

The Progressive Thinker.

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

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IS THOUGHT A LIVING POWER?

A Plunge Into the Deep Ocean of Metaphysics.

To the Editor:—In No. 971 of The Progressive Thinker there is an article entitled "Thought a Living Power?" by Samuel Phelps Leland, Ph.D., LL.D. For thousands of years men have been speculating on the mysteries of human life; but the mysteries still remain unsolved. The writer claims to have solved the problem of "the power of thought," by attributing to it "a living force," which he has discovered to be "the dynamo that converts one force into another."

He quotes Worcester, who defines thought as "an action of the mind, capable of existence independent of the mind that creates it." But this does not imply force; it is the effect of a cause which cannot be a cause; therefore, not a force. It is a creation of the mind. The mind, then, is the force—the cause, and thought is the effect. Effects are not causes and can produce nothing. Thought is the conception of what one has been thinking, impressed upon the memory, and expressed in words. What one has been thinking, or what one perceives, may arouse certain feelings in others; as, one in danger or thinks he is instantly rushes out of it. Why? Prof. Leland would say, "Because he thinks he is in danger; therefore the thought is the force that moves him to act." But he was not in danger; he only thought he was. The force is just as strong, yet there was no reality in the case, and could be no force.

The feelings aroused by the sense of danger awaken the consciousness of danger, and he instantly flees from it. This instinct is universal in all sentient, conscious beings. We could not think unless there was something to think about that was prior to the thinking. Thought certainly does not create that something; and without that there could be no thinking.

Upon the authority of Worcester's definition the writer continues as follows: "Thought is a living force. It controls all the other forces. It binds them in bands of iron and steel. It makes the engine; the revolving dynamo converts one force into another and rides over the sea of forces, and makes the obedient waves obey it," etc. This is but a gratuitous figure of speech, not admissible in a scientific expression. It implies that waves are conscious, and thought a personality, or it could not exercise will power.

An analysis of thought will enable us to get a clear conception of the nature of its promotion. We think; why do we think what we do think? The answer is plain when "rightly conceived." Life itself is essentially feeling; for without life there could be no sensation, no consciousness, therefore life is sensation in consciousness; that is, it is a feeling sensation. It is that and nothing else. There is no mental operation without these; neither can there be without them.

Force? Certainly; but what is that force? All that one knows or seeks to know; all that one desires or seeks to do; all that he obtains or seeks to obtain; and all that he avoids or seeks to avoid, are effects either to satisfy some desire, gratify some feeling, or avoid some evil. Desire, feeling and fear are states of conscious sensation. These are persistent and irremediable. In a general statement: The supreme desire to live, to enjoy, to be happy.

This supreme desire gives issue to a concern for our well-being and that of those we love. Well-being is well-being, and well-being is enjoyment—happiness. This concern is the only incentive to our voluntary activities.

Therefore, the fundamental law of human conduct is: Man employs the most available means at his command and he pursues those interests which he thinks will best promote his welfare, present and future. He avoids as best he can the evils which he fears will bring him pain or misery. This law is as fixed and determinate as that of gravity itself. The impulse to act is the supreme desire above noted. Thought is the conception of that desire and the universal mistake of mankind is in taking the conception of the thing for the thing conceived.

The law of thinking is: Feeling gives rise to the seeming of reality in what is felt. The seeming is taken for the thing which appears to be reality, but it is no proof of it. This conception is so associated with force—action—that it is taken for force.

This analysis is not gratuitous; it is the process that everyone experiences, though he is not aware of it. But the indisputable fact that conscious sensation is the basis of all voluntary activities is the authority upon which this analysis is based.

Thought may be the willing light that brings to him the secrets of all space; but he has the advantage of most people. Perhaps he sees in the "secrets of all space" the verity in his closing paragraph:

"If ever the claims of communion of departed spirits with living men shall be established it must be along these lines and scientifically; and not by the disgusting jugglery and tomfoolery of what is known as physical manifestations."

Thought is only the conception of things spoken or written. They are recorded in millions of volumes many of which are now sunk into oblivion desuetude.

The author, Prof. Leland, is a striking example of one who feels as he thinks, and to him thought is a living force; an exception to all the rest of mankind who think what they feel.

E. J. SCHELLHOUTS.

The recipe for perpetual ignorance is—Be satisfied with your opinions and content with your knowledge.

Haste not, rest not.—Goethe.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours if he has lost no time.—Bacon.

A man would not be alone, even in paradise.—Italian.

A HYGIENIC RELIGION.

It is Badly Needed at the Present Time, as Demonstrated by Dr. Hager. Straws Which Show Which Way the Wind Blows.—A Mute Appeal.

As straws show which way the wind blows, so mute appeals for practical things become the ideals for future generations. Instead of expressing the ideals of art in pyramids, sphinxes and massive-columned religious edifices, the ideals in art to-day are expressed in practical ways, as hospitals, sanitary built public buildings, practical homes for the insane, comfortable public conveyances, irrigating dams and practical canals.

The ideals in education to-day are not some theories to be taught how to appease the wrath of an anthropomorphic God; and how to secure tithes for the maintenance of a lazy set of fat priests, but instead the tendencies in education are eminently practical, and by these methods specialists are not only qualified but encouraged to work out still more practical problems, and humanity is thereby benefited. Things that are not practical are thus relegated to the rear. Thus astrology and unreliable prophecy are taking a back seat, perhaps to be brought to the front again at some future time; but you may rest assured that until some genius will work out the practical things in these subjects they will not have ideals created that will demand further attention at present.

The Jews originally started with a Spiritualistic-hygienic religion, and if all the signs fail not, we are about to travel over the same grounds again; but as this is an age of science, an age of practical things, we will not be content in taking everything for granted and by blind, superstitious faith rest content with all obstacles that beset our path; but boldly, yet slowly, by scientific methods try to overcome them.

Surely we have made wondrous progress in this way in the line of public sanitation. The discovery of the cause and prevention of malaria, yellow fever, cholera, bubonic plague, diphtheria as well as asperitis in surgery, together with many other benefits that humanity now enjoys, were not evolved at one bold stroke, but slowly, guardedly, one point after another was worked out until the whole became clear. Thus the whole mass of discoveries were made out of small, unreliable, unknown items that ultimately made up the whole mass of truth.

Perhaps no city in the world can show a better record in health matters than Chicago. Her death rate is the lowest per thousand inhabitants of any city in the world. Although the central meeting point for many surrounding states where smallpox exists, and while almost every week many new cases are brought in from the country, yet by an efficient system of isolation, fumigation and vaccination we have less smallpox in this great city than some small villages nearby.

But while the death rate is decreased in infectious diseases, we still have to contend with such an enormous high death rate in children and infants, that truly shows such an enormous amount of ignorance in mothers that could and should be prevented; that shows a demand that exists along educational lines that can not be met with all the civilizing agencies at our present command. Education along practical lines is needed here, and can be met only by those who come in close contact and repeatedly impressing it upon the mother or prospective mother. Here there is an ideal existing that is not met with any social factor that exists to-day, and I am sure it will have to be met by educational methods. Here I am convinced is a field for a practical **HYGIENIC RELIGION** that could meet ideals that would bring blessings on the system.

Take a look with me at the Bulletin of the Chicago health department for July 4, 1908, and see if you cannot discover a mute appeal for a practical **HYGIENIC RELIGION**:

"A study of the mortality of Chicago for the first six months shows a mortality 1.567 less than the same period last year. The largest factors of improvement have been in pneumonia and pulmonary tuberculosis.

"But these bad-air diseases have decreased diarrhoeal diseases in infants have not—62 children under one year of age having died from all causes in excess of the number dying last year. The deaths from diarrhoeal diseases at all ages have increased 165. The deaths from diarrhoeal diseases in children under 2 years of age have increased 183.

During this same period this same group of citizens—the children—have suffered 483 fewer deaths from diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles and whooping cough combined. The conclusion is inevitable that something is operating in these babies to produce fatal diarrhoea. Why is it going backward in baby food and baby care?

"The present indications are for the worst diarrhoea death-rate year since 1897. If the present rate holds for the remainder of the year it will give a total for 1908 of 3,414 diarrhoea deaths, or 15.76 per 10,000.

In 1907, 1,004 babies died from diarrhoea (19.74 per 10,000) in the 5th sanitary district, or west of the north fork to Robey street and west and north of the south fork for a distance of about two miles from the river. In the 15th sanitary district, south of 75th street and east of Stony Island avenue, 175 died, or 27.38 per 10,000.

"Contrast this with 17 deaths of babies from diarrhoea (3.25 per 10,000 in the 7th sanitary district, bounded on the north by Fullerton, on the south by Ohio, on the east by the lake and on the west by Clark street at the south end, by Sedgwick street in the middle, and by Halsted street at the north end.

"This means that the children of the well to do are living—the children of the less well to do are dying.

"Is there not enough of public and private conscience to do something to save these 2,500 lives? There is yet time. Our hope lies in this: Nine hundred and twenty-four deaths have occurred in the first six months; 2,490 are feared in the next six months. In 1907 759 occurred in the last six months; 2,046 in the last six. In 1907 there were 114 deaths in June, 269 in July, 805 in August, 523 in September, 234 in October and 113 in November.

"The Milk Commission, the Visiting Nurse Association, the small parks, the Daily News and La Rabida sanitariums, the settlements and the family physicians are going good. But the demand is for more effort.

"This Bulletin goes to all the priests and preachers in town. Will they not assemble their congregations and tell the mothers how to care for their babies until October? Will not the Labor Unions get such word to the families of their members that these may be spared the long weeks of heart-breaking toil that come to the mother who has a sick baby? Will not the mothers themselves give the well babies more water and less milk—and no beer, no cabbage, no coffee—no dirt in anything?

"The public agencies are excellent, but the meat of the situation is the home and the mothers and fathers who control the homes."

Do you think the priest or preachers have qualified themselves in these practical things, and that they are competent to teach these matters to mothers, even if they cared to. I think not, and moreover I think that there are not a great number of them who care for the children of the poor as most of them do not care to, nor care for, the children of the poor, nor meet the poor mothers.

The ideals that are created to-day are for practical things, and these must be and are worked out by cold, hard-hearted scientific methods. Theoretical, dogmatic, man-made religions are on the wane, and the idea for a practical religion is now beginning to show the symmetry and beauty of her glorious radiance.

Will the Spiritualists help to supply the wants of these ideals and thus take the place in the ranks of benefactors to humanity, or will they, too, pass on with all their unreliable mental phenomena and artificial turgidity?

I appeal for a **SPIRITUALISTIC-HYGIENIC RELIGION** based on modern scientific educational methods to supply the practical ideals that are now so rapidly manifesting themselves.

Chicago, Ill.

DANIEL S. HAGER, M.D.

Merulistic Experiences.

New Year's Day, 1900, I had the following merulistic experiences: First, I sensed a restlessness and was informed by an angel that this restlessness was in great part, in the mortal mind-realm, and as the induced ideas forced into mortal beings on all the vibratory lines for effects, this restlessness is felt by the people and is externalized in their rush and efforts to do things. At this juncture, immortals pressed around me and opened up panoramas of the status of humanity. This was strange, for it was such an intermingled throng—first a group of mortals, then a group of immortals. This impressed me as the cause of the great unrest and rush manifested by Earth's people. They are pressed onward by invisible pressure to observe and search for things new and old to fill the gaps which thus far have broken connection between cause and effect in the universal welding, and especially cosmic evolution, of all things, man included. Here came a channel of a great company of bright, intelligent mortals passed before in this panorama. These are believed in the Supreme Spirit of the Universe from whom all life, intelligence, and blessings go forth and are manifested through all forms of externalized self-germs, and carried upward, in progression in the regular order of supernaturally governed evolution. A short space behind these came a caravan of not only people, but throngs of all kinds which they brought with them. They were marked "Traders," "Showmen," and "show-women." They were a shallow, shadowy lot. They believed not in God nor a Supreme Spirit, etc., and appeared apathetic to even the term "religion." They floated bills printed in large letters on the process, some of which read thus: "We believe that the God-idea is, and has been an evolution of mortal mind; that it had its origin at the side of open graves when the desperation of separation from their loved ones inspired a hope in a future life and that sometime in the future, after a longer or shorter period, a reunion might be possible."

Then came a group whose play-bills announced what wonders they were able to perform: "These were gaudy, very pretentious, but very shallow. I was overwhelmed with a sensation of infinite pity as they passed. Quickly another large company of pompous-looking mortals appeared, and passed. Their motto was: "Students of Nature," but strange to say, they were all enveloped in a misty cloud-like vapor, through which they were traced in letters of seeming fire: "Erroneous are the ideas held by these students." Their belief is that creation is automatic, operated by Nature's powerful principles in keeping with her laws, etc. As these passed very slowly by, I beheld, in the entire scene panorama opened before me, all the misconceptions and errors indulged in by these different classes of people, but to mark them was not possible, for the scene passed too rapidly for that, and as I wondered over this and many similar experiences I have had, I yearned to know, if other mediums have ever had such experiences, viz.: While retaining full consciousness, seeing crowd of immortals thronging around them and bringing before them, and between them groups of mortals, or rather, mortal projections or shades, as most of them seem to me to be, when they thus appear in connection with immortals.

Readers, if you have had such experiences; then can you appreciate my position and feelings when I pen this. I know all presentations as described above, are intended to teach life is real and truth alone is mighty as a power to help us up progression's spiral stairway. Another thing I have learned by being so closely associated with the immortals, and it is this: That no matter how observant we are at such times, we can grasp and retain only parts of what is placed before us. We learn many grand lessons and parts of the great panorama of life and its immortal career, and of cosmic conditions, but not the whole. I am glad it is so, it keeps us humble and gives all students and workers a chance to be of service and to do their share of showing up some of the errors of the ages, and "putting in their places eternal truths," as they, by intuition and inspiration receive them.

Van Wert, Ohio.

MRS. M. KLEIN.

DO THEY KNOW?

Do they know the earnest striving Of our spirits' restless yearning, In the clay-bound vestures writhing, With our life held back at bay?

Do they know our motives golden As they glitter for a space, Then go down in failure's cauldron, Leaving on the earth no trace?

Do they know we grieve so surely? Do they know we still are true? Do they know—and leaning whisper Of their fealty yet our due?

Do they know the trend and measure, And the lives that hem us in? Of the vibrant chords that quiver, Throbbing heart and brain within?

Can it be it does not dawn on us, The endeavor and the pain? These environments are earthly—They cannot the spirit stain.

Could we know they did—each failure—Would be less in its despair—Taken and reset—might gladden Jewels priceless, rich and rare.

EVA AMES.

South Wallingford Vt.

It is the gentle mind that makes the gentleman.—French.

The world is continually growing better to all who are honestly trying to make it better.—Ernest McNeill.

Shun custom; fold the hands of thrift; sit still—and truth is near.—Emerson.

Much of the religion today is only respect for the religion of the past.—Investigator.

Great minds have wills; others only wishes.—German.

THE MOST DELIGHTFUL SPOT.

Los Angeles and the People's Psychic Society.

To the Editor:—Here is a hearty greeting from Los Angeles, the most delightful spot on earth. Come, and look the place over for yourself, and if you don't fully agree with my sweeping statement, you will be the first to head a list of disapprovals. I want you and the readers of The Progressive Thinker to know what The People's Psychic Society is doing in its own line of work. We are now an organized society. The membership has increased since taking this step. You know there are so great a number of people who, will not interest themselves in any particular branch of work, unless they can "Join it." When they have written their name in behalf of an order, why, there is a responsibility on their part hitherto not felt.

Our Sunday morning audiences are most encouraging in every way. I have been in a way identified with the spiritualistic movement for over 20 years, and must say, with all due and respected courtesy towards other societies that, I have been interested in, our society here in Los Angeles extends a greater freedom of speech, a tolerance, a genuine spirit of good-will in behalf of all talent demonstrating from our rostrum, which makes possible many things, that we do not find in all movements of a psychic nature. We are most guarded as to our selection. We are most fortunate in having with us a Prof. W. W. Raymond, who contributes largely in the line of Metaphysics, Comparative Religion, Music, Oratory, Physical Culture and Character Building.

All of the above named branches of enlightenment, I endorse and recommend this quiet, earnest, thoughtful teacher and student, as a most worthy instrument in behalf of individualization. I often hope our psychics in the A. B. C. class will see and appreciate the great need of intellectually fitting themselves for the position they contemplate taking. I know, that only through this order of preparation will we attract the superior minds seen or unseen.

It is through the law of attraction that these various avenues are found in the first place, and it is through the abuse of a perfectly natural law, that results in a complete failure, and not the intelligent use of that law.

Our object in life should be to contribute to every moment of each passing day, a something that is true and pure. A reality that will stand the test of investigation. Do you know of any way this condition can be realized without deep study, carefully investigating every avenue that may throw a greater light your way, and hourly, daily endeavor for every item that may add to an idea you are holding for a fuller realization. An earnest man, never poses; he is too busy with a more valuable propitiation.

We never get anything for nothing that is worth one cent more than we pay for it.

Real life lies in love, and good hard work. Who wants to rest, dream and rust? Not I, and so I again state, I am so thankful we have in our midst thorough and consistent workers who are not willing to sit down with folded hands, waiting for the spirit to do the work they should. The facts are, an entity in spirit expression cannot do our life's problems. We can co-operate with them. When we meet a medium who is nearly always under an influence of force, so to speak, you will find upon close investigation that the medium is but little better off for the time and strength given; also, much that is given will be inferior in quality and clearness, which could be entirely overcome through a course of training that will interest the unseen section, inviting a full recognition of their power and sympathetic unity, believing that good can be obtained from all, provided all interested do their respective parts. We do know that only through the exercise and cultivating of certain finer and inherent forces, individuals of the unseen world will aid, instruct and guide us in a highly commendable way, if we make this possible, and greater good can be accomplished.

I believe that what is worth doing at all is worth putting forth our very best efforts in all corresponding directions.

We send our children to school that they may become respected people of influence in this one phase of life, material, but the moment we contemplate opening the occult side of life we taboo the idea of a preparatory course and as a rule take anything that is given us, without really giving it any thought at all—simply swallow it whole and call it fine; letting it go at that. This resigned state makes it very difficult for our advanced workers, but they will be sustained in their efforts. The true manifestation has come to stay, and is fast becoming universal.

ADOLPH K. BROOKS.

Los Angeles, Cal.

WHY CANNOT ALL THE YEAR BE SPRING?

Why cannot all the year be Spring, When birds and trees and flowers all sing; When every blade of grass is green, And naught but beauty can be seen?

Why cannot all the year be Spring, When all the stars with gladness ring, When every soul feels God is near, And every mind is free from fear?

Why cannot all the year be Spring, When all the days new joy do bring, When modest, blue-eyed violets peep, And Nature wakes from Winter's sleep?

Why cannot all the year be Spring, When each man feels himself a King, When every day the Sun shines bright, And happy dreams all all the night?

Why cannot all the year be Spring, When every day the Sun shines bright, And happy dreams all all the night?

MILTON BAKER.

Mustoge, Okla.

THE FOLLY OF SUICIDE.

The Suffering therefrom Is Something Terrible.

Dr. Franz Hartman, writing in "Broad View" with regard to the prevalence of suicide, says: "Many seek to escape the ills of this terrestrial life by destroying their physical bodies. Some expect annihilation, others imagine that they will improve their condition by entering into a 'better world,' and there are some who are kept from killing themselves only by fear of dying, which they believe to be a painful affair. There is a long array of what are claimed to be communications from the souls of departed suicides, many of them seeming to be quite genuine messages, which say that a person experiencing a forcible and premature death does not escape suffering, and if anybody kills himself for the purpose of escaping pain, he may by his act be, so to say, jumping from the frying pan into the fire. It is stated that such a 'spirit or soul' remains still earth-bound until the time when the natural term of his life would have expired.

"There are in my possession several messages which I have received from what appear to be the spirits of deceased suicides, and whose genuineness has been tested as far as possible. They describe their sufferings after death, and claim to have suffered even from injuries inflicted upon their physical bodies, with which they were still connected, while the astral ligament was not broken. One of these unfortunate was a young lady who poisoned herself on account of some love affair, and a suspicion having arisen about the manner of her death, her body was exhumed three days afterwards and dissected. She claims to have felt every cut of the dissecting knife as if it were cutting her living body. Another suicide who shot himself describes the tortures he felt by the separation of his 'nervous' body from the physical; another suffered the pains of being burned alive while his body was cremated before the astral separation took place."

We do not consider that the progress of a spirit in the after-life is necessarily determined by the length of the normal earth-life; a person committing suicide is likely to be in an undeveloped state spiritually, and has to find his way upward by a process that may be slow and entail much mental suffering. When a spirit is thoroughly ripe for leaving the body we believe that this process is quite painless, like going to sleep, and that nothing done to the physical form afterwards can affect the enfranchised spirit. But we are here for a purpose, and have no right to abandon the post of duty.—Light, London.

A MESSAGE OF LOVE

Oh, what is the message I leave you, As the end of my journey I view? 'Tis one of loving and blessing,

"Dear heart, that I know, good and true.

Yes, all are my own and my dear ones, Though never your faces I've known, But I've reached out glad hands through the distance And know you, and bless you, my own.

Oh, grand is the army of workers—All workers so noble and true—Who are giving their lives for a purpose,

The angels have long had in view. They walk by your side and inspire you To wipe out old errors and wrong, And bring to all lives highest blessings

Of wisdom and love, with sweet song. For long with these workers I've tarried, Unknown and unnoticed, so still, Yet ever with earnest endeavor My work and my duty to fill.

I bare all my heart to the angels Who once on our earth-path have trod, And trust with all loving assurance In the justice and power of sweet God.

I hold not one remnant of hating, Though many my life have distressed, For I know all must learn by their doing, Ere their spirits can find perfect rest.

So earnest the work that I followed, So sheltered the path that I trod, Few knew of my earnest endeavor, Perchance but my own soul and God.

So glad is my soul, and so joyful, For all my sweet dreams will come true, I will join glad hands with the angels, And work as I once worked with you.

Not resting supinely on our laurels, And thinking that our work is all done, But ever with new added vigor, We will work as though just begun.

Oh, glad is the welcome that waits me, I know in that home of the soul, And we'll dwell in the home of the blessed

While ages on ages shall roll. I know them so well, and I love them, Sweet friends whom the years bore away, I know I shall meet and shall greet them

In that home on that beautiful day. Farewell! May all blessings attend you! I ask it in faith and in love, For I know your unselfish endeavor Is one with the angels above.

SARAH STONE-ROCKHILL.

Be ashamed to die till you have won some victory for humanity.—Horace Mann.

SPIRIT OF THE WEST.

Official Visit and Result at Portland, Oregon.

To the Editor:—I come again with a little message, as one who wishes to give out through your paper a few thoughts on the delightful visit we Spiritualists of Portland, Ore., enjoyed with our new acquaintances, but already beloved President of the N. S. A., Dr. G. B. Warner and wife, of Chicago. They arrived here on the 23rd ult., evening train, and were met and escorted to their hotel, The Portland, by the president of the First Society, Mrs. Emily L. Driscoll, Mr. Harrison D. Barrett and Rev. and Mrs. G. C. Love, where they were left to rest and prepare mind and body for the long list of pleasures and official duties awaiting them.

Portland is a beautiful city, set as a gem in the green hills, with grand old snow-capped mountains in the near distance, lending their serene dignity to views that, once seen can never be forgotten, especially when beheld in company that adds the human joy that makes complete the glory and grandeur of Nature's lavish hand. Our peerless, clean-cut cameo, Mt. Hood, can never be forgotten by anyone who once has seen its grace of line and lofty summit, associated as it is with all that has made history in this land of the rooding white man and his nobler, diligent, successor. All this for our friends to begin their week of pleasure and work, a week that only seemed to end, it really never will as we see the lengthening line reach out eternally.

The private reception and public reception were alike our pleasures, and we trust were others'. The public reception was a season long to be remembered.

The banquet given on Saturday evening was the culmination of the "Spirit of the West," roses and all. It was a feast indeed, and a never-to-be-forgotten one, where wit and wisdom found expression in human eloquence through words of loving kindness, hope and cheer, mingling like leaves and blossoms in the stillness, fanned by the summer's balmy breeze.

Inspired indeed were those who took part in the evening's program, and the fullness of the stream flowed on into the great river of delight, our Sunday evening meeting, when President Warner gave us one of the grandest lectures ever listened to. His subject was "The Good That Spiritualism Has Done the World." He dwelt upon its call to the scientific world and the fact of the recognition by the greatest scientists, also of the part it played in the great civil strife of our nation, reviewing many of the incidents in Lincoln's career, presenting that which, though familiar to most Spiritualists, is not to those outside our ranks, many of whom heard the lecture and were, like ourselves, entranced into the stilledness that marks the efforts of one of Nature's interpreters, the true orator.

The culmination of the week of social enlargement, official investigation and adjustment as well as the great abilities of our honored President of the N. S. A., was the addition to the society at the close of the Sunday evening meeting of twenty-two new members, a number equalling the entire membership in good standing when the society fell into the hands of a woman with her heart in the right place, and her head clear to labor for the welfare of humanity, with "love for all and malice toward none," our president, Mrs. E. Driscoll, whom we love, honor and trust.

In and closing I will say May Heaven bless the workers all National, editorial, in the field, on the platform, and the private factors too. May the light shine brighter for the great work done in Portland by our noble President, George B. Warner.

Very Truly Yours,
MRS. NORA ARMSTRONG,
Corresponding Secretary First Society, Portland, Ore.

IN THE WOOD.

"Keep sweet!" the robin in the tree Chirps forth his cheering song to me So many times, as though he knew That I was sorrowful and blue: Still from his perch, high overhead "Keep sweet!" he said.

And if you listen you may hear His message musical with cheer. "Cheer up!" I heard it all along The way, from trees came forth the tone.

So many times, as though the words Were messages from cherry birds. Through all the wood the music rang, "Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!" they sang.

And if you listen you may hear The message hopeful with good cheer. "Don't fret!" I heard the branches stir With many a hopeful messenger Who in his wisdom seemed to know That I was worn and grieving so. So from the branches overhead "Don't fret! Don't fret! Don't fret!" he said.

Until in listening I forgot My troubles all and fretted not.

—J. W. Foley.

NUGETTS.

Ecology.

"A penny saved is a penny earned." A maxim is, that should be learned; A path to sorrow we have paved With dollars spent, if none are saved.

Sheep and Goats.

'Twas not for difference of their coats That Christ divided sheep from goats, 'Twas that their coats were kept or given, That he assigned them hell, or heaven.

The Snob.

The snob is either a knave or a fool, Or both combined in common size With self-conceit immense in size Who knows him best, will most de-apse.

DEAN CHARKE.

Religion of the Aztecs, Its Parallels in Roman Catholicism

"Judge Ladd of California turned the light of legal evidence on Christian Origins, and found no reliable proof that such a person as the ecclesiastical Jesus ever lived."—Progressive Thinker, March 21, 1908.

I quote from his Moral Theology, Vol. VIII., page 444, edition of 1828: "Mucias penurias-Episcopus sibi addicebat non potest, quantumvis pauper sit sine licentia apostolica in excommunicatis communicare. S. Congreg. evocavit in Tract De Syn. Dico. L. 10. C. 10. N. 2. Sed debent in usus pios expendi. Multo magis non possunt nisi in usus pios applicari illae mactae, quas Tridentinum infelix clerical non residentibus, aut conuentibus."

Translation.—A bishop, however poor, cannot appropriate pecuniary fines to his own use, without the permission of the Apostolic See (as is evident from the numerous arguments of the Holy Congregation in the Decretal Synodus, book 10, chapter 10, Number 2). But he should apply them to pious uses. Much less may he apply to other than pious uses, those fines which the Council of Trent (sixteenth century) has imposed on excommunicated persons, or on those which the Council of Trent (sixteenth century) has imposed on those who keep concubines. And priests who did not keep concubines were obliged to pay double.

When the late pope, Leo XIII., died in 1903 the Camerlengo, an official who has sole charge of the papal apartments, until a new pope is elected by the Holy Ghost, found, hidden away in a deep recess in the wall of the pope's private office, and concealed by heavy drapery, the immense sum of \$1,750,000 in gold. It was carefully packed in sacks. This was the Holy Father's share of the "Cullagium." Requisite in pace.

The Aztecs had many feast days. One in May was called a "Jubilee," at which they were granted "full indulgence and remission of sins." Aug. 22 was the "Festival of the dead," at which the souls of the dead passed through an intermediate state. Sept. 12 was the "Purification of their Virgin Mother"—Chimalman. Sept. 13, for "the woman who slaved by eating the fruit of the tree." Nov. 11, for "the gods who fell from heaven."

Jesus Acosta says they fasted before their feast, and "these fasts were the same unto them as our four ember weeks." Bonwick says: "The Spaniards were surprised to see the Mexicans keep the vernal four days fast." This was in the memory of Quetzalcoatl, who "was tempted forty days on a mountain." Bishop Las Casas says that they fasted one day in the week "like unto our Friday, in commemoration of the crucifixion." They fasted before taking the communion, and commenced with a fast of three days before that ceremony. Do papists recognize any similarity with these instructions?

Their purgatory was for children who had died at an early age and for adults guilty of venial offenses. Of this, Kinchborough says: "In the same way as our holy doctors teach the existence of Limbo for children who died without baptism." Women dying in child-birth, went straight to heaven.

Their hell was a place of darkness and situated in the center of the earth; and says Prescott, "the absence of all physical torture forms a striking contrast to the schemes of suffering so ingeniously devised by the fancies of the most enlightened nations." They had as many saints as the papists. Every day was devoted to one or more of them, and "little images were to be found in the humblest dwelling." There were many local saints; each had a specialty. One cured one disease, another cured another disease. Atlixco were built for them, "before which lights were kept burning, flowers were offered and the image itself was dressed and decorated according to the whim or capriciousness of the priest." Says Diaz: "A laughable matter is that in each province in the Indies have their gods, and the gods of one province or town are of no profit to the people of another. Thus they have an infinity of idols, to each of which they sacrifice."

They also had the Sacrament of extreme unction. Says Jesuit Acosta: "The priests did sing the funeral offices like to our answers. At these mortuaries, they ate and drank." This would seem to be the origin of the "Wake." The most amusing, yet instructive part of Jesuit Acosta's history is where he explains their Sacrament of Holy Orders, and their holy men and still holier women. It was evidently a gender point with him. You may swear at Jesus Christ, seduce a woman, rob a till, commit murder, but don't infringe on the prerogatives of the priesthood. He says: "The devil has even in Mexico some kind of religious women." They were supposed to be virgins, at least when they entered the convents; they were clothed in mourning; dressed in a peculiar habit; cut their hair close; rose at midnight to perform the same offices as the priests. The elder ones were called "mothers," and they were ruled by one of their number who employed them in making cloth for the adornment of the images and the temples. Before describing their priests, Jesuit Acosta says: "What made me wonder was that the devil would usurp to himself the service of God, yea, and use the same names; for they called their priests (after boys) and Levites and call their high priest 'pope.'" He then describes a monastery having cells for the monks; that their daily duty was to sing a mass full of incense before the image; and that the acolytes assisted in these ceremonies by lighting, them the incense, garments, lights, etc., with many bowings and genuflections. Humboldt describes a painting that he examined, which portrayed the genocides.

The monks rose at midnight, said prayers, sang and did penance. They were divided into two classes; the "immaculate" and the "wicked." To every large city, and there were more than a hundred of them, a priest of superior rank was delegated. He was obeyed by all the others within a given jurisdiction, but was answerable for his own conduct only to his pope. All the clergy dressed in black cotton mantles.

On taking Holy Orders, the priests were anointed, but Jesuit Acosta piously assures us that the oil used was "unsavory" and unlike "that sweet composition, which God defend should be employed in any other thing than in his divine service."

Their rosaries or beads appear on several MS. but more especially in the Codex Vaticanus. The number on the string cannot be counted, but they are evidently separated in sections of about equal length.

Gonzalez says they had "a cross like that of St. Andrew, and used it like us Catholics, to defend themselves against mighty specters, and also placed it over new-born children."

Martyr repeats this statement and also that crosses of copper or wood were placed over the graves. Prayers were read at these ceremonies, in a language unknown even to the priests, thus proving the antiquities of these rites.

If St. John confined himself strictly to the Isle of Patmos he must have been a telepathic communication with Mexico; his article has grown much longer than I intended, so I will only quote two or three more paintings, all, seemingly, treating on the same subject.

In the Mendoza collection there is a curious symbol called Xicotl, and another round it off with an even 100,000. However much they may differ as to the number, they are a unit in declaring that the Aztecs fasted on the dead bodies. But Bishop Las Casas says: "This is the testimony of brigands who wish to find an apology for their crimes." These cannibalistic habits are not in strict conformity with the character of the king who is recorded by these same historians as a man "of a mild and moderate disposition," and of whom Diaz says: "On our way home after the battle of the Aztecs, we could discourse of nothing but the gentle breeding and courtesy of the Mexican monarch." Nor do they agree with the accounts of the siege of the city of Mexico, where all admit that no suffering from famine could induce the Aztecs to eat the corpses of their enemies.

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Before these massacres had been determined on, these same historians wrote in regard to the teachings of the Aztecs. God, Torquemada says: "In truth, the dominion of Quetzalcoatl was sweet and he exacted no service from them, but easy and light things, instructing them in such as were virtuous and prohibiting such as were wicked, evil or injurious, teaching them to be wise to abhor them." And priest Sahagun says: "Quetzalcoatl was a good people, attached to virtue; urbane and simple in social intercourse, shunning lies; skillful in arts, pious toward their God."

These charges against the Aztecs do not satisfy inquiring minds. Enough of the history remains, known to many, and it was found necessary to explain it. At that time, in Spain, they had a peculiar organization of clerics, known as the "Council of Seventy." It was named after the number of disciples Jesus was supposed to have had. This council was unique, and its members were always considered themselves at least one step in advance of the theologians and by their authoritative decrees, frequently came in conflict with that infallible gentleman on the banks of the Tiber. At one time, when Holy Church was nearly rent in twain, vainly attempting to determine whether Jesus had only one "will" or two—a human and a divine—these gentlemen boldly declared that he had "three," as God, a divine one; as Man, a human one; and a third, which was the will of the Holy Spirit, which they prudently declined to classify.

So this Council of Seventy turned to the lunatic of Patmos and declared that the Aztecs fulfilled the prophecy in Revelation. Owing to the peculiar formation of the lakes at the city of Mexico, which were low and dry, and supply streams might connect them, a still holier member suddenly remembered that the Christian devil, their "Prince of Darkness" was called "Lucifer" (light). So this theory was shelved for future consideration.

Brooklyn, N. Y. (To be continued.) "The Soul of Things; or Psychometric Researches and Discoveries," by H. W. Denton. The three volumes of this book contain much valuable matter, and though concise as a text book, it is fascinating as a work of fiction, embracing as they do valuable matter covering the entire globe. Nothing has ever been written of more value to the investigator. Complete in the volumes. Price \$1.50. "What All the World A-Seeking," by Ralph Waldo Trine. Price \$1.35.

others to give us a faint idea of the Aztec cult.

But as long as educated Aztecs remained, the papal church was in danger, and order were issued to exterminate them. There was only one cleric who expressed pity for the unfortunate. He crossed the ocean several times, vainly imploring mercy for them. But his fiat had no effect. He had been issued for their destruction. Christian Europe would have been shaken from center to circumference had the truth been allowed expression. The deadly Inquisition drove them in multitudes into the water; then being drowned they were cut off their heads. Countless thousands perished in the mines, or from unaccustomed labor, or were deliberately tortured and murdered in a vain attempt to have them disclose hidden treasures.

When the liberal Mexican government disestablished the papal church, the monasteries, etc., were sold. Then underground dungeons, filled with human bones, were discovered. Fearing a popular revolt, the government put on the screws and the press was prohibited from publishing any more of the discoveries.

On June 25, this year, the news crept out that while excavating in a cloister yard of an ancient Dominican church at Vera Cruz, workmen unearthed an underground chamber filled with human bones. This church was built by the Inquisition for that city held its court.

The one honorable exception to this murderous gang of hell-hounds, to whom I have referred, was Bishop Las Casas. In his work: "The History of the Destruction of the Indies," he says: "The positive and truly ascertained that within the space of forty years, there have unjustly and tyrannically perished by the oppression and infernal conduct of the Christians, more than twelve millions of persons, men, women and children; and I believe that not a single one of them died a natural death."

News of these massacres had reached Europe. An excuse had to be found. The Dominicans, that noble order of Christian priests who sought to mend their ways by making a hell, excuse their conduct by saying that the Aztecs were the lowest order of humanity and that their daily food was human flesh. Bishop Zumarraga wrote that "20,000 victims were yearly slaughtered in the capital." Torquemada improved on this and made it "200,000." In 1519, Cortez insists that 20,000 were slaughtered on a specified day in the year. Another stated that he had discovered that at the dedication of a temple in 1486, 70,000 were slaughtered. Torquemada gives the number at exactly 72,344; another says 80,400, and another rounds it off with an even 100,000. However much they may differ as to the number, they are a unit in declaring that the Aztecs fasted on the dead bodies. But Bishop Las Casas says: "This is the testimony of brigands who wish to find an apology for their crimes."

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The Two Kings.

Comprehensively Illustrated in an Allegory.

Millions of years ago, when this old world was new, there came to reign upon it a mighty King, who declared that he should rule over all the nations of the earth—that even emperors, queens, kings and princes should yield the scepter and the crown whenever he saw fit to send forth the word of command.

The king and the child were not far apart. He declared that even Nature should respond to his mighty power; for at certain seasons of the year, he would touch her with his frosty finger, her cheek would turn to crimson for a moment, then she would cast her beautiful garments to the earth to be blown hither and yon by the autumn's blast, and she would become withered and brown and dead.

And so this King of Terrors has stalked about over the earth ever since the world began. There is no place that has not felt his blighting presence; there is no home that has not been invaded by this unwelcome intruder; locks, and bars, prayers and tears are useless. The sweetest bud in the family bouquet has been withered, and it has withered. The father, the mother, the wife, the friend—someone of them is gone away; and his name is Death. Some day he will come for you, too, when you do not dream of his presence; for it is said he often steals in like a thief in the night.

You may be drinking deeply from the cup of life, in the midst of merriment, and he may be near you, but he will not matter to him; you may be surrounded and protected by home and friends and wealth—he will not care for that; you may be on the brink of some great joy—and he will touch your eyelids and they will be sealed; he will kiss your cheek, and it will become pale and cold; he will put his fingers upon your heart strings, and the life, the music in you will be gone.

Tenderly amid flowers and tears, your friends will lay your form in the arms of Mother Nature, and the man of God will say: "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," and King Death will laugh. Your friends may plant a shaft of marble at your head, and money and fame, and after a time the storms of winter, the heats of summer and the dust and grime of earth, will blacken and blur those letters upon the stone, and your name will be obliterated and you will be forgotten—and Death will laugh again.

But there is another great power in the universe, greater than Death, and his name is Love, and he has many beautiful angels. Some of them are called Love; others Light and Truth, and Wisdom, and they do his bidding always. He fills space. He is the force which animates every atom in the universe—the rocks, the earth, the trees. He breathes in the fragrance of the flowers; he smiles in the smile of the child; he is the power which makes the sun shine, and the moon glow, and the stars twinkle in the air you breathe. By the laws of adhesion and cohesion he fashioned our earth and all the mighty worlds in space.

When as sparks of living light, you and I existed in the great ocean of life he said, "Go forth and conquer!" and the sparks of life were sent out into space to seek their affinity with matter and become living, breathing entities.

When Death blew his frosty breath upon the brow of Nature and said it must die, the leaves fell from the trees; the flowers, with drooping heads, closed their eyes in dreamless slumber; the great oak that but a short time before spread its green foliage to the smiling sunbeams, now lifts its bare arms as though in supplication to the overarching skies; but we know the oak is not dead—we say, it is resting.

The spirit, the life principle, lies hidden deep within the bosom of Mother Nature.

Now the great King whose name is LIFE will kiss the sky—the sunshine and the Spring will wed, and the flowers with quickened life will again come forth.

The positive and negative forces in Nature will unite and the electrical current send its life-giving power out into every tree and flower and tiny blade of grass, until the whole world is in its blaze of glory.

Now when you say, this does not prove to us that the King Immortal who speaks of a reality. We know that Nature has a way of winding itself up somehow, and goes on and on by some law of perpetual motion—but tell me of my darling, the child, I resigned to the arms of Nature, and the mighty monarch Death has breathed upon it. We know he is a reality, for he takes our loved ones away and never brings them back; the fruits and flowers and grain come forth anew and smile upon us, but where are those who were dear to us? We have called, but in vain; the sweet voices we loved are lost to us forever. Have you prayed, but our prayers have fallen back upon us like echoes in the lonely forest, and soon we, too, must yield ourselves up to this cruel Death. Oh! if there is an undiscovered country to which our loved ones have gone, tell us—tell us of it, that our hearts may be at rest, be still, be quiet. The angels obeyed, and when they had come into the mortal sphere they were attracted to a home where King Death had set his seal upon the brow of the mother. It was a humble abode, but the golden rule had been the law of life, and to such the angels love to come.

The mother, a widow, had toiled from morn to eve to maintain her little flock, until at last, overcome with fatigue and care, her life was slowly and silently ebbing away. Her features were drawn and colorless; the faltering tongue was scarcely audible in the murmurings who were clustered about her in all the abandonment of grief that cannot be stayed.

The apartment was chilly, dark, stormy clouds were spreading a mantle over the sky, bringing an added gloom to that little abode. All life and beauty and hope were shut out from that home, or so it seemed to that sorrowing group.

The eldest, a delicate girl of thirteen years, upon whom would devolve the cares so soon to fall from the dying mother's shoulders, watched and waited, thinking of the mother going away—she knew not whither, and she would never see her again. And when, at last the fluttering breath had fled, when the lips were cold and could no longer respond, the child threw herself across her mother's body, crying, "Mother! Mother! come back to me, I am all alone! Oh! come back!"

The unseen angels who, during all these hours had never left this home of sorrow gazed with mingled feelings of pity and joy upon the scene, and they said, "Let us fling back the shadows that divide the mortal from the immortal; this child of earth may see that her mother is not dead."

They waited until her grief had spent its force and she became more calm; then they flung the shadows back and her spiritual vision was opened, and she saw and heard that which filled her soul and all her future life with joy. She beheld her mother, no longer encased in the form she had known, but one finer, lovelier, more transcendently beautiful than any form she had ever seen—but still her mother smiling upon her with the same smile, gazing upon her with eyes as full of love as ever they did in the past, and with the same angelic smile of Love.

She was the angel of the King of Love, smiling as of old, and the little brother of the King of Death had robbed them of so long ago.

The little room that until now had seemed so dark and gloomy, was illumined with a glory not of earth; sweet music, before unheard of, seemed to fill the place with melody, whose vibrations rose and fell like the ripple of waves on some enchanted shore. Roses and sweet mignonette mingled their fragrance with the lily and the violet—all was beauty and light and loveliness.

The mother's joy seemed perfect, but for the grief of her child, for she marveled at what she saw. Placing her arms about the child, she said, "My darling, I am not dead; the body lying there is but the worn-out garment I have cast away for a better one. I am alive and the angels Love and Truth and Wisdom tell me that I am an immortal spirit. And, darling, remember we will never leave you; though you may not see us, we will guard and guide your footsteps on your earthly way, and when King Death casts his shadow over your mortal existence, we will come with the angels of LIFE and bear your spirit away to the realms where King Death cannot enter."

And so the veil was lifted and the angels of LIFE still came and go to all the children of earth. King Death no longer laughs; his power is broken and his scepter is gone. The veil over the doorway of the Temple of Life has been penetrated by the eye of the spirit.

Millions of earth's children are glad with a joy unexpressed. The King of LIFE has come and Death himself is dead.

Yes, Death is dead, and in his place stands Life, Eternal Life! Oh! mortal, turn thy gaze above—behold.

Such glories as can ne'er be known in all this outward strife.

Let Peace her mantle fling
O'er all thy earthly ways,
And when the angels cast off the heavy chains of earth,
Thou'lt wing thy flight to fairer climes and brighter days.

Eternal LIFE and endless progress is the star of every human soul, And thou shalt climb to heights undreamed.

And grander truths perceive,
As age on age in endless cycles roll.
ALICE C. BARRY.
Clinton, Iowa.

Camp Etna, Maine.
The fall meeting of the F. M. S. C. will open Friday, August 22, at 10 o'clock, Sunday, September 6. The best talent has been secured for the entire 10 days. Dr. J. M. Peebles, Rev. Harrison D. Barrett, Rev. May S. Pepper, Vanderbilt, and others will serve us with a feast of good continually. The musical part will be of great value, as the Ladies' Schubert Quartette of Boston, have kindly consented to give the entire season. We anticipate the most valuable, the most successful, the best meeting ever held at Camp Etna, Maine. Rates will be given on all roads. Sunday excursions from all points. Come everybody and partake of a feast of good. For programs and information, address the secretary.

MRS. MARY DRAKE JENNER.
Monson, Maine.
Or ARTHUR C. SMITH, President,
Bangor, Me., R. F. D. 2.

WORTH WHILE.
You say, my child, it's not worth while
To study your lessons at school;
But when you're a lad
You'll be wiser and glad
That you mastered each study and rule.

And when you're a man, it is "still worth while"
To study the lessons of Life;
For we learn much through sorrow
That will aid on the morrow,
Thus growing through hardship and strife.

All small things do dwell, in the end it will tell,
Every kind word and act is "worth while";
You will never repent
Of a life kindly spent.
Forward, then! bravely facing each smile,
ALICE LUELLA HOLBROOKE.
Everett, Mass.

SPIRIT TOLD CHUM WHERE TO FIND THE BOOK.

Old Virginian, One of Original Three Cronies, Relates a Strange Story.

Visiting acquaintances in San Francisco, Cal., is Col. John L. Grube, of Richmond Va., a former assistant postmaster of that city and gentleman of the old school, whose stories of plantation days never fail to interest all who are fortunate enough to be within earshot.

Col. Grube is not a believer in ghosts or psychic phenomena of any description, and has no theory of incident which he related one night when the conversation had drifted into the supernatural.

"I had two bachelor friends," he said, "with whom I used to hunt a great deal in the old season. Out of season we would get together whenever we could and talk over our favorite books and other topics of kindred interest. Everybody at home who knows me knows to whom I refer, and as one of the parties met a tragic death, the figures of this story will be pretty well recognized at once. 'My bachelor friends got closer together when I got married, to speak to one was also to say something of the other. They took it in turns spending evenings with each other, Charlie going to Dick's apartments every night for a week and vice versa.

Fireside Cronies.
"Each had a special chair for the other on either side of the open fire in winter and side by side on the balcony in summer. They were particularly as a couple of old maids in this respect, and some others, on which was not to exceed a certain number of drinks an evening, except on very special occasions.

"They were one time considering a work in three volumes, two treating of Southern songsters, and one of Virginia birds exclusively. They started in on the latter and read with delight of their old acquaintances of the forests and streams river marshes.

Dick valued this volume very highly, so highly, in fact, that he didn't quite like the idea of Charlie taking it out with him one afternoon to read in a favorite haunt, near the old reservoir. Dick had a business engagement and could not go along. Charlie was absent from his accustomed seat near Dick. The latter was so disturbed that the next morning he went around to his friend's home only to find that they supposed Charlie had been spent the evening with him as he often did.

"During the day there was no news of him. The next day it was decided to drag the reservoir, and the body of his life-long friend was found.

Turned Down Dead One's Glass.
It was a sad blow to Dick, who found himself completely at a loss without Charlie. Everything reminded him of the dead man—his pipes, his books, the empty chair, the empty glasses that he had to turn down every night as he poured his own drink and drank it down in sorrow. "It was long before he thought of the missing book on Virginia birds, the book which Charlie had taken with him on that fateful walk. What could have become of it? It was probably lying at the bottom of the old reservoir, where his friend had perished.

"The fire was bright, and opposite him was Charlie's empty chair. On a little table at his side were the decanter and two empty glasses. He filled his own and tried to forget, but he could not.

"The following night he again sat by the fire, stung at the vacant chair on the other side of the hearth and thinking how empty his life was without his old chum. Again the thought of the missing book returned to his mind and would not be dismissed.

"The fire died down and he got up to put on a fresh log. When he sat down it was in Charlie's chair. As he did so Charlie strode into the room in his old fashion."

Ghost Did Not Look Uncanny.
At this moment the Colonel interrupted his narrative long enough to say: "And this is the story just as Dick told it to me. He did not feel surprised, at least not any more so than at the sudden appearance of a friend who had been long absent. There was nothing uncanny about the appearance of Charlie. He looked just as he did the afternoon he came to borrow the volume on Virginia birds.

"Why, Charlie, damn it," said Dick, "I thought you were dead."

"So I am," replied Charlie. "I was drowned."

"Preposterous, man! Here you are as natural as ever. Come, take a drink. You don't know how I have missed you."

"I am dead, old man," said Charlie, "but I could not rest until I got that book off my mind. I knew how much you thought of it and how much you would worry over it. None of us have worried me. It was the book, the book, all the time. I carried it along the road, but I lost it on the way, and it was almost dark when I came to Riddle's blacksmith shop. It was too late to read, and I left the book there, intending to return for it."

"Old boy, I did not get a chance to start back, but the book is at Riddle's. Charlie was gone."

"Dick found himself staring from the chair and saying, 'But for God's sake, Charlie, don't you pull out like that.'"

"But there was no sign of his friend."

"And," added the Colonel, "the book was found at Riddle's."

To the Spiritualists at Large.
The ladies of the "Colby Luther Bazaar" will be thankful to receive any articles (fancy or otherwise) books, etc., that the friends in the Cause may donate. We would also like to add as many new members as possible to our list this season. Membership fee, 25 cents per year. This is a noble work and we hope all who can will respond. Address all donations to Mrs. F. C. Moore, 2102 Central avenue, Anderson, Ind., until July 23, after that date, Chesterfield, Ind. MRS. F. C. MOORE, Secretary.

"Continuity of Life a Cosmic Truth." A powerful argument along scientific lines, by Prof. W. M. Lockwood. Price \$1.00.

RHEUMATISM

Let us send you TO TRY FREE, our new \$1.00 External Treatment, which is Curing Thousands.

SEND YOUR NAME TO-DAY.



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THE PSYCHOGRAPH

OR
Dial Planchette.

This instrument is substantially the same as that employed by Prof. Hare in his early investigations. In its improved form it has been before the public for more than twelve years, and in the hands of thousands of persons has proved its superiority over the Planchette, and all other instruments which have been brought out in imitation, both in regard to certainty and correctness of the communications received by its aid, and as a means of developing mediumship.

Do you wish to investigate Spiritism?
Do you wish to develop Mediumship?
Do you desire to receive communications?

The Psychograph is an invaluable assistant. A pamphlet with full directions for the FORMATION OF CIRCLES AND CULIVATION OF MEDIUMSHIP.

Many persons who are not aware of their mediumistic gift, have, after a few sittings, been able to receive delightful messages. A volume might be filled with commendatory letters from those who have used the Psychograph, and all other instruments which have been brought out in imitation, both in regard to certainty and correctness of the communications received by its aid, and as a means of developing mediumship.

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TELL ME, AS I CLASP HANDS
WITH THEE, SWEET WIFE.

But one rare being in the Universe
holds allegiance from me;
None other responds to life's dreams,
my heart throbs, none other but
thee;

While high over us sweet Nature's
banner unfurled wide to life's
breeze,

Waves vibrant in our loves, that bear
us swiftly on beyond earth's seas.

Who says we're not married in high-
est heaven, dreams in cloistered
cell

Of true, pure, noble and trusting wo-
manhood doomed to endless hell;
But the God above and truth around
us, bear to us radiant life.

As across life's chasm, I clasp hands
with thee, my beautiful wife.

I am told, to me one dearer than life,
is with you "over there."

You spoke often of her wisdom and
beauty, while you still were here;
You told me she was mate of my soul,
a counterpart of my life

And I have felt her strange, sweet
influence as part of thee, sweet wife.

I have believed her wisdom the true
inspiration of thy wit;

Her soul, the fountain of thy love that
warmed friendships through life's
cold mists;

In very truth, I've dreamed her great
Soul, the subconscious in your life;
Oh, sweetheart! is this truth? Tell
me! as I clasp hands with thee,
sweet wife.

DAVID.

THE life that was and life to be, are
one; Destiny marked them ours;
Ours for life's battles, our Souls' joys
and wisdom gleaned from sage, or
stars.

Here, thou wert my life and love;
Hope thrilled our hearts through
all noble strife;

Is love unending there? Tell me; as
I clasp hands with thee, sweet wife.

DAVID.

WHAT SHALL WE FIND?

What shall we find when we leave be-
hind
Our forms of earthly clay?
Shall we take our flight to the world
of light?

And behold eternal day?
Will our spirits soar to the glistering
shore?

Of a glorious river of life,
Then joyously bathe in its silvery
wave

And be cleansed of all hatred and
strife?

Will their faces shine with a love di-
vine,
When we enter that heavenly land?
Will they bid us come to a beautiful
home,

Hold out a welcome hand?
Will angels bright in that world of
light

Which they have prepared for us
there?
Shall we find sweet rest on a loving
breast,

And no more harrowing care?
Will there be no tears, no doubts and
fears,

No sickness or headache again?
Will loving smiles our hearts beguile,
And banish all sorrow and pain?

Shall we find rare flowers in fragrant
bowers,
And meadows of unfading green,
Enchanting hills, and lakes and rills,
All glowing with golden sheen?

Shall we hear glad songs from count-
less throngs
Of spirits made happy and free?
Will our hearts be filled with joyful
thrills,

As we join their grand jubilee?
Shall we find all this transcendent
bliss

When we leave the earthly shore?
Will peace and joy without alloy
Dwell with us forevermore?

Then why should we fear when the
angel draws near,
In garments of dazzling white,
To bear us away where endless day
Forever excludes the night?

So gently we'll glide on the flowing
tide,
Across to the other shore,
Where visions bright will greet our
sight

And troubles are known no more?
MRS. M. E. MARGERUM,
Bridgewater, Mass.

A MAGNETIC HEALING SCHOOL.

I have been thinking of commencing
a school for the purpose of giving
instructions in healing by Magnetism.
Magnetism is the most effective, the
most painless and the speediest method
of healing of any system in the
world. Every person can do some
good, healing, but I would advise only
those who note some success in treat-
ing slight pains to learn. They can
not have complete success unless they
learn to apply their magnetism prop-
erly. This is taught in the "Manual
of Magnetic Healing," so that a healer
may do fairly well, and with practice
make a much better success than reg-
ular doctors, whose success in chronic
cases is about, or even below zero, or
than even osteopaths, who seem to
stand higher than any other system of
healing, but if they would be perfect,
they should thoroughly study the hu-
man system, particularly the nervous
system. I should if I could find those
willing to be treated in the presence
of the class, provided the treatment is
costless to them, give illustrations of
treatment.

The time required for the school
would be short, not to exceed three
months, and the price would be about
\$25.00. Free to those unable to pay.
Room rent would be about \$8.00 to
\$15.00 per month, and of course living
is as cheap one place as another.
If the school is in any way encourag-
ing, I shall continue it every year, or
have someone who will. Address me
at Olympia, Wash.

DANIEL W. HULL, M. H.

MANUAL OF MAGNETIC HEALING.

By Daniel W. Hull.

Dr. Hull has been a healer for more
than forty years, and has been un-
iformly successful. His instructions
to healers, and those wanting to learn
to heal are the most complete of any
work that has ever been published.
No healer should be without it. Price
25 cents.

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

Extraordinary Spirit Visitations

The Many Manifestations, Presentiments, Dreams That Happened—
Before, at and After the Death of Perl J. Cupp.

After reading and re-reading the testimony of many others, pardon me to write what happened under my own observation, and in my own family. Ere this I have heard of many things happening, but never paid the least attention to them, and doubted until my dear boy was called home, Nov. 27, 1905, aged 21 years, 5 months and 10 days. To write the many apparitions, manifestations, dreams, presentiments and premonitions that happened before, at, and after the death of my dear boy, Perl J. Cupp, causes sorrow and tears; but if I can help my fellow man, or men of science, to draw some conclusions, I will do so. We may call it telepathy, sensation, Spiritualism, imagination, hallucinations, or whatever name you may suggest, but we know in our case these things did come within our notice.

I have always been a great believer in God, Christ and the immortality of the soul, and that death does not end all, but the coincidence referred to in this article convinces me more firmly that what we call death is only the shuffling off this mortal coil, and we put on an immortal body, a spiritual body, the very moment death comes. With all my reading and thinking of this all-important subject, that death is only a separation, I find that my knowledge of the future is a grain of sand surrounded by a limitless ocean, and if ever a family should be thankful to an all-wise Providence, it should be my family. We had many visions, presentiments and manifestations shown us after our dear boy had gone to that city beyond this earth. These presentiments will ever be remembered. They will always be a solace to us, that our dear boy passed through the pearly gates safely, and now dwells in that city where there is no sickness, no death, no sorrow.

I will give a synopsis of characters:
Geo. W. Cupp, father of Perl J. Cupp.
Nettie I. Cupp, mother of Perl J. Cupp.
Lola Cupp, only sister of Perl J. Cupp.
Fred A. Cupp, brother of Perl J. Cupp.
Ella Barr, sister of my wife.
Lydia Cupp, wife of Corydon C. Cupp, a brother of Geo. W. Cupp.
Parkie, a brother of Perl J. Cupp, who died 18 years before.
Thomas J. Cupp, a brother of G. W. Cupp.
Don Cupp, a brother of Perl J. Cupp.

First, I have heard of dreams, manifestations and presentiments, but I was somewhat a doubter until they came under my own observation. If I did not know they were true, I would not believe them, but I know they are, and the only explanation I can give is that they are divine.

Perl J. Cupp died, or was cut to pieces by a train of cars, Nov. 27, 1905; age, 21 years, 5 months, and 10 days. He was a great traveler. He had been in nearly every state in the Union, over most of Canada, and in every country in South America. He had just been home 10 days after a two years' trip to South America. He knew no fear. He was on the ocean when, for four days, they pumped water day and night ere they reached land. On Sunday evening, before his death, he pulled up his sleeve and said, "If ever I am killed, and you can't identify me, look at this tattoo on my left arm." For six hours he lay at the morgue, not identified, and within only a few feet of his mother and sister. He had been away two years, and scarcely any one knew him.

But when he came home from South America he stopped at a restaurant and got a lunch. Allen Schwab was at the counter, and he was well acquainted with Perl. When Perl was killed, he was all cut to pieces, only his head and left arm remained whole, and no one recognized him. But Schwab thought all the time it looked like Perl's hat. He said to himself: "As soon as my dinner is over, I will go up and get Thomas J. Cupp and take him over to the morgue, and see if it is not Perl." It was. I was on the road, and away from home. When the news reached my wife she became frantic. My wife sent my boy to the grocery, and Dr. Davis was there. He said to Don, "Go home and tell your mother it is not Perl, and to dry her tears." Dr. J. Leonard was there, and my wife said, "Go over and look at his left arm, and see if such a tattoo is on his arm." He reported there was. Now, why was it Perl showed it, the tattoo, the night before? Why was it only his left arm that was saved, of his whole body? All the rest ground to pieces. Can mortal man explain this? Another peculiarity of his was that he always carried a bundle of letters from Miss Rose Belle Isle, of Menominee, Mich., to whom he was to be wedded in the coming April, and he always carried identification cards. When we asked the coroner, he said nothing was found. We wondered, after his burial, where these were. I looked around, and found them in the book case. He had always carried these, and had carried them all over South America. He was leaving then for a trip to Marion, Ohio, and Cincinnati, Ohio.

On Saturday evening, Mrs. Ella Barr, living at Toledo, Ohio, dreamed she saw my wife all dressed in black, and sitting in a corner weeping bitterly. The dream came true to the letter. Toledo is 65 miles from Mansfield.

On Monday morning, the day of his death, at 3 a. m., Belle Cupp, at Parma, Mich., dreamed she saw Perl all cut to pieces. She was so positive of its truth, my brother could not console her, and she would not go to sleep. Parma is 150 miles away. They knew nothing of his demise until the Saturday following his death.

On Sunday night previous to his death, Fred A. Cupp was 1,000 miles away, on the ocean, he being in the United States navy. Five times he got up in his sleep, and the crew inquired what was wrong. He said: "There is something wrong at home. I know my brother is dead." They talked to him, and he fell asleep. At 5 p. m., when he was called, the first thing he thought of was: "We shall miss him, but not forget him; there's a vacant chair at home." The whole piece he said over and over all day; and he would sing this piece, and could not get it out of his mind. He never received word of his brother's death until Tuesday, 11 a. m. He had written us of his dream. On Tuesday at 2 a. m., Lydia Cupp, 85 miles away, at Portage, Ohio, sprang up in bed and began to cry, and my brother said, "Lydia, what is wrong?" She said that she just saw Perl, and that he was all cut to pieces. It was so plain; everything was so real. She would not be comforted. She would not sleep, and all day Tuesday her husband and she talked about it. We called them up by long distance phone, Tuesday, at 8:30 p. m., to notify them that Perl would be buried Wednesday at 11 a. m., at Fostoria, Ohio. They related the above incident to us then.

But now comes what I deem the greatest test of all. From the moment my wife heard that Perl was killed, her weeping was great—she could not be consoled. Perl was left at the undertaker's until Tuesday. I could not get home until late Monday evening, and my wife would not do a thing until I arrived. Her cries would be, "Oh! An endless eternity." She believes in a hell of fire and brimstone. And Perl away so long! She did not know how he had lived. No one could console her. He was brought home on Tuesday. The family, accompanied by the Rev. R. H. Edmonds only, went in to view all that remained of our loved boy. His face and neck was all that was saved, except his left arm. The Rev. R. H. Edmonds said he would offer up a word of prayer ere we left the room. I saw that I had to burst into tears, and turned to one side, so that my wife would not see me cry. I held her with my right arm. While the Rev. Edmonds was praying, my wife and Lola Cupp said the most beautiful light they ever saw came and shone in his coffin, and around his face, more beautiful than the rays of the sun, more bright than the brightest of arc lights. They thought that Perl was going to speak, to laugh. My wife bent over to hear him speak, but he spoke not. Can mortal man explain this? It was the glare of the light of heaven. My wife left the room; her tears and sobbing ceased. She said: "I know now my boy is safe in that heaven of rest." We are poor; but all the wealth of the world would not purchase this one omen, if it could be sold. Oh! I imagine my dear boy begging of God to send an omen that he was safe. The surety came. Two hours before he elapsed his arms around her neck, and kissed her good-by and smiled. How well she remembers that. But it will never be remembered as this last smile, because it was from above—a heavenly smile, an immortal, a spiritual smile. It was no sun's rays, because it was raining, and the heavens were blanketed with clouds, and not one ray of the sun could be seen. She has told me more than 100 times that, if it were not for this token, she would be beneath the sod. She never could endure it. Oh! how we ought to thank God for that light. Can anything be more sublime? Can mortal man explain only what is divine? Let us now go over my experience. I, being away, came home

HOME JOTTINGS

From the Pen of Mattie E. Hull.

Among the excellent articles that have appeared in The Progressive Thinker from week to week, there has been none that has more deeply stirred my soul within me than the communication from J. D. Barrett, which heralded the good work which has recently been achieved in Portland, Oregon. For two reasons I was especially interested in the report that the Ordinance had been passed, over which there had been bitter contention. First, because it is just, therefore right; and Second, many names included in the report of those who stood valiantly in defense of the Ordinance are names of some of the good friends, with whom "The Hull Pilgrimage" have worked at stated times for many years. In fact, in all the work in which Mr. Hull and myself have been engaged in the city of Portland, it was done under the auspices of "The First Spiritualist Society," except the independent meetings we held in the Mallory parlors. Having been so closely associated with the society from time to time, we understood the obstacles with which it had to contend, and the outside pressure which, like counter-currents, at times made the work difficult and disheartening.

Dear friends of Portland, I would like to reach my hands over the distance, and grasp yours, and verbally assure you of my continuous interest in your welfare. Moses, who loved you, and whom you loved, would express from his home of larger opportunities, his interest also, in every step of progress you make.

There are two classes arrayed in opposition against the Ordinance, which has proven so successful in Chicago—the Ordinance for which "The Chicago Spiritualists' League" so nobly stands. One class is made up of those who have had nothing to do with Spiritualism, but to make use of its name, in their schemes of graft and exploitation. Persons who have announced themselves as "The Great Living Psychics," "Most Wonderful Clairvoyants in the World," "Mediums who never make a mistake," and so on and ad infinitum.

The other class, as far as my observation and knowledge are concerned, is made up of honest and well-meaning people, who are ignorant of the general phases of the movement, and having had no experience except with bonafide and in every way, trustworthy mediums, and they cannot imagine why legislative enactment should prohibit anyone who claims mediumistic powers. Possibly, a third class might be named: Those who know of the deceit and trickery labelled "Mediumship," and would let it go on, as one of my correspondents has written, "These people will sooner or later hang themselves." Those who take the position do not realize that while the secular press publishes the sensational advertisements of the gaffers who claim to be the "Wonder of Wonders," our best mediums are under ban, and bear to a certain extent the stigma that has been placed upon the most unworthy. Spiritualism and its true evangelists will be placed before the world in their true light as the good work goes on.

"Where are you going to Camp?" This question has reached me in a score or more of letters. Strange as it may seem, this is the first session since 1872, that I have been free from camp meeting engagements. I will state the matter as it is; when replies to some of my applications for dates, were received I was not a little surprised to learn from those to whom I had written, that they had "no idea" I cared to make engagements this season; had it been known, I would

at 2 a. m., Tuesday. Perl being away two years, I wished certainly to have a long talk. We talked Thursday. Thursday night I dreamed five times that I should take a paper dollar I had in my pocket and go up and get \$100 insurance. Something would say, "If anything should happen, you are poor, and that will help you to bury him." All day Friday the same thought came to me. I did not. I should have done so. Perl had one fault. I never said a word to him before until the Friday before the incident. What prompted me then I know not, but I could not get it off my mind. At last I said, "Perl, do you know the one fault you practice is worse condemned in the Bible than even murder?"

He arose and said: "I know it, papa, and henceforth I will be a man."

As I said, when he was killed, I was away. My brother called up the chief of police and said he should go to the hotels and find me and inform me of his death. I was at Marion, Ohio, that Monday. When he informed me, I thought I could not endure it. I went to my room to weep. Men came to talk, and speak words of comfort. At last I started to go across the street. I will never forget it. His voice, as plain as ever it was, came and said: "Papa, dry up your tears. I am happier and better off than you." So plain, so positive was it that I thought it his voice. I called up by long distance phone and asked if it were true. They said it was. I worried about his future, I admit. One night he came to my bed and said: "Papa, to convince you I am safe, I have brought you little Parkie, and you know little children always go to heaven." What comforting words! I have not the ability or the power of language to utter such words. Hence they must be divine, and come from the distant shore. He and Parkie looked natural—only Parkie had grown. I then worried because he was all cut to pieces. One night he came and said: "Papa, do not worry; what we think brought us sorrow and pain, only brought joy and happiness." From that time I never worried.

Jan. 1, 1906, I was sitting at the hotel, Marion, Ohio, when all at once a voice came and said: "Take good care of mother." It was so shrieking that even to this day I can feel it in my left ear. I went to my room, and penned a poem entitled, "Take Good Care of Mother."

Mrs. Ella Barr died Saturday evening, Feb. 3, 1906, at Toledo, Ohio. Sunday night, at 2:45 a. m., she came to my bed and said: "I am now with Perl; she and Parkie are having such a good time." I did not know she was dead. I told my dream to my family so that they would not say I made it up. She looked as natural as ever.

Once Perl came to me and said: "We recognize friends over here, but how I do not know. I have not been here long enough to study it out. The first I met was grandpa (referring to my father), and then others came."

We had a long conversation on Friday before his death. He said he did not blame me for my failure financially. He said he was perfectly satisfied about Fred and Lola—never mentioned Don. One night after death, he came and said, "The last conversation we had I said I was perfectly satisfied about Fred and Lola, but never said a word about Don. But have Don preach Christ and him crucified, as not one-half of his love and kindness has been told." He has never come to me since. I don't think he will.

Now, these are dreams and visions of things I never thought of. Explain them to me. If there is anything I can do, I will help you. One thing I forgot about Ella Barr. (I believe the reason she came to me was this: I once did her a favor, when all her friends seemed to leave her. I always believed she came to me to repay that kindness. As one poet has said, "If you have had a kindness shown, pass it on, pass it on; till in heaven the deed appears, pass it on, pass it on.")

Mansfield, Ohio.

have been on the program," etc. It seems a little strange, as I had announced in the papers at various times my desire for camp meeting dates. I will now state that I would like engagements during the month of September and occasionally during the Fall and Winter months.

If I conclude to continue my work in the Morris Pratt School, I can arrange my periods so it would be possible for me to fill Saturday night and Sunday engagements within a few hundred miles of my home and would be glad to do so.

I conclude, from several letters received this summer, that some of my friends think I am in "very poor health," this summer. Such is not the case. I am leading a busy life, dividing my time between household duties, garden work, writing, and not the least among the varied things that are in the every-day program, are the sittings, or in other words, the seasons of communion with my invisible teachers and loved ones. I am busy from early morning until nightfall, and am grateful for the strength given me to accomplish all that I have since the closing of the School in May.

Of course, since Mr. Hull left us, the business connected with our publications, devolves upon me. I have an extensive correspondence. All of this, with matters pertaining to the home, and my psychic work fill up the long days.

I have not failed to hold a sitting for Mr. Hull, one day since the tragedy service one year ago, the 14th of last January. He who, for so many years was my teacher in many things, does not fail me now. In many instances his messages to me are beautiful spirit revelations, and it is when lifted in soul into those vibrations where it is possible "to receive the blessings," as he used to say, that I feel it still sweet to live and labor in this mundane sphere.

One of the most positive proofs that has come to me, assuring me of Mr. Hull's interest in my work was contained in a letter written to me by a Denver friend, when I was in Los Angeles. It contained this: "I have received an unmistakable message from Mr. Hull." He gave points in the message that made him positive it was his "old friend" Moses who gave the communication; and he told me: Write Mattie, and tell her not to give up her daily sittings; I am anxious that she should continue them regularly; they are as helpful to me as to her." The writer added: "Mr. Hull seemed so earnest in the matter, I felt it was imperative that I write you and I cannot urge the matter too strongly." This was but a short time after Mr. Hull's transition. No one knew of my sittings, except the people in the home where I was entertained.

The Biography.

It may not be out of place to state here, that a large supply of Mr. Hull's Biography has reached me, and of course I would like to sell them as rapidly as possible. The cloth-bound are one dollar per copy; paper, 60 cents. A discount will be made when taken by the half-dozen. I say this because something during the winter, persons connected with societies asked for this information.

Spiritualists in Ohio, I may pass through Cleveland in August, if so, shall spend some time within 30 miles of that city. If you have not made previous engagements, let me hear from you. MATTIE E. HULL, Whitewater, Wis.

"The Attainment of Womanly Beauty of Form and Features. The Cultivation of Personal Beauty Based on Hygiene and Health Culture. By twenty physicians and specialists. Edited by Albert Turner. Of special interest and value. Price, \$1.00.

A CURIOUS VEIN OF THOUGHT.

Thomas C. Buddington, a Prominent Medium, Starts a New Sanatorium at Hawk's Park, Fla.

To the Editor:—"Way down upon the Indian River" in Florida, your paper occasionally comes to the "New Thought" pioneers in this section of the world, and it leads to us a question as to whether Spiritualism after all is what we hoped it would be in the early stages of the movement. What with the loss of spiritual power to the mediums for demonstration, and the substitution of "fake phenomena," as evidence, it begins to look as if the "Cause" is getting in a bad way. The Searchlight reveals almost as bad a condition of corruption in mediumship as President Roosevelt's searchlight made plain to the people when he turned on the Standard Oil magnates.

Well, down in this country we are not disturbed by any of the ideas which agitate the Northern people. The Florida Cracker is not familiar with ghosts except as "haunts" and "haints," as he terms them, and "fake phenomena" is something he knows nothing of, though he says he "has heard tell of ghosts appearing up North, and he would give a dollar to see one." When a "Cracker" will give a dollar to see anything short of a circus, his interest is certainly aroused, and there might be a chance for a ghost-producing medium to win the dollar if he could give a good show.

We have no disturbing spirits in this state outside of Lake Helen camp. There occasionally they appear when the camp is in session, but they come with the Northern contingent who bring them with them, and keep them active as long as the camp is in session. The rest of the year all is peaceful and serene as far as ghost affairs are concerned, and only a few spirit "wags" enliven the monotony of the long Florida Summer. Chief among these is "Artemus Ward" of the 60's who says he is "still dead," not having had any reincarnation yet, nor does he propose to re-embody until there are fewer fools among mortals who swallow everything done by spiritual mediums as true. He prophesies that it will take at least a hundred years to eliminate the fools, and twice that time to get rid of the "Fakes," even if The Progressive Thinker should be published in A. D. 2100.

He also says that "New Thought" is a hard subject to get a foothold in the average mortal's mind, owing mostly to lack of gray matter in the brain. "In order, therefore," he says, "to facilitate the growth of brain structure, the advanced spirits of the higher spheres have given up working among mortals to make Spiritualists, and are now concentrating their efforts to stop those who are so afflicted from becoming demented with facts and notions."

When a psychic or inspirational speaker starts out to "Reform the world," the best remedy is to put such psychics or reformers to work with the axe and grub-hoe in this country until they are satisfied the world was formed all right at first, and does not need their assistance to change it. If, however, with the use of the axe, grub-hoe and brush-hoe, supplemented with the plow and cultivator, they can raise a crop of sweet potatoes, and watermelons, they are on the high road to mental health and physical wealth. When they have got along far enough to own an orange grove, their chance for escaping the lunatic asylum is assured.

No Floridian ever believes a man who can make money this way is unsound in mind or purse, or even ill. In order, therefore, to reach this class of spirit workers, we are working opening a "New Thought" ground on the East Coast R. R., about 25 miles from the Lake Helen Camp, where the afflicted in mind and body can come and be cured. We have about 130 acres of good wild land awaiting the transforming work of the "fad"-afflicted reformer. We have a good supply of "magic" axes, "magnetic" grub-hoes, "electric" brush-hoes, and rakes for male reformers, and for nervous females, nothing as yet has been found so effective as the "insulated" washboard, made of glass and placed in a tub of galvanized iron, filled with soap-suds and soiled clothes. The moment the patient puts her hand on the board the nervous excess of the brain comes to the fingers' tips, and although at first the arms may ache, soon that passes away and the exhilaration of clean palms, as they come out of the tub exalts the spirits, and puts the patient on the high road to health.

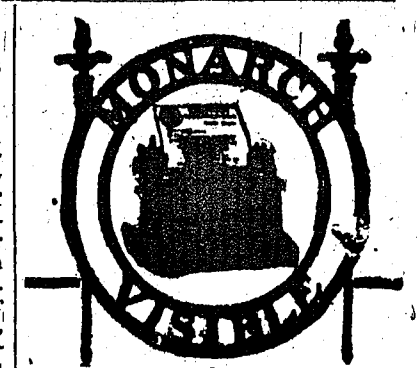
So far everyone who has entered this natural sanatorium has recovered and even the writer, who when a young man had had visions of "Reforming this world," is entirely cured.

You will see by the accompanying photographs what a magnificent ground has been chosen by these advanced spirits to cure the naturally unsound and the physically incapacitated. The best thing about the spirit instructions given, is not to exclude any, however badly afflicted they may be, but like the grave-yard take them in until they experience the resurrection. This of course includes mediums who have been "faking" as well as their dupes, and we have great hopes that such mediums may be cured of their weaknesses and restored to honesty and sobriety.

But we assure them the moment they show signs of clean thought, and grub-hoe treatment will be applied until such time as the "guides" say it is safe to turn them loose again. On these grounds there is no room for faking or dishonest phenomena, nor will there be any "winking" on the part of the management at doubtful manipulation of the mediumistic conditions.

It is not intended that this "New Thought" center will be a spiritual Bazaar where money will be the ruling power or its acquisition the chief spiritual motive. Hence, those "on the make" will do well to give it a wide berth. Those, however, who wish to come to a place where clean demonstrations of a spiritual order are given and who wish to study them, can come and be sure of a welcome, but none others are wanted. Scandalizing, snarling, growling, scandal-mongering crowd may heed the Irishman's statement, "Your absence is very good company." We hope to have at least one center, where spiritual truth can be sought and studied without unfavorable conditions to interfere with it.

THOMAS C. BUDDINGTON, Hawk's Park, Florida.

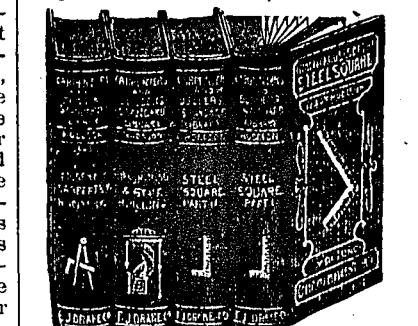


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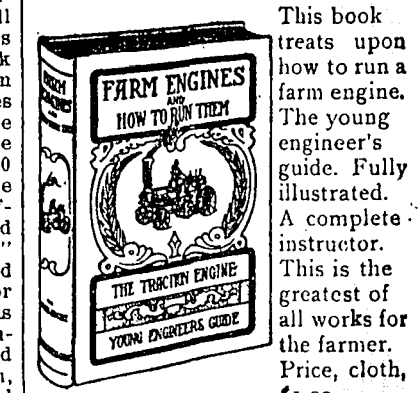
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In Tune with the Infinite

Grief borders on the extreme gladness.—Italian.

As we shall show further on, the Phenicians used the same language credited to the Jews; they employed the same characters in writing;

When a man loses "FAITH" generally begins to think, and those who THINK that move the world - National Review

tionalist, and philosopher, Selena J. Finney, was obliged to leave his own land for a while to take up politics he found a more remunerative field of action. He would have gone to Congress, perhaps to the governorship of California; had he not been so foully assassinated. There are people in the world who are quite ready to write, even if the Spiritualists do not!

The writer perhaps is as well paid as a speaker as is the average platform worker to-day, yet he must confess that he could not meet actual living expenses from the small sums he takes home from daily labor performed in other fields. There have been times (and not one hundred years ago either) when this selfsame writer had to earn his board by SAWING WOOD! The physical labor was not, however, his dignified vocation. On the contrary, he was rather proud of the fact that he COULD SAW

Again, another prominent worker through prolonged illness on his own land, had a wife who was a member of his family circle, had to give up all his engagements. He had no income whatever from any source. The poor (?) millionaire Spiritualists who bonded the trickster, and the poverty-stricken one who made the faking and the real deal nearly impossible for him, or for those depending upon him. His condition was well known and the only ones who sought to relieve his necessities were those who had little of their own. This little was not always an adequate income, but these two cases must suffice. The contrast is painful! Princely gifts to self-confessed scoundrels, but nothing for those who were true and worthy! The writer must not be misunderstood. There are many generous Spiritualists in this land of ours.

I would rather be a poor man in
garret with plenty of books than
king who did not love reading.—Ma
culay

Some impose upon the world that which they believe, and which they do not believe others more in number, make themselves believe that they believe, not being able to penetrate into what it is to believe. — Montaigne.

Thomas Clio Rickman, Joel Barlow, Mary Wol-
stonecraft, Madame Roland, Condorcet, Brissot,
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General Survey.

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

THIS GENERAL SURVEY DEPARTMENT IS ONLY INTENDED TO CHRONICLE THE ENGAGEMENTS AND WORK OF SPEAKERS AND MEDIUMS. A REPORT OF WHAT THE VARIOUS SPEAKERS SAY WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED, BUT A REPORT OF THE FACTS OF THAT PURPOSE.

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

Dr. and Mrs. Warner arrived home from Portland, Oregon, a few days ago, delighted with their trip. They are both now at Lily Dale, N. Y.

Mrs. W. McCaslin, who is well known at Lake Brady and other camps, will visit Lily Dale this year, and act as agent for The Progressive Thinker.

Prof. Crocker, a healer of great power, passed through this city last week on his way to Lily Dale Camp. He was here for some time at Spokane, Wash., where he had a large practice. Mrs. Crocker will accompany him to the camp.

Jennie E. B. Dillon writes: "The Connecticut State Spiritualist Association will hold a 'State Day' at Pine Grove, Niantic, Conn., Wednesday, July 29, 1908. Miss Elizabeth Harlow, of Columbus, Ohio, one of the most powerful and talented workers on the spiritualist platform, will lecture. Morning session, 10:45; afternoon session, 2:30. Special program of music, etc. Meals can be procured at restaurant on grounds, also lodging if desired."

Mrs. N. H. Fogg writes from Niantic, Ct.: "Once more in camp, and there are lots of people and very hot weather; no rain for several weeks until a few drops this morning give us a breeze from the ocean way. We are having this morning with us, Mrs. Sadie L. Hand of Bridgeport, Ct., a lovely lady, with fine control and a good test medium. When she leaves us she will make preparations to go to Lancaster, Pa., where, after three calls she has finally decided to go as pastor of their Spiritual church."

Mrs. Jennie French writes from Seattle, Wash.: "Seattle is still working for the gospel of Spiritualism. Truly it is a glorious gospel (good tidings). It has brought light and immortality to light. Besides, our two regular societies, Mrs. Eleanor Ferguson has organized a Spiritual mission that meets every Wednesday afternoon at her beautiful residence, overlooking the bay, 305 7th avenue. She is doing a wonderful work. Many come to these private mission meetings who would not go to a public hall. Here the glorious truths and beautiful phenomena of Spiritualism is given to each, and this, too, free of charge, and even a collection being taken. Everybody is allowed the privilege of speaking or giving out what of phenomena they receive. Mrs. F.'s whole soul is in the cause, and that, too, without money and without price. Many, too, here for the first time receive a test they know comes from the other side. Also many are developed and learn to receive, each in his own way, from our loved who have gone before. We expect many things from our mission. Our hopes at first are now realities, and the light and truth are being given to many. Fine, there, comes appeared, one was about six feet in size. The other two about three feet. All of them appeared surrounded by a mild light, and in the center appeared the Savior."

O. Miller writes from Los Angeles, Cal.: "About four years ago I had a remarkable vision of the Savior. I was working at that time in a railroad camp in Northern California. One night about midnight, lying in a trance I saw myself arise from my bed. I saw my natural body lying flat on the bed. I then had a wonderful vision. First, three crosses appeared, one was about six feet in size. The other two about three feet. All of them appeared surrounded by a mild light, and in the center appeared the Savior."

F. H. Morrill writes from Philadelphia, Pa.: "We are holding our meetings only on Sunday evenings this month, and during August, will be closed except on the 1st of September, and have engaged Rev. Mr. Thompson for another year, and hope the next year may be prosperous as the present has been."

Julia L. Judd writes from Council Bluffs, Iowa: "Having been an interested reader of your excellent paper, 'The Progressive Thinker,' almost from birth, I feel acquainted with most of the efficient workers in our field, and wish to tell you that I had the pleasure last Sunday of listening to our much beloved and faithful worker, Mrs. Laura J. Fiken of Chicago, during the day she spoke in the First Baptist, the 5th avenue Methodist and First Presbyterian churches, in this city. She is indeed an impressive lecturer, seemingly having outgrown all boundary lines in good works. She is liberal and broad in her views, making her welcome alike in the Spiritual, Christian, Social or labor assemblies. We are all builders, all architects of fate working in these walls of time. I think we ought to emulate the example of our good sister, and lay the stone at every possible opportunity."

Wm. Felzer writes from Pittsburgh, Pa.: "I have the pleasure to announce that Brother Oscar A. Edgerley, having concluded a very successful engagement at Camp Lake-Brady, Ohio, is with his Pittsburgh friends for a few days' rest before starting to Lily Dale, N. Y., where his engagement starts July 23."

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

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

Mrs. Mattie McCaslin, former official reporter for Lake Brady and Ashley Camps, has been appointed for this season as such at Lily Dale. She writes: "The philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism have been demonstrated so far at this camp in a manner that ought to convince an ingenuit. Dr. Krebs, who is on the regular program, gave a most enjoyable illustrated lecture on the Psychology of Homer. He represents the Psychological Research Society, therefore did not commit himself to Spiritualism."

Mary Drake Jenness, Secretary, writes from Monroeville, Pa.: "One of the most successful and delightful June meetings ever held in the history of our Association has just closed at Camp Etna, Maine. Dr. Edgar W. Emerson was with us on the regular session, and with his spirit helpers did most excellent work. Beautiful weather, good attendance, a rare spiritual feast. Everybody went home happy, enriched very much in mind and spirit."

Mrs. C. Berge writes: "The next semi-monthly social of the Fraternal Daughters will be held at the home of Mrs. Surine, 226 Monticello ave., on Wednesday afternoon and evening, July 22. Take car going West to Monticello Ave. Don't fail to come and bring friends."

George Bogle writes from Milford, Mich.: "I am sure that the holding of our Association has just closed at Camp Etna, Maine. Dr. Edgar W. Emerson was with us on the regular session, and with his spirit helpers did most excellent work. Beautiful weather, good attendance, a rare spiritual feast. Everybody went home happy, enriched very much in mind and spirit."

Freeman W. Smith writes from Verona Park, Me.: "The date of the Camp meeting at Verona Park will be from August 10 to August 30. The speakers engaged for this season are John Darling, Lottie J. Darling, and Albina L. Warren. The cottages here are rapidly filling up. Many improvements have been made, and more are in progress. The hotel is under excellent management. A large stable is being erected, and the future seems to promise much success. I am located here permanently."

Mrs. Alex Caird, secretary, writes: "The Illinois Sunflower Club held its monthly business meeting Tuesday, July 14, with its usual good attendance. The Rummage Sale conducted by Mrs. Curtis proved an absolute success. It was voted to give the committee a rising vote of thanks. The club also decided to accept Mrs. Caird's kind invitation, that they hold a social at her home, 220 S. Western ave., Saturday evening, August 8. Friends are all invited. Ice cream will be served. The committee have plans for a fine program. Each member of the Club should consider herself a committee of one, and thus help to make the social a success. Full particulars will be given in next week's Progressive Thinker. The next Tea Party will be held Tuesday afternoon, July 28, at Lincoln Hall, 70 East Adams. Mrs. Campbell will serve tea. Let us all assist this good worker by attending the party. Good mediums as usual, will be in attendance to read the cups."

Committee of arrangements writes from Sutton, N. H.: "The Spiritualists of Sutton, N. H., held their annual meeting at Memorial hall, on July 5, both services being well attended. Our speaker for the day was Emma B. Smith, of Lawrence, Mass., who gave two beautiful and instructive lectures, followed by a séance, many hearts being comforted and blessed by messages from their arisen loved ones. The subject of the morning discourse, 'Spiritualism, Old and New, Simple and True,' and the afternoon subject, 'Realization, were inspiring and uplifting, and presented in the earnestness and sincerity of spirit that appeals to all who listen to this worthy speaker. May she be spared many years to minister to earth's children, is the wish of the writer."

Scribe writes from Buffalo, N. Y.: "We are still on the map Spiritually, and stand for progressive thought. Prof. Lockwood closed the engagement with the Temple the last of June, but we expect to have him with us again this fall. He goes to Lily Dale this week to fill his engagement there. Harmony Circle has also closed for a vacation, and the speaker, Chas. Hulbert, will go to the Dale for rest and recreation. Mr. Dr. M. E. Lane has returned from his trip East, and will move Aug. 1 to 124 Whitney place, where she will be pleased to see her many friends. She returned from Lily Dale Monday night, and brings a good report, everybody having a good time, and a large attendance."

"Psychic Light, or Continuity of Law and Life." By Maud Lord Drake. Price \$1.00.

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CAST ADRIFT.

When I was young and plump and fair,
I claimed the love of one
Who seemed to think the fragrant air
And scintillating sun
Conspired to weld us—twining there,
When wooing was begun.

And oh, the touch of that soft hand,
Those words he spoke to me—
A new-found heaven planned
To be, yet not to be.
Except while building, rising grand
And high, and proud and free.

Those days were sweet and seemed complete,
When we were mine; how strange
That anything so good were fleet,
And soon should pass from range
Of loving mortals and retreat,
As if 'twere only chance.

We had the hours that oftentimes
Are signed and stamped with days
And nights of pleasure, then sublime,
Illumined all life's ways,
And drove all dreams of grief and crime
From our great book of plays.

'Twas sweet and beautiful, and 'tis now,
When lived in silence o'er—
Those sacred days—had o'er my brow
There seems to hang some more
Of darkness, tho' I know, somehow,
My heart is never so.

He saw another form, and face
That smiled, more sweetly, too,
Which came and took my sacred place,
Thou, mine were ever true.
I do not weep, but bow with grace;
I only want my due.

Could he come back and take his own
Within my wounded heart?
No, not until his soul has grown
Beyond the mortal part,
And to his conscience made atone
For every poisoned dart.

I love him as I used to when
He feigned to love me so,
When he beseeched me—yes, he then
Seemed filled to overflow
With all the nobleness of men
Who live and love and grow.

But to my love these must respond
Attuned a love as high
And true as mine, not only doted
For gaining pleasure by,
But held on earth and out beyond
And for the soul's own cry.

I love him, though adrift alone,
Cast off to breakers o'er my own—
The sacred air of home—my own—
I will rise up before
My human heart becomes a stone
And beats my bosom o'er.

I love him, and my lips a prayer
Shall ever utter true;
That all his pictures of a fair
And pleasant journey through
May be fulfilled, and everywhere
His spirit, gain its due.

I love him for the honor still
He shows and does for me,
I love him with a kindly will,
Thou set afoot and free;
And when I'm done with earth I'll kill
With pardon words that be.

DR. T. WILKINS.

THE CHURCH DO MOVE!

But in Some Respects the New Methods Are Hardly to Be Commended.

Here is a newspaper clipping which shows how the orthodox church has changed within the past thirty years: "Atlantic City.—When the Rev. Sydney Goodman rose Sunday evening to deliver a sermon he faced a congregation of men who lolled back in their chairs smoking stogies and pipes and in a receptive mood to hear him. A few minutes before they had enjoyed a moving picture show. 'It is a new idea, this smoking church, and the Rev. Mr. Goodman, who is associate rector at Ascension Episcopal church, is making the idea popular. When the weather gets a bit warmer the congregation can take off coats and, if necessary, collars. 'What especially appealed to many of the men attending the services to-night was the rare ability shown by the ushers. As each person entered he received a long, thin stogie, and later in the evening when he smoked got down to the 'butt,' the watchful usher was ready to supply a fresh stogie. Of course, there were those who preferred to smoke their own cigars, but that is not making any ugly remark against the stogie. 'The Rev. Mr. Goodman's unusual thing about this men's church. No collection is taken. There is an urn that stands in a conspicuous place, and those who are so inclined drop coins into it. The money is devoted to buying a fresh supply of stogies for the comfort of the service. 'The Rev. Mr. Goodman organizes his services with instrumental music. There are views of the Holy Land, and some of the hymns are illustrated with lantern slides. The sermon comes last, and it is not a long or a 'dry sermon, but a hot weather sermon, which is a relief to the men.'"

Other churches in different parts of the country have installed billiards and other games in their parlors to draw people to them, and in some places the deacons provide pretty girls who allow themselves to be kissed and hugged at ten cents an embrace, to the end that the proceeds may be put in the church treasury and the membership increased. At the late quadrennial meeting of the Methodistists at Baltimore the College of Bishops recommended that the church hereafter allow the members to dance, attend theatres and to become racers, play games of chance, etc. They also amended their laws so that the rule which has heretofore fixed probation at six months has been reduced to two weeks. Within a few days the attendance at church services has fallen away tremendously; but few students are entering theological colleges, and our brethren are worried at the outlook, hence the wide departure from old rules and old methods, and old style preaching. When the Rev. Christian Reiser, D.D., pastor of the Grace Methodist church, frequently drew good audiences, but only when he used strenuous methods of advertising of band-music, trombone solos, and "concerts of ten cents an embrace, and to exceed eight minutes in length." When no vaudeville exercises were advertised the attendance was very slim. Some old fogies severely criticized Dr. Reiser because of these Sunday vaudeville shows.

but he went right ahead and drew the crowds. Spiritualists all rejoice that the old hell-fire and brimstone preaching has been largely abandoned, and that church people are enjoying life better than they did a generation ago. In many churches there is a "talk" of eight or ten minutes, and good music for an hour. That is about as it ought to be.

Spiritualists, however, regret that our brethren of the cloth have to resort to "stogies" and old strong tobacco pipes, and kissing and hugging girls, in order to get out a crowd to hear the Gospel. But even the smell of the smoke of bad tobacco is less injurious, perhaps, than the odor of hell-fire and brimstone, and the fact that our departed loved ones who were not baptized are being eternally roasted in the bottomless pit.

Yes the "world do move" and the church is moving with it!
Tacoma, Wash.

WARNED BY SPECTRES.

One Person's Three Experiences With Ghosts—The Spirit of His Sister—How An Apparition From the Unseen World Aided the Brother in Deciding An Important Legal Question—The Phantom on the Grave—As Set Forth in That Great Daily, the New York Herald.

Three times in my life, each instance separated by an interval of years, have the experiences here told been mine:

I come of a family to different members of which have become visible at times those appearances which for want of a better name are known as "ghosts." It is at least possible that the superstition regarding the second sight of one born with a veil may have some foundation in scientific fact, for my uncle was thus afflicted from infancy. In his vacant space was peopled to him with forms, which he would describe so accurately in dress, appearance and manner that listeners would instantly recognize departed friends, gone over years before my uncle's birth in many instances.

It was not till he was a large boy that he realized that the forms seen by him were not visible to others. Pages could be written of his experiences, but I am not here to give hearsay evidence, but my own personal experiences, the sights seen with my own bodily vision.

The first instance was so early in my life that I do not recall it, but my mother relates the dream. I was born in Brooklyn, and my father had gone for the summer in Greenfield Hill, Conn. I was so young that I still wore dresses and was in charge of a nursemaid who was in the habit of receiving visits from Annie, a girl of her own class, so that I was well acquainted with Annie.

She died suddenly and was buried in the cemetery. I was told, but I was not told of her death, being considered too young to understand.

As I walked with my nurse past the cemetery one evening in the edge of dusk her superstitious horror can be imagined when I pointed directly to Annie's grave. "Oh, Maggie, there is Annie! She is waving her hand for us to go over to her. I have heard from my nurse and ran to the cemetery fence. She caught me up and ran in a panic to the house, nor would she ever again pass the cemetery after dark."

The only idea in my mind was that of a familiar friend whom I had not seen for some time. The next instance was at the most anomalous age possible to a boy about thirteen. I was attending boarding-school in Dedham, Mass.

A school friend, a boy about my age, had left the school some days before for his home in the West, leaving in perfect health. At about 9 in the evening I sat on the edge of my bed and removing my shoes, I lay down. The room seemed to part and open, showing the night outside, with the dim forms of the trees gently waving in the wind. As I sat spell-bound at this strange sight in the rift of the wall against the background of the night I saw a friend I had last seen dead, just as he lay. He waved his hand to me in token of farewell, stood looking at me a moment, and gently the vision faded.

I said to my room-mate, who had seen nothing: "Charlie is dead. I have just seen him." The next morning a telegram to the school said that he had died the night preceding. I had grown to a normal, healthy man, over six feet tall and weighing nearly 200 pounds. I am a civil engineer, the hardy outdoor life being far removed from dreams and morbid imagination.

It was on the occasion necessary for me to consult a lawyer, and one morning I met the lawyer in his Boston office to talk over a matter of business. In the course of the conversation he asked me a question which I was undecided about answering. I stopped a moment before replying, for I felt that I was in a loved one, when I raised them, they stood behind her low sob of grief. I could not tell her that I still lived and loved her. I tried to arouse my energies, but could not move to embrace her. Soon a livid gleam, as though a star from its fixed center shot, trailed a fiery shaft athwart the sky, and then faded softly into silent night, so dark and dense. I thought, can this be death? When I then went gleaming through the gathering mist a beam of light more radiant than heaven's sunshine on the morning of life. I could still hear the attendants around my bed, and could distinctly recognize each voice as they whispered softly. A gleam of light again enshrouded me, and I beheld a landscape. A voice, sweeter than the song of the evening dove, said, "Courage, though I felt no fear. I then sank into a peace that nothing can give the tired wanderer, but death. Arms clad in the garb of living light lifted my soul to the realm of life eternal. Charming was the scene that met my gaze. I called aloud, 'Is this death?' Ah! how glorious! The face of my mother bent over me, her arms entwined me, and I was led away to the soft epic breezes of velvet, and verdant home. I remembered, dear ones, the human spirit once individualized and started on its journey will be taken care of through life, and the vast eternity. If it fall of obtaining its necessary and proper measure of earthly experience it will

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

Of the National Spiritualists' Association of the United States of America Will be Held in the City of Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 20 to 24 inclusive.

Two business sessions daily. Lectures and messages each evening. Noted speakers and mediums in attendance will conduct evening services.

Speakers:—Miss Elizabeth Harlow, Mrs. Helen L. P. Russegg, Dr. J. M. Peabody, Prof. William M. Lockwood, Dr. B. F. Austin, Thomas Grimshaw, Rev. Harrison D. Barrett, W. V. Nicum, Will J. Erwood. Message Mediums:—Mrs. Zaida Brown Jones, Mrs. Paul Buehler, Mrs. Laura B. Jones, Mrs. Eva McCoy, Rev. E. W. Sprague, Dr. C. A. Burgess, Rev. George H. Allen, and will also take part. Special vocal and instrumental music will be a feature each evening.

Special hotel rates have been secured at the Hotel English. Hotel Rates for Rooms:—One dollar per day, two in a room. With bath, \$1.50 per day. American plan, \$1 per day extra.

It will be best to secure your rooms in advance. Delegates and visitors will be given a Grand Reception in the Hotel English, Monday evening, Oct. 19. Mass meetings in union with the Indiana State Association Sunday, Oct. 25.

All Spiritualists will find much interest at this convention and its meetings.

Each Auxiliary Society of the National Spiritualists' Association should send delegates without fail. This will be a grand convention of the National Spiritualists' Association. You cannot afford to miss it. DR. GEORGE B. WARNE, President.

GEORGE W. KATES, Secretary.

The Cause at Columbus.

To the Editor: The West Side church, Columbus, Ohio, this season is continuing services throughout the summer. Our Sunday evening service we hold on our lawn. We have been blessed with large and attentive audiences.

We find we are reaching people that would not come into the church, but who come and stand on the sidewalk at night, a devoted Spiritualist Sunday they can be found in the lawn occupying a chair, and so the good work goes on.

Have patience, brothers and sisters; put our teaching firmly and honestly before the world, and the truth will win.

Our Ohio convention that convened here has done great good; it created an interest that is bearing fruit; new faces are seen at our services, showing that mind activities are at work among strangers to this Cause.

The writer has been the lecturer, with Mrs. Susanna Harris as the message bearer.

We have with us at present a young Hindu student, who has lectured for us twice, great interest being manifested by the audience.

Our new Lyceum is doing nicely. On Friday evening, July 24, we will give a Grand Lecture, musical, and give works for the benefit of our new church fund.

Our Ladies' Auxiliary is growing nicely, with new members constantly being added.

Having been elected president of the Ohio Association, I expect to take hold of the work in earnest in the opening of the fall season, and with the aid of those on the State Board, do a good work. Each individual Spiritualist in this state, arouse and with your assistance, let us place our glorious cause in the elevated and elevating position that it should hold. For it is the greatest truth that ever came to mortals.

H. E. BOERSTLER, President of the Ohio State Spiritualist Association, also President of the West Side church, Columbus Ohio.

THIRTY-ONE YEARS.

Beloved, "Sleep on! No hand shall touch thy dust This side of God and Dawn!"

The beautiful portrayal of Death by Mrs. Mary T. Longley of Washington, D. C., in the issue of June 27, calls to mind a message received from my great-grandfather, William Tenant, giving his experience with passing into the spirit world. I loved him, and he loved me. The message given through the mediumship of an uneducated blacksmith, was surprising to all concerned.

The Message. "Death, thou grand, most glorious wonder, thy expression is life! My time had come. I was composed and calm. I realized that a separation was taking place between my body and soul. I felt no fear. My work body was at rest. I felt the kiss of a loved one, as she pressed it upon my brow. I heard her low sob of grief. I could not tell her that I still lived and loved her. I tried to arouse my energies, but could not move to embrace her. Soon a livid gleam, as though a star from its fixed center shot, trailed a fiery shaft athwart the sky, and then faded softly into silent night, so dark and dense. I thought, can this be death? When I then went gleaming through the gathering mist a beam of light more radiant than heaven's sunshine on the morning of life. I could still hear the attendants around my bed, and could distinctly recognize each voice as they whispered softly. A gleam of light again enshrouded me, and I beheld a landscape. A voice, sweeter than the song of the evening dove, said, 'Courage, though I felt no fear. I then sank into a peace that nothing can give the tired wanderer, but death. Arms clad in the garb of living light lifted my soul to the realm of life eternal. Charming was the scene that met my gaze. I called aloud, 'Is this death?' Ah! how glorious! The face of my mother bent over me, her arms entwined me, and I was led away to the soft epic breezes of velvet, and verdant home. I remembered, dear ones, the human spirit once individualized and started on its journey will be taken care of through life, and the vast eternity. If it fall of obtaining its necessary and proper measure of earthly experience it will

DR. T. WILKINS' POEMS.

This long-looked-for and anxiously sought book is now almost ready for the press. This is an announcement that will please thousands of the readers of this paper, in whose pages for many years the Doctor's poems have appeared and been devoured with such appreciation. Some have written him already for copies, telling him of having clipped and pasted over 135 of them into a scrap book.

This book will contain about 250 pages, all put into type by himself on a Linotype machine, made up by himself, will be bound in good style of cloth binding, contains many cuts, (small and large half-tones) and is destined to be the coming book for poetry lovers. The book will go to press as soon as the first 500 names are received (no money to be sent till the book is published) and placed on file. Send names and addresses to Dr. T. Wilkins, 40 Loomis st., Chicago, Ill., care The Progressive Thinker. Send in your names for the book, but send no money till requested to do so. The price will be \$1.25, but those sending notices for a copy will get it for ONE DOLLAR. One hundred gilt-edge, souvenir books will be published, at \$1.50 each, if that number are ordered ahead. So state if you want one.

OBITUARIES.

In the transition of Piny S. Olds, July 1st, late of Florida, Spiritualism has lost an ardent advocate. He leaves a widow and one daughter, Mrs. George H. Sheets of Grand Lodge, Mich., and four sons. He was at one time manager of Haslett Park camp, and assisted in establishing the Spiritualist Temple at San Diego, Cal. He was for years an active member of the association of Spiritualists in the above-named city. Funeral services were conducted at the home of his son, E. W. Olds of Lansing, by Mrs. A. E. Sheets. According to his request his remains were cremated at Detroit, Mich. Mr. Olds had, with his companion, been Spiritualists since an early day.

Passed to higher life, July 6, 1908, Elizabeth Parker, of Grand Rapids, Mich. She had many relatives to greet her on the other shore, and a niece residing in New York City, who will sadly miss her in this life.

ARZELIA C. CLAY.

Transition of Mrs. O. H. Soule at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. C. Gatz, in Iowa, Mich., Tuesday evening, May 12, 1908, aged 72 years. She was a firm believer in the truth of Spiritualism, a true friend, a good medium, a pioneer of Haslett Park camp, and a solicitor of The Progressive Thinker, also a correspondent. She was a poor health for several years and a great sufferer, striving to be freed from the physical and to enjoy the beauties of the spiritual. By her request Mrs. A. E. Sheets officiated at the home. Her remarks were soul-elevating, giving comfort to the children and interested those not acquainted with the grand truths of Spiritualism. The beautiful flowers that covered the casket told that Death was the Angel of Life.

Belding, Mich.

Mrs. C. B. Foster, late of Winchester, Va., passed to spirit life July 3, 1908. She has been a devoted Spiritualist for many years, as has been her husband, who survives her, although so feeble he was carried in a chair to the funeral. The services were held in the Methodist church of Winchester, and conducted by Mrs. Zaida Brown Jones, of Washington, D. C., assisted by the pastor of the church as a testimonial of the worth of the deceased.

The true gospel of life cheers the husband in his feeble days of waiting, as it did the beloved companion at the portal of the life beautiful. Ere long this death, the greatest truth that ever came to mortals, will be reprinted in the soul; that fact has made this occasion so resplendent with promise to all who heard the glad tidings from the lips of an inspired woman.

Melvin Mann passed to the higher life from his late residence, Rochester, Mich., July 6, 1908. He leaves a wife and three children who realize their physical loss is his Spiritual gain. The order of Odd Fellows and the G. A. R., of which he was an honored member, were in attendance. Services conducted by Rev. NEILLIE S. BAIDE.

Detroit, Mich.

Sunapee Lake Camp.

The Thirty-first Annual Sunapee Lake Spiritualist Camp-Meeting, will be held at Blodgett's Landing, commencing August 9, continuing each day to August 30th, inclusive.

The business committee have made all arrangements for a good time generally "spiritually and socially" and desire to call the attention of those looking forward to a vacation, to the benefits derived from an outing at Blodgett's Landing.

The cool breeze sweeping across the odors of pine, hemlock, spruce and balsam, the kiss of the health-giving balsam; the glorious mountains in the distance; the sunset's glint of splendor as "Old Sol" departs from view; the Mineral spring, its waters ever cool and refreshing, all go to make an ideal spot to rest and recuperate the tired body.

The speaker engaged for the season's Camp-Meeting are of the best, we therefore welcome you one and all, giving the assurance of gain in all things that go to make life better and more beautiful. Excursion or Camp-Meeting tickets can be obtained from all points on the Boston-Maine R. R. at reduced rates.

Business Committee.

be provided for through Nature's ample resources and love, reincarnation. Nature is gentle and impartial, and through time and eternity will give her children happiness in the beyond. She provides for every soul and its measure will be full at last. Give not up your search for truth, O, my beloved.

"Leaves have their time to fall, And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath, And stars to set, but all—Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O, Death."

My great-grandfather, William Tenant, lay in a trance four days and was rescued from the grave through the persucution of a dear friend.

Rosa L. Bushnell-Donnelly.

DR. J. M. PEEBLES' PUBLICATIONS.

What Is Spiritualism, and Who Are These Spiritualists? A book of 135 pages, elegantly bound in paper. Price 35 cents. Postage 5 cents.

Spiritualism Via Materialism.—This volume, cloth bound, contains a series of essays and arguments regarding Spiritualism from the point of Spiritualism. Price 50 cents; postage 5 cents.

Personal Liberty.—This, an illustrated volume, treats exhaustively of calisthenics, gymnastics, and the calisthenic or compulsory. Price \$1; postage 12 cents.

Demonology of the Ages and Spirit Obsessions.—A volume of almost 400 pages. Treats of the angels, demons, obsessions, and evil spirits through all the historic ages. Price \$1; postage 15 cents.

Pathway of the Human Spirit, or the Pathway of the Spirit Traced.—Price 75 cents; postage 10 cents.

A Critical Review.—By Dr. P. E. Kipp's Five Sunday Night's Sermons against Spiritualism. Price 25 cents.

A Plea for Justice to Materialism.—Price 10 cents.

Immortality—Its Nature, and Its Possibilities and Proof.—Price 15 cents.

The General Teachings of Spiritualism.—Fiftieth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism at Hydeville, N. Y.—Price 15 cents.

Spiritualism in All Lands and Times.—Price 15 cents.

The Progress of Spiritualism.—By H. A. Hart, M. D., versus J. M. Peabody, M. D.—Price 15 cents.

A Flash-light Exposed His Fake Methods

Interesting and Suggestive Experiences With A. A. Finney, at Walla Walla, Wash.

Since writing you this "trumpeter" methods have been exposed. We threw a flash-light on him and detected him helping the "spirits" out in their manifestations.

There are a good many Spiritualists in this city, although little more than a baker's dozen attend Sunday meetings. Mr. Finney's coming drew out many who were not even suspected of entertaining even a curiosity relative to psychic phenomena. For the first few days Finney had everything his own way, realizing some money from his exhibitions, and convincing many that he was the genuine article they were in search of.

Personally I did not examine into the merits of Finney's seances until Monday of this week, having no curiosity or desire to investigate what I felt was of mundane origin, and not from the spirit world. However, many volunteered to inform me of what they had heard and felt at his dark seances. I found that he named all conditions and selected the person to hold his hands. In questioning the latter I found that he invariably released, or attempted to release, his right hand as soon as the lights were extinguished and the singing began. When he succeeded in this coup, he would press both hands of the sitter down on his or her knees, holding them down firmly with one or both of the left one. This gave him his right hand free.

Then the spirits joined in singing through the trumpet and whispering, or subdued voices followed through the same channel. The voice or whisper would call out the name of some sister present, and pretend to give a short message. Whenever the identity of the spirit was asked for, the spirit suddenly developed a weakness and inability to proceed.

Of course the voice could answer "father," "mother," or some deceased relative easily ascertained by Finney; but whenever names and tests of identity were requested, weakness of spirit ensued. I am too weak; some other time, etc., etc.

If the "medium" succeeded in freeing one hand, both trumpet and guitar manifestations followed. If he did not get his hand released, only trumpet practice ensued, and limited demonstrations at that.

When no hands were released it was observable that the trumpet did not travel far from the center, or from the locality of Finney; but if the unsophisticated or bashful sitter allowed Finney to free one hand, wonders followed; the trumpet passed around, tapping people lightly on the head and shoulders; the guitar or violin floated through the air, thrumming in time to singing.

The conditions invariably imposed were compact circle, drawn as closely around medium as possible, without contact with him; total darkness, black as inside a pocket; table to one side of center of circle on which reposed trumpet and musical instruments in easy reach of medium's hand or mouth; his vis-a-vis always of his own selection; everyone in circle to keep hold of neighbor's hands so as "to preserve the conditions"; "best thoughts of all present."

Monday night, at my consent and that of my wife, he exhibited at my residence. The room and table were quite large, and the company numbered 26. This made a large circle too large to reach from center conveniently.

The table was 4 feet by 8 feet—a sewing table. The medium did not like so large a table. He arranged chairs in close circle and dictated places of various persons present.

Results were limited by my removing trumpet and guitar to near a corner. On extinction of the light the medium requested all to join in singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." I found out at the close of the seance, after the medium had gone home, that he released his right hand immediately on commencement of singing, in his usual way, pressing both hands of his vis-a-vis firmly under his left. He held her (his vis-a-vis being a young woman) hands thus for a few seconds, or long enough to sweep the table with his right, and ascertain the state of affairs. Then he grasped her hands again in both of his, and shortly afterwards, thus jarring guitar and trumpet, and betraying their location.

Of course no usual demonstrations followed, and after three-fourths of an hour the circle broke up. He said, conditions were unfavorable—magnetism too weak.

We then made arrangements for a circle in same place for evening following. We removed large table and put in smaller one. All conditions same, including position of instruments. A Mr. Smith, a Spiritualist, held Finney's hand with a grip that could not be broken. Immediately after light was extinguished and singing began a voice joined in through trumpet, exhibiting none of the weakness peculiar to all communications. After the seance, Mr. Smith informed me that Finney had endeavored to release his right hand at the start. Failing in this he, F., leaned over the table, a performance Smith detected by

the accompanying movement of arms. Only trumpet manifestations were vouchsafed us by the "angel world" that evening, owing to the fettered right hand, and these were meager, the trumpet not having the "wandering lust" to any appreciable extent, but remaining close to center.

When trumpet whispering was in progress I flashed an electric light on the medium. I saw the trumpet in his mouth for an instant ere he could drop it. His face was turned so I got his profile, but at the flash of light he released trumpet instantly and as quickly turned his face away from the light. Everyone else turned to look at the light—a natural act. His turning away was unnatural.

He had his right elbow and upper arm raised as high as he could; and still kept hold of Mr. Smith's hand. Mr. Smith afterward declared Finney raised his hand as high as possible. The body of the trumpet rested across Finney's right elbow when I flashed the light.

At least seven testified to seeing the end of horn either in the medium's mouth or just falling from his mouth. These seven sat on the same side of circle as myself. The great bulk of sitters was so seated as to be not able to detect the cheat.

Spirits never require pocket darkness. A subdued light enables all manifestations that conditions afford or make possible.

In advising readers against similar exhibitions, I say:

1. Make the circle large, so that by no possibility can the alleged medium reach all parts with a long horn or guitar, and free arm.

2. Insist on having the instruments placed far enough from operator to preclude his reaching them with hand or mouth.

3. Instruct the person who is chosen to hold hands to not let go under any circumstances. Do this just before beginning of seance, and so that no confederate is chosen for this important office.

4. See that any strangers or persons who might by any possibility be in collusion with operator, are seated between trustworthy people who are to be cautioned to not let their hand for an instant.

5. Bar all entrances against confederates. Do not hold seance in a house to which suspicion could possibly attach.

6. Demand common sense, intelligent answers when alleged communications are being given. If a spirit can say, "I am your father," he has strength enough to give his full name and some identification statement.

Examine horn, or trumpet, and you will generally find the small end pretty well chewed up. The larger end will also show tooth marks.

To prove his genuineness Finney had Mr. Skinner sit alone with him immediately following one seance, and while Mr. S. was holding both Finney's hands the horn gravitated to the former's head and shoulders and a whisper or two came therefrom. Of course the horn was grasped in the operator's teeth. He always places this instrument in a position where he can easily reach it with his mouth by bending slightly forward and sideways.

A young lady here who had witnessed Finney's performance at the Welmer Institute, and who had been captivated with them, so interested a number of our local Spiritualists that they communicated with Finney in the East. The result was, he agreed to "come on" if his fare was paid from the East to Walla Walla. The money was sent, and he came, with results as described.

He will not submit to being enveloped in a mosquito netting, nor in having horn and guitar removed beyond his reach; says a screen prevents spirits extracting physical magnetism from him and that the instruments must be in close proximity to him in order to get his magnetism.

The truth of the statement herein will be verified under oath if necessary by Wm. Van Waters, Ots Skinner, Geo. Van Waters, Mrs. Ots Skinner, Mrs. James Ramsay, and a number of others present at the seance in question and at other seances that have been held here.

At Finney's demand virtually no defense or explanation. He simply alleged he did not know what had happened; assumed ignorance of the flash-light episode, and decamped quietly with his three true, believing disciples. In fact, seemed to take the exposure as a common occurrence.

Please note, at first seance conditions were not right. "Too weak." "Inharmonious circle," etc., were his explanations for failure. But the spirits were strong enough to raise an extra heavy eight-foot by four table several inches from the floor on the medium's side, and to do this several times. Strange they could not manipulate such light articles as a trumpet and guitar.

WM. VAN WATERS.

Walla Walla, Wash.

THE STORY OF THE OTHER WISE MAN, or the Fourth Wise Man, by Henry Van Dyke. The Man who never reached Bethlehem in time to see the infant Jesus. Cloth bound. Price 60 cents.

The Religion of Cheerfulness. By Sara A. Hubbard. An excellent book for the culture of health and spirituality. None can read it without pleasure and profit. Price 50c.

The Bible. By John E. Romberg. Its authenticity, credibility and morality. A large book for \$1.50.

Esperance and Rev. B. F. Austin. Excellent. Price 10 cents.

Visits the Spirit Realm

Doctors and Relatives Declare Mrs. McNulty Was Dead—Scout Suspended Animation Theory—She Saw Her Friends on the Spirit Side of Life, and Reluctantly Came Back to Earth, as Set Forth in the Chicago Inter Ocean.

New Britain, Conn.—"She was as dead as she ever will be."

Thus Dr. Thomas Mulligan spoke this evening, shutting the door on any discussion as to the possibility of Mrs. William McNulty, 127 Kelsey street, having been only unconscious, and not a wanderer on the other side of the Styx, for an hour on Saturday last.

Just a shade less positive that Dr. Mulligan are Mrs. McNulty's husband and her daughter, Maggie.

"What Dr. Mulligan says about mother is true, every word of it," declared Maggie McNulty to-day. "She did not breathe and her heart did not move for actually believe," she was asked, "that your mother was dead an hour on Saturday last?"

"How am I to know? I believed she was dead, yes, until the doctor restored her to consciousness. It was a trying hour, that's all I can say. You try her, that's all I can say. You tell us all that happened. He can tell you all that happened. It was too exciting a time for me to remember things clearly."

An attempt was made to explain suspended animation to Miss McNulty and to draw from her a comparison of her mother's condition with that of a person in whom life was apparently momentarily at an end. It was of no use; Miss McNulty had never heard of suspended animation, and seemed not at all interested in hearing anything about it.

I was in the room with my wife all the time with Dr. Mulligan," said Mrs. McNulty. "He held her head while he put on the electric belt. I believed she was dead. I don't know what to make of it. My wife did not move or breathe all that time. You ask Dr. Mulligan what she said when she opened her eyes."

Story of "Quick and the Dead." This is the story of the quick and the dead, as Dr. Mulligan told it. "It was only a few minutes before 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon when I was called to go at once to the McNulty home. My man saw me hurrying toward the stable and hitched up my horse, so that all I had to do was to step into the rig and drive off. I covered the distance to Kelsey street in less than three minutes, so you can understand how fast I drove. There was only a minute or two after 2 o'clock."

I found Mrs. McNulty sitting in her chair in her room. Death was plainly there. There was no pulse, no heart action. I lifted up the eyelids and found the eyes set and dead. The lungs were still.

Death Was Expected. "It was no surprise to me to find Mrs. McNulty dead. I had told her family three weeks ago that her condition was such that they could expect her to go, at any time. The glance I took at her as I entered her room satisfied me that my prediction had come true. I have seen hundreds die, and have been with them in their last moments. I know death when I see it."

"Then why, in the face of this certainty," interrupted the reporter, "did you apply an electric battery?"

Doctor Took Last Chance. "I have been attending the McNultys so long and know the family so well that I felt it would be a satisfaction to Maggie and the father to try to do something. So I applied the battery. I felt it was hopeless. The jaws had relaxed and the fetid odor of death came out of the mouth."

"The battery I used is an ordinary dry cell one, such as are in common use by physicians and in households. I put the current first to the extremities and after that worked it over the face and neck, and touched the spinal cord with a three-quarter inch of an hour went on this way, the signs of death becoming more and more defined. Then there came a slight gasp."

Sees Signs of Life Returning. "I took this for the escape of some air which was in the lungs or the expulsion of gas from the stomach. About five minutes later I observed the first sign of life, a twitching of the muscles in the neck. I was astounded. I said nothing to Miss McNulty or her father. I did not want to raise false hopes."

"After that a gradual animation began. The muscles resumed life and then there was a flicker of the eyelids. We moved Mrs. McNulty to her bed and then a faint and regular breathing commenced. Perhaps five minutes later she opened her eyes and then closed them."

"I observed the first sign of breathing I spoke to her sharply. 'Now take a deep breath,' I said. 'Breathe quickly, do you hear me?'"

"I kept speaking to her this way until her respiration became normal and she opened her eyes."

Woman Weeps When Awakened. "As the Normal was reached Mrs. McNulty opened her eyes in a tired way and tears ran down her cheeks. 'Oh, she said, 'I have been on a long journey, so long.'"

"You are positive, doctor, that Mrs. McNulty was not to die?" she suggested as to a journey of a long journey did not come from you or some-body else in the room?"

"Mrs. McNulty was the first to speak," answered Dr. Mulligan, "testily, and then continued: 'Nobody suggested anything to her. I wiped the tears from Mrs. McNulty's eyes and asked her if it had been a pleasant journey.'"

Saw Parents and Brother-in-Law. "Very pleasant," she whispered, "very pleasant."

"And did you meet anybody you knew?" I asked her.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I met my mother and Tom there."

"Mrs. McNulty's mother died twelve or fifteen years ago. I did not know who Tom was and I had to ask Mrs. McNulty later. She told me that she meant Tom Hobson, her sister's

first husband, who died thirty years ago.

"Don't any of you be afraid to die," said Mrs. McNulty. "There is nothing to fear. Everybody is happy there, so happy. I would not have come back but for father and Maggie. And mother did not want me to stay. She did not ask me."

"It was pathetic the way Mrs. McNulty referred to her mother. The fact that she had not been asked to stay seemed to worry her. She could not understand apparently why her mother had not asked her to stay with her."

When Mrs. McNulty spoke about everybody being so happy there I asked her what there was like. She said it was beautiful and she tried to have her describe it. "Beautiful," was her one word for it."

DEAD WOMAN WAKES. Tells of Hereafter—Declares She Talked With Deceased Relatives During Seemingly Lifelessness

New Britain, Ct., July 14.—During a period of suspended animation lasting several hours, Saturday afternoon, while she lay unconscious and without breathing—to all appearances dead—Mrs. McNulty says she talked with her dead mother and another relative who died thirty years ago.

Mrs. McNulty is convinced that she visited the hereafter, and Dr. Thomas Mulligan, who attended and revived her, said that so far as a medical skill could determine, she was dead.

Saturday afternoon she was in great pain and gradually lapsed into unconsciousness. As she ceased to breathe her family called in Dr. Mulligan. He repeatedly applied a strong electric current and other resuscitating measures. At last she opened her eyes.

"I've been such a long way off," was her only remark before she fell into a natural sleep.

Tells of What She Saw. Mrs. McNulty has a perfectly clear recollection of all that transpired while she "ceased to live." This is what she said about it.

"Everything was black at first. I did not seem to have any consciousness. Then gradually I began to move, or rather glide, through space. Faster and faster I went over interminable distances. I was not conscious of seeing objects pass by, as they do on a train, but moving on and on. It was the most pleasant motion I have ever experienced."

"There was no sensation of time either, so I can't say how long this seemed to continue."

"After a while a region of brightness and light appeared in front of me. It was dim at first, then brighter and brighter as I seemed to come nearer to it. It grew dazzling, a hundred times more so, than the sunlight, but it was not like the light of the sun. It was not like any light I had ever seen, just a flaming brilliance that pervaded everything, but did not come from any one place in particular."

In Midst of Happy Crowd. "When the light was at its brightest I found myself in the midst of an endless crowd of people. They were all moving, too, and oh, how happy they seemed! I would have been perfectly happy to stay there forever myself. Suddenly I saw my mother, and beside her a distant relative who died thirty years ago. I was talking to them when the light seemed to go out again and everything was in darkness, and I lost consciousness. When I opened my eyes I saw Dr. Mulligan."

"The crowds of people didn't seem to be in any place in particular—that is, they were not confined by any walls or buildings, and there was nothing that might be called land. They just seemed to move to and fro at will."

Mrs. McNulty is a church member, but in no sense a religious fanatic, and has never been given to illusions or visions.

Dr. Mulligan states that her mind is perfectly clear and that she will in time recover her health.

"When I was called in," he said to-day, "Mrs. McNulty was apparently lifeless. It was not a trance she was in, but a condition of absolutely suspended animation. To my mind she was as dead as she ever will be."

SHE DID NOT VISIT THE ORTHODOX HEAVEN. In regard to Mrs. McNulty's experiences as related on the 7th page, a Spiritualist writes from Worcester, Mass., as follows:

Aside from its bearing on the mistakes of M. D., it has a spiritual side; even the M. D. had a "premonition" which proved a better guide than his professional training.

The two thousand years' duration of the bible are accepted as eternal truth, but this living, glowing can not be believed. Why?

She did not climb a ladder, nor golden stairs. She did not enter heaven by the prescribed methods.

She mentions no golden streets or great white throne.

It is evident she did not enter the orthodox heaven, and she escaped the other place, for the beautiful objects seen and beautiful experiences and sensations do not harmonize with the orthodox hell.

Here we have a living witness telling of what she saw, of which we should accept as true, if she were speaking of some remote section of earth.

Where shall we draw the line between the credible and the incredible? Mrs. McNulty will be backed in her statement by thousands now living, and in the words of the old campaign song—"Millions more are on the road."

FRANCIS L. KING.

Worcester, Mass.

Experimental Evidence.

Slate-Writing Experience at a Seance with Pierre L. O. A. Keeler.

In December, 1904, the writer went from home near Toledo, O., to Washington, City to accompany a blind veteran of the civil war, who desired to visit the Pension Department regarding his claim for pension. Wanting advice and being an earnest believer in the ability of the departed to communicate with the people of earth-life, he asked to be taken to consult the slate-writing medium, Pierre L. O. A. Keeler, then living at H. 118 N. W. Washington, D. C.

There were four in the reception room when we arrived, and during the time of waiting we conversed with two of them very guardedly, lest we give some clue as to our affairs. The only woman among them, said to me "I do not place implicit confidence in what I obtain from my friends in spirit life, for several reasons. They are no longer personally interested in affairs of earth life excepting as in our interest, and are liable to be mistaken. They do not become authority on all subjects because they are promoted to a higher existence, and sometimes I think they say kind things that are not true, to encourage us and keep us hopeful."

Finally Mr. Keeler came to the door and summoned the next in order of waiting. He was a pleasant looking blonde gentleman, apparently well cared for, and lacking the accepted long-haired, cadaverous appearance attributed to those who deal with ethereal spirits.

The lady who had noted the feeble condition of the table, kindly gave us her place. Thanking her, we arose, when Mr. Keeler said to us "Only one at a time." I replied, "My name is blind and it is necessary that I should accompany him."

"Indeed! well, the reason is that I cannot distinguish your friends apart." To which I replied: "They are friends to one are friends to both."

"Then it will be all right I think, come."

We followed Mr. Keeler through to the end of the hall to what appeared to be a combination of dining and sitting room about eighteen by twenty-six feet in size. A door was in the corner opposite the door, a plain extension table covered with a red damask cloth stood at the farther end of the room about six feet from the wall. There were several common chairs, one upholstered arm chair and a lounge at the right as we entered the room. As it was during the coal famine the room, though warmer than the one we had been sitting in, was hardly comfortable. Mr. Keeler, seeing my companion was evidently chilled, seated him in the large warm chair, and taking a woolen cover from the lounge, wrapped it about him after he was seated, saying, "That is the best we can do—they say that Senator Foraker had only three bushels of coal this morning, so I don't know what the rest of us can expect."

Being very incredulous about mediumship, I carefully noted Mr. Keeler's movements, determined to give him no opportunity to deceive us. The best I expected would be all cases—the Father, Mother, John, and Mary—type of communication.

Meanwhile I seated myself in a chair at the farther side of the table, between which and the wall was ranged a pile of fifty or more small slates. They appeared to have just been unpacked, as they were dusty with slate grit and fine bits of the packing. Mr. Keeler asked me if I had brought slates with me. I laughingly said: "No, I thought I would prefer some of your prepared ones."

"Well," said he, pointing to the pile near me, "there they are, take as many as you please, but first wash and dry them and put a bit of the slate pencil between each pair."

On the table was a small dish containing pieces of broken slate pencil in the wood-covered size, also a pan of water and sponge.

I carefully selected and examined ten slates, and did not let them pass from my possession after I had prepared them as directed. While I was busy with the slates, Mr. Keeler went to the desk at the farther corner from me, and apparently sorted some letters and made preparation for answering them. When I told him the slates were ready he returned with a tablet of note paper in one hand. Opening it he tore out a leaf and folded in half and tore it apart. Taking one of the pieces, he folded it in half, tore it apart and held the pieces on the table, telling me to write the name of a spirit friend and the questions I wanted answered on one piece of that size.

"How many," said I.

"As many as you please, but all may not reply. When you are ready, tell me," he said, and returned to his desk and began writing with pen and ink on paper larger than that I was using. I consulted with my companion in whispers, carefully using language that would be no clue if heard by Mr. Keeler. There were two of the list with whom we had wished to communicate, that we decided to omit. We returned to them as "Dave," and "Miller," the latter a veteran who had been wounded in the right wrist, so he was obliged to write with his left hand a very distinct "back-hand."

I wrote the names and questions, folded each as directed and held them in my left hand on the slate-table in my lap. Just as I was about to call Mr. Keeler he arose from the desk and came toward us, saying "They are ready to write." There is a tall old man with long white beard, bald head and blue eyes. He looks like Mr. Scott, and says his name is William and his father is he."

"Yes," I replied, for the description was undeniably correct.

"There are two ladies—one a tall, elderly woman, with a sad but kind face, and a smaller dark-haired one with her, who says she is your sister."

I assented.

"There is a heavy set, bald-headed old preacher and a lot more of them. Where are your questions?"

"Let me touch them," he said.

"You may, but I will not let go of them," said I, for now I thought the trickery is to come. He smiled and answered, "I do not want them," and his hand over them toward him he held them so that I could not touch them. He stepped back at least six feet from the table, where I had sat down, and told me to lay the papers on the table before me, and pick up one at a time. "Take the one to Mr. Scott's father first and keep it in your hand."

I said, "I did not know which it was, as I had not numbered them, and he pleasantly said, 'Well, try, they will tell you.' And I picked up one at random. To my surprise upon partly unfolding it I discovered it was the one to Wm. Scott. This was done four times, each time proving to be the name addressed.

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THE WONDERFUL POTENCY OF SUGGESTION

Spank Young Children by Mental Suggestion if You Want to be Up to Date.

What, O what would our great-grandmothers, or even our grandmothers, say to the new theory of spanking your baby by mental suggestion? In all probability the dear old ladies would hold up their hands in horror, say it was bosh, and that to spare the rod would certainly spoil the best of children.

Nevertheless, this new form of governing children recently has been advanced in New York and other large cities by able physicians, who have made hypnotism and auto-suggestion a life study.

That every mother of intelligence should be able of controlling her child through a mental rather than a corporal channel is the theory successfully advanced by Dr. Eugene R. Eliseu, who for the last fifteen years has been practicing among children of all nationalities and classes until she has proved the theory practical. Dr. Eliseu not only treats children by mental suggestion or hypnotism but has given instructions in the work to mothers who say truthfully that they have never found it necessary to spank or severely correct the little ones.

Crime Not Controlled by Hypnotism

"Hypnotism," said Dr. Eliseu, "is a greatly misunderstood science. The psychic force that gives one mind control of another has been greatly abused, not in practice but by the comments of the unenlightened on a subject not yet common enough to be comprehended by the masses.

"For instance, the average person believes most thoroughly that under hypnotic influence one may be led into crime and induced to commit acts which, when not hypnotized, would be perfectly foreign to his or her nature. This is absurd, because utterly impossible.

"If a man or woman is good in mind and intent it is absolutely impossible to induce them, while in a psychic state, to commit an act that runs in opposition to their nature. Wickedness in children is but a deformed little mind, which, if taken in the right way and soon enough, can be straightened out. The mind of a child must be studied as that of a grown person. To administer a spanking of severe or even moderate character to a child every time he is disobedient will surely and certainly develop, to an abnormal degree, the animal instinct of retaliation. The child will have that portion of the mind which plans revenge in miniature so thoroughly developed by the time the age of 15 or 16 is reached it will be termed bad, vicious, and incorrigible. Why? Because all of the combative instincts that go to make up the well-balanced person have been over-developed.

Thrashing Makes Child a Coward

"If this is not the result, the child will conceive a hatred for the parents, and what could possibly be more tragic than that? The old law of 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' will be hard to maintain where cruelty and the rod rule. To find a child cowed and broken-spirited, in a condition that some term that of a coward, is fearful, but as sure as fate one of the other condition is bound to result as long as thrashing of children continues.

"I have had it suggested to me many, many times that the stronger mind of the mature person would throw a shadow over the child's younger mind and prevent a natural and healthy development.

"This is not possible, especially when psychic suggestion and auto-treatment are employed. It is not well to place a child in a hypnotic sleep every day. This is unnecessary, the training of a child's mind and the governing of its conduct by suggestion does not mean that absolute hypnotism be employed. This would be an absurdity to expect from the busy mother of this country. The study of hypnotism demands much time; this the mothers cannot give, for their other duties would not permit it. Even if a hypnotic sleep were induced every day and the child's mind pruned and trained properly while in this psychic state, the treatment would stimulate rather than depress.

"I know mothers who are constantly a mental stimulus to their children. I know mothers capable of helping their children who have been backward in school simply through this mental channel, and in homes where mental suggestion rather than physical chastisement is the rule there is happiness and harmony.

"A child when a baby has a mind. It is greatly undeveloped, but it is there to work with. Let the mother who is interested in the welfare of her child begin to work with it when a mere infant in arms. But first of all begin to work with herself. Go into a room, quiet and secluded. Sit down, concentrate your mind on the mind of some other person. Work to hold your mind steady, unswerving from your point. At first this will be more than difficult, for almost unconsciously little chimeric fittings of foreign ideas will run through your mind. Concentration of the mind is one of the most difficult things to learn, it will take weeks, perhaps months, perhaps a year, but persevere and no matter what your work in life and about your home you will suddenly discover a wonderful improvement and change.

"Working in this way the rough edges of confusion are rounded off and you may think clearly and directly to the point. The inability to do this causes irritability and nervousness in mothers and women. It is not their nervous system only that is weak, but the mental powers that govern these conditions must be strengthened and taught to work clearly and without hitches.

Don't Feed the Petulant Baby

When your child is a baby begin to work with suggestion. When it cries, instead of calming it, when the cause for the crying is but petulance, by giving it something to eat, don't upset the little stomach by ill-timed indulgence, but calmly and quietly hold that little one in your arms, and by the exertion of the concentration of your mind, which you have practiced and learned a bit about, 'think' that child into calmness. You can do it, and in doing this you will soothe the little nerves, calm the baby mind, and bring that peace to the child which will help to build up a strong, healthy mind and body.

"It would be next to impossible for one who has never tried the power of auto-suggestion over a child until late in life, and until the child has formed habits and arrived at the age of 15 years or more, to think of working with the mental suggestion. At that age the child must be put into the hands of one who has long made psychology a study. If you begin with a young child, say 1 or 2 years old, you will be successful if you are persistent.

"Every day, when your baby lies down for her afternoon nap, sit by her. Give up an hour's time to the improvement of the little one. If she has been naughty, work with her mind. If she has any little bad habits, work with her. Your work can be done while she is asleep, and gently placing your hands, one on each temple, repeat rhythmically in your mind the precepts you wish to instill in her.

Many Ways to Correct Children

"There are ways and ways of correcting a child, mentally as well as physically. For instance, never under any circumstances say to a child, 'You are certainly a bad girl.' What effect would be produced in you if a person for whom you had a great affection should speak harshly, irritably, expressing that same opinion of some action of yours? It would not be pleasant and undoubtedly instead of having a soothing effect it would arouse you to worse things and you would work, unconsciously perhaps, on the principle that to have the name you might just as well have the game.

"That's what happens to a child more frequently than it does to a grown person, for the child, unable to reason deeply, easily receives the impression of badness and proceeds to greater mischief. When you desire to correct a child through suggestion take the little one into a room where you will be uninterrupted. Sit down opposite the child and take his hands in yours, and remember that you are to throw out good, not evil thoughts.

Never Argue That Child is Bad

Never for a moment argue that the little girl is bad because she does this or that and only bad girls behave so. This is a wrong and cross-eyed method of accomplishing good; never tell the child she is bad, but create the impression that good children do so and so.

"If you do this you will create a cheerful, sunny sort of mind; if you work in the other way as you are born the child will take the wrong side of the question and conclude that she is bad and might as well be worse.

"When a child tells a falsehood reason with him. Explain the virtue of truth, not the ugliness of a lie; he cannot but help see that for himself; it gives his mind exercise. Then work through suggestion. When he is asleep work with him, five minutes, or if you are just taking up the work, say half an hour before you wake him; when he wakes, place him opposite you and work with him for fifteen minutes longer. You will see that you get results."—Chicago Tribune.

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Onset Notes

Association office this summer will be at residence of Dr. George A. Fuller, corner 6th Street, Longwood, N. Y. Office hours 9:30 to 12, and 4:30 to 6 p.m.

Dr. Wm. Hale and wife and daughter, are located at Harmony Lodge, West Central avenue, for the summer. He will establish there the office of Herald of Truth.

Mrs. K. R. Stiles is at her beautiful summer home, where she is daily receiving her many friends. Mrs. Harris, of Harris Manor, reports that her room has been very well taken, during the months of May and June, and expects a rush during the remainder of the season. Rev. F. A. Wiggin will be located at her cottage during the summer, and will give a few private readings besides his public work. Mrs. Harris will entertain quite a number of Association speakers.

Mrs. E. S. Loring of Pittsburgh, Mass., has arrived at her cottage on the South Boulevard. Mr. A. J. Matham, Mr. and Mrs. Richmond, Mrs. Duesigne, Mrs. Yeaw and others will be entertained by her.

The one and only W. J. Colville, will make quite a stay at the camp this season, and will be entertained by Mrs. Harris.

The New Bedford Band will furnish music at the Sunday meetings during camp. Concerts at 9 a. m., 1 and 4 p. m.

The dances at the Temple commenced Saturday, June 27, and will be continued every Saturday evening during the summer. A fine orchestra of ten pieces furnishes the music.

Sunday, July 19, opening Sunday. Lecture at 10:30 a. m., by Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, and at 2 p. m., by Thomas Cross. Write Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Onset, Mass., for program.

The Progressive Thinker will be on sale at the Headquarters Book Store. If you subscribed while at camp last year, remember and renew again this year. Don't fail to register at the Book Store on the grounds.

Many mediums have already arrived at the camp.

The place to keep cool this summer is at Onset. If you read The Progressive Thinker you are sure to keep in touch with all things among the Spiritualists and Spiritualism. If you are a Spiritualist you ought to subscribe for a Spiritualist paper. Do it now!

TRUST

The rain and cold outside can't pierce the covering of the heart. If warm and true within, cold winds they pass by.

So keep the thought of God (God of Life and Love, always on high, And brave each worldly foe that dares invade the inner heart.

Within each skulking shadow lies the Master Mind that guides the soul. It from the citadel of thought we read the Perfect Plan;

The Master Mind gives Life in Death plants good in every man, And asks that we but act our part and in the Perfect trust.

JOHN W. RING.

"Universal Spiritualism." Giving a view of Spiritualism from the earliest times, and in all nations. By W. J. Colville. Price \$1.00.

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Lastly, all these Fourteen Premium Books, \$4.00.

Remember, we have to pay the postage on all these books, leaving us only about \$3.00 for FOURTEEN as valuable books as can be found that treat of Spiritualism or Occult subjects. The whole world never saw the like before. We have had to increase the price of these books a few cents in consequence of the rise in the price of paper.

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THE FURNISHING OF THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, Boston, Mass.

To the Editor:—I have just read Mary T. Longley's article in the current issue of The Progressive Thinker and have expected someone to write about Mr. Rich's funeral.

I had the privilege of attending Mr. Rich's funeral, which was held in the First Unitarian Church in Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

The large edifice was so crowded many had to stand. It was almost impossible to find room for the many floral pieces, many of which came from the prominent stars of the theatrical profession. Rev. Edward A. Horton delivered a grand eulogy, (having been a personal friend of Mr. Rich sixty years) and Rev. C. W. Wiggin also officiated. The Howard Quartette gave musical selections, and what was that grand inspirational selection, "Some day—Somewhere."

Mr. Rich having been a theatrical manager in Boston so many years, naturally drew many of that profession. And having been one of the proprietors of The Banner of Light, many Spiritualists, and others of liberal faiths, were in attendance.

There were so many floral pieces that many were sent to the hospitals after the funeral.

Mr. Horton said that so many of Mr. Rich's charitable acts were done in such a quiet way that they were never known outside.

J. OSBORNE LUNT.

(Advertisement.) DELPHOS (KANSAS) CAMP. The thirtieth annual camp meeting of this notable camp begins Aug. 7, closing on the 23rd.

For thirty consecutive years this camp, without a single omission, traversing onward through adversity, obstacles of almost unnumberable magnitude frequently besetting its pathway, yet, never faltering, it has climbed to an eminence seldom reached under like circumstances and conditions.

Our program while not advertised in detail, consists of the highest and most pleasing arrangement for the entertainment of camp visitors. Our constant aim has been to secure the very best talent obtainable. Very few camps throughout the country have had the honor and pleasure of the most distinguished and prominent speakers appearing upon its rostrum, as has this camp.

Our list of speakers and mediums engaged for this camp are: Will J. Erwood, Battle Creek, Mich.; W. D. Noyes and wife, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Jessie Bellum, Winfield, Kans.; Mrs. Inez Wagner, Kansas City, Mo., with negotiations in progress for further talent.

To all lovers of a free and hospitable people, where you are made to feel that you are one with the many, Delphos camp is incomparable. It offers to the languid, pent-up, tired soul, hedged in by worry and city strife, a panacea that will refresh and invigorate as no other remedy. Come to Delphos camp. Come where worlds, where worlds, where "twilight zones" divide the realm of spirits in and out of the earthly forms.

For further information in detail, write to the secretary, I. N. RICHARDSON, Delphos, Kansas.

MORRIS PRATT INSTITUTE, Whitewater, Wis.

A school under the auspices of Spiritualism. Thoroughly qualified teachers. Preparation for public and private work. A two-years' course. Branches taught are: Grammar, Rhetoric, Oratory, History, Logic, Evolution, Comparative Religion, Higher Cognition, Lessons in Psychic Development, Psychology, Vocal and Physical Culture, Practical Mediumship, and Composition.

Admission to any of our fifteen classes is free. Boarding in our building. Tuition fifty dollars per year. The most beautiful building in the city. Sessions held on Wednesday and Thursday, September 17, 1928. Classes third Wednesday in May, 1929. Public meeting of Directors on opening day. All students are expected to commence work when the year begins. Write for catalog to: Morris Pratt Institute, Whitewater, Wis.

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EATE MASTERED. And Destiny Enriched. By W. J. Colville.

A dainty book of 52 pages, bound in heavy white cover with cat-tail decoration. Contents: Fate Mastered, Interior Force, Its Practical Evolution, Thought as a Shield, The Human Mind, For sale at this office. Price 50 cents.

LYCEUM LESSONS. Lyceum Lessons, issued quarterly by the National Spiritualists' Association, assisted by an able Editorial Committee. Each series contains sixteen pages of important helps in the Lyceum or Family. Price, One and one-half cents each, postage prepaid. Address: George W. Bates, 6000 Pennsylvania avenue S.E., Washington, D. C.

Lyceums desiring graded lessons can secure the same at the following prices, from J. L. Mussina, 13 East Third street, Williamsport, Pa.: Single copy, 50 cents per annum, in advance; 13 cents per quarter, in lots of 20 or more copies, each 10 cents, in advance; published weekly.

Review of Rev. R. V. Hunter's Attack Upon Spiritualism. A distinctly valuable service to Spiritualists has been rendered by Prof. W. M. Lockwood by his latest work in neat pamphlet form his able and masterly reply to the attack of Rev. R. V. Hunter upon Spiritualism. Fairly and squarely he meets and demolishes the doughty Reverend's boldly asserted statements. We opine that the Rev. Hunter and others of his kind will hesitate before they attempt again to demolish Spiritualism, after reading Prof. Lockwood's review. Additional value is given to this brochure by a striking list of names of Professors, Scientists, Actors, Lawyers and statesmen who accept the facts of modern Spiritualism.

For fifteen cents this valuable pamphlet can be procured of Prof. W. M. Lockwood, Lily Dale, N. Y.

Charles Humphrey Mullins will give clairvoyant readings by mail. Send check of half and \$1.00, 2222 Lake Park Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Psychic Unfoldment. No one can unfold all the phases but each one can unfold some phase of psychic power by which he can demonstrate his own Divinity and his immortality. My system will teach you how. It has been doing so over fifteen years. Spiritualists who believe in their own circles have found it a great help of practical benefit. It is endorsed by hundreds of students. All scientific and practical. Read a few testimonials: "The lessons are remarkable."—Dr. David Crichton, New York. "I have learned more from this system than anything else."—Miss A. Hodgkins, Buffalo, N. Y. "I can always see and hear at my sittings."—Mrs. Bowers, Toronto. Mr. Grumhine refers to three or four prominent Spiritualists in the field who have been unaided by his system. Mr. J. H. of St. Louis, and Mrs. L. W. of Cleveland, each Mrs. Whithead and Mrs. Smith of Lowell and Methuen, Mass. Send stamped addressed envelope for circulars and developed more of psychic powers to J. C. F. GRUMHINE, 4 Stratmore Road, Brookline, Mass.

MRS. E. HITCHCOCK will answer questions by mail. Send self-addressed envelope with date of birth. Full reading \$1.00. Fern Hill, Pierce Co. Wis.

REV. MAY A. PRICE, Gives Clairvoyant and Astrological Readings by Mail, relating to both physical and material conditions. Tells past, present and future events, assisted by spirit mediums. Describes astrological, tells the cause and gives advice of spirit physicians. Cures Obstacles, teaches development of mediumship. Describes spirits and gives messages. Send lock of hair and date of birth and dollar. Ask Questions. Address for the Summer, Morton, N. Y., instead of Washington, D. C.

THE RELIGION OF OVERFULNESS. By Sara A. Hubbard. This little booklet sets forth interestingly a religion which all may adopt and experience with benefit to body and spirit. Very nice for a holiday present. Daintily printed and bound, in a case. Price 50 cents.

THE MANGASARIAN-CRABBEY DEBATE. Resolved, That the Jesus of the New Testament is an Historical Personage. Affirmative, Rev. A. S. Crabbe, D.D., for 25 years rector in the Episcopal church. Negative, M. M. Mangasarian, lecturer for the Independent Religious Society, Rationalist, Chicago. Price, 25 cents, or five copies for \$1.00.

From Dream to Vision of Life. By Lillian Whiting, Author of "The World Beautiful," "The Spiritual Significance," "The Outlook Beautiful," etc.

This book finds its keynote in the question asked by the Archbishop of Canterbury—"The Life Beyond—what is it? What is its bearing on these present working years?" To the discussion of this vital problem Miss Whiting brings the results of modern scientific research and that peculiar spiritual clairvoyance which has been remarked in "The Life Radiant" and some of her other books. It is written with a certain joyous vitality that communicates itself to the reader in a certain radiance and liberation of new energies. Price \$1.00 net.

WOMAN: Her Centuries Progress. A Lecture delivered at the Progressive Thinker's International Congress, Chicago, Ill., October, 1925. By Susan E. Wixom. Price, 10c.

UNCOOKED FOODS, And How to Live on Them—With Recipes for Wholesome Preparation. Proper combination and menus, with the reason uncooked food is best for the promotion of health, strength and vitality. By Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Christian.

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