









## GOING TO HEAVEN.

It Can Only Be Through So-Called Dying.

## A Plea For Cremation.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND CORPSES.—THE WONDERFUL GRAVEYARD OF GUANAJUATO AND ITS GIANARY OF BONES—HOW THE DEAD ARE KEPT IN PIGEON-HOLES AND VAULTS.



The strange burying ground in the world is here at Guanajuato. I have visited the most curious graveyards on record, but I have never seen anything that compares with the horrors I saw to-day. I have stood in the "snail" garden of the Wat Sah Kute in Bangkok, in Siam, and have watched the hungry dogs fight over the bleeding flesh of the dead humans who were thrown there for burial. I have seen the cultures by the hundreds sweep down upon the naked dead bodies of the Persians as they were laid upon the Towers of Silence at Bombay, and I have wandered among the tombs of the thousand generations of Chinamen which fill the sides of the White Cloud Mountains near the big city of Canton. I have admired the skeletoned mummies representing living wives banding over their husbands in the wonderful Campo Santo in Genoa. I have seen the dead piled naked on top of one another in the cemetery at Naples and have wandered among the bone receptacles of the catacombs at Rome. I have seen the mummy tombs of Egypt, the burning ghats of the Ganges, the



A FAIR MOURNER OF MEXICO.

cremations and quick-time burials of the Japanese, but the sights of this Mexican cemetery are stranger than all. I do not find them in any of the books on Mexico, and I would hardly have believed that they existed had I not seen them with my own eyes. Imagine, if you can, the bones of 100,000 human beings torn to pieces and piled one on top of another like so much corn in a granary. Put all ages and sexes together. Tear them from limb to limb and mix the mass of skulls, legs, arms and ribs together so that the bony fingers of one run into the hollow eyes of its neighbor, and the parts of different skeletons lose themselves in the vast pile of this vaulted granary of bones.

This gives you but a faint idea of what I saw to-day. The cemetery of this city of Guanajuato is situated on the top of a high hill overlooking the town. I rode up to it on a little donkey, and was admitted to it by an Indian, who has a hat fully a foot high on his swarthy head, a revolver a foot long tied to his leather belt, and a pair of buckskin trousers which fitted his lean legs like a glove. This town is a mile and a half above the sea. The air here is as dry as the bones of these skeletons. The bones of these thousands of the dead are entered by its wide gate and found myself surrounded by a great wall in a court which contained perhaps five acres of ground. The walls of this court were about eight feet thick, and as I examined them I found that they were in fact made up of pigeon-holes about three feet square and six feet deep, some of which were open and others of which were closed with marble slabs, on which were printed the names and virtues of the dead who were



A MUNICIPAL COFFIN.

shelved away within. There were thousands of these pigeon-holes, and my guide showed me a card giving the rates. From it I see that these holes are rented out to the bodies of the dead, and the guide tells me that the most of them are taken for about five years, after which the bones of the deceased are taken out, the pigeon-hole is cleaned, and it is ready for the next occupant. It costs \$25 for the use of one of these pigeon-holes for five years, and this seems to be the shortest term for which they are leased. A man who wants one perpetually can have it by paying \$100, and if he cares to crowd his whole family into the same hole he can have it for the lump sum of \$500.



GRAVEYARD SANDWICHES.

The ordinary dead are, however, buried in the ground. The city of Guanajuato is rich, but its great wealth is in the hands of few. The majority are too poor to bury in the ground. The bones of the masses are buried. The rates are also for the rental basis. It costs a dead man \$1 to be buried in the ground, and after that his bones are

taken up and another body fills the hole. The five acres which makes up the court of the cemetery are literally composed of bone dust. Each removed body left some pieces of his skeleton behind, and the ground is made up of the dust of past humanity. In going over it you see little pieces of bones sticking up everywhere, and at one point, where a number of graves were being dug, I noted pieces of skulls and other bits of bones protruding from the mixture of dirt and bones thrown up. I was interested in watching the digging of the graves, and in the curious manner in which the bodies were laid in them. One digging here suffices for a number of burials. The hole made is about five feet wide, seven feet long, and from one to eight feet deep. The first corpse that comes gets the bottom berth. He is taken out of his rented coffin and laid with his head on a bunch of leaves, and over him is put, perhaps, six inches of dirt. The grave is then ready for the next arrival, who is buried in like manner, and so the bodies are piled up until the grave is filled. Guanajuato is a very unhealthy city, and the death rate is very large. During the past month there were four burials a day in this cemetery, and I saw six deep graves already dug when I was there. The bodies were of whatever fill and the others had nothing whatever in them.



CATACOMBS AND MUMMIES.

Leaving the court, I was next conducted down into the great storehouse for the bones and mummies. The bones have expired and they have been ousted by their landlords from their tenements above. Going down a winding stair so narrow that my sides grazed

the walls as I passed, I entered a long vaulted passage walled with stones and paved with cement. This passage was lighted by openings from above, and it was dry and free from smells. It runs clear around and under the edge of this five acres of cemetery, and in fact, a walled tunnel, about 12 feet high, 6 feet wide and more than 1,000 feet long. For ages this tunnel has been the receptacle of the bones of the dead of this city, and it is now almost filled. Only about 200 feet of it remain vacant, and the entrance to it is in the middle of the long wall. I stood at this point and looking either way I could see the great piles of skulls and other pieces of skeletons jumbled together in all sorts of shapes and mixed up into one heterogeneous mass of bones rising in a slanting way from the floor of the tunnel at an angle of forty-five degrees to the roof. Everything was jumbled together in the great democracy of the bones of the old and young were piled in and on one another. The feet of men rested in the skulls of women, and I saw a great toe in the grinning teeth of what may have once been a beautiful girl. About another skull the bones of an arm were thrown almost carelessly, and legs, arms and hands were scattered about in bits, were piled up, one on top of another, like so many stones, and the whole, ghastly as it was, looked more like the piled up Indian corn in a crib than anything else.

SOME DEAD ATTEMPTS. The most ghastly things, however, in this great vault were the mummies who stood leaning against the wall, guarding, as it were, the remains of the thousands of broken skeletons beyond them. There were at least one hundred of these mummies, each of which was more horrible than anything you will see in the museum of Boulaque, near Cairo, in Egypt, or any of the horrible examples of South America and Alaskan mummies which you will find in the National Museum in Washington. The air here was so dry that it sucked the juice out of the dead, and these mummies have been made, not by spices and by linen bands, but by the atmosphere. They are more horrible and lifelike than the artificially preserved article, and they retain the features and the expression of the living. It is true, but all the more horrible in their thousands of wrinkles. Here again the wall is propped the mummy of a bearded man. His face is perfect, and the whiskers, faded into a bleached dust color by hundreds of years, stand out like the beard of his living. His clothes have long since rotted off of him, and his bare chest, slightly sunken, looks like the parchment of an old drum. I tap it with my pencil to test its lungs and it gives forth a hollow drum-like sound of remembrance. His shriveled arms are crossed and his withered brown legs are straight. As my eye travels down them I see that a part of an old boot still clings to one of his feet, and that the other, like all the rest of his clothing, has rotted off long ago. Next to this ghastly object stands a mummy more ghastly still. It is that of a woman whose white teeth are well preserved in death as life and whose black tongue sticks through these in a

THE CATACOMBS. She has a wealth of long black hair reaching to her waist, and even in death she shows some signs of grace and beauty. Next to her stands another man whose face is so well preserved with agony, and a little further on is the mummy of a boy of twelve whose mouth is wide open and whose sunken frame makes you think of a skeleton smile, the persecuted student of Squeakers at Doherty's Hall.

A COFFIN FOR A TRIP. I had my camera with me in this vault and I wished to take a photograph of it. There was, however, no place on which to rest the camera, and I suggested to the guard of the cemetery that he go and get me a board. He at once picked a coffin from a little pile which contained the mummies he had been taking the mummy out held it under his arm, while he propped the coffin on end and made it stand level by putting a thigh bone from the great heap under one corner. Upon this I rested my camera and aimed it at the mummy, a fair picture. Before I left I took a picture of this man with the mummy in his arms, and another of him and his brother ghoul holding up the municipal coffin, in which all the dead of this town have been brought to the graveyard. There are no hearse in this mountain city, and the town has fixed rates for the rent of its coffins. These coffins are so big that another coffin can be put inside of them, and they are carried on the shoulders of the bearers up the steep hill. As soon as they enter the cemetery the coffins are placed on a ledge or stone table and are opened, for the purpose, it is said, of seeing that not more than one corpse is buried in one coffin and that the cemetery gets its full quota for every corpse. The roadway up to the cemetery has many coffin shops, but the coffins, though expensive, are very nicely made, and many of those for ladies are painted a light blue or grained mahogany. I saw at Zatecas a boy carrying one of these blue coffins on his head,



A MEXICAN HEARSE.

but whether he was on his way to the cemetery or to the house of mourning I could not tell.

MEXICAN FUNERALS. The general customs of mourning in Mexico are somewhat different from ours. Mourning is much more general, and black is put on for intimate friends and for distant relatives. It is, however, worn a shorter time, but the occasions of mourning are so frequent that every lady has her mourning suit in her wardrobe. If, for instance, a young lady dies, her friends wear black for thirty days, and if it is the young girl's mother who is dead the friends will put on black for half that time. I visited a second funeral in Mexico, but they pay visits of condolence soon after the death, and such visits are made in mourning clothes. Cards and letters of regret are always sent to the family at the time of a death by such friends who cannot call, and the announcements of funerals are of the most touching and extravagant nature. Funerals are celebrated, as a rule, almost immediately after death, and in Mexico City as soon as possible after the twenty-four hours which the law proscribes that the dead should be kept before interment. The coffin is procured immediately, the cards are sent out and the ceremonies take place.

STREET CARS AS HEARSES.

Mexico City is, perhaps, the only place in the world where the street cars are the hearses. There is no other kind used, and the car lines make a good thing out of their funeral business. There are about one hundred and fifty deaths a day in Mexico City, and you see these cars draped in black, and driven by drivers in mourning, spinning along the road toward the cemetery every hour or so during the week. The funeral car has a raised place in its center for the coffin. It is open at the sides, but has a black canopy at the top, and its decorations are more or less elaborate, according to the charge for the service. Behind it comes a second car containing the mourners, and the cars go very fast, as they have to go on the same track as the other cars, and here the dead have to run to get out of the way of the living. This car service costs all the way from \$3 to \$120 per funeral, and some of the higher-priced cars are covered with silk, and, in the case of the dead being infants, the young cars are often trimmed in white satin.

WHAT IT COSTS TO DIE IN MEXICO.

Mexico City is in fact a very expensive place in which to die. A funeral costs \$500 at the least, if it is at all respectable, and in the case of foreigners the expenses run up into the thousands. This is especially so when it is desired to take the bodies out of the country. If the friends of the dead are not posted, the body is taken to the cemetery and left on the ground, and the estate of a Kansas millionaire named Smith, who died here lately, paid \$2,000 for expenses here. Among the charges was one of \$800 for embalming, and I heard of a case yesterday in which a Mexican embalmer or doctor charged \$3,000 for preparing the body of a Frenchman for shipment, for shipment. The work was not properly done and the deceased could not be sent away, whereupon one of the American newspapers published an article as to the outrageous charge. The doctor brought suit against the paper, saying it was true he had brought in the bill for embalming as stated, but as the body had decomposed before he was able to draw the bill. Had the newspaper not published the fact the bill would hardly have been withdrawn. Everything, however, is expensive in Mexico, and the undertakers have to make high charges. All the materials used are imported from abroad, and though they are put together here, and the prices are proportionately high.

MEXICO AS A HEALTHFUL CAPITAL.

The death rate of Mexico City is very high. It is said that it averages about 37 in 1,000, and the only wonder is that it is not higher. Were it not for the perpetually bright sun and the high altitude the city would be a morgue, a vast charnel house, a Golgotha, a place of the skulls. Think of a city which has a population of hundreds of thousands for many generations, but yet no burial ground, with no drainage whatever, and let this city go on, with its accumulated mass of filth, increasing year by year and sinking down into the soil, and you have some idea of sanitary Mexico City. A constant malaria plagues here at night, and the water is only three feet under the city. It is a fact that there is no place in the world where typhus and typhoid fever is so prevalent as here, and it is not surprising that the Mexican capital is for many people a favorable health resort. The climate is so equable, the air so dry and the hot sun suck up the juices of decomposition, that such people as are careful and sleep above the ground floor are in little danger. Outside of the city there is no danger whatever, and if it had been built on high ground it would be one of the finest health resorts in the world. As it is, foreigners have to be careful of their health here, and the foreign cemetery contains many occupants. The American cemetery contains about twelve hundred, and it is so full that the colony is about to purchase a new one. Still, I have met several Americans here, and their lives have been saved by their coming to Mexico, and this country is said to be the best resort in the world for consumptives. The great death rate comes from the lower classes, who sleep right on the ground, and are sometimes buried in the ground. The death rate is about twenty-eight months here he did not have a single death to pay out of the great number insured.—Frank G. Carpenter, in Chicago Herald.

Any one familiar with the graveyards of any country, must admit that cremation is the great desideratum at the present time. Graveyards are breeding places of pestilence, a source of innumerable epidemics, in fact they are fountains of epidemics that sweep over the earth, killing off millions. The only way to the spirit realm is through the instrumentality of so-called dying; that is, each one must lay aside his physical body before he can attain the spiritual estate. How important, then, that the worn-out body should be used to replenish nature from which it was derived, thus proving a blessing instead of a curse, as it is when it is laid away in the grave and becomes a source of virulent disease.

ANTI-INTOXICATION.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER gladdens many homes of Spiritualists who are unable to pay for all their expenses. The PROGRESSIVE THINKER gladdens and brightens their homes. Spiritualists, who are blessed with ample means, remember the philanthropic work we are doing and extend our circulation. No other Spiritualist paper makes any pretension to do this. The PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a paper for the people. It is sent to you for 25 cents.

## AN IMPROMPTU POEM.

Given Through the Mediumship of Lyman C. Howe.

When Lyman C. Howe was at Watertown, N. Y., recently filling an engagement for the Spiritualist Literary Club, the following subject was handed him by me after he had gone upon the platform, with no knowledge on his part of its intended meaning. (Music.) I consider thy heaven, the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, what is a man that thou art mindful to him, and the son of man that thou visitest him? From this subject he delivered a most eloquent discourse, which was well received. It is feared that you would have space in your crowded columns for the lecture. The following is the poetry. It will be noted how appropriate it is to the text.

Watertown, N. Y.

With God related thus through man,  
We live by love and not by fear.  
Dante Nature holds the secret plan  
Impressed upon her atmosphere.  
And from the pulsings of the rose,  
And whispering lily's voice expressed,  
While all the world is in a daze,  
While all the world is in a daze,<

In every mastery of laws,  
Where mind to mind in nature's heart  
Reaches outward to the First Great Cause,  
That forms and finishes each part—  
God's life in us is so revealed;  
And the language of stars expressed,  
That all the truth in us concealed,  
Shines clearly through the human breast.  
Then what is man that Thou dost look  
Down through the starry depths of  
night,  
And how Thyself in this low nook  
Wherein his faculties unite?

When I behold the moon and stars  
Ordnained by Thee, the living God,  
And see poor man with sin and scars,  
Bereft of all that's pure and good,  
I ask what am I that I be  
The object of Thy tender care.

Why Thy blessings, sweet and free,  
Come down to me upon the air?

Why am I thus a child of light,  
Why thus Thine image in me born;  
Why can I learn by day and night,  
That Thou art God in nature's form?

We thank Thee that Thy mindful care,  
Can reach us in our darkest mood,  
And cheer our hearts, when in despair,  
With promises of life and God!

O, Thou art mindful of Thine own,  
Thy voice through human nature  
speaks,  
Thy love-light whispering from the throne,  
Translates itself on human cheeks.

In weeping sympathy and love  
Thy heavenly rain on us descends;  
The shadows of the world above  
We see with rainbows as our friends.

God of the moon and stars of night,  
God of the blooming orb of day,  
King of kings, Thou light of light,  
I upon us Thy blessings stay.

LET'S PRAY:  
God of the moon and stars of night,  
God of the radiant world below,  
God whose image is the light,  
Thou who art God in nature's form;  
We thank Thee that we're born to pain,  
To struggle through the world's eclipse;  
To reach toward heaven for life's sweet rain,  
And breathe Thy praises from our lips.

We thank Thee that the world of death  
Gives promises of summer bloom;  
And every life is every breath,  
That leads us on from tomb to tomb.

It is but an expression of Thy care,  
Through all the mysteries of heaven  
We know and feel Thy presence there,  
And Thy sweet love so constant given.

We thank Thee that the stars may shine  
On our servants in the sky;  
That we may feel ourselves divine,  
And know that we shall never die.

Though stars go out and moon should fade,  
And all the world be in a daze,  
Yet man shall live, for Thou hast made  
Him victor over all decay.

We thank Thee that in Thy decree  
Our lives are Thine forever more;  
And when at last we reach death's sea  
We'll cross and know Thee to adore.

Oh, God who art thus mindful then  
Of all our weakness and despair,  
As we are Thine forever given,  
We wait on Thee and feel Thy care.

Oh, Thou who art mindful of our need,  
Deep-written in our heart's desire;  
We feel Thy purpose so decreed  
That it shall lead us ever higher.

And in each upward step we take  
We know Thy tender care abide;  
And when from sleep of sin we wake  
Thou art our guide and our guide.

O, may Thy blessings so descend,  
Thy love into our souls impinge;  
From God that we may know our friend  
In Him who rules the secret thing.

THE HEAVEN'S GIFT.

I dedicate this with love to my friend,  
Mr. G. W. Oles, the violinist.

I think the Oles of all gracious gifts  
For his love and his love he gave  
The power divine that strengthens and uplifts,  
And makes the faltering staunch, the timid  
brave.

The power that makes bold souls, the spell that  
unleashes,  
Which, like unto a shrine, the spirit willing  
kneels.

I listen while from out the impatient violin,  
Oleles to you, sweet liquid measure flows  
That puts to merry rout the harp and mandolin,  
Oleles' fitful swell or murmuring sad and low.

But the lightning bolt and tangle defiance hold;  
But with lightning your grasp a greater power doth hold.

I listen, and I hear the birds within the trees  
Pile note on note, and busy song with song,  
I see them sail away with wanton argosies  
On seas of melody, and visions "round me  
brighten."

Let children with wild play, of summer's happy days;  
When "it's winter time," the player no more  
is gay.

I see the merry clouds blue morn and wander-  
ing star.

I hear the maddened wind snarl at the gates  
of earth;

I see the winter and hall and snow at furious  
war;

I see the winter travel and give birth  
To suffering, pain, to care and wasting ways;  
When "it's summer time," the player no  
more plays.

I see the whispering stream glide through the  
lily beds;

I see the slender reeds throw shadows on the  
lily beds;

I breathe the leaves that brushed the clover  
heads;

I hear the vagrant call of distant flying  
birds;

Ah! 'tis but a dream, that Music's spell hath  
thrown!

"Thou art now, alas! The enchanter a task to  
do."

Who can but vaguely guess the goal that you,  
my friend,

Shall do for us who listen while you play  
And make us feel life beat some noble end,  
To find and find in this our daily day,  
The well the gift God loved you so to give,  
Live you your best, thus help us best to live,  
—B. McManis.

WHAT NEXT? Exercise your guessing  
powers, and see how near you will  
come. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is  
ever on the alert to find something that  
will interest and cheer the Spiritualist  
investigators generally, and that will be  
embraced in "What next?" See No. 84.

What Next? Dream it out if you can;  
reason it out if possible; guess its nature.  
For it is in the mind that the Spiritualist  
finds his power. THE PROGRESSIVE  
THINKER. If you fail to guess that number,  
your education will be sadly neglected.

## BRIEF LETTERS.

They Speak the Sentiments of the People.

8. S. Ingham writes: "I cannot do without the paper."

Mrs. F. E. Evans writes: "I think it is the best Spiritualist paper I ever read."

G. C. Pyle writes: "Your paper has had phenomenal success and is destined to be the most prominent and valuable paper (liberal) in existence."

John Lynch writes: "I like the paper very much, and I hope you may realize your fondest desires regarding it."

Alce Andrews writes: "I wish to add my 'flood' to the thousands of others who love your paper."

Martha writes: "I am glad to say that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER pleases me in every particular."

Mrs. F. A. Tabery writes: "I enjoy it so much."

E. Kouns writes: "I consider it the cheapest and best Spiritualist paper published in the United States."

8. S. Terry writes: "I am highly pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It is a live, interesting paper."

Elisabeth writes: "We like it the best of any spiritual paper."

A. G. Gannely writes: "Consider me a subscriber for life."

Lida Hamacher writes: "Never has any paper given me so much pleasure."

Collette writes: "I cannot do without it as long as I can earn a dollar to pay for it."

A. W. West writes: "Keep on in the good work until you make Rome howl."

A. Fletcher writes: "It contains more valuable reading than any other spiritual paper."

Mrs. Belle Slack writes: "I am making a scrap-book of the best pieces in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Mrs. J. Swift writes: "I have read many spiritual papers; found much good in them, but yours has the preference."

A. M. R. Fitzsimmons writes: "I always find something instructive and interesting in it."

A. Kimball writes: "The best Spiritualist paper I know of."

W. R. Winslow writes: "We hope your list will double this year."

E. W. Wright writes: "The best paper of its kind before the public."

Geo. R. Stuntz writes: "I find that nearly everyone who is directed to think for themselves is delighted with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Mrs. Maria Lewis writes: "I can't get along without it."

G. Spencer writes: "Your paper should be supported by every spiritualist."

Mrs. Joshua Sears writes: "It is by far the best paper."

Mrs. G. W. Melville writes: "I consider it a very great comfort."

Mrs. L. D. Mathews writes: "We find it full of good for thought."

W. L. Newcomb writes: "I think a great deal of your paper."

Mrs. C. J. Humphrey writes: "I consider it one of the best papers of the kind published."

Della Slamon writes: "I can't think of doing without it."

Mrs. A. M. Cummings writes: "I have sometimes thought this one paper is so good, I will keep it very close, but when I read it with such a feast I must share it with some friend or neighbor."

Geo. E. Parks writes: "I consider it the best paper."

A. H. Rogers writes: "I like it better than any Spiritualist paper I ever have taken."

E. S. Thorpe writes: "It must be doing a noble and grand work."

Abraham Miller writes: "I think it is a God-sent paper, worth a little money."

Mrs. Sally Clapp writes: "The more we read your paper the more we enjoy it."

Lizzie A. Taylor writes: "I am very much pleased with the paper."

F. E. Miller writes: "Every number is welcomed warmly."

A. J. Lawrence writes: "I like the tone of your paper."

H. S. Geddis writes: "I have found your paper to be a radical, plain defender of the truth on all issues of Spiritualism, and a fearless exponent against dogmatic errors and superstition."

D. W. Kempton writes: "To say that I am more than satisfied with the paper, is but putting it lightly."

Mrs. J. E. Russell writes: "Your paper is bread, balm and cooling drink to the few thinkers here, for it strengthens and sustains, purifies and heals, and vivifies and ennobles the entire spirit of the Spiritualist, and a fearless advocate of free thought and progress."

D. L. Frost writes: "I am very much pleased with the paper and could not think of getting along without it."

Mrs. Maria Agley writes: "I think THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER one of the best Spiritualist papers ever saw. No family should be without it. The price is within the reach of any enterprising person."

Cyrus Irwin writes: "You are making friends in these parts, but not with priests."

Mrs. R. O. Dow writes: "I admire your courage and fearlessness in opening the eyes of the people to their danger from the Catholic power."

Mrs. M. A. Eddy writes: "I don't wish to miss even a copy."

Mrs. S. V. Towers writes: "I think you will soon reach the heights you aim for, unless you have set it on the highest summit."

Libbie W. Sisco writes: "The paper grows better, if possible, and I couldn't do without it."

Allen J. Hall writes: "Your paper is excellent, and a marvel at the price."

## JOTTINGS.

They Are from Cassadaga Camp.

As per announcement, the annual picnic of this camp was held June 5, 6 and 7, and there was a good attendance, and a fine outlook for the coming year. There are already twice the number of people located on the ground for the season than at this time on any other previous year. Many of them have purchased cottages or are preparing to build and make the camp their permanent home. An atmosphere of peace and fraternal good will prevails. Meanwhile the spirit of progress and an earnest and thoughtful effort for human amelioration prevails and moves the hearts of Cassadaga's workers on the platform and the ground. On Friday the 5th, Mrs. H. S. Lillie was enthusiastically greeted by a goodly assemblage in the auditorium and gave the opening address, which showed that the year just passed had been spent in earnest work for the advancement and enlightenment of the people, which, as is ever the case, had founded her own spiritual growth as well.

Saturday the 6th, conference convened. Chairman Barrett made the opening speech, which bespoke his hearty good will and a welcome to all lovers of truth. He felt that the last year had been one of earnest work and improvement, and that the outlook for an abundant harvest was unusually promising. He also presented greetings from our beloved and eminent co-workers, A. B. French, of Clyde, O., and bore to us the welcome news that he had decided to resume his labors in the lecture field. How many of us were made a deeper impression for good that he, and we are indeed glad that he has decided to devote himself to the calling to which God has elected and so admirably endowed him. Mr. J. T. Lillie, who is indispensable to the music and good cheer of the camp, is with us, and interspersed the exercises with his sweet songs. He sang "Shall We Know Each Other There?" making it seem new. Mrs. Lillie came forward and described a vision that had just appeared to her. She saw the platform before her filled with children. She heard their voices singing with Mr. Lillie, so distinctly that it seemed that all of us must have heard them. Mr. Willard J. Hull was called for and made a few pleasant remarks. Mrs. Lillie suggested that we make the conference an experience meeting, and each one relate something of their work during the



