

BRIEF LETTERS.

They Speak the Sentiments of the People.

Oscar A. Edgerly, of Bridgeport, Ct., writes: "Only a few days ago I heard a lady say: 'May the angel who bless Mr. Francis for giving us a real spiritual paper whose subscription price is within the reach of all.'"—

Mrs. Minnie A. Lewis, of Bartlett, Mo., writes: "Would that I could place *The Progressive Thinker* in the hands of every ill-educated man and woman in the State of Missouri."

Mrs. Little A. Ashton, of Stockton, Cal., writes: "I could not do without the paper."

B. N. Goodrich, of Ashmont, Ohio, writes: "I wish to add my note to say Amen to the nomination for President of Col. R. L. Ingersoll, for to my mind he has the greater and grandest mind, and is the most fearless, eloquent orator this earth has ever produced. He has done more for all the goals of justice, has done more than any man in the world to hose the shackles from the mind of superstition. With his loving nature he has opened the eyes of the blind, and paved the way with reason, showing how true it is that pure morality is the path to heaven, and ridding the moral mind that belief is the only safe way."

Andrew D. Barrett, of Aver, Mass., writes: "Surely gives this the best satisfaction of any Spiritualist paper that has ever been started."

Mrs. L. D. Storey, of Belfast, Me., writes: "I like the fearless stand the paper has taken in the grand and noble work of reform that is so much needed in this world."

Mrs. H. L. Treadwell, of Washington, D. C., writes: "I think that *The Progressive Thinker* is the best spiritual paper of the age. Keep on brother, you are doing a grand and good work."

Mrs. Helen L. Searle, of Greenfield, Mass., writes: "The trial subscriber thinks it the best paper he ever read, and the cheapest."

P. W. Sawley, of E. Oakfield, N. Y., writes: "Your *Progressive Thinker* has a class of reading matter for the people which has, that is, that is as interesting, and seems to be perfectly reliable. When we consider the price you send it for, it puts all other spiritual papers in the shade."

Clark Rose, of Cavalier, N. Dakota, writes: "I am very thankful that I ever became a subscriber for *The Progressive Thinker*. From the very first number to the last one now before me, I am convinced that it is the best paper I have ever read. It is the best, and I wonder what the next number would contain, yet each number comes filled with progressive ideas, good strong food for hungry souls seeking light. I would not be at all surprised if this broad land could be blessed by the hallowed influence sure to come to those who live according to the righteous doctrine promulgated through its columns."

Frank C. Wilcox, of Mantua Station, Ohio, writes: "We are more than pleased with your prosperity and the good you are doing. May celestial light and divine wisdom ever attend you in your mission of enlightening the world to remove the shackles that bind therein the eternal terms of knowledge."

Geo. H. Wood, of Glen Falls, N. Y., writes: "I cannot afford to be without the paper for one week. It comes like big rays of sunshine into my house. It is just grand."

Harvey Lyman, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., writes: "I will do all I can to help you put down the Catholic element. My wife is heartily in sympathy with you in your good work."

James Little, of Oakland, Cal., writes: "I have been doing a little work quiet for *The Progressive Thinker*, and shall continue to do so." He then continues:

"The creeds of Christianity have encompassed millions of souls in darkness."

And on the other side of life, thick darkness over them rolls.

Awakening on the other side they think they are in heaven.

And for ages seek for Jesus, to get their sins forgiven."

S. K. Hall, of Washington, D. C., writes: "We think to count the hours when *The Progressive Thinker* is due."

E. Ormsby, of this city, writes: "I will do my best to increase the circulation of the best and most fearless publication I know of, to one hundred thousand or more."

Joseph Brown, of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I think your paper is one of the best in the spiritual world. It is the best, and I am sure it will be the best of the matter in it."

S. N. Asplund, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, writes: "The *Progressive Thinker* is doing much good in awakening the people to their danger from the growing strength of the Catholic power. If all your subscribers would send you as many new ones as I do, your list would soon reach 100,000 instead of 20,000, as you desire."

W. B. Mills, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., writes: "The *Progressive Thinker* improves every week."

Almer Sisson, of Adair, Iowa, writes: "I take three spiritual papers, an always in haste to get the *Progressive Thinker* to fill a column as it arrives. Hope its career has but just commenced."

Henry Sherburn, of South Schenectady, N. Y., writes: "I look every Thursday for *The Progressive Thinker* to fill a column as it arrives. Hope its career has but just commenced."

W. M. Randall, of Almyra, Ark., who is in favor of shorter articles, and more of them, writes: "There has long been a great, hungry void in the heart of Spiritualism that *The Progressive Thinker* is doing much to fill. All subscribers are anxious to satisfy this restless want. I hope its swelling tide of success will not be checked by any mistakes."

M. S. Baldwin, of North Wilbraham, Mass., writes: "After reading your paper for nearly two weeks, I feel just anticipating its weekly arrival. I like it very much; but one thing causes me to speculate, and that is, why so many prominent Spiritualists and progressive minds or those who are in the front of the movement, do not feel the need of a medium of Nazareth, when we so long ago abandoned the idea of the atonement of blood and forgiveness of sin?"

Abby A. Judson, of Minneapolis, Minn., prominent as a lecturer, writes: "I read your paper with great interest from week to week."

G. G. McKen, of Westfield, N. Y., writes: "What few copies of *The Progressive Thinker* I have perused satisfies me that the paper is just the character I like—a little of a good many things—a variety."

K. H. Morton, of Big Sandy, Tenn., writes: "I am never better pleased with a paper in my life."

Mrs. C. A. Borer, of Lilydale, N. Y., writes: "I am sure it will return ten fold in after years as well as at once. It is a glorious reward for which you are working."

Wm. Stockhouse, of Kansas City, Mo., writes: "I am delighted with the paper; it is a first class spiritual paper."

Mrs. H. L. Gueley, of Danville, Ill., writes: "I think it one of the best spiritual papers published."

Henry Bush, of Fox du Lac, Wis., writes: "Permit me to congratulate you in the venture and success of *The Progressive Thinker*. It has come to us weekly the past year and is read with deep interest. It is doing much good in this vicinity."

J. M. Foster, of Hill City, Tenn., writes: "I am more than pleased with your grand paper. Think it the most fearless and interesting paper ever before the public, and it is bound to revolutionize thought and awaken the masses to the danger that threatens them."

H. Olson, of Milbrier, Mass., writes: "Every week I welcome it with glad things to store away for future use."

D. B. Goodrich, of Willsboro, Ohio, writes: "I like the paper so well I want to make a present of it to my brother-in-law."

John B. Meredith, of Kayville, Utah, writes: "Of the sixty numbers received, I have mailed fifty five, sending them as missionaries to Holland, England, through the States and this Territory."

M. J. Jones, of Palmyra, N. Y., writes: "Please send the paper, and do not discontinue it during the duration of my mortal life."

Geo. H. Chapman, of Silver City, New Mex., writes: "I have shown them a few numbers of the paper and they have become interested in our beautiful religion."

R. W. Beal, of Atascadero, Cal., writes: "I am very much of the paper."

C. M. Palmer, of Whitewater, Wis., writes: "Father Chiquery could not all over the land."

Mrs. Charles Mosher, of South Deerfield, Mass., writes: "I do not feel that I could get along without the paper. It is food for the mind and body."

M. C. Hubbell, of Salamanca, N. Y., writes: "I would feel lost without the paper."

PSYCHIC FORCE.

Good Subject for the Eastern Ministers.

It Found a New Religion—Superstition and Ignorance Holding a High Horse—Hypnotic Influences Makes the Converts.

Glenwood, Iowa, is a thrifty little town of about 3,000 souls. Perhaps it would be more in accord with the facts to call it a city, for it is so designated by the act of the State Legislature. In 1820 it was granted a special charter, and it continues to exercise municipal functions by virtue of that ancient grant. As its name indicates it is built among the glens and groves—beautifully situated. Its people are sober, industrious, and intelligent. Church and school have been and locally it will compare favorably with the average Iowa city. It is noted as a fruit-growing center, as the location of the Iowa institution for feeble-minded children, and as the home of one prominent State official and of several who would be willing to serve the State in almost any capacity outside of Fort Madison. The average Glenwoodian is plain, direct, and matter-of-fact, devoid of superstition, and about the last person you would suspect as being liable to be led into any kind of religious excesses. Amid these surroundings and under such conditions "The Church of Christ" had its birth.

Nearly two years ago Capt. John Byers, accompanied by two very fat women, a very lean young man, and a very large bass drum, marched into town. This motley array constituted a remnant of the Salvation Army which had been stranded at Glenwood although they do not appear to have been "in good standing" in that organization. Capt. John was a vigorous old Scotchman. He pitched his tent near the center of the town, and, marshaling his forces, he began to wage war on Satan and his cohorts. It was difficult to understand him, he being an illiterate and plantation darky. What he lacked in education and polish was in a measure atoned for by his enthusiasm, noise.

On such occasions as these Elder Weaver was the only one who maintained his presence of mind. Dressed in homespun jeans, with a hickory stick devoid of collar, without coat and with shaggy hair, he sat on a stool, his hands crossed, and unmoved, absolute master of the situation. A word from him, or even a simple gesture of command, and instantly the hub of death came upon that vast assemblage. Alexander Selkirk could not more truly say:

"I am monarch of all I survey" than could this unlearned, unshaven, and unadorned king. He owed his leadership to no accident of birth or rank of fortune. By the force of a will and intellect which would make themselves felt in any sphere, he reigns an absolute spiritual dictator of this people. Many are from the South. They are for the most part uneducated, and are what might be called "shiftless." Some years ago there was organized among these people what was known as a "Free-Methodist" church. It was not a success and maintained only a precarious existence. Shortly before the advent of Capt. John there occurred a great light among these people. He is known as Elder Weaver and is a local character of unusual interest. He is a strong, vigorous man of about 50 years, possessed of much native shrewdness, an effective public speaker, having those peculiar qualities usually designated as magnetic. He is a part of Peter Cartwright. What he lacks in style and polish he makes up in the force and directness of his preaching. Under his leadership the Waughbony people had established a "tabernacle in the wilderness," and had begun to gather the faithful under the banner of the new crusade.

At the beginning it was little more than an ordinary camp-meeting, but gradually now it assumes the form of a religious revival. There were vehement exhortations to turn to the Lord and seek salvation. Familiar hymns were sung to new tunes, or rather to no tunes at all. Most of the singing was of the jubilee variety, and this peculiar form of melody is still used by the faithful. The manifestations of the "power" began to assume new forms. Its victims fell to the ground in a stupor and remained for hours in an unconscious state. The air was filled with hallooings, groanings, dissonant music, and all-pervading air strongly suggesting the absence of the bath and the laundry. Above all this din could be heard the voices of two or more exhortors, who, with wild ejaculations, loudly called for "monitors." Scores of penitents gathered at these rude altars and pandemonium reigned supreme.

Soon they began to introduce the novelty of dancing. At first it seemed to be a manifestation of mental exaltation or religious delirium which could only find expression in some form of violent physical exercise. It originated among the women, and to Sister Hattie, who is a lover of her sex, belongs the credit of having popularized this peculiar form of dancing. They refer to the fact that "David danced before the Lord," and quote much scriptures to justify their peculiar practices. Soon the men became infected with this new craze, and dancing became a part of the regular nightly program. Often a dozen or more women would be dancing at one time. The step was a near approach to the ordinary waltz; each performer, how-

ever, dancing independently of all the others and with a peculiar rhythm which, to some, was singularly fascinating. With long hair streaming in the air, with arms extended above their heads, with eyes fixed and staring and with a rapid expression of countenance utterly oblivious to all terrestrial surroundings, with only a smoky kerosene lamp throwing its uncertain light over the weird scene.



DANCING BEFORE THE LORD.

and with hundreds noting their wild gyrations, they danced until one by one they tumbled to the earth from sheer physical exhaustion. Those who have witnessed the dances of the devotees of voodooism among the negroes of Louisiana, can form some idea of the effect of these manifestations upon the minds of the ignorant and superstitious. Nor should we forget the influence of the hypnotic power, long, slim, and angular, known as "Jumping Jack," was the star performer. He jumped many feet into the air, flourishing his long coat tails with a peculiar grace, and gave an entertainment calculated to edify the faithful and to terrify the unbelievers. He was commingling of the Highland fling and the Sioux ghost dance.

On such occasions as these Elder Weaver was the only one who maintained his presence of mind. Dressed in homespun jeans, with a hickory stick devoid of collar, without coat and with shaggy hair, he sat on a stool, his hands crossed, and unmoved, absolute master of the situation. A word from him, or even a simple gesture of command, and instantly the hub of death came upon that vast assemblage. Alexander Selkirk could not more truly say:

"I am monarch of all I survey"

than could this unlearned, unshaven, and unadorned king. He owed his leadership to no accident of birth or rank of fortune. By the force of a will and intellect which would make themselves felt in any sphere, he reigns an absolute spiritual dictator of this people. Many are from the South. They are for the most part uneducated, and are what might be called "shiftless." Some years ago there was organized among these people what was known as a "Free-Methodist" church. It was not a success and maintained only a precarious existence. Shortly before the advent of Capt. John there occurred a great light among these people. He is known as Elder Weaver and is a local character of unusual interest. He is a strong, vigorous man of about 50 years, possessed of much native shrewdness, an effective public speaker, having those peculiar qualities usually designated as magnetic. He is a part of Peter Cartwright. What he lacks in style and polish he makes up in the force and directness of his preaching. Under his leadership the Waughbony people had established a "tabernacle in the wilderness," and had begun to gather the faithful under the banner of the new crusade.

At the beginning it was little more than an ordinary camp-meeting, but gradually now it assumes the form of a religious revival. There were vehement exhortations to turn to the Lord and seek salvation. Familiar hymns were sung to new tunes, or rather to no tunes at all. Most of the singing was of the jubilee variety, and this peculiar form of melody is still used by the faithful. The manifestations of the "power" began to assume new forms. Its victims fell to the ground in a stupor and remained for hours in an unconscious state. The air was filled with hallooings, groanings, dissonant music, and all-pervading air strongly suggesting the absence of the bath and the laundry. Above all this din could be heard the voices of two or more exhortors, who, with wild ejaculations, loudly called for "monitors." Scores of penitents gathered at these rude altars and pandemonium reigned supreme.

Soon they began to introduce the novelty of dancing. At first it seemed to be a manifestation of mental exaltation or religious delirium which could only find expression in some form of violent physical exercise. It originated among the women, and to Sister Hattie, who is a lover of her sex, belongs the credit of having popularized this peculiar form of dancing. They refer to the fact that "David danced before the Lord," and quote much scriptures to justify their peculiar practices. Soon the men became infected with this new craze, and dancing became a part of the regular nightly program. Often a dozen or more women would be dancing at one time. The step was a near approach to the ordinary waltz; each performer, how-

ever, dancing independently of all the others and with a peculiar rhythm which, to some, was singularly fascinating. With long hair streaming in the air, with arms extended above their heads, with eyes fixed and staring and with a rapid expression of countenance utterly oblivious to all terrestrial surroundings, with only a smoky kerosene lamp throwing its uncertain light over the weird scene.

On such occasions as these Elder Weaver was the only one who maintained his presence of mind. Dressed in homespun jeans, with a hickory stick devoid of collar, without coat and with shaggy hair, he sat on a stool, his hands crossed, and unmoved, absolute master of the situation. A word from him, or even a simple gesture of command, and instantly the hub of death came upon that vast assemblage. Alexander Selkirk could not more truly say:

"I am monarch of all I survey"

than could this unlearned, unshaven, and unadorned king. He owed his leadership to no accident of birth or rank of fortune. By the force of a will and intellect which would make themselves felt in any sphere, he reigns an absolute spiritual dictator of this people. Many are from the South. They are for the most part uneducated, and are what might be called "shiftless." Some years ago there was organized among these people what was known as a "Free-Methodist" church. It was not a success and maintained only a precarious existence. Shortly before the advent of Capt. John there occurred a great light among these people. He is known as Elder Weaver and is a local character of unusual interest. He is a strong, vigorous man of about 50 years, possessed of much native shrewdness, an effective public speaker, having those peculiar qualities usually designated as magnetic. He is a part of Peter Cartwright. What he lacks in style and polish he makes up in the force and directness of his preaching. Under his leadership the Waughbony people had established a "tabernacle in the wilderness," and had begun to gather the faithful under the banner of the new crusade.

At the beginning it was little more than an ordinary camp-meeting, but gradually now it assumes the form of a religious revival. There were vehement exhortations to turn to the Lord and seek salvation. Familiar hymns were sung to new tunes, or rather to no tunes at all. Most of the singing was of the jubilee variety, and this peculiar form of melody is still used by the faithful. The manifestations of the "power" began to assume new forms. Its victims fell to the ground in a stupor and remained for hours in an unconscious state. The air was filled with hallooings, groanings, dissonant music, and all-pervading air strongly suggesting the absence of the bath and the laundry. Above all this din could be heard the voices of two or more exhortors, who, with wild ejaculations, loudly called for "monitors." Scores of penitents gathered at these rude altars and pandemonium reigned supreme.

Soon they began to introduce the novelty of dancing. At first it seemed to be a manifestation of mental exaltation or religious delirium which could only find expression in some form of violent physical exercise. It originated among the women, and to Sister Hattie, who is a lover of her sex, belongs the credit of having popularized this peculiar form of dancing. They refer to the fact that "David danced before the Lord," and quote much scriptures to justify their peculiar practices. Soon the men became infected with this new craze, and dancing became a part of the regular nightly program. Often a dozen or more women would be dancing at one time. The step was a near approach to the ordinary waltz; each performer, how-

ever, dancing independently of all the others and with a peculiar rhythm which, to some, was singularly fascinating. With long hair streaming in the air, with arms extended above their heads, with eyes fixed and staring and with a rapid expression of countenance utterly oblivious to all terrestrial surroundings, with only a smoky kerosene lamp throwing its uncertain light over the weird scene.

On such occasions as these Elder Weaver was the only one who maintained his presence of mind. Dressed in homespun jeans, with a hickory stick devoid of collar, without coat and with shaggy hair, he sat on a stool, his hands crossed, and unmoved, absolute master of the situation. A word from him, or even a simple gesture of command, and instantly the hub of death came upon that vast assemblage. Alexander Selkirk could not more truly say:

"I am monarch of all I survey"

than could this unlearned, unshaven, and unadorned king. He owed his leadership to no accident of birth or rank of fortune. By the force of a will and intellect which would make themselves felt in any sphere, he reigns an absolute spiritual dictator of this people. Many are from the South. They are for the most part uneducated, and are what might be called "shiftless." Some years ago there was organized among these people what was known as a "Free-Methodist" church. It was not a success and maintained only a precarious existence. Shortly before the advent of Capt. John there occurred a great light among these people. He is known as Elder Weaver and is a local character of unusual interest. He is a strong, vigorous man of about 50 years, possessed of much native shrewdness, an effective public speaker, having those peculiar qualities usually designated as magnetic. He is a part of Peter Cartwright. What he lacks in style and polish he makes up in the force and directness of his preaching. Under his leadership the Waughbony people had established a "tabernacle in the wilderness," and had begun to gather the faithful under the banner of the new crusade.

At the beginning it was little more than an ordinary camp-meeting, but gradually now it assumes the form of a religious revival. There were vehement exhortations to turn to the Lord and seek salvation. Familiar hymns were sung to new tunes, or rather to no tunes at all. Most of the singing was of the jubilee variety, and this peculiar form of melody is still used by the faithful. The manifestations of the "power" began to assume new forms. Its victims fell to the ground in a stupor and remained for hours in an unconscious state. The air was filled with hallooings, groanings, dissonant music, and all-pervading air strongly suggesting the absence of the bath and the laundry. Above all this din could be heard the voices of two or more exhortors, who, with wild ejaculations, loudly called for "monitors." Scores of penitents gathered at these rude altars and pandemonium reigned supreme.

A TRIBUTE.

It is Given to Woman.

CHAPTER II.

Of the love and respect that the "Fathers of the Church" had for woman, we will mention that Saint Chrysostom said that woman was a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a delectable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill poor old saint. St. Augustine elaborated the doctrine. Papal bulls have mentioned the same thing. The whole fabric of the Christian church is doubly opposed to woman's rights, even to this day. Why will women insist on supporting this great enemy? It may be proper and advisable to quote here what we hinted a few years ago on this subject.

AN ADMIRABLE DOCTRINE.

The doctrine of the subordination of woman is an admirable one, and it is not possible that a good God could have ordained it. The revelers of the Bible have found in 324 years, and we believe that any sanction to the slavery of woman must assuredly be among these errors, engrafted in it by the wild old saints who imputed original sin to woman, because Eve ate the apple, and therefore held her responsible for all evil.

One of the most pronounced doctrines of the church in early ages was, that the whole tendency of woman was to evil, and had it not been for the unfortunate oversight of her creation, man would now be dwelling in the Innocence and happiness of the paradise of Eden.

Nothing can be more destructive of the happiness of married life than the enforcement of this monstrous doctrine. The highest measure of happiness in the home is only possible where it is utterly abrogated. Only the law of love can make home the abode of bliss. If a man should take on the authority of a master and his wife, he would be a life by arbitrary commands, he would be a life of trouble and a disruption, and the recital of the marriage service does not make such behavior any the less reprehensible or less productive of unpleasant relations. The highest harmony of married life is where the partners are equal, and their relationship is that of perfect love, where one and both are intent on the happiness of each other.

The attitude of a master and the obedience of a slave imply no relation of happiness, community of interests, no sweet and intimate marriage of congenial souls. A woman who is under obedience and command is a slave, and therefore unhappy. No amount of roses can conceal the chains. A man who demands that his wife shall be subject to his commands, is no better than a slave-driver or a barbarian. Man was not made to boss woman, and we can prove it from the Bible writings. And God said: "Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him (for them), male and female created he them; and God blessed them and gave them dominion, etc. That is the way the Bible reads. Man, as we understand it, is a creature of dominion, male and female. It will be noted that man was not given dominion over woman, but they were given dominion over all things on earth. It has been claimed that man was made the highest of God's creation. But he was found to be imperfect, as he had one rib too many, so in order to complete him, this rib was extracted, and it was formed to be a helper and to wait on Adam, and she was to be held in subjection all the days of her life, because she was made last. What a reflection on our mothers, wives, sisters and daughters. It is more probable and more in the regular order of things that as Adam was imperfect, Eve, who was made afterward and was perfect, was made the highest order of creation. As Burns puts it:

"Her 'prentice hand was tried on man, And then she made the ladies, O, Emanuel."

TO BE CONTINUED.

For *The Progressive Thinker*.

NOT A SOLEMN OCCASION!

Funeral of Dr. Shoetly.

The Band Plays Lively Tunes.

We are glad to know that there has been one funeral that was not in the least solemn or sad. A brass band stood at the grave of Dr. Shoetly, at Egerton, a small place near Springfield, O., a few weeks ago, and played lively tunes as the casket was lowered into the coffin of the dead physician. It was in accordance with his expressed wish. His dying injunction was that there be no mourning or appearance of mourning on the occasion of his funeral. He made a provision for the physician's usual life, and the band should the leader carry out his instructions to the letter. The leader did so and got his money.

The doctor was an infidel. He directed that there should be neither singing nor praying, nor any form of religious ceremony at his grave. His request in this regard was always complied with. His neighbors were shocked beyond expression at the funeral, but none more so than his wife, who was a devout Catholic.

Mrs. Shoetly, who was a hopeless invalid and knew that she must soon die, was overwhelmed with grief at the thought of her husband being buried as she loved him, devotedly she determined that she must be buried by his side. It is said that a letter was written to Rome, asking what should be done in the case, and that an answer was received that in view of the sacrifice at the foot of the cross, the wife should be laid by the husband's side the ceremonies of the church must be omitted.

For a long time the woman's desire to lie beside her husband struggled with her religious feeling, but love for her husband finally conquered. A few days ago she died and was taken to the cemetery without ceremony, followed only by a few of her late husband's friends.

People have a lesson to learn. The body can add by the spirit, and the spirit can add by the body. The friends of the deceased, or to God himself, than its exact weight in these elements that constitute the material universe, hence the playing of a lively tune at the grave can have no possible means of truthfully conveying a message to the dead. The old Pope of Rome, when weighed in the balance, is about as poor a specimen of humanity as one can find. If the Doctor had been a Catholic, and a drunken wake held over his body, in the estimation of the Pope, would have not been the usual ceremonies of the church of Rome.

At the close of the services of the First Society of Spiritualists of New York, Feb. 22, Gen. Bullard introduced the following:

Resolved, That this society has heard with pleasure and profit, the logical, learned and eloquent lectures of Hudson Tuttle, and the poems by Emma Road Tuttle, and we commend them to our friends throughout the country.

At the close of the services of the First Society of Spiritualists of New York, Feb. 22, Gen. Bullard introduced the following:

Resolved, That this society has heard with pleasure and profit, the logical, learned and eloquent lectures of Hudson Tuttle, and the poems by Emma Road Tuttle, and we commend them to our friends throughout the country.

At the close of the services of the First Society of Spiritualists of New York, Feb. 22, Gen. Bullard introduced the following:

Resolved, That this society has heard with pleasure and profit, the logical, learned and eloquent lectures of Hudson Tuttle, and the poems by Emma Road Tuttle, and we commend them to our friends throughout the country.

At the close of the services of the First Society of Spiritualists of New York, Feb. 22, Gen. Bullard introduced the following:

Resolved, That this society has heard with pleasure and profit, the logical, learned and eloquent lectures of Hudson Tuttle, and the poems by Emma Road Tuttle, and we commend them to our friends throughout the country.

At the close of the services of the First Society of Spiritualists of New York, Feb. 22, Gen. Bullard introduced the following:

Resolved, That this society has heard with pleasure and profit, the logical, learned and eloquent lectures of Hudson Tuttle, and the poems by Emma Road Tuttle, and we commend them to our friends throughout the country.

At the close of the services of the First Society of Spiritualists of New York, Feb. 22, Gen. Bullard introduced the following:

Resolved, That this society has heard with pleasure and profit, the logical, learned and eloquent lectures of Hudson Tuttle, and the poems by Emma Road Tuttle, and we commend them to our friends throughout the country.

At the close of the services of the First Society of Spiritualists of New York, Feb. 22, Gen. Bullard introduced the following:

Resolved, That this society has heard with pleasure and profit, the logical, learned and eloquent lectures of Hudson Tuttle, and the poems by Emma Road Tuttle, and we commend them to our friends throughout the country.

WISHING AND HAVING.

If to wish and to have were one, my dear, You would not be sitting now With not a care in your tender heart, The happy hour of your life, The clock of time would go back with you, All the years you have been my wife, Till its golden hands had pointed out The happy hour of your life, I would stop them at that immortal hour: The clock should no longer run! You would not be sad and sick and old— If to wish and to have were one.

You are not here in the winter, my love, The snow is not melting down, You are out in the heart of the summer woods, In your dear old seaside town, A jester of little feet in the leaves. A beautiful tree at your side, He is gathering flowers in the shady nook— It was but a dream that he died! Keep hold of his hands and sing to him, Sadness will be a thing of the past— Had such a simple child as you— and to have were one.

Methods I am with you there, dear wife, In that old house by the sea; I have done to you as the bloodied hand of the executioner, A sailor's hammock hangs at the door, You swing in it, book in hand, A boat is standing in the beach, The great sea is before you, Your brothers are coming—two happy boys, Whose lives have only begun; Their days may be long on the land, dear heart—

If to wish and to have were one, ah, I would not be old and poor, But a young and prosperous gentleman, With never a dun at the door; There would be no past to bewail, my love, I would be a child again, my dear, Your brothers would be live men again, And my boy would not be dead; Perhaps it will all come right at last; It may be a dream, but I will try, Where to wish and to have is one.

Written for *The Progressive Thinker*.

WRITING ON THE WALL.

Evidence that it Actually Took Place.

Passing through Kansas City, Mo., on my way to California, I called at the pleasant home of Mrs. M. A. Crawford, and was there shown, not only the original communications spoken of by her in an article in the December 6th number of *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*, entitled, "Writing upon the Wall," but also many other strange phenomenal communications, which, as I have said, are one seeking knowledge, I would like to place in your paper to tell your readers the result of my observations.

I found the lady not only willing but anxious that the most critical examination should be made, and I found nothing in any way that would even seem to be of a nature to lead to the fact that the writing is in one corner of the room made simply by a curtain extended from wall to wall, and the walls are solid. The location of the cabinet in the corner is such that it is not accessible, either by a door or by a window, without being seen by the two occupants of the bed that night; also the mirror was thus likewise protected, and to which I have referred, the writing is so high up on the mirror that it could not be reached without standing on something, and there to-day stands out in bold relief the words:

