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JERUSALEM AS IT IS.

Prevent Christian Monks From Murdering—Sultan Has to Keep Troops in the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem.—Joseph M. Grady Tells Why Jerusalem is not Inspiring To-day.

Six hundred and fifty passengers in the steamship "Arabie" are now touring the "Holy Land," sixty-five of the number being clergymen. About forty years ago Mark Twain visited Jerusalem, and was shown the cross, the tomb where Jesus was laid, etc., etc. He at that time informed his readers that all these so-called sacred places and sacred relics were shams, and that the clergy all over America denounced him as a heretic. Numerous other writers have exposed those priestly swindlers, but still the pious pilgrims every year go to the "Holy Land" to weep and pray at the Holy Sepulchre, and to view the actual manger in which Jesus was born, to handle the nails which were driven through the hands of the Savior, etc., etc. James M. Grady is the latest writer to show the religious types of this country how wickedly they are being deceived by cunning priests. He says:

"We saw Jerusalem to our hearts' content, and I venture to say that out of the 650 passengers of the Arabie who saw it there is not one who would want to see it again. I have spoken with many good Christian men and women of our party—many from states and the consensus of opinion is that one's faith is—to put it mildly—not strengthened by a visit to the Holy City.

"In this connection it might be well to state that the history of Jerusalem is—unlike that of Rome—not continuous. For fifty years after its destruction by Titus the site of Jerusalem was a wilderness, and for many years thereafter it was a village of huts. Then the Emperor Hadrian rebuilt the city—or rather built a city on the site of the old, and it was a pagan city until Helena, the mother of Constantine, visited Jerusalem some 300 years after the destruction of Christ, and 'discovered' the holy places pointed out to the pilgrims of to-day by ignorant monks and more ignorant guides. The only thing we can account with any degree of certainty is that Palestine in and around Jerusalem was the scene of the life and crucifixion of our Lord.

Soldiers Prevent Murder.

"I wish to make it plain here that I write this letter in no irreverent spirit, but when I saw armed Turkish soldiers doing sentry duty in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem and in the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem for the sole purpose of preventing Christian monks from murdering each other—as they have done in the past—for the love of God, I confess that I felt outraged that the religion professed by many of the most enlightened peoples of the earth should be so grossly abused in the eyes of Moslems by fanatical monks. These monks are Latin, Coptic, Russian and Armenian Christians, among whom the aforesaid churches are divided by the Turkish government, each sect having its own section of each church.

"Outside of the 'American colony' and the Garden of Gethsemane, Jerusalem is the filthiest place on the planet.

"I shall not attempt to describe those places, because I do not believe they are the places made sacred by the presence of Christ, many of them being grouped together as if for convenience. Suffice it to say that we were shown along the walls of the city, and among other places of interest pointed out to us was the exact spot from which the Cyrenian was made to bear the cross of the fainting Christ. We also visited the Mount of Olives, the tomb of David, the mosque of Omar, built on the supposed site of Solomon's temple, the tomb of the kings, the quarries of Solomon and other places of interest, such as the walling place of the Jews, the pool of Siloam, etc., etc., being pointed everywhere we went by crowds of filthy beggars crying 'Baksheesh.' "On the whole, a visit to Jerusalem is not conducive to one's enjoyment of life. Its mongrel population is the most degraded and filthiest (beasts) are clean compared with them. It is possible to imagine. There is not one redeeming trait visible either in the city or its people, and we left Jerusalem joyfully happy to get away from it, yet glad that we had seen it, for it was an experience never to be forgotten, and not likely to be repeated."

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually expended by "Christians" in visiting Jerusalem, Bethlehem and other towns mentioned in the Holy Scriptures, and a vast army of lazy, crafty, swindling monks are supported by these fanatical dupes who are shown by the "guides" every house, hill, creek, pool, garden, spring and tree mentioned in the New Testament. They even showed the visitor the very stone on which the rooster stood when he thrice crowed when Peter denied his Lord.

SHE WAS IN A TRANCE.

Remarkable Evidence of Spirit Influence.—A Distracted Mother in a Trance Finds Her Lost Child.—Trails Child Into the Wild Hills, Where Coyotes and Wolves Yelp at the Child as She Sleeps.

Thermopolis, Wyo., June 6.—When the 4-year-old daughter of Mrs. J. Powers, wandered away from a sheep camp, forty miles northwest of this place, half a dozen parties of searchers scoured the country for forty-eight hours fruitlessly and expert trappers failed to trace the tiny footprints.

Then that wonderful something designated as "instinct" developed in the frantic mother and she set out on foot, and the clergy all over America denounced him as a heretic. Numerous other writers have exposed those priestly swindlers, but still the pious pilgrims every year go to the "Holy Land" to weep and pray at the Holy Sepulchre, and to view the actual manger in which Jesus was born, to handle the nails which were driven through the hands of the Savior, etc., etc. James M. Grady is the latest writer to show the religious types of this country how wickedly they are being deceived by cunning priests. He says:

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Before afternoon a thorough search of the country for ten miles in every direction had been made without results. Then V. D. Putney and his pack of fox hounds were summoned to the rescue, arriving at dusk. The hounds had difficulty in following the trail, then thirty-six hours cold, and lost it beyond the creek.

Late that night the search was abandoned and the searchers returned to camp to tell the distracted mother that her baby was probably dead, drowned in the creek or devoured by wolves. Mrs. Powers collapsed at these tidings, but later became strangely calm and sat LIKE ONE IN A TRANCE UNTIL MORNING DAWNED.

Then, calling the others to her, she instructed them to follow and set off at a hard walk for the mountains, five miles distant. Never deviating from a bee line, and seemingly indifferent to the country and those following her, the woman pursued her course up the foothills and to the edge of a sage flat, where she broke into a run. Ten minutes later she fell exhausted beside the sleeping missing one.

Strangely enough the little girl had not suffered greatly during her forty-eight hours in the open, and told a lucid story of her wanderings. When turned back by the herder, she had followed a road which she supposed led to a camp, but which finally took her to an abandoned sawmill in the foothills.

En route she encountered the creek, and took off her shoes and stockings to wade it. On the other side her infant fingers were unable to accomplish the task of reaching the stock camp, and she left them there, and her shoes beside the stream, afterward wandering miles in her bare feet through rocky and cacti sprinkled country, but sustaining neither a bruise or wound from a thorn.

At dark she laid down under a bush and sobbed herself to sleep after drawing her bare feet within her girdle and placing stones on the hem of the garment to hold it down and keep out the wind. She awakened after daylight and ate grass to satisfy the cravings of hunger. All day long she wandered on, crying when she could, but generally beyond tears.

Once she approached a sheep corral where men were working, but in her childish imagination the place appeared a jail and she fled in fright. Later she saw a man on horseback and called to him, but he rode on unheeding. This man acknowledged that he thought he heard a child crying in the sagebrush and looked about but could see no one, and supposed the cry of some bird had deceived him.

Death Seen at a Distance.

Extract from a Letter to the Great Scientist, G. Flammarion.
(Translation from Annales des Sciences Psychiques, Dr. X. Dariez and Prof. Ch. Richet, Managers; C. D. Vesme, Editor-in-Chief.
—Translated Especially for The Progressive Thinker by Mrs. A. Moulton Tattersfield.)

As an impartial author you especially seek facts.

The study of "apparitions" is unfortunately not susceptible—like astronomy in other respects—unless from mere observation, and escapes the severity of the experimental method.

There is a fact given to me by chance that perhaps might interest you.

Let me first tell you that I am 39 years old, and have no pre-established conviction on any philosophic system; but I am convinced we do not know all, and that it would be anti-scientific to deny the inexplicable. As a medical man I treated her at Vierzon, Mme X., about seventy years old, very intelligent, but of a very nervous temperament; at this particular time I treated her for attacks of asthma.

On my advice, her daughter living in Paris came to take up her residence with her in December, 1907.

In the night, between Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 8 and 9, towards 2 o'clock in the morning the patient called her daughter, asking her to bring a light, saying: "Light the lamp. I have had a terrible nightmare." That was all she said. The following Sunday she said to her daughter, who, after having breakfasted on the ground-floor, came up in the patient's bed-room: "You must not have been able to eat much," and in answer to her daughter's astonishment, "You could not eat much in this your great sorrow; it is no use to hide it from me. Your son is dead. The other night when I called you, I saw him passing backwards and forwards behind the windowpanes, looking at me. Then he vanished, but afterwards I saw him stretched out dead on a kind of slab, covered with a grey cloth."

Now the patient's grandson had actually died Wednesday, Jan. 8, in the afternoon, in a hospital where he had been admitted some time ago, and treated for pulmonary tuberculosis.

Such is the tale given to me under the first impressions; then several times at shorter or longer intervals, and this by the patient herself—without any variations, in spite of my discreet but exact questions.

Allow me a few more words to show the extraordinary in the case.

The patient's daughter was informed of the death of her son only on Thursday morning, by telegraph. She did not go to Paris for the funeral, and did not leave her mother, so that no suspicion could be roused by her absence. She already wore black, and did not change her dress for mourning.

Finally, nobody spoke to the patient about her grandson, whose condition seems to have been stationary for some time. The announcement of his death came nearly as a surprise.

Such is the fact, that I simply state to you, as if I should make a clinical observation, without allowing anything for imagination.

Without wishing to explain it I shall add these few reflections:

1. Concordance of the apparition with reality.

2. The expression used by the clairvoyant is perfectly correct. When a death takes place in a hospital the body is taken to a ward kept especially for postmortem examinations, and laid upon a long, narrow table, generally covered with zinc, a kind of slab. The word is correct; Mme X. did not know this particularity.

3. It cannot be attributed to telepathy between two brains, the apparition taking place after the young man's actual death.

4. It seems that we are facing two distinct phenomena.

(a) The image of a dead man in Paris appears to his grandmother at Vierzon. (De tail to be noted). The apparition does not enter the room, but remains outside the windows.

(b) The perception of a second living person seems to go after, afterwards from Vierzon to see the corpse.

DR. FERDINAND LOUIS.
Vierzon, Cher.

more courageous than coyotes and have been known to attack men in the same region.

At night the lost baby laid down under a cottonwood tree and went to sleep. "I wasn't afraid," she said, in her story, "cause I heard mamma calling all night long and knew she would find me soon. Once, she said the child was awakened by a gruff voice shouting, 'Where you?' She sprang up and cried, 'I'm mamma's little girl,' but the voice did not answer again.

At daylight she awakened and again heard her mother calling, and satisfied, sank again to sleep. At that hour her mother, in camp six miles away, had just begun her journey to her lost loved one's side, and some psychic power had carried to the baby the assurance that 'mamma' would soon be present to care for her.—The News-Times, Denver, Col.

AUTO-SUGGESTION FOR NERVES.

Another patient came to us some time ago complaining not of sleeplessness, but of sleep made miserable by frightful dreams, especially by one bad recurrent dream. Here also the patient practised auto-suggestion. She was instructed to write out her dream so as to render it part of her conscious waking experience. Soon she was able to report that though the vision recurred, it was in a less tragic form. Later it gradually ceased to appear, and finally vanished away.

BURN HERETICS AND BLASPHEMERS.

Spirit of Persecution as an Inheritance.

To the Editor: For the enclosed \$1.50 please extend my subscription to The Progressive Thinker one year, and for a premium the book "Interwoven," and also two numbers of The Progressive Thinker of May 30, 1908. I can cut out one meal per day of my daily rations, with much more complacency than I can go without The Progressive Thinker.

Your scathing rebuke of your Marblehead friend in May 30 Progressive Thinker was, to say the least, a "corridor." For a man in this the twentieth century to stand up and make excuses, and try to defend those guilty of the crimes recorded in that "sacred book," from petty lying all through the category, up to massacres, and many times ordered, instigated, and abetted by their GREAT, LOVING, sympathetic "Father," more cruel and bloodthirsty than any Comanche Indian that ever crossed our Western plains. With all of this taught in the Bible and churches of the present day, it is a singular fact that there are occasionally Christians that are upright and fairly honest.

But it is not from the teachings of Christianity that is in spite of the teachings—the innate goodness of their hearts.

Look at all the leading Bible characters, the most of them (in our day) would be hanging from a gibbet, or confined in a lunatic asylum. Moses a confessed murderer, and many of them condemned by their own months. Then coming down nearly to our own time—at Plymouth Rock—which all churchmen swear by—see the cruelty enacted by the good Pilgrim fathers—hanging or banishment if you did not believe in their church and help support it. Roger Williams, one of the finest souls in the colony, to save his soul was obliged to flee from his Christian savages to the wild savages of the forest for protection, and they protected him all his life—a sad commentary on their Christian religion. Then the persecution of the Quakers—the best of all the Christian sects—and their hanging four on the gallows on Boston Common in 1656 is enough to damn any institution on the earth to-day. To show that the spirit of persecution obtains to-day in the Christian churches I will quote: "On Oct. 13, 1907, at Witherspoon hall, Philadelphia, the Rev. Dr. Robert M. Patterson, a Presbyterian clergyman, said: 'If I had my way about it, I would burn all heretics and blasphemers.' These words were spoken to an audience composed mostly of clergymen and some few applauded him."

Our Marblehead friend—living so near Plymouth Rock—may have inherited it from his Puritan ancestors. If I was in his shoes I would try and wash it out before it "struck" in. Your attitude toward the frauds and fakes in our ranks is a just war, and I hope you may long live to throw hot-shot and shell, grape and canister into their ranks until they are driven to the tall timber out of commission, and behind the large, waiting, all their time for the state. The ghosts, they should be executed by all humanity for trifling with the most sacred feelings of the human soul.

O. M. AMBLER.
Stowe, Vt.

Warring Factions of Spiritualists Before Council Committee.

For two hours this morning the warring factions in the ranks of the Spiritualists in this city aired their troubles before the health and police committee of the city council. Some pretty strong language was used by a number of the delegates, and W. Brooks accused Rev. Harrison D. Barrett and Rev. G. C. Love of attempting to secure the passage of an ordinance making it unlawful for any Spiritualist medium to practice mediumship for pay, merely for the purpose of controlling this class of business in this city. He declared that if the proposed ordinance was passed, his opponents would force all other mediums in the city to pay tribute to them.

This accusation was strenuously denied, and the two men accused declared they had no other motive in securing the passage of the proposed ordinance than to protect the general public against alleged clairvoyants and mediums who practiced deceit on the unwary for the purpose of securing their money. Mr. Barrett cited several instances where individuals had been duped by alleged mediums and robbed of many hundreds of dollars. In one instance he said a man had taken his name at the time he was president of the National Spiritualist Association, and had robbed an elderly woman of \$1,300 in Kansas City. He had seen the man since he arrived in Portland, but was unable to bring charges against him.

The warring factions are the National Spiritualist Association, headed in this city by the Rev. Harrison D. Barrett and Rev. G. C. Love, and the Oregon State Spiritualist Association, of which W. Brooks was chief spokesman before the committee to-day. The former are seeking to secure the passage of the ordinance and the latter are fighting against it.—The Evening Telegram, Portland, Oregon, June 5.

INFLUENCE.

Let every soul that bears its part Through all the walks of life, Feel that you bear another's gauge, For love and peace, or strife.

Ah! father, as you firmly clasp, A small confiding hand, The tiny feet will ever keep pace, And hasten, loiter, stand.

And mother, ever feel these words, Are murmured soft and low, "I hold my way, if right or wrong, As mother used to do."

And, toiler 'neath the burning sun, Mark well the way you cast, Your seed, for oft they spring and grow, Within another's breast.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY SPIRIT MANIFESTATION.

Psychic Experiences That Occurred a Hundred Years Ago.

The following communication has been sent us by "D. W." A German writer, Wilhelm von Kuegelgen, born at the beginning of last century, left a record entitled: "An Old Man's Recollection of his Youth." Among the many interesting subjects referred to in this book, which has never been translated into English, there is but little of a psychic nature; that little, however, will doubtless be of interest to the readers of Light.

After telling of an angelic little sister who died before his birth, the author says:

"But her memory was not buried, and lived as vividly as though she had never died, especially with our mother. And more than her memory; the blessed little sister herself came now and then into the family circle. At least my mother often related how, shortly after each younger child's birth, a form of light was seen shining on and greeting the new arrival. This appearance was not analogous to anything in the material world, yet our mother recognized her spirit child. She had prayed that it might be a guardian angel for any other children that God should send, and she doubted not that her prayer would be granted. Be that as it may, mother had, after my younger sister was born, a witness for this lovely vision, as the nurse, who alone was with her in the room, also saw it. So we often spoke of the departed one, and I well remember that as a small boy I was frequently deterred from wrong-doing by the fear of troubling my angel sister."

While Wilhelm was still a child he was much struck by hearing of a phenomenon, which, at the time, roused general interest, because, as he states, it was considered a final proof of the soul's existence apart from the body. He says:

"A certain young girl had had a tedious illness, from which she at last recovered in a mysterious manner. Her mother, it seems, had made passes over her until the patient fell into a peculiar condition, when her spirit, without the aid of the senses, had a clear perception of the material world, and she had during this clairvoyant state prescribed for herself magnetic treatment which her mother could carry out. A wonderfully strong and tender sympathy was in consequence established between mother and daughter. The two, while becoming more and more closely attached, had, as it were, their soul life in common. During magnetic sleep the invalid could see her mother's spirit glorified beyond description. Strange to say, she always spoke of the death-like magnetic sleep as of being awake, while our normal waking condition she termed eating sleep. During convalescence, when for the last time in this (according to her) waking state, she lamented bitterly that the vision of her transfigured mother must now be lost to her. 'Only in heaven, mother,' said she, weeping, 'shall I see thee again so beautiful, so supremely beautiful!' The girl is now quite well, and in uninterrupted eating sleep."

Here ends the quotation from Von Kuegelgen. I find in the book a cutting from Light, date unknown, evidently testimony from the other side, the words being as follows:

"G. B. says: 'I am far clearer on all points than I was whilst shut up in the prisoned body. You see I am more awake than asleep,' and he speaks of those still in the flesh as in 'dream-life,' friends sleeping in the material world, you to us are more as we understand sleep.'—Light, London, Eng.

MESSAGES IN NOVELS.

A Heroine Made Out of Faker.

Richard Harding Davis is a writer with considerable talent, and a man more or less original. In his latest book he has gone very far in his effort to find something new, and has made a heroine out of a "faker" who gives senses and lives off the gullibility of rich fools. She is a girl, young and delicate, of marvelous beauty of great goodness of heart, of highest morality. All these qualities Mr. Davis apparently considers wholly consistent with the heroine's occupation of professional impostor.

It is not a very serious thing, for Mr. Davis' writings are never very serious, but it is very questionable taste to build a heroine out of such material. The book will be widely read because of the author's popularity, and will, conceivably, leave some impression on the minds of the readers. Which leads to the consideration that the books which nowadays leave any effect worth mentioning are the novels. Americans are too busy to read anything except fiction, and any man who fancies he has a message to deliver must conceal it in a story. The public gobbles up fiction like grease bolting corn scattered in a barnyard. It gets some fodder, but it gets a great deal of extraneous matter, and not a little filth.

For this reason even the lightest hearted and most innocent romancer of the "Dickens" variety ought to exercise a certain amount of care about what he puts forth. There is really no harm in Mr. Davis' exaltation of occult "fakes," nothing in any way vicious or damaging to public morals. Yet it is safe to predict that some may read a deeper meaning in the frivolous and entertaining tale, and be led to consider humbugs and frauds as a pretty good class of people. One cannot nowadays write a novel that is anything beyond a mere narrative of adventure without being suspected of trying to preach a sermon, teach a lesson, or solve a momentous problem.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ye enter in the stream of life, Too oft with sin replete; Ah! seek where'er ye float or breast, To leave it pure and sweet.

For ye will sow, and ye will reap, But let the harvest show, To those who still earth's vigils keep, The path to choose below.

The mountain heights are hard to climb, Ye may not rest or stand, But those who toil, and reach the heights, May view far, far beyond.

And as the purpling shadows fall Upon thy banner's crest, Let those below uplook and read; I ought to do my best.

MRS. E. M. MILLER.
Brown's Valley, Cal.

CHILD MURDER.

A Hideous Doctrine of the Catholic Church.

To the Editor of the Montreal Star: Sir: I was much interested in "Catholic Theologian's" letter, in which he discusses the injustice of killing an infant to save its mother's life. Perhaps some of your readers may be unaware that it is the unanimous belief of the Catholic church that all who are external to Christianity are doomed to eternal damnation, not only on account of their own transgressions, but also on account of the transmitted guilt of Adam, and therefore even the new-born infant is subject to condemnation until baptism has united it to the church. In this connection I quote from the celebrated treatise, "De Fide" of Saint Fulgentius: "Be assured and doubt not that not only men who have obtained the use of their reason, but also little children who have begun to live in their mother's womb and have there died, or who, having just been born, have passed away from the world without the sacrament of holy baptism, must be punished by the eternal torture of undying fire; for although they committed no sin by their own will, they have nevertheless, drawn with them the condemnation of original sin by their carnal conception and birth." You will thus perceive that it is of more importance to save the child so that it may be baptized rather than the mother, who presumably has already been baptized and whose future is therefore thus assured. STUDENT.
Montreal, Canada.

STORM-TOSSED.

A mighty storm is raging wild, The winds wall out their moan; Deep thunder's roar is heard afar Above the spray and foam.

I scarce can face the mighty wind, My feeble barque is frail; Yet I must run her past your light, And moor her 'gainst the gale.

Heigho! my soul knows naught of fear, I love a scene thus wild! And laugh in glee to see her dance And frolic as a child.

Oh! boat, my pride, dance on! dance on! The roar of Ocean's wall, But puts new courage in my heart, To guide aright the sail.

Ah, ha! Ah, ha! we've passed the bar, Safe from the bellowing sea! What others would face with quaking hearts!

Was childish sport to me! ALICE L. HOLBROOKE.
N. Somerville, Mass.

A pound of care will pay an ounce of grief.—Danish.

The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of society as themselves.—Roman.

In the Domain of Phenomena.

Interesting and Suggestive Experiences With So-Called Ghosts, as Related by Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine, a Prominent Lecturer, Author and Medium.

This narrative must of necessity be autobiographical, because no record of psychical phenomena and experiences can be useful to either the historian or the scientist, unless it be the diary of a life. Psychical phenomena deal with incarnate and ex-carnate personalities, functioning on the normal and supernormal planes of being. Immortality is a personal matter.

The science of psychology, though it is loth to accept these seemingly sporadic and disconnected phenomena as within the operation of physical law, still cannot, and in fact, does not dismiss them as having no place in its ever widening field of investigation. Psychical research and immortality fall within the sphere of the personal life and the personality, in this new and virgin field of inquiry. This field has been termed the supernormal, not because supernormal phenomena occur outside the domain of natural causality, but because they are not explicable by any of the known laws of matter and mind. Such phenomena as arrest or suspend the operation of natural law, do not transgress either natural or supernormal law.

Now these phenomena must grow out of and fall within the conscious sphere of the soul's life if they are to prove immortality, or demonstrate the survival of the personal identity after the change called death, and the possibility of intercommunication between the two worlds. This, of course, could not be possible or practical, if the personality died with the dissolution of the material body and the extinguishment of the soul's ego.

With Spiritualism as an hypothesis of the new psychology and of the cause and origin of all psychical phenomena, nothing at present will be said, and for the reason that as a world movement, Spiritualism is undoubtedly a great historical and spiritual fact, and as a scientific hypothesis, is the best and only one sufficient to explain all the facts, as Sir Oliver Lodge, Flammarion, Wallace and the late Gerald Massey admitted. But this narrative, in order to make clear its claims to the attention of the investigator, must be a straight-forward and simple recital of facts. Facts are stubborn things, and it is because they are facts that they refuse to be ignored. Now the important matter about the facts is our relation to them. Personally we may deny or ignore them, but science is duty bound to accept them. Whoever glosses them over with the verbiage of misunderstanding, fearful lest some one might accuse him of telling the truth, may be a clever juggler, and conceal his cowardice under such subterfuge, but he forgets that such action makes him lose even his own self-respect. Truth is always stranger than fiction, and art to serve the truth must not forget that a lie can never become the truth. In the spirit of history and science, I hope to tell my story.

While a clergyman of the Unitarian denomination in a church located a short distance west of Chicago, I became deeply interested in psychical phenomena. In the year 1893 the Psychical Research Society was still young, but powerful. I became a member of the American branch and began my personal researches in Spiritualism. It is hard to realize, much harder to accept the fact that there is a time for every thing under the sun, and that we cannot force that time nor can we hope to drive an hypothesis across a triangular fate until the hour has come. Our interest in the occult must await just such a time. It was in the year 1893 when my interest in the phenomena of modern Spiritualism seized me, and led me for the first time to attend a seance of a professional medium, vouched for by a very honest and strong-minded parishioner. At this particular seance, under the most rigorous and scientific test conditions, the most extraordinary phenomena took place. There were spirit voices, independent slate writings, materializations of luminous hands, levitation of musical instruments, clouds of light, the windings of a large music box, and all this while the sitters, some ten in number, held hands and were also aware of the hands of the psychic all the while. This is what is generally known as a seance for general phenomena. At this seance I received the following two messages, written on an ordinary block of paper or writing-pad, and torn by the spirit and placed, either in our coat pocket or in our laps.

First Message.

"My Dear Boy: Many years have passed since I last spoke to you in a voice which you could hear, but let me assure you that the intervening time has not been spent far apart from your life. For as life is eternal, so is a mother's love everlasting. All the changes in your life I have taken cognizance of, and so, often in your thoughtful moments I have tried to reach you, and help you to ponder the questions which you have been clamoring to answer. Now the darkened clouds of your existence begin to pass away; the true light of the after life begins to dawn; and you feel the mastering of thought and knowledge. This same thought you may attribute to divine inspiration, for so it is. You have been led to this thought and investigation by the higher intelligences, and so you will be led, until day by day and hour by hour, your own spirit will so broaden as to enable you to impart that knowledge to the many hungering, suffering souls on earth. In this you will find an earth mission appointed you from highest principles. LOVING MOTHER."

Second Message.

From a reverend friend:
"In days gone by when we were pressed too closely we were taught to say that there is a mystery in godliness which no human mind can fathom; so our eyes were blinded and reason set at naught. But the great law of evolution has carried us onward and upward, until we find within us the Divine principle of God and a close correspondence of our own soul with the great Over-soul. We learn also that the little things confound the mighty, that this little pencil moved by spirit power will prove to you the everlasting progress of the soul, which is possible for all to reach in these communications. "A REVEREND FRIEND."

Third Message.

"My Dear Friend and Reverend Brother: This evening I am granted the privilege of soul communion with you through the expression of this, your earth instrument. And in spirit life, I too, must employ a like instrument, that you in earth life have not the clearness of vision or comprehension to understand; yet through the two avenues we meet, as it were, face to face and exchange thought for thought. "In earth life my eyes were blinded to the truth. I would not see the light, and now I feel more fully the necessity and the desire to impart light and comfort to mortals who are now treading the same pathway. As I view the ignorance and superstition of mortals I wonder, and I feel an overwhelming spirit and enthusiasm to awaken them to the realization of that which I, through experience, know to be true."

"The language that I must employ to give expression to you of my soul unfoldment, its thought and experience, or that you will be able to comprehend, is inadequate far, to that which is real, but as your language is to the infant, I will give you that which in part I realized. As the ebbside of life grew less, so I felt the spirit quicken, until I realized a perfect newness of life, so surging with exquisite joy, that every attribute of spirit came to me—that which mortals call a part of God. So calm and so beautiful in their perfection were all things that met my gaze, and so loving, tender, and gentle were the friends who approached me, that I recognized at once that surely this is a part of heaven, more truly beautiful than ever had come to my thought. And so as I awakened to all the light around me, and was given the first lesson of my new condition, I then realized the truth of the after life, and knew that I had done wrong in condemning without knowledge. Now I find pleasure in learning the spiritual laws of the spiritual universe, yet find equal pleasure in returning and imparting knowledge and light to mortals of earth, all of whom must meet with the same change through the same atmosphere and condition. All must be their own judge and so qualify themselves by the condition and the circumstances of their earthly life."

"I am your reverend friend and brother, J. H. HARTER."

As to the above messages, the first two came at the first seance,

and were written in lead pencil, while the latter was gotten on a typewriter, run by invisible power and written in the dark. It was rattled off faster than the fastest expert could do it on a machine in the light, and under the most favorable circumstances. Mr. Stead and Mr. Yost can bear witness to the accuracy of this statement, for during the World's Fair they conducted experiments with the same medium in a steel cage and received messages just the same. Rev. J. H. Harter was at one time a Universalist clergyman, when I was a member of the same denomination, and it was I who, at the quest of his widow officiated at his funeral. In northern New York he was known as the minister of the "Church of the Divine Fragments." It was not strange that at this crisis in my own life he should appear, and break the silence of so many years by flashing out these messages on my consciousness as similar messages were written in independent writing on the walls of the palace of Belshazzar.

There is, as any one who is familiar with psychical phenomena knows, a vast range of manifestations, and an equally numerous expression of spirit power through mediumship. Independent slate writing or psychography is one of the most fascinating and intelligent expressions of spirit power, and always puzzles the skeptic and agnostic. These messages were not, strictly speaking, slate writings, but they occurred independently of any apparatus, and as such are certainly marvelous phenomena. And yet it is not remarkable that spirits who survive the change called death, should be able to write in this peculiar way, since while on earth they could read and write. The actual wonder would be that all that they knew was so soon forgotten because of the change called death. These simple means of communication show how deeply rooted in the very soil of being is our human life and its intelligence. That incorporeal beings did and could write as here maintained is an experience which goes far toward proving that the scientists and the mass of people who believe in the possibility of communication between the two worlds, are not insane as so many supposed. J. H. Harter had been in the spirit world some fifteen years and was able to write. He seemed glad to again greet me across the Great Divide.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning in Casa Guidi, in Summerland.

I attended a seance in the city of Chicago in November, 1893, in response to a desire which I had had for a long time to secure a book of poems by Mrs. Elizabeth Browning, containing a certain photo or print from a photo, which in my youth had made a strong impression on me. The book was out of print, but I thought perhaps that she, a spirit, might know where I might secure such a copy. I of course did not expect what followed. Mrs. Browning passed away in the year 1861. If she existed in the spirit world, she of course could give me the information desired. The medium, a very amiable and beautiful woman, gave me every opportunity, not only to test her power of mediumship, but to please me in the matter of test conditions. I must have facts and not fraud. So she sat at her table, where I was to receive messages from the so-called dead, and transmitted by a psychic process, more simple than wireless telegraphy, called psychography. After we sat for a few moments, I was requested to take up one of the questions I had previously written and placed on the table, a question, the contents of which I at least, knew nothing about. Presently, as I held with the right hand the slate, which was placed under the side of the table, I distinctly heard scratching. This continued for some time. When the message was finished, I placed the slate on the table and read this message:

"As soon as material cares and duties are laid aside, a letter comes inspired by mother."

The question I had asked was, "Will I receive a reply to the letter I had posted to your son?"

In previous correspondence I had learned that Robert Barrett Browning was living in Venice. This information was given me by the New York Sun. Through another message the spirit of Mrs. Browning substantiated the statement that her son was alive and was living across the waters.

The letter I had sent to Robert Barrett Browning was about this book, containing the picture of his mother. Now here was a distinct prophecy. The son would make a reply, inspired by mother, and Mrs. Browning was to reach her son, inspire him to write a letter to me, and tell about the picture. Some two months following this seance, while again returning from Chicago to my home, I was handed a letter, postmarked the old world, and on opening it I found it was from Robert Barrett Browning, and contained a photo of his mother, "One of the last," he said, "she had taken." The sending of this photo was the remarkable fact not forgotten, but no doubt inspired by the mother, who wished me to have a memorial of my appreciation of her poetic works.

Here was a case, more significant than mind reading or telepathy, for the medium knew nothing at all about the Brownings, and certainly could not tell if she had a son who was living across the waters, and that Mrs. Browning would inspire him to reply to my letter. Some years afterward I learned that Mr. Barrett Browning was most difficult to get at, and this information was conveyed to me by Lilian Whiting. Once when I surmised that Mrs. Browning's hair was black, she, the spirit, informed me through another medium that it was not black but brown, and "that Robert, her husband, called her his Brownie." And this fact I substantiated later on by seeing, among the gifts which the late Kate Field left to Lilian Whiting, a lock of her hair which was brown.

Miss Whiting, long before she wrote a life of Mrs. Browning, had been assured that it was her wish that she should write it, and it was Mrs. Browning's own spirit that had impelled the writer to inform Miss Whiting of Mrs. Browning's wish. It led to a hurried visit to the old country and to Italy, and later to the writing of the book, entitled, "A Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning." This biography is the only adequate and unprejudiced story of her beautiful life. The reason why other biographies were not satisfactory is not so clear and obvious. Mrs. Browning was a Spiritualist, as most of her biographers knew, but thought it was an act of kindness to her memory not to mention it, or considered it no business of the public to know, as it might detract from her glory, or fame, if known. Mrs. Browning wishes the truth published, and so authorized Miss Whiting from the spirit side to give to the world a truthful narrative.

A strange incident associated with her Spiritualism is this. Some years ago, before this book was written, I received from an elderly gentleman in St. Louis, at a social, a photograph of the late D. D. Home, the celebrated American medium, who startled Europe by his remarkable phenomena. This man said to me: "I get the impression from Daniel Home that he wishes me to give this to you, because he says you will understand and appreciate it. I did. For it was at a seance given for Mrs. and Robert Browning at a lady's home in Italy that she was converted to Spiritualism. D. D. Home was the medium. What part Mrs. Browning and D. D. Home played in this affair as ex-carnate spirits, who can tell? Another fact which deserves mention is, that in the biography of Mrs. Browning by Lilian Whiting the very picture I had sought forms the frontispiece. And this was inserted without any knowledge on my part, and of course, without any previous arrangement on the part of Miss Whiting."

Doctor Morrell MacKenzie, of London, as a Spirit Doctor.

A more striking manifestation of spirit power I was soon to witness through the same channel. The seance was for independent slate writing, and consisted of the usual questions, prepared by myself, and placed, without the medium's reading them, on top of the table where the spirit would advise which one it cared to consider by rapping three times when I took one up, and once, for no. The conditions were test, as I had carefully examined the slates, the room, the table and kept my eyes wide open all the time. I had felt that I needed some neutralizing medicine, as my stomach and kidneys were slightly indisposed. That very morning I had gone to a local physician, received a prescription, which I had had filled in Chicago. When I took my seat at the table the question of my condition was uppermost in my mind, and luckily the question of my health was the first one to come up for consideration. The reply was, "Use bi-carbonate of soda." In my haste to copy the prescription, that is, the entire message, I omitted to add "bi" to the carbonate of soda. This evidently had to be, for on going to the druggist and asking for some carbonate of soda—(why that, I do not know, as I knew better, unless it was to lead up consistently to what followed)—he said, "What do you want it for?" I replied, "To drink."

"Well, you do not want washing soda, as that will kill you, but bi-carbonate."

"Of course," I said. But I thought deeply of the message and the doctor on the spirit side of life, who prescribed it. So when I reached the house of the medium, I asked her the moment the door was

opened what she and the spirit doctor were trying to do,—"to poison me!"

"Why, what is the matter?"

"The doctor advised me to take carbonate of soda. That's poison."

"Indeed, let's go back and read or reread the slate and see if you correctly copied it."

"A moment," I said, "you have a sitter."

"Why, yes."

For that very instant I saw a form of a gentleman, of advanced years, with frizzed coat, black bow tie (string), mutton chop whiskers, florid complexion, rather bald head, as I now remember him, and of medium build, standing back of her. The form made a strong impression on me, as it was so life-like. "And," I added, "he has gone through the hall, and back of the draperies into your room." She turned instantly pale, and trembled.

"Impossible," she murmured as she hastened through the hall, behind the draperies, into the room and followed by me, who all the while seemed bewildered by the unique spectacle. On entering the room, we found there no one but ourselves. We read, however, the message together. It was correct, and called distinctly for bi-carbonate of soda and nothing else.

That evening the medium was to give a private seance for materialization which only a few of my friends were to attend. Now mark what appeared. That very form, which I and not the medium had seen in the hall, and which vanished so mysteriously into air, again manifested at the cabinet curtain, while the medium was in a trance,—the same person in the exact clothes, wearing the string tie and mutton chop whiskers, and seemingly of flesh and blood, spoke to me these words: "I come to you to-night as I came to you this morning, to assure you that I wish to be as accurate in prescribing from this side of life as I was when in the earth form. Good night."

He then disintegrated into vacuity. This person was no less a distinguished personage than Doctor Morrell MacKenzie, late physician to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria of England. And strange to add, on a news stand a few weeks later I picked up a magazine, and, in looking through the advertisements, who should I see in a group of faces recommending a certain tonic but that of Doctor Morrell MacKenzie, who appeared just as I had seen him on that day I held the seance.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

Brookline, Mass.

TRENCHANT SCINTILLATIONS.

As They Emanate from the Pen of R. A. Dague, in an "Open Letter" to the Noted Evangelist, Mr. Taylor.

Creston, Iowa.

Dear Mr. Taylor: There is much interest in your public address yesterday to business men at the tent. I endorse much that you said but do not endorse all. I cannot agree with you when you advise business men to get down on their knees and pray for large sales and big profits, and for earthly riches.

You said we ought to pray to God to give us profit and riches. Now, Brother Taylor, "profit" means to get something for nothing. If I make a profit off the labor of my employee I take from him, without equivalent compensation, a part of what he has earned and what justly belongs to him. Prayer for profit, for riches, is selfish and mercenary. My prayer is to be assisted in becoming less selfish—to give more than I receive. Do you think you did right by that poor working girl you mentioned, who worked for you who had the skill to make superior cakes, by yourself taking a profit of \$45 weekly, and giving her but \$5.00? My friend, do you not know that the Golden Rule can never be carried out under the present greedy competitive industrial system? Under the Socialist system it could be but not under a system in which the motto is: "Every fellow for himself and let Satan take the hindmost."

I think you were unhappy in holding up to young men to be patterned after, Mr. Armour, of embalmed beef notoriety, and Mr. Carnegie, who acquired many millions by watering steel stocks and whose treatment of his employees caused twenty-six of them to be shot dead like dogs, at Homestead, Pa., for striking for a trifling advance in wages.

Don't let us advise young men to pray for profit, for riches, and try to become Armours and Carnegies by robbing honest working men of a large portion of the product of their labor, but let us teach them to pray for a spirit which will prompt them to so love their fellow men that they will deal with certain employers whom you named, conducted their business on the co-operative and profit-sharing plan were the most successful.

With this I send you, with my compliments, a copy of my little pamphlet on "What is Capitalism, What is Socialism?" I hope you may give it a careful reading. I assure you I am yours for the betterment of humanity. R. A. DAGUE.

May 25, 1908.

Editor American, Creston, Iowa: I sent a letter of which you forwarded a copy, to Evangelist Taylor, also my pamphlet on the 16th. As I received no acknowledgements of them, and as the letter deals with matters of interest to the public, I herewith present you with a copy of my letter. Doubtless our evangelist friends have done some good in Creston. I hope they have. I would not knowingly say one word that would tend to undo any good they have done. Many good things were spoken from the tent rostrum; I regret, however, that slighting allusions were made about Christian Scientists, Universalists, Unitarians, New Thoughters and other liberal sects. Now, I am not a Christian Scientist, but I confess I do like their statement of faith better than I do that of the so-called orthodox. The Scientists do not believe that there is an all-powerful ubiquitous Satan, who so thwarted and upset God's plan. Three God had to drown the entire human family except Noah and his family. They do not believe that Satan had so out-generated God that the only way God could be prevented from torturing countless millions of his own children in hell forever, was for His Son (who was God Himself) to be killed, thus making atonement for the sins of the world, and that through this blood-spilling, bad men might, by a mere belief, escape all the consequences of a wicked life, and by one great leap go to the highest seats in heaven, and eternally wear a crown of glory, and endlessly play a harp while the average mortal people, who did not understand the "plan," and who occasionally went to the theatre, and now and then played a game of euchre or seven-up, if unbaptized, would be tortured in hell forever. Now, I believe in religion myself and am a member of a church, but I want a religion of common sense—one that teaches that every man shall be rewarded according to his deeds, instead of creeds. The old puritan teaching about a endless hell to which God sends the larger number of his children, is unthinkable, unreasonable and blasphemous. It doesn't go any longer except in the back rural districts. There must and will be punishment for wrong doing in this and the next world, but it will not be a hateful and vindictive and unchristian, but will be corrective and educational. No lessons in God's great school can be skipped, merely because the Jews killed Jesus. There is merit in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, but no merit in his cruel death and shed blood.

There is but little in a name. Russia is Christian in name but she horrifies all civilization by her savage, brutal, murderous atrocities. Japan is pagan and challenges the admiration of the world by her humanity and kindness.

In conclusion let me modestly say to my zealous and well-disposed evangelist brethren at the tent, I am a lay preacher myself. Come, brethren, let us thunder more and louder at the bloody crimes committed by the Russian Christians against the unoffending Jews. Let us go after the greedy, grasping monopolists and the heartless plutocrats who, by stock watering, manipulating the ballot, and other high crimes, are exploiting millions of honest people and destroying the republic. Let us denounce these things. Let us expose the profligacy, debauchery, licentiousness and hypocrisy of the "400," most of whom are professing Christians, in our great cities. Let us raise a thunderous protest against the exploitation of the poor, the tender children in our mills and factories. Let us follow the example of Jesus by championing the cause of the poor, the homeless, the friendless, the destitute, the disheartened—the great multitudes who are crowded into the slums and to the verge of despair by the unchristian, greedy, competitive industrial system. Let us do something for our unfortunate fellow-men besides giving them religious tracts and exhorting them to "come to Jesus." Let us fearlessly tell Rockefeller, Morgan, Ryan and other pious exploiters of their fellow men, that they cannot, through munificent donations to rich churches, buy high seats in the big courts of heaven.

In short, let us with our big sticks get after the big sins and the big sinners. After we have done them up, we may then give more fatherly advice to the dear sisters who are so wicked as to jeopardize their souls' salvation when for an hour's rest and recreation, they congregate in their neighbor's parlor and drink tea, eat bad candy, talk about the lovely merry-widow hats and play euchre.

One of the misfortunes, brethren, of our evangelistic preaching is that we picture both God and the devil as being in partnership. We present them as such awful beings that we frighten innocent school girls and nervous, sensitive, tender-hearted folks, making them think they are such horrible sinners and damned reprobates, that sometimes they worry till they go insane, while the hardened, stiff-necked old codgers write a lot of common sense don't believe our preaching. They cannot be convinced that this infinite universe, with its countless billions of suns and worlds, are run and sustained as we think they are.

I assure you, brethren, I am sincerely your brother and co-worker in the cause for the betterment of our fellow-men. R. A. DAGUE.

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QUESTIONS ASKED

Answered by Mrs. M. Klein, of Van Wert, Ohio.

1. Spiritual mediums and their laws—what way do they differ from other mortals?—Answer:—The difference lies in the way they make-up. A true spiritual medium must represent a spiritual instrument or a telegraph instrument. The class or quality of messages turned out lies in part with the instrument and in part with the operator, who must be skilled to pass the messages in one way or another. However, when the instrument is out of order, the best operator cannot give perfect messages.

2. What is the Divine Purpose of spiritual mediumship?—It is to impart knowledge of such things as are helpful and enhance the general well-being of the people. It is to give a mental connection with the immortal worlds in a comprehensible and well-defined way. It invigorates the world brain for a fitness and reception of ideas, to facilitate plans for better methods of labor, to show man how to utilize nature's forces, to extract the stored wealth from her inner stores and in the near future change the entire face of heaven and earth, since, by virtue of this important wisdom, man is enabled to learn himself and his rights better and to become qualified to comply with the Creator's will in the service he renders to man and things in general.

3. What do you mean by the Spiritual Philosophy?—Cicero's definition would answer here: he said: "Philosophy when rightly defined is nothing but the love of wisdom." All true investigators of the spiritual philosophy desire to learn more of themselves, more of God's will, their rights and their duties, and in Solomon's words, with all their getting, get wisdom. However, it is a very fine point to discover WHERE and HOW the knowledge so obtained begins and is changed into wisdom, for sometimes man thinks himself in possession of weighty truths so obtained and feels that he is very wise, but lo! a turn of things, and still clearer revelations prove him in error. Therefore we define true wisdom to mean that which elevates and enriches the soul and helps other souls upward by furnishing them helpful suggestions.

4. Why do inquirers hold different views on these things which makes it hard for a common mind to discern which is truth and which error?—It is the proper error through which thoughts and ideas must pass to become immortalized by the interchange of mind and substance in accordance with universal laws.

5. What do you mean by the potency of thought?—We have instructed here from time to time on this subject, and to see inquiry aroused, also that much is talked and written in general upon it. We say thought is the moulder of men and nations. It has a potency for good and evil. It affects each one's own personality as much as it does others. Hatred, if extensively indulged in, in thought, vitiates blood and affects the heart. It causes disease and untimely death. When ill thoughts are centered upon weak individuals, they succumb to the pressure and ill results are inevitable. Pure thoughts, O what power for good and upliftment! Pure thoughts are the wisest gifts God sends, spirit through mortal brains, they are the prayers of the soul; they are the benedictions of love and good will breathed out upon humanity, and perform the grand mission of turning hate into love, and misery into joy and comfort. Good thoughts are the celestial breathings of the atmosphere of paradise, thus become the wings wherewith to soar to celestial heights and slip nectar with the gods.

(Written under spirit control in 1878—Mrs. M. Klein, medium.)

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MOST REMARKABLE CASE

Joins Dead Sister at Spirit's Call.—Aged Maine Women's Lives End Same Day Under Remarkable Circumstances.—Both Buried Together.—"Come, Sister, You Must Follow Me." Miss Perham Heard Dead Mrs. Davis Call.

Greenwood, Me., June 6.—How Mrs. Edward Davis and Miss Perham, sisters and companions through life, died on the same day and how one preceded the other to the spirit world and returned to summon the other is to-day being told far and wide by neighbors and friends here who are familiar with the story of the strange circumstances.

So remarkable is the life and death story of these two sisters that it is told in whispers. Mrs. Edward Davis was seventy years of age, while Miss Perham, her sister, was seventy-three. After Mr. Davis died the sisters lived alone in the isolated cottage for many years. They became firm believers in Spiritualism and psychic control.

Wife Joins Helpmeet.

Mrs. Davis told her sister just one week before her death that one night as she lay in her bed her husband had appeared to her. He had talked with her and as he was about to disappear bade her join him in the land beyond the grave. She said that he had told her all about the life unseen and that they had set the day for her death. She said she longed to join her husband.

The following Monday was the day appointed. Two days before that time Mrs. Davis fell ill. She spoke cheerfully of the future life into which she was about to enter.

"Good-bye," she whispered to Miss Perham. "To-day you must follow me so that we will all be together."

Miss Perham went into the orchard to gather apple blossoms for which Mrs. Davis had asked, saying that these were the only flowers she wished to have at her funeral and on her grave.

As Miss Perham stood under a tree in the orchard and was reaching for the clusters of blossoms, she seemed to suddenly see her sister standing smiling at her side.

"Come, Sister; Join Us!"

"Come, sister," Mrs. Davis said. "It is time for you to join us. I am so happy; come!"

Before Miss Perham could pick up the blossoms which had dropped from her nerveless hands Mrs. Davis had vanished and she was alone. On entering the house she found her sister's dead body lying on the bed. A peaceful smile rested on her face.

Neighbors came to prepare for the burial and the undertaker was summoned. Before the plans for the single funeral were completed Miss Perham fell ill and she died in a few hours, and the sisters were laid to rest side by side in the little cemetery here.—Boston American.

SPIRITUALISM A RELIGION OF LIFE.

So Says Miss Florence Morse, in a Lecture Published in the Two Worlds, Manchester, Eng.

We have chosen as the topic of the address it is to be our privilege to offer you this evening, the subject, "Spiritualism; a Religion of Life." Too often is Spiritualism considered—if it is thought of as a religion at all—to be simply a religion that deals entirely with the future state of humanity, and so, in that sense, may be said to be considered more as a religion of death, or the after-life, than one having much bearing upon life in the ordinary physical sense of that word. We know, of course, that this familiar aspect of Spiritualism is one that has a clear and definite place in the thought and attention of those who investigate into the claim of the truth of modern Spiritualism, for, after all, men and women are living in the physical life, they know its conditions, they know much concerning it, and it is little to be wondered that they have used their religious in the past, and should continue to do so in the present, more as a means of finding something out concerning the future state, whether it exists, and when they are satisfied upon that point, they want to know what its condition may be.

Men always turn more to the unknown, to those things that are outside and beyond their ordinary daily experiences of life, and although it is well to do so, it is also well to consider what belongs to the physical life, what is its duty, and what are the conditions that are best suited to it.

Spiritualism, therefore, has this double meaning: It has a double relationship; the relationship to man's immortal spiritual life and its conditions after the death of the physical body; and its relation to the conditions of this, the mortal life, while he is still treading its pathway, while its lessons are still to be learned, while its opportunities are to be taken, and its mistakes and follies to be avoided.

Spiritualism, then, is a religion of life here, while the ordinary forces of daily life are in progress, and while you go about your daily duties and pleasures. It is true that Spiritualism has a relationship to them, and can and does spiritualize these duties and pleasures, and brings you more into touch with the higher, loftier side of your nature, its expression and aspirations. Concerning, then, the ordinary life of the world, religion in any sense has a very clear and distinct part to play. Too long, it seems to us, has it been a matter for consideration upon one day of the week only, and those lives that have been lived in this world, which were best, highest, purest and noblest in their expressions of self-unfoldment, self-forgetfulness, helpfulness to their fellows, have been those lives where the religion of the person (no matter what that religion may have been) has been the dominating power and influence working through that person, expressing itself in unselfishness, in the mental and spiritual development of the person. This, we think, everyone will readily recognize, and will see the force of what we say when we suggest that Spiritualism, in its broad and true religious sense, dealing, as it undoubtedly does in its higher aspects, with the spiritual nature of all that is pure and refined in the heart and soul of each one of its followers, should exercise this same lofty influence, and thereby bring into the mortal life, bring into the confused and inharmonious conditions that pertain too often in the world, that one touch of spiritual power which shall call to the surface that spark of Divine life that is within each one of you.

Man lacks spiritual expression; man's religious life too often is a thing for one or two days in the week, and yet, deep down in the nature of each one, there is that instinctive feeling, that recognition of higher, purer, truer powers that can help all to over-ride the selfishness that is developed by the conditions of physical life; to over-ride that disregard of others, that placing of self and self-interest before all other considerations. That feeling, or, as some say, the power of conscience, is the power that works through all mortal beings, the power that springs from the central point of life, God Himself.

Spiritualism comes into your lives as a religion whose teaching is clear and distinct upon many points concerning action, thought, and motive; not based upon the idea of any one person or set of persons, not speaking with the authority of those who are in place, and position, and who should, because of that position, know of what they speak, but coming to you directly from those people who can tell you of the influence of spiritual matters upon your lives (and their effect again upon your spiritual natures) as the result of their own experience in the mortal life. And they tell you that your religion of life, your religion of Spiritualism, should first of all teach you to realize—nay, not teach you, but prove to you—the fact of your spiritual nature and its powers while you are here in the physical life. They are the people who speak to you; those who have sat by your side in the past, those whom you know, in whose word and truth and whom you have every confidence, in whom you had every trust, and whom you know would tell you of spiritual matters, could they come from the life beyond, in such words and with such power and force that you would be compelled to realize their truth when you listened to their words.

"The Religion of Cheerfulness."—Success and Happiness and How to Buy. By Sara A. Hubbard. An excellent Obtain and Retain Them. A series of books for the culture of health and 26 lectures in which is included "Spiritualism." None can read it with pleasure as a Fine Art. Price, 25 out pleasure and profit. Price 60c.

A PATHETIC SCENE.

A Venerable Lady Lives Her Life Over Again, Just as Death Calls.

According to the Chicago Record-Herald, Mrs. Emily A. Graham, who came to Chicago a few months after Fernando Jones, died yesterday, after a brief illness, at her home, 5223 Madison avenue.

Delirium which came upon the aged woman during the last week of her life took her back to that period when Chicago was a frontier trading post lost in leagues of virgin forest. The teeming, cosmopolitan city, with its crisscrossing elevated lines, its busy markets, its hurrying thousands, no longer existed for her. The approaching dimness of death had already blotted these things from her consciousness.

From the windows of her sickroom she saw, in fancy, the wilderness stretching back from the huddled group of houses that made up the old Fort Dearborn. Continually she stretched forth her hands and begged to be taken out into the free air.

She fancied herself again a child in the streets of the trading post. She talked again with the little Indian children who had been her playmates in that far away time and started with fear as she imagined she saw the painted visages of the grown braves of the tribe.

"Look," she would cry, "look; don't you see the smoke over that tepee? That is where I played yesterday. I played there until the chief came home, but when he put his hand on my head I ran. And then we went paddling in the lake."

"Let me take the papoose. I'll not hurt him. I can hold him. He's a little fellow and he has such funny eyes. Let me have him."

Then she would wander to the thoughts of the forest and fancied herself plucking flowers and running and hiding in the brush. The last week of her life was a complete return to the days of her childhood, and she recalled the faces and names of many of the oldest settlers of Chicago, most of whom now are dead.

Although her last illness was brief, she was unable to attend the recent gathering of early settlers who met to celebrate Fernando Jones' eighty-ninth birthday.

LAUGHTER AND HEALTH.

The Important Part They Play in the Life of Every Individual.

Writing in the Daily Chronicle of April 27 a "Physician" says: "If it were generally understood how salutary the act of laughing is to the bodily health, there might be more laughter than lamentation in the world, and farcical comedies prove more attractive to the invalid than physicians."

He thinks people grow fat because they laugh—laughing promotes appetite, oxidizes the blood, assists digestion, produces the contented body, the fit temple of the contented mind which is said to be a perpetual feast. There is, therefore, distinct benefit to be derived from being able to see the humorous side of men and things.

The Chronicle's "Physician" further says:

"Mental worries, real or imaginary, will so prevent nutrition, through the influence of mind on body, as to produce wasting of the muscular system and those other tissues which subserve it. If a melancholy man would look on the lighter side of life, and laugh a little more, his appetite and digestion would improve, and he would be able to acquire that minimum amount of fat which is necessary to the well-being of the body—fat being a necessary constituent of the healthy brain and nervous system. The laughing habit is one, therefore, that is worth cultivating. It is a matter of everyday experience that one feels the better for a good laugh, an explosion of laughter being, in truth, a nerve-storm, comparable in its effect to a thunderstorm (on a very small scale), doing good by dissipating those oppressive clouds of care which sometimes darken the mental horizon."

Letter from Mrs. Nellie S. Baade.

Again I ask for permission to write a short article regarding our spiritual work in Milwaukee, Wis., which, so far as we know, was considered a success, although during March Rev. Ray Mills created quite a sensation in the opera house with his lectures regarding Spiritualism and kindred subjects, with his "little understood" power.

So little understood by the audience, they did as he willed them to do, unconsciously to themselves; as one lady expressed herself to me: "We simply could not help ourselves."

Of course these meetings drew from our audience a class of people who were anxious to hear what the late orthodox evangelist had to say, and something supposed to be higher and better than the spiritual philosophy; but from observation I do not think Spiritualism has suffered in comparison, but it has been the means of testing the strength and integrity of this excitement of the mind. During the classes were organized to teach them something supposed to be higher and better than the spiritual philosophy; but from observation I do not think Spiritualism has suffered in comparison, but it has been the means of testing the strength and integrity of this excitement of the mind.

The annual June meeting of the First Maine Spiritualists' State Camp-meeting Association will be held at the camp ground, Etna, Maine, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 19, 20 and 21. The following program will be carried out:

Friday, 2 o'clock, business meeting of officers to prepare for fall meeting.

Friday evening, 7 o'clock, public seance, conducted by several well-known workers.

Saturday, 10 o'clock, social meeting, conducted by president Arthur C. Smith.

Saturday, 2 o'clock, lecture and messages by Dr. Edgar W. Emerson, of Manchester, N. H.

Saturday evening, 7 o'clock, public seance.

Sunday morning, 10 o'clock, lecture, followed by spirit messages by Dr. Emerson.

Sunday afternoon, 2 o'clock, lecture and messages by Dr. Emerson.

Sunday evening, 7 o'clock, public seance, in which all mediums upon the grounds are invited to take part.

Admission to grounds free; to each seance, 10 cents to help defray expenses. A cordial invitation to all. Come everybody. Special rates on railroads have been given.

MARY DRAKE JENNE, Monson, Me. Secretary.

FANCIES. This morning while lying in bed, After night's slumbers were done, A thousand sweet fancies came into my head.

Which, like birds, flew away, one by one.

A melody came to my heart— A breath from the Isles of the Blest.

Of Heaven's sweet life of which our life's a part, That brought me an infinite rest.

It was crooned o'er the lap of the race, And to the first infant that smiled, And sometimes translated in hate or in grace.

Still lives in the heart of the child.

We call it a fancy, but true, How little we know of the Thought That surrounds us as the sky's fadeless blue.

With wonders and mysteries fraught.

No matter how brief is the stay Of fancies we think so unreal, They inspire with ambitions and hopes of to-day.

And show us the immortal ideal. SAMUEL PHELPS LELAND, Sea Breeze, Fla.

"The Arcana of Spiritualism." By Hudson Tuttle. Price \$1.25.

Pleasant and Amherst in August. The Lyceum has closed for the summer and will hold their third annual picnic at Lincoln park Saturday, June 27.

Mr. Albert P. Blinn, who has served us as resident speaker for the past three years, and has greatly endeared himself to us as a people by his genial characteristics and unselfish devotion to our cause, and who has been gifted with a high and uplifting inspiration, giving us the highest and best thought, week after week, will return the coming season, and to them we as a society owe much, and are looking forward to another season of success under their cheery and unselfish guidance.

MARY P. CLAPP, Norwich, Conn. Secretary.

Special Meeting at Etna, Maine.

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OHIO SPIRITUALISTS.

Eleventh Annual Convention of the State Association.

The Ohio State Spiritualist Association met in the state capital, Columbus, on May 29. The weather was favorable and the convention was a great success. Harmony and good will marked the proceedings throughout. On the 29th and 30th the business was conducted in the West Side Church, McDowell and State streets. On the evening of the 30th Dr. C. S. Carr, of Columbus, so widely and favorably known as a writer and speaker, gave the address of welcome to the delegates. The doctor's address was a masterpiece—truly unique—replete with figures of speech, expressing a warm welcome and offering words of cheer. Dr. C. S. Carr stands in the very front rank with the clear intellects of this century—a keen observer, a close and concise thinker, possessed of prophetic vision without the presumption too often associated with these qualities.

The well-lighted building was crowded in every corner, even standing room being at a premium. The address of welcome was certainly a rare treat, much enjoyed by the delegates and their friends from all parts of the state and its capital city. F. D. Dunakin, retiring president, ably responded. Short addresses were delivered by others including Mrs. Morrill, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. Susanna Harris, of Columbus; and Mr. Dion, of Washington, followed with spirit messages. A young Hindu, a student, made a pointed and practical address.

On Sunday, May 31, the program was continued in the Mason hall, 188 S. Third street. From this rostrum Miss Harlow, the able advocate of spiritual philosophy, has been addressing the people during the past year.

Increasing interest was manifested throughout the three meetings held on Sunday at 11 a. m., at 2 and 7:30 p. m. These meetings were addressed by Will J. Erwood, of Battle Creek, Mich., and William Strong, of Hamilton, Canada, also by D. A. Herrick, Ashtabula, Ohio. Other speakers who addressed various meetings of the convention, were C. A. Sollinger, Cleveland; W. W. Mahaffey, Cincinnati; Mrs. Schauss, Toledo, and Mary C. Ward, Massena, N. Y.

Message bearers not already named were Mrs. Wilson, Cleveland; Mrs. S. Herrick, Ashtabula.

The press of Columbus gave extensive reports of proceedings. These have greatly impressed the public.

There are a few changes in the official board of the Association. These, I understand, have already been given out to the press. H. E. Boerster, of Columbus, is the newly elected president; Mrs. E. Schauss, first vice-president; Miss E. Harlow, second vice-president; C. A. Sollinger, Cleveland, secretary; and S. W. Mahaffey, treasurer. Under the leadership of these officers, the Ohio State Spiritualist Association is expected to make great progress, supported as they are by wisely selected trustees. A motion was carried and a committee appointed to revise the constitution and by-laws of the Association.

Full meetings, crowding the hall at our convention, excellent addresses, coming with inspiring eloquence to the people, music discoursed by some of the best singers in the world, messages through our best mediums, proving without question the presence of our loved ones from the higher vibrations, contributions liberally given to sustain the good work—these all have come to encourage the workers in this great cause, to buckle on the armor for a better organization and more effective service in the field.

The theme of humanity are great and God and the angel world are preparing men and women for consecrated service. Spiritualism knows no state or national boundary. "The world is our country." Shall we unite in one army and work for the grand jubilee of the nations? WILLIAM STRONG, Official Reporter.

Hamilton, Canada.

ANGELS.

Pilgrims, search the pages Of the "Sacred Book" of old, Gleam from its wondrous teachings The story that's often told Of Angels, grand, immortal, Who sought to comfort and bless Mortals treading the pathway Of earth's tangled wilderness.

Angel's light footsteps wander Through the "Holy Guide Book," rare, Immortal voices whisper In prophetic stories there. Shadowy ones are thronging The sacred covers between, Pilgrims be up and doing! Peer beyond the mystic screen.

Far, in the shadowed silence Of a dim, forgotten past, An Angel gave redemption To the sons of earth, who asked; Wist ye not of the tempest, That lashed to fury the sea? An Angel's "Peace" Be quiet! Calmed the waters wild and free.

Do ye remember, pilgrims, How the Angel wrenched away The heavy prison fetters Where one in darkness lay? Wonderful are the tidings From the mysterious shore, That angels can unloose the Beautiful, starry door.

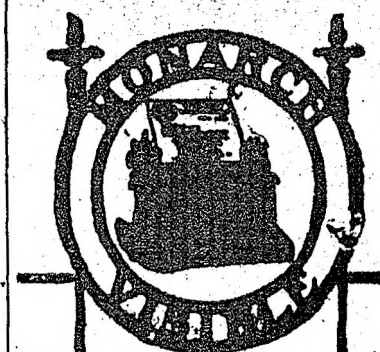
And through the sun-kissed ether, Can wander away to earth, To drift their shining glory Where of joy, there is a dearth. Oh, pilgrims, can ye doubt it? Can ye think it but a dream? Enter ye into silence, And behold the glory stream!

Pilgrims, travelling onward, Over life's rugged highway, When ye are faint, and weary, And night follows rayless day; Listen, for Angel whispers Shall float from the golden shore, And shatter in their crash, No more, Your burdens shall crush no more.

Ye pilgrims, who may hearken To an Angel at the door, Give ear to what is spoken Of a mystic, ancient lore. Marvelous is the record; Let those devote, who CAN, The holy benediction.

Of an Angel, born of man, BERTHA A. WEEKS, Willmantic, Conn.

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By Ralph Waldo Trine.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1908.

WORDS OF CAUTION.

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

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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 to each week, amounting to 52 cents a year, whereas previously we only paid the pound rates—a mere trifle. Hence, to all the British possessions on this continent the paper hereafter will be \$1.50 per year.

Come Into My Parlor, Said the Spider to the Fly.

It is wondrous to note the revolution that has come over the religious world during the last few years. Formerly the determination was to crush all opposition. Heretics and disbelievers in the godhead of Jesus had no rights an orthodox churchman was bound to respect. Catholics and Protestants each warred on the other, and labored for the extinction of the opposing faith.

With the rise of Spiritualism, and Agnosticism have made on the churches a spirit of tolerance has sprung up among the former discordant sects; and, astonishing as it may seem, all at once Christians are proposing a friendly alliance with Jews.

Rev. Leighton Williams, D.D., of the "Christian Work and Evangelist," of New York, in a leading editorial, after noting the parallels between Jews and Christians, then inquires:

"Can we not, then, seek to unite on all questions of common concern; and interest such persons in the public-school system? Instead of leaving out of the public-school curriculum every religious exercise to which objection is raised, we seek to find in some fair and mutually satisfactory way . . . that on which we can all agree."

The object is declared to be to devise a method to introduce some religious instruction in the public schools including "the high ideals found in Biblical literature, biography, history, and ethics."

This movement is a repetition of the story of the spider and the fly. With the history of Christianity for the last 1,600 years, if the fly can be lured into the spider's net it deserves the fate sure to follow.

The teaching of Bible morality and ethical better reduce the clerical representation in the various penal institutions of this country before using methods to send up a new delegation.

A Staggered Hope.

Dr. Brown, of Rockford, Ill., addressing a lady friend of Boston, who had written him thusly:

"I am staggered when I think of the hereafter, as I look on the lifeless body and see it in decay. The creeds give but little trustful hope of another life."

To which the Doctor:

"Did you ever watch a great big black bug on the fence, and see it stupid, dead to appearance, then a slit from the head along the back opens gradually, when a whitish object within slowly crowds the slit open and crawls out? The wings begin to unfold and open, while gaudy colors rivaling the rainbow are put on? If so, my dear, doubting friend, you have seen a seventeen-year locust being born into the world, with golden-striped wings from an uncanny and loathsome object. When the locust is gone the pupa, a rude, black, corrugated shell or remains. The tenant has moved out."

"To me this picture often seen during a long life, makes the human cadaver seem only a vacated tenement, and the spirit which lately inhabited—invisible to mortal senses—has gone out to engage in nobler duties in new fields of delight."

"Be patient! The chrysalis condition of humanity will end, and the spirit will emerge, and join the loved of all the ages gone, with no more going out forever."

"Science furnishes evidence that change is the destiny of all life, but death is only a condition that paves the way to unending joy, and is merely a fiction of an unforgotten brain."

"Think this matter over, and over. It will develop into a great truth as you think, and give you, standing on the verge of life, a world of pleasure. It is not a thought born of creeds, but a great truth inherent in nature, which as earnestly believe in as things I know."

In Truth It Was "Thus Saith the PRIEST."

The Holy Scriptures, inspired by God, gives a "Thus saith the Lord," for every act or law of Moses or Joshua. Thousands on thousands of persons were slaughtered, and their belongings were carried away in obedience to a "Thus saith the Lord."

Preachers for ages have been thundering from their pulpits:

"Reason has nothing to do with our religious faith. Our creeds and the entire system derive their force from commands of God, and until abrogated by him must be observed."

And so reason is silenced, and all the horrible teachings of the church, in regard to after-death punishment continues to be taught as a divine truth.

Kenrick, in his great work entitled, "Ancient Egypt under the Pharaohs," Alden's edition, page 380, says:

"The Egyptian priesthood retained in their own hands that powerful instrument for governing the minds of men, the power of predicting, or GIVING COMMANDS IN THE NAME OF THE DIVINITY."

Kenrick then goes on to say:

"In other countries this power was hereditary in families, or was supposed to be possessed by individuals, who, by superior sanctity, had been admitted to the knowledge of the divine mind, or by mystic rites and incantations had obtained it from superhuman sources."

He then relates the prevalence of the custom among the Greeks, and many other nations, and cites Bible authority for the practice of the custom among the Jews. And yet all the Munchausens related in the Bible as conversations Moses held with the "Lord," the passing of stone tablets on which God inscribed the ten commandments, down through a rift in the cloud to Moses, which became the law to all nations, for all time, are earnestly believed and taught by the Christian church. Why, they are so simple as to believe he who created the mighty universe with its millions of suns and innumerable planets, was employed forty days in preparing those tablets with his own fingers, while idle Moses was probably looking on, watching the process.

The probabilities are, Moses and Aaron, and the whole family of patriarchs in Bible stories are fictions. There is no corroborating history, aside from Josephus, and many scholars who have investigated know he is a comparatively modern fiction, compiled by monks, for the sole purpose of having something to harmonize with the Old Testament.

Doubling Up.

When danger is nigh an army concentrates all its forces at a strategic point, that it may the more successfully defend itself from a sudden attack of the enemy, or become itself the aggressor. It has been apparent for a long time that the churches were sniffing danger from afar, and were reeling their sails to be ready for the oncoming storm. Prof. Wenley, of the University of Michigan, sounded the key-note when he said: "We [the churches] still stand agnostic and helpless," when criticism clarifies the evidence on which Christianity is founded. Preparatory to it, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church of the United States, recently in session at Kansas City, Mo., has adopted a resolution approving the plan of a federal council of Churches of Christ in America, which is composed of twenty-seven of the leading Protestant and evangelical churches in the country, with the hope that the first meeting of the federal council will result in plans of co-operation, which will manifest more clearly unity in Jesus Christ of churches, and advance in a noteworthy manner the interests of the kingdom of Christ in the United States and throughout the world.

When Louis Philippe, king of France, who had fallen into disfavor, tendered his resignation Aug. 2, 1830, in favor of his grandson, the duke of Bordeaux, to the assembled thousands, the cry, "It is too late," "It is too late," swelled into a maddening chorus. Abandonment without qualification became a necessity. And so the churches. It is too late to centralize; it is too late to form new combinations, hoping thereby to regain strength and perpetuity. The system has been weighed in the balance, and is found defective. Whether standing alone, or united with others, founded on force, fraud and forgery, it must go down with advancing intelligence, aided by the spirit influences on the other side of life.

To Be Better Compensated.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterians, late in session at Kansas City, favored giving every minister a thousand dollars a year. Cheap enough. Commissioned, according to Bishop Gratton, of Fond du Lac, "to teach, not what they think is true, but what the church puts into their mouths to teach," being merely salaried pettifoggers, they ought to be generously compensated. A person who labors to promulgate his own belief can well afford to be content with a smaller reward. He who is skilled in making the worse appear the better argument, and labors to make the world better by threatening sinners with everlasting damnation, adding a bribe as a chorister, with a seat at the right hand of God to sing his praises forever, richly merits a fair reward. Rogers probably fobbed \$25,000 a year for kicking hell into oblivion, and it was worth it.

A Hundred Versus One.

A Southern brother complains, thinking Mr. Carrington's narrative of experience at Lily Dale will "injure" Spiritualism. His experience there is only a very little episode in connection with our Cause, and will in NO WISE INJURE IT, but in the end will be instrumental in doing good.

We are publishing continuously ONE HUNDRED cases of remarkable spirit manifestations, to ONE where fraud is apparent, and who so blind they can not see that fact?

Who so behind the times they can not observe the trend of our Cause upward and onward? Read The Progressive Thinker each week and see from time to time the VAST ARRAY of evidence in behalf of Spirit Return. We are now furnishing our readers, from time to time, translations from the French by that highly cultured lady, Mrs. A. Monthon Tattersfield, illustrating the trend of Spirit Return in France.

Our Southern friend should read The Progressive Thinker more carefully, and then he will not be in the least alarmed, for the genuine and the fraud stand forth a HUNDRED VS. ONE. When you bring the genuine and fraud together, in the above proportion, you have the result, a MAGNIFICENT SHOWING INDEED.

Then again another brother entertains the idea that Mrs. Pemberton should be defended against the opinion of Hereward Carrington. We have published in the past, column after column, alleging the genuineness of Mrs. Pemberton, and THEY STILL STAND IN HER FAVOR, and why go over that same ground again? Each seance must stand on its own merits, and whatever YOU have experienced with Mrs. Pemberton in years past can not be used to refute the experiences of Mr. Carrington.

When Winans was exposed at Hot Springs, Ark., and a bushel of his paraphernalia captured, which was used to present bogus spirits, then—when! from various remote corners came articles saying, "I had experience with Winans, and he is a genuine medium!" Verily, what next? We did not publish those communications, and why? The evidence presented was worthless as showing his innocence at Hot Springs. His paraphernalia to dress bogus spirits was in Chicago, and however "pure and honest" he may have been in the past, that had nothing whatever to do with his methods at Hot Springs.

Then again not one of the mediums at Lily Dale—they or their guides—discovered that Mr. Carrington had innocently assumed a name. Alas! what an opportunity to knock the gentleman out, by giving his true name! Reader, reflect on this point! Had he been in Chicago, we could have referred him to several mediums who would have given his real name at once. He could not have deceived them. Particularly Mrs. Weaver, of 46 De Kalb street, would have discovered the innocent deception at once. Alas! Why was this golden opportunity at Lily Dale to do a grand work for the Cause, so sadly neglected?

Changing Sides.

Nineteen Protestant pastors gone or going over to Catholicism was the report last week. "If there be a highway to Rome there is certainly a good, broad trail back again," says "The Gospel Messenger." Regret is expressed by Gesner, a correspondent, that he has not preserved each year the number who have left Rome "for a purer and more primitive faith." He says in 1890 "The English Church Review" gave the names of twenty-one who had formerly been priests of the church of Rome. In 1895-6 the Church of England received eight, and in 1897 twenty-one. Other numbers are mentioned which seem to indicate there is a continual priestly sliding from the mother church to Protestantism, and the reverse.

Our regret is that we cannot determine the slump from all Christian denominations, either into Spiritualism or Agnosticism. Certain it is, the numbers are greatly in excess of those enumerated by either party in the present contest as going from one church to another. Usually the voluntarily retired clergymen from any of the many churches engage in some species of commercialism. They seem to covet obscurity, with a change of faith.

A Bloodless Political Platform.

The Progressive Thinker has no desire or intention to mingle in the political contest soon to open in this great country of ours, but we own to real delight, when we read recently the account of an interviewer who had just visited Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, a possible candidate for the Presidency, who declared:

"I consider the ruthless sacrifice of any form of animal life needlessly cruel. I should not gain pleasure putting a shot into a doe, and then watch her look at me with frightened, mournful eyes, as she gasps out her last breath."

Would to heaven all candidates for office, and all suffragists everywhere occupied the same correct position. The age of war, of bloodshed and violence would soon end, and one of peace, prosperity and happiness would follow and culminate in joyous fruition.

Simplicity forms a main ingredient in a noble nature.—Thucydides.

Most Marvelous Manifestations

A Message Written On the Hand by Spirits.—
A Lamentable Premature Death
and Interment.

To the Editor: I herewith submit for your columns a record of due of the most wonderful tests of spirit return. Especially is it wonderful because the phenomena mentioned in the spirit message was known and witnessed by the living, thus establishing without controversy certain conditions which obtained after death and interment.

In earth-life the subject had been a woman of strong character, of more than usual intellectuality, a school teacher before marriage, then a faithful and devoted wife, and mother of three children.

When the civil war was declared, her husband responded to the first call for volunteers; he was in Pittsburgh Landing. He survived with the few left after the fight was ended. He served his country through the whole five years, with fidelity and honor. After being mustered out of service, he was placed in charge of a freedman's camp of 250 men, women and children, on a plantation near Pine Bluff, Ark. He sent North for his family. After he was relieved of government work, he took up his residence in town and became a citizen of the state, was elected senator, and with others drafted the new constitution at Little Rock. The health of his wife was enfeebled by the malarial influences of that climate, but she chose to remain and not have the family again broken up and separated.

At this time, 1867, in the summer, I was about seventy miles from my brother home, the only medium of communication by mail once a week, and transportation by steamboat on the Arkansas river. One day while sojourning there, I received a letter in my brother's handwriting with the envelope bordered, in black, which contained the sad news of the death and burial of his wife and babe. Fully intending to bring the remains North for final interment, they were placed in a metallic casket, and a temporary grave made in the grounds immediately under his bed-room window.

After a few months he decided he would make his home in the South, purchased a lot in the cemetery, and engaged a sexton to raise the casket and transfer it to his lot. Personally directing the change to be made, when the casket had been raised, he asked the sexton to remove the part of the coffin-lid over the face. It would be almost an impossibility to realize the awful shock he received when he saw the flesh on the face of his dead wife torn by the finger-nails and covered with blood, and both of her hands full of hair torn from her head. Then he realized that she had been buried alive, that the babe of only five months' development had shared her fate. The attending physician had certified to her death. Relying on his skill, he had accepted his decision as final, although the symptoms in the case were peculiar. The circulation of the blood had been sluggish for some time. The action of the heart grew more feeble until it seemed to have ceased altogether. The extremities became cold, but there was no "rigor mortis," or premonitory signs of decomposition.

On the evening of May 12, 1908, four persons were seated around a table in a dark circle, one of the four being a psychometrist; the tips of the fingers on the right hand of each resting lightly upon the left hand of the person adjoining. Not one of the eight hands could be moved without breaking the condition, which proved to be highly favorable.

During twenty or thirty minutes three of the members of the circle were conscious of the touch of at least a dozen of their spirit friends and relatives, each one showing their light and giving their name to the psychometrist in passing. I was lightly tapped upon the forehead. When I told this to him he responded quickly, "Two in one grave, Doctor." For a moment I could not recall any such circumstance in our family history, as it had been forty years since my brother's wife was buried. The spirit then gave her first name, which I immediately recognized.

After light was restored messages were received, written and read after an examination of each right hand through a powerful magnifying glass. Each message was written from right to left, the peculiar script resembling the Arabic upon comparison. Here follows the message as it was delivered to me:

"Dear Sister: I am very glad that I have been able to reach you after such a long time of waiting. When in my coffin I became conscious that I had been buried, was past all help from the living, and realized that my offspring had shared my fate. The mental and physical agony I suffered was so intense that I scratched my face until it was covered with blood, and tore from my head both hands full of hair in my death struggles. After our spirits were freed from their clay tenement, and passed to their future home in the summerland, I was glad it was all over; no more pain, or suffering—only happiness forevermore. I have come to communicate the fact to you as a doctor, that since the practice of piercing the heart by the undertaker has obtained, many spirits have come among us whose cases were those of suspended animation like mine, or else a cataleptic condition, who were ushered out of existence by this cruel practice among the undertakers. I shall depend upon your help, that you will bear this testimony of mine and others in the spirit world, to as many of the dwellers on your earth plane as you can possibly reach, by voice and pen, and exhort others also to use their influence and power to stop this mutilation of the human body until signs of death are present, even if legislation becomes necessary. The consciousness of being buried alive is awful in the extreme; for every one should have the right to live out the time allotted to them on earth. In all peculiar cases of so-called death, the body should be permitted to remain without mutilation by the undertaker until there is not the shadow of doubt that REAL death has taken place. I am often with you in spirit, giving you all the help and comfort I can, and know I shall receive your help in carrying out my wishes on this vital subject."

Any one reading this communication will now recall this statement, made at first, viz.: That the phenomena mentioned in the spirit message was witnessed by two living persons, the husband and the sexton, which establishes the test, and confirms the truthfulness of the spirit message beyond the shadow of a doubt.

DR. L. M. ENTWISLE.

3828 Vernon avenue, Chicago, Ill.

June 1, as an addenda to this article, permit me to submit this later development of spirit return, which was manifested through the mediumship of Mrs. Brookway, Sunday night, May 31, at Vincennes hall. A friend who is a trained nurse of more than ordinary ability was present, a country woman and personal acquaintance of our beloved and lamented physician, Dr. Christian Fenger; one of the finest pathologists Chicago ever had, whose lectures to the students at the County Hospital morgue were always a pleasure, marred only by his inability to speak English fluently. His spirit manifested a desire to communicate with Hans Christiansen. When this name was called it was found that two persons were in the audience bearing that name; the one whose sister was now ill, who had been a patient in earth life, was then designated, and directions given to him that one hour each day should be observed by concentrating all thought upon Dr. Fenger and two other physicians whose names were given, who would assist him in the treatment until his sister recovered her health." This the nurse considered a wonderful test of spirit return, and was only one of many that were given on that occasion.

After reading the first article to her which I had just finished, she told me how horrified she was when she came to Chicago eleven years ago to find that the practice of burying persons in twenty-four to forty-eight hours after death obtained here. In Denmark no body was buried for nine days after death. As soon as death seemed present the body was washed, a white robe put on and laid upon a board in the parlor or bed-room of the home for three days; then it was shrouded, coffined, and placed upon a catafalque in the chapel where the windows were open day and night, the coffin open and constantly watched were in attendance from the time death supervened until the nine days had elapsed, during which time she said she knew of many cases which had entirely recovered.

This is another positive proof of my sister's spirit message, viz.: That many spirits had come among them who might still be living here, but for the piercing of the heart soon after they ceased to breathe.

L. M. E.

A TRENCHANT COMMUNICATION.

Something More on "Commercial Mediumship," in Which the Writer Makes Some Excellent Points.

To the Editor: Perhaps I have had my full quota of time and space in your valuable columns on this important subject, and when my last article was written, it was sent with my silent resolve to let the subject rest as far as my voice and pen were concerned. But the subject "will not down." So much has been said and written to me concerning it, that I feel a little more is to be said from my standpoint, in justice to our honest and genuine mediums, some of whom are too timid to speak for themselves.

Several prominent and valuable workers in our ranks have told me that they were glad I was the medium to have written the former article, because it had been a burning question in their own work, and they had suffered from the attitude taken by some of the noted officers in society working on what the latter are pleased to call "commercial mediumship." They, the mediums, say that their legitimate work had been interfered with, for while their spirit guides do nothing in the line that our state officers define as fortune telling, and while they, themselves do not take the mediums' one, vulgar paper, yet by the condemnation or statements of workers in the Spiritualists ranks, they have been avoided by outside investigators and others who need spiritual counsel and help.

Of course the work and the usefulness of such mediums are cramped in this way, and it is true that, as they assert, the enemies of Spiritualism may after all be in our own ranks, and not found so much in the outside world. This is why these workers are glad the question arose in as prominent a paper as The Progressive Thinker, and that I happened to be one of the mediums' one, because they felt I am one of them and can understand. Of course, none of those mediums I have mentioned or referred to would countenance fraud, nor is any of them a trickster, or in any sense trading on the fine senses of any person, spirit or mortal. They are honest mediums, and some of them are so prominent in the important work of our Cause, that the public would be highly interested if their names were printed.

The question of material blessings, and benefits will come up in circles and the sittings of mediums; it is bound to. If poor human beings are harassed by the cares and perplexities, the agonies and miseries of grinding conditions, how can they be happy and satisfied with life? And if they have any faith in spirit help, to whom would they naturally turn for advice and light than to a reputed medium? This very matter came up for consideration at one of the board meetings of the N. S. A. when was secretary, not the first time the subject had received our attention at such meetings. I expressed myself then as I do now, and most of my valued associates on the board took the same ground. Said one of our honored trustees: "I want to say now, that if I should pass away, and as a spirit, I saw my wife was in need of counsel and guidance on her affairs I would most certainly want her to visit Mrs. . . . , naming a medium present."

Now, Mr. Editor, the element of business would enter very largely in a sitting for such a case, and so it does in nine-tenths of the sittings of mediums, because you can not dissociate the mortal affairs and interests of a human being on earth from his spiritual concerns, and deal with the latter only. I am not appealing for an individual case but for a matter of principle, and in justice to our mediums whose honest and useful work have been the means of building up SPIRITUALISM. WITHOUT OUR MEDIUMS THERE WOULD BE NO SPIRITUALISM, and I submit that it is NOT JUST to so harass and handicap them and their guides as to practically drive them from the field of their usefulness, a field that, with all due respect to the members of those professions, is as legitimate and beneficial as those of the lawyer and the doctor. Lawyers do not always take the side for their clients. Physicians do not cure every patient they handle. The world has a large graveyard of buried hopes in the form of defeated cases of law, not to speak of cemeteries where the mistakes of doctors rest; why, then, should mediums be ostracized for a calling to which they are impelled by good, spiritual guidance to turn?

WE ARE NOT DEFENDING FRAUDS NOR APOLOGIZING FOR THE WORK OF MEDIUMS; we are dealing with MEDIUMSHIP and its legitimate uses, and we ask no favor. I know of a case where a young girl was saved from suicide by a material message from a spirit. I know of another where a young man was saved from prison, or rather from committing a felony, by a spirit through a so-called "commercial medium."

Another case in point: A gentleman who had a fairly good paying ranch came to consult the spirits, first, to get all that he could in consulting messages, and incidentally to see the spirits to see what they could do for his wife who had been pronounced incurable by the doctors, and she was cured by spirit advice, too, which also comes in the category of material or mundane interests. During that sitting the spirits warned the man not to sell his place and take a store to the city. Some time afterwards he came again in great trouble; he had disregarded the advice, had sold out in the country and purchased the city store, only to become so tangled in obligations and debt that he knew not which way to turn. This man fairly pleaded for a sitting and after much weeping, the mediums, with the clear insight of the case and lawyer, like counsel, gave the man such good advice and honest information that he was set on the road to an untangling of his difficulties. HE was a good man, had been the prey of a sharper, and I do not believe that the spirits committed any wrong in showing him a way out of his trouble. This is all I have to say.

I STAND FOR HONEST MEDIUMSHIP; IT IS THE BULWARK OF SPIRITUALISM.

MARY T. LONGLEY.

Washington, D. C.

Be kind to everybody, but especially to the aged, for we are all traveling that way very rapidly.

Hold your thoughts, your mind, your will in principle and you will succeed.—Hilting.

COMMERCIAL MEDIUMSHIP.

Rev. G. C. Love, a Prominent Lecturer and Medium of Oregon, Presents His Views.—He Has Tried Doing Free Work in Mediumship, and Knows Whereof He Writes.—Lose \$2,000.

To the Editor: In your valuable paper of May 9, 1908, I find the views of two of our highly esteemed co-workers in the cause of Spiritualism regarding the long and loudly discussed question of commercial mediumship, or in other words, Is it right for mediums to charge for readings and give advice on affairs pertaining to this present life?

"The laborer is worthy of his hire." This declaration holds good, it seems, in all things but mediumship (in the estimation of some people) and just why mediumship is "hampered" so much by these people I am unable to explain.

If the state of Missouri has made ample provision through its State Association for the mediums within its borders, they should not charge for the readings to private individuals.

If they do not eat, live in their own houses, paying no taxes, and dress like Mother Eve, they do not need money, and should give their time and talents free of charge.

I found that as a medium, I had to at all times keep myself clothed in a presentable manner for all who came to me for readings.

I also faced the fact that I had to support myself and family by my labor in the various walks of life, or make my mediumship support me and my family.

I tried mediumship without making any charge to any who might call for the period of two years, and at the end of that time I found that not one penny had been left in my hands by any of the hundreds of the anxious, troubled souls whom I had served, and that nearly \$2,000 had gone from what I had put away for "the rainy day," although my time was all taken up by these visitors whom I was serving and many of them well fixed financially. I gave lectures, and public messages to societies, receiving the same kind of pay I received from my sitters in private.

I awakened to the fact that Spiritualists WOULD LET ME STARVE if I continued the work, making no charge, and if I again went into manual labor, I could not leave that labor at the beck and call of each one who came for readings.

The public would not pay me for time and readings given to private individuals, for the public was not interested in or benefited by those private readings. The ones who came for the private readings declared it was none of the public's business, and the work must be private. Who then was going to pay me for my mediumship so I could be ready to serve those calling on me for readings? Surely not the public, for the public did not get the readings—HAD NO INTEREST IN THE READINGS.

The only logical answer to the question, "Who shall pay for the readings?" then was, the party getting the reading and taking up my time was the party benefited and should pay for it. "Freely they had received; freely they should give" (pay for my services).

I want to think that State Association of Missouri want their mediums to have proper support for the good work they are doing in proving that the assertions of the lecturer are true. I want to think the president of that State Association want their mediums cared for in a way that would make it unnecessary for them to charge for readings. If the president and State Association has provided for them, they should work for nothing.

He is the vital question regarding the matter under discussion: Who is of the most importance to Spiritualism? The one who preaches its doctrine or the one who proves the doctrine true? Put it like this: Is the lecturer or the medium of the most importance to the cause?

The answer always comes back (except from the lecturer) THE MEDIUM; yet the lecturer must be paid, the medium must not charge.

The lecturer tells the society calling him, "I must have my carfare, my entertainment and room rent free and a certain price for lecture, as I have to have something for clothing, laundry and my family."

The medium must not charge for they can either walk or fly; they need no clothing and their family can go to —, if they cannot stay and make their own way in the world.

Wipe out mediumship, past, present and future, and in a few years our lecturers would be busy chopping wood, making rails, and buying potatoes or "any other old thing" they could get to do for their living.

Think of a lecturer giving a fine talk of unending life and spirit communion and then calling on a medium to prove his lecture true; then hear that lecturer declare the medium must not charge.

The lecturer is keeping that medium ever in readiness to meet any and all that may consult her, no matter how pressing the medium's affairs, yet the medium must not charge, while the lecturer usually has classes and charges for each one in each class.

What more right has the lecturer to fees than has the medium? It is the medium that gives the consolation, banishes the gloom and proves to the sorrowing seeker for truth, that just beyond the shadow the loved ones are in the real life to commune with his or her friends in the flesh, yet that medium's time must be given for naught, whether she has the time to spare or not, must not even take heed for food or clothing.

I have no malice in penning these lines in justice to mediums. I have the highest esteem for my good brother, Paul McArthur, but certainly feel he is wrong in his idea that mediums should do their work free of charge, unless they are provided for by some society, or find themselves sufficiently able to give their time and readings without charge.

REV. G. C. LOVE.

Lents, Oregon.

If you want to know the opinion of your neighbor, you want his honest opinion. You do not want to be deceived. You do not want to talk with a hypocrite.—Ingersoll.

There is in spring a sort of mental unrest, parallel with the impulse to work in nature. I always think there is something in me which I have not yet discovered. It leaves me to rest is it a thought? Is it a feeling? Is it a word? A deed? I know not. But I feel as if I wanted to give vent to something.—Auerbach.

A Voice From the Happy Hunting Grounds

Spirituality of the Indians.—The Original God.—Occultism, Spirit Return and Immortality Taught in the Rude Temples of the Pawnees.—The White Man's Sin and Salvation Scheme Ignored.—An Epistle to the Modern Babylonians, by Harry E. Burgess.

Having "prophesied" on several occasions recently to assemblies of the faithful, I now take the opportunity of addressing the larger gathering of readers of The Progressive Thinker, to place before you the "Indian" and his Father Above, and his lesser gods. First, I wish to state that no truer picture of the native North American has ever been rendered, in so few words, and so suggestively beautiful, than the immortal apostrophe by Alexander Pope:

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind."

As much as this statement of the savage sentiment has been ridiculed and attacked, still anyone who knows the Indian can vouch for the fact that it truly represents his mind.

Agas before the valiant Columbus landed upon our island shores, these native peoples (Indian tribes) were carrying out their religious rites, the same as many of them are doing to this day. When the writer was a little boy his home was among the Pawnee Indians—his parents having been sent to Nebraska under the auspices of the Society of Friends, to take charge for the government of the four bands of the Pawnees. It was an every-day occurrence to hear chiefs and "medicine men" (priests) addressing the power above as Father (A-ti-us). Everyone knows how it is customary for these people to assemble and talk. Hence at such times the talk of spiritual forces that rule the universe and all life, was commonly interspersed with all subject matter. When thunder sounded throughout the heavens they would remark, "They are at council!" and cedar branches would be placed upon the coals, that the incense might rise to "the gods" or rulers above.

The belief in spirits is not a theory with the Indian. It is a part of his life and experience. Warriors lost in battle return and hold converse with their relatives, and predict battles and even help through the agency of the winds and storms. The animal creation is an important part of the Divine economy in the Indian's estimation. The animals give messages to their human brothers; and on the battle fields, in the darkness of the night, the animals come to succor the wounded, and have brought many back to life, or resurrection, rather, for these are departed souls that return. They bring the message that their dismembered parts were put together by the animals, and that they are in complete form in the new life. Certain noted Indians claim to have died temporarily, and to have had a view of the "Beyond." Not being welcomed by their departed friends, they returned to life, to finish out its natural course. This manner of telling their experiences regarding things spiritual is an important feature of the Indian's life here upon earth. It never occurs to him that there is anything strange about such demonstrations, as he regards it as the natural detail of God's great affairs.

The Indian is naturally religious, truly religious. He knows no doubt of the Creator, nor does he criticize the divine plans. Again the great poet above referred to expresses the Indian's trust:

"Whatever is, is right!"

When you go to these people with your "book religion" and your written plan of salvation, and the theory of original sin, you have a hard customer to deal with, especially in trying to force it down his savage throat. In the first place he questions your authority to deliver him such a message, and he resents your high-handed manner of ignoring his own faith in and understanding of the Omnipotent. The veteran savage warrior has thought a great deal along the lines of divinity and the future state, all through the ages. The Pawnee regards his people as the favored of the one above. He is not ready to acknowledge the superiority of another people.

It should be borne in mind that the Indian is original; that he has certain priority rights. He owes no allegiance to the white race for his mental development, and is under no obligations to any other people for his existence or his religion. He does not molest others in regard to their faith or their theories of life and death and the Hereafter. Any and all protest that he may make is in defense. He never has tolerated the attempted ruthless annihilation of his simple trust in Omnipotent Spirit. To him this Eternal Principle pervades all nature—is Intelligence deified, is resident in and beyond the clouds, and manifests its voice in the winds and in the thunder. Its force is demonstrated in all physical phenomena, most especially in the heavenly bodies. To deny this Supreme Power would to the Indian indicate insanity or depravity.

The Pawnee has no profanity in his language. He has to acquire this art from his white brother. As he hears more of it, on the borders of civilization than any other speech, and as he knows it is the verbiage of the missionaries turned to sacrilegious use, he asks himself: "To what extremes of evil dare this white race go?" To his simple understanding—which simplicity is only a form of truth—the white man dares all things; invades the province of the Supreme Ruler to promote his commerce, and alternately worships and blasphemes the Divinity of his ancient book.

After the testimony of the religion of civilization is all put before him—via the missionary route—the Indian's mind is thrown into temporary chaos, and he reasons thus: "And you tell me that all this I too, must do, and must believe—in order that I may be saved! Indeed! And why should this message come to me at this late day, and in this particular way. Wherefore, if this be true, hath not the gods of my fathers—the Father of Life—the Spirit Omnipotent (Tila-wa-but) manifested this unto me direct? Truly this strange race surpasses us in cunning and in gaining its ends, to my detriment, if not total destruction. This strange god truly hath given power unto his people whereby they succeed even in conquering the original races. But it is not for me. Pass on, thou apostle! I understand thee not. My mind reels." Then to his attendant: "Quickly, the sacred pipe! Let the Powers Above not behold me wavering." And he sends puffs upward, earthward, and in the four directions; to the gods that support the universe and the utters the following:

"Father Above! Just as thou wilt. Even so let it be! Ye gods (Powers) that rule, behold me miserable! Be ever with me and guide me. Father, look down upon thine own people, and let them prosper. We would not wander from thine appointed way!"

The Indian is the least known, least appreciated and least studied of ancient peoples. That he represents an ancient people will be a surprising fact, no doubt, to many readers. It is this very ancient quality that should entitle him to our most intelligent concern, inasmuch as all our "divine" records, our gods, demons, saviors, saints and what-not were launched forth in the dark and dubious East, when humanity was groping in simian tentativeness and fear. The native North American is a proud being; proud of his ancestry, and an adept in things psychic and spiritual. The ethical principles of Christianity appeal to him, and conform with his own knowledge of right and happiness. It is the dogmatism of the "superior" race, and dictation in spiritual things that choke him and render him obdurate, and hold him in a state of "barbarism."

The white man's religion, with its miracles, tyranny, doctrine of sin, and scheme of salvation; the church, with its high-handed bossism, theory of original depravity, and power of damnation, and assumed authority in everything, even to its opposition toward general enlightenment as well as the arbitrariness of its "divine" injunctions, all strikes the Indian as a well-laid plan to confuse, and overpower him, and he says, "No! I am what I am—what the Divine Ruler made me. Originally I was free and happy, and roamed the earth upon which I was placed, and was smiled upon by the gods and the Great One above. Now comes the invader! He not only robs me

of everything tangible, assumes possession of God's (Earth), spurns me as of some lesser order of the creation, and immediately proceeds to violate and pollute the sanctuaries of my people, and would deprive us of our faith and dependence in and upon our own Deity."

There was a certain Pawnee warrior chief, who after attaining distinction for generosity among the people and courage and leadership in war, was killed in battle by the native enemy. This personage was known as Pa-hu-kant-tau-a. Since his departure to the Hereafter, this chief has returned to his people, has been seen by them, and has held conversation with his relatives. He has predicted battles by spirit agency, and has even officiated in spirit form in the thick of battle, and has kept his own spirit prophecies—that he would turn the storms of the heavens against their enemy and have them destroyed. These things have actually occurred, and are attributed by intelligent Indians to the spirit power and influence of this same Pa-hu-kant-tau-a.

The Pawnee locates the mind and soul in the breast. In his reckoning, the brain is merely a portion of the physical system. Hence where it is ordinarily said, I think, the Indian invariably says, "I feel," and he is wont to place his hand over his breast when asserting his convictions. The Pawnee is by nature a warrior—a veritable Bedouin of the prairie. He glorified war. God helped him in his war against a confederated enemy. Every tribe on the plains, from the Upper Missouri to the Rio Grande (including the Mexicans) have been his enemy. Through the ages he has withstood this combined force. Every eastward-flowing river between the Rocky mountains and the Missouri shows ruins of the permanent towns of this remarkable people. While using the regular tepee in his migrations, as upon the buffalo hunt, twice a year, still he ever maintained a permanent abode in the earth lodges and villages.

Some of these rude temples were fifty feet in diameter. They were covered heavily with earth, and would hold hundreds of people on the top. In times of alarm by the enemy it was a common sight to see them covered black with people. There being no near-by hills, these dwellings formed the only points of elevation from which to gain a view of what might be approaching on the distant plain. Every one of these lodges faced the east; and opposite the entrance, where the rays of the rising sun might fall upon it, was a rude altar, upon which was placed the painted skull of a buffalo, and over this hung the sacred bundle—a sort of ark of covenant between the savage and his God. The atmosphere of mystery, sacredness, divinity, pervaded all the lodges of the principal leaders, especially those of the chiefs and high priests—mystery workers, generally denominated "medicine men," by the whites.

The Pawnees claim that their corn seed was handed down to them at the creation. This form of food, with the meat of the buffalo, was their staff of life. The attribute of Motherhood was given to the corn. The same was done to the earth. The corn reproduced itself, and the earth sustained all—themselves, the corn and the buffalo. Portions of the first buffalo killed on the periodical hunts or marches were sacrificed as a burnt offering to the Overruling Gods. The Supreme Father looked down upon all and was pleased. Everything touching the buffalo and the corn had to be done in a certain prescribed way. For this subsistence the people must bless the Great Spirit in many ways and with great solemnity and frequently.

When the great Man Chief of the Pawnees, the acknowledged Caesar of the Indian people, lay sick with a gunshot wound in the leg, he was visited by the agent's son (now president of the Chicago Spiritualists' League), the noble savage turned to the white youth and said: "My son, I am to go hence! My life now ends here on earth. The voice in the sky (thunder) announced to me that I now am to take my journey into the other life." He died suddenly, although it had not been expected, for the wound was not considered to be fatal.

The writer once heard an eminent leader of the Pawnees say to another, "Well, what of it all? I am a spirit, anyway." Again the most famous war chief of these people bore the name of "Chief of the Gods." Another prominent man's name was "Spirit Horse." There is still living at Pawnee, Oklahoma, an old Pawnee, by the name of "Guarded by the Overruling Spirits." So many occurrences of spirits returning to prophesy to their people have caused many to believe that they are warriors who had been scalped in battle, and who exist in a sort of half-way state between earth and the hereafter. Little children were told to beware of these phantom people, lest they be carried away. The scalped people live in caves, and are supported and sympathized with by the animals, as intermediary messengers of the gods. At certain caves in Nebraska and Kansas, these animals gather and hold sacred ceremonies.

The red stone pipe may be called the Indian's Bible. He prays over it at every lighting and smoking. Leaders of war parties are guided by the benign influence of the sacred pipe. It is claimed that it lights itself, and will indicate direction, somewhat as a compass. This is plainly but the interpretation of the spiritual impression received by the possessor. With the Pawnee, in his native state, all was with and of God. Man without God and the gods was inconceivable. As well say the skies without the sun, or a child without a mother. To sum up the religion of the Indian, as exemplified through the Pawnee, it was a rude and natural form of spiritual belief, and an ever-abiding trust and dependence in a Father of Life, and the attributing of sacredness to all the visible creation; to regard so-called death as but change of existence, and the continuation of life as a simple fact.

In the writer's humble opinion, it would be better for the arrogant and gold-loving white man if he were to see a little more of God in clouds and hear him occasionally in the wind. Let it be said in conclusion, that whenever an Indian forsakes his natural religion, he is no longer an Indian, and furthermore he has either been coerced, hypnotized by fear of eternal damnation, or else he was crazy. Lastly, let nothing be added to or taken from this document under penalty of the wrath of the Almighty Ruler, or of the Inces, or of the Pawnees, or of all the warring hosts that peopled this half of the created world during the thousands of ages before the Castilian queen's divinely inspired ambassador kissed the shores of San Salvador, or Cortez and Pizarro scourged and slaughtered the inhabitants, all for their salvation, and incidentally to appropriate their possessions.

Shade of Montezuma! May this pen be tempered in giving the Indian's indictment of the tyranny and oppression symbolized to him by the white man's sacred cross. The spirit of Sitting Bull proclaims his eternal refutation of the creeds and dogmas of his conquerors! His voice still thunders through the Paha Sapa (Black Hills), blending with the thunders of Wakan-tanka: "I want not your God on paper nor your story of the gift from your heaven to a foreign people, in the ages gone! I am what God made. All I ask is to be let alone. Like the animals I seek my subsistence as I roam the earth. The God of the Dakotas behold me in my misery. I am satisfied. The heavens and out-of-the-way places are all that is left me as a home. Now you would take this from me. I have but to die now, and join the warriors gone before in the better world. This doctrine you advocate so strongly is not for me or mine. We now dance and celebrate the return of the spirits (Ghost Dance). This is to us as much as your sacred ways are to you. The spirits of the departed warriors are with us. They are our only hope. By fasting and paying attention to God we shall be restored again, and these spirits are here to help us. Take me, starve me, torture me, kill me, if you will, but as Wakan-tanka sees and hears me, I remain now and always—Ta-tonk-ah-tonka (Sitting Bull). La-ko-ta-ah! I trust to God! Say to your government, I say NO! That I have ever spoken with but one voice, in the straight way. Let our soldiers come, or bribe my own good people to capture me. Here on this spot (Grand River), my childhood's home, I die!"

He was ordered to be taken to Standing Rock Agency "dead or alive." Indians from that agency (under McLaughlin) were employed to capture the veteran warrior. As he fell, mortally wounded, he shot his captor—Bull Head. No living being can point to a single act of injury ever done toward a white man by Sitting Bull. In his unwarranted assassination, under department orders, there fell a truly savage Napoleon. He was above the petty graft and favor-seeking of other Indian leaders. He died a martyr to his own intuitive, savage principles of right and justice. Long ago he had predicted the doom of his people at the hands of the white man, through the connivance of political workers among his own race. He chose to die; denouncing with his last breath the falsity and perfidy of the so-called superior race, and its tyrannical dogmas of sin, salvation, divine law. This same Indian chief should be given credit for the greatest spiritual demonstration, with the most tragic consequences, ever known in history—the Ghost Dance—only a crude name for a religio-spiritual festival in which the departed were the chief factors.

No! The Indian refuses to accept the doctrine of the church, that all knowledge of God originates and emanates from the Babylonian region. He denies that the only guide to life is in a written book.

He sees in it all only oppression and destruction. It does not set well upon his simple, strong reasoning to imply that the Omnipotent Creator made a mistake in making him different, and by placing him upon the Missouri instead of the Euphrates. What he sees in his clouds and hears in his winds is more potent than the story told him by foreigners, who, with their sacred symbol held before him, threaten him with damnation hereafter, and straightforward proceed to despoil him of everything that constitutes his home. There is no God in this for Poor Lo!

A Christian preacher was telling the Indians upon a certain august occasion that they must not do wrong, like lying, stealing, killing, etc.; that if they did they would not get to heaven, but would be burned in everlasting fire. The Indian was rejoiced, and explained that, after hearing that, now he knew that in the next life the Indians would not be bothered with any white people, for they surely all would be burned, as all that he had seen or heard of the whites, they all did these "bad" things—and the Indian had only the one place to go to, hence would escape.

There was no criminal class among the Indians, no line of distinction between rich and poor; no locks and bars, no jails, no courts, no petty larceny, and yet he prospered without the aid or advice of the white race. There was no de Medicis to slaughter all who opposed the "religious" faith of the rulers of church and state; no Inquisition; no do thou, or be damned injunctions; no crusades or cruelties; no sickly spectacles of murdering at large to extend the royal possessions, and institute the "gospel" by flame and sword. No, the Indian is a foolish creature. He is honest, at least in his religious pretensions, and he lets his neighbor worship and slaughter according to his tastes.

Truly, the Indian prophet, Sitting Bull, has been styled a blood-thirsty savage, but in the estimation of his own people it has been a saintly savagery. Witness the deadly parallel in history, where the religious fervor of emperor and popes has been equaled only by their ferocity and zeal in wars of persecution. "The god of the Dakotas won for us the victory of the Little Big Horn," says the Indian. As in the Dark Ages a Roman monarch pronounced the head of the church "divine," and following the parallel, did not Charlemagne, by fire and sword FORCE the "faith" upon the world, as then known. But, doomed by her decaying foundations, Rome, once proud, supreme, fell, even as did her own victims, nations, succumbing to her heartless tyranny. When all is darkness and oppression, behold a light! A Luther-rises, and the vital spark is kindled in the human breast.

George Fox, standing alone, defies a thousand ages of aggregated falsity and suffering, and the echo of his potent voice still resounds in the glorious anthems of our nation's freedom. Poland falls! And the tyrannous Muscovite hears retribution in the "Banzai" cry. Spain shocks the world with unspeakable "holy" cruelty, at last to cringe and crumble at Santiago and Manila Bay. Or Huguenot, or "Quaker," or Indian, or slave, all have been made to suffer under the pretext of "holy faith," and each and all have triumphed and survived.

Truly doth mankind need redemption! But it shall not be through the stereotyped and obsolete way of ecclesiasticism born of barbarism. It comes and must be fulfilled through the truly spiritual agency of Justice, Intelligence, Kindness and Right. There is an Inward Light to guide thee, O Pilgrim! and there is a "still, small voice" that is mighty to save. It is the Spirit of Divinity—the true Redeemer—the One and Only Father of all mankind.

Thanks to the liberality of its teachings, new light is beaming in upon the human mind! Thanks to the simplicity of the spiritual faith (like the early followers of Jesus—who returned to earth in spirit form), it needs no imposing temples, nor creeds, nor man-made rituals and ceremonies, for it is of the mind and soul, and not only for the ear and eye; is psychic rather than physical; rational instead of emotional; operates through the intelligence rather than through fear; spurns all coercive doctrines; begets happiness. In its highest potency Spiritualism is but the evolution through the human consciousness of the soul's aspirations; is born of Eternal Spirit, and is destined to lift the world from out of the chaotic gloom of superstition, fear and ignorance.

HARRY E. BURGESS.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

Lessons in the School of Life.

The record of a well spent life is the best monument that can be erected to our memory.

"Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And, passing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time."

There are those who rise to heroic stature of mind and soul as well as body. Their heroism differs in manifestation from the mediaeval knights and saints, inasmuch as these times differ from those.

Who are the men and women known by their deeds of noble achievements? And how did these reach the front? Have they some hidden secret of success? Or is the way they trod, still open to others? The earnest workers of the present time may prove as fruitful of moral triumph as the heroes of the past, that springs up into the giant of the forest, to bear rich results for the coming time. Sunlight is still shining, whether its work be to thaw the surface of a polar glacier or woo the riot-luxuriance of tropical life.

It does not require riches to do good. The power of the widow is worth more to the donor than the dollar of the millionaire. Wealth poverty may lead to vice, wealth leads to much more. Money covers a multitude of sins that the best detectives can never unearth. Riches are buried with the body; but character passes current everywhere.

We are employed in this world in various ways for the express purpose of evolving and perfecting character; and it will take us through time and eternity to accomplish this result in its completeness. Then you may say, if we can never perfect our character is it not a hopeless task to undertake it? We think it not a hopeless task, for many things are more or less perfect. When you can do something toward it every day, and understand that the effort is endless, but every step achieves a victory, that you gain ground and add something to your opportunities, conditions and means for making the next step easier and better—when you understand all that you will by-and-by begin to realize that it would be a calamity to have the struggle come to an end—a most dreadful thing.

Progression is endless and boundless. If you could reach the end and feel that all would be accomplished in which there is so much pleasure and satisfaction in the pursuit, you would feel like Alexander of old who "sat down and wept for more worlds to conquer." So, if the human soul had not a solitary modification to be made in its own character or condition, in the improvement of its own nature, if it had no weakness to be overcome and turned into strength, no folly to be led safely to a higher truth, no jungle to be transformed into the blooming prairie or gardens of sweetness and light—nothing more to do; it would weep for something more to conquer.

It would not be well for us to reach the very pinnacle of progression at the present time. The glory and joy of mankind inheres largely in the consciousness of conquest and achievement. This is natural.

Salvation is not pardon of sin or deliverance from it, nor escape from consequences of wrong-doing. It saves man is not one who sins and escapes the just consequences of his sins, but one who does not commit sin or one who ceases to commit sin and thus saved from any particular sin.

Salvation is not release from penalties; it is growth into good character. It is release from the error or sin itself.

The whole scheme of sacrificial atonement and imputed righteousness by a propitiatory sacrifice is entirely false.

Any person who knows the effects of wrong-doing should think: I will not do wrong, because it is wrong and because I shall suffer. I will do right so far as I can, because it is right and yields the greatest satisfaction. The true way to show sorrow or regret for lapses, faults, error, is by turning and doing better.

If we disregard a law of right action there follows a reaction from which we suffer, as cause and effect. The transgressor simply places himself outside the law and suffers in consequence, until he places himself in harmony with that law.

The lamenting of lost opportunities may aid us to embrace other opportunities which promote hope and confidence for the future. The possibilities of development become more available, so we may expect greater success of our latent powers as time unfolds our many resources.

Crime is hatched in fancied security from searching eyes and ears. The criminal does not realize that he is seen and known by spirit friends. We affirm that if criminals were cognizant of the close proximity of the spirit world and its inhabitants there would be a corresponding diminution of crime. While spirits do not and cannot shield us from the consequences of our thoughts and acts, they do inspire us to better deeds, better lives.

Deeds are born of thoughts, the forces that change a person's life for better or for worse. There is more potency in thoughts than deeds, and if bad thoughts can affect the social aura, good thoughts can give it life and purity. Many suffering and despairing people, sensitive to their surroundings, have been lifted out of that condition by the power of thought concentrated upon them. Per contra, sensitive persons are injured by the influence of their thought environment or the shafts of hard thoughts or calumny or slander hurled at them.

Summerland, Cal.

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PLATE 20 CONTD.

New York State Association.

Report of H. W. Richardson, President, at the 12th Annual Convention.

A retrospective glance covering the field of work of the New York State Association of Spiritualists since its organization, reveals some disappointments; yet with it all when considered in a broad sense there is much to be encouraged. Among the objects for which this Association was incorporated, was to organize the Spiritualist societies of New York state into a general association; to foster, charter and maintain Spiritualist societies, and to co-operate in benevolent, charitable, educational, literary, musical, scientific, religious and missionary purposes, germane to the phenomena, science, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism.

Some of us at the outset may have hoped that the work of a decade and more would have established a good, strong working society, carrying on meetings and doing things outlined above in every incorporated village, and several such societies in each of the cities of New York state. Hence in this respect many sanguine Spiritualists are, no doubt, disappointed. But disappointed does not necessarily mean discouraged.

Other disappointments might be mentioned, but we pass them by as only the everyday experience in all lines of human activity. As to the achievements, we find increased confidence and esteem clearly indicated in the attitude of non-Spiritualists toward our Association and our work, which speaks favorably for its permanency and future influence. To persons who come in touch with thinking people, it is clearly apparent that a larger number of persons are interested in Spiritualism, and are studying its phenomena and its philosophy, than ever before in the history of the movement, and I enthusiastically assert that our influence as an organized body is greater than it was one year ago.

Evidence of this is found in increased interest in what Spiritualism stands for. Also in the attitude of the secular press, which is ever alert to the things about which the people want to hear; also the drama, also the liberalized orthodox through nearness of which there runs a thread of Spiritualist philosophy.

Local Societies. Our local auxiliary societies have, as a rule, been doing good work during the past year and the generally full attendance at their meetings shows an interest in their philosophy and hunger for psychical phenomena which is encouraging to the state board.

Your president asked the vice-president, and some other members of the board of trustees, that they each visit (at their convenience during the year), the local societies in proximity to their homes. And from the reports of these officers as to their findings, and also from the reports of the State Missionary and State Secretary, the convention will, no doubt, be well informed concerning the work of local societies and the conditions attending them.

In the president's report of previous years, the maintaining of settled speakers or pastors wherever practical has been recommended, and later experience has fully confirmed what had then been said.

The officers of local societies are the guardians of the Spiritualist rostrums in their immediate vicinity and it is for them (in carrying out the alert, especially when strangers apply for positions of privilege to occupy their rostrums. Worthy workers when traveling among strangers and who might care to accept an invitation to speak or practice mediumship, should provide themselves with credentials which would acquaint the officers of societies with their fitness to do this work.

The foundation of Spiritualism rests in the phenomena, which demonstrate continuity of life. Upon this foundation we are to erect a temple of soul growth or spiritual development, and in this direction lies an important part of the work of local societies.

To this end studies in mental science, thought forces, etc., can be taken up with profit. Dr. Austin has published works that can be used as a basis for studies along these lines; and then the Yoga philosophy is profitable for reading and for study; and also the books of Elia Wheeler Wilcox and Mrs. Towne (who are pursuing that branch of Spiritualism called "New Thought") are excellent.

The main point is to learn to control and guide our thoughts, to think happy thoughts, which are the basis of sound bodies and healthfulness.

The only true religion is a religion of happiness, and true happiness comes in doing for others and in thinking and speaking kindly of others.

This means a mental training which is capable of transferring one's self and of elevating the races of people on the earth, and is a legitimate part of society work. I advise our Spiritualists if they have not already done so, to take up this work and not allow New Thought people to run away from us.

Missionary Work. Next to the work of local societies the missionary work is perhaps most important.

A missionary (much of whose work is to carry this gospel of Spiritualism into new territory, or rather into localities where there are no societies for public work), needs to be gifted, both as a speaker and as a medium, so that both phases of the work can be presented as occasion may require. Mrs. Reynolds, who has been active in that capacity, is well qualified for the work along lines indicated and is capable of presenting both the philosophy and the phenomena in a dignified and effective manner. Her earnest interest in the success of the State Association continues unabated, and she has always been very considerate of the interest of the Association in making up her accounts. Her missionary report will give to the convention a more detailed account of the year's work.

It is the opinion of your president that the money expended in missionary work has been productive of much good, and that it is desirable that this

branch of state work be continued.

Mass Meetings. Notwithstanding the authority granted at last convention to do more mass meetings in the cities of the state, circumstances were such that only one mass meeting has been held since the last convention; and that was a joint meeting held in co-operation with this, the Plymouth Church, here in Rochester. That meeting was a success and resulted in raising a goodly sum toward defraying the indebtedness of the church, which was both gratifying and encouraging to the state officials as well as to the Plymouth church society.

Various obstacles seemed to obstruct the effort to arrange for mass meetings in Folsom and in other cities, but I recommend for the incoming board that more strenuous efforts be put forth for the holding of mass meetings during the coming year.

In my opinion mass meetings rank next to missionary work in importance.

Summer Assemblies. The Lily Dale Assembly assigned a New York State Day on the program of 1908.

First Vice-president, Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, of Troy; May A. Price, of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. W. M. Kelsey, of Rochester. Miss Flo Cottrell, of Holland, a medium for spirit rappings, demonstrated that phase of the phenomena.

The officers elected were: President, H. W. Richardson, East Aurora; first Vice-president, Rev. B. F. Austin, Rochester; second Vice-president, Dr. W. M. Lockwood, Buffalo; secretary, Mrs. A. Woodruff, Buffalo; treasurer, Mrs. Harriet M. Rathbun, New York City; trustees, Mrs. J. H. R. Matson, Buffalo; Mrs. Sarah A. Holt, West Potsdam; Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, Troy; George W. Slason, Niagara Falls.

The Sunday evening exercises with an audience of over 1,000 people was a testimony to the increasing interest among the people in the philosophy of Spiritualism, and a fitting close to the most harmonious convention in the history of the Association.

Adjourned to meet in Rochester in 1909.

SARAH A. WOODRUFF,
Secretary.

LETTER FROM TACOMA, WASH.

In Which the Writer Would Lay Out an Entire New Program of Action, Which, Up to Date, Has Not Been Adopted.

To the Editor, I have watched with interest for some time the correspondence and articles in your valuable paper on commercial and fraudulent mediums, and have now before me your issue of May 8, containing a correspondence under the heading of Leading Intellectual Lights, between Mr. McArthur, president of the Missouri State Association, and Mrs. Mary R. Longley, of Washington, D. C., on the question relating to mediumship as a serious problem, one to which I have given much thought for some time past, and I am glad to see it taken up by the State Association.

I sincerely endorse the rules laid down by the Missouri State Association for the guidance of their mediums, still I have no doubt the advice given by Mrs. Mary R. Longley to her clients is most wise, and has been helpful and uplifting. Nevertheless, a person who takes the question of protecting honest mediums and raising the standard of our spiritual work must be dealt with. The important question is, What can be done to protect mediums and uplift the movement in general? I would suggest that we make it a rule to set aside to receive visitors and give spiritual advice, in a room provided by the society; next we would suggest a locked money box be placed on a table with a ticket attached thereon, asking for donations toward the funds of the society. The medium will not be required or expected to handle any funds whatever. And other portion of the medium's time could well be employed in visiting the sick, calling on members and arousing a greater interest in the movement.

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Fraudulent Practices.

Deception under the name of mediumship is indeed deplorable, and receives no sanction or encouragement from honest Spiritualists; and how gladly would the workers eliminate everything that savors of fraud or dishonesty in those mediums who claim to be Spiritualist mediums and are going about the country deceiving investigators under the name of Spiritualism, with which they have no connection at all.

A Mr. Carrington, who claimed to be acting for the American Society for Psychical Research (of which Prof. James H. Hyslop is president) visited Lily Dale Assembly last summer.

While there he visited several mediums, and claimed to be a medium, but while he found some that he thought were not doing honest work, he found others that gave him some marvelous manifestations that could not be questioned.

On his report appeared in several leading newspapers, and the things he thought were dishonest were written up quite sensationally, but the many marvelous genuine manifestations were not mentioned, thus saying to the public by inference (at least) that he was not dishonest, but fraud given by the mediums of Lily Dale.

This form of deception by telling only a part of the truth was so manifestly unfair and unjust that it naturally throws suspicion over his whole work and his methods as well and tends to create doubt as to the integrity of his purpose.

Spiritualists welcome honest criticism. If our methods are wrong, the management of our rostrums should be changed, in order that it may be remedied. But candid minds will recognize the fact that to deceive the public by telling only a part of the truth may be just as reprehensible as to deceive in other ways.

Those acquainted with Lily Dale Assembly and who are familiar with the noble work that has for so many years been carried on there, will not be disturbed by Mr. Carrington's statements. But in all fairness we say give us the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Finances.

Very little has been done during the year in the way of appeals to the Spiritualists of the state for donations, and as a result the funds in the treasury need replenishing. State mass meetings offer an opportunity for reaching the Spiritualists and securing needed funds, and this is one reason why more mass meetings should be held.

Direct appeal by way of personal letters is another method of reaching those who may be interested and willing to assist in meeting our needs. I believe the Spiritualists of the state will gladly respond and meet the needs of the association, when made acquainted with the situation.

In Conclusion. W. E. Gladstone, the great English statesman, once said that the investigation of psychic phenomena was the most important of anything in the world, and that the greatest gift we can give to the world is the gift of clairvoyance.

There are, however, some old "Pine Leaf" stories on the statute books of New York state, which, while there seems to be no recent attempt at their enforcement, should be repealed and wiped off the books. One of these laws prohibits the practice of clairvoyance, which is of course ridiculous on its face, and of course is unenforceable.

Heretofore the officers of this State Association have been watchful of the interests of Spiritualists and others. During the past year we have not been advised of any adverse legislation.

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and for which we have labored so long and faithfully.

H. W. RICHARDSON,
President.

Secretary's Report.

The twelfth annual convention of the New York State Association of Spiritualists was held at Rochester, June 5 and 6, at the Plymouth church.

The speakers and message bearers were all state workers. The large delegation from auxiliary societies was evidence of an increased interest in every locality of the state.

The kind welcome of the Plymouth church, with the earnestness of the delegates, as well as the beautiful weather, tended to the harmonious feelings of all.

Friday and Saturday the business sessions drew good audiences. The election of officers of Saturday afternoon closed the business session. The evening address was by Dr. Lockwood, of Buffalo, and he certainly gave his hearers food for thought. Sunday morning was a symposium for state workers.

Sunday afternoon Lyman C. Howe, of Fredonia, was the speaker. Sunday evening Carrie E. S. Twining, of Westfield.

The message bearers were Mrs. H. E. Atcheson, of Buffalo; Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, of Troy; May A. Price, of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. W. M. Kelsey, of Rochester. Miss Flo Cottrell, of Holland, a medium for spirit rappings, demonstrated that phase of the phenomena.

The officers elected were: President, H. W. Richardson, East Aurora; first Vice-president, Rev. B. F. Austin, Rochester; second Vice-president, Dr. W. M. Lockwood, Buffalo; secretary, Mrs. A. Woodruff, Buffalo; treasurer, Mrs. Harriet M. Rathbun, New York City; trustees, Mrs. J. H. R. Matson, Buffalo; Mrs. Sarah A. Holt, West Potsdam; Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, Troy; George W. Slason, Niagara Falls.

The Sunday evening exercises with an audience of over 1,000 people was a testimony to the increasing interest among the people in the philosophy of Spiritualism, and a fitting close to the most harmonious convention in the history of the Association.

Adjourned to meet in Rochester in 1909.

SARAH A. WOODRUFF,
Secretary.

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STAY THOUGHTS.

Thoughts Inspired While Listening to a Sermon by Rev. Wm. Horace Day, D.D., of the First Congregational Church, Los Angeles, California, Mar. 20, 1908, on the Subject, "The Blood of Jesus Cleanseth Us."

The tenacity with which so-called revealed religions cling to an ideal that was important to unadvanced minds in a remote past, accounts for the fact that science has been held back and a maximum placed upon ignorance by priestcraft.

"God is the noblest work of man" may have been given out by a noted orator as a witticism; that it is nevertheless true that the gods of men are above man's highest ideals. That which lies beyond man's conception is incomprehensible to him, therefore, so far as his reasoning is concerned is non-existent. But as the world advances and man comes more and more into his birthright of knowledge, as he lifts himself up and walks more and more erect; as the scales fall from his eyes and he sees more clearly, he discovers worlds which had existed that even Copernicus dreamed not of; principles in Nature that have not changed but that he could not see until the advanced mentality of the world brought forth an Edison and a Marconi; and new attributes of God that speak to his very soul if he will not suffer himself to be dragged back to an age of blood, a barbarism.

