares, India.—Mrs. Annie Besant's claim that the religion revealed to her predecessor, Mme. Blavatsky, is the oldest in the world, preceding even the sacred writings of the Hindus, is raising a religious war in India. She lives here in the Hindu sacred city, wears Hindu dress, eats food cooked by Brahmins, and announces that she was a Brahmin in a previous incarnation. She walks the streets of Benares counting her beads, surrounded by a band of young and interesting devotees of both sexes. Paramahanzas, the "tiger Mahatma" who visited the United States and England last year, now denounces the foreign visitor and proclaims her assertion of occult power to be an imposture, that she is ignorant of both Sanskrit and Hindu, and that the sacred writings, therefore, are sealed to her. Paramahanzas is gathering a considerable following, and unless Mrs. Besant can give tangible proof of her occult powers her sect will be dispersed.

S. M. Tucker writes from Wichita, Kansas: "It has been a long time since I have written you anything about our cause in Wichita. We have been holding meetings every Sunday evening during the past winter and spring, mostly with local talent. For the last two Sundays we have had with us Mrs. Edith Williamson, formerly Miss Edith Edwards of Kansas City. Her work here has been good and has been enjoyed by all who have heard her. Her inspirational piano music is fine, and her lectures have been good and instructive. Her blindfolded reading of ballots and tests have been good, nearly all being recognized. Mr. Williamson, her husband, is a physical medium. They are both open for engagements at camps in the west or southwest."

Chicago Spiritual Alliance Society meets at 3 and 8 p. m., every Sunday at Vincennes Hall, 3514 Vincennes avenue, Mrs. May Elmo, pastor. The next social and dance at the above hall will be held Saturday evening, April 29. All welcome. This society will not close its meetings this summer. Remember that Mrs. May Elmo has moved to the same building.

Chas. Nordsted writes: "The German American Spiritualist Society, Band of Harmony No. 2, will celebrate its anniversary with a May party and ball, Sunday, May 7, at 3 p. m., in Lower Social Turner Hall, Belmont avenue and Paulina street (entrance on Paulina street). Lectures and messages given during the afternoon by different mediums."

Jacob Nowak, the spiritual magnetic healer, is now located at Colorado Springs, Col. He writes: "This is a great town. I am told there are only twenty-two millionaires residing here; automobiles by the hundreds; about twenty-three different creeds and churches, but the Spiritualists can be counted on the fingers."

Mrs. C. Kirchner writes: "The afternoon meetings of the Rising Sun Mission always attract a large number who are seeking after the higher truths, which was plainly shown on Sunday afternoon, April 16, by the remarks uttered by Brother Montgomery. They were a credit to our cause, and every word was eagerly listened to. Mrs. Hamilton Gill gave some clear demonstrations of spirit return, which were all recognized. In the evening we had as our speaker, that talented scholar, Mrs. Victoria Darby, who took for her subject 'Spirituality.' She certainly enlightened her hearers with her brilliant lecture, clearly defining every phase of life from a spiritual standpoint. Our choir rendered some fine selections. Dr. C. A. Burgess was called on and he gave some very fine descriptions of those who have passed beyond the veil. Mrs. C. Kirchner then allowed her little control, Winona, to take her, and her spirit messages were all well received. We hold meetings every Sunday afternoon as 3; evening at 8 at Mission Hall, People's Institute, Van Buren and Leavitt streets. Our speaker for April 30 will be Mrs. Martha Price, of Boston. Conference in the afternoon. All cordially invited."

Dr. J. C. Phillips writes from Clinton, Iowa: "I have enjoyed the discussion on obsession hugely; and yet having been a Spiritualist for over fifty years, and been taught from the first that we go into spirit life as we leave this, I certainly cannot see how any sensible person can doubt that our friends return not only for education in certain directions but they also come for revenge, and to satisfy appetites formed while in the flesh. I see in last Progressive Thinker our secretary's list of speakers engaged for the coming camp at Mt. Pleasant Park. It certainly ought to convince the Spiritualists in the habit of attending our camp that they will be well entertained. There has been many changes since last camp, Bro. Sears of Maquoketa, Mrs. Ashford and Mrs. Hill, residents of the Park, having passed to spirit life. Among other changes, Mrs. Phillips has rented our old home and gone to Fredericksburg to spend the summer. Mrs. Prindle has sold her cottage to Mrs. Carroll, and Mrs. Case of Waverly, has sold her cottage to the writer."

E. R. Fielding writes from Washington, D. C.: "The Educational Spiritual Society held memorial services at Smith hall, April 16, in memory of the president, John H. Pratt who departed to the spirit world several weeks ago. Mrs. M. T. Longley gave the address, followed with tests by Mrs. Julia Warneke."

That excellent medium, Anna Lord Chamberlain, writes from Milford, Mass.: "I assure you I enjoy the weekly visits of The Progressive Thinker; always something in its pages to feed one. There seems to be quite an excitement among the church people, regarding Mgr. Doane's vision. I can fully appreciate a part of it. At the time I was so ill before I went to California, one night I was thought to be passing away by the nurse and friends about my bed. I thought the same, and plainly saw my nearest and dearest friends who were in spirit life, and such music I never expect to hear again until I enter spirit life. For a long time after I got better, the singing and instrumental music of earth grated on my ear, seemed discordant. I shall never forget it. I was almost over, but a spirit friend said: 'There is a link that holds you yet to earth. You will remain there longer.' I was greatly disappointed when I realized I was still in the mortal form. I heard the music and saw my spirit friends, but I saw no throne as did the clergyman."

H. W. B. writes from Los Angeles, Cal.: "I herewith enclose you one dollar to renew my subscription to The Progressive Thinker another year, so it will continue on without a break. It is my Sunday breakfast, dinner and supper. We have here a new entranced speaker, whom I deem not only the coming one, but the very best or ablest in the world. Without funds or advertisment (except her own eloquence) Mae Hunt has arisen from the average ranks to fill Covenant Hall with hundreds of Spiritualists, packed to the doors."

C. H. TOLLES WRITES FROM MARTINS FERRY, OHIO, "THE WAY THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER IS CONDUCTED IS REGARDED IN HIGH FAVOR BY ALL HONEST TRUTH-SEEKERS. IT IS UNEQUALED BY ANY OTHER PUBLICATION AND IS LOOKED UPON AS THE GREAT BEACON LIGHT THAT SHINES UPON THE BROAD HIGHWAY OF PURE UNTARNISHED SPIRITUALISM."

May Cook of Spring Hill, Kansas, writes: "Will some one send the address of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, the Canadian trumpet mediums and lecturer, who were at Hutchinson, Kansas, last winter."

Milton Baker writes from Los Angeles, Cal.: "Kindly allow me space to say to our many friends that we were most cordially received here in Los Angeles by Mrs. Nettie Howell. My mother stood the trip very well, considering her weak condition. We feel sure that in this beautiful climate she will soon recuperate, and get strong and well. We will remain here until after the Mineral Park camp-meeting, as we are engaged to work in that camp, which convenes June 25 to July 25. Any societies along the coast wishing to correspond with us in regard to future engagements, we will be pleased to hear from at an early date. Address Rev. Alice Baker or Milton Baker, 318 East 7th street, Los Angeles, Cal."

Allen W. Connett, formerly a prominent reverend in the liberal churches, is now located in Chicago at No. 2229 Prairie avenue, where he will remain for a few weeks. Spiritualist societies in the city can secure his services to lecture, as he is now a firm believer in the grand and beautiful truths of Spiritualism. He is capable of interesting any audience.

Mr. Hassman, president, writes: "The last Sunday meeting of the North Star Spiritual Union, 1546 Milwaukee avenue, had as usual a large attendance. The lecture given by Dr. P. M. Esser was very interesting. Then the controls of Mrs. Ritzdorf gave messages from loved ones in spirit life, which startled those to whom they came by their accuracy. The test medium, Mrs. Rennau, gave away to the forces with good results. The sick were treated by Dr. P. M. Esser, and flowers given to the sick by the society, a regular custom. The Progressive Thinker was wanted very much, and will be always at hand in the meetings. Don't forget that this society holds a grand entertainment on Saturday evening, April 29, at 8 o'clock, in the above hall. All are invited and welcome. Don't forget, this is to help the cause of Spiritualism, and the North Star Spiritual Union."

Articles of incorporation have been filed by the Spiritualist Temple League of Washington. It is proposed to create a fund for the acquisition of land and the building of a temple or house of worship, where the philosophy of the sect may be expounded, and its phenomena demonstrated.

Mrs. Paul Calm writes from New York City: "Many thanks for our book, 'Letters from the Spirit World,' which we received so promptly. Needless to say, we are delighted to have another book of so much interest to add to our collection, and to know we have the dear old Progressive Thinker for another year."

S. J. Louiso writes from Anderson, Ind.: "The series of meetings held by Mrs. Anna Throndsen, of Louisville, Ky., assisted by T. W. Smith of this city, terminated Sunday, April 16. We certainly had a grand time, and especially did we have a glorious meeting on the occasion of the 57th anniversary of Modern Spiritualism held here in our beautiful home, the Madison Avenue Spiritual Temple. The meeting was held by the Madison Avenue Spiritualist Association of Anderson, Ind., on Sunday, March 26. The anniversary address was delivered by T. W. Smith, followed by a short talk by Mrs. Anna Throndsen, after which she gave many messages from our spirit friends. At noon everybody was invited by the Ladies' Aid of the Madison Avenue Association of Spiritualists to partake of a bountiful repast, and due justice was given to the dinner. In the afternoon a great literary entertainment was given by the children of our association, with a goodly number of songs and instrumental pieces. After the close of the afternoon entertainment. The Ladies' Aid again called all present to a bountiful supply of good things for evening lunch. At 7:30 p. m., guides of T. W. Smith delivered one of as fine lectures on Modern Spiritualism as it is seldom the pleasure to listen to. After the lecture Mrs. Anna Throndsen gave spirit messages."

Miss L. I. Whitfield writes from Tacoma, Wash.: "Greetings from the Occult Band of Harmony! Our society is steadily growing and much good is being accomplished, under the able leadership of our pastor, Rev. J. H. Dickey, who ever stands as an earnest advocate for higher Spiritualism. New members are constantly being added to our roll call. We keep in close touch with one another and the workings of the Band by means of social gatherings, etc. Our Lyceum Band of Harmony is doing a splendid work. The directoress, Mrs. Dickey, is a proficient leader in this line of work. Our membership is nearly fifty, and the interest increasing. March 26, the lyceum was favored by a visit from Mrs. Mattie Hull, who gave a helpful and cheering talk. She congratulated us upon having the only lyceum in the northwest. Our society tendered Mr. and Mrs. Hull a delightful reception during their stay in the city. Over fifty members and friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ruhling, where we listened to an address by both Mr. and Mrs. Hull. When one hears these earnest workers speak upon the cause they represent, they are certainly given a clearer insight into true spirituality. May the watchword of our little band, which is 'Love, Peace and Harmony,' direct the lives of all true workers in the vineyard of truth."

Juliet H. Severance, M. D., will address the Social Science League on Sunday evening, April 30, at Corinthian Hall, Masonic Temple. Subject "Life and Health, or How to Live a Century." Free discussion to follow the lecture.

Mrs. Stiles writes from Joplin, Mo.: "The 57th anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was duly observed at Joplin, Mo. The East Side Spiritualist Society suspended its regular services on that occasion and joined with the First Spiritualist Church (West Side) in conducting a grand union celebration. Rev. M. Theresa Allen of Springfield, Mo., was the speaker and medium. An audience of several hundred people gave strict attention to her eloquent discourse. After the regular anniversary services were over, Mrs. Allen, under the auspices of the First Spiritualist Church of Joplin (an organization duly chartered under the laws of the state of Missouri, with power to ordain), conferred the rite of ordination to the Spiritualist ministry upon Mrs. Ella J. Weston of Joplin, using in part, Form No. 2 in the N. S. A. booklet on Ordination Usages. The service was very impressive, and was fittingly interspersed with special musical selections by the choir and orchestra. Mrs. Weston pronounced the benediction, but before doing so she stepped forward and made a few very appropriate remarks, feelingly asking her church to kindly stand by her in the discharge of her duties and give her their advice and co-operation. Judging from the many affectionate and sincere congratulations that followed, both from the members of her church and from friends, we have reason to believe that Sister Weston has already made for herself a noble record. She has served the cause of Spiritualism in Joplin and vicinity as lecturer and medium for several years, and is in every way worthy and qualified to receive this sacred trust. Being thoroughly sincere in her work for Spiritualism and for an honest mediumship, we know that the angels will guide and direct her steps in her spiritual career."

H. Smith writes: "The Society of Students of Nature, 1565 Milwaukee avenue, had an interesting meeting, April 16, the subject being 'Palm Sunday, and the Christ Riding Into Jerusalem,' by the regular pastor. Bro. Hunt and Miss English gave us violin and guitar solos. Messages by mediums to an interesting audience."

Fred D. Dunakin writes from Cecil, Ohio: "I write to say that 'Reincarnation and Embodiments by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, in the last issue of The Progressive Thinker, is really worth the price of a year's subscription alone."

Maurgerite Mac writes: "On Thursday evening, April 27, Mrs. Jeffrey Burland will hold her regular monthly social in her parlors at 3019 Vernon avenue. I would not miss one of them, as we always have such a fine time; good mediums and palmists to give messages and readings, so every one is sure of a test, message or reading of some kind. Her coffee is always delicious, as well as cake and sandwiches and other dainty edibles, so be sure to go yourself and invite your friends and enjoy a pleasant evening."

Lily M. Thiebaud, a prominent lecturer and medium of San Bernardino, Cal., writes: "The Progressive Thinker continues to be equal to its name in all respects, being the work of a thinker assisted by thinkers, and forces all who read it to wake up and do their own thinking. May all good things come to you."

Maggie Henry writes: "On April 16, at the Universal Occult Society we had a very interesting meeting and a very fine lecture. Evangelist F. M. Stoller read for the evening lesson a portion of the 12th chapter of I. Corinthians. He called attention to the eighth verse. His lecture was very interesting and we feel sure that our young speaker in ministering to us will drop many seeds that will bear much fruit by the wayside in the future, and if he is not rewarded in this life he will be in the life to come. Then we had messages from Madame Lucile DeLoux and Mrs. Wagner, and Prof. Stoller gave many psychometric readings."

Chas. E. Hubbard writes enthusiastically of Mr. and Mrs. Sprague: "Glenwood Springs, Colo., has been honored during the last two evenings, April 18 and 19, by a short visit from those noble, earnest, whole-souled workers in the cause of Spiritualism, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague, who, in spite of adverse conditions, a rather luke-warm reception and the absence of an organized society to co-operate with them, waded right into the work with vim and enthusiasm, and came out with flying colors; in fact flying seems to apply to their mode of procedure in more respects than one. In the first place their flight through this section of the West was very much in the nature of a meteor—a flash, a report, and a big stirring up among the old fossils in the immediate vicinity. In the second place they sail into the subject under discussion with a vim and push that is simply irresistible, and contagious. And lastly they have a way of flying in the face of Providence(?) (from an orthodox point of view) that makes even the most orthodox smile at the absurdities taught by the Bible and at one time swallowed by those who believed it to have been inspired 'from kiver to kiver.' A good attendance greeted the speakers on both occasions. Mr. Sprague as a speaker is a perfect cyclone. Naturally a very rapid talker, in his efforts to inject as much information as possible into the two discourses that his limited stay restricted him to, his enunciation was so rapid that it reminded one of several gatling guns all going off at the same time; and it was not all noise either, but good, sound, logical, scientific horse-sense. He clinched every argument, proved every assertion and kept his audience in a perpetual smile with his dry humor as he alternately 'joshed' the Christians and a few Spiritualists (those who accept its phenomena but reject its philosophy) on the errors of their way. The applause was so universal that even some of the babies cheered. He is well posted on all the leading questions of the day, and his earnest, forceful manner carries conviction with every word. And for Mrs. Sprague, also, we have nothing but words of praise. As a lecturer and medium she is a star of the first magnitude. While more deliberate in her speech than her 'worse half,' she is none the less interesting, while every word she utters speaks of a loving, Christ-like disposition and a heart that beats in sympathy for all mankind. Although handicapped by not having any music to insure harmonious conditions and being compelled to give her readings in a court room, whose very wall were impregnated with the auras of all sorts of criminals, yet her tests, in almost every instance, were acknowledged to be correct. We regret that their visit was of so short duration—too short to get acquainted—for we fear that they departed under the impression that we were not bubbling over with 'true Southern hospitality.' However we are proud of their visit, and hope to be in a condition to give them a more cordial welcome, should they decide to overlook the past and, sometime in the future, give us another trial."

Dr. J. C. Phillips, the psychometrist and healer, is again located on the old camp ground, Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa.

Walter P. Williams writes from Washington, D. C.: "I wish to say that I have enjoyed the 'Open Court' discussion during the past winter, very much indeed, and I have the greatest admiration for the policy which brought it out. Lyman C. Howe's paper, especially, was a masterly presentation of the matter in a literary style that is a delight to the reader."

Emma A. Ellis writes: "The last meeting before the annual election of officers for the Band of Harmony was held in Room 512 Masonic Temple, on the afternoon and evening of Thursday last. This being the day before the birthday of the president, Mrs. Richmond, a large number were present; despite the heavy rain, which continued into the night. Inside the hall, the platform was lovingly and beautifully decorated with flowers and plants, brought by devoted hearts and hands. The president had just returned from Portage, Wis., where she had given a number of lectures, but was full of joy and animation. Many loving testimonies were given her by the members of the band present, and many congratulatory letters from the absent ones were read, among them one from the former corresponding secretary, Mrs. L. LeSieur, from Dallas, Texas. A birthday cake made by Mrs. Heckman, was served at supper, and much enjoyed. The evening session was greatly increased in numbers, and while every moment was taken up with poems, congratulations and devoted expressions, all were sorry to know it would be the last meeting of the season in the hall. Annual election of officers takes place at the residence of Mrs. Richmond, the first Thursday in May."

TOPIC FOR THE PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

Sunday, April 30, 1905, S. E. 58: "Carefulness."

Gem of Thought:—

"All things are composed of smaller parts."

For information concerning The Progressive Lyceum, authorized lesson sheet of the National Spiritualists Association, address John W. Ring, Spiritualist Temple, Galveston, Texas.

A Prominent Spiritualist Passed On.

Abel B. Rude, aged 80 years, passed to the higher life, April 8, at Genoa, Ohio. He was a life-long Spiritualist, and one of the most public spirited men in the town in which he had lived 50 years, and helped make what it is. The funeral was held at his residence, the writer officiating; a very large gathering of sympathetic friends attending.

With characteristic thoughtfulness Mr. Rude made arrangements for his own funeral to the minutest detail, wrote the obituary he desired read, and selected a poem for reading. This poem is so appropriate for such occasions, many a reader will not fail to appreciate and preserve it.

Parting of Soul and Body.

Farewell, my old friend, kind goaler and slave,
I leave you to rest alone in the grave,
The earth ties that bound us in years that are past
In our life journey here are severed at last.

Your home is the earth, and in her dark breast,
From labor and toil you there can find rest,
But if in the future you sigh for a change,
And wish on its surface the sunlight to range,

You can rise with the grasses, the lilies and flowers,
And again live in sunshine or in nice shady bowers,
If you farther aspire to embody again
The thoughts and the spirit of organized man,

Nature's laws are in force, while the ox eats the grass
And fattens his body, into it you may pass,
Just a step further on and you come to the goal,
Where again you're the body and man is the soul.

In this circle you live, where you'll always be found,
Just so long as this earth in its orbit goes round;
For whenever the spirit receives a new birth,
'Tis the body alone finds its home in the earth.

So a final farewell is now and forever,
The earth ties no longer can hold us together,
I go with kind spirits to the mansions above,
To the home of the soul where the sunlight is love.

And now just a word to the friends present here,
As you look on the form that rests on that bier,
Do not say, "He is dead." It is only a birth;
'Tis my body alone returns to the earth.

But my spirit still lives and is present to-day;
I can see what you do, and hear what you say;
For man is but a part of an infinite whole,
Whose body is Nature, and God is the soul.

We are all made in his image, it is said.
Then eternity measures the pathway we tread.
In life's journey here then let this be your aim,
A constant increase of his likeness to gain.

And if here in this world of change it be found
That your long-cherished creeds and beliefs are unsound,
There is reason and conscience both given to you
To reject what is false and embrace what is true.

When we look in the grand book of Nature we find
Both the wisdom and force of the Infinite Mind,
This God is your father, and man is your brother,
Then let this be your motto, "Love one another."

Many thanks, my good friends, for your kindness to-day,
But loved ones are calling, I must hasten away.
I go with them gladly to their bright homes above,
In that sweet Beulah Land, always radiant with love.

The spirit world has gained, but the earth has lost a true and noble man, who during his whole life was more thoughtful of others than of himself.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

From Washington, D. C.

The annual meeting of the First Association of Spiritualists was held on April 18, when the following officers and trustees were chosen to serve for the ensuing year: President, Mr. F. A. Wood; vice-president, Mrs. M. J. Stephens; secretary, Mrs. H. D. Morgan; treasurer, Mr. W. H. Crowell. Trustees, Dr. J. F. Simonds, Mr. Frank C. Just, Mr. Henry Steinberg, Mrs. Isabel L. Keeler, Mrs. J. H. Moore.

The following resolutions were passed by unanimous vote:

Resolved, that the thanks of this association be tendered to Mrs. M. T. Longley, secretary of the N. S. A., for her ministry to the society during the month of February, 1905.

Resolved, That this association recognizes the marvelous and convincing nature of the tests and messages given through the mediumship of Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler, and hereby expresses its appreciation of his services on the platform for the benefit of the society and the cause.

A vote of thanks was also given to Mrs. Tillie Henkle, Mrs. A. M. Zoller, Mrs. E. R. Williams, Dr. J. M. Temple and Mr. A. H. Terry, for their ministry as message bearers.

Mr. C. P. Longley and Mrs. M. A. Price were chosen as delegates, with Mr. J. H. Peitz and Mrs. E. Hagaman as alternates to the annual convention of the N. S. A.

Public meetings of this association, for the present season, will close on April 30.

F. A. WOOD.

"The Truth Seeker Collection of Forms and Ceremonies for the Use of Liberals." Price 25 cents.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This department is under the management of

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

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

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

One Who Would Know: In the answer to "Student," in a recent number of The Progressive Thinker, a typographical mistake occurred which has called for a criticism from one who gives the foregoing pen name. He says the answer was "so unsatisfactory that it should be made clearer or 'students' might infer that it was in keeping with all that the 'cause' had in stock to give the public....If this is the nearest an exact answer that could be obtained, would it not have been better not to have given answer at all?—simply ignoring question and questioner, or said in just so many words, 'the information is not obtainable,' rather than attempt to give an answer that must be unsatisfactory to students as well as the common herd? As we are told all the elements are found in the human body, and as this analysis shows about one-fifth of those known to exist, we can only conjecture what excess of weight the analysis would show if all the elements were taken into account."

The question asked by "Student" was: "What elements enter into the composition of the human body and their proportion?" The answer was:

	Pounds	ozs	grs
Oxygen	111	...	...
Hydrogen	14	...	...
Nitrogen	3	8	...
Carbon	21	...	...
Phosphorus	1	12	190
Calcium	2	...	...
Flourine	...	2	...
Chlorine	...	2	47
Sodium	...	2	116
Potassium	...	...	290
Iron	...	...	100
Magnesium	...	...	12
Silicon	...	...	2
Total	153	11	319.5

"The deficiency of a little more than four ounces is waste or elements in so small quantities as not to be recognizable.

"This is the result of analysis of a human body weighing one hundred and fifty-four pounds.

"Unfortunately the compositor made the calcium 21 pounds, instead of 2, and placed the 190 grains of phosphorus with the carbon. Circumstances make it impossible for me to correct the proofs, and I have to allow mistakes to pass. I have enlarged on this explanation, because the attitude taken by this correspondent, seemed to make it necessary, as there possibly may be others like him, who desire to make such an error appear as characteristic of "the cause," and of this department. Had he given the subject a moment's thought, he would have seen that the statement of the amount of calcium was an error not possible for one understanding the analysis to commit.

"The correspondent's idea that every element is contained in the human body may be correct, but it is not proven by chemical analysis, for while traces of a few not mentioned are sometimes met with, not the least indications are found of others.

A. T. Leydecker: Q. Did Lord Bacon write what is Shakspeare's works? Was there a William Shakspeare?

A. There has been a hot and prolonged disputation on this question, and to decide either way is to lose caste with the advocates of the other side. There has never been more than circumstantial evidence produced in favor of the theory that Lord Bacon wrote Shakspeare's plays, and much of this is far-fetched and fanciful. It is almost beyond credence that Bacon, not an actor himself, could write "acting" plays. Many eminent authors have tried and failed. The plays were good enough, but could not be staged attractively or at all.

Now when the English theater was scarcely more than attempts to amuse the people, suddenly the plays of Shakspeare came, perfectly adapted for the stage, characters balanced, sparkling with gems of wit and wisdom, which have formed the model of all writers since, and never been excelled. It is marvelous, and not within the possibilities of the authorship of one man. What were the conditions at Shakspeare's time? He was an actor, and took part in the crude plays. These were numerous, and were the accumulation of generations of players. They were handed down by memory and manuscript. There was this about these plays, they had grown into form by actual use, and actor after actor had added bright ideas, and the acting had conformed to what the audience most admired. The plays had grown from sketches into acts, like living things. None were printed, and beyond the "profession" few knew of them. How easy one who understood the requirements of the stage to take this "lore of the theatre," and write it in full with embellishments!

I can see no more reason to doubt that Shakspeare wrote his plays than that Milton wrote Paradise Lost, or Bunyan, Pilgrim's Progress.

J. J. Zimmermann: Q. Wishing to become a medium if possible, I wrote to one who advertises as a developing medium. He replied that a home developing circle was not the place for me. He wrote: "I have a school for development. By sitting at the same time I do, you get the full benefit of the class, sitting at all over the country. The spring term commences March 25, and lasts till June 25. You will have to sit at 8 to 9 o'clock in your territory. Price for the term, $5. You must sit with a common slate placed on a stand, and lay your right hand on the edge of slate next to you and think of me. Sit with your back to the West, feet firm and straight on the floor, left hand on left knee."

What do you think of this?

A. That this "developer" finds dupes is proven by his extensive advertising. He must have a sufficient number to pay for that and a profit for himself. What do I think? That it is possible to find such a number of people who will believe that they can become mediums by sitting at a certain hour in their own homes, one in Alaska, one in Florida, one in the Philippines, another in Boston, by means of any influence they may exert on each other, shows what a crop of fools await to be bunkoed. Think of calling such rot a school, and the dupes a class, all sitting in their widely remote homes, right hand on slate, left on left knee, feet firm, with back to the West! There is one thing tangible; one thing not a fraud, that is the good five dollars transferred from the pockets of the dupes to those of the "developer."

This game as usually played does not end here. After the victim has become discouraged with the negative results, he is suavely told that if he cannot become a genuine medium, he can learn to do tricks that will discount the manifestations. He has probably told his friends of his great expectations, and fearing their ridicule, at once takes the alluring hook. The slate-writing trick will cost five dollars, and he can easily deceive with it. A speaking outfit, five more. For the price any kind of mediumship will be "developed."

The honest person who set out with best intentions has become an arrant fraud, engaged in the most villainous business. Yet this is the only mediumship that can be "developed" by this absent "treatment."

Mrs. B.: Q. Where can I secure copies of John M. Spear's books?

Q. Some fifty years ago John M. Spear made quite a sensation in Spiritualism. He was a Universalist minister, and engaged in prison reform. He became involved in the Kiantone Springs movement which was a disastrous failure, and became a dupe to his so-called spirit guides. His books are now out of print and unless found in some old book stores, it would be difficult to secure copies. An advertisement in the spiritual papers might find some one having copies.

OBSERVATIONS ON CHRISTIANITY.

A Christian Minister Expresses His Opinion.

I have been a reader of The Progressive Thinker for some time and find it of much interest. Without criticism or fault-finding, I wish, with your kind consent, to make a defense of the gospel of the New Testament.

Like all things of value, the gospel has been sadly distorted and counterfeited by designing men for purposes of selfishness. Spiritualism is destined to the same fate, and is now suffering the misrepresentations of corrupt men. These are too well known to call for comment.

We do not hesitate to assert that Christianity in its pristine purity ranks with the best systems of morality and civilization ever given to mankind. It demands, in the first place, that those who enter upon its service must be of the purest character attainable.

All the baser passions must be eliminated or brought under the dominion of the higher and purer nature, spiritually and morally; the spiritual powers must rule in thought and deed. Universal benevolence must constrain the man to love and serve society for its betterment in all its relations.

The people themselves are the sole priesthood established on earth by the founders of the gospel. It is declared in ReRvelation 1:6, "He has made us in Revelation 1:6, "He has made us

This is a point of the utmost importance, when considering gospel freedom. Every man and woman is made his or her own priest, and is not subject to any other priesthood under the sun. Christ is declared to be the high priest, and there is no other, between him and the people.

How wretchedly has this noble principle of the people's freedom been distorted by the Catholics, Greek church, State churches and some of the Protestant sects. Wherever priests, bishops and other dignitaries are placed to dominate the people, the same is a tyrannical usurpation of power to deprive Christians of their gospel rights. Christ and His people deal directly with each other, and no other power has the right to intervene.

We can assert, with the fullest confidence that the gospel is the broadest and purest system of democracy ever instituted on earth, as it places all men and women on their individual responsibility and permits no power on earth to hamper them in the legitimate exercise of their rights. The gospel is pure democracy when stripped of all adventitious encumbrances. Hence every church member is entitled to a voice in its affairs, whether man or woman; and this rule prevailed in the apostolic congregations, but sad perversions crept in stealthily, in after times. I appeal to the judgment of all candid men to say if the leading denominations of our own favored land have not become huge moneyed corporations.

They curry favor with the prominent and wealthy to secure funds to build magnificent edifices in which the toiling masses are snubbed and given the cold shoulder. I ask if your own observation does not confirm the truth of this? These things are a glaring contrast to the conduct of the lowly Savior who chose to be identified with the toiling masses.

Hence the gospel demands that men shall be pure, beneficent, and that no priesthood on earth shall come between them and Christ to deprive of the largest measure of liberty.

These things being true, it is no marvel that the full blessings of the gospel are not enjoyed in our day.

REV. A. J. OGLE.

Garland, Kansas.

LIST OF CAMP-MEETINGS.

Send in Your Dates and Name of Secretary at Once.

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

Mt. Pleasant, Park, Clinton, Iowa.

Maple Dell Park, Ohio.

Lily Dale Camp, N. Y.

Freeville, N. Y.

Lake Brady, Ohio.

Delphos Camp, Kansas.

Grand Ledge, Mich.

Island Lake, Mich.

Franklin, Neb.

New Era, Oregon.

Forest Home, Mich.

Wonewoc, Wis.

Ottawa, Kansas.

Lake Pleasant Camp, Mass.

Harmony Grove, Cal.

Winfield Camp, Kansas.

ONSET CAMP.

Onset camp commences its twenty-ninth annual meeting, July 23, and closes August 27. Onset is one of the most beautiful seashore resorts in the world, and is in close proximity to other noted summer resorts. It is connected by a bridge with Point Independence, and close at hand lies Monument Beach, and beyond Gray Gables, formerly the summer home of Ex-President Cleveland, and at the head of the bay is located "Crow's Nest," owned by Joseph Jefferson.

The water supply, introduced by the Onset Water Company from Sandy Lake, could not be purer or better.

No summer resort is better supplied with well-regulated hotels, with rooms and board at reasonable rates. Also rooms can be obtained at cottages, and meals at either hotels or restaurants in close proximity.

Letters addressed to the proprietors of the following hotels, Onset, Mass., will be promptly answered, giving full statement with regard to prices of rooms and board: Hotel Onset, Glen Cove Hotel, Glen Echo Hotel, Union Villa, Washburn House, Bullock's, Hotel Marcy, Highland House, and Mrs. Ronald's.

CHESTERFIELD, CAMP.

The official board met at Camp Chesterfield, April 9, to perfect arrangements for the coming camp session, beginning July 15 and ending August 27. The grounds are in fine condition and we want to make this the best camp ever held here. We have secured the very best talent and will have them well advertised. The programmes will be ready for distribution in a month. Mrs. Lydia Jessup, secretary, Anderson, Ind.

SUNAPEE LAKE CAMP, N. H.

Sunapee Lake Spiritualist Camp-meeting Association will hold its 28th annual meeting at Blodgett's Landing, N. H., commencing July 30 and closing August 27. We have a good list of speakers and test mediums. Address all letters to Thomas Burpee, Sutton, N. H., or the secretary, Lorenza Worthen, Hillsboro Br., N. H.

VICKSBURG, CAMP.

Vicksburg camp, Mich., opens July 30 and closes August 20. For full particulars address Mrs. Jeannette Fraser, Vicksburg, Mich.

MINERAL PARK CAMP, CAL.

The Spiritualists of Southern California have engaged Mineral Park, the camp grounds in the Arroyo Seco, just below Garvanza, for their annual camp-meeting, from June 25 to July 25. Many improvements are to be made at the park, and fourteen cottages will be erected. Mrs. Nettie Howell is the head of the executive committee. Address her for programmes.

UNITY CAMP, SAUGUS CENTRE, MASS.

The season's work at Unity Camp, Saugus Center, will open on Sunday, June 4 and continue every Sunday until the last of September. These meetings will be fully up to standard of former seasons, with many added improvements. One of the most important items is the fact that visitors can come direct from Boston to the camp without change of cars, which will be a decided improvement over the old method of changes and many times long waiting. Cars will leave Scollay Square every half hour, for Saugus, by way of Clifton-dale.

There will be some slight changes in the time of services. The conference will be at 11 as usual, and all speakers and mediums are cordially invited to assist in this service and make it what its name implies, a conference.

The next service will be at 2, song service at 4:30, concert and entertainment at 5 and regular service at 6. By this programme those wishing to stay to the last service will have ample time to reach their homes in good season.

A strong effort will be made to have better car service to Lynn than in the past. The officials promise that as many extra cars as may be needed shall be furnished to accommodate visitors to the camp.

The concert and entertainment which will precede the evening service is an innovation which we think will be appreciated, being conducted on the same lines as those in Cadet Hall, Lynn, which are proving very popular.

Some of the finest talent procurable will assist at these concerts. A study of the program will convince you that the speakers engaged will be worth coming a long distance to hear. Gas will be introduced into the kitchen to be used for cooking purposes, and the seating capacity of the restaurant enlarged, so that all who wish to remain through the day will have no difficulty in being served well and promptly. All seekers for truth and pleasure combined are cordially invited to visit Unity Camp.

"Success, and How to Win It." A lecture and course of twenty-four success lessons by Dr. B. F. Austin, B. A., D. D. The titles of some of the lectures are as follows: Self Helps; Financial Success; Ideals; Economy; Planning; Attraction; Courtesy; Kindness and Tact; Angelic Help. Price 25 cts.

"Poems of Progress." By Lizzie Doten. In this volume, this peerless poet of Spiritualism may be read in her varied moods, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." It is a book to be treasured and richly enjoyed by all who love genuine poetry, and especially by Spiritualists. The volume is tasting

THE NOTORIOUS HOWLANDS.

They Are in the Old Bay State "Materializing" Doves, Flowers and Full Forms.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Banner of Light will be found two communications which will be read with varying feelings by many people. Some will say that the right course has been pursued in publishing these contributions, some will say harm is done to the cause by making such matters public, some will possibly cry, the Banner is not friendly towards mediums, while some will say expose such things and drive their perpetrators out of business. Well, whatever opinions may be expressed, there need be no hysterics over the matter. The plain, everyday truth is that neither men nor women are yet angels, and that dishonesty can be found among Spiritualists and mediums just as among ministers and church members.

A public print devoted to a special cause (rather than run as a merely commercial speculation), has a duty to perform to those whom it represents and who look to its columns for guidance. Such a print is the Banner of Light, and, as has been repeatedly said in these columns, whenever a clear case, either sworn to, or one to which the parties making it are willing to attest on oath, is presented regarding allegations of fraudulent practices by anyone—medium or not—there will be no hesitancy on the part of the present editor in publishing the facts of the matter.

One of the communications indicated above refers to two people who have lately been holding meetings in this city. The man poses as "the Rev." Howland, who claims to lecture, and with him is his wife, in whose presence the "phenomena" (?) occur. That his reverence may have justice done him we reproduce his advertisement, as printed in the Boston Herald of Saturday, April 1, 1905, which reads as follows:

"Spiritual—The Rev. and Mrs. Howland will hold farewell services at Huntington Chambers (large Auditorium Hall), 30 Huntington Avenue, Sunday night, 8 o'clock. Special program. Short sermon by Dr. Howland; subject, 'Death and the After Life,' followed by marvelous readings of articles. Mrs. Howland will demonstrate her new, wonderful flower production in an open screen, followed by full-form materialization in bright light. Double phenomena. Come early for good seats. All friends come. Positively farewell appearance. Farewell private seance Tuesday night at residence, 482 Columbus Avenue."

Having perused this precious effusion, let us analyze it, that we may decide what meaning can be extracted from the text. The word "spiritual" at the commencement would delude the unwary into supposing that the meeting was a Spiritualist meeting, since the advertisement was inserted under that head in the columns of our city contemporary. But, mark the rest of the advertisement, not the least indication is there presented relating in any way the performance to Spiritualism or spirits, save the words "phenomena," and "seance," which do not commit the advertisers to anything at all which would define their real status! The vaunted "flower production" is by "Mrs. Howland," which fact, read in connection with the communication dealing with this affair, shows clearly that these people avoided committing themselves to either spirits, spirit phenomena or mediumship. "To come early for good seats," shows the purpose of the exhibition at a glance. To come early for good seats was an invitation to pay thirty-five cents for an ordinary seat, or fifty cents for a special seat. To call such a show by the name of a "service" is intentionally misleading, to trade on the supposition that they may be accepted as mediums and their "phenomena" taken as genuine spirit produced facts is nothing short of obtaining money under false pretences. That such people can draw a hall full of seemingly intelligent people is amazing, and the more amazing that some Spiritualists flock to such shows and accept the so-called "phenomena" as genuine without the slightest shred of evidence to sustain that opinion!

That justice may be done let us enquire what do these people say on their own side of the case? Primarily, that by not mentioning anything about mediumship, spirits, or spiritual phenomena, they keep out of the clutches of the police! That the placard that they hung up on their platform, and the remarks of this sturdy "Reverend" apostle were also designed to obviate the delicate attentions of the gentlemen in blue. Is that the way our work has won its way in the world? Are such the methods by which the honest and fearless mediums of the past or the present face the world for the truth we know and love? Faugh! such paltering with truth is either a sign of moral cowardice, or a plain evidence that there is no mediumship or spiritual phenomena involved, that all that was done was simply clumsy and ordinary fake and conjuring.

Phenomena that do not stand for what we accept, that cannot be proved to be such evidence as shows spirit action and direction, that does not demonstrate the facts of spirit return and ministry, are of no earthly use to us or the world as evidence of the claims of Spiritualism. This point cannot be too strongly insisted upon, or made too clear to all concerned. If these persons are unwilling to stand for the truth of their mediumship, if they have any, then Spiritualists should positively decline to countenance or support them publicly or privately. If these persons are only fakirs, offering a third rate legerdemain performance, let the public be warned to know that it is the case.

We learn that, in two other cases, so we are informed, those persons were exposed and driven from certain cities. We know that recently they concluded an engagement for which they professed their willingness to submit to any tests that could be imposed, but, when it was learned that the tests would be tests, and no mere superficial ones would pass, they intimated that there might be difficulties in obtaining one special phenomenon, and the result was the engagement was declared off, and the seance was not held. It need not be said that the correspondent who has written about these persons is known to the Banner, and that the letter is in all good faith.

The other communication refers to one Mary Garrett Sharon Shaw, and is far from savory reading. The poor soul who was so horribly humbugged, is deserving of sincere pity, and also is to be most highly commended for her courageous honesty in publicly testifying to the wiles of the adventuress whom she so fully and completely unmasks. The communication dealing with this case sets the matter out so clearly that further comments thereon are quite unnecessary.

What is the moral of it all? The old familiar one, we fear, i. e., that the wicked still find the honest fair prey, and easy, too. That some Spiritualists take too many things for granted in regard to the public physical phenomena exhibitions. In the nature of the case the "conditions" under which such seances are held cannot be otherwise than unsatisfactory from a careful investigator's point of view.

But such an advertisement as that of the "Rev." (or "Dr." for he uses both titles), is sufficient, upon the face of it, to condemn the performance as a travesty upon the physical phenomena obtained by genuine mediums under honest conditions. If these persons are honest mediums they will lose nothing by standing to their colors, if they are frauds and only trading on their ability to deceive and dodge the issue of their acts, Spiritualism can gain nothing, but will lose much, by supporting them.

The above is from the Banner of Light of April 15, and shows that this paper aligns itself with The Progressive Thinker in its efforts to save Spiritualism from the bad repute fastened upon it by those who make "spirit manifestations" by legerdemain, sleight-of-hand or trickery. See what Mr. W. T. Stead, of London, England, says of one phase of trickery—that in spirit photography: "I AM WILLING TO ADMIT THAT PRECAUTIONS IN THE WAY OF MARKED PLATES AND ABSOLUTE CONTROL OF THE WHOLE PROCESS BY SCIENTIFIC MEN OF GOOD FAITH ARE FUTILE AGAINST SUPREME LEGERDEMAIN AND UNSCRUPULOUS FRAUD." This illustrates the great difficulty the honest investigator encounters, especially if he happens to fall into the hands of those fraudulently inclined.

The above-named Howlands have posed as mediums, and when in the South there was sent to us most wonderful accounts of their spirit manifestations. In Los Angeles, Cal., they were advertised as mediums, a dove being "materialized," and flying out into the audience. The fact is they are not mediums, and have duped the people right along. All their spirit manifestations are the result of legerdemain and trickery.

"New Testament Stories Comically Illustrated." Drawings by Watson Heston. With Critical and Humorous Comments upon the Texts." Heston's drawings are incomparable, and excruciatingly funny. Price in boards, $1. Cloth, $1.50.

"Cosmian Hymn Book." A collection of original and selected hymns, for liberal and ethical societies, for schools and the home; compiled by L. K. Washburn. This volume meets a public want. It comprises 258 choice selections of poetry and music, embodying the highest moral sentiment, and free from all sectarianism. Price 50 cents.

DREAMS OF THE FUTURE.

I dream of the time when men shall stand
Firmly united in Freedom's land,
When strife shall cease and war be no more,
When "Peace, Good-Will" shall sound the world o'er.
I dream of the time when man shall know,
And cast aside doubts which hamper him so,
When truth shall reign and pride shall fall,
And humility be the crown of all.

I dream of the time when hands shall clasp
Across the seas in brotherly grasp;
When love shall grow and when greed is dead,
When mercy rules and when vice has fled.
I dream of the time when throughout the world,
The banner of Brotherhood shall be unfurled,
When dictations fail and each man reigns,
No more to bow when oppression wanes.

I dream of the time when all is clear,
And why we are robbed of much that is dear,
When the mesh of life's tangles shall be solved,
And why its problems on man have devolved.
I dream of the time when creeds are unknown,
And when man shall come each to his own;
When superstition shall give way to truth,
When error is ground by Destiny's tooth.

I dream of the time when man shall say,
The harmony of life has been alway,
But man the discordant note has been,
For he has vibrated deep in sin.
I dream of the time when man's day is done,
When shadows fall from his setting sun,
Not as an alien shall he appear,
In the land where tarry his kin and dear.

I dream of the time when my soul shall fly,
To far distant realms beyond the sky,
When the clayey shackles are thrown aside,
And in freedom and peace I may abide;
And so I dream and awake again,
And find Life's problems still puzzle men,
Then I dream again and awake once more,
And find that life goes on as before.

And when I have dreamed I stand and sigh,
And send through the world a bitter cry,
And I ask the Master in faltering breath:
"Is there no answer to my dream but Death?"
Then to my vision appears from afar,
The morning gleam of the Eastern Star,
I hear the voice of my psychic sense
Speak to me in tones distinct and intense.

"Dream on, dream on, and those dreams shall build,
The mansions with which thy dreams are filled;
Dream on in the cause thou dost espouse,
For thou shalt other dreamers arouse;
Then those dreams ultimately shall bring,
The treasures of which such dreams do sing;
But labor that those dreams may be real
And attach thereto Perseverance's seal."

And so I dream, but I know some day
Wisdom, Justice and Love will hold sway;
Though far distant, I know there's a time,
When life flows onward in unbroken chime;
And I know some day my spirit shall soar,
On the wings of freedom, pinioned no more,
And then Earth and its thralls a mere speck shall be
As onward I mount to where glories I see.

M. ADELE THIEMAN.

Milwaukee, Wis.

BOOKS FOR ALL SPIRITUALISTS TO PERUSE.

Fifty Years in the Church of Rome. A book that has done more to enlighten the world of Catholicism than any other two published. By Rev. Chas. Chiniquy, ex-priest. Price $2.25.

Force and Matter, or the Natural Order of the Universe, with a System of Morality Based Thereon. A very popular scientific exposition. By Prof. Ludwig Buchner, M. D. Price, cloth, $1.

From Dreamland Sent. A book of poems. Verses of life to come. By Lilian Whiting. Price, $1.

From Soul to Soul. This beautiful book of beautiful poems is all that the title indicates—profound, sublime and tunefully poetic and restful in its variation. By Emma Rood Tuttle. Price, cloth, $1.

Gospel of Buddha. According to old records. A translation from Japanese, made under the auspices of the Rev. Shaku Soyen, delegate to the Parliament of Religions. By Dr. Paul Carus. Price, $1.

Gospel of Nature. A book filled from beginning to end with spiritual truth of the most sublime and soul-stirring character. In touch with all life. By M. L. Sherman and Wm. F. Lyon. Price, $1.

Great Roman Anaconda, or Thirty-seven and a half years in the Church of Rome. A 32-page pamphlet. By Prof. George P. Rudolph, Ph. D. Price, 15 cents.

Happiness and Marriage. By Elizabeth Towne. Price 50 cents.

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Harmonics of Evolution. A valuable work by Florence Huntley. Cloth. Price, $2.

Health and Power. A handbook of cure and human upbuilding by aid of new, refined and powerful methods of nature. By E. D. Babbitt, M. D. Cloth cover. Price, 35 cents.

Heaven Revised. By Mrs. E. B. Duffey. Price 25 cents.

Heliocentric Astrology and Solar Mentality, with illustrations and ephemeris. By Verno Vedra. Cloth. Price, $1.50.

Heresy, or Led to the Light. By the well known writer, Hudson Tuttle. Paper cover only. Price 30 cents.

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History of Atharael. Life in the Stone Age. The history of Atharael, chief priest of Al Aryans. Written through U. G. Figley. It is very interesting. Price 30 cents.

History of the Christian Religion to the Year 200. By Chas B. Waite, A. M. Cloth bound. Price $2.25.

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How to Train Children and Parents. By Elizabeth Towne. Price 25 cents.

Human Culture and Cure. Part First. Philosophy of Cure, Including Methods and Instruments. By E. D. Babbitt, M. D. Price, 75 cts. **Part Second,** Marriage, Sexual Development and Social Upbuilding. Price, 75 cents. **Parts Third and Fourth,** in one volume, Part Third being devoted to Mental and Psychological Forces, and Part Fourth to the Nervous System and Insanity. Price $1. **Part Fifth,** The Bodily Organs, Their Diseases and the Great Natural Methods for Their Cure. Price, $1.

Human Personality, and Its Survival of Bodily Death. By Frederic W. H. Myers. Edited by Richard Hodgson and Alice Johnson. Two volumes. Price $12.

Hypnotism. By Albert Moll. Price $1.50.

Hypnotism. By L. W. DeLaurence. Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.

Hypnotism and Suggestion. By C. Lloyd Tuckey. Price, $3.

Hypnotism. An Experimental Study. By Dr. R. von Krafft-Ebing. Price, $1.25.

Hypnotism, Its History and Present Development. By Fredrik Bjornstrom, M. D. Price 75 cents.

Immortality, or Future Homes and Dwelling Places. By Dr. J. M. Peebles. Price, cloth, $1, postage, 15 cts.; paper, 50 cents, postage, 10c.

Inner Life Mysteries Explained. The present age and inner life, ancient and modern. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Price $1; postage, 10c.

Influence of the Zodiac Upon Human Life. This book states the simple principles of the Zodiac in simple terms, and in a manner highly interesting and instructive. By Eleanor Kirk. Price, cloth $1.

Interviews With Spirits. A real visit with friends on the other side of life and a familiar talk. An interesting book. By Carrie E. S. Twing, medium. Price 50 cents.

In the World Celestial. A story of spirit life. By Dr. T. A. Bland. Cloth. Price, $1.

In Tune With the Infinite, or Fullness of Peace, Power and Plenty. By Ralph Waldo Trine. Price, $1.25.

Invisible Helpers. By C. W. Leadbeater. Written in the author's charming style. Cloth. Price, 55 cents.

Jim. A story for young people, teaching spirit guidance. By Carrie E. S. Twing. Price $1.

Joan, the Medium, or the Inspired Heroine of Orleans. This is the most beautiful history of Joan of Arc ever written. Thrillingly interesting and convincing. By Moses Hull. Price, cloth, 40c; paper, 25c.

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Longley's Choice Collection of Beautiful Songs. Price, cloth, 60 cts.; board covers, 40 cents.

Life Beyond Death. Being a review of the World's Beliefs on the Subject, a Consideration of Present Conditions of Thought and Feeling, Leading to the Question as to Whether It Can Be Demonstrated as a Fact, to Which Is Added an Appendix Containing Some Hints as to Personal Experiences and Opinions. By Minot Judson Savage, D. D. Price, $1.50; postage, 10 cents.

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Mahomet the Illustrious. An apology for the life and character of this celebrated prophet of Arabia, containing 118 neatly printed pages. By Godfrey Higgins, Esq. Price 25 cents.

Man and the Spiritual World, as disclosed by the Bible and study along the line of Biblical Spiritualism. By Rev. Arthur Chambers. Price, $1.10.

Man in the Past, Present and Future. A popular account of results of recent scientific research regarding the origin, position and prospects of mankind. By Dr. Ludwig Buchner. Price, cloth, $1.

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Mediumship and Its Development, and How to Mesmerize to Assist Development. An every-day useful instructor in Psychic Science. By W. H. Bach. Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

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Language of the Stars. This important work is the first practical exposition of the Astro-Magnetic forces of Nature—in relation to man—yet issued. Price 50 cents.

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Mollie Fancher, or the Brooklyn Enigma. Giving an account of the most marvelous case of spirit control on record. By Judge Abram H. Dailey. Price, $1.50.

Mysteries of the Seance, or Tricks and Traps of Bogus Mediums. By a life-long Spiritualist. Being an expose of how fraudulent mediums perform their tricks. Price, paper, 25 cents.

Myth of the Great Deluge. A complete and overwhelming refutation of the Bible story of the Deluge. A very interesting pamphlet. By James M. McCann. Price 15 cents.

The Progressive Thinker.

A Paper that Never Falters, Never Pauses in Its Effort for the Greatest Good to the Cause of Spiritualism, Science, Morality, Higher Thought, and a Better Life. Never Lacking for Life and the Dissemination of Most Important Mind-Food.

Give Us the Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing but the Truth

IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Does Stenographer Ahearn get Spirit Messages About Mr. Murphy, or Is He Only a Barometer?

Maurice Ahearn, Tammany Hall's official stenographer, is regarded by many of those who visit the hall frequently, as a sort of human barometer, so far as Charles F. Murphy's movements are concerned.

About 11 o'clock every morning politicians and reporters go to Fourteenth street to see the Tammany leader, who appears at his desk two or three days in a week at this time of the year. Every one of them puts to Mr. Ahearn the question: "Is Mr. Murphy coming to-day?"

His invariable reply is that he has not heard from Mr. Murphy, but that he "feels" that he is coming or not coming. The "feeling" always turns out to be the straightest kind of a tip.

For instance, on Thursday of last week Mr. Ahearn was asked the usual question. He answered:

"I don't know whether Mr. Murphy will be here to-day or not, but the indications are that he will."

"What indications?" asked a district leader.

Mr. Ahearn seemed to go into a trance for a few moments, and then replied:

"I feel that he is coming."

A half hour later Mr. Murphy walked into Tammany hall, accompanied by his regular bodyguard, Phil Donohue, treasurer of the Tammany Society.

The following day Mr. Ahearn answered the question in this way:

"Mr. Murphy has not sent word, but I don't feel as if he were coming." He did not come.

When Mr. Ahearn began to perform the barometer act the newspaper reporters thought he was guessing, and took no chances on his "feeling." Now they telephone him regularly every morning at 11 o'clock, and accept as conclusive his "feeling" about Mr. Murphy's movements.

Some persons have asserted that Mr. Ahearn has inside information on which he bases his predictions. Thomas F. Smith, Mr. Murphy's secretary, says that this is not true.

"Maurice is a real barometer, or medium, or something of that kind," declared Mr. Smith. "Sometimes I come to Tammany Hall in the morning, uncertain as to whether Mr. Murphy is going to turn up.

"I am positive that Maurice has no more information on the subject than I have, yet when he tells me that he feels that the chief is coming, I always open my desk and get ready for work. When he feels the other way I start down town at once. He never makes a mistake.

"Explain it? No, I can't, and Maurice can't himself.

"And remember that there is no Spiritualistic humbug about Maurice Ahearn. He is not of the imaginative order and never gives any sign that he possesses nerves.

"Moreover, his powers, whatever you may call them, are confined to Mr. Murphy's movements. You might think that he would be invaluable as a tipster on races or elections, but he isn't. I have never known him to pick the right horse, and I wouldn't put up ten cents on his election predictions."

Mr. Ahearn's career has not been such as to promote the growth of occult powers. He has been a hard-working stenographer and typewriter for fifteen years.

He was stenographer to Randolph Guggenheimer, president of the council during Van Wyck's administration, and wrote out all Mr. Guggenheimer's addresses to the conventions of harness makers, liquor dealers, plumbers, coffin manufacturers, etc. He now works eight hours a day at Tammany Hall at shorthand, typewriting, telephoning and answering the questions of all comers.—New York Sun.

THE WAY THEY CELEBRATE

Anniversaries Among the New England Hills.

On the evening of March 31, the Greenfield, Mass., Spiritualist Society gave a banquet to its officers, members and friends. Covers were placed for fifty persons, at the head of the table was seated Mr. Reuben Churchill, the popular president of the society, and at the opposite end the toast master of the evening Francis B. Woodbury, wife and daughter.

After partaking of the bountiful repast the toast master for half an hour entertained the company with personal reminiscences of the veteran workers of the cause of Spiritualism, Mr. Churchill made a vigorous speech, recounting the victories this local society had gained, and stated in closing that the true success of organization consisted largely in harmonious co-operation. The guides of Mr. Chapman gave a fine address.

Water Commissioner Porter of the town stated that he had always been an agnostic, but as time went on and he found himself nearing the grave, Spiritualism had become a great source of comfort and strength to him. Mr. Lee gave an entertaining and instructive address, illustrating the religious progress made during the last fifty-seven years. After a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Woodbury and the ladies who had assisted him in making this affair a perfect success, the happy company dispersed.

Sunday, April 9, the anniversary services for the public were given. The society having outgrown the hall in which meetings have been held, the anniversary services were held in the new place of meeting, the best hall in town, Grinnell Hall, seating 400 people.

Florist Kennedy and A. W. Green had charge of the decorations. President Reuben Churchill delivered the address of welcome. Mrs. Sarah Byrnes delivered the principal address. Mr. M. Whitney, of Springfield, Mass., gave spirit communications. The collection at this meeting amounted to $80. Sunday, April 16, Dr. Wm. Hale of Boston, conducted the services.

The funeral of George White Davenport, a prominent citizen, was held at the Unitarian church here on the 19th, Mr. Mason, Universalist, Watertown, N. Y.; Rev. J. D. Reid, Unitarian, Helen J. T. Brigham, Spiritualist, officiating.

The Unitarian church is the most aristocratic church in this section.

So Spiritualism is still triumphant, for truth and justice will always win in the end.

OCCASIONAL REPORTER.

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

Expressed in Reference to the Bambams—A Plea by a Resident to Drive Out the Tricksters From Lily Dale.

To the Editor:—Noting your desire to root out fraud I clip the enclosed article from a recent issue of one of our local papers, hoping you may find room for as much of it in your paper as you may deem best. WE ARE INDIGNANT HERE, THAT SO MANY FRAUD MEDIUMS ARE ALLOWED TO REMAIN IN OUR MIDST, WHILE CERTAIN NEWSPAPERS CLAIMING TO ADVOCATE THE SACRED CAUSE OF SPIRITUALISM WILL FLAUNT THEIR BOGUS ARTS THROUGH ADVERTISEMENTS, AND SING THEIR PRAISES WHEN THEY KNOW THEY ARE FRAUDS, JUST BECAUSE THEY PAY A FEW DOLLARS A YEAR FOR ADVERTISING NOTICES AND POSTERS.

Where is the honor of such editors, and where is their faith in the cause they pretend to represent?

These "Bambams" have claimed all along till lately that their work was purely Spiritualistic, but when confronted lately by Mr. Carroll, W. L. Bambam replied: "I don't care a d—n for the Spiritualistic public. We are working for the Catholic church."

There is every evidence of trickery in their work. The stuffed gloves in their so-called spirit photographs are very noticeable even by the naked eye, and under a strong glass are glaring proofs of trickery. They have large parcels which they will entrust to no outside parties when they go to hold seances; they have a large music box, which is never examined, yet could contain flowers as well as the music-box of the lately-exposed Winans could contain wigs and masks. Flowers in boxes are said to have come to them by express just before the recent seance in Fredonia.

MRS. J. E. HYDE.

Lily Dale, N. Y.

Are Disappointed in the Bambams—Lily Dale Spiritualists Wanted to Investigate But Were Denied.

An alleged manifestation of Spiritualistic phenomena is advertised to be given at certain of the nearby play houses, in the near future by persons known to the profession as the Bambam boys. Bambam is known in Lily Dale where he makes his headquarters, as William L. Bambam and is a newcomer at the Dale having been there only since June of last year although his alleged activities there last year caused much notoriety. There is but one of them, the other who is a partner in the enterprise being Chas Farrar, Bambam's manager.

The good people of Lily Dale, in spite of their known proclivities of being easily induced to believe in anything which wears the guise of Spiritualism, have recently become imbued with a doubt of the genuineness of the spiritual character of the legerdemain given by Mr. Bambam, and a recent attempt to test the same is of interest in view of the coming entertainment to be given here. Mr. C. M. Carroll, a well known business man of Lily Dale is spokesman of the investigators, and his work carries the impression of truth to all he tells about the matter. Wednesday of this week Mr. Carroll went to Bambam and his manager, and made them a proposition to give a "test seance," allowing a committee of Lily Dale citizens to be present and see the full performance, in order to be assured of its genuineness. Bambam's manager and all confederates were to be excluded, and as a payment for this test a purse, of twenty-five dollars, already raised, was to be placed in reliable hands to be given to Bambam if the tests were pronounced genuine.

To this fair proposition made by Carroll, who is a genuine Spiritualist, and who was thus going out of his way to make the test to protect what he termed the "cause," Bambam objected, first, because the price was too low, and when convinced that this was considered but a flimsy excuse, by the allegation that he "never claimed that what he did was a manifestation of Spiritualism; that people paid their money to see what he did, and could take their choice in determining how it was done."

Carroll, much disappointed and chagrined at this brutal disavowal of all Spiritualistic beliefs, and more than ever convinced of the absolute fake character of Bambam and his whole outfit, at once made public the result of his efforts to get a test.

He made a second attempt this morning, to see either the manager or the principal at their boarding-house with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Schultz at Lily Dale. They were not visible so early in the morning and refused to see him. Bambam sent an additional excuse by Mrs. Schultz which may cast additional light on the dark subject. It was that he understood that if an investigation were held, he would be subjected to a flashlight photograph, and that he was photographed by a flashlight in Cleveland last fall and was made ill by the experience. The photo taken at that time is in possession of a representative of this paper, and shows a condition of affairs which Mr. Bambam probably does not want to again appear.

The photograph shows Bambam apparently bound in a chair in front of a cabinet from which hands protrude flourishing flowers, three pairs of apparent hands showing. Bambam's arms are supposed to be strapped to his knees, but the hands lying passive on the knees prove under the microscope to be two soiled and stuffed white gloves. One hand appears at the front of his coat, also a glove with a carnation pinned to the thumb and first finger, and another glove, counterfeiting a hand appears at the right of the cabinet, and a flower is also pinned to the fingers. Two real hands, evidently those of Bambam himself, in flesh and blood, and not counterfeited nor covered by gloves, and certainly not strapped to his knees appear emerging from the upper parts of the cabinet evidently in the act of tossing flowers into the room. His manager and confederate sits at his side clad in his shirt sleeves and a seraphic smile of content at the easiness of the dupes.

Spiritualist Meetings.

It is important when a meeting is suspended, that notice be given us, so that inquirers may not be mislead. We want new notices of all meetings being held here in public halls at the present time.

First German Spiritualist Society on the West Side. Meetings every Sunday at 3 p. m. in Garselman's Hall, corner Ashland avenue and W. 13th street.

The North Star Spiritual Union holds services at Perl's Hall, 1546 Milwaukee avenue, every Sunday at 7:30 p. m. Mrs. Johanna Roennaw, test medium.

Central Spiritual Church holds services each Sunday afternoon at 2:30, at Fasking's hall, 30th and Archer avenue. Conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Howes.

The Light of Truth Church will hold services in Hopkins' Hall 528 W 63rd street, near Stewart avenue. Conference at 3 p. m. Lecture at 7:45. Messages at each service. Midweek meeting Thursday 3 p. m. Mrs. Jeffery Burland, pastor.

The Englewood Spiritual Union is now located at McDermott's Hall, 6603 South Halsted street. Meetings every Sunday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Auxiliary every Thursday afternoon at 2:30.

Chicago Spiritual Alliance Church, in Vincennes Hall, 35th and Cottage Grove avenue. Mrs. May Elmo, pastor, assisted by Hugh S. Fraser. All welcome. Services at 3 and 8 p. m.

Spiritual Church of All Souls, in Hope Hall, No. 220 Western avenue, between Jackson and Van Buren, Sunday evenings at 7:30, conducted by Mrs. R. Squire.

The Kenwood Spiritual Church will hold services every Sunday at 3 and 8 p. m., at Kenwood Hall, Nos. 4308-10 Cottage Grove avenue. Good speakers and music. Mrs. Grace E. Aitken, pastor and test medium. Come and bring your friends.

The Progressive Society holds services every Sunday at 183 East North avenue, corner Burling, at 3 and 8 p. m. Good speakers, tests and messages at every session. Mrs. Hilbert, pastor.

The Church of the Psychic Forces holds services at Wilcox Hall, corner Champlain avenue and 43d street, every Sunday. Conference at 3 p. m. Lecture at 8 p. m. The hall number is 361-363 East 43d street. Conducted by Mrs. Isa Cleveland.

Church of the Spiritual Truth holds meetings every Sunday evening at 7:30 at 962 Milwaukee avenue, near North Paulina street. Mrs. J. DeLong, pastor.

Spiritual Science Society meets every Sunday from 2 to 10 p. m., at Arlington Hall, N. W. corner of 31st street and Indiana avenue. Admission to afternoon meetings, free; evening service, 15 cents. Mrs. Dixon and her daughter, the child wonder, will always be in attendance. Others will assist. These meetings will be continued all summer. Dr. Beverly, president, No. 44 East 31st street.

A Spiritualist Temple has been opened by Mrs. Schwann, at 523 Belmont avenue. Services held every Sunday and Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Tests and music at every service.

The Spiritualistic Church of the Students of Nature will hold Sunday evening services at 1565 Milwaukee avenue, corner Western avenue. Mrs. M. Schumacher, pastor.

The Universal Occult Society meets every Sunday at America Hall, 77 East 31st street, at 3 and 8 p. m. R. Gilray, pastor. Evangelist F. M. Stoller will preside at all meetings during the absence of Brother Gilray.

Lake View Spiritual Union holds Sunday afternoon meetings at 3 p. m., at Wells Hall, No. 1629 North Clark street, corner Fletcher, conducted by Dr. and Mrs. Carl A. Wickland. All cordially invited. Residence 616 Wells street.

Church of the Soul, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, pastor, meets every Sunday in room 309 Masonic Temple. Service 11 a. m. Sunday-school 10 a. m. Superintendent of Sunday-school, Mrs. S. J. Ashton. Pastor's address, 3802 Ridge avenue, Rogers Park. Day at home, Friday.

Psychic Research meetings at Schott's Hall, corner Belmont and Racine avenues, Sunday afternoons at 2:30 o'clock sharp. Advanced course in occultism, teacher and lecturer, P. M. Esser, 82 Willow street; test medium, A. K. Edwards, 675 Osgood street. Visiting mediums all welcome.

Meetings every Sunday at 10:45 a. m. at hall 210, Masonic Temple, under the auspices of Walter DeVoe, the well-known lecturer. Miss Cora M. Nafe, soloiset.

The Rising Sun Spiritualist Mission holds regular services every Sunday at 3 and 8 p. m., at the People's Institute, Van Buren and Leavitt streets. The Rising Sun Lyceum meets at 2 p. m.

The German-English Society Bund der Wahrheit No. 18, holds services every Sunday evening at 7:30 in Brandt's Hall, 152 E. North avenue, between Halsted and Clybourn; and every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock sharp, at the National, formerly Garfield Turner Hall. Mr. Frank Joseph, medium.

Church of the Soul Communion holds meetings every Wednesday evening at 8 oclock and Sundays at 8 p. m., at 207 Lincoln avenue, between Garfield and Webster avenues. Lecture, messages and tests. R. S. Ray, pastor.

The Hyde Park Occult Society holds regular Sunday evening services, 7:45 o'clock, at 319 E. 55th street, between Kimbark and Monroe avenues. Jackson Park cars pass the door. The best talent available will be secured for all meetings. To spread the truth is the object of this society. Address all communications to Miss Eva L. Stewart, corresponding secretary, 543 E 55th street. Entrance to hall, 319 E. 55th street.

The Band of Harmony, auxiliary to the Church of the Soul, meets at Room 512 Masonic Temple, every first and third Thursday of the month. Afternoon session, 3 o'clock; evening session, 7:30. Everyone attending is requested to furnish refreshments for 6:15 supper. Coffee tickets 10 cents.

The Chicago Spiritualists' League holds its meetings the first Tuesday evening of each month, at Kimball Hall, 243 Wabash avenue. Dr. Geo. B. Warne, president; O. E. Kropp, 5481 Kimbark avenue, secretary. The League wishes every Spiritualist society of the city to send in the names of all their mediums, stating their particular phase of mediumship. Address all communications to the secretary.

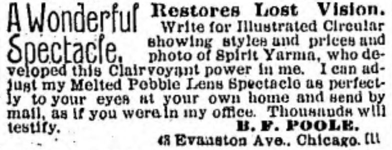
The Spiritual Association of Sixty-ninth street and Wentworth avenue, meets every Sunday at Alberta Hall, 6922. Hon. D. Gilmour will address the meeting at 7:30 p. m. Conference at 2:30 p. m.

The Society of Spiritual Unity holds meetings every Sunday at 3 and 8 p. m., at Star Lodge Hall, 378 S. Western avenue, under the direction of Mrs. Nellie Kusserow.

The Golden Rule Spiritualist Society will hold meetings every Sunday at 3 and 8 p. m., at O'Donnell College Bldg., South Paulina street, between Washington Boulevard and Park avenue. All cordially invited.

Temple Light and Truth, 370 Wabansia avenue, near Robey street and North avenue. Sunday-school 10:30 a. m. Lectures and spirit messages given at 3 and 8 p. m., by Mrs. T. Loll, pastor, every Sunday, in German and English.

The Christian Occult Church, United Brotherhood Hall, 3245 State street. Every Sunday evening at 7:30. Test messages given by good mediums. Good speakers in attendance.



MOST EXCELLENT ADVICE.

Keep In Touch With the Dear Loved Ones "Over There."

In my forty years' experience in our beautiful religio-philosophy, learning from the dear spirit loved ones about their lovely country, their happy homes and fine parks, ringing with the songs of pretty birds, and gardens, and beds of beautiful flowers, and spirit orchards laden with the most luscious fruit without seed or core, lovely fountains, lovely lakes full of rare shaped boats filled with happy children where they can float, ride, walk or sail about just as one might wish. All is harmony and love there.

Is not this most glorious food for thought?

And all this is our natural birthright, and thousands both in and out of the body have demonstrated it to be a veritable fact.

Unlike orthodox teachings, for promises and ifs are the best they give, which is not relished by Spiritualists. Such cut-and-dried old husks are no longer food, for we get something infinitely better.

Start right!

This cannot be put too strong.

Too many ignore the minor phases of mediumship, and go after the higher manifestations, which they cannot comprehend; and call them trickery, sleight-of-hand. Just as well give a young pupil a problem in higher mathematics to solve and explain.

If you have not yet started, don't be too high-minded and ignore the a b c part of our phenomena. Attend a home circle where you can have confidence that all is straight goods. Be sincere and honest, for you are dealing with the most sacred theme that the human mind can conceive of. Then go on; the road will grow brighter and brighter as you progress. Then to aid you, take a spiritual paper which comes to your home once a week. The Progressive Thinker leads them all; it comes laden with the soundest reasoning from the brightest minds in mortal life, and news fresh from the spirit world that will make your heart leap with joy. Then you will have something "sweet to think of." Nice thoughts will make one healthy, and enable our dear ones to approach us and assist in overcoming the struggles and storms of life.

An example: Several years ago my wife had a severe attack of catarrh of the stomach. The medicine the doctor left did no good. She vomited froth every few minutes, and it almost strangled her. I implored help from my spirit friends, and soon two spirit ladies were at her bedside, whispering as if in consultation, and I was impressed to drop a live coal of fire into a tumbler half full of cold water, and have her drink it. I did so, and immediately the vomiting ceased, and she soon got well. My wife recognized one of those ladies as a neighbor who had but recently passed over.

Chicago, Ill. J. PEFFLEY.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

[Obituaries to the extent of ten lines only will be inserted free. All in excess of ten lines will be charged at the rate of fifteen cents per line. About seven words constitute one line.]

Mr. Elijah Champlin, an old and respected citizen of Three Rivers, Mich., passed to the higher life, April 13, aged 85 years and 7 months. Mr Champlin and his good wife, who is now 81, have been believers in the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism for over forty years. H. L. Chapman of Marcellus, Mich., was called to deliver the funeral address, which old residents believe to have been the first Spiritualist sermon ever delivered in Three Rivers. Burial in Riverside Cemetery.

Passed to the higher life from her late residence, Detroit, Mich., Mrs. Belle Huber. She leaves a husband, parents, sisters, brothers and many friends who realize that she lives and loves them still, as there is only a thin veil between us.

NELLIE S. BAADE.

Another veteran Spiritualist has answered the roll call of Death's Angel. John Gregg at the age of 83, passed from this earthly expression to his spiritual inheritance from the home of his niece, Mrs. Kendall Snepherd, of La Crosse, Wis., April 7. Uncle John, as he was familiarly called, was a devoted Spiritualist and never let anything but helplessness keep him from the meetings. The services were held in the little Jewish synagogue which the Spiritualists have rented for their services, and it was taxed to its utmost capacity by people of all denominations, friends of Uncle John. The services were conducted by the writer, assisted by Mrs. Frances Wheeler of LaCrosse.

CATHARINE McFARLIN.

At 5:35 a. m., April 10, the spirit of Ann R. Cabot passed to the higher life from her home near Williamston, Mich., at the ripe age of nearly 84 years. Her husband preceded her two years ago. Many visitors at Haslett Park will miss the smiling faces of "Father and Mother Cabot," but the camp grounds in the other life will be the brighter for the sunny presence of these dear long-time Spiritualists. The writer gave the words of consolation that only our beloved philosophy can give, to the sorrowing relatives, friends and neighbors.

JULIA M. WALTON.

At Highlands, Cal., Thursday, April 13, 1905, Miss M. C. Loring passed from the mortal form. She was a native of Marseilles, Ill. She leaves relatives in the East, in San Bernardino and in Oakland, Cal. She was a true and devoted woman. She had long been a Spiritualist. Mrs. Lily M. Thiebaud, pastor of the San Bernardino Spiritualist Society conducted the funeral service, Friday at 3 p. m.

Philip Smith, a devout Spiritualist and reader of The Progressive Thinker, a member of the board of trustees of the Shaker society here, passed to the immortal shore, April 17. The funeral was held the 20th inst. The pastor, Elder A. L. Work, delivered the principal address, reading the 23rd Psalm, and according to the custom of the people many members spoke feelingly of the worthy character of their arisen brother. The hymns, "Beautiful Shore" and "Harvest Reward," were sung.

HAMILTON DE GRAW.

West Troy, N. Y.

INTERESTING EXPERIENCES.

Illustrating the Varied Character of Spirit Control.

The summer of 1847 I was book-keeping in the village of Addison, Steuben county N. Y., for a man who was dealing in lumber and shingles, and who very often had business with a man whose name was Louis Fenton, who was very often drunk, rough and noisy, and liable to have a fight. The village of Addison was built on both sides of a mill pond in the Canisteo River, and at the upper end of the pond, they rafted lumber in for the purpose of running down the river to market, and at the time I am speaking of there was a raft lying in the river with a cabin on ready to start when a freshet should appear. There was some straw in the cabin, and one night several parties, one of whom was Lou Fenton, pretty "full," who went to sleep on the straw. The others left him there and left a candle burning, and by some means the straw and cabin got afire, and Lou was badly burned, but he crawled out and across the raft diagonally to the corner of the raft, where he got his head off into the water and was dead when found.

In 1858, I was practicing medicine in the town of Jasper, N. Y., and one Sunday in July I went out about three miles to see a patient, a Mrs. Knight, and when I was about to start for home, Mr. Knight said: "If you are not in too much hurry, stop a bit and we will have a seance. Here is my boy Jimmy and Will McMinus, both good writing mediums—boys about 16 years old. The door was standing open and windows up, a bright sunshiny day. I sat down near the door at the right hand as we went in, and Will McMinus sat near the other side of the door. Mrs Knight sat across the room from me, and Jimmy sat back in the room, partly between his father and me, near a table on which was a slate and pencil.

Presently Jimmy caught up the slate and pencil and wrote, "Bill Silver," in large letters and commenced to make a raft. Knight says, "That is Lou Fenton, and we don't want him. He will only bother us," and said to Lou: "I wish you would go away." The young man jumped up and showed fight, but did not go near his father. Mr. Knight again said, "I am not afraid of you now; get right out," and as quick as thought he left Jimmy, and brought McMinus to his feet in fighting position. HIS EYES WERE LIKE THOSE OF A FEROCIOUS WILD ANIMAL, but Knight persisted, telling him he was not afraid, and to leave, and he threw up the boy's hands and that was all we heard of him. McMinus said he hurt every bone and joint in him. That was all the seance we had that day.

Fenton had two brothers living not far from there, but they were different kind of men.

The matter of obsession that has been going on in The Progressive Thinker, is what induced me to write this.

DR. G. W. MATTISON.

Middleville, Mich.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Some Views Expressed in Regard to the Future of All.

In reading The Progressive Thinker of April 8, No. 802, I see a question asked by Charles L. Waffles, which is answered by Hudson Tuttle, in which the latter says: "It is true that in the main the effects seen in nature are such as appeal to our intelligence." Then he alludes to "the destruction of the hurricane, the cutting down of the harvest by rain and hail, the spasm of the earthquake, the torture of diseases, the letting loose in infinite swarms of the germs of contagion."

If we place a Supreme Intelligence over all, what are we to infer from these manifestations? If a man after building an exquisite machine should rend it to pieces, he would be pronounced mad!

Is this Supreme Intelligence subject to insanity?

I say no!

Allow me to say to your many readers and profound thinkers that the conditions mentioned above were in force here on this planet long before it was inhabitable by either man or beast, and are all natural conditions which nature employs to bring about grand results. The earthquake is the result of accumulated gases in the bowels of the earth, which produce some of our grandest scenery, the mountains, and not only this but it brings to the surface some of our most precious metals, which if man had to go down to where nature's store-house is, there would be but few of these necessary articles brought up.

If everything that man should sow would produce an hundred fold, would he ever think of his creator? Would he not naturally develop his mind along the line of money-getting, for the mind develops along the line of most thought.

If the conditions in this world were not such as to take people away from here, how long would it be until there would not be standing-room, and not only this, but the wealth of the world would be concentrated in the hands of a few, and then what would be the result?

God does not rend to pieces his exquisite workmanship (man). We do this ourselves by transgressing the laws of health which are the laws of nature.

Did not Jesus say when he had healed the man, "go and sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee."

To transgress the laws of health is to sin. First there must be a cause before there can be an effect. Life and death are cause and effect, not only in this life is this true, but it is so in all things. This body is not me, but is mine to develop in. If I destroy this house that I live in, before I am fully developed, I must finish my development in the higher realms, for the time will come when every sinner will be a saint; every evil spirit will be a holy angel; every devil will be a god, for did not Jesus say to his disciples, "I say ye are gods," and did not one of them turn out to be a devil (a bad man, an evil spirit)?

Eternity is eternal progression. When progression stops eternity will have an ending. Show me an end to space, and I will tell you when eternity will end. Dear reader, when you and I have developed along the line of good, along the line of altruism, as long as God has, we will then be as wise as he is now, and he will still be as far in advance in regard to wisdom as he is today. For God is a spirit and all spirits have a chance to progress if they will.

J. F. KREMBLEBINE.

Kenton, Ohio.