

The Progressive Thinker.

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

VOL. 38

CHICAGO, ILL., MAY 30, 1908

NO. 966

A Study in Occultism.

A History of a Strange Case.

We take especial pleasure in presenting to our readers the article by David P. Abbott, of Omaha, Neb., a prestidigitator, an author of note, and a man widely known and esteemed. His opinion, under the circumstances, carries great weight, and will be read with untiring interest. The article is taken from the Open Court, and is published by special permission, it being a copyright production. It illustrates very comprehensively the hold that Spirit Return has taken on the world at large.

Is Spiritualism all deception and illusion? Is there no grain of truth to be found under the great mass of fraud and trickery with which a vast army of charlatans have disgraced it? Are the efforts of the Society for Psychical Research to prove fruitless? When all of the fraud and deception is cleared away, will nothing remain? These questions I have asked time and again. What will the answer be?

Do no whisperings of hope from the great beyond ever echo down the infinite corridors of darkness? Will the pale vanished faces of our loved ones, that haunt the shadowy mists of memory, ever again stand before us in the bright sunlight of day? Will we ever again hear the dear voices that have long been stilled? Must we, with tottering steps supported only by blind faith, go down the hillside of life into the infinite darkness of the eternal valley? Is there no turning aside—no escape? Must we face the inevitable annihilation of the unity of self? When science lifts her torch and peers into the surrounding darkness, is there no gleam of hope to be seen? Will a new dawn ever break, with its countless songs of gladness bursting from the throats of the twittering love-birds of joy? Oh, beautiful Nature, how thy children adore thee! Oh, infinite Power, that animates and directs the great All, why this insatiable longing for immortality in the hearts of thy children?

I have been asked again and again, if, in all of my investigations, I have found nothing that I could not explain; if all has been perfectly simple and commonplace as soon as I witnessed it; if all of the mystery and romance disappear upon investigation. I have finally removed certain difficulties to publication, and shall now give to the public an account of the most remarkable case that it has ever been my fortune to investigate. Among all the cases of my investigation, it stands unique and alone, entirely in a class by itself; still to a certain extent shrouded in mystery, with some features which I have not yet thoroughly explained satisfactorily to myself. The memory of this remarkable experience, and the weird and dramatic effect of what on the surface appeared to be the voices of the dead talking to me and exhibiting an intimate knowledge of my family history, will remain with me through life.

On March 7, 1906, the carrier left at my door a letter that was destined to disturb my peace of mind, and to furnish me much material for thought for some time to come. Shortly before this I had published in The Open Court an article entitled, "Some Mediumistic Phenomena." I had vaguely wondered if this would not indirectly bring to my notice some accounts of strange phenomena from remote places in the world. Such was this missive.

This letter was written by a gentleman in New Haven, Connecticut; and in it he described a strange case that he had witnessed in a remote village one year before. The writer, Mr. E. A. Parsons, was unknown to me; but he introduced himself as a magician. He stated that having read my article and noted my knowledge of trickery, he desired to lay this case before me, in the hope that I might be able to explain it. I here quote from his letters:

"I will describe an experience which I had with an elderly lady in a little town in Ohio last year. She uses two tin horns or trumpets, each fourteen inches long, and two and one-half inches in diameter at the large ends, tapering to one inch at the smaller ends. The large end or bell of one horn is so made as to slip tightly into the large end of the other. On the smaller or outer ends of this double trumpet are soldered saucer-shaped pieces large enough to cover a person's ear. The trumpet is empty and can be examined by any one.

"Her VERY MARVELOUS POWER is this: The sitter takes one end of this trumpet and places it to his ear, while the lady does the same with the other end, placing it to her ear. At once the sitter plainly hears whispers in the trumpet. These purport to be the voices of the spirits of his dead friends and relatives. They reply to any questions which he speaks out loud. During this time the lady's mouth and lips are tightly closed, and she makes no motions of the throat or lips. She will, instead of holding the trumpet to her ear, hold her palm against it; or allow him to place one end of it against her back. She will, if preferred, permit two spectators to each hold an end, she merely touching the center with her fingers. In either event one hears the whispering just the same. Now this is done in broad daylight, anywhere, even out of doors. I investigated this phenomenon seven hours altogether, giving it every possible test, but could obtain no clue to it. I found that it was not ventriloquism, as the voices were really in the trumpet; besides, ventriloquists can not speak in whispers. I proved beyond question (as have many others) that the voices were really in the trumpet.

"The information which I received from the whispers was correct in every case. I had never seen the lady before, nor had I been in Ohio previously. Now the production of intelligent language inside this trumpet in daylight, three or four feet away from the medium, I regard as more wonderful than anything I have ever known. I now have the trumpet, having purchased it. Can you tell me how the whispered words were produced?"

In a subsequent letter he said: "The description I gave you was not overdrawn in any way. The lady is the wife of an humble farmer and resides in an obscure country village. She has resided there all of her life and has reared a large family of children. She has never been over twenty miles from her home and has but little education. She is, however, very intelligent. She gave her sittings for a long time free of charge, and later began charging ten cents. She now charges one dollar, but does not insist on anything.

"She can use a glass lamp-chimney or any closed receptacle in place of the trumpet; and I have heard the voices just as plainly coming out of the sound hole of a guitar that lay upon the table. The guitar has also played in my presence, independently, but faintly. There was no music box in it, as is generally the case. She has also caused music to sound in the trumpet, and raps to sound on the outside of it.

"Three of my most intimate friends have seen her several times. Two of them were with me at my investigation. I have known of this lady for six years; and finally, having heard so much about her, I journeyed six hundred miles to see her in January, 1905. The lady

was at many times talking with persons in the room at the same time that I was listening to the voices. I noted this with great care. Sometimes two different voices would whisper at the same time, as if one were trying to get ahead of the other.

"Of course we know how mediums usually gather information, but this lady had no means of knowing anything about me; and yet the voices told me, correctly, many things of my own private life. Among those who talked with me were my mother, my daughter (dead twenty-two years), and my grandfather. My daughter told me where I lived, what kind of a house I lived in, what her living brother was doing, where she was buried, etc. An old music teacher of mine, of whom I had not thought for ten years, announced himself and said that he would like to play for me. Then I actually heard faint but distinct sounds of piano-playing in the trumpet, and my friends in the room also heard it. The sounds were like they would be if one were listening to a piano over a telephone. My father and my father-in-law spoke to me as did also an uncle of whom I had not knowledge, but whose existence I afterwards verified. My mother gave her own name completely, but failed to give my middle name. She gave it as 'Albert,' when in reality it is 'Augustus.'

"At one time I heard an open voice in the trumpet for a moment. I also listened at her mouth and throat when voices were speaking, but could detect no sounds. I found the positions of the voices in the trumpet would vary, sounding at one time nearer to one end, and at another nearer to the other end. I had noticed the varying strength of the voices, and the lady told me of this change of position. I verified it by listening outside the trumpet when others held it, and found the voices to vary one foot and a half in location. I was particularly impressed with the openness of the lady, and with her perfect willingness for me to test her powers in any manner that I desired. She afforded me every opportunity to make such tests, giving me seven or eight hours of her time. I suppose this thing to be a trick; but with over forty years' study of magic, and with the acquaintance of all the great magicians, I was entirely unable to even surmise how it could be done. It is either a trick or it is the work of His Satanic Majesty.

"Now I believe I have discovered a medium as good as Home, and I hesitate about making public her name and address. You understand, any medium possessing this secret would think his fortune made. I am a medium, but I certainly want the secret. If this prove to be a trick, I do not want its secret given to the world, but desire to keep it for private use. If you see fit to sign a contract binding yourself to respect this desire, and not to reveal the secret of the performance without my consent, I will be pleased to furnish you the name and address of the lady. I shall expect you to give me the fullest results of any investigations which you may make."

On receipt of this letter I immediately signed and returned the required agreement to Mr. Parsons. I received in return the coveted information. Being now at liberty to reveal all of the details, I shall state that the lady is Mrs. Elizabeth Blake, of Braderick, Ohio. There is a little village of a few houses, on the banks of the Ohio, just across the river, north, from Huntington, West Virginia. The place is reached from Huntington, most directly, by a row-boat ferry.

After receiving this information, I decided to try to learn from other sources if the case were really as described by Mr. Parsons. About this time I learned that the latter gentleman is well known in the world of magic under the nom de plume of "Henry Bardin," and that he is a dealer in magician's secrets. Had I received this account from other sources, I should have given it but little credence, inasmuch as I have investigated so many other cases, and have invariably found nothing but trickery. But here was a strange report from a man versed in the arts of trickery; an expert himself, and one not easily deceived. Surely, this, at least, warranted investigation.

I had always been very skeptical, never believing in spirit communion, telepathy, clairvoyance, or anything of the kind; and as to physical phenomena, I had found everything very commonplace and devoid of mystery when I had an opportunity to see it myself. I could not help wondering and pondering; and asking myself if, after all, it were possible for a being to exist on this earth with any powers out of the ordinary; or with any faculty not common to the rest of the race. Decidedly, I could not believe such a thing possible, and yet, how could an expert magician be deceived with such a thing? I felt greatly puzzled; and although I had no faith in spirit communion, decided to investigate further.

I wrote a letter to the professor of science in the schools at Huntington, telling him that I knew of a strange case of psychic phenomena in his vicinity, and proposing to engage him to investigate it for me. I was a member of the Society for Psychical Research and I offered to furnish him with proper credentials, etc. I enclosed a stamped envelope, but he did not even deign to reply. Next, I wrote directly to Mrs. Blake, and invited her to visit my home. I told her I was a business man of Omaha, and offered to furnish references as to my standing. I also offered to defray all expenses of her journey.

Mrs. Blake did not reply in person; but I received a letter from a gentleman of very high standing, whom I shall call Dr. X., as he does not desire me to use his name. This gentleman happened to be her physician. He informed me that Mrs. Blake had fallen from her chair at some previous time, rupturing the ligaments of her ankle; that this had resulted in blood poisoning and had left her crippled; that since that time she was compelled to go about on crutches; that inaction frequently resulted in attacks of acute indigestion; and that she was thus in such a state of health as to prevent her making any journey. He thanked me in her name for the invitation.

Now, this gentleman seemed to be accommodating; so I took the liberty of again writing him, asking for a report from him on the powers of his patient; for his own opinion of the case, etc. This he kindly gave me; and this was followed by several letters, going into great detail of what he considered the most important case in the world.

His report corroborated all that Mr. Parsons had written me; but I noticed that he attached greater importance to the information given by the voices, than he did to the phenomenon of the voices themselves. This was just the reverse of the estimate of the case formed by Mr. Parsons, for the latter regarded the phenomenon of the voices as the greater mystery.

Dr. X. stated that at his first sitting he was completely "taken off his feet, so to speak," and considered spirit communion as proven; but that upon subsequent occasions, he was sorry to state things had occurred to lessen this belief. He related many marvelous incidents of conversation with the voices; and stated that he had taken many friends to the lady under assumed names; yet he had never failed to hear the voices call these persons by their right names, etc. He also stated that the information furnished by Mrs. Blake's voices at times had seemed so marvelous that he had seriously contemplated referring her case to the Society for Psychical Research, in order that he might have an authoritative statement with regard to what her powers really consisted of. I quote a few extracts from many in his letters:

"Twenty-two years ago this summer, my father took me to Virginia for the purpose of entering me in college. I was an only child, had not been away from home a great deal, and was quite young; therefore he accompanied me to Blacksburg, Virginia, introduced me to the president of the school, and otherwise assisted me in getting started. It was a military school, and every new-comer was called a 'rat,' and this was yelled at him by the older students in chorus until it grated upon his nerves to a considerable extent.

"As my father and myself walked up towards the college buildings over the broad campus, the word 'rat' was yelled at us with depressing distinctness. We went across the campus and on

beyond to a large grove of virgin forest, where we sat down upon a large log; and here my father gave me some paternal advice. He was going to leave the next morning and I felt very sad and lonely; and it was with great difficulty that I kept back the tears that in spite of myself would now and then trickle down my cheeks. At all of this my father laughed and said that I would be all right in a few days.

"When conversing through Mrs. Blake's trumpet with the supposed voice of my father, the following conversation with the voice occurred. I had previously written out the question and I have since added the answers of the voice:

"Do you remember the time you took me off to college?" I asked.

"Yes, as distinctly as if it had been yesterday," the voice replied.

"When we walked towards the building, what was said to me by some of the students?"

"They yelled 'Rat' at you."

"Spell that word," I requested, as I desired no misunderstanding.

"R-a-t," spelled the voice.

"Where did we go after leaving the campus and college buildings?" I next asked.

"We went to a large grove near the college buildings and sat down upon a hickory log," responded the voice.

"What did I do and say while sitting on this log?"

"You cried because I was going to leave you and go home," answered the voice. All of this was wonderfully accurate, but I do not know whether or not the log was hickory.

In another letter he says: "On one occasion a voice supposed to be my grandfather's talked with me, and I asked it what had caused him to depart this life. Just previous to asking this question the voice had been full and strong; but upon asking it the voice became indistinct, and I concluded that my question had 'put the lady out of business.' To my surprise, in a few minutes my grandfather commenced to talk again; and I reminded him that he had not answered my question. He replied by saying that I knew perfectly well what had caused him to depart this life, and that it was not necessary to ask such unimportant questions.

"I replied by stating that I wanted the question answered, in order that I might be convinced as to his identity; and also to know that he had sufficient consciousness and intelligence to reply. He then stated that the immediate cause of his death was a fracture of the skull.

"How did this happen?" I asked.

"By falling down a stairway," answered the voice.

"In Gallipolis, Ohio, in my son's house," again responded the voice. All this was correct.

"I next asked my grandfather's voice if he remembered what he used to entertain me with when I was a child. He replied that he did; and that he had made little boats for me, and had floated them in a tub of water. I asked how old I was when this took place, and he replied that I was five years old. This was correct, and had occurred some thirty-four years ago."

Again Dr. X. says, "In addition to her daylight work, Mrs. Blake gives dark seances. At these, the voice of her dead son Abe usually opens the meeting with prayer, and some hymns are sung by all present. During this time, numerous little blue lights fit about the room; the guitar is frequently floated over our heads, etc. After this, voices speak up in various parts of the room and address those present. I attended one of those night meetings recently.

"In addition to others present, I took with me Clara Mathers Bee, who had formerly been my stenographer, but whom I had not seen for five years. She was a total stranger to the others present, and resides at a remote point in the interior of the state. Mrs. Blake does not keep in touch with the whole state of West Virginia, and knew nothing of this lady.

"Mrs. Bee had recently lost a young lady cousin, and was very anxious to communicate with her. She even went so far in her inexperience as to call for this relative on several occasions, giving her name in full. This, however brought no results, although Mrs. Blake could have made use of the knowledge thus acquired. Finally, during an attempt to communicate with this relative, a child's voice spoke and said, 'I want to talk to my Aunt Clara.' It was some time before any one answered and no one seemed to understand for whom this was intended. Presently Mrs. Bee said, 'Do you want to talk to me?'

"Yes, you're my Aunt Clara," the voice replied.

"What is your name?" asked Mrs. Bee.

"My name is Stinson Bee," answered the voice.

"How long has it been since you died?"

"Six months."

"What caused you to leave this life?"

"I was burned to death; and I want you to tell my papa that I want to talk to him," responded the voice.

In explanation I will state that Stinson Bee, who was a nephew of Mrs. Bee's husband, was burned to death six months before the time of this sitting. Mrs. Blake could not have known anything of this, as it happened in a remote part of the interior of the state; and as intimate as I am with the family, I did not know of it.

"Just at this point my father's voice broke into the conversation and said, 'How do you do, Clara?'

"Do you know who this is that you are talking to?" I asked.

"Yes, it is Clara Bee," responded the voice.

"That is correct, but what was her name before she was married?" I asked.

"Don't you think I know Clara Mathers?" the voice replied."

These are but few of many incidents which Dr. X. has related to me in great seriousness. He is a well educated and highly respected gentleman, of the highest standing in his community. There are reasons why he does not desire his name used, and this is why I omit the name! but it can be had in private. In one letter he informed me that during the daylight sittings, Mrs. Blake first seats herself beside the sitter, each allowing the trumpet to rest with its ends in their adjacent palms. Soon the trumpet begins to grow heavy, and then finally, one end of it seems to attempt to move upward to the ear of the sitter. This means that conditions are right and that a voice desires to speak.

He further stated that close friends of Mrs. Blake who were in a position to know, informed him that of late Mrs. Blake was rapidly losing her powers; and that they were not nearly what they had previously been. He suggested, in case I contemplated an investigation that I make it as quickly as possible, for he said that her health was such that any sudden attack was liable to terminate her earthly career. He also suggested that I write nothing further to Mrs. Blake, and in no way let her know that I contemplated making such an extended journey to see her; as he had found results much better when she did not think she was being especially investigated. He thought I should simply act as if I had been passing and had merely stopped off on my journey.

After receiving these reports, I determined to investigate this case if possible. I wrote to Prof. James H. Hyslop, secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research, and detailed the case to him, asking if he would assist me. Meanwhile I wrote Mr. Parsons, and secured his permission to lay the matter before Professor Hyslop. I did not tell the latter the name or location of the lady, but explained that it was within one hundred miles of Cincinnati. Also, I wrote to Dr. X. that I would like to be informed if Mrs. Blake were at home and well, as I wished to come. He replied informing me that she was at that time visiting in the mountains; but that immediately upon her return, he would notify me. This he did; but she was suddenly taken sick on her return, and this prevented my making the journey. Dr. X., however, stated that he would instantly inform me on the recovery of Mrs. Blake's strength, as soon as such should enable her to give sittings. He again urged

(Continued on page 2.)

SOME EXCELLENT HINTS.

Mental Suggestion for Children.

The big stick in the home is doomed, for telepathy is the latest remedy for the faults of precocious youngsters. If you want to spare the pants as well as improve the child, just feed him on mental suggestions, for, according to Dr. Frederick Van Eeden, eminent physician and sociologist of Holland, hypno-suggestion is a sure cure for juvenile evils and ills. "Parents can mold their children to be good or bad by suggestion," said the bearded wise man from the land of dikes and ditches to-day, in disclosing the secrets of how to raise a family on mental telepathy.

"The childish mind is impressionable, and a mother or father by verbal and mental suggestions forms either a worthy or wicked character for the child. If a little one is continually told that he is naughty, bad, incorrigible, he will grow to consider himself beyond redemption, and will make no effort to cultivate goodness. It is not the child's fault if he is naughty—it is the fault of the parents."

"Then a mother shouldn't blame her juvenile boys if she finds them besmirched with jam, for she's the one who is really to blame for not having her mental wires working!" I inquired of Dr. Von Eeden.

"Yes, stealing jam and other offenses can be stopped by thought transmissions," the doctor answered. "Every home should be conducted along the lines of mental suggestion, for it is only then that harmony can exist throughout the household."

"I have watched the effort of mental suggestion on children for more than twenty years," he acknowledged, "for I have brought up my family in that manner. I know its value, and the mother who is wise will take my advice and employ mental suggestion in bringing up her family."

"But the American mother isn't an adept at the art of sending mental messages. I am afraid she would need a special course in telepathy before she could transmit thoughts to her children. A school for parents might be organized," laughingly suggested Dr. Van Eeden, "where mothers and fathers could be taught proper methods for governing their children. Seriously speaking, a much finer race of men could be reared if parents only realized how greatly the child is influenced by thought. It is by suggesting good that good is produced, by mentally determining that the child shall be all that is fine, that he ultimately develops a superior character. It is the same in regard to health. Parents constantly endanger the health of their little ones by asking whether they feel sick, as the retortation of this question suggests illness to the children's mind which in time actually causes illness."

"When the child is drowsy just before retiring is the best time for the mother or father to transmit thought. Its mind is more receptive and it responds more easily to ideas."

"Is the same true of adults, and are they open to mental suggestion?" "Assuredly yes," Dr. Van Eeden quickly said, "though not to such a large degree. Until one is twenty the mind is very impressionable and it is during those years that parents should use mental suggestion. After that the character is formed for good or bad and it is hard to change it. A man's early training makes or mars him. And it is for this reason that parents can't not be too careful in influencing their children by mental suggestion."—Rose C. Tillotson, in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

INSPIRATION.

From earth to heaven, by Jacob seen of old,
Earth was its footstool, heaven its resting place,
Who broke its span? No history hath yet told,
And angels yet descend, for God withhold no grace.

He grants his children yet a higher light,
No lock nor bar resists his tender key,
Fair science maketh frail, weak hands a might,
To break earth's fetters, bare life's mysteries.

Beloved forms ye see with mortal eyes,
On earth no more descend and gladness bring,
And rung by rung, uplift ye toward the skies,
Till earth shall list and hear the joybells ring.

"Peace on earth, good will, good will to man,
Falls down this pathway, borne on heavenly winds,
And earth uplooking hears this sweet command,
"Come unto me, I wipe away all stains."

"And I am Truth, in whatsoever mold,
Ye grant me audience, or uplift my staff,
Ye still partake, as Jacob did of old,
From love's sweet fountain, life's deep waters quaff."
E. M. M.

Those who have not tried for themselves can hardly imagine how much science adds to the interest and variety of life. It is altogether a mistake to regard it as dry, difficult, or prosaic—much of it is as easy as it is interesting. . . . Occasionally, indeed, science may destroy some poetical myth of antiquity, such as the ancient Hindoo explanation of rivers, that "Indra dug out their beds with his thunderbolts, and sent them forth by long continuous paths." . . . The real causes of natural phenomena are far more striking and contain more true poetry than those which have occurred to the untrained imagination of mankind.—Sir John Lubbock.

A Study in Occultism.

(Continued from page 1.)

me not to delay, if I desired results of value, stating that undoubtedly her powers would soon be gone.

Meanwhile, Professor Hyslop met a lady from that section of the country, who told him of "a wonderful medium, Mrs. Blake near Huntington, West Virginia." Professor Hyslop then wrote me that he thought he had discovered the identity of the lady, and asked me if this was she. I wrote in reply that it was. I mailed the letter from Omaha to Professor Hyslop, who was then in New York at Hurricane Lodge on the Hudson. In just two days after mailing the letter, I received a telegram from Prof. Hyslop, saying, "I start for Huntington to-night."

Now, I did not desire any one to arrive on the scene ahead of myself; for I wanted to thoroughly satisfy my own curiosity. I therefore immediately telegraphed Dr. X— at Huntington as follows: "Professor Hyslop wires his starting. Shall I come?" In an hour I received this reply, "Just as well now as any time." During the wait I called up by telephone, my cousin, Geo. W. Clawson, of Kansas City, Mo., to whom I had previously described the case, and induced him to accompany me. So far I had not revealed to him where we were going, except that it was beyond Cincinnati. Mr. Clawson had a short time before lost a daughter whose Christian name was Georgia Christine, and was very greatly grieved over her demise. It was the hope of obtaining some proof of a future life through communication with her that caused him to yield and to go with me.

The next morning I took the train for Kansas City, where I was joined by Mr. Clawson, and we started on our one-thousand-mile journey. I asked Mr. Clawson to choose a name to travel under; and to keep his real name secret, as I wanted no possibility of deception in my investigation. The name he chose was "C. E. Wilson," that of a friend of his. He made the journey under this name and registered under it at the Florentine Hotel.

I had resided for a few years in Omaha, but was not generally known there. My parents reside at the village of Falls City, Neb., and are well known there. I knew that, should my friend, Dr. X— desire to do so, it would be possible for him to employ some one in advance to obtain information in regard to my relatives and family. I regarded him with far too much respect to think such a thing would happen; but in order to remove all possibility of fraud, I desired to take with me an unknown person under an assumed name. This was why I decided on Mr. Clawson. I did not reveal my intention to any one.

I had previously written to Dr. X— that I was liable to bring an unknown person with me, but I gave him no idea of who this person would be. I did not think that any one would be able to reach out through space one thousand miles and read my mind, discover whom I intended taking, and then look up his history in advance. I considered Mr. Clawson a desirable person to go with me, as both of his parents were dead; and also on account of his great desire to communicate with his dead daughter, if such a thing were possible. He also had a brother by the name of "Edward," who had died when quite young, and a son who had died within a few days of birth. However, these last two instances I did not know until after our sittings. The reader should remember these facts and names, on account of what is to follow. I did not expect results of much consequence to myself, owing to the fact that I have no immediate dead, with the exception of two baby brothers, my grandparents and some uncles and aunts. I therefore could not expect to receive results of much importance, whatever the power of the lady might be. We journeyed continuously for two nights and a day, arriving at Huntington in the early morning hours of Monday, July 23, 1906.

III.

About eight o'clock that morning I telephoned to Dr. X— that I had arrived with a friend. The doctor resided in a beautiful park a short distance in the country. He soon arrived at our hotel with his carriage; and I introduced my friend, Mr. C. E. Wilson (Mr. Clawson, under his assumed name), to him. The doctor then drove us to his residence for a short time. He showed us a copy of a letter to Mrs. Blake which he had dictated, a few days before, and which stated that he expected two friends from New York to visit him; and that he wished to take them to see her, and he hoped she would receive them and do the best she could, even if not entirely recovered from her recent illness. He did not give any names in his letter; and he assured me that, since the time of answering my letter to Mrs. Blake at the beginning of our correspondence, he had never mentioned my name to her.

To the doctor himself, I was a total stranger, with the exception of what he had learned of me in my letters to him, and also what information he had gleaned from my article, "Some Mediumistic Phenomena," before referred to. The doctor had in his possession one of Mrs. Blake's double trumpets. We examined this thoroughly; and taking it we drove to the Ohio river, and crossed in a row-boat to Braderick, Ohio. This village consists of about one dozen cottages situated along the river bank. It was about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and Professor Hyslop had not yet arrived, the night boat on which he journeyed down the Hudson having been delayed. We went up the bank and turned to the left to Mrs. Blake's cottage. The ferry landing is close to her house, and most of its patronage seems to come from her visitors.

Mr. Blake was sitting on the porch and he received us. He informed us that he had just turned away a number of persons who desired sittings with Mrs. Blake, and that she could not receive us professionally. However, we were not to be dismissed in this manner, and we refused to leave without at least seeing her. Mr. Blake then told us we might enter, while he remained outside to turn away visitors. We entered the little parlor; Dr. X— stepped through the open doorway and spoke to Mrs. Blake, telling her he had two friends with him whom he wished to bring in. She readily consented and we entered.

She was sitting in a large rocker by the window in her little room. Her crutches were by her side, and she seemed a very pleasing, though elderly and frail lady. We were introduced merely as "friends," and we conversed with her for a few moments. She said she was born and had resided all of her life within two and one-half miles of her present home. She explained that she had possessed her power since a child. She said that as a little girl she had heard voices in her ears, and that some gentleman had experimented with her. He found that a closed receptacle confined the sounds and made the words clearer. After this, the present trumpet had been devised, but she could use any closed receptacle. She said that since her sickness, she had lost her power, so that she could get nothing satisfactory any more." She said that her power was declining so rapidly that she felt she would have to give up the business entirely. She expressed her willingness to try, but stated that she could not satisfy any one now like she used to do when her health was better. Meanwhile, her husband kept coming in and going out, as if he were watching her closely to prevent her giving a sitting. She, herself seemed very accommodating; and I felt assured that, but for him, we could conduct some interesting experiments. Finally Dr. X— went out and talked to him, and succeeded in securing his consent for a short trial.

Mr. Clawson now seated himself beside the lady, and she instructed him to take one end of the trumpet in his palm, while she did the same with the other end.

In a moment Mr. Clawson remarked, "How heavy that is getting!" and as he did so, I thought I heard a faint whisper in the end of the trumpet that Mr. Clawson was holding. It was, however, so faint that I could not be certain of it. It was more like a single syllable, the drawing of a breath, or like a hissing sound, but it was very indistinct. In a moment the trumpet began to rise toward Mr. Clawson's ear, and the lady said, "Some one wants to speak to you, sir; place the trumpet to your ear." He did so, and she placed the other end to her ear.

Whispered voices in the trumpet now began to address Mr. Clawson, but from the outside I could not understand what was said. Mr. Clawson seemed unable to do much better, and it appeared that the sitting would prove a failure on this account. Mrs. Blake now spoke and said, "Please try and speak plainly, dear friend, so that the gentleman can understand you." The voice now, seemed

to become more distinct, and Mr. Clawson asked the question, "Who are you?" He did not appear to understand the reply, for he repeated his question a few times, as one does at a poorly-working telephone. Finally I heard him say, "You say you are my brother, Eddie?" Mr. Clawson seemed confused at being unable to understand the many whispered words in the spoken sentences; and turning to me, he said, "You take the trumpet and see if you can understand any better."

I may here remark that up to this time I did not know that Mr. Clawson had a dead brother "Edward," and that I supposed this to be an error until afterwards. During the time that the voices were speaking, Mrs. Blake's lips were tightly closed, and there was no motion of them. She appeared to be listening intently to the voices, and trying to follow the conversation.

I now took the trumpet. A voice spoke a lengthy sentence, or more, which was so inarticulate that I could not understand it. Finally I heard the words, "Can't you hear me?"

"Yes. Who are you?" I replied.

"I am your brother and I want to talk to mother. Tell her....," responded the voice, the last words becoming indistinct.

"What shall I tell her?" I asked. The voice then took the tone of a child's voice, low, and almost vocal, and said, "Tell her that I love her."

The only dead brother that I have, who was old enough to talk before his death, was named "Thomas." He was two years older than I, and three years old at death. I now said, "Give me your name." The voice then repeated an inarticulate name many times, but I could not understand it. It appeared to sound like "Artie" or "Arthur." In fact it sounded first like one, and then like the other would sound, were I to try to whisper them in an inarticulate manner. I did not repeat these names, and the voice gave up the attempt. I now handed the trumpet to Mr. Clawson, and the voice kept repeating, "I want to talk to my brother," so he gave the trumpet back to me.

"Whom do you want to talk to?" I asked.

"I want to talk to my brother David—brother David Abbott," responded the voice. I could hear the name "Abbott" repeated several times after this, and then voice finally ceased.

Mr. Clawson now took the trumpet. I may remark that although Mr. Clawson's parents, and also a little son who was never named, were dead, his whole heart was set on obtaining a communication from his daughter, Georgia, who had recently died; and unless he could do this, the whole sitting was a failure as far as he was concerned. This daughter had been very affectionate, and had always called her mother by the pet names of "Muz" and "Muzzie." She also generally called her father "Daddie," in a playful way. She had recently graduated from a school of dramatic art, and while there had become affianced to a young gentleman whose Christian name was "Archimedes." He is usually called "Ark" for short. Mr. Clawson had these facts in mind, intending to use them as a matter of identification.

A voice now addressed Mr. Clawson, saying, "I am your brother."

"Who else is there? Any of my relatives?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Your mother is here," responded the voice.

"Who else is there?"

"Your baby."

"Let the baby speak and give its name," requested Mr. Clawson.

This was followed by many indistinct words that could not be understood. Finally a name was pronounced that Mr. Clawson understood to be "Edna." He had no child of that name; but in what followed, although his lips addressed the name "Edna," his whole mind addressed his daughter, "Georgia."

"Edna, if you are my daughter, tell me what was your pet name for me?" he asked.

"I called you Daddie," the voice replied.

"What was your pet name for your mother?"

"I called her Muz, and sometimes Muzzie," responded the voice.

"What is my name?" asked Mr. Clawson, but the reply was so indistinct that it could not be understood.

I now took the trumpet, but received nothing satisfactory—merely inarticulate words. Soon I was quite sure that I heard a voice announcing, "This is Grandma Daily." My grandmother on my mother's side was Mrs. Daily; but as she had always called me "Davie" as a child, and as the names "Daily" and "Davie," when whispered, sound very similar, I decided that possibly the voice had whispered, "This is Grandma, Davie." I did not wish to misinterpret sounds and thus aid the lady, and I desired to be very certain of all of my tests; so I did not repeat the name "Daily," as most persons would have done. I waited, expecting the voice to pronounce the name unmistakably.

A number of inarticulate sentences which I could not understand were now spoken. However, among the words I heard first the name "Harvey," and then "Dave." After this I heard the name "Dave Harvey." Next, I heard the initials "J. A." and I also heard a name that seemed to be "Asa." I have an uncle who is dead, and whose name was "Richard Harvey." The name of his son who is now living is "David Harvey." An uncle of mine who is dead was called by the name of "Asa," but his name had been given in my article referred to before. I have a living brother whose initials are "J. A."

Mr. Clawson now took the trumpet and attempted to talk to some inarticulate voices. Finally a voice said, "I am Grandma."

"Grandma who?" asked Mr. Clawson. I could not understand the reply; but I heard Mr. Clawson repeat, "Grandma Daily!" with a rising inflection. He then turned to me and said, "This is pretty good. The voice says that Grandma Daily is here."

At this point Mrs. Blake terminated the sitting, claiming that her strength was leaving her. It had lasted probably twenty minutes. At one time Mrs. Blake had turned her back to me so as to use her other ear. At this point her face was next to the wall, and I could not see her lips; but I thought I detected a twitching of the muscles of the throat. The sounds were really in the trumpet, and there was no doubt that they did not issue from the nose or mouth of Mrs. Blake.

A few times during the sitting she took the trumpet from her ear, allowing it to rest in her palm. This would be for an instant at a time. During such time there was no cessation of the voices in the trumpet; but the fingers of her hand that were over the end of it seemed to be separated. At such times the voices seemed to originate at her hand, and were not so distinct as usual. When the trumpet was at her ear they seemed to originate there.

After the sitting, we told Mrs. Blake that we had a friend who would arrive on the next train. We stated that we very earnestly desired him to meet her, and finally she agreed that we should bring him and return in the evening. Then we presented her with a neat sum (as we desired her best services), and took our departure.

We crossed the river, returned to the home of our friend, Dr. X—, and then sent a driver to the train to see if Prof. Hyslop would arrive. Mr. Clawson went with the doctor's driver to the train. In a short time they returned, bringing Professor Hyslop with them. Immediately after noon we dictated to the doctor's stenographer a concise account of our morning sitting. It is from these records made at the time that this account is taken. Each of us dictated separately all that he could remember. We then compared our reports and corrected them.

A little later in the afternoon, we drove to the river again and crossed to Mrs. Blake's cottage. We were received, and had quite an interesting conversation with her. During this time Professor Hyslop questioned her minutely about the history of her case. We desired a sitting, but she declined to give us both a daylight and a dark seance; so we waited a few moments, as it was rapidly growing dark; and we then had a dark sitting, intending to have a daylight sitting the following day if possible. Mrs. Blake agreed to this, and said if her strength did not fail her, she would give us a sitting the following morning.

It now became quite dark and we arranged ourselves around a small table. We were conversing at the time; and having my mind intently on her work, I thoughtlessly said to Mr. Clawson, "Mr. Clawson, take this seat." The others were talking at the time, I was not speaking loudly, and I discovered my error in time to omit the last syllable. I was quite sure that it was not noticed at the time, but this fact must be remembered.

Mrs. Blake sat on my left, and Professor Hyslop sat on her left. At the opposite end of the table sat Dr. X— and his brother-in-law,

who had just happened to come in. Mr. Clawson sat at one side of the room, holding the hand of Mr. Blake. Professor Hyslop and myself declined to hold the hands of Mrs. Blake, as we cared nothing whatever for physical manifestations, but desired only mental phenomena, which would be of the same value whether given in darkness or in light.

We sat a very long time, and it seemed that nothing was to occur. Finally a blue light floated over the table between us, and another appeared near the floor close to where Mr. Clawson and Mr. Blake were sitting. The trumpet on the table was also lifted up over my head and dropped to the floor by my side.

Finally, the deep-toned voice of a man spoke. It appeared to be about a foot above and behind Mrs. Blake's head. The voice was melodious, soft, low in pitch, and very distinct. This is the voice that is claimed to be that of her dead son, Abe. There was a note of sadness in it, and it spoke these words: "My friends, I am sorry to say that owing to my mother's weak condition, it will be impossible for us to give any manifestations that will be worth anything this evening. We deeply regret this, but it is beyond our power to give you anything of value, as she is very weak."

It is hardly necessary to say that we refused to take this statement for a dismissal, but continued to remain. In a short time we heard a man's voice of a different tone entirely, which Dr. X— recognized as the voice of his grandfather. These voices were open, —that is, they were in no trumpet and were vocal. The tone of this last voice was that of a very old man, and the conversation was commonplace. Soon a much more robust and powerful man's voice spoke, and said: "James, we will give way to the others." This voice Dr. X— recognized as the usual voice which claimed to be that of his father.

A lady's voice now addressed Professor Hyslop, and some little conversation was carried on, but with no satisfactory results. I now reached down to the floor, and taking the trumpet, placed one end to my ear and gave the other end to Mrs. Blake. The voices issuing from it could be heard by the other persons present. The first voice appeared to be that of a girl, so I handed the trumpet to Mr. Clawson. The voice said, "Don't you know me, Daddie?"

"Who are you, Edna?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Why, you know me, Daddie," answered the voice.

"Are you Edna Jackson?" asked Mr. Clawson. This was the name of a dead friend of his daughter.

"You know I am not Edna Jackson," responded the voice.

"If you are my daughter, tell me where mamma is."

"At home."

"Yes, but where?" insisted Mr. Clawson. The reply to this was inarticulate, but resembled "Kansas City," which was the correct place.

"Is she in St. Louis?" he asked.

"You know she is not," the voice replied.

"Is she in St. Joe?"

"No, no. She is in — — —," replied the voice. The first words were given with great energy and were almost vocal, but the last words were inarticulate. The latter, however, resembled "Kansas City." I then asked the voice to repeat the name, but it grew so weak that I could not distinguish the words. So far, everything was entirely unsatisfactory, and we were greatly discouraged.

I now took the trumpet. That the reader may fully understand what is to follow, I shall state a few facts. My grandmother Daily, in the latter part of her life, resided in the country in Andrew County, Missouri. There my mother grew up. My grandmother died thirteen years ago. My mother's maiden name was "Sarah Frances Daily." She was always known to all as "Fannie Daily," and where she now resides is known to every one as "Fannie Abbott." Even Mr. Clawson did not then know her correct Christian name. My eldest sister, Ada, who is now Mrs. Humphrey, was residing in the village of Verdon, Nebraska. She and I as children, used to visit our grandmother, Mrs. Daily, and we were great favorites with her. She always called my sister "Adie," and myself "Davie." This was many years ago.

A voice in the trumpet now addressed me, claiming to be that of my grandmother, Mrs. Daily.

"Well, grandma, what do you wish to say?" I asked.

"Davie, I love you, and I am all right. It is all right Davie, it is all right; and I want you to tell your mother that you talked to me, and tell your father, too," said the voice.

"You want me to tell my mother and my father that you talked to me?" I repeated, hardly knowing what to say.

"Yes, Davie, and tell Adie, too," replied the voice very plainly.

"Tell whom?" I asked, being greatly surprised, as this came upon me like a gleam of light out of a chasm of darkness.

"Tell Adie, too," the voice again repeated. It certainly seemed incredible that this voice could manifest such intimate knowledge of my family's names, one thousand miles away. I thereupon decided to further test this knowledge.

"Grandma, what relation is Ada to me?" I quickly asked.

"Why, sister Adie, Davie. Tell sister Adie. You know what I mean—tell sister Adie." This had come so suddenly that I was for a moment dumfounded; but I quickly decided to ask a test question that I did not think the voice could answer.

"Grandma, now if this is really you talking to me, you know my mother's first name. Tell it to me," I said.

"Sarah," answered the voice, quick as a flash. It was so quickly answered that the name "Sarah" had not entered my own consciousness at the instant. I had asked the test question so very quickly, that I had given all of my thought to the question, and none to the correct answer; and I had dimly in my consciousness only the name "Fannie." Thus the name "Sarah" really momentarily surprised me, and I had to think a mere instant before I realized that it was correct. I did not repeat the name for fear of a misinterpretation of sounds.

"What do you say it is?" I again asked.

"Sarah," again the voice plainly responded. There could be no mistake, but I did not repeat the name as most would have done.

"Mrs. Blake, what do you understand that name to be?" I asked, turning to her.

"Why, it sounds like Sary," she replied. I then conceived the idea of having the voice give the first names of Mrs. Daily's other children, but it here disappeared. I ask the reader to substitute himself for the writer, and for the names "Ada" and "Sarah," to substitute names in his own family; and then to go over the foregoing dialogue, using these substituted names; to imagine himself in a strange country among strangers, and then to note the peculiar effect upon himself. He will then understand the peculiar subjective effect that this had upon the writer. A gentleman's voice now spoke inarticulately.

"Let my uncle come," I said.

"Let our mutual uncle come," spoke Mr. Clawson. This question, conveying within itself our relationship, being spoken, I now said, "Yes, let our mutual uncle come."

"Well, I am here," spoke a man's voice near the table top in a few moments.

"If you are Uncle Dave, give us your name," I requested.

"Dave, I am Uncle Dave," now spoke the voice. We had an uncle whose Christian name was "David Patterson," and who was dead.

"If you are Uncle Dave, tell me your second name," I requested.

The voice pronounced a name that resembled "Parker." It began with the letter "P," but we could not understand what followed.

"Dave, you were named after me," continued the voice.

"What is your last name?" I asked. This was "Abbott;" but the voice replied with an inarticulate sentence, in which we distinguished the name "Harvey." My uncle Richard Harvey and the uncle whose voice this purported to be, were quite intimate many years ago.

One remarkable feature of the voice which claimed to be that of my uncle David, was that it resembled his voice when alive, to an extent sufficient to call to my mind a mental picture of his appearance; and for an instant to give me that inner feeling of his presence that hearing a well-known voice always produces in one. I said nothing of this at the time. I may say that during all of our sittings, no other voice bore any resemblance to the voice of the person to whom it claimed to belong, so far as I was able to detect.

As this uncle had died only a few years before, I have a vivid remembrance of his voice.

(Continued on page 3.)

966

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A Study in Occultism.

(Continued from page 2.)

We now asked permission to return the following morning. Mr. Blake agreed to go to a telephone on the following morning and to "call up" Dr. X— and to inform him if Mrs. Blake were well enough to receive us. We now took our departure. When crossing the river in the darkness I asked Professor Hyslop if he had heard of "slip of the tongue." Dr. X— spoke up and said that he had, but that he thought that Mrs. Blake did not hear it. Mr. Clawson now incautiously spoke and said, "Well, it doesn't matter. I do not care who knows who I am. I am George Clawson of Kansas City, and there is no use to conceal it." He was so disappointed at getting nothing definite from his daughter "Georgia," that he forgot his discretion. While still on the river Mr. Clawson spoke to me and said, "Did you notice how that voice sounded like Uncle Dave's when it first spoke?" I replied that I did, but that I had thought it to be partly my own imagination. The other parties in the boat will remember this conversation.

The following morning Mr. Blake telephoned our friend, and announced his willingness to receive us. As soon as we had dictated our reports of the previous evening, Professor Hyslop, Mr. Clawson, and myself started for Mrs. Blake's house. Dr. X— did not accompany us, but remained at home to attend to other duties. We arrived at the cottage in due time, and found Mrs. Blake in excellent spirits and much improved physically. A little granddaughter of Mrs. Blake's was playing in the street and entered with us. This pretty little child was but four years of age and seemed a great favorite with her grandmother.

Mrs. Blake informed us that this child was developing a power just like her own. We asked her for a demonstration. Professor Hyslop took the little child on his lap, and I gave her one end of the trumpet. Immediately whisperings in the trumpet could be heard, but I could understand nothing except the question, "Can you hear me?"

Mrs. Blake now took the trumpet. She and I allowed its two ends to rest in our palms for a few moments. Soon it rolled on our palms one-half of a revolution. I now heard a syllable of a vocal voice which appeared to originate near the end of the trumpet in Mrs. Blake's hand. I placed the trumpet to my ear, but could understand nothing. In a short time the inarticulate voice seemed to have changed to the whisperings of a lady. Finally, Mrs. Blake said, "I believe they want to talk to you, sir." This remark was addressed to Mr. Clawson, whose identity, so far as we knew, was entirely unknown to Mrs. Blake. She makes it a rule to ask no questions, and apparently seems given any information, even to the name of her sister. Up to this time Mr. Clawson had been standing very close to Mrs. Blake and intently watching her. I noticed this and feared it would embarrass her. I now surrendered the trumpet to Mr. Clawson. I seated myself so that I could hold my right ear against the middle of the trumpet, and I faced Mr. Clawson, thus carefully turning my back upon Mrs. Blake.

Instantly the voice appeared exceedingly loud and strong, and I could understand the words from the outside with perfect clearness. I will mention the fact that from this time forward, in about one-half of Mr. Clawson's tests, I could understand the words from the outside of the trumpet and thus assure myself that he did not misinterpret the sounds. In other tests I had to trust entirely to his sense of hearing and his own discretion.

"Who is this?" asked Mr. Clawson.
"Grandma Daily," responded the voice.

"How do you do, George? I used to know you, didn't I?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"How do you do, George? I want to talk to Dave," responded the voice. "I can hear you from here, Grandma," I said from my position beside the trumpet.

"He gives her strength; that is why she speaks so much stronger now," said Mrs. Blake, indicating Mr. Clawson.

"Keep your position. I can hear her from here," I said to Mr. Clawson.

"Grandma, tell me the names of some of those big boys of yours," requested Mr. Clawson. Here some inarticulate words could be heard, but could not be understood.

I must state that I have a living aunt by the name of Mrs. Benight, who is a daughter of my Grandmother Daily. She resides in the country in Buchanan County, Missouri, and is not known far from home. Practically all of her life has been spent within a radius of a few miles from there. Her first name is "Melissa," but she has always been known by the name of "Lissie." At the time of this sitting Mr. Clawson did not know of this aunt, but he did know of her dead sister, Mrs. Cora Holt. This he had learned from my Open Court article referred to before. It was this last name that Mr. Clawson had in mind during what followed.

"Grandma, tell me the first name of one of your daughters," requested Mr. Clawson.

"Lissie?—Lissie?—You say Lissie?" asked Mr. Clawson. I could hear the reply between each of these questions, but could not understand it. After the sitting when crossing the river, I asked Mr. Clawson about this incident. He said that name seemed undoubtedly to be "Lissie," but that the letter "z" seemed more of the sound of "s." Up to this moment, strange to say, the name "Lissie" had not occurred to me; but when he spoke of the sound of the letters, I immediately thought of this aunt and informed him of her. I then learned that he did not know of her.

"What is the name of Dave's mother?" now asked Mr. Clawson.

"Sarah," answered the voice.

"Yes, but she has another name. What is her other name?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Daily."

"That is not what I mean. She has another name. What do I call her when I speak to her? I call her by some other name. What do I call her?" insisted Mr. Clawson.

"Aunt Fannie. Don't you think I know my own daughter's name, George?" plainly spoke the voice, so that I could understand the words outside.

"I know you do, Grandma, but I wanted to ask you for the sake of proving your identity," continued Mr. Clawson.

"I want Dave to tell his mother and his father that he talked to me, that I am all right, and I don't want him to forget it. Dave, I want you to be good and pray, and meet me over here," continued the voice, speaking plainly so that I could hear outside.

As I write these lines there comes before my eyes a vision. I am looking back through the vista of the years. I see an old-fashioned homestead in the hills of Missouri. There is a grassy yard and the great trees cast their shadows on the sward. The sunlight is glinting down through the leaves, and an aged lady stands at the door. Her form is stooped; and her withered hand, which trembles violently, is supported by a cane. The tears are streaming down her cheeks, for she knows it is the last time she will look upon the youth who stands before her. Before the lady lies but the darkness of the approaching night. Before the youth stretches the waving green fields of the future, lighted by the sunlight of hope. Each knows it to be the last parting on earth, for the lady is very feeble. Her trembling hand clings to mine, while with tears streaming down her aged cheeks she says these words: "Dave, be good and pray, and meet me in heaven." I turn from her, a choking sensation in my throat, and I hurry to the old-fashioned gate. I can not trust myself to speak; but I look back at her, and she is watching me as far as her dim eyes can see. Then she slowly totters back to her lonely room.

The vision has vanished. It lingers but in the mists of memory. The dear old grandmother sleeps these many years in the grave-yard; the youth has grown to manhood, the snows of approaching winter already glisten in his hair, and the fleeting years are hurrying all too quickly.

With the exception of the words "over here" in place of the word "heaven," these last words spoken by the voice were the identical words which my grandmother spoke to me the last time I ever heard her voice. But I must not write this article to express sentiment, neither must I permit it to interpret facts. I must merely report what occurred with sacred accuracy.

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"How do you do?" said the voice.

"How do you do, sir? Who are you?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Grandpa," replied the voice.

"Grandpa who?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Grandpa Abbott," said the voice, and it repeated, hurriedly, a name that sounded like "David Abbott;" and then the voice expired with a sound as of some one choking or strangling, as it went off dimly and vanished. "David," was my grandfather Abbott's Christian name.

Now, while they were resting, I determined to offer a suggestion to the lady indirectly, and to note what the effect would be. Turning to Mr. Clawson, but not calling him by name, I remarked, "It is strange that those we want so much do not come; that your daughter, to whom you would rather talk than to any one, does not speak to you. You have evidently talked to her, and she seems to identify herself; but is it not strange that she does not give her name correctly?" I said this in order to convey to the lady the fact that the name which appeared to be "Edna" was not the correct name of the gentleman's daughter.

When next he raised the trumpet to his ear a whispered voice said, "Daddie, I am here."

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Georgia," replied the voice.

"Georgia! Georgia, is this really you?" asked Mr. Clawson, with intense emotion and earnestness.

"Yes, Daddie. Didn't you think I knew my own name?" asked the voice.

"I thought you did, Georgia, but could not understand why you would not tell it to me. Where do we live, Georgia?"

"In Kansas City," responded the voice, and the continued, "Daddie, I am so glad to talk to you, and so glad you came here to see me. I wish you could see my beautiful home. We have flowers and music every day."

"Georgia, what is the name of your sweetheart to whom you were engaged?" now asked Mr. Clawson.

"— — —" The reply could not be understood.

"Georgia, spell the name," requested Mr. Clawson.

"A-r-c, Ark," responded the voice, spelling out the letters and then pronouncing the name.

"Give me his full name, Georgia," requested Mr. Clawson.

"Archimedes," now responded the voice.

"Will you spell the name for me?" asked Mr. Clawson, who wished to prevent a misinterpretation of the sounds.

"A-r-c-h-i-m-e-d-e-s," spelled the voice.

"Where is Ark, Georgia?" now asked Mr. Clawson. The reply could not be understood, but an inarticulate sentence was spoken ending with a word which sounded like "Denver."

"Do you say he is in Denver, Georgia?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"No, no," responded the voice loudly and almost vocally, and then continued, "He is in New York." This, Mr. Clawson afterwards informed me, was correct; but he thought the gentleman was at the time out of New York City, though somewhere in that state.

"Daddie, I want to tell you something. Ark is going to marry another girl," now continued the voice.

"Georgia, you say Ark is going to marry another girl?" asked Mr. Clawson.

"Yes, Daddie, but it's all right. It's all right now. He does not love her as he did me, but it is all right. I do not care now. I would like to talk to Muzzie," continued the voice.

Here a voice, vocal in tone and of the depth of man's, broke into the conversation. Mr. Clawson, who could not restrain his tears, owing to the intense dramatic effect of the recent conversation, stepped for an instant into the adjoining room to obtain control of his emotions, and to recover his self-possession.

I placed the trumpet to my ear and the man's voice said, "I want to talk to Dave. Dave, do you know me?"

"No. Who are you?" I replied.

"Grandpa Daily, Dave. Tell your mother that I talked to you, Dave."

"You want me to tell my mother you talked to me?" I asked.

"Yes, and tell your father, too," responded the voice. Mr. Clawson had by this time returned to the room; and, impetuously seizing the trumpet from my hand and placing it to his ear, exclaimed, "Hello, Grandpa! I used to know you, didn't I?"

"Of course you did," responded the voice.

"Who am I, Grandpa?"

"Oh, I know you well. You are George Clawson. I know you well." This response of the voice was just as loud and plain as if a gentleman were in the room conversing with us.

"Grandpa, tell us the name of that river we used to cross when we went over to your house?" now asked Mr. Clawson.

The voice answered inarticulately; and although the question was repeated several times, no response could be obtained that could be understood. The river is known as "The Hundred-and-Two. If a correct answer had been given, we should have considered it quite evidential. The voice gradually grew weaker; and then a lady's voice spoke and apparently addressed Professor Hyslop. The latter gentleman took the trumpet; but the words were weak, being mere whispers, and nothing definite could be understood.

Mrs. Blake then said, "We can't understand you. Now please give way to those who can speak more loudly." I now took the trumpet, and a gentleman's voice addressed me in vocal tones. I asked who was speaking, and the voice responded, "Grandpa Abbott."

I now asked the voice to give me my father's name. This it was unable to do. However, it pronounced an inarticulate name that resembled "Alexander." The first two letters were certainly "A" and "L," but we could not be certain of that which followed. Mr. Clawson tried to get a response, but could do no better, and the voice grew weak. My father's full Christian name is "George Alexander." Mr. Clawson knew his middle initial; but until after all of our sittings, did not know for what it stood.

Here another loud, vocal, gentleman's voice spoke, and said, "Gentlemen, you will have to excuse my mother. Her strength is exhausted." This voice was identical with the one of the evening before, which claimed to be that of her son Abe.

During the sitting, at one time, when the trumpet lay in the lap and while Mrs. Blake was conversing in her natural tones, the short guttural syllable of a gentleman's voice spoke, at which seemed afterwards to be the same instant that she was speaking. I noticed that her own voice ceased instantly as if she had been interrupted. I was not expecting this, and could not be certain whether the two voices spoke simultaneously, or whether the illusion was produced by the rapid alteration of the voices coming unexpectedly. This occurred again in the afternoon of this second day.

MR. CLAWSON NOW WALKED OUT UPON THE PORCH WITH PROFESSOR HYSLOP, WHERE HE SHED TEARS. HE REMARKED, "I FEEL JUST AS I DID THE DAY WE BURIED HER; AND I HAVE SURELY TALKED TO MY DEAD DAUGHTER THIS DAY."

I remained inside to try and induce Mrs. Blake to cross the river that afternoon, and visit our friend's office. She seemed well enough; and I told her candidly that I desired to have a photograph taken with her in the group, and that I expected to write an account of my experiments for some publication. This seemed to please her and she readily agreed to go, providing we would send the carriage,

and also if we would secure the consent of her husband. This we now did. The latter was away at the beginning of the sitting, but had just returned. He consented, although the ride must be for several miles, as it was necessary to drive down the river to a large ferry.

Mediumship.

Harrison D. Barrett Explains Fully His Position in Regard to the Same.

I have been questioned with regard to my position concerning this important subject by many people during the past year. Those of my friends who have known me from childhood recognize the fact that I hold no mediumship in the highest possible esteem. They also know that I most tenaciously hold to the genuineness of psychic manifestations and to the honesty of many worthy psychics.

If, because I have recognized the fact that our phenomena are shamelessly duplicated and counterfeited, I am considered an enemy to mediumship, I am perfectly willing to be so judged. I know how many of mind and loyalty of thought to our honest mediums and to genuine phenomena. Those who persist in saying that I do not recognize honesty and genuineness in the two fields named, state that WHICH IS NOT TRUE, KNOWING WHAT THEY SAY TO BE FALSE.

With respect to the question, "Do honest mediums ever lead to tricks in business matters?" I most unhesitatingly say, "YES." When mediums are giving sittings for spiritual manifestations, the exorcists frequently seize upon the opportunity offered them, to counsel their loved ones with regard to business matters pertaining to their immediate and special needs. I do not believe, however, that GENUINE MEDIUMS ever call themselves BUSINESS MEDIUMS.

Every person who advertises as a business medium, I consider open to suspicion. He may have a modicum of mediumistic power, but it is overshadowed by the fortune telling and commercial influences which vitiate every particle of genuineness he may possess. I do not believe that honest mediums ever lead themselves to tricks, or to deception with respect to matters of business. The case of Mr. Bennett, in California, who was so completely hoodwinked as to believe that his carriages that he gave to a "business mediums" could be dematerialized, transported to Jupiter and there used by the farmers to help them in their work, is an instance in point. No intelligent Spiritualist believes for a single moment that such a thing could be done. In fact, every intelligent Spiritualist knows that it could NOT be done, and THAT IT WAS NOT DONE! The medium sold the implements given him by Mr. Bennett and placed the money in his own pocket and that of his confederate. If, to denounce such a practice as this makes me an enemy of mediums and mediumship, I am proud of the appellation. Those mediums who recognize for it and shake their heads over the exposures of such folly are open to suspicion. THEY ARE UNWORTHY OF TRUST.

As for mediums taking fees for their work, permit me to say that I see nothing immoral in their doing so. The laborer is worthy of his hire, and should receive compensation in harmony with the value of that which he gives to those who patronize him. I doubt present day methods being the best methods that could be followed by our mediums. I feel that they should be employed by recognized church bodies as ministers, and receive stated salaries for their work. They should be under contract to give NO sittings outside of those assigned them by the authorities of the church.

I know of one medium who gave fifty-six private readings in one day at three dollars per reading. It was a good day's work! Does anyone who reads these lines believe that all fifty-six readings were absolutely correct, spiritual and helpful in character? If so, then the term "dead easy," that once was applied to me, is altogether too mild for one who asserts his belief in such folly.

Let all of our societies incorporate as religious bodies, and let them be of the principles upon which said society rests, together with a definition of the terms we use in our special vocabulary, with the civil authorities, then employ settled speakers and mediums and all of the trouble to which we have been subjected in past years will forever vanish away.

The criminal method now in practice in some sections of the country of employing a speaker or medium for a single Sunday and paying him only five dollars for his labor will then be abandoned. Of all people in the world, the Spiritualists should be above such parsimony and cruelty. They well know that no living man can live upon twenty dollars per month and support a wife and family. They are simply getting something for nothing from the one who gives them abuse, and positively rub their hands in glee at their ability to thus rob him.

A dollar per sitting, is none too much compensation for the time the average medium gives his patron. When that patron seeks advice on horse races, location of mines, real estate deals, points on the stock market, tips on the cotton trade, or desires information regarding hidden treasures, pots of gold, lost dogs, stolen horses, sick cats and remedies for flea bites, the medium should be honest enough with himself or herself to turn him away with the admonition that Luke places in the mouth of Jesus of Nazareth, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven."

Spiritual mediums should be above worldly material business affairs. There is no objection, so far as I can see, to their referring to special individual needs, but when it comes to make a constant practice of reverting to material affairs in their dealings with spiritual things, they are transgressing what is known as spirituality and throwing open wide the door for the entrance of fraud and duplicity. It may be that mediums are justified in giving that which their patrons seek. FOR ONE I DO NOT BELIEVE IT. THEY SHOULD STICK TO THE SPIRITUAL.

A party said to me a few months ago that she had given seventy-six sittings in one week and that seventy-four of them were for advice on business matters. I venture the assertion that the seventy-four were none other than those that which they received from her and that seventy-three out of the seventy-four were either misled by what she gave them, or were absolutely defrauded.

Individual needs may bring about a condition in the most highly spiritualized sitting that would lead the medium to speak of home affairs and of the settlement of estates in a way that would be helpful to the one whose heart was broken by reason of its sorrow. To this, I repeat, I do not take any exceptions, nor raise the slightest objection. This kind of work is spiritual because it purifies, soothes and helps those to whom it is given. I refer in my stringencies to those who wish to add to their material wealth regardless of the moral side of their endeavors; to those who wish to take advantage of their fellow men; to those who are devoid of what may be termed spirituality in their lives; to those who believe that athletic sports, stunts, prize fights, pork rooting and eating are the highest attainments to which the souls of men should aspire.

Genuine mediums have no warmer friend or more earnest defender than I am. I shall speak for them first, last and all of the time, but the moment they resort to practices that are not spiritual as to methods by which they can augment their material fortunes for the mere love of money, that moment I cease to advocate their cause or to stand sponsor for their work. Let them unite with our societies, come under the protection of the banner of organization as spiritual ministers, whose lines of work are clearly outlined, whose principles are determined, whose terms are known to the civil authorities, and then we shall be able to point with pride to our mediums, and not be obliged to blush with shame at the practices in which some of them indulge. All honor to the genuine medium! All hail to him and to all who have faithfully served humanity in this trying field of action. They deserve well at the hands of all Spiritualists and are entitled to their full measure of praise. Yours for Spiritualism.

HARRISON D. BARRETT.

Mantua Camp, Ohio.

To the Editor: Will you be kind enough to give us space to inform your many readers something in reference to Maple Dell, its past and future work. For seventeen years these grounds were used by the spiritual and religious people of Northern Ohio, for camp meetings, and many have been converted and made better thereby. But like all other institutions, it takes money to build up and run a camp meeting, and with many years of experience I have learned that they are an expensive thing; but as the conditions required them in order to advance the cause of modern Spiritualism, we felt into line, and have done the best we could under the circumstances, and we are not sorry for it.

In 1890 Mr. W. S. Wandell and myself incorporated the National Spiritual and Religious Association, with headquarters at Mantua, Ohio. We purchased land and built up Maple Dell camp. We also established branch associations, and we prospered until the N. S. A. switched us off the track, but we struggled on until we were exhausted financially, and nearly all our stock members deserted us for fear they would have to help pay the debts, and also the long list of the best speakers who had been at Maple Dell, and had received certificates of ordination which were given full recognition by the courts, also by the railroad, until the managers of the N. S. A. again secured a check on our progress by inducing the Central Traffic Association to not give our speakers clerical permits. This move affected our speakers that they were compelled to leave us and join the N. S. A. until we did not have a speaker left, and still five of the faithful continued the work until we could not secure excursion rates from Cleveland and other points over the Erie railroad. Then they decided to settle up and close out the camp business.

An auditing committee of five of our best stock members were appointed by the board of trustees to audit all accounts, and after careful investigation they brought in their report, and it was accepted by the board of trustees, and all stock members that could be found were notified of the condition and a response from three hundred and one shares of stock, with no response from twenty shares, advised the board of trustees to turn the property over to the creditors on the following conditions: That the creditors should accept all the property belonging to the Association as a final settlement, and that the stockholders should not be assessed to make a deficiency in case the property was not equal to the debts. So after seventeen years of successful camp work the final settlement was made without difficulty. The creditors, five of them, the faithful ones, now have and hold the property known as Maple Dell Park. If the property had been put up for sale it would not have paid one-half of the debts. The majority of the stock members are well pleased with the settlement, as they are now relieved from any fears of being assessed to help pay the debts. We wish to extend our thanks to all who assisted in the camp work, and were kind and true to the close.

DR. D. M. KING.

Mantua, Ohio.

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By Matt

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Published Every Saturday at 40 Loomis Street

J. R. FRANCIS, Editor and Proprietor

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 15, 1888, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
 The Progressive Thinker will be furnished until further notice at the following terms, invariably in advance:
 One Year \$1.00
 Six Months50
 Three Months25
 Single Copy 10c

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SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1908.

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Turkey Awakening to the Danger.
 Turkey wears of American missionaries, and report says, has determined on their curtailment. The American Board of Missions is informed that the rights granted by the protocol of 1874, allowing foreigners to hold property in their own name, is now practically denied. Hostility to existing treaties is shown, and American missionaries are being denied the right to travel freely in all parts of the empire, save in Hejaz, Arabia: Says Secretary Barton, of the missions:

"There are in Turkey twenty American corporations engaged in religious, educational, and charitable work, with \$6,000,000 invested in the country, and this is jeopardized by the growing hostility of the Sultan towards foreigners."

This is as it should be. The Sultan cannot avoid seeing what all know, that the Christian movement in Turkey contemplates the overthrow of the empire. That is the principal object they have in view. The missions gained privileges by deception, claiming a desire to give her people the advantages of Western education. Colleges were opened ostensibly for that purpose; but so soon as in operation they developed into institutions for Christian propaganda. Then turmoil, strife, riots, the destruction of property, followed by enormous claims for damages, and payments enforced by threats of deluging the country in blood. It has been a wonder how a great government could tolerate such interference with her institutions. She is arousing to action none too soon, if she designs to maintain her institutions unimpaired.

A Grave Offense.
 It is always painful to see old age in tears, and still more so when the stricken one occupies an elevated position, and the eyes of all the world are on him. Sympathetic tears must flow, and very justly, as the facts are related.

Three persons called at the Vatican at Rome, on Easter Monday, to pay respect to his eminence, the Pope. They were Professor Feilbogen, his wife and her sister. His Supreme Highness, deeming the occasion a proper one for a festival, brought forth a piece of the flesh of the blessed Jesus, usually mentioned as "consecrated bread," but prayer had changed it by some mysterious process unknown to scientific thought, into the real flesh of the dead but resurrected Jesus. The recipients removed the sacred morsels from their mouths, and dropped them on the floor. The published account of the sorrowful affair is related in words following:

"The Pope was horrified. The offenders were immediately expelled from the chapel while his holiness, hiding his deep emotion and amazement, with the view of preventing a scandal, hushed up the incident. From the chapel the trio of offenders were taken to the major-domo's office, where they said they were not Christians, and had received the communion through a mistake and spat out the Host, not believing it to be consecrated. The Pope was so grieved he wept bitterly. He is convinced the sacrilege was premeditated. The Sistine chapel will not need reconsecrating, as was first feared, since sacrilege does not constitute profanation."

To escape punishment the offending family left Rome. The offenders can rejoice that they escaped cannibalism by declining to eat the flesh of a God.

LOOK FOR THEM!

NEXT WEEK WE WILL SPREAD BEFORE OUR READERS ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF MR. BAILEY'S REMARKABLE SEANCES AT MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA. HE IS CERTAINLY ATTRACTING ATTENTION THE WORLD OVER. WE SHALL ALSO PUBLISH THE ADDRESS GIVEN IN ALBANY, N. Y., BY A PROMINENT LAWYER, IN DEFENSE OF ELIZABETH HALL, A MEDIUM WHO WAS ARRESTED THERE ON ACCOUNT OF EXERCISING HER MEDIUMISTIC GIFTS. THE ADDRESS IS A SPLENDID PRODUCTION AND SHOULD BE CAREFULLY PRESERVED FOR FUTURE REFERENCE. OUR AIM IS TO KEEP OUR READERS THOROUGHLY POSTED IN EVERYTHING PERTAINING TO OUR CAUSE.

As Seen From the Other Standpoint.

The "Dyestine Plea for the Bible," by our Marblehead friend in The Progressive Thinker of two weeks ago is only one side view of a large question. There are but few books in the hands of the intellectual public but have some redeeming features, and there are none embracing more errors than the Bible. Proof of the latter assertion is found in the fact that some one thousand varying sects have sprung into being which have based their creeds and hope on that book. Misstatements and contradictory accounts of events everywhere abound. And this notwithstanding copyists, translators and forgers have been engaged for many centuries trying to bring harmony out of discord.

The clergy, by careful selection, using in some cases only the fragment of a sentence, seem at times to have made good moral points; but they always shun the objectionable features for texts. They seldom attempt to prove that "hate" means love; that exhibition of the war spirit means peace. Such tasks are left to Christian editors and to Bible commentators. They justly repudiate great wrongs and crimes; yet their Holy Bible sustains them. They glorify a murderer, and present him to the world as a model of meekness. They idolize David, while his actions in many respects were infamous. They present us Solomon, with his seven hundred wives, as an example for imitation, and send to the penitentiary those vile men who have married two wives. Not one of the patriarchs is a worthy exemplar, yet all were favorites of the Bible God.

And the women of the Bible! No wonder modern wives and daughters have been held in the back ground, when the Bible record is presented them for consultation.

Read the story of Jael, Judges, chapter 4 and 5, and compare her with Mrs. Guinness, of present-day infamy. Both lured men to destruction. Sisera had been defeated in battle; his warriors had fallen at the edge of the sword, and he alone escaped. He reached the tent of Jael, who saluted him, and called out: "Turn in, my lord, turn in to me. Fear not." And when he had "turned in," she covered him with a mantle, gave him milk to drink, after which he laid down to rest. Then Jael took a hammer, "went softly to him," says the divine record, "drove a nail in his temple when Sisera was asleep." And Deborah, the prophetess, sang, "Blessed above women shall Jael be. He asked water, she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish, with a hammer she smote Sisera, she pierced his temple with a nail, she smote off his head."

No sweet songster will sing paeans of gladness to the memory of the La Porte murderers. Only horror and detestation will be heard or mentioned. She was not a special favorite of God, a glorified Bible character. Some goodly priest will come to the defense of Jael; but he has no words of laudation of the heroine who murdered, mutilated and robbed FOURTEEN well-intentioned victims, and buried them, possibly with her own hands, on her farm of slaughter.

But Jael is only one of the many Bible characters of women modern thought condemn. We pass, with merely mention of Tamar and Rahab, the harlot and Lot's daughter, all glorified in Bible story, and pass the escapades of Sarah and Rebekah. But there is one, a gentleman of New England, perhaps a clergyman, we don't know, who, while conceding "the Bible is not infallible, but abounding in contradictions, errors of translation, chronology, and locality," yet inquires: "Why should we seek to destroy the comfort that millions of tired and perplexed souls to-day find in what they understand to be the promises of God?"

Because we would destroy error and falsehood wherever found. We would give the world a better faith, a nobler truth, a more worthy ideal, a loftier conception of God, a reality in place of faith, the certainty of an immortal life where the Bible leaves doubt. We would banish wrong and crime from the earth, exalt the good and the true. Instead of fostering a religion based on faith, we would build hopes on knowledge. Instead of teaching another a Jesus will suffer for our sins, and thus encourage iniquity, we would teach that every wrong will be punished to fullest extent, and that no offender can escape eternal justice. Until this is done

violence will abound, and guilt with its thousand stings will go unrebuked. Instead of teaching hate of father, and mother, brothers and sisters, wife and children, we would inculcate its opposite, and pile all the hate humanity is capable of on that person, God, man or devil, who would teach a damnable religion, administering a share of these curses on priest or prelate who advocates, defends, apologizes for, or tries to explain away such cursed teaching.

"Destroying the comfort of millions!" Why have Christians for two thousand years waged an "incessant war on the religions of the past that carried happiness to countless millions?" "They were Pagans," replies the Christian. Are they who teach precisely the same faith as these old-time Pagans entitled to more consideration than they whose religions the moderns have stolen?

And Still the Wave Rolls On.

We learn from the Literary Digest that a monthly periodical, entitled "The New Theory of the World," edited by Dr. W. Breitenbach, has been founded in Berlin, and is being circulated among college students in every university town of Germany. Here is a translation of a brief article by the Digest:

"The flood of light which in the last years has been thrown upon the history of the world and its inhabitants, especially man, by geology, paleontology, and the theory of evolution, has made it impossible for older theories founded on religion and mythology to hold their ground any longer. It is time to put a stop to the intolerable and dangerous state of uncertainty in which the public mind is hovering. While the doubt produced by the contradiction between science and faith has altogether unsettled the moral standard which rests on the dictum of antique religious teachers, it has also suggested the formulation of a new and firm basis of morals by means of a theory of the universe which is at once simple and in harmony with our age. Such a basis of morals, if it would obtain universal recognition, must, under present circumstances, obtain its inspiration, not from faith, but from science."

Educated man in all countries is drifting in the same direction. The forces of nature may be held in restraint a little longer by the almost superhuman effort of organized error; but, like the avalanche, once started down the mountain side, it will prostrate everything in its path until it reaches the plain.

A Supposition.

Suppose a power dominating civilization, as did the Roman empire, when Catholicism gained control, had, by edicts of emperors, acts of legislation, sustained by powerful armies, inquisitorial dungeons, torture chambers, stakes and fagots in flame, declared the most insignificant character in all history the promised Messiah; the literary world had exhausted its genius in glorifying his acts, with no regard for truth; and had credited him with performing miracles which contravened natural law; and, finally, the priesthood for two thousand years had proclaimed he was begotten by a God, and called him Emmanuel—tell us, good reader, if you do not think he would be worshiped by the populace as a God today? But always remember lapses of time, decrees of courts, proclamations of kings, nor the huzzas of the multitude, however loud or prolonged, never change one error into a right, nor one lie into a truth.

No Reason for Existence.

Arthur B. Moss, in his "Christianity and Evolution," says:

"There is no evidence of the existence of the Jesus of the Gospels, whether considered as a God or a man. It is quite within the bounds of possibility a person may have lived named Jesus or Joshua, or for that matter, a dozen such persons—who proclaimed unpopular doctrines to the Jews, and who, as a consequence, were persecuted and put to death by crucifixion, or, as stated in the Talmud, by stoning."

If there was such a person, Mr. Moss says "Jesus" was of the school of Essenes." Then he runs a parallel between the accredited teachings of Jesus and of the Essenes, and shows they were identical in every essential particular.

As for Christianity itself, Mr. Moss says: "Abolish original sin," in which it is claimed man the first day of his being went to the bad by disobeying the command of Deity, "these Christians have no reason for existence."

An Open Letter to a Clerical Maligner.

He Receives a Modicum of Merited Castigation.

Rev. M. A. Matthews, Seattle, Wash.

My dear Sir: In one of your recent eloquent sermons, as reported in the Seattle Times, you make the statement that "the theories of soothsayers, witches, mediums, Theosophists and Spiritualists are absolutely repugnant to common sense, decency and every known law of morality and righteousness. Their doctrine concerning the dead are doctrines promulgated for graft, the propagation of frauds and frauds, and to delude the weak-minded, unsophisticated, the unknown and uncertain quantities in the moral and social world. No human being possesses power to communicate with the dead or to speak to the spirits that have gone off to their future abode, and no infamously fraud would pretend to possess power to communicate with spirits and men, and their communications to the living."

These are hard words, and unless you have evidence upon which to base your statement, you are not a competent teacher of your fellow men, nor worthy of a place behind the sacred desk. What do you know of Spiritualism? Was the Apostle Paul a fraud when he fell into his trance on his way to Damascus? Were those people frauds who reported that they saw angels at the tomb of the Lord Christ of Nazareth? Were the Apostles frauds when the tongues of flame rested upon their heads on the day of Pentecost, and they spoke in unknown tongues? Did the Apostle Paul lie when he wrote so eloquently in the first chapter of Corinthians in regard to spiritual gifts?

What is Spiritualism? A declaration to the world? Let me quote it in order that you may know a little something of the subject with which you are presuming to deal:

First: We believe in Infinite Intelligence.

Second: We believe that the phenomena of nature, physical and psychical, are the expressions of Infinite Intelligence.

Third: We affirm that a correct understanding of such expressions and living in harmony therewith constitute the true religion.

Fourth: We affirm that the process of life is not interrupted by the change called death, but that man lives beyond the grave, the same conscious being he was on earth.

Fifth: We affirm that communication between the seen and the unseen worlds is a fact, scientifically proven by the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Sixth: We believe that the highest morality is found in the Golden Rule: (Whatever you would that others do unto you, do ye even so unto them.)

Is there anything demoralizing in these six principles? Do you repudiate the Golden Rule? In what way are these teachings repugnant to common sense and decency? How have they transcended morality and righteousness? By what authority do you declare that no human being possesses power to speak to the spirits who have taken leave of earth? Have you been endowed with the spirit of omniscience through some special act of the Infinite by means of which you are able to speak the words of the Infinite? Or are you questioning outside of mathematics? Until you bring proof of your omniscience and your wonderful presence with regard to psychic matters, I shall be under the necessity of considering you a mere mortal, like myself, possessing great ability as a speaker, but prone to err in judgment in common with all your fellow men.

There is not a principle in Spiritualism that is otherwise than wholesome in its application to human life. Spiritualism declares that there is no forgiveness for sin, but that each man must pay the penalty of his wrong doing to the uttermost farthing. Even FALSEHOOD is a sin according to Spiritualism, whether uttered by a CLERGYMAN from the sacred desk or by an ordinary workman on the life Spiritualism teaches that every man must face himself and meet the consequences of his every act in the future world.

Having maligned the Spiritualists of America and falsified with regard to the doctrines they hold, you will have a pleasant time facing yourself and misstatements when you come to enter the real life of the soul. A gentleman, the charitable Dr. Matthews, I believe you are ignorant of the subject on which you spoke, and that your judgment was pronounced hastily because of your lack of information regarding a matter so vital. A man is not wholly responsible for his acts when he commits them through ignorance, yet he is responsible for his ignorance of the subject of which you speak, then your error is that much the greater. There is a difference between honest ignorance and intentional ignorance.

Spiritualism emphasizes right living and right doing here on earth for all of the children of men. It teaches that we are souls to-day as much as we ever shall be and that the kingdom of heaven is to be established on earth, and that the same white and clean, commencing with the present moment. "Spiritualism asserts that rewards and punishment are parts of our daily living here on earth and not absolute perquisites of the life within the veil. Spiritualism leads men back to God over the roadway of fact and turns them from the cold and cruel doctrines of materialism and the still more cruel ones of infant damnation and eternal torture. It numbers among its followers the brainiest men and women of all continents and all ages. John of Antioch, known in history as Chrysostom, was a Spiritualist and a trance medium. Polycarp, the gifted saint of the early Christian era, was a self-ordained medium. John and Charles Wesley were mediums of a high order of excellence. Emmanuel Swedenborg was one of the greatest seers the world has ever known.

Michael Servetus, whom the founder of your church put to death, was a rarely endowed soul, possessing great powers as a medium. In modern times, distinguished scientists, philosophers and churchmen are firm believers in Spiritualism and many of them are mediums. Will you match your intellect against that of Canon Wilberforce, Archdeacon Colley, Rt. Rev. Heber Newton, Prof. Crookes, Rudolph Virchow and Prof. William James of Harvard University? Are they not men of intelligence and moral integrity? I should be proud to associate and to class myself with men of their calibre. Indeed, as a Spiritualist I am in their company, and I must confess that I enjoy their associations in thought and in personal friendship much more than I could possibly enjoy listening to your fulminations against God, truth and morality in the indiscriminate, unjust and untruthful statements you make in some of your sermons.

Dr. Matthews, you are an able man and exert a great influence over hundreds of your fellow beings in Seattle. You have got right to mislead them with regard to matters of fact. No man can teach that which he does not know. No man has a moral right to denounce any movement of whose principles he has not thoroughly informed himself. That there is a vast amount of fraud and sordid commercialism connected with Spiritualism, neither I nor any other intelligent Spiritualist will deny. All of our leaders are laboring with might and main to remove fraud and rascality from our midst. Commercialism is not alone confined to Spiritualism. I have known clergymen to accept calls where the salaries were considerably larger than were those previously paid them. It strikes me that there is a little element of commercialism in this respect. There are good and bad in all denominations. Spiritualism has its share of black sheep, just as your church has its full quota. I once sought permission to distribute some Spiritualist papers among the prisoners in the penitentiary in Jackson, Michigan. The managers of the prison declined to permit me to do so on the ground that there was not a Spiritualist among all the criminals incarcerated! I have found, upon examining the statistics of criminology in the United States, that the Spiritualists furnish less than one-tenth of one per cent of the criminals now behind the bars. The Spiritualists number almost as many followers as does your church. Can you say that you will not find a greater per cent of criminals professing your faith in the prisons of the land than one-tenth of one per cent? It seems to me that if Religion makes men good or bad, then Spiritualism has certainly been a power for good in its influence upon the lives of its followers, whereas the impress of your religion is open to question upon those who accept your faith.

I am sending a copy of this letter to the Seattle Times, in which your abusive paragraphs appeared. I can hardly hope that that paper will be just enough to publish my words. I therefore take the liberty to address this letter to you personally and assure you that it will appear in full in the columns of some one of the Spiritualist papers in America or Europe.

Trusting that you will be led to see the Light and repent your sins before you take leave of life, I am,

Yours for truth,

HARRISON D. BARRETT.

Lily Dale Assembly Making Many Improvements.—List of Appointments and Concessions.

It has been many years since the management at Lily Dale has undertaken such improvements as they have arranged to make this season. The Assembly has purchased the Sunflower building, and it is being remodeled, half into commodious quarters for the Ladies' Auxiliary, and the other half into finely equipped public flush toilets and lavatories. The Octagon building is being remodeled and will be used by Professor Sheehan as a school of vocal music. The bowling alleys are to be redressed and be put in first-class condition. New billiard and pool tables are to be put on the second floor, and the electric lighting rearranged. The building will be painted, the lawn tennis court improved and many improvements made to add to the pleasure of those who enjoy sports. Much money is to be spent in numerous improvements, beautification of the grounds, etc.

The following appointments and concessions have been made:

Chairman, John T. Little; superintendent, W. O. Hall; gate keeper, O. H. Maxham; superintendent of Lyceum, Mrs. Amelia Peterson; Librarian, Miss Lucy A. Greene; manager of bowling alleys, Jean L. Read; pianist, Miss H. H. With; drawing, C. D. Greenmeyer; Maplewood hotel, Dayton & Turner; milk, Ben. Luce; meat market, A. C. Walte; store, Frank Fuller; store, A. S. Dayton; pagoda, Mrs. Evelyn Bach; pop corn, Mrs. Amelia Klock; boats, S. J. Richardson; engineer, A. H. Winchester; electrician, C. Payne; barber, E. Lawson; ladies shampooing and manicuring, Mrs. E. Lawson; lunch room, Senior Green.

Balance of appointments not yet given out.

MRS. JEAN L. REED.

Lily Valley, N. Y.

In connection with the above we desire to state that the Chicago Spiritualist League, has been organized as a test medium. He will prove a drawing card.

Some toll, others reap the advantage.—Greek.

What Is Death?

A Graphic Description, by Mrs. Mary T. Longley.

—He was an OLD man, bent and aged and wan, weary and battle-scarred with the conflicts of more than four-score years. This life had been a rugged one; from early childhood it had been his lot to toil and that almost without ceasing, for the necessities of life. Left an orphan at an early age, with no one to care for him, the little fellow had shifted about as best he could, picking up a living by running errands, doing odd chores, selling scraps of iron, old bottles and what ever he could find in alley or street that would bring a penny, and often suffering from hunger, cold and loneliness.

It was remarkable that the little fellow remained honest through all this trying ordeal of his early years, but he was a sensitive, and somehow the good angels managed to keep very near him and to guide his young life. The society of rude and profane boys had no attraction for him, and thieving no temptation. And so his youth passed, and by dint of pushing and striving he managed to get along and to get a great deal of knowledge of human life. He could read and spell, for his mother had taught him this before she passed from earth, and he had spent many an hour reading old papers that he found in ash-heaps and dumps until he got money enough to buy and sell papers for himself, and so on through a score of years, pushing, striving, learning, little by little, working ever and gaining a hard experience as the years went on, for there was no "royal road to knowledge" for him, and no wealthy benefactor to take him and his needs in hand.

In early manhood he continued to learn a trade and to support himself at manual labor, and although held down in the narrow limitations of a factory life, and he was satisfied. In time marriage and humble family life became a part of his experience, but the years brought sorrow and added hardship, for his dear wife and three loving children passed into the great Beyond, and he, crippled in resources, feeble in body, depressed and unhappy, lived the lonely and forlorn life of the forsaken—a simple history, and only one of thousands that could be told in the same breath.

But now he was old, and the end had come, alone and weary, lying in his dingy garret, unthought of by neighbor or friend, it had come to him—The Great Change.

He did not know how long he had been lying there covered by his old and worn-out coat; it had seemed like ages to him. As he was too feeble to rise he had suffered silently through the long day and into the night, but all at once it seemed to him as if he was rising, rising without effort upon a violet, billowy cloud, soft, restful, inviting to repose. A delicate mist-like substance surrounded him, like the hue of a thousand delicate flowers, and perfumed like violets. This vapor he seemed to absorb, and how it rested him, soothing his every nerve, filling him with a delightful sensation of peace, and of languid joy.

Dimly he perceived a change in the old apartment; even the heap of rags that had served as his bed, the bits of old furniture, and the very walls seemed transfigured and to grow in beauty in the beautiful, half-toned violet light that had suffused and glorified the place. He was dimly conscious of this, as he lay in tranquil beatitude, amid the splendor of this spiritual dawn. For a time he lingered—an hour, or was it a year?—he knew not, but happy, happy in the new sensation of absolute rest and peace.

Then the magnetic influence that had enthralled him seemed spent, and he was alert, alive! Every fibre and nerve of his being thrilled as with new and wondrous life! JUST TO BE ALIVE, how the thought thrilled him! No shade of loneliness encompassed him now; no tinge of sorrow; no hint of pain, of age, of weariness; nothing but a sense of joy in life!

As yet he had been aware of no living presence, yet he felt no loneliness. The old room, the familiar and battered possessions, even the thought of material things had faded from sight and mind. He had no view of them, no thought of what he had been. He was simply master of life, and that life was himself!

Then came strains of music—soft, sweet, thrilling—breathing harmonies over his being and within him. Life was music itself! Life was music, harmony! All was good.

Then consciousness of standing erect, stately, a being of power, strength and mental energy, clothed in befitting garments; and then a knowledge of companionship, for beside him, smiling upon him, greeting him with outstretched hands and loving arms of welcome were a group of shining ones—happy souls whom he intuitively and at once recognized as his own people. First, his mother, who had left the earth form seventy years before; then the wife of his bosom, and the three radiant ones, whom he felt to be the children they had loved and lost—all there greeting him, lovingly caressing him, and showering welcomes upon him—not a trace of sorrow upon them, and not a shadow of sadness in his own heart.

Then came the recollection—what of himself, his past, his aged, crippled body? He felt a tugging as of some invisible cord, and yielding to the pull, he seemed to turn when lo, at his feet lay the old body, wrapped in a white shroud, and men were about to take it away; but this was not self—only the outward form. It held no attraction for him, and he did not even try to follow it to the charnel house of clay. To be freed from that form was a blessed relief, and now, again he turned to follow the blessed company that was guiding him over pleasant pathways of light to higher scenes.

But what a glorious sense of exaltation in this motor power, floating, gliding upward, buoyed by some internal spring of activity, knowing no fear, no hesitancy—simply going and leaving all trace of dust and turmoil behind. At length they paused, not from fatigue, for the spirit had no sense of weariness, but because they had entered what appeared to be a beautiful valley of the greenest verdure, of beautiful trees and smiling streams, flower gardens and restful parks, pretty homes and shining structures, a veritable Arcadia of harmony and peace.

And in this delightful spot the newly arisen spirit found his home—a home, dainty and inviting, comfortable, and full of light—one he had built himself; he was told, with the ethereal substance and power of his own harmonic vibrations and magnetic emanations of a long life of sacrifice and labor which he had patiently endured. This home he had literally brought into shape by the aid of wife and children in some of the hours that he had spent with them in spirit while his poor mortal body slept, for often had he, as countless mortals do, taken nocturnal flights from the earth body during its hours of repose, and mingled with the dear ones of the other shore. Thus had he partially lived with them, partaken of their studies, participated in their interests and occupations, gained spiritual growth with them, and by these experiences, been able to preserve a calm mien and patient endurance—yes, a spirituelle nature—amid the long and harassing vicissitudes of a narrow and painful earth existence.

MARY T. LONGLEY.

Washington, D. C.

The Sweet Singer.

Often had he sung for others, for himself he could not sing; Age his body had enfeebled, but his mind was on the wing; Like the eagle soaring upward, toward the source of sacred fire, Soared his aspirations heavenward on the wings of strong desire.

He had charmed his raptured hearers with the sweetness of his song, As they, loet in admiration, thought the hours were never long While they listened with sweet pleasure as his voice fell on their ears, And he moved their hearts enchanted unto mirth or sobbing tears.

Now his earthly songs were ended, his sweet voice was hushed and still, But the music in his nature made his inmost being thrill; As he sank in peaceful slumber, still his mind was on the wing, And he smiled in admiration as he heard the angels sing.

So he passed beyond the music of the sweetest songs of earth, And he gained a voice celestial as he rose in spirit birth; Now beyond the limits mortal, he has joined the choir above, And he sings the songs of angels, full of gladness, peace and love.

JAS. C. UNDERHILL.

Hammond, Indiana.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

Published Every Saturday at 40 Loomis Street

J. R. FRANCIS, Editor and Proprietor

Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 11, 1899, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under Act of March 3, 1879.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
The Progressive Thinker will be furnished until further notice at the following terms, invariably in advance:
One Year, \$1.00
Six Months, .60
Three Months, .35
Single Copy, 10 Cts.

REMITTANCES:
Remit by Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter or Draft on Chicago. No checks cashed on local banks, so do not send unless you wish that amount deducted from the amount sent. Address all letters to J. R. FRANCIS, 40 Loomis Street, Chicago, Ill.

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TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES.
The price of The Progressive Thinker per year to foreign countries is \$2.00.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1908.

WORDS OF CAUTION.

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

AN ENTIRELY NEW DEAL.

THE POSTAGE ON papers has been increased to all the British possessions on this continent. On a single paper we are compelled to pay ONE CENT each week, amounting to 52 cents a year, whereas previously we only paid the postage rate—more or less. Hence, to all the British possessions on this continent the paper hereafter will be \$1.50 per year.

Turkey Awakening to the Danger.

Turkey wears of American missionaries, and report says, has determined on their curtailment. The American Board of Missions is informed that the rights granted by the protocol of 1874, allowing foreigners to hold property in their own name, is now practically denied. Hostility to existing treaties is shown, and American missionaries are being denied the right to travel freely in all parts of the empire, save in Hejaz, Arabia: Says Secretary Barton, of the missions:

"There are in Turkey twenty American corporations engaged in religious, educational, and charitable work, with \$6,000,000 invested in the country, and this is jeopardized by the growing hostility of the Sultan towards foreigners."

This is as it should be. The Sultan cannot avoid seeing what all know, that the Christian movement in Turkey contemplates the overthrow of the empire. That is the principal object they have in view.

The missions gained privileges by deception, claiming a desire to give her people the advantages of Western education. Colleges were opened ostensibly for that purpose; but so soon as in operation they developed into institutions for Christian propaganda. Then turmoil, strife, riots, the destruction of property, followed by enormous claims for damages, and payments enforced by threats of degrading the country in blood. It has been a wonder how a great government could tolerate such interference with her institutions. She is arousing to action none too soon, if she designs to maintain her institutions unimpaired.

A Grave Offense.

It is always painful to see old age in tears, and still more so when the stricken one occupies an elevated position, and the eyes of all the world are on him. Sympathetic tears must flow, and very justly, as the facts are recited.

Three persons called at the Vatican in Rome, on Easter Monday, to pay respect to His eminence, the Pope. They were Professor Feilbogen, his wife and her sister. His Supreme Highness, deeming the occasion a proper one for a festival, brought forth a piece of the flesh of the blessed Jesus, usually mentioned as "consecrated bread," but prayer had changed it by some mysterious process unknown to scientific thought, into the real flesh of the dead but resurrected Jesus. The recipients removed the sacred morsels from their mouths, and dropped them on the floor. The published account of the sorrowful affair is related in words following:

"The Pope was horrified. The offenders were immediately expelled from the chapel, while his holiness, hiding his deep emotion and amazement, with the view of preventing a scandal, hushed up the incident. From the chapel the trio of offenders were taken to the major-domo's office, where they said they were not Christians, and had received the communion through a mistake and spat out the Host not believing it to be consecrated. The Pope was so grieved he wept bitterly. He is convinced the sacrilege was premeditated. The Sistine chapel will not need reconsecrating, as was first feared, since sacrilege does not constitute profanation."

To escape punishment the offending family left Rome.

The offenders can rejoice that they escaped cannibalism by declining to eat the flesh of a God.

LOOK FOR THEM!

NEXT WEEK WE WILL SPREAD BEFORE OUR READERS ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF MR. BAILEY'S REMARKABLE SEANCES AT MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA. HE IS CERTAINLY ATTRACTING ATTENTION THE WORLD OVER. WE SHALL ALSO PUBLISH THE ADDRESS GIVEN IN ALBANY, N. Y., BY A PROMINENT LAWYER, IN DEFENSE OF ELIZABETH HALL, A MEDIUM WHO WAS ARRESTED THERE ON ACCOUNT OF EXERCISING HER MEDIUMISTIC GIFTS. THE ADDRESS IS A SPLENDID PRODUCTION AND SHOULD BE CAREFULLY PRESERVED FOR FUTURE REFERENCE. OUR AIM IS TO KEEP OUR READERS THOROUGHLY POSTED IN EVERYTHING PERTAINING TO OUR CAUSE.

As Seen From the Other Standpoint.

The "Earnest Plea for the Bible," by our Marblehead friend in The Progressive Thinker of two weeks ago is only one side view of a large question. There are but few books in the hands of the intellectual public but have some redeeming features, and there are none embracing more errors than the Bible. Proof of the latter assertion is found in the fact that some one thousand varying sects have sprung into being which have based their creeds and hope on that book. Misstatements and contradictory accounts of events everywhere abound. And this notwithstanding copyists, translators and forgers have been engaged for many centuries trying to bring harmony out of discord.

The clergy, by careful selection, using in some cases only the fragment of a sentence, seem at times to have made good moral points; but they always shun the objectionable features for texts. They seldom attempt to prove that "hate" means love; that exhibition of the war spirit means peace. Such tasks are left to Christian editors and to Bible commentators. They justly repudiate great wrongs and crimes; yet their Holy Bible sustains them. They glorify a murderer, and present him to the world as a model of meekness. They idolize David, while his actions in many respects were infamous. They present us Solomon, with his seven hundred wives, as an example for imitation, and send to the penitentiary those vile men who have married two wives. Not one of the patriarchs is a worthy exemplar, yet all were favorites of the Bible God.

And the women of the Bible! No wonder modern wives and daughters have been held in the back ground, when the Bible record is presented them for consultation.

Read the story of Jael, Judges, chapter 4 and 5, and compare her with Mrs. Guinness, of present-day infamy. Both lured men to destruction. Sisera had been defeated in battle; his warriors had fallen at the edge of the sword, and he alone escaped. He reached the tent of Jael, who saluted him, and called out: "Turn in, my lord, turn in to me. Fear not." And when he had "turned in," she covered him with a mantle, gave him milk to drink, after which he laid down to rest. Then Jael took a hammer, "went softly to him," says the divine record, "drove a nail in his temple when Sisera was asleep." And Deborah, the prophetess, sang, "Blessed above women shall Jael be. He asked water, she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish, with a hammer she smote Sisera, she pierced his temple with a nail, she smote off his head."

No sweet songster will sing peans of gladness to the memory of the La Porte murderers. Only horror and detestation will be heard or mentioned. She was not a special favorite of God, a glorified Bible character. Some goodly priest will come to the defense of Jael; but he has no words of laudation of the heroine who murdered, mutilated and robbed FOURTEEN well-intentioned victims, and buried them, possibly with her own hands, on her farm of slaughter.

But Jael is only one of the many Bible characters of women modern thought condemn. We pass, with merely mention of Tamar and Rahab, the harlot and Lot's daughter, all glorified in Bible story, and pass the escapades of Sarah and Rebekah. But there is one, a gentleman of New England, perhaps a clergyman, we don't know, who, while conceding "the Bible is not infallible, but abounding in contradictions, errors of translation, chronology, and locality," yet inquires: "Why should we seek to destroy the comfort that millions of tired and perplexed souls to-day find in what they understand to be the promises of God?"

Because we would destroy error and falsehood wherever found. We would give the world a better faith, a nobler truth, a more worthy ideal, a loftier conception of God, a reality in place of faith, the certainty of an immortal life where the Bible leaves doubt. We would banish wrong and crime from the earth, exalt the good and the true. Instead of fostering a religion based on faith, we would build hopes on knowledge. Instead of teaching another a Jesus will suffer for our sins, and thus encourage iniquity, we would teach that every wrong will be punished to fullest extent, and that no offender can escape eternal justice. Until this is done

violence will abound, and guilt with its thousand stings will go unrebuked. Instead of teaching hate of father, and mother, brothers and sisters, wife and children, we would inculcate its opposite, and pile all the hate humanity is capable of on that person, God, man or devil, who would teach a damnable religion, administering a share of these curses on priest or prelate who advocates, defends, apologizes for, or tries to explain away such cursed teaching.

"Destroying the comfort of millions!" Why have Christians for two thousand years waged an incessant war on the religions of the past that carried happiness to countless millions? "They were Pagans," replies the Christian. Are they who teach precisely the same faith as these old-time Pagans entitled to more consideration than they whose religions the moderns have stolen?

And Still the Wave Rolls On.

We learn from the Literary Digest that a monthly periodical, entitled "The New Theory of the World," edited by Dr. W. Breitenbach, has been founded in Berlin, and is being circulated among college students in every university town of Germany. Here is a translation of a brief article by the Digest:

"The flood of light which in the last years has been thrown upon the history of the world and its inhabitants, especially man by geology, paleontology, and the theory of evolution, has made it impossible for older theories founded on religion and mythology to hold their ground any longer. It is time to put a stop to the intolerable and dangerous state of uncertainty in which the public mind is hovering. While the doubt produced by the contradiction between science and faith has altogether unsettled the moral standard which rests on the dictum of antique religious teachers, it has also suggested the formulation of a new and firm basis of morals by means of a theory of the universe which is at once simple and in harmony with our age. Such a basis of morals, if it would obtain universal recognition, must, under present circumstances, obtain its inspiration, not from faith, but from science."

Educated man in all countries is drifting in the same direction. The forces of nature may be held in restraint a little longer by the almost superhuman effort of organized error; but, like the avalanche, once started down the mountain side, it will prosopate everything in its path until it reaches the plain.

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He Receives a Modicum of Merited Castigation.

Rev. M. A. Matthews,

Seattle, Wash.

My Dear Sir: In one of your recent eloquent sermons, as reported in the Seattle Times, you make the statement that "the theories of the soothsayers, witches, mediums, Theosophists and Spiritualists are absolutely repugnant to common sense, decency and every known law of morality and righteousness. Their doctrine concerning the dead are doctrines promulgated for graft, the propagation of fakirs and frauds, and to delude the weak-minded, unsophisticated, the unknown and uncertain quantities in the moral and social world. No human being possesses power to communicate with the dead or to speak to the spirits that have gone on to their future abode, and nobody but an infamous fraud would pretend to possess power to communicate with spirits and transmit their communications to the living."

These are hard words, and unless you have evidence upon which to base your statement, you are not a competent teacher of your fellow men, nor worthy of a place behind the sacred desk. What do you know of Spiritualism? Was the Apostle Paul a fraud when he fell into his trance on his way to Damascus? Were those people frauds who reported that they saw angels at the tomb of the Lord Christ of Nazareth? Were the Apostles frauds when the tongues of flame rested upon their heads on the day of Pentecost and they spoke in unknown tongues? Did the Apostle Paul lie when he wrote so eloquently in the first chapter of Corinthians in regard to spiritual gifts?

What is Spiritualism's declaration to the world? Let me quote it in order that you may know a little something of the subject with which you are presuming to deal:

First: We believe in Infinite Intelligence.

Second: We believe that the phenomena of nature, physical and psychical, are the expressions of Infinite Intelligence.

Third: We affirm that a correct understanding of such expressions and living in harmony therewith constitute the true religion.

Fourth: We affirm that the process of life is not interrupted by the change called death, but that man lives beyond the grave, the same conscious being he was on earth.

Fifth: We affirm that communication between the seen and the unseen worlds is a fact, scientifically proven by the phenomena of Spiritualism.

Sixth: We believe that the highest morality is found in the Golden Rule: (Whosoever ye would that others do unto you, ye do even so unto them.)

Is there anything demoralizing in those six principles? Do you repudiate the Golden Rule? In what way are these teachings repugnant to common sense and decency? How have they transcended morality and righteousness? By what authority do you declare that no human being possesses power to speak to the spirits who have taken leave of earth? Have you been endowed with the spirit of omniscience through some special act of the Infinite by means of which you are able to speak the word impossible regarding any question outside of your immediate vision? Can you bring proof of your omniscience and your wonderful presence with regard to psychic matters, I shall be under the necessity of considering you a mere mortal, like myself, possessing great ability as a speaker, but prone to err in judgment in common with all your fellow men.

There is not a principle in Spiritualism that is repugnant to human life, some in its application to human life. Spiritualism declares that there is no forgiveness for sin, but that each man must pay the penalty of his wrong doing to the uttermost farthing. Even FALSEHOOD is a sin according to Spiritualism, whether uttered by a CLERGYMAN from the sacred desk or by a man in the ordinary walks of life. Spiritualism teaches that each man must face himself and meet the consequences of his every act in the future world.

Having maligned the Spiritualists of America and falsified with regard to the doctrines they hold, you will have a pleasant time facing yourself and misstatements when you come to enter the real life of the soul. I am going to be charitable, Dr. Matthews, I believe you are ignorant, and not a Jew on which you spoke, and that your judgment was pronounced hastily because of your lack of information regarding a matter so vital. A man is not wholly responsible for his acts when he commits them through ignorance, yet he is responsible for his irresponsibility! If you are willfully ignorant of the subject of which you speak, then your error is that much the greater. There is a difference between honest ignorance and intentional ignorance.

Spiritualism emphasizes right living and right doing here on earth for all of the children of men. It teaches that we are souls to-day as much as we ever shall be and that the kingdom of heaven is to be established through lives that are white and clean, "bouncing with the present moment." Spiritualism asserts that rewards and punishment are parts of our daily living here on earth and not absolute perquisites of the life within the veil. Spiritualism leads men back to God over the roadway of fact and turns them from the cold and cruel doctrines of materialism and the still more cruel ones of infant damnation and eternal torture. It numbers among its followers the brainiest men and women of all continents and all ages. John of Antioch, known in history as Chrysostom, was a Spiritualist and a trance medium. Polycarp, the gifted saint of the early Christian era, was a self-declared medium. John and Charles Wesley were mediums of a high order of excellence. Emmanuel Swedenborg was one of the greatest seers the world has ever known.

Michael Servetus, whom the founder of your church put to death, was a rarely endowed soul, possessing great powers as a medium. In modern times, distinguished scientists, philosophers and churchmen are firm believers in Spiritualism and many of them are mediums. Will you match your intellect against that of Canon Wilberforce, Archdeacon Colley, Rt. Rev. Heber Newton, Prof. Crookes, Rudolph Virchow and Prof. William James, of Harvard University? Are they not men of intelligence and moral integrity? I should be proud to associate and to class myself with men of their calibre. Indeed, as a Spiritualist I am in their company, and I must confess that I enjoy their associations in thought and in personal friendship much more than I could possibly enjoy listening to your fulminations against God, truth and morality in the indeliberate, unjust and untruthful statements you make in some of your sermons.

Dr. Matthews, you are an able man and exert a great influence over hundreds of your fellow beings in Seattle. You have got right to mislead them with regard to matters of fact. No man can teach that which he does not know. No man has a moral right to denounce any movement of whose principles he has not thoroughly informed himself. That there is a vast amount of fraud and sordid commercialism connected with Spiritualism, neither I nor any other intelligent Spiritualist will deny. All of our leaders are laboring with might and main to remove fraud and race from our midst. Commercialism is not alone confined to Spiritualism. I have known clergymen to accept calls where the salaries were considerably larger than were those previously paid them. It strikes me that there is a little element of commercialism in this respect. There are good and bad in all denominations. Spiritualism has its share of black sheep, just as your church has its full quota. I once sought permission to distribute some Spiritualist papers among the prisoners in the penitentiary in Jackson, Michigan. The managers of the prison declined to permit me to do so on the ground that there was not a Spiritualist among all the criminals incarcerated! I have found, upon examining the statistics of criminology in the United States, that the Spiritualists furnish the vast one-tenth of one per cent of the criminals now behind the bars. The Spiritualists number almost as many followers as does your church. Can you say that you will not find a greater per cent of criminals professing your faith in the prisons of the land than one-tenth of one per cent? It seems to me that if religion makes men good or bad, then Spiritualism has certainly been a power for good in the world upon the lives of its followers, whereas the impress of your religion is open to question upon those who accept your faith.

I am sending a copy of this letter to the Seattle Times, in which your abusive paragraphs appeared. I can hardly hope that that paper will be just enough to publish my words. I therefore take the liberty to address this letter to you personally and assure you that it will appear in full in the columns of some one of the Spiritualist papers in America or Europe.

Trusting that you will be led to see the Light and repent your sins before you take leave of life, I am,

Yours for truth,

HARRISON D. BARRETT.

HUSTLING FOR A RECORD.

Lily Dale Assembly Making Many Improvements.—List of Appointments and Concessions.

It has been many years since the management at Lily Dale has undertaken such improvements as they have arranged to make this season. The Assembly has purchased the Sunflower building, and it is being remodeled, half into commodious quarters for the Ladies' Auxiliary, and the other half into finely equipped public wash toilets and lavatories. The Octagon building is being remodeled and will be used by Professor Sheehan as a school of vocal music. The bowling alley will be to be remodeled and be in first-class condition. New billiard and pool tables are to be put on the second floor, and the electric lighting rearranged. The building will be painted, the lawn tennis court improved and many improvements made to add to the pleasure of those who enjoy sports. Much money is to be spent in numerous improvements, beautification of the grounds, etc.

The following appointments and concessions have been made:

Chairman, John T. Little; superintendent, W. O. Hall; gate keeper, O. H. Maxham; superintendent of Lyceum, Mrs. Amelia Peterson; Librarian, Miss Lucy A. Greene; manager of bowling alleys, Jean L. Reed; pianist, Miss Helen Smith; draying, C. D. Greenemeyer; Maplewood hotel, Dayton & Turner; milk, Benj. Lucas; meat market, C. A. Walter; store, Frank Fuller; store, A. S. Dayton; pagoda, Mrs. Evelyn Bach; pop corn, Mrs. Amelia Klock; boats, S. J. Richardson; engineer, A. H. Winchester; electrician, C. Payne; barber, E. Lawson; ladies shampooing and manicuring, Mrs. E. Lawson; lunch room, Senior Green.

Balance of appointments not yet given out.

MRS. JEAN L. REED.

Lily Valley, N. Y.

In connection with the above we desire to state that Dr. C. A. Burgess, president of the Chicago Spiritualist League, has been engaged by the above favorite place of resort as a test medium. He will prove a drawing card.

Some toll, others reap the advantage.—Greek.

What Is Death?

A Graphic Description, by Mrs. Mary T. Longley.

He was an OLD man, bent and aged and wan, weary and battle-scarred with the conflicts of more than four-score years. This life had been a rugged one; from early childhood it had been his lot to toil and that almost without ceasing, for the necessities of life. Left an orphan at an early age, with no one to care for him, the little fellow had shifted about as best he could, picking up a living by running errands, doing odd chores, selling scraps of iron, old bottles and whatever he could find in alley or street that would bring a penny, and often suffering from hunger, cold and loneliness.

It was remarkable that the little fellow remained honest through all this trying ordeal of his early years, but he was a sensitive, and somehow the good angels managed to keep very near him and to guide his young life. The society of rude and profane boys had no attraction for him, and thieving no temptation.

And so his youth passed, and by dint of pushing and striving he managed to get along and to get a great deal of knowledge of human life. He could read and spell, for his mother had taught him this before she passed from earth, and he had spent many an hour reading old papers that he found in ash-heaps and dumps until he got money enough to buy and sell papers for himself; and so on through a score of years, pushing, striving, learning, little by little, working ever and gaining a hard experience as the years went on, for there was no "royal road to knowledge" for him, and no wealthy benefactor to take him and his needs in hand.

In early manhood he continued to learn a trade and to support himself at manual labor, and although held down in the narrow limitations of a factory life, and he was satisfied. In time marriage and humble family life became a part of his experience, but the years brought sorrow and added hardship, for his dear wife and three loving children passed into the great Beyond, and he, crippled in resources, feeble in body, depressed and unhappy, lived the lonely and forlorn life of the forsaken—a simple history, and only one of thousands that could be told in the same breath.

But now he was old, and the end had come, alone and weary, lying in his dingy garret, unthought of by neighbor or friend, it had come to him—The Great Change.

He did not know how long he had been lying there covered by his old and worn-out coat; it had seemed like ages to him. As he was too feeble to rise he had suffered silently through the long day and into the night, but all at once it seemed to him as if he was rising, rising without effort upon a violet, billowy cloud, soft, restful, inviting to repose. A delicate mist-like substance surrounded him, like the hue of a thousand delicate flowers, and perfumed like violets. This vapor he seemed to absorb, and how it rested him, soothing his every nerve, filling him with a delightful sensation of peace, and of languid joy.

Dimly he perceived a change in the old apartment; even the heap of rags that had served as his bed, the bits of old furniture, and the very walls seemed transfigured and to grow in beauty in the beautiful, half-toned violet light that had suffused and glorified the place. He was dimly conscious of this, as he lay in tranquil beatitude, amid the splendor of this spiritual dawn. For a time he lingered—an hour, or was it a year?—he knew not, but happy, happy in the new sensation of absolute rest and peace.

Then the magnetic influence that had enthralled him seemed spent, and he was alert, alive! Every fibre and nerve of his being thrilled as with new and wondrous life! JUST TO BE ALIVE, how the thought thrilled him! No shade of loneliness encompassed him now; no tinge of sorrow; no hint of pain, of age, of weariness; nothing but a sense of joy in life!

As yet he had been aware of no living presence, yet he felt no loneliness. The old room, the familiar and battered possessions, even the thought of material things had faded from sight and mind. He had no view of them, no thought of what he had been. He was simply, master of life, and that life was himself!

Then came strains of music—soft, sweet, thrilling—breathing harmonies over his being and within him. He was music itself! Life was music, harmony! All was good.

Then consciousness of standing erect, stately, a being of power, strength and mental energy, clothed in befitting garments; and then a knowledge of companionship, for beside him, smiling upon him, greeting him with outstretched hands and loving arms of welcome were a group of shining ones—happy souls whom he intuitively and at once recognized as his own people. First, his mother, who had left the earth form seventy years before; then the wife of his bosom, and the three radiant ones, whom he felt to be the children they had loved and lost—all there greeting him, lovingly caressing him, and showering welcomes upon him—not a trace of sorrow upon them, and not a shadow of sadness in his own heart.

Then came the recollection—what of himself, his past, his aged, crippled body? He felt a tugging as of some invisible cord, and yielding to the pull, he seemed to turn when lo, at his feet lay the old body, wrapped in a white shroud, and men were about to take it away; but this was not self—only the outward form. It held no attraction for him, and he did not even try to follow it to the charnel house of clay. To be freed from that form was a blessed relief, and now, again he turned to follow the blessed company that was guiding him over pleasant pathways of light to higher scenes.

But what a glorious sense of exaltation in this motor power, floating, gliding upward, buoyed by some internal spring of activity, knowing no fear, no hesitancy—simply going and leaving all trace of dust and turmoil behind. At length they paused, not from fatigue, for the spirit had no sense of weariness, but because they had entered what appeared to be a beautiful valley of the greenest verdure, of beautiful trees and smiling streams, flower gardens and restful parks, pretty homes and shining structures, a veritable Arcadia of harmony and peace.

And in this delightful spot the newly arisen spirit found his home—a home, dainty and inviting, comfortable, and full of light—one he had built himself; he was told, with the ethereal substance and power of his own harmonic vibrations and magnetic emanations of a long life of sacrifice and labor which he had patiently endured. This home he had literally brought into shape by the aid of wife and children in some of the hours that he had spent with them in spirit while his poor mortal body slept, for often had he, as countless mortals do, taken nocturnal flights from the earth body during its hours of repose, and mingled with the dear ones of the other shore. Thus had he partially lived with them, partaken of their studies, participated in their interests and occupations, gained spiritual growth with them, and by these experiences, been able to preserve a calm mind and patient endurance—yea, a spirituelle nature—amid the long and harassing vicissitudes of a narrow and painful earth existence.

MARY T. LONGLEY.

Washington, D. C.

The Sweet Singer.

Often had he sung for others, for himself he could not sing; Age his body had enfeebled, but his mind was on the wing; Like the eagle soaring sunward, toward the source of sacred fire, Soared his aspirations heavenward on the wings of strong desire.

He had charmed his raptured hearers with the sweetness of his song, As they, lost in admiration, thought the hours were never long While they listened with sweet pleasure as his voice fell on their ears, And he moved their hearts enchanted unto mirth or sobbing tears.

Now his earthly songs were ended, his sweet voice was hushed and still, But the music in his nature made his inmost being thrill; As he sank in peaceful slumber, still his mind was on the wing, And he smiled in admiration as he heard the angels sing.

So he passed beyond the music of the sweetest songs of earth, And he gained a voice celestial as he rose in spirit birth; Now beyond the limits mortal, he has joined the choir above, And he sings the songs of angels, full of gladness, peace and love.

JAS. C. UNDERHILL.

Hammond, Indiana.

"Some Glimpses of Occultism, Ancient and Modern." By C. W. Leadbeater. Price \$1.50.

General Survey.

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

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.

KEEP COPIES OF YOUR POEMS sent to this office, for they will not be returned if we have not space to use them.

DR. BURGESS, PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO SPIRITUALIST LEAGUE, HAS BEEN ENGAGED AS TEST MEDIUM AT LILLY DALE. THE DOCTOR IS WELL AND FAVORABLY KNOWN IN CHICAGO AND WE ARE GLAD TO HAVE HIM INFUSE HIS MAGNETIC PERSONALITY INTO THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE EAST.

Rev. Sophia B. Selp, president of S. S. Association, lecturer and platform test medium, desires a change. She will answer calls in any state, or at camp for a short or long period. Address her at No. 302 Alisky building, Portland, Ore.

Rolla Stubbs writes from Long Lake, Minn.: "We had with us on May 17 Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hegdahl, of Minneapolis, who gave us a course of lectures and test circles. They are splendid workers. Mr. Hegdahl is now working for the State Association as missionary, and would like dates throughout the state of Minnesota and South Dakota. If there are any Spiritualists in the state wishing a good lecturer, please correspond at once with Mr. Hegdahl at 2229 Sixth street, north, Minneapolis, Minn., thus enabling him to make out his route throughout the state. Please help him by making arrangements for halls, and post bills for his dates of meetings. Our Lyceum work is growing here in numbers. Our attendance is good. The children manifest much interest in the work."

Dr. F. C. Goodale writes from Odd-fellow hall, Tacoma, Wash.: "Society of Spiritualists, Brother H. B. Howes is still with us doing good work. His lectures are instructive and are followed by tests that are in nearly every case recognized. On Sunday afternoon, April 26, he held a flower seance, which was a great success. He gave over twenty tests from flowers brought by the audience. Every test was recognized. Sunday last, May 12, he dealt with written questions from the audience in a very able manner, giving great satisfaction."

Dr. T. Wilkins writes of the mass-meeting at Rockford Sunday, May 17: "The morning services consisted of a conference, in which the writer hereof led off with a short address, followed by Dr. C. A. Burgess, Mrs. M. E. Hill, Dr. Burgess, and Mrs. M. E. Hill. The afternoon exercises were largely attended, the speakers being Mrs. Hill, an invocation, poem by Dr. Wilkins, addresses by Dr. Burgess, Rev. J. H. Demby, Miss Roubie; messages by Mrs. Hilbert, Mrs. Weaver, Mrs. Hill and Dr. Burgess. Everything went off like clockwork, and was satisfactory to the audience. The evening session was before a full house and consisted of an address of thirty minutes by the writer on the subject, 'Individuality, Duality and Unity,' and ended when the storm caused a commotion behind the rostrum, but was listened to with deep interest. Messages were given by Mrs. Weaver, Mrs. Hill, Dr. Burgess, and Mrs. Hilbert. Miss Everett, daughter of Secretary Everett, presided in an accomplished and inspirational manner at the piano. The mass-meeting was a grand success all the way through—educationally, socially, and financially, and must have done good missionary work. The Progressive Thinker was very much in evidence and was thoroughly enjoyed by Dr. Burgess and your correspondent. This meeting is to be repeated in a grove at Elgin on Sunday, June 21, by way of a picnic, to which the Spiritualists' children of Chicago are to be escorted and entertained."

Last Saturday and Sunday Dr. J. M. Peebles lectured at Genoa, Ill. His subjects were: "India as I Saw It Last Year," "The Magic—Black and White: Her Power, Her Magic, Her Dead; Child Marriage; The Byrds of Egypt, and Travels in Palestine;" "Immortality; Its Proofs; Condition of the Dead."

W. Brockway writes: "The Occult Scientists will close their meetings Sunday, May 31, until September, having met with great success the past season, the Vincennes hall being crowded many times to its utmost capacity. On Sunday, May 31, will be given a varied program, opening with illustrated lecture on Therapeutic Sarcosmogy by Dr. Tisdale. Several solos, etc., will be rendered, closing with messages by the pastor, Mrs. Brockway. In June Mr. and Mrs. Brockway will take a trip to the Pacific slope, making a short stay at Denver, Col.; thence to Portland, Oregon, and thence to Seattle, Wash. Their friends may meet some of their old friends at intermediate points. Thanking The Progressive Thinker and the many friends for their courtesy, we hope the angel friends may bless them, and our efforts when we return in September."

The marriage of Miss Anna E. McIntosh and Mr. Albert W. Harris, of Detroit, Mich., was quietly solemnized Wednesday evening, May 20, at the home of the officiating minister, Laura L. Crawford, pastor First Church of the Soul, in the presence of a few friends. Mr. and Mrs. Harris will leave the city for a short time and then return and make their home in Detroit.

Mr. Henry Hegdahl would like to have Spiritualists throughout Minnesota write to him at once for dates to lecture. He is employed by Mr. S. Maxwell, State President, to do missionary work. Address him at 2229 Sixth street, north, Minneapolis, Minn.

BEAR IN MIND that the Editor of The Progressive Thinker is in no wise responsible for the views expressed by contributors. He may or may not, agree with their respective views.

TAKE NOTICE.—Correspondents are required when writing for this paper to use either a typewriter or a pen, with black ink. Write on one side of the paper only, and in a plain, legible hand, and thus avoid the necessity of preparing your copy for the printer. Please bear this in mind.

The Band of Harmony, auxiliary of the Church of the Soul, has adjourned its regular meetings until fall. The "summer socials" will be held in the homes of the members during the season. See notice of socials in column of General Survey.

Mrs. Maggie Henry writes: "A large crowd assembled in the Universal Occult Society hall, at 77 East 21st street, May 17, to listen to the lecture by the guides of Mr. Bloom, and we feel sure that all were amply rewarded, not alone by the beautiful words of truth and wisdom that came from the speaker's lips, and by the messages from Mrs. Bloom, Mrs. Moore, Madame De Luxe and Mrs. Vaughn. Mr. Stein also gave some good messages. Our music was fine. Master Walter Abbeles was present with his violin and delighted all. Meetings every Sunday at 8 p. m., conducted by Mrs. Maggie Henry, 3102 Franklin avenue, Chicago."

Mrs. Mabel Harris writes from Akron, Ohio: "The Progressive Sunshine circle meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m. May 14 I held a Box May Social. Much interest is shown and many converted to the Spiritualist church. Meetings will close May 28; open Sept. 3. The average attendance from September to present time, 35; is growing here in numbers. Our attendance is good. The children manifest much interest in the work."

Geo. A. Leford, the well-known Drummer Medium, has the following engagements this summer at the following places: Winfield, Kansas, July 18, 19 and 20; Lily Dale, N. Y., July 24 to 30; Grand Lodge, Mich., Aug. 2 to 7; Chesterfield, Ind., Aug. 8 to 14. He is nearly through with his trip in the South, and expects to be in Chicago about June 10 or 12.

Mrs. Maggie Walte wishes to inform her friends and patrons that she has moved to 4111 Indiana avenue, where she can be consulted daily. She will not leave the city this summer, and will reopen her meetings in the fall.

Mr. E. E. Wilkinson writes from Hutchinson, Kansas: "The Spiritual meetings have closed until Sept. 1. For five months Mrs. Josephine Bruer, of Sterling, Kan., secretary of Kansas State Spiritualist Association, has been lecturing for us, with excellent satisfaction. She is sincere, earnest and energetic. We had hoped to continue our meetings through May, but owing to Brother Bruer's health, she asked to be released to go to Nebraska and other points on a trip for his health. We close our meetings with regret, because we have had a spiritual feast. Our good thoughts go out to our sister. We know she will do good wherever she goes, and will continue to grow, for she is deep in sympathy with all the struggling children of earth."

G. H. Slade writes: "The Second Spiritualists' Church, formerly The Church of the Psychic Forces, held its regular Sunday services at Wilcox hall, 361 East 43rd street, May 17. These meetings are such that it is a pleasure to attend. We had the opportunity of having with us Mr. C. F. Leon who gave several interesting readings from the 'Messages,' which were all recognized. The pastor, Mr. Isaac Cleveland, gave his usual ballot reading, which is always listened to with much interest. The people who attend these meetings always tell their friends of the good they receive, and thus the attendance is always on the increase. This society gave the first of a series of socials Wednesday, May 20 (which will be held every two weeks), at Brother H. E. Arnold's residence, 427 East 47th street. The ladies of the society prepared the refreshments, and a most enjoyable time was had by all. We were highly entertained by a story by Brother Arnold, a song or two by Brother A. Hooper, article reading by Sister Cleveland, and music by Mrs. H. F. Arnold, and then refreshments and coffee were served by Brother Coleman, Hooper and Andrews, who were gotten up in such a style that it was with difficulty that we ate the good things set before us, on account of not being gifted with the power to eat and laugh at the same time. The next social of this society will be held Wednesday, June 3, at Brother C. S. McLane's, 4000 Prairie avenue. Everybody invited to attend these socials."

Secretary writes from Providence, R. I.: "The First Spiritualist Church reports progress during last month. Mrs. Annie Chapman, of Brighton, Mass., made her first appearance on our platform May 3, and the audience was pleased with her lectures and messages. Mrs. Carrie Thomas, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mrs. Belcher, Marlboro, were the speakers for last two Sundays. Our Auxiliary is in good working order and will meet with the president, Mrs. Louise D. Francis, for the rest of the season. Friends and members of the Auxiliary met at her home May 14 and presided over an immense May Bazaar. The season will practically close June 7. All told, it has been a profitable season. We had meetings to all the workers in our cause."

Mr. C. A. Thompson, 615 Monroe street, holds a circle every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Admission, 25 cents.

Mrs. Burgess writes: "The Fraternal Daughters' meeting of Wednesday afternoon and evening, May 20, was a success both in profit and sociability, as these meetings always are. We were especially honored and entertained by a distinguished visitor and prominent medium, Robert Mansell, of Boston. We hope to have him with us again at our next and last social of the season, Wednesday, May 27; also at our grand patriotic concert jubilee on June 1. Don't miss coming to the social, as besides the amusement, cool and tempting refreshments are on the program."

Mrs. Harper writes: "I was very much surprised to receive from Mr. Howes, on my return from the hospital, the sum of \$13.30, the amount collected by her during my illness, and I take this opportunity to thank her from my heart for this token of her love and sympathy for a sister medium."

W. F. Schumacher writes: "The Church of the Spiritualistic Society Students of Nature at Van Buren Opera House closes its season of one evening, May 24, with flower reading by the pastor. We thank all the noble workers and mediums who have assisted this society in its success. It has a good fund in its treasury for the month of September offering, hoping to see all the true seekers for knowledge with us at that time."

The well-known medium, Mrs. Isa Wilson Kayser, is now located at 1954 Tenth street, San Diego, Cal.

Mrs. Dr. Caird writes: "The May party given by the Illinois Sunflower Club last Saturday evening at the residence of Mrs. J. R. Francis was a most enjoyable affair. Guests were present from the South and North States. Many of the boxes were beautifully decorated. The ladies received prizes were Mrs. Moore, first; Mrs. Mary Weaver, second. The spelling class conducted by Mrs. Chandler and Mrs. Lichtig, Mrs. Lawrence captured the prize, the only one in the class who spelled all the words correctly. At 9:30 coffee and lunch was served, after which the time was given out to social enjoyments until a late hour, when all reluctantly betook themselves to their various homes. We feel that more of these meetings should be held, thus bringing the members nearer together. Text Tuesday, May 26, the Illinois Sunflower Club Party at Lincoln hall, 70 E. Adams street. Good mediums in attendance."

Ferd. C. Sulzer writes: "The services of the Fraternal Order of Spiritualists are still well attended, despite the attractions offered by the different summer attractions in and around Chicago. On Sunday, May 17, seven of our mediums held as many circles, giving messages of tender reassurance and giving good and advice to others all doing a noble work of love and charity, which is appreciated. Many of our members and friends wanted us to continue through the summer, but owing to the extreme warm weather and the camping season, where many of our workers have engagements, it was decided best to close the season with the last Sunday in May, the 31st. Let all attend this day and show our appreciation. It will be a real love feast. The following Monday, June 1, will occur our patriotic concert, and many pleasant and novel features presented, after which the young folks will have a dance. Don't miss this. Twenty-five cents pays for the whole thing. Hyatt, 406 E. Ogden avenue, Robey street, top floor."

Carrie L. Hatch writes from 9 Appleton street, Boston, Mass.: "The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society met as usual at the above place. A very interesting meeting was held. The following talent taking part: Mrs. Alice Waterhouse, Mrs. Graves, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham, Mrs. Lizzie Shackley, and Mrs. Mary F. Lovering, pianist. Next Friday, memorial services will be held and the best talent will be present. The sessions are free and all are invited. Flowers and plants are solicited, and will be gratefully received. This will be the closing day of the Ladies' Aid. Remember, two sessions next Friday, 2:30 and 7:45."

Mrs. Belle L. Curtis writes: "The Illinois Sunflower Club will hold a rummage sale in the near future. All donations from friends of the cause will be gladly received by the committee. Due notice will be given of time and place of the sale, and if donations can not be sent direct to the sale, a postal directed to the chairman, Mrs. Belle L. Curtis, 615 010 street, will bring some one to look after the same. This is a good chance to get rid of your old clothes and help the cause at the same time."

Mrs. R. S. Little, the well-known lecturer, is now located at 855 West Robie street, St. Paul, Minn. She can be addressed for engagements, or to attend funerals. A letter from her will appear in our next issue."

Correspondent writes: Geo. H. Brooks delivered a masterly lecture for Unity Society, Milwaukee, Wis., Sunday evening, May 24, to an appreciative audience. He was assisted by Dr. T. Wilkins with an opening and closing poem. Mr. Brooks also gave three good messages, one of which was a business message of Unity Society and the W. S. S. A. was held and a dance social set for Saturday evening, June 20. It is expected and desired that a large attendance will be had. The State Association has arranged to make this a union meeting. A mass-meeting will be held in Milwaukee Friday, June 5. See announcements next week."

Mrs. H. F. R. Peet, corresponding secretary, writes: "The first Summer Socials given under the auspices of the Band of Harmony, was held on Thursday afternoon, May 21, at the home of Mrs. Ellis. It proved to be a very happy occasion, with the lunch and a euchre party. The next Social will be held at the home of Mrs. Dexter, 1000 North Halsted street, Thursday, June 4, afternoon and evening. Ladies, bring lunch; coffee served at 6 p. m. All cordially invited."

Correspondent writes: "The Morris Pratt Institute Association held its sixth annual meeting Wednesday, May 20, and in the evening was held the graduation exercises, six students graduating with great credit to the faculty and themselves. A goodly number of people were present to

show their appreciation of the work done at this young institution. Upon this point space forbids more than a brief mention at this time. Doubtless the secretary's report will be ready for the next issue of The Progressive Thinker. But when the Spiritist's quack to the real value of this institution to the Cause, there will no longer be a stint in the funds for its operations. But more can be said of this later."

H. Hegdahl, State Missionary for Minnesota, writes that he found good work being done at Long Lake. A Lyceum has been started in which old and young participate. He desires Spiritualism to be made a religion and wishes all to assist the State Association. May 26 and 27 he will hold meetings in Princeton. At Milaca he found a few who had a knowledge of spirit return.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

Of the Philosophical Society of Spiritualists, Clinton, Iowa, Over Which Mrs. Alice C. Barry Presides.

Believing, 1st. That a Beneficent Power and Wise Intelligence pervades and controls the universe.

2nd. That the human race is one family of brotherhood, whose interests are forever inseparable.

3rd. That all action, according to its quality, results in suffering or in joy by the operation of inherent laws physical and spiritual.

4th. That all human beings are destined to a continued individual existence in a future state for which the experiences and attainments of the present life are preparatory.

5th. That realized communion with those who have gone before us to the spirit world is practicable under suitable conditions, and is a privilege of high value to those who use it wisely.

6th. Believing also that the achievement of true lives and a nobler civilization can better be attained by associative and co-operative action, we therefore agree to unite our efforts for the practical application of these convictions.

The Shuttle of Time.

"Is a beautiful thought, through the age outworn,
And I think it must be true,
That the deeds we do in our earthly life
Come back to me and to you."

That in thoughts and acts of daily life
We weave, whether dark or fair,
The garments of light or shadowy folds,
That our spirit must sometime wear.

Time gives a shuttle of wondrous power,
And it weaves as we bid it go,
We may make its threads as dark as night,
Or as white as the drifted snow.

Oh, a wonderful thing is the shuttle of time,
As it passes to and fro,
It catches the light of a sunny smile,
Or the gleam, sad look of woe.

And then come tangled threads of strife,
And others, bedewed with tears,
And all the sorrows are woven in,
That come with the passing years.

Now beautiful strands of loving thought,
Lead the garment silvery sheen,
And noble deeds for charity's needs
Are woven in between.

The kindly acts that we strive to do,
To brighten another's day,
The sheltering rest to a weary soul,
That falters by the way.

All these a beautiful lustre lend,
And the threads run fair and free,
And shimmer and gleam like the glistening waves
Of a moonlit summer sea.

And so the busy shuttle of time
Weaves on to the end of life,
But we furnish the threads that are woven in
Mingled strands of joy and strife.

Then let us weave with willing hands,
With hearts that are true and light,
And our robes shall shine like the glistening stars
That gem the brow of night.

ALICE C. BARRY.

Inspirational Development.

I have been a reader of your valuable paper for some time by an interchange of other literature with a friend who is a subscriber. It has helped greatly in my spiritual unfoldment. On Tuesday night of this week I was in a dark circle of four (one of the gentlemen a psychometrist) the first experience of the other three of the kind. I was carried by spirit hands on cheek, brow and hand, and seeing their lights. After about twenty or thirty minutes light was restored, our palms examined by a powerful lens, and a message for each one of the three was received, written and read. I received two, both announcing that I was soon to engage in public work; that I should have both inspirational writing and speaking developed, in both poetry and prose. In less than one day—before the next night—I sat down in the silence with paper before me and pencil in hand, waiting a short time. I received the thoughts of the enclosed poem. Should you deem it worthy a place in The Progressive Thinker I shall be truly and highly gratified.

Yours truly,
DR. L. M. ENTWISTLE.

Message of Love and Peace.

Touched by spirit-hands on cheek and brow,
So soft, so full of tenderness,
Mute language never known 'till now,
So gentle was the dear caress,
No morbid fears in the mind,
Could find no lodgment in the thought,
But a consciousness that true and kind
They were, by messages they brought.

To comfort each and bid us know
Their watchful presence day and night,
While still we tarry here below,
Until the spirit takes its flight—
To me was given for earthly life,
And future work, the mission great.

To write and speak the blessed thought,
That on each one the angels wait.
From day to day, from hour to hour,
They never weary, never tire,
Their strength is from a higher power.
Whose wondrous works we all admire.
Like them we must unselfish be,
The Christ-love dominate our thought—
Live here to bless humanity,
By loving deeds our hands have wrought.

The sad and lonely need to know,
For all earth's sorrows there is balm;
Instead of nursing earthly woe,
They should be brave, and strong, and calm.
Those morbid thoughts can ne'er bring peace,
They make the earth-life full of gloom.
Those spirits found a sweet release—
Only their clay rests in the tomb.

The time that's spent in brooding o'er
The loss of loved ones is a wrong
To living souls; that need us more;
To them our thought and care be long.

Take heart of grace, act well our part
Guided and blest by spirits bright,
Until with them we shall depart
To dwell for aye where all is light.
DR. L. M. ENTWISTLE.
Chicago, Ill.

THE SEARCHLIGHT.

Good Results Will Follow From Its Use.

To the Editor: I am glad you have turned on the Searchlight again. I hope you will continue to do so until every fraud is shown up.

What would we do without The Progressive Thinker. I can not see how any Spiritualist can be without it. I like to know what is going on in the world in the line of occult thought.

Brother Hodge says in his article, that physical phenomena is the only absolute proof we have of the continuity of life and Spiritualism. I can not agree with him; there is too much chance for trickery. He thinks all other phases can be explained by telepathy, a word used by the A. P. R. Society, the meaning of which being "thought transference," and what is that but a phase of mediumship? Our friends on the other side of life talk to us in that way, which is much more interesting to me than the phenomenal physical phases.

I had an experience some years ago that was published in the R. P. Journal. Mr. Richard Hodgson, at that time was secretary of the American Branch of the English Psychical Research Society. He wrote me in reference to my article, and said what I got from my spirit mother was telepathy between the dead and the living. It matters not by what name the scientists call it, the fact remains the same. We know our friends on the spirit side of life do communicate with us.

You cannot send a message by wireless telegraph unless every part of the instrument is in good, working order. If you wish for good results with an instrument for spiritual telegraphy, the sitter and medium should be in harmony, and in a passive mood, and if you are honest and sincere in your investigation, you will be successful, providing the medium is sufficiently unfolded psychically to receive messages from our friends who have left the physical form.

Again, Brother Hodge says that the materialized form and the voices through the trumpet are not so easily disposed of. I am not sure of that, brother; there have been quite a number of those forms disposed of lately, and there may be more in the near future.

I think the time will come when there will be no need of a searchlight. When that time arrives our true mediums will have power given them to produce grander and more perfect manifestations.

I remain, your sister in the good work.
MRS. M. A. HAWLEY GORDON.
San Diego, Cal.

Review of Rev. R. V. Hunter's Attack Upon Spiritualism.

A distinctly valuable service to Spiritualists has been rendered by Prof. W. M. Lockwood by publishing in neat pamphlet form his able and masterly reply to the attack of Rev. R. V. Hunter upon Spiritualism. Fairly and squarely he meets and demolishes the naughty Reverend's boldly asserted statements. We opine that the Rev. Hunter and others of his kind will hesitate before they attempt again to demolish Spiritualism, after reading Prof. Lockwood's review.

Additional value is given to this brochure by a striking list of names of Professors, Scientists, Actors, Lawyers and statesmen who accept the facts of modern Spiritualism.

For fifteen cents this valuable pamphlet can be procured of Prof. W. M. Lockwood, 723 Prospect avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Lyceums desiring graded lessons can secure the same at the following prices, from J. L. Mussina, 13 East Third street, Williamsport, Pa.: Single copy, 50 cents per annum, in advance; 13 cents per quarter. In lots of 20 or more copies, each 40 cents, in advance; published weekly.

LIFE'S PROGRESSION.

"There is no death; there are no dead."

These words stand out on the cover of Edward C. Randall's new book. They are a challenge to the orthodox world, and through all of its pages runs the challenge to those whose ideas of God, of heaven, of hell, of a future life are based strictly upon the Bible. Yet Mr. Randall believes in life hereafter, based on positive knowledge given him from the living friends passed to the life beyond. Price \$1.50.

"Around the Year." A birthday book, compiled from the poetical and prose writings of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, with half-tone illustrations. Price \$1.00 each month of the year. Price \$10.00.

LONGING.

(Dedicated to "Rob's" Mamma.)

I sit and look in well loved spots
For that dear form laid low;
All flowers now, forget-me-nots,
And long the way to go.
I listen, too, amid the din,
For just that one sweet tone
I see not, hear not, is it sin
That I weep sad and lone?

Sometimes as through the tears, I see
A fleeting vision glide,
I long to draw it near to me,
And then it leaves my side.
As like an echo to my prayer,
My inner soul can hear,
That dear sweet voice lingering there,
As if to soothe my fears.

The form, the sound is all so vague,
I battle to keep bright,
And on my joy is ever laid
The question, "Is it right?"
Surely I can all that vacant place,
But looking up, I should
Behold and Trust, the Father's grace,
Of Life, and Love and Good.

JOHN W. RING.
Shelbyville, Ind.

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 7 words constitute a line.]

Mr. G. A. McMaster was born in Oneida county, New York, in 1848, and passed to spirit life from his home in Burlington, Mich., Mar. 30, 1908; funeral services were conducted by Mrs. Emily D. King, of Tekonsha, Mich.

James B. Richard, who was born Feb. 1, 1842, in the town of Peth, New York, passed to spirit life April 1. Services were conducted by Mrs. Emily D. King.

Mrs. Lucy Blood McMaster passed to spirit life April 24, at the home of her daughter. She was a fine medium. Mrs. Emily King was called to conduct the funeral services, but was sick, and Rev. Frank B. Bachelor officiated.

Passed to spirit life at Downing, Wis., May 8, 1908, Jeremiah M. Tefft, at the home of her son, Mr. Tefft, was born April 14, 1814. She was a Spiritualist for many years, and had no fear of the change. She leaves two sons, H. A. Goff, of Downing, and J. L. Goff, of Solidad, Cal. Funeral services were conducted from the home. Floral offerings were very beautiful. Her presence filled the home and she will be missed every hour.

Robert Francis Slocombe passed to the higher life at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wisker, of Detroit, Mich., aged 48 years, after a brief illness. Surrounded by kind friends, he passed peacefully over. Interment at Forest Lawn Cemetery. Services conducted by Laura L. Crawford.

On the morning of May 5 at Springfield, Mass., Mrs. Eliza B. Wood passed suddenly from earth, aged 76 years. She had been a devoted Spiritualist for more than forty years. She served as secretary of the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society of Springfield for several years. She was loyal to her knowledge of Spiritualism at all times and in all places. She was buried beside her husband and daughter in Springfield cemetery. The funeral services were held in the Christ Episcopal church contrary to her expressed wish, that in death she could bear testimony to and for her own religion. This privilege was denied her, as is the too frequent experience of Spiritualists.

HELEN L. P. RUSSEQUE.
In San Bernardino, Cal., Tuesday morning, May 12, there passed to the spirit world Mrs. Adella E. Grant, wife of L. W. Grant, president of the local association of Spiritualists. She had undergone a critical operation and never recovered from the effects. She was born in Oswego, N. Y., and lived for a number of years in Denver. The funeral was private.

Passed to the better life at Brookston, Ind., on Monday, May 4, at 2 o'clock a. m., Brother Elijah Wood, a true Spiritualist of many years' standing. H. H. FROSS.

Mrs. Nora J. Dowd, of Lake Pleasant, Mass., passed to spirit life May 2. Rev. R. F. Churchill and F. Bailey Woodbury conducted the funeral service.

Passed to spirit life from her home near Cohasset, Mich., May 4, 1908, Mrs. Susan J. Stoler. She was a great sufferer though she did not complain. She was a devoted Spiritualist and looked forward hopefully to the hour of her approaching transition. She leaves a husband who had been her partner in life's joys and sorrows for more than forty years. She also leaves two sons and two daughters all of whom are comforted by the consoling teachings of modern Spiritualism.

The large farm-house was filled, the verandas and every other available place was crowded with old friends and neighbors who came from far and near to pay their respects to this good woman. The services were conducted by the writer and her wishes were carried out in every detail.

E. W. SPRAGUE.

Mrs. Lilly M. Thieland, for three years pastor of the San Bernardino Association of Spiritualists, ascended to a higher sphere, leaving her mortal body May 18, at 2 a. m. Her illness was a long one, but the end was very peaceful. She was for a number of years pastor of the First Church of San Diego, and organized the Progressive Psychic Society of Riverside. The body will be interred at San Diego. Mrs. Ives conducted the funeral services.

"Abraham, the Persian Mystic Emperor." A world and dramatic story of the earth life, and the subsequent spiritual existence. Price, cloth, \$1.12.

Poems by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Price \$1.00 each. "Poems of Penance," "Poems of Power," "Kingdom of Love and Other Poems." She is one of the greatest poets of the present age. "Influence of the Zodiac Upon Human Life." By Eleanor Kirk. Price \$1.00.

LYCEUM LESSONS.

Lyceum Lessons, issued quarterly by the National Spiritualists' Association, assisted by an able Editorial Committee. Each series contains sixteen pages of Important Helps in the Lyceum or Family. Price, One and one-half cents each, postage prepaid. Address, George W. Bates, 600 Pennsylvania avenue S. E., Washington, D. C.

THE MANGASARIAN-CRAPSKEY DEBATE.

Resolved, That the Jesus of the New Testament is an Historical Personage.

Affirmative, Rev. A. S. Crapskey, D.D., for 26 years rector in the Episcopal church.

Negative, Mr. M. Mangasarian, lecturer for the Independent Religious Society, Rationalists' Church. Price, 25 cents, or five copies for \$1.00.

PROF. W. M. LOCKWOOD'S BOOKS.

The Molecular Hypothesis of Nature and Its Relation to the Philosophy of Spiritualism.—A scientific demonstration of the invisible principles and attributes of Nature, and Modern Spiritualism. A mint of scientific truths on the basis of its phenomena. Price 25 cents.

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STARTLING FACTS, OR DEEDS OF DARKNESS DISCLOSED.

This work devotes special attention to the occult, confession and its relations to sacerdotalism, and its relations to morality, morality and civil and religious life. It is intended to be an evidence of the pernicious influence of the confession; a trenchant showing of the methods and spirit, the moral turpitude and the works of Romanism. Cloth, 75 cents.

FATHER TOM AND THE POPE.

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 a large number of responses, that to give all equal treatment compels the answers to be made in the most concise form, and often brevity is perhaps sacrificed to clearness. Questions should be stated clearly, 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 all ways several weeks ahead of space given, and hence there is unavoidable delay. Everyone has to wait his time, 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 respect is expected.

Judge O. G. Richards:—Q.—A young man, well connected, with fine prospects, has just been convicted by our court of murdering his wife and two children. How can we explain such horrible crimes?

A.—I suppose the "obsessionists" would explain such atrocities by obsession by evil spirits. Others appear to think "home training" is the most efficient factor. Passing all these, studying the case even superficially will show that none of these are to be considered of importance. The record of all, we make no exception, of the most brutal and horrible crime, shows that the one idea of the erotic passion, in reading the report of the case in instance, Schuch, the criminal, was a prosperous man, having a wife, a son of 9, and daughter of 3 years of age. His wife left him because of neglect and attentions to another woman. This woman drove with him, the state contended, to the wife's home, where he murdered the three victims by cutting their throats while they were in bed. A more fensid deed cannot be imagined, yet we see no cause for hesitancy in assigning a cause. The wife and children were in the way, or supposed to be, of the gratification of diabolical passion which completely dominated the criminal. It hypnotized him with the one idea of self gratification. Hereditarily enters this question by the trend it gives the character; home training may "bend the twig" in a direction it would not otherwise grow, and true education may give strength to resist and ability to hold a steadfast course. But there are instances where it seems that physiology and pathology give the cause, and morality and reason are overborne by the sheer force of organic activity, erotic passion, which is the antithesis of love. It may be called insanity, or disease, it is insanity by the absorption of the mind by one idea, and disease by abnormal action. Its activity is the insanity of the mind, in that the direction of the activity cannot be predicted. But in the fact that it chafes at restraint, we may always expect the most hideous manifestations. Obsession, a handy scape-goat to call in to spread the mantle of sweet charity over crimes that make normal men and women blush. I can see no more need of calling in evil spirits here than I can call in the enraged tiger, or hungry wolf. All the loathsome list of crimes against nature of which decency forbids the mention, are caused by the overwhelming of the reason by the abnormal activity of erotic functions.

Paul McArthur, President M. S. S. Assn.—Q.—What is Psychometry? Is it not a medium as far as it relates to spiritual seeing, etc.?

A.—All spiritual phenomena of the mental order, rest on sensitiveness, or impressibility; by this is meant the activity of purely spiritual faculties, independent of the physical senses. Psychometry is only one form of this sensitiveness. The independent clairvoyant perceives with his spiritual senses all the senses pertaining to his spiritual organism, and this perception, as far as it goes, is precisely that of independent, freed spirit.

There does not appear any use for the word psychometry, it being misleading; and sensitiveness, as covering the whole field, is better. Directly, we are spirits confined to physical bodies, and our spirits have the capabilities of spirits, and under favorable conditions manifest these spiritual qualities.

As a receiving instrument of wireless telegraphy, it receives thoughts floated into the spirit ether by other minds—in the body or out. It may gather these waves of thought from a letter or other object, and this is called psychometry. How narrow this field. This sensitiveness means freedom of the spirit from the physical body in ratio of its intensity—even until death is its full and complete separation and it then attains in fullness the use of its spiritual senses, only partially gained in this life.

Hence all "occult" manifestations, trance, clairvoyance, spirit communication, are made possible and depend on the fact that we are a spirit united to a physical body, and the more or less independence of this body the spirit is able to gain. A clairvoyant sees with the spiritual eyes; clairaudience, to hear with the spiritual organs of hearing, and thus to the end. In the study of these mysteries, we must not for a moment forget that WE ARE SPIRITS, and though overlapped by the physical body, the spiritual self is always an important factor.

"The Warfare of Science With Theology." By Andrew D. White, LL.D. The two volumes of about 900 pages are indispensable to the student, and no library is complete without them. Price \$6.00.

"The Widow's Lute and Other Psychic Phenomena." By Rev. I. K. Funk. Price \$2.00.

"In the World Celestial." A Spiritual Romance. By Dr. T. A. Bland. Price \$1.00.

A Proposal to Do Fraud Work!

Mrs. Jerry Simpson, lately President of a Spiritualist Society at Wichita, Kansas, says she was offered an opportunity some time ago to learn Trumpet Deception in Dark Circles, by paying \$50. She declined to accept the proposition. At least one-half of the trumpet work in our ranks is the rankest DECEPTION.

THE CAUSE AT WICHITA, KANSAS.

Mrs. Jerry Simpson, a Prominent Spiritualist, and Thoroughly in Earnest in Promoting Honesty and Purity in Our Ranks, Resigns Her Office.—Denounces a Certain Kind of Commercialism in Our Ranks.—A Communication That Will Interest Spiritualists Generally, as Published in The Eagle, of Wichita, Kansas.

Mrs. Jerry Simpson has withdrawn from the First Spiritualist Society of Wichita, and has resigned as its president. She intimated that fakers wanted to use the society along the lines of commercialism. She would not stand for it, and after watching things carefully for some time she decided to denounce them in open meeting. She did so and it is said that quite a scene followed.

Mrs. Simpson is a sincere believer in scientific Spiritualism, but she does not go much on mediums who try to make people believe that they can get messages from friends in the spirit world through a trumpet. SHE SAID THAT SHE WAS OFFERED AN OPPORTUNITY SOME TIME AGO TO LEARN THE TRICK FOR \$50 BUT SHE WOULD NOT LISTEN TO IT.

Mrs. Simpson declares that she watched a medium in that city very closely during her investigations and that it was a case of ventriloquism.

Mrs. Simpson still belongs to the state society that will hold a convention in that city the first week in June—a convention which she herself secured—and is an active and earnest worker in it. Her eyes snapped as she indignantly told a Wichita reporter that it was a shame and a disgrace to see such a splendid thing as Spiritualism commercialized, and therefore degraded.

Mrs. Simpson has written the following explanatory note to the Eagle on the subject:

Feeling that both myself and my subject are entitled to a word of explanation, I avail myself of this opportunity of addressing the public. As an advocate of the theory, or rather, the facts, of Spiritualism, I find myself subject to more misunderstandings and often, too, misrepresentations, than would seem possible. I have now been an observer, investigator, student, and happy participant in these most wonderful phenomena for a number of years. My investigations have cost me much time and considerable money.

During the earlier years I always saw this subject dismissed from discussion with a wave of the hand, a bit of cutting ridicule, or a superstitious "dangerous, let it alone." But as I grew older and saw many of the world's best scientists and thinkers braving the ridicule in order to help investigate, my attitude toward it changed. AND IT IS A MOST STARTLING FACT THAT NONE OF OUR WISE MEN HAVE EVER QUIT THIS INVESTIGATION AFTER ONCE GETTING THOROUGHLY INTO IT WITHOUT PRONOUNCING IT THE GREATEST WONDER AND A NEW WORLD OF FACT TO BE EXPLORED. Even Gladstone said of it: "The greatest, by far the greatest, work now going on in the world." And what an imposing array of great names it has won. Crookes, whose investigations in electricity and other sciences has made him a world leader and elected him to the presidency of English Royal Society, the greatest scientific body of men in the world, has written a book of his spirit researches that shows him as sure of the facts of Spiritualism as he is of sunshine. Alfred Russel Wallace, the co-discoverer with Darwin of the laws of evolution, has written a book bristling with wonderful Spiritualistic facts discovered by him during years of earnest study. In our own country we have the two books, the Widow's Mite and the Psychic Riddle, by I. K. Funk, D.D., a man whose scholarly rank is best attested by the fact that his standard dictionary is in many places supplanting our loved Webster. Rev. R. Heber Newton, of the Episcopal church, and Mipot J. Savage, D.D., of the Unitarian; are American religious leaders who have taken an open stand for the study of Spirit Return.

Dr. Richard Hodgson spent over fifty thousand dollars for the American Psychic Research Society investigating various mediums. He was one of the world's most skilled psychologists and began as a materialist, expecting to find it all fraud, but ended his years of work with a full conviction of immortality and spirit return. His scientific certainty of future life is best evidenced by his saying, "I can hardly wait to die." And since his death he has identified himself to scientific men in many ways and says, "Things are even better than I expected." And there are hundreds of others of the brightest, the best and the greatest of men whose writings and sayings on this subject are truly enlightening, but space forbids their mention. The public press is slowly opening up to the subject for the people begin to demand it. A good illustration is Hamlin Garland's article on "The Shadow World," lately begun in Everybody's Magazine.

Much of my life has been with the minority. I am proud to regard the husband whose name I bear as a pioneer advocate of the political principles so unpopular and productive of defeat twenty years ago, but which are to-day making our president the most popular man of the age. Though he could not remain in the body to see these principles triumph, of his spirit presence and continuing work for the cause he loved so well I have had the most startling confirmations. And these proofs come not from fortune tellers and schemers for money, but from friends and workers in this field who would scorn to accept pay for their powers, and from those who are developing their psychic power quietly for their own benefit and who would not permit the mentioning of their names. And the number whom I thus find working for the higher development, and the greater results they are getting, and the high character of the persons engaged, would startle the city and the nation.

Being absolutely convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, and not fearing to stand with a minority when I felt to be in the right, and anxious for the sake of truth's advancement to still be of use to the world, I some time ago accepted the presidency of the Spiritualist Society of Wichita. IN ALL MY EXPERIENCES I HAVE FREQUENTLY FOUND THE RANKEST FRAUD. THE GLORIOUS REVELATIONS OF OUR SCIENTIFIC RELIGION HAVE BEEN IMITATED BY THE LOWEST CHARACTERS AND THE WICKEDEST FAKES. AS IN ALL AGES AND ALL RELIGIONS THERE HAVE BEEN THOSE READY TO "STEAL THE LIVELY OF HEAVEN TO SERVE THE DEVIL IN."

Before our society we have had some of the brightest and best minds of the day, but also have we found ourselves imposed upon by the most vicious deceit. I have seen some of the best citizens of Wichita come to our meetings full of earnest inquiry for the truths we claim to present, and have watched their expressions change to uncertainty, disappointment, disgust, and contempt for what they received. I HAVE SEEN LITTLE FATHERLESS CHILDREN WITH SOBBING, SORROWING EARNESTNESS HEARTILY DECEIVED BY THE RANKEST FRAUD INTO THE BELIEF THAT THEY WERE RECEIVING MESSAGES FROM LOVING SPIRIT PARENTS. Against all this my soul has cried out "for shame," but for the sake of the society and the truth it is supposed to represent I dared not speak. But I can be silent no longer. It has never been possible to get a majority of the society to see this fraudulence, the necessity for stamping it out, and to see that truth can advance only by the help of absolute truthfulness. For this reason I have resigned and withdrawn from the First Spiritualist Society of Wichita. I retain my membership in the State Spiritualist Society and in the National Society. I also retain my faith in true Spiritualism and again avow my unswerving adherence to its teachings.

The State and National presidents are upright and noble souls,

whose highest aim is the advancement of our glorious cause through God's eternal truths. I know they will continue to send here the best teachers and mediums to be found, and will fight with all their energy the corroding fraud that is trying to eat the heart of true Spiritualism.

I agree with Gladstone as to the importance of this work. It is the philosophy of the coming age. It teaches absolutely that whatever we sow we must reap, and we are in eternity now, and that death is but a setting free of the spirit of real self to continue its fight against evil and to advance onward and upward forever. It teaches that our loved ones, before, instead of resting in some far-off golden-streets heaven, are as near to us as ever, still working to advance themselves and to help us. It teaches that by our own efforts and the help of the Infinite, and especially by earnest and faithful and soul goodness, and by careful adherence to the, as yet, little known unchangeable laws of soul communication, we may converse with them, as it were, face to face. On rare and exalted occasions our souls may even see their glorious presence. It adds to a waiting world's faith in a future life the certainty of absolute and scientific knowledge.

The subject hardly lets me stop, and I will say more later, but I must close with an earnest invitation to all to investigate the truths we demonstrate and the philosophy we teach. Come to the Unitarian church to-night, corner Topeka and Central avenues and hear a free lecture by our State president,
MRS. JERRY SIMPSON,
Wichita, Kansas.

Editorial in the Wichita Eagle.

The discord in the First Spiritualist Society which culminated in the resignation of Mrs. Jerry Simpson from the presidency must end disastrously to the organization, unless Mrs. Bellman, the president of the state society, who will here to-day, exercises her diplomatic genius in the direction of healing the sores that unquestionably afflict the local society at the present moment. And the prospects of Mrs. Bellman interfering in a friendly and conciliating way are not too bright. This is evidenced to some extent by the fact that she will not appear at the customary headquarters of the society, but, instead, will appear at the Unitarian church, where, it is understood, Dr. Day will personally introduce her.

As a usual thing the public is a little backward in interfering in any way with quarrels in a church, or a society of this kind that tends in a religious direction, but those who are braving the traditional danger of mixing up in family affairs seem to favor the stand Mrs. Simpson has taken, and feel that Mrs. Bellman may so far declare in her favor that she may take away the charter of the society entirely. If she does the state society will be in the embarrassing situation of holding its annual convention in a town that has no legitimate organization. Some arrangements might be made for the organization of a society with the patrons of those irregular things that crept into the old society eliminated.

The feature objected to by Mrs. Simpson—a feature said to be objectionable to orthodox Spiritualists—is trumpet communications with the spirits of the dead, and other arts having about them a taint of commercialism. For instance, it is said that the "kid glove act" has been attempted there, or at least that many were in favor of admitting practitioners of that sort into the society—innocently, of course. This is supposed to be the most insidious deception of the jugglery of fake Spiritualism, and the one orthodox Spiritualists fear most from the standpoint of reputation.

Mrs. Simpson has stated, it is understood, that she has been offered instruction in the art of commercial Spiritualism for the sum of fifty dollars and that she investigated the matter sufficiently to justify her aversion to features such as trumpet communications with souls departed.

The claim is also made that the desire of commercial Spiritualism to get into societies of orthodox Spiritualism—which is the new word for Spiritualism—is based mainly on the fact of exemption from the payment of license fees to incorporated municipalities for the privilege of doing business; for if the business is conducted under the guise of religion it is generally unnecessary to be licensed to transact it.

Mrs. Simpson and her orthodox colleagues believe in "regular" Spiritualism and have sufficient traditional and historical justification for that belief; for it was believed by the Chinese, some forty thousand years ago according to Confucius, that the spirits of the dead manifested themselves to living friends on rare occasions. According to the hieroglyphics found on the ancient ruins along the river Nile it is clear that the Egyptians, as long ago as five thousand years before Christ, believed that the spirits of departed friends returned to commune with the living. The Bible, according to the interpretation of orthodox Spiritualists, appears to be full of positive proof that the spirits of the dead returned to their former earthly scenes and friends, and they make it almost a clear case that Abraham of old was not only a Spiritualist but that he had extraordinary mediumistic powers. The truth is that it is a mighty hard thing to defeat a clever Spiritualist in argument against his belief for one who believes in the Bible and have a respect for the traditions of the past or the scientific researches of the present; for while the latter do not assert the spirit's return, they do not deny that they do, and on the whole psychical scientists prove by their elaborate and costly investigations that they are at least inclined to the theory of the Spiritualists.

The latter claim that their belief is really a universal belief, and that their religion would cover the world were it not for the opportunity there is to practice fraud in its name. That is the reason the orthodox Spiritualists are so anxious to separate themselves from the commercial practitioners, who, they claim, have brought them into disrepute.

It is quite possible that Mrs. Simpson's firm stand for orthodox Spiritualism, as against commercial Spiritualism, may encourage other honest believers to shake off the incubus that oppresses and enmeshes true Spiritualism, and retard its progress alongside of other organized efforts to solve the deepest mystery the human mind has ever grappled with, not only by faith, but by and through the human senses. Mrs. Simpson was formerly of Medicine Lodge and people who lived in that remarkable town have so frequently evidenced ability to accomplish things that it need not surprise anybody if she would become a strong factor in the purification of modern Spiritualism.

Consolation and Blessing.

To the Editor: What a consolation and blessing it is to realize that spirit return is a fact. In times of serious trouble and affliction, true believers in Spiritualism receive the evidence from the other side of life. My dreams and visions come in the way of type and symbol, but I generally understand their meaning.

About the middle of April I employed our family physician to take our youngest daughter to an expert for an operation in connection with a tumor and appendicitis, and she was to remain in a city hospital until able to return home.

It was a very critical period, and I was fearful of the results. That same night while in a deep slumber, I heard a great noise in the heavens, like a rushing and whirling tornado, and the physician was with me, for I saw him distinctly. We both trembled with fear, and when I looked out upon the sky it was clear, and I saw stars, and the noise that was so dreadful was gone.

I was convinced that all would be well with my child, and believed that the rumblings came from the spirit world.

Everything indicates now that my hopes and anticipations will be realized from the faith I had in the mysterious and figurative phenomena. Every week I am feasting on the spiritual teachings of The Progressive Thinker, and the good impressions I receive from the spiritual writers and authors, I hope will be as lasting as eternity. May we all meet in the higher spheres in my sincere prayer, when done with this lower sphere.

W. S. FRANKLIN.

Bedford, Iowa.

Twelfth Annual Convention of the New York State Association of Spiritualists.

Will be held in the city of Rochester, at Plymouth Spiritualist Church, Plymouth avenue and Troop street, June 5, 6 and 7—Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

There will be three sessions daily, at 10:30 a. m., 2 and 8 p. m.

Business of importance in which all Spiritualists and Liberalists are interested, will be transacted during the day sessions of Friday and Saturday afternoons. Sunday morning and afternoon and all three evening sessions will be devoted to music, addresses, messages, and other phases of mediumship and entertainment. Workers, speakers and mediums from over the state and from other states are expected to be present, and will be invited to participate in the exercises.

Come and meet and get acquainted with our fellow workers, study their methods and enjoy the flow of reason and inspiration.

Headquarters at the Osborne House. The Plymouth Church choir will furnish music. The Ladies' Auxiliary of Plymouth Church will serve meals in the church dining room between sessions, and rooms convenient to the church can be had at reasonable rates.

H. W. RICHARDSON, Pres., East Aurora, N. Y.
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A VOICE FROM THE SOUTHLAND.

Interesting Notes of Work Done and in Contemplation.

Having just returned from a most delightful visit with the Spiritualists of that beautiful city, San Diego, I have decided to give the readers of The Progressive Thinker a slight insight into the spiritual work which has been accomplished and is in contemplation in that and other sections of our south land. On my arrival at San Diego I was escorted to the Spiritualist Temple, where I found a fine gathering of children in attendance at the Children's Lyceum, which is under the able management of those capable and energetic Spiritualists, Miss Kate Ivanovich, conductress, and Brother C. A. Russ.

After the morning lesson the children went through a drill and flag raising, the execution of which reflected great credit to themselves and those in charge.

The regular morning service in the Temple was opened by the pastor, Rev. Kate Heussman-Harveston, who delivered a fine inspirational lecture, the subject being, "Body, Soul, Spirit," which proved a lesson of great thought to those present.

The Temple evening service was another grand spiritual meeting, the pastor's subject being "Who, What and Where is God?" which was ably handled by the pastor's controls, who also gave many independent, clear-cut spiritual messages to the large audience present. The Temple Association is surely doing a grand work in their lovely Temple of worship. May long live such noble workers, who are combining every effort to place before the people the truth of Spiritualism and elevate the cause of immortality.

Before the lecture I was called upon to deliver my message to the people of San Diego relative to the Grand Spiritual Congress to be held at Long Beach, commencing Aug. 22. Let me say that the mayor of Long Beach, Cal., has opened the gates of the city and most generously tendered the use of the magnificent and commodious Long Beach auditorium to the Southern California Congress, with the same privileges that in the past have been accorded to the orthodox denominations, which goes to prove that Spiritualism is certainly progressing in this section of California.

We expect, and sincerely desire the co-operation of all surrounding societies and organizations in making the Congress a grand success in the unfoldment of truth and expansion of the doctrine of spiritual immortality.

Now one word for the work in Los Angeles. Spiritualism is advancing with rapid stride, and under the able management of some of our unselfish workers who have devoted their time, money and energy, one of the largest and most prosperous societies on the coast has been built up. I have reference to the People's Psychic Society, Mr. Arthur Prentiss, president. This society has grown in less than two years from a few faithful ones to an assemblage of from two to three hundred persons, holding meetings every Sunday morning in the large and commodious Burbank hall.

From 9:30 to 10:30 a developing and healing circle is conducted by Dr. V. Green. Following the circle the regular Sunday morning exercises are held, the time being devoted to lectures by such speakers as Hon. J. L. Dryden, Hon. J. C. Craig, and Mrs. Horman Patterson. A great acquisition to the society, and one that has been largely instrumental in building up the organization, through her wonderful inspirational singing, and true womanly devotion to the Cause she loves, is Mrs. Adelaide K. Brooks. It is a pleasure to have one so capable and so devoted to the Cause, and to speak of other work, and will endeavor at some future time to tell of our Relief Work.

NETTIE HOWELL,
Los Angeles, Calif.

NIGHT MARAUDERS IN PRAYER.

Masked Leader of Kentucky Tobacco Destroyers Kneels to Invoke Divine Protection Before Applying Torch.

Word comes from Lancaster, Ky., that kneeling on the ground in the moonlight with their heads bowed, while their leader, his masked face turned toward heaven, offered prayer, a band of night raiders destroyed the big tobacco barn of H. G. Maddox, not far from that place.

The spectacle was witnessed by Flint Ransell and Miss Maggie Tate, two young people, who were returning from a party, and who were captured by the raiders and forced to accompany them to the prayer meeting and barn burning.

After the torch had been applied and the flames were under good headway the young people were led some distance away with instruction to go home, and as they left they heard the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," floating through the air to the accompaniment of cracking timbers and the roar of the flames.

LOOKING BACKWARD FROM MY EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

If I could retrace the trodden paths, That I have followed through in these long years

There are so many things that I would do

To lessen sorrow and relieve the tears

So many hours that I would live anew

And have a kindly word for every one

So many days that to my backward view,

Record apparent duty left undone—

So many shadows in the darkened sky

I might have banished with the kindly word.

But saw the opportunity go by,

And failed to let approval's voice be heard.

Still with my record I must be content

The fatal errors of my life must stand.

Yet if I could, the years of failure spent

I would retrace with a firmer hand, Strive for the goal of every duty done;

Friend of the friendless I indeed would be,

And cultivate the love of every one. I would from every form of vice be free,

And evil ways and habits learn to shun.

My aim in life the wealth of PURITY.

J. T. MORRISON.
Ithaca, N. Y.

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List of Camp-Meetings.

Send in your Dates and Names of Secretaries at Once, to The Progressive Thinker.

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

Lily Dale Assembly.

Lily Dale Assembly opens Friday, July 10, 1908, and closes Sunday, August 30. Apply to Mrs. Carrie C. Reed, Secretary, Little Valley, New York, for programs and information.

Summerland Camp, Cal.

The Summerland Spiritualist camp-meeting will open on Sunday, June 7, and continue one week, closing on Sunday, June 14. We will have first-class speakers and mediums. For full particulars, address Solon Smith, Summerland, Cal.

Lake Pleasant Camp, Mass.

This camp will open Sunday, Aug. 2, and close Monday, Aug. 31. A list of speakers and mediums and full particulars address Rev. A. P. Blinn, secretary, Norwell, Conn.

Wenowee, Wis., Camp-Meeting.

The Western Wisconsin Camp Association holds its annual camp-meeting in Unity Park, Wenowee, Wis., July 12 to August 9. For particulars and programs write Gertrude Spooner, secretary, Wenowee, Wis.

Lake Budy, Ohio.

The seventeenth annual session of this camp will commence June 28 and close August 30. For particulars and programs address Ford C. Myers, secretary, Myersville, Ohio.

Winfield, Kansas, Camp.

The Winfield Camp opens July 18 and closes July 28. Mrs. L. H. Bellman, of Winfield, president; Mrs. W. F. Faltine, secretary, 310 North A Street, Arkansas City, Kansas.

Etna, Maine, Camp.

The Etna Spiritualist camp-meeting will open August 28 and close Sept. 6. An excellent list of speakers and mediums are engaged. For programs and information, address Arthur C. Smith, president, Bangor, Maine, R. F. D. No. 2; Mary Drake Jenne, secretary, Monroon, Maine.

Etna, Washington, Camp.

The fourth annual camp of Etna, Clark county, Washington, will commence August 1 and close August 31. For particulars address H. B. Allen, Etna, Washington.

Ocean Grove Camp, Mass.

Ocean Grove Camp, Harwich port, Mass., opens July 12 and closes July 26, 1908.

Onset Camp.

Onset camp commences its thirty-second annual meeting July 19 and closes August 30. For full programs address the Secretary, Onset, Mass.

Harmony Grove Camp, Cal.

Harmony Grove Spiritualist Camp at Escondido, will open July 26 and close August 11. For full particulars address T. J. McFeron, 528 Mr. San Diego, Cal.

Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Ind.

Opens July 23 and closes August 23. Programs and information given to all who write to Mrs. M. B. Anderson, secretary, Clarksville, Mo.

Chesterfield Camp.

Begins July 23 and ends August 30. Mrs. Flora M. Millsap, secretary, Chesterfield, Ind. Send to her for full programs.

Forest Home Camp, Mich.

Opens Aug. 2 and closes Aug. 23. For programs or further particulars, address Frank Lester, president, or Mike Mitchell, secretary, Mancelona, Mich.

New Era Camp, Oregon.

The New Era camp meeting will open July 11 and close August 3. An excellent list of speakers and mediums are engaged. For further information address the secretary, R. E. Duntion, 358 14th street, Eugene, Ore.

Ottawa Camp, Kansas.

Eleventh annual Spiritualist camp meeting, Forest Park, Ottawa, commences Sept. 21 and closes Sept. 20. Send for programs to R. W. Henderson, Lawrence, Kansas; Mrs. Ella Baldwin, vice-president, Kansas City, Kansas, 2028 North 11th street; E. A. Carpenter, Ottawa, Kansas; John Hartung, secretary, Iola, Kansas.

Swampscott, Mass., Camp.

The camp at Mowerland Park Grove, Swampscott, Mass., opens June 7. For programs address B. H. Blaney, 160 Elm street, Marblehead, Mass.

Madison, Maine, Camp.

The twenty-ninth annual camp meeting of the Madison Spiritual Association will open on Sept. 4 and close on Sept. 13, at the beautiful grove of Lakewood, Maine. Programs and information sent to all who write to the secretary, Mrs. Lora E. Strickland, Madison, Maine, R. F. D. No. 2.

Edgewood Camp, Washington.

Commences July 12 and continues three weeks, including four Sundays. Two days' State Convention to follow. For full particulars, address R. F. Little, president, Seattle, Washington.

Temple Heights Camp, Me.

Temple Heights Spiritualist Camp-meeting commences August 15, and ends August 23. For full particulars, address A. D. Champney, secretary, Rockport, Me.

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SUNDAY MEETINGS IN CHICAGO.

Metropolitan Spiritual Society, Pastor, Mrs. Maggie Walter, meet at 8 p. m., 123 North Dearborn street, corner Wentworth Avenue.

The Church of Progressive Spiritualists, Pastor, Rev. J. H. B. Smith, meet at 8 p. m., 123 North Dearborn street, corner Wentworth Avenue.

The Progressive Spiritual Society, Pastor, Mrs. H. H. B. Smith, meet at 8 p. m., 123 North Dearborn street, corner Wentworth Avenue.

The Church of Progressive Spiritualists, Pastor, Rev. J. H. B. Smith, meet at 8 p. m., 123 North Dearborn street, corner Wentworth Avenue.

The Progressive Spiritual Society, Pastor, Mrs. H. H. B. Smith, meet at 8 p. m., 123 North Dearborn street, corner Wentworth Avenue.

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