

The PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

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NO. 133

CASSADAGA.

Something About Its History and Progress.

Notes and Illustrations by a Journalist Who Went There Last Summer.

Lily Dale, at which point beautiful Cassadaga lake lies, mirror-like, in a frame of emerald, has become famous as the location of Cassadaga, the summer resort of thousands who have learned some of the great truths of the spiritual philosophy, and others who are eager for light on that subject. The writer has some very pleasant recollections of that delightful spot where he spent a short time last summer. As attention will soon be directed to Cassadaga by the opening of the summer, a few notes in regard to a visit there may be interesting to those who have not yet been to that charming resort.



H. D. BARRETT.

Lily Dale is, as many of your readers are aware, in Chautauque county, N. Y., and the way to reach it from Buffalo, N. Y., is to catch the 12:50 train on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railway for Dunkirk, where a change is made to the D. A. V. and P. R. R., which takes the passenger to Lily Dale in about half an hour. Excursion tickets to the Cassadaga camp can be obtained in Buffalo for \$2.30 the round trip. Arriving at Lily Dale, the visitor can either take a conveyance or walk the very short distance to the camp, which is just over a bridge spanning a narrow portion of the lake. There is quite a history in connection with the origin of the Cassadaga Free Association, to recount which, would take us back to 1844.



MRS. MARION B. SKIDMORE.

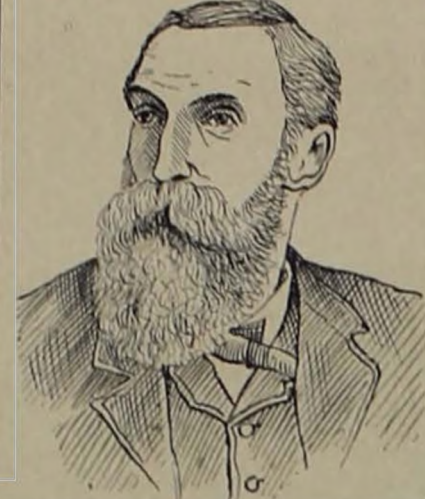
Books have been published giving this history, two of which came under the writer's observation at the camp. One is a very ably-written work by Messrs. H. D. Barrett and A. W. McCoy, entitled "Cassadaga: Its History and Teachings." The work is illustrated by beautiful engravings, and is very exhaustive and comprehensive in its scope. Another less pretentious work on the same subject is by Josh D. Ramsdell. The first thing that strikes the visitor on his arrival at the camp is the order, neatness and restfulness which seems to pervade the whole place.



MRS. EFFIE MOSS.

which are remnants of the primeval forest. Many of the noble trees have been preserved within the camp grounds, which afford shade and beauty. The people you meet are quiet, kindly, and intelligent in appearance, and there are many whose hair is silvery white, and whose countenances denote a certain peacefulness and composure not often seen in crowds. There are also many young people who seem happy and light-hearted, while young children are to be seen on every hand playing among the flowers, on the grassy slopes and in the groves. There are no police officers, none being needed where the principles of brotherhood, love and charity are maintained to a remarkable degree.

The first building to the right as you enter the grounds is the headquarters of the Association, which is composed of the following officers: A. Gaston (mayor of Meadville, Pa.), President; T. J. Skidmore, of Lily Dale, N. Y.,



A. GASTON.

Treasurer; A. E. Gaston, Secretary, and the following directors: Mrs. M. H. Skidmore, Lily Dale, N. Y.; C. B. Turner, Lily Dale, N. Y.; M. R. Rouse, Titusville, Pa.; D. B. Merritt, Linden, N. Y.; J. W. Dennis, Buffalo, N. Y. On either side of the main road are a number of very handsome cottages, which seem more like city residences than summer houses—the cottages of Mr. Skidmore, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Lily and others, being finished with hard wood, and exquisitely ornate.

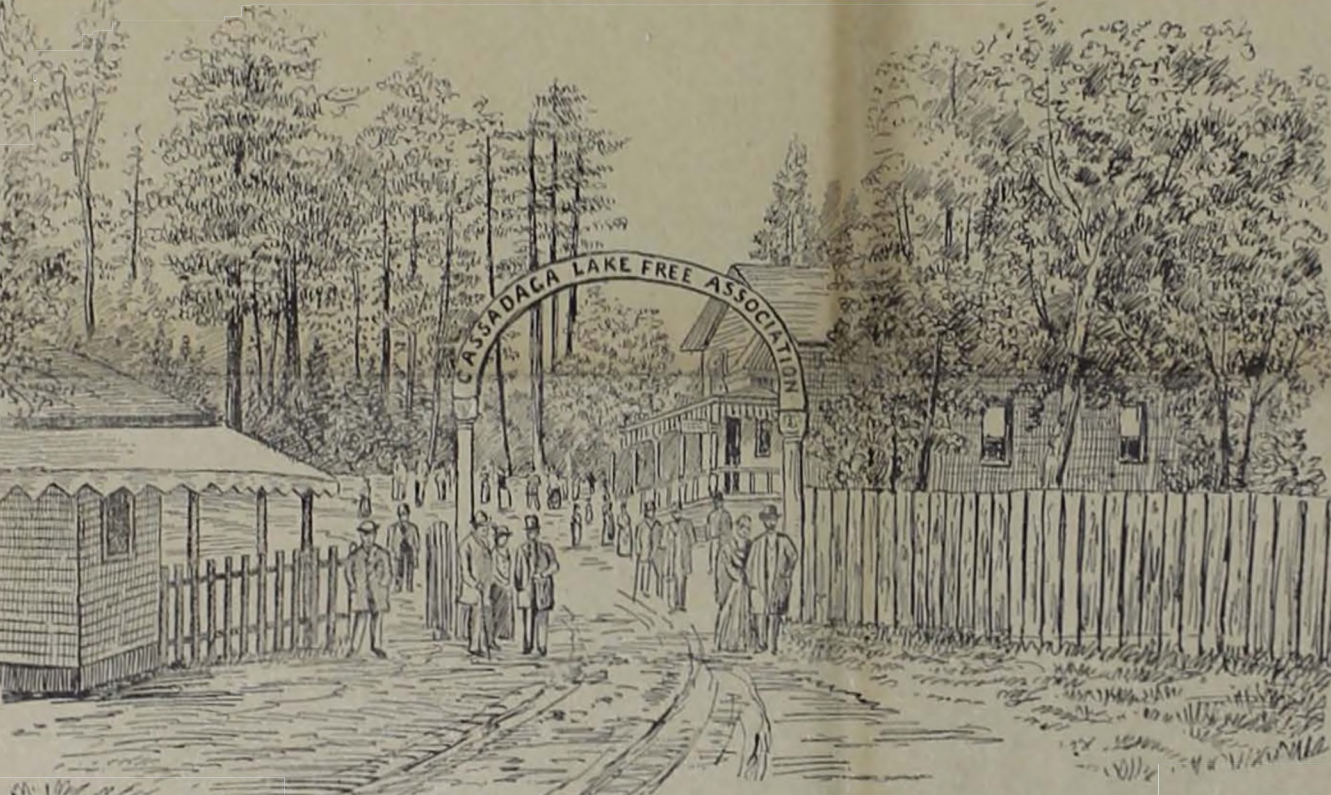
A very picturesque pagoda stands midway up the avenue, and a little

far distant States, such as Florida, California, the Dakotas, Colorado, Nebraska, on the one hand, and the New England States on the other. The large hotel corridor and parlors are full of people most of the time, and in the evenings



T. J. SKIDMORE.

something attractive is always going on. During the writer's stay, the celebrated Chauncey Palmer, the mind-reader, performed some very extraordinary feats there. From the hotel, the visitor finds his way through various streets to the upper portion of the camp, and to the business part, where there are stores and refreshment stands of all kinds, containing everything in the way of luxuries, save intoxicating beverages, which are strictly prohibited. As it will interest many readers to know something of the ethics taught by the Spiritualists of Cassadaga, it may be



ENTRANCE TO CAMP GROUNDS.

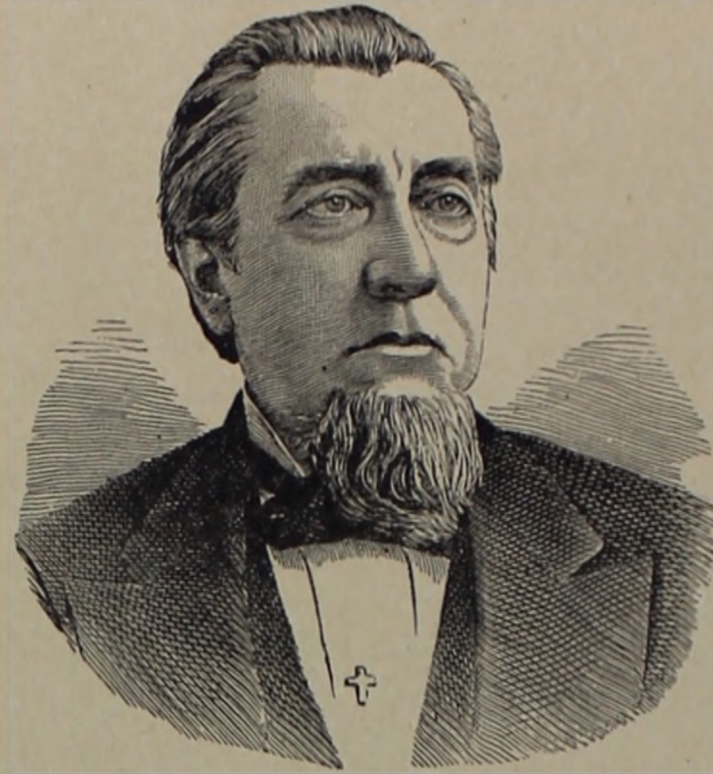
further on is the fine auditorium where the lectures are delivered, and all the meetings held. There is a seating capacity for some 2,000 people, and standing-room, within earshot of the platform, for several thousand more, on the outside of the inclosure. It is calculated that on frequent occasions during the season, as many as six thousand people



W. A. MANSFIELD.

gather in and about this auditorium. The platform is tastefully decorated. Among the pioneers of Cassadaga who helped to clear away the underbrush and prepare the ground for the development of the camp were the following: Mesdames Cobb, Purple Sage, D. Ramsdell, Bert Strait, H. Smith, Carter, B. F. Baldwin, M. H. Skidmore. The writer had conversation with several of these ladies, who described some of the difficulties which they encountered years ago in opening a way in the dense forest for settlement.

In connection with the development of Cassadaga in recent years, every one seems to attribute its success in a large measure to the undaunted courage and liberality of Mrs. M. H. Skidmore. Within a few hundred feet from the auditorium stands a very commodious and well-appointed hotel, under the management of M. R. Rouse. This is a lively place at all times, being the rallying point for people from all parts of the United States who have become interested in the spiritual philosophy. The hotel register shows the names of people from



HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

testify, and logic too. We say there is a soul to a rose. How can it be bodied forth to view? Simply attend to the requisite conditions of seed, of propagation, of soil, of sunshine, of water, of culture. To be a virtue, our ideal must take root in form, resurrected in embodied structure, regenerated in spiritual imagery. The immortal, the real return and pres-

ment of Mrs. Tillingast, having a daily attendance of nearly one hundred, where the young people are trained in the practice of all those virtues which tend to develop the spiritual nature and teach them to have a mastery over all evil propensities; besides which, they are schooled with physical exercises. The writer had the privilege of witnessing some of the spiritual manifestations of various mediums who reside at Cassadaga during the season. Before visiting any of the seances, he consulted some of the visitors to the camp, among whom were Dr. J. W. Lockhart, of Galveston, Texas; Mrs. Mary E. S. Tyler of Newcastle, Pa.; Charles Wallis, Galveston, Texas; J. H. Stewart, of May



PIERRE L. O. A. KEELER.

ville, N. Y.; Dr. F. W. Bell, North Jackson, Ohio; Eber W. Bond, a well-known lumberman of Willoughby O.; the late Ex-Governor, A. P. K. Safford, of Arizona (who held that office for eight years), and his amiable wife, a Mexican lady of many accomplishments, and John Critchley, a wealthy resident of Cleveland, O., all of whom gave extraordinary testimony in regard to the spiritual phenomena they had witnessed during their stay at Cassadaga, some of which we will relate further on. Among the



JOHN RANDELL.

famous mediums who were at Cassadaga are, Mrs. Effie Moss, John Randell and Senor Green, materializing mediums; Mrs. Seery, trumpet voice medium; P. L. O. A. Keeler, Dr. Keeler and Mrs. Keeler and W. A. Mansfield, slate-writing and writing mediums. There were, of course, many other mediums at the camp, but those mentioned were the ones through whom the phenomena to be spoken of occurred.

One of the most wonderful phases of manifestation was the production of oil paintings on slates. Dr. W. F. Ball, who has practiced medicine at North Jackson, O., for thirty years, obtained a correct portrait in oil upon a slate, of his father, the late Rev. Amos Ball, through the mediumship of John Randell. The likeness was perfect, and it was obtained in about two minutes. The writer, who is familiar with the art of oil painting, examined the picture carefully and can testify to its being done according to the best methods of art. Dr. Ball was a stranger at Cassadaga, had never seen

or heard of the medium before, and the way he got the picture was this: He took two new slates and, at the request of the medium, poured some linseed oil on one of them, and rubbed it all over with his fingers; then putting the other slate on top, he held the two together, and allowed the medium to place his fingers on one end while he held the other. In two minutes taps on the slate signified that the work was done, and on looking at the oiled slates the painting was seen, the colors being so wet that the Doctor kept the slates for a day to dry in a horizontal position, so that the painting would not "run" and become streaky, as it would have done had it been placed upright.

Another remarkable oil painting was obtained in a similar manner by Eber W. Bond. This gentleman is known by thousands of business people in Ohio, Illinois and other States as one of the most honorable and level-headed merchants in the country. He had no intention whatever of going to Mansfield, the slate-writer on the occasion in question. A lady relative of his had made an appointment at a certain hour. When the time had almost arrived she could not go, and requested Mr. Bond to go and tell Mr. Mansfield. On arriving at the medium's room and delivering his message he suddenly made up his mind to fill the lady's engagement himself. So he obtained two new slates and was about to sit, when Mr. Mansfield said that he had felt queer all the morning, and had not been able to get any writing for those who had been for sittings that day. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Now is the time!" and going to a shelf, he procured a small vial of linseed oil, and handing it to Mr. Bond, said: "Pour some oil on the slate and rub it all over the surface—be quick!" Mr. Bond did as requested rapidly. Then he was directed to place the other slate on top, and each took hold of the slates. Mr. Bond never for an instant letting go of them. Mansfield writhed and his arms twitched, and Mr. Bond experienced a queer sensation for a few moments, and at the expiration of two minutes and a half Mansfield's twitching ceased and he let go of the slates and said: "See what you have got." Mr. Bond looked and beheld a beautifully painted portrait of a daughter who had been dead some time. The daughter's signature was at the bottom of the picture, which was quite wet and had to be laid horizontal to prevent its running. Mr. Bond, when it was dry, sent for a beautiful frame from Buffalo, and now it is one of the sights at Cassadaga.

The writer saw some other paintings of scenery obtained through the mediumship of Senor Green, a Spanish medium, and also a number of finely executed crayon drawings of heads obtained by J. H. Stewart, of Mayville, N. Y., and John Critchley of Cleveland, O. There is this about these productions, if the mediums are such expert painters and can by trickery obtain perfect likenesses of the deceased friends of total strangers, they need not starve if their mediumship ever gets played out. The writer had a wonderful experience with P. L. O. A. Keeler. He brought two brand-new slates out of a creak just sent from the factory to the Cassadaga store. As may be imagined, they were scrubbed thoroughly to make sure the manufacturers had not been in league with the slate-writers to impose written messages upon the medium's dupes, and thereby get up a big demand for their wares. Not for a moment did the slates leave the hand of your humble servant—not even when Keeler dropped between them some fragments of slate-pencil. The writer was determined not to be fooled; he clutched the slates and held on to them with a determined grip. The room where he and the medium sat was bright and cheerful, the sun blazing in through three windows. A common deal table stood between Keeler and the writer. Presently the medium requested to be allowed to put his fingers on one end of the slates, this being granted while the writer still held firmly the other end; a shudder seemed to pass through Keeler and in a few moments the scratching of a pencil was heard between the two slates. Upon Keeler asking if the writer heard it, the latter replied that he did and remarked: "You are not doing it, that is certain."

The medium laughed and said: "Well, some people say I do it." Three taps on the slates denoted that the message was finished, and Keeler shifted the position of the slates slightly. The writing went on again until three messages were written. Upon looking at the slates, three messages in as many different handwritings were seen, one signed with the name of your correspondent's brother; one with that of his mother, and one with that of a relative. The mother's handwriting was recognized as being hers; the others were strange, yet they mentioned a name in the message known only to your correspondent—the Christian name of a brother which is so singular that the writer never in his long experience ever heard it given to any other person. It is in reality a surname and was given as a Christian name out of respect for a relative.

Mr. Keeler is a wonderful slate-writing medium, and he has been investigated so much and never exposed that it has become a "chestnut." Among the distinguished people who have examined this medium, and failed to discover the slightest trace of fraud on his part, are: Bishop J. P. Newton, Revs. Byron Sunderland and J. V. Saunders of the M. E. Church; Epes Sargent, Dion Boucicault, Prof. Alfred R. Wallace, of the Royal Society of England; the family of Secretary of State Thomas A. Bayard, Hons. Horatio King, and John Regan,

Continued on 5th

SPIRIT LIFE.

A Conference with Spiritual Beings.

Written Through the Hand of an Eminent Ex-Judge.

The series of papers we are about to publish were communicated from Spirit Life in the precise form in which they are now presented to the public. They have not even been copied, and were all written out by the medium himself at the time of the communication. The dictation was made when the medium was under inspiration, and perfectly passive to the influence. He was fully conscious at the time, but like a faithful amanuensis recorded the facts, ideas and expressions of the controlling intelligence as if he had been writing under the direction of a mortal, so that he is quite sure the reports are in all respects substantially correct.

The essays are from different spirits, but no names were given, for the reason that as they relate to morals and conduct of life they should be esteemed for their own merits alone, and not by the eulogium of the source from which they emanate. To each essay is subjoined the individual experience of some other spirit since passing away from earth, and these latter are called *Witnesses*, and, except in rare instances, such as James Russell Lowell and Horace Greeley, these names were also withheld.

The picture thus presented of the higher life is of the most impressive character, and the descriptions of the sunny scenes, modes of life and occupations have a realistic air that cannot fail to deeply affect the spirit and add in its efforts to be worthy of that glorious abode.

The Good Effect of a Well-Spent Life Upon the Spirit Here and Hereafter.

The spirit of a man is not a spark that flickers for a moment and then expires in darkness. It is more like a steady stream of light that issues from an inexhaustible source, or like the vigil that beams without ceasing by night and day forever. The true condition of the spirit is never known till eternity begins. It is then in its home and exhibits all the qualities that make it immortal. When it leaves the body it begins its true life, and never ceases to live in the faith of its own happiness, and in the care and protection of a divine influence. There is no fear in its hopes, no sorrow in its experience, and no joy but it feels as if it were from beings higher than itself. All the friendships it enjoyed on earth are born again, and all the good works it performed while there reappear in new forms of living action and love. The pleasures it enjoyed, the acquisitions in knowledge and culture which it accomplished, all assume more dignity and value in the life and memory of the spirit.

Nothing is lost; all the good thoughts and deeds, all the pure sentiments, and all the liberal ideas, all the sweet and generous sympathies it extended to its fellowmen, are so many acts that crown the new life, and shed a lustre upon its surroundings. If a spirit has a beautiful home, it is because its noble life has adorned it with excellence and purified it with love. If a spirit has congenial friends, and never lacks for pleasant and refined social fellowship, you may be sure that much of this is owing to its former associations while among men; and if it has a broad and well-stored mind it is because while on earth it cultivated the mental and spiritual faculties, and devoted its opportunities to the acquisition and growth of the soul rather than to the accumulations of the material riches that engross the passions and pursuits of men. Indeed, the earth life has so much to do with the spirit life that men are blind to their eternal interests when they live without making themselves worthy of their future destiny.

The great object of human ambition is the praise of men, the pursuit of wealth, or the possession of power and place. These are laudable pursuits when used for the means to an end, and that end the growth of the spirit, and its preparation for its higher life. When we neglect this it is almost impossible to estimate the loss in real worth which we incur. There are many things we can do or not as we like, but there are other things which we cannot omit without serious consequences. When we look upon our life here as the only one to be thought of, the mistake is most unfortunate, as it may lead us into ways of living and thinking that will have a most disastrous effect upon the condition of the spirit afterwards. There may be noble lives without this belief, but even the best of them regret it when they come to realize the loss they have thereby sustained, and the hazard they have run of spiritual shipwreck.

The most enlightened man will have his life corrected in many ways when he knows that he will live again, and the less informed and more reckless ones will feel more restraint upon their conduct. Whatever there has been of evil must be atoned for here, and the general result of a well-spent life will carry you to higher and higher planes of being, but when spiritual growth is added to the virtue of material existence, it is then that the spirit soars aloft to the regions of eternal rest and joy.

The great inducement to a spiritual life is the belief in a continued existence of the spirit itself. When one is convinced of this, life becomes sweeter, the future looks brighter, and death loses its terror; the soul, conscious of its immortal nature, reposes in peaceful and blessed hope, in sure and divine trust that it will outlive the trials and sorrows of time, and rise triumphant over the decay of the body and the dust to which it has been consigned.

ILLUSTRATION.

In the beginning of an enterprise it is necessary to consider the object to be attained and the means to be employed in carrying it into execution. The noblest schemes cannot be perfected except by observing this precaution. When, therefore, it is proposed to enlighten mankind in regard to spiritual truth, it is to be seriously thought of and well considered how the work is to be done. If, for instance, it is to be merely argued out in a logical way, and by logical methods, then the fittest terms and arguments are to be addressed to the understanding. If, on the other hand, the more expeditious and convincing plan of ocular demonstration is resorted to, the senses as well as the understanding are to be appealed to, and the judgment reached by the display of incontestable facts. It is by the adoption of these modes of instruction that the Spirit-

world intends to bring the knowledge of the truth of the future life unto the consciences of human beings, and to leave no room for doubt or uncertainty.

When I entered upon the plane of spirit life it was evident to my mind that if we could only open to human sight the reality of spiritual being after death, no one could longer hesitate to believe the spiritual phenomena that are employed for this purpose. It was my own idea, as I thought, but I soon found that many others took the same view, and had actually commenced the work of regenerating the world of sense by glimpses from the world of spirit. It is like one rising from the dead to tell of immortality. And yet such is the ignoble sway of prejudice and false ideas that the lesson thus solemnly imparted is rejected by those for whose benefit it is made, and the world, instead of heeding the tidings with joy and thanksgiving, not only reject, but condemn the divine message. When I became aware of all this, it was hard to believe it, but the unwelcome truth was forced upon my spirit, and I felt almost like letting mortals alone in their skepticism and ignorance. But another feeling soon controlled me, and, like many thousands of other spirits, I resolved to persevere in the attempt, and now we can see a bright light shining over the prospects of humanity, and the sun of righteousness is lighting up the dark places in the understanding, and many are already basking in its beams and warming into spiritual being in the morning glory of its effulgence.

I remember a seance in which I took part as a controlling influence. A great number of spirits were engaged in the operation, and several of the sitters were near relatives to some of the former. The means employed in order to communicate thought were entirely of a spiritual nature; that is, the forces to reach and control the medium were, for the most part, of spirit origin.

We speak of magnetism and the electrical elements as if they were common to both worlds; but this is true only in a limited sense, for with us they are much more refined than the corresponding elements on earth. For instance, magnetic force on earth can attract or draw whatever is sensitive to its influence. A magnet in the Spirit-world has the same power, but in addition thereto it is subject to a will power, by which it can be directed to any subject or point of spiritual attention. Thus, when it is desired to control a sensitive on the earth plane, the force is applied in such a manner as to reach the spirit to be controlled, which then becomes subject to the will of the spirit controlling, and the latter can then impress such messages as he desires.

In the case of what is called a speaking or writing medium, this force is requisite to control the organism, or at least the organs to be used in the communication. This is done in a similar manner by flushing the whole body with an injection of etherized magnetism prepared in a spiritual laboratory, so to speak, by those who are skilled in the work. The medium is sometimes put into an insensible or trance condition, and in other instances the control is perfect while the subject remains in a partially conscious state. The organism and the spirit being thus prepared for the purposes of the seance, communications, either in writing or orally, are made.

On the occasion referred to, the medium was a member of the family, and the sitters were relatives and neighbors. The formal proceedings commenced by singing a hymn, and at its close the control was completed, and the communication was an oral declaration of some spiritual truths, after which some tests were given as to identity and family matters. Some of these were peculiarly striking, and convinced some of those present of the genuineness of the communication.

There are no reasons why the Spirit-world should not be entitled to credit for what they say and do, and no doubt many more would believe were it not for the number of undeveloped spirits that control in many cases, and introduce their vagaries and false representations. Our mortal brethren will soon learn how to discern these lying prophets, and to discriminate between the pure and the impure influences that reach them.

A Word from Battle Creek, Mich.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Progressive Spiritual Society, of Battle Creek, was organized May 18th, and officers elected for the ensuing year as follows: Mrs. Lottie Estelle, President; Mrs. A. B. Burt, Vice-President; Mrs. Della Platt, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Ed. Piper, Jr., Corresponding Secretary; Mr. Horace Clark, Treasurer; Mrs. Mary Fuller, Mr. John Estelle and Mr. Ed. Piper, Jr., Trustees.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Hursen, test mediums and musicians, filled an engagement for one Sunday, giving good satisfaction. They are active workers, and societies needing mediums through whom spirit-power can be successfully demonstrated, would do well to employ them.

The new society hopes to win back some of the large element now absorbed in the Congregational Church of that place, where the Rev. Mr. Simmons has become very popular through his liberal utterances. If the old and new societies would unite in one harmonious whole, a spiritual temple could soon be built and well sustained. Best of all would be the organizing and sustaining of a Lyceum for the youth of this age. We must look for the ultimate success of our glorious cause.

I hope to see THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER more widely circulated among parties who do not even know of its existence, and feel encouraged from the names already secured that it will be.

A WORKER.

Its Mission.

TO THE EDITOR:—Your paper is destined to strengthen and unify Spiritualists, and promote independent thinking and acting, more than any other publication of which I have a knowledge.

DR. E. B. RUSSELL.

CAMP-MEETING.

A New Spiritual Resort at Lake Brady, Ohio.

DEDICATION.

The Ohio Confederation of Spiritualists is pleased to inform all investigators of psychical phenomena, all Liberalists, and all Spiritualists, that the beautiful groves, hills and grounds at Lake Brady will be dedicated on Sunday, July 24, 1892.

DURATION OF THE COURSE.

The exercises for the summer will begin Sunday, July 24th, and continue day after day through August 28th.

SPEAKERS AND MEDIUMS.

Many inspirational speakers of marked ability have been engaged, and many genuine mediums of a variety of phases have signified their intentions of coming to the Lake. We invite all mediums to come and make their homes with us. The atmosphere, the water, and the soil are said by many mediums to be well calculated to aid the mediumistic in their development.

MUSIC.

Humphrey's celebrated orchestra and brass band, of Akron, will be in attendance during the whole session, and there will be a sociable at the new pavilion each Wednesday and Saturday evening, where the young people will have the pleasure of dancing to the finest music in the State.

BOATS.

On the lake is a new steel steamboat, and a fleet of finely-built clinker boats.

EXPENDITURES.

The management have been to an expense of over twenty-eight thousand dollars in the purchase and improvement of the grounds. Come and add your mite, and we will put twenty-eight thousand more in fine buildings where may be taught our progressive thoughts.

LOCATION.

Lake Brady is located in Portage county, Ohio, about two and one-half miles from Kent and Ravenna (midway between those two towns), and about two minutes walk from the crossing of the N. Y., P. & O., or Erie, and the Cleveland & Pittsburgh Railways.

ACCESSIBILITY.

Lake Brady's railway conveniences are remarkable, are unparalleled. On the following roads, and from the following cities and towns named, people can come to Lake Brady without a change of cars: On the Erie, or New York, Lake Erie and Western, from New York City, Binghamton, Elmira, Hornesville, Buffalo, Jamestown, Corry, Oil City, Meadville, Youngstown, Levittsburgh and Ravenna, and from the West, Chicago, Decatur, Lima, Kenton, Marion, Cincinnati, Dayton, Springfield, Urbana, Galion, Mansfield, Creston, Akron and Kent; and on the Cleveland & Pittsburgh, from Pittsburgh, Beaver, Wellsville, Alliance, Ravenna, and from the West, Cleveland, Newburgh, Bedford, Macedonia, Hudson and Earlville. Enquire of railroad ticket agents for excursion rates to Lake Brady.

This resort is not intended for Ohio alone, but all people everywhere are invited. With malice toward none, and charity for all, we call upon you to aid us in our work to elevate man and reveal the glories of a future life.

SPEAKERS.

July 24th, Mr. J. Clegg Wright, of England; Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, of Chicago; 25th, conference and free discussion; conference every morning; 26th, Mrs. Richmond; 27th, J. Clegg Wright; 28th, Mrs. Richmond; 29th, J. Clegg Wright; 30th, Mrs. Richmond; 31st, Mrs. H. S. Lake, of Boston, and Mrs. Richmond.

During the first week in August there will be an inspirational discourse every afternoon, either by Mrs. Lake or Mr. Wright.

Mrs. Huyzer, of Ravenna, Ohio, and Dr. J. C. Street, of Boston, have been engaged. We will publish our list of speakers in a few days, as soon as assignments have been made. A number of mediums will be with us. Among the number, Mrs. Effie Moss, of Long Island, the materializing medium. Dr. J. C. Street, of Boston, will preside during the entire session as Chairman. Dr. Street will also give to select classes a course of lectures upon "Spiritual Science," "Cultivation of Spiritual Gifts" and "Esoteric Theosophy."

OFFICERS.

Directors, Chas. Thomas, No. 2762 Broadway, Cleveland, Ohio; I. W. Pope, No. 191 Kenilworth street, Cleveland, Ohio; Charles H. Palmer, Newburgh, Ohio; Dr. Edwin Fowler and Benjamin F. Lee, President, Benjamin F. Lee, Lake Brady Post Office for the present, No. 1439 Broadway, Cleveland, Ohio. Treasurer, Dr. Edwin Fowler, No. 1439 Broadway, Cleveland, Ohio. Secretary, Louis Ransom, Akron, Ohio.

Patent-Medicine Spiritualist Papers.

TO THE EDITOR:—I was glad to see your scathing reply to that patent-medicine sheet published in Boston. The atmosphere of the sanctum sanctorum of the editor of a Spiritualist paper should not be polluted with the fumes of alcohol; neither should the columns of his paper be prostituted to aid the proprietors of worthless nostrums to rob the poor, suffering invalid (who is holding on to the last straw of hope) of his last dollar for a worse than useless article, which he purchases through his faith in a paper that he believes to be published in the interest of humanity. To use a slang phrase, "go for them," Brother Francis, until you force them to purge their columns of all such clap-trap. Teach them to not make the almighty dollar their god, at the sacrifice of their human brother. Teach them to publish a paper in the interest of the whole race, instead of one for the benefit of patent-medicine men.

W. J. INNIS.

Oil City, Pa.

Facts Worth Knowing.

A PLEA FOR WHOLESOME FOOD.

There is a practice almost universal in this country, of separating the outer portion of the wheat from the inner, or starchy portion, thus manufacturing an article of food—fine flour—which is far inferior in dietetic value to the meal made from the whole kernel, and is productive of many ailments by its concentrated and clogging qualities.

Wheat contains the elements necessary to build up the human body in more nearly the proportions required than does any other product, but in this separation we throw away most of the muscle and bone-forming material. The outer portion of the wheat which is thus rejected and fed to animals, is rich in glutinous material as every housewife knows who uses the unbolted flour, for it is difficult to roll out pie crust or crackers without using fine flour to keep the dough from sticking.

A grain of wheat consists of an outer covering, an embryo or germ, and a central mass of farinaceous matter. The outer husk is composed of several layers of ligneous tissue; this when separated forms the bran proper. The inner portion of the covering is softer, and contains an active nitrogenous substance called cerelin, and is also rich in fats and salts. This portion is also rejected in what is called shorts. Towards the center of the grain the substance grows whiter in color and constitutes the fine flour so generally used upon our tables, which is deficient in much that is required to build up the tissues and maintain a condition of health.

It is a fact that has been demonstrated time and again, that animals cannot live for any great length of time on fine flour bread alone. The experiment was reported from Paris as being tried upon dogs. The one fed upon fine flour bread alone lived but two weeks, while the one eating the unbolted flour bread maintained its usual vigor. Dr. Nevins, of Illinois, made the experiment over twenty years ago with similar results, which he related to a company of physicians, myself among the number, and also published in a New York medical journal.

I might fill columns with arguments and well attested facts showing the importance of using the whole of the wheat instead of a part, as being productive of bodily strength and mental vigor, but will only cite a far-reaching experiment that took place the latter part of the last century during the war between England and France when William Pitt was Prime Minister. The crops were short and food scarce, and after various devices to meet the emergency, a law was passed by Parliament, to take effect for five years, that the wheat for the use of the army at home should be unbolted. At the time 80,000 men were quartered in the barracks in Essex and Suffolk, besides many who were quartered elsewhere in squads of from thirty to fifty in a place. Throughout the whole of Great Britain the men were fed on this kind of bread. Samuel Ryer, in "Science of Human Life," says: "The result of this experiment was that not only was the wheat made to go much farther, but the health of the soldiers improved so much in the course of a few months that it became a matter of common remark among themselves, and a matter of observation and surprise among the officers and physicians of the army. These gentlemen at length came out with confidence and zeal on the subject, and publicly declared that the soldiers were never before so healthy and robust, and that disease of every kind had almost entirely disappeared from the army. The public papers were for months filled with recommendations of this bread, and the physicians almost universally throughout Great Britain pronounced it by far the most wholesome bread that could be eaten, and as such, recommended it to all the people, who very generally followed their advice, and the coarse wheaten bread was generally introduced into families, boarding-schools, hospitals and public institutions. The 'nobility' also generally used it, and in fact in some towns it was rare to meet with a piece of white bread. The physicians generally asserted that this wheaten bread was the best thing that could be taken into the human stomach to promote digestion and peristaltic action, and that it, more than anything else, would assist the stomach in digesting other things less easy of digestion, and, therefore, recommended that a portion of it should be eaten at every meal with other food. Still, after this extensive experiment had been made with such happy results, and after so full and satisfactory testimony had been given in favor of the coarse wheaten bread, when large supplies of superfine flour came in from America, and the crops at home were abundant, and the act of Parliament in relation to the army became extinct, most of the people who had before been accustomed to the use of fine flour bread, now by degrees returned to their old habit of eating it, although many of the nobility continued to use the coarse bread for many years afterward, and as late as 1816, when I left for America."

In order to have the most nutritious and wholesome bread we must not only use the entire wheat, but we must make it unleavened. Fermentation destroys the natural combination of elements, is in fact a rotting process—and if our yeast remains a little longer than usual, the decomposition is very evident to the olfactory nerve—by which the saccharine element is converted into carbonic acid and alcohol. As this change takes place, the bulk of dough gradually swells, the little bubbles coalesce and enlarge, rising through the tenacious mass till the surface is reached, when, if not stopped by baking, the carbonic acid bursts out and the dough begins to fall. This process would go on for a considerable time, but the alcoholic fermentation would pass into an ascetic fermentation, and the dough would become sour.

The process of baking drives off quite a portion of these gases, yet a considerable amount of alcohol remains in the bread, rendering it hard to digest; besides there is a destruction of the natural elements by decomposition, both of which are detrimental to health. The most wholesome bread is to be made of two ingredients only: wheaten meal and cold water, and when these are properly combined and baked we have a sweet, light, delicious bread. I have had a large experience in using this bread in my family and with my patients for the past thirty years, and know experimentally as well as theoretically, there is no bread equal to it for general use, with plenty of nice ripe fruit and vegetables plainly cooked, unmixed with condiments or oils, which are wholly indigestible, and simpler and more rational habits in all respects be acquired, there would soon be little need of doctors, as the medical professions exist only by virtue of the people's ignorance and disregard of hygienic laws. It is upon sound physical conditions we must base a higher moral and spiritual development.

JULIUS H. SEVERANCE, M. D.
Chicago. [No. 2 WALTER AVE.]

Alone—The Reply by a Spirit Friend.

Alone and pensive here am I,
To me all life seems drear;
And yet my heart off heaves a sigh,
For sorrow seems so near.
And yet I know not whence it comes,
Or why it gathers here;
I only know I feel the same,
And think its presence near.

Oh! why this sadness of my soul,
Why these sad thoughts to-day,
Why must I feel grief's waters roll
Around my earthly way?
Why must the mountain I descend
And pass the valley through,
Unaided by a loving friend
With a heart that's kind and true?

Why must I pass the mystic veil
Unaided and alone,
And o'er the silent river sail
To find my spirit-home?
Oh! tell me, must it ever be
As we move along each day,
The dark, low valley must we see
To find the better way?

Why can't I climb progression's mount
Higher, still higher each day,
And sooner reach that crystal fount
Where angels ever stay?
Why must I linger by the way,
And these sad feelings bear,
When I see the higher life each day,
And would its blessings share?

REPLY BY A SPIRIT FRIEND.

Brave mortal, those sad thoughts you feel
Around your heart to-day,
Are borne upon each passing breeze,
From out mankind's dark way.
Each passing breeze is laden well
With sorrow, grief and woe,
Borne out from hearts whose sad'ning knell
Through sympathy you know.

Your heart with sympathy is warm;
You feel each passing wave
Borne out from hearts upon the storm
Whose grief you cannot save.
And thus your heart responds to grief,
You know not why nor where;
You only know that no relief
Frees you from sorrow there.

Such is the law of human life:
All hearts are held together
Through peace or discord, hate or strife,
Through storms or pleasant weather;
For all are parts of one vast band
Of life's great brotherhood:
And all progression's mount so grand
Must climb, for all are good.

We cannot climb that mount alone,
Although far up its side
We wend our way to seek its dome,
We cannot there abide.
Back through the valley we must turn,
And feel another's woe,
And thus the grief of others learn
Before we higher go.

A helping hand we must extend
To those who toil below;
To those sad hearts we here must lend
Our love before we go
Far up the mount, where selfish love
Is all unknown by those
Who bask in wisdom's light above,
And thus in heaven repose.

Alone we cannot reach those spheres
Where grief ne'er enters in,
We must help those whose bitter tears
Outflow from grief within.
Then sit not pensive and alone
When sorrow flows around,
But up, and lead some wanderer home,
Where life's true joys are found.

We may not pass the mystic veil
Unaided and alone,
If we but take with us to sail
Some souls who seek a home
In higher realms of light and love,
Yet need a helping hand
To lead them to higher fields above,
To a home in the Spirit-land.

Then let us work for brother man,
Whose heart is filled with woe,
And lead him upward, if we can,
Where higher joys doth flow;
And thus we'll hasten on the way
When we can higher climb,
And linger no more by the way,
But reach those joys sublime.

—B. E. Litchfield.

The Spiritualists at South Minneapolis.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Spiritualists at South Minneapolis, Minn., have lately organized the Spiritual Research Society. We have a meeting every Sunday evening at G. A. R. Hall, 1427 East Franklin avenue, and have generally a fair attendance. Mrs. Lowell, of Anoka, is our speaker, and she gives great satisfaction. In addition to her lectures she gives some very valuable and interesting readings. We also hold weekly dime-sociables. Mediums are very generous in coming forward and entertaining the company. We had Bishop Beals on one occasion, who gave us a good lecture, and afterwards some psychometric readings, and singing. We were given a surprise at our last Sunday evening's meeting by the announcement of Mr. Bach, Secretary of the Northwestern Spiritualist Association, that he came for the purpose of ordaining our speaker, Mrs. Lowell, as a minister of the Spiritualist faith. After our meeting was over the ceremony was duly performed, and everybody seemed pleased to have our sister ordained, and more especially on account of having it occur at our meeting.

J. A. STEELE, Secretary.

CLIMBING THE GOLDEN STAIRS

Is the World Improving?

SOME CURIOSITIES OF CIVILIZATION.

TO THE EDITOR:—When we say that the race is getting better, is slowly climbing the golden stairs of progress, and is now within hearing distance of the ideal government and society, what do we mean?

We don't mean that every man and woman is better than any man and woman of the past, but that incentives are stronger than formerly, and that if men are not better than their ancestors it is their own fault and not the fault of the time in which they live.

Civilization always has been and always will be a very interesting conglomeration of the best and the worst. But there is this difference between the past and the present—that while in barbaric days the bulk of the population were on a low plane and only a few of the more gifted were on a high plane, in these days the situation is reversed, and the bulk of the people are on a high plane, while a ragged remnant still live the life of savages.

The contrasts which our civilization affords, therefore, are worthy of a moment's observation. Some of them are so startling and thrilling that we wonder how such diabolism and such heroism can exist side by side.

One woman, for instance, educated in all the refinements of polite life, the happy possessor of rank and fortune, ties up her infant who has disturbed her by its cries to a ring in the wall, and leaves it there until the little one on being taken down is found to be dead. The story is incredible but true. That mother in costly silks and jewels is lower down than the Zulu of Central Africa, who has yet to hear the step of the advance guard of civilization.

Another woman who has the *entree* to the best society, but who feels the pangs which accompany a slender income, deliberately converts herself into a thief, and steals the diamonds which belong to her most intimate friend, is arraigned like a common pickpocket and sentenced to a term of imprisonment at hard labor.

The world is going to the bad? It is sliding down hill into the abyss of moral chaos? These incidents and the many scandals in high life show that the whole structure of society is rotten? Not quite. Let us look at the other side.

Bridget Fanning, servant in a small family, hears the cry of "Fire!" Self-preservation will prompt her to look after her own safety alone? Not a bit of it. There is a child in the apartment—not her own, either. The crackling flames are so close that death stares her in the face, but she does not falter. She fastens a clothes-line, then takes the baby in her arms, winds the cord about her leg to keep it from slipping, and though it cuts into the bone, reaches an adjoining roof, forty feet below, in safety. Her fellow-servant, Sarah Curran, with equal heroism, throws a mattress from the window to break the fall of a child and cook, then finds herself hemmed in, and is only saved by the daring of the firemen.

Once more. A relentless mob in the West, enraged at the crimes committed by a negro, skinned him. It was an incident which would have graced the annals of our Indians in the last century, an act so appalling that even the believer in progress sighs, and the pessimist thinks his case is proved and that the world is not merely going but has already gone to the bad. If you add to all this that murders are continuous, that murderous cranks are rampant, that the whole fabric of the law seems to be constructed for the purpose of protecting criminals, the outlook seems rather discouraging.

But there is good cheer in the fact that every age is the battle-field for opposing elements. The contest is fierce, bloody and determined. Evil in a thousand shapes hurls its army against the good. The good sometimes wavers, but soon marshals its forces and drives them against the enemy with the irresistible energy of a thunderbolt. The rattle of spears, the flashing of swords, the impact of collision blind the eyes and deafen the ears.

If we look back for a century we discover that the enemy's ranks are being slowly thinned, and his onsets are made with less and less courage. Here and there he wins, but it is on the skirmish line. The fortune of war is against him, for the sum total of honor, integrity, happiness, law and order, philanthropy, charity, and all the influences which go to make nations prosperous and contented has been amazingly enlarged, while public opinion frowns more loweringly on every form of criminality. Malfaisance is shorter lived than formerly, and justice is gathering courage to open prison doors for the law-breakers.

It is a hard struggle, but in the long run evil goes to the wall. Carlyle once summed up our personal duty in a single sentence: "Make yourself a good man, and you'll be sure there's one rascal less in the world."

The above thoughts are from the New York Herald, and they certainly are very suggestive. The human race is gradually advancing, though the outlook at the time seems so unfavorable. The great agent to enlighten the masses is modern Spiritualism. Each one should contribute to that end by leading a life unspotted before all the world.

Coloma Meeting.

The Chicago and West Michigan Religious and Spiritual Association held their regular meeting on Sunday, the 22nd. There was good speaking in the forenoon by Sullivan Cook, of Hartford. At noon there was a picnic dinner, and then an afternoon meeting. Addresses were made by Sullivan Cook and Brother Balfour, of Bangor. Excellent music by Miss Myrtle Ellis and Sol. Snits. The meeting adjourned to meet in two weeks at the same place—Ingraham's Hall.

J. BOYSTON, Pres't.
C. H. LEWIS, Sec. pro tem.

A Plea for Self-Development.

The timely article of B. R. Anderson, on "What Our Family Ought to Study," contains many valuable thoughts, and awakened a responsive chord in my soul. Spiritualists, as a mass, do not think for themselves as they should, much less try to cultivate their own magnificent powers; in other words, their reliance on the spirits is something pitiable, to say nothing of the harmful influences arising from constant subjection of one's own individuality to that of another's, as is the case with the unconscious mediums everywhere. It seems to me it is high time to call a halt and give poor humanity a chance. The average Spiritualist will drink in eagerly and without question all that comes from a "control," though they would reject many of the same things coming from the medium, shorn of the control's influence. Much that passes as "inspirational poetry," on which they feed with delight, is an immense amount of wordy trash that a ten-year-old schoolboy ought to be ashamed of, yet some Burns, Shakespeare or Poe is made to father these productions. One need not attend the camp-meetings and hear the various mediums, clothed in the glory of Plato, Aristotle, Parker, Emerson, and even "Jesus of Nazareth," display their utter ignorance of the subjects they try to handle, together with the murder of the King's English, in order to understand that something is wrong somewhere.

Many of our "distinguished" mediums assure us that their guides will not allow them to read or study; will not allow them to remember anything they hear; will only allow them to eat certain kinds of food, and also command them to do other silly things that might do credit to a Feejee Islander, but not to the "ancient spirits" they are said to emanate from. These things they implicitly obey, and one regrets to note that Spiritualists, grown old in this knowledge, commend such a course, and even regard ignorance on the part of a medium a favorable thing, that the "inspiration," when he takes possession, may more fully manifest his superior knowledge. These are not isolated cases; you meet them daily wherever you meet the Spiritualists.

Clairvoyance, clairaudience, this much-abused psychometric power or intuitive perception, all of which are faculties of our own minds or souls, capable also of cultivation, are attributed to the spirits, in short we are nothing unless operated on by the disembodied. The Spiritualists and not the mediums are largely responsible for this state of affairs. As we decide the character of the play we will attend, so these seekers decide the character of the manifestations; the supply will flow in accordance with the demand. When the Spiritualists demand higher things they will virtually unloose their mediums, and let them go into broader fields of thought, bringing their trophies with them. Your correspondent has well said that "mortals possess all the faculties spirits possess," and might have added: "We are spirits here and now, and are tributary to all that the disembodied are, and as fast as we understand our powers can we use them." In view of the oncoming wave of scientific revelation that will soon sweep the world, it behooves us, as Spiritualists, to study and develop our own inherent powers to their highest possibilities, to weigh every manifestation in the balance of reason, and no longer attribute every trivial happening we do not at once understand to the disembodied. We are only in the dawning of the day of our mental capabilities. A vast realm of the undiscovered is doubtless around us. We are in a comparatively new and unknown country so far as our spiritual powers are concerned. We need not fear the discovery that much we have believed to be the work of the disembodied, is purely self-psychology. Is it any less wonderful for that? Are we any less immortal?

I have been a medium for eighteen years, have passed through the primaries and the innocence of inexperience as well as the fiery furnace of experience, and while I am a Spiritualist, stanch and true, my soul sickens within me at the unpalatable food spread before us, and especially before the new seekers for spiritual truth. The implicit reliance, the dominant spirits, the tendency to hold mediums in bondage to "controls," all belong to the infancy of Spiritualism. We are over forty years old. Let us take off our swaddling clothes. Let us be men and women. If we ever reach the maturity of spirituality, it will be when we determine our own highest powers and set to work to evolve them, not before. The world is turning toward us for guidance and strength, and will turn in vain unless we can, out of our innate light and superior attainments, help them find themselves and be saved from the rocks and shoals of old superstitions. Let us avoid offering another superstition! Let us stand ready to help them cultivate their own angel-life here and now! Let us no longer try to shine by the radiance of another, but trim our own lights and keep them burning! Let us be no longer dominated by "controls" whose identity is questionable, but seek to be self-centered lords of ourselves, and accept the "invisibles" only as we do friends here, as co-operators in the work our hands find to do, in the mission we have been sent to fulfill.

CORINA.

7-7-7—Three Sevens, by the Phelons. Price, \$1.25. The Jesuits, on both the visible and invisible planes, have banded together to stop the sale of this book. They are afraid it will end their monopoly of the Secret Knowledge, which in its pages is given to the people. Read it for yourself and see why. For sale at this office.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the only Spiritualist paper sustained on its merits. It does not force into its pages ten or fifteen columns of advertisements, which are of no general interest, but furnishes in their place entertaining reading matter. Aid us [by sending in an additional subscriber. Sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.

Notes from Ella G. Magoon.

TO THE EDITOR:—When last I wrote you, we were about closing a winter's sojourn in Fitchburg, Mass. We are now at work in new fields between the vicinities of Boston and Chelsea, her active suburb, which boasts a lively little society with earnest workers and appreciative audiences. Sunday evening, May 29th, memorial services were conducted, at Harmony Hall, Boston, in a unique and interesting manner. The opening address, given by Dr. Magoon, was received with a shower of applause, after which speeches, songs, music, etc., were admirably rendered. At the close of a recitation I was presented by the chairman, on behalf of the association, with an exquisite bouquet of flowers, after which the meeting closed with a national song.

Dr. Magoon will lecture the coming week at Pilgrim Hall for the Chelsea society, and after June 1st will also be engaged in labor in the Pine Grove camp-meetings. Our present address is 206 Broadway, Chelsea, Mass., and we are ready to respond to calls to lecture anywhere in New York or New England.

With best wishes and high hopes for the success of our stalwart young soldier, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, I am
Yours for the cause, ELLA G. MAGOON.

Maynard-Nicolay.

The insincerity of N.'s statements are patent. To one accustomed to weighing evidence there is that upon their face which is self-condematory.

Firstly, he tells us he was with Mr. Lincoln almost night and day, at the White House, and would have undoubtedly known if anything so unusual as a spiritual seance were going on there. This, then, settles his statement to be to the effect that he absolutely knows no such thing occurred.

Secondly, he states that Mr. L. may have attended some seances out of curiosity. Oh, no! Yes, I see! Mr. Lincoln never attended any seance, for Mr. N. knows he did not. Yet, Mr. N. does not know but what he may have done so, if you admit the motive was curiosity!

This is all too transparent to deceive anybody.

He knows Mr. L. did not attend a seance; but admits that if he did it was from curiosity. It is queer how any intelligent man could so completely beat himself. As to the fact that seances were actually held at the White House during the war, it was a matter of common gossip. I did not think it of any importance at the time, and hence took no notice of it. Still, I think that if the columns of the *Banner of Light* were examined for those years, it would be found at least that Mr. L. did consult mediums.

It is strange, however, that any one should for a moment believe that the business secretary of Mr. L. should know the mind of his employer so well.

I never saw Mrs. Maynard's book, but I have read all the comments on both sides, and I have a most unflinching faith in her.

B. R. ANDERSON.

Wonewoc, Wis., Items.

DEAR SIR:—In behalf of the Wonewoc Spiritualist Association and Frank T. Ripley, who has been with us the last month, I would most respectfully say that we were well-pleased with Mr. Ripley. We found him a true advocate of the truth and reason as exemplified in Spiritualism. His tests were forty-seven in number; thirty-two of these were recognized, and fifteen were not recognized. I will say that some of the tests that were not recognized the evenings he gave them, were recognized after the meeting was over. But I have been accurate, and have kept them all separate. The description of some of his tests were marvelous. Mr. Ripley leaves behind him here many kind and true friends, who will be very happy to welcome him to our city at any time. I would respectfully say to any and all Spiritual societies who need a lecturer and test-medium that Mr. Ripley is endorsed by the Wonewoc Joint Stock Spiritual Association. A vote of thanks was tendered to him; also resolutions adopted endorsing him and his work. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the eye-opener of the present age.

Wonewoc, Wis.

ALEX. K. POTTER.

Mrs. Mary M. D. Sherman.

Why is it that the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER are never treated to an article from the pen of Mrs. Mary M. D. Sherman, of Harvard, Mass.? This lady has, by her wonderful powers as a psychometrist and delineator of character, accomplished so much good that it seems as if she should be kept before the public. How few of us realize the help it is as we go forward in life to have as a guiding post a true knowledge of ourselves as we are within, the possibilities for good which may be developed by a little attention, and the tendencies to evil which may be suppressed through the knowledge of their existence. It is to teach people to know themselves that seems to be Mrs. Sherman's life-work, and to it she has devoted about twenty years of her life. Many look back to her as the first to give them the helping hand which led them to the light. I hope we shall yet see a contribution from her pen in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Her long experiences will make their reading very interesting. The death of her husband, well known as the medium through whom was written the "Gospel of Nature," caused her removal from Adrian, Michigan, her former home, to Harvard, Worcester county, Massachusetts, where she is at present. I think the fact of her removal caused many to think that she had dropped out of the field as a psychometrist. This is not the case, and I hope many readers of this brief tribute to her worth will avail themselves of her services.

A SUBSCRIBER.

A Lecture on the "Morality of Dancing," by M. A. Collins, in reply to a challenge by Sam Jones. Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.

Religious Persecution.

THE BASE TREATMENT OF MRS. JENNIE MOORE.

Socrates was condemned to death because his religious belief was different from the majority of the people among whom he lived. For the same reason Jesus Christ was condemned and crucified. The poor, ignorant servant girl, Joan of Arc, when her country was on the verge of ruin, acting under inspiration from the Spirit-world, she rushed to the head of the French army, and saved her king and her country. After performing this grand work, which is unparalleled in all history, she was burned at the stake as a witch.

These three persons were strong mediums, gifted with the powers of clairaudience. They were grand and pure characters, whose names will be transmitted to all future generations. We look with horror upon the barbarism that condemned them to death, and boast of our advanced civilization and religious liberty; and yet if either of those persons lived in Chicago to-day they would be liable to arrest, imprisonment and cowardly and brutal persecution, as was Mrs. Jennie Moore a few weeks since, for the same kind of crimes that they perpetrated while on earth; or if they lived in Kansas City they would be subject to the same dastardly treatment that was recently given to the brave, gifted and noble Maud Lord-Drake. I have met and tested the mediumistic powers of both those ladies, and know there is no fraud in their performances.

A genuine materializing seance is a religious exercise of the highest character. Nothing on this earth can be more sacred than a meeting in which our friends in the Spirit-world come to visit and converse with us. For holding that kind of a meeting Jennie Moore was arrested and imprisoned under the charge of fraud, but no evidence of fraud could be found; then the charge was changed to that of keeping a place of amusement without a license, and the case kept pending against her for long weeks. As well arrest and persecute people for holding prayer meetings. If a Christian sect should be treated in such manner it would arouse such indignation as would almost shake the earth.

Let no one ever again boast of religious liberty in this country as long as people are persecuted under the forms of law for no other crime than believing in a religion different from that believed by a majority of their fellows.

The wicked spirit of intolerance that is manifested against Spiritualists to-day is the same in nature that condemned to death Socrates, Jesus, Joan of Arc, and thousands of others who have suffered martyrdom for their religious opinions.

It is the duty of every Spiritualist in the land to claim and boldly maintain the rights accorded to all by the Constitution and laws of the country. A PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Sympathy.

You gather near, and look on me so kindly,
With tearful eyes, a token of your grief;
Do you not know my heart—my heart is broken,
And time and tears bring no relief?

You tell me that my boy is only sleeping.
Ah! who can tell? Who can tell?
I only know that when his breath was taken,
All hope and happiness forever fell.

Sorrows may cease, and time blot out all traces,
Yet it can never bring back hope to me;
And in my home may come new forms and faces,
But his dear face my heart can only see.

How sweet will be my happy meeting,
When I am called from scenes of earth,
And hear again his tender greeting,
In that great change called spirit-birth.

—Rose L. Bushnell.

Archbishop Ireland's Plan.

The *Evening Journal* gives a comprehensive view of the real status of Archbishop Ireland's plan in Minnesota.

It appears that there are contradictory reports from Rome as to whether his school system as developed in Minnesota is approved or condemned by Pope Leo XIII. In a dispatch from Rome to a high Catholic official in New York City it was said that the Pope had condemned the "Fairbault plan," as it is designated, except that it might be permitted in exceptional cases. In a letter from Archbishop Ireland himself, who is now in Rome, the statement is made that the Catholic Propaganda, "in spite of the hostility of the Jesuits and the Germans," had recommended the system favorably to the Pope, who had indorsed the report, adding that the plan should be "tolerated," which in the Latin original has a rather stronger meaning than in our idiom. The classic word signifies not only toleration, but hints at approval.

The "Fairbault plan" is a phrase derived from a city of that name in Minnesota, which is a leading educational center, and has both Catholic and Episcopal institutions of learning of high rank. It authorizes the children of Catholic parents to acquire a public school non-sectarian education, if they shall be permitted to receive Catholic instruction in the school house from teachers of that sect outside of school hours. It is claimed by Archbishop Ireland and his friends that this is liberalizing the system of Catholic education, and tends to bring that church into harmony with the American public schools. This they regard as in its favor. The ultramontane Catholics oppose the "plan" on substantially the same grounds, and complain that it tends to secularize education, and weakens the order of Catholic thought in the minds of the school attendants.

On the other hand, Protestant people in Minnesota violently oppose the "plan" where it has been put into practice. They denounce it as tending to sectarianize the common schools, and make them the hot-beds of Catholic proselytism.

No wonder there are objections—loud, long and broad—against Archbishop Ireland's plan of "co education." The common schools must remain secular in every sense of the word, and those who dress as monks or nuns must keep away from there. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is enlisted in this work, and will never falter in its course.



Reading What the People Say of The Progressive Thinker.

Mrs. L. M. Rice writes: Send to address given below THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. God speed this messenger of truth in its blessed work, and may it be a source of light and comfort to all who seek for spiritual unfoldment, which our beautiful philosophy reveals. Sow the seed beside all waters, and a beautiful harvest shall greet you when the exchange is made from life here to the true life beyond. This grand to feed a hungry body; its divine to feed a hungry soul.

R. Shrad: I most heartily endorse THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for its boldness in speaking out the truth unvarnished, no matter whom it hurts, and defending our mediums against the onslaughts of disguised Jesuits, no matter under what garb they sail, as well as expose frauds; but as true Spiritualists, let us always think twice before we speak, and then if we are positively convinced of fraud, let our judgment be tempered by charity and justice, and follow our elder brother, who, by his life, gave us an example how to live. In regard to your aggressiveness against the Romish Church, you cannot say too much, for I lived in Vienna, Austria, until I was 20, when our revolution broke out, in which I took an active part (in 1848), and on account of which I had to flee to America, the country of all countries, which gives liberty to all its citizens alike, poor or rich. I have sworn allegiance with all my heart against all tyranny, of whatever sort.

J. M. Abels: Yours is the only Spiritual paper I have found that does not at times, editorially, clash harshly with my views on Spiritualism; and I like to be in accord, or in harmony, with my editor. Of course, with its correspondents I have no quarrel. They have just the same good right to their peculiar views that I have to mine, and the same right to as freely express them; still, I must say many of them appear to me too dogmatic in their assertions. Thus far, I find no "thus saith the Lord," and up to the present time only one "it is" thus and so in Spiritualism, but more may come in the near "by and by."

Mrs. Rosa Weston: Having read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for more than a year, I consider it the most thorough paper of its kind ever published.

Hiram A. Harrington says that he sends us \$1 for "the best Spiritualist paper," THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

I. U. Campbell: Oh! what a grand paper it is. I wish its circulation could be increased to a million.

D. M. King: Your paper is growing in the hearts of our people. You are doing a work just in the nick of time. Angels guide and protect you to old age.

Mrs. Frank Green: I am happy to add my testimony in behalf of your valuable paper. We do indeed appreciate the improvement you made in it.

W. P. Evans: I have been taking THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for nearly a year; it is the best paper to enlighten the mind that I ever saw. May the good work go on till there is heaven on earth. I can hardly wait for it. I send my paper to a friend as soon as I read it. I will soon send you some other subscribers.

Mrs. R. P. Porter: The aged Spiritualists are passing from the earthly form. I notice in almost every instance the local papers neglect to mention their religion. One that comes to my mind who saw so much of life, of its hardships and its prosperity, I had the pleasure of introducing THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to, and when he learned the name of its editor, he prophesied for it success. The most of the years of his active life were spent in the South and West. He went to California early in 1849. His name was Kendall Parsons. He died at Newport, Me., Jan. 9, 1892, aged 83.

Frank C. Cheloid: I consider THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the best and cheapest Spiritual paper published. I am glad to see that the American people are commencing to get their eyes opened enough to see the trend of the Romish Church. I hope you will continue to expose the "masima," as Catholics will do any and everything if it in any way help their church. Give them h—l, as they deserve that abuse.

Uncle Ure: I congratulate you on your painstaking efforts, and the success which seems to surround you at the present time in enlightening humanity, and giving spiritual food to the "thinner," who is now calling for light, more light. I have been an earnest student of our philosophy over forty years, and it has given me my soul's satisfaction in a knowledge and happiness that an early education and the church could not give.

Mrs. C. T. Pratt: I am trying to learn what I can to fit myself for the change called death. I have no other way of learning only by reading your paper.

Frederick Lehman: I rarely meet with Spiritualists in my daily life, and the people that I come in contact with in my workshop, wherever that may be, are so intensely materialistic that they seem utterly unable to grasp anything of a spiritual nature. I am a pattern-maker by trade, and well-informed in the Spiritual philosophy of the day, and have, therefore, presented the same in as common sense a manner as possible to my shopmates, who nevertheless look upon the same as upon any other religious belief or dogma, and worthy of the same consideration, or else they are so blinded by their prejudice that they simply refuse to believe in the possibility of spirit communication. They are profuse in enumerating the escapades of fraudulent mediums as proof of the falsity of the claims of Spiritualism, and absolutely refuse to investigate for themselves.

Franklin Thorpe: THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a feast of fat things, and no doubt is one of the long levers to move the world on to a higher standard of thought and progress.

G. Addie Babcock: We value THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER more than we can tell you. It is a great inspiration and blessing to us. Our prayers are ever for your benefit. May you always be blest as now.

POEMS, by Edith Willis Linn, the gifted daughter of Dr. F. L. H. Willis the well known lecturer. This charming little volume is for sale at this office. Price \$1.00.

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As there are thousands who will at first venture only twenty-five cents for The PROGRESSIVE THINKER, we would suggest to those who receive a sample copy, to solicit several others to unite with them, and thus be able to remit from \$1 to \$10, or even more than the latter sum. A large number of little amounts will make a large sum total, and thus extend the field of our labor and usefulness. The same suggestion will apply in all cases of renewal of subscriptions—solicit others to aid in the good work. You will experience no difficulty whatever in inducing Spiritualists to subscribe for The PROGRESSIVE THINKER, for not one of them can afford to be without the valuable information imparted therein each week, and at the price of only about two cents per week.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1892.



A SPIRITUALIST?"

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE BOOKS OF MODERN TIMES. BY MRS. N. C. MAYNARD. EVERY SPIRITUALIST IN AMERICA SHOULD READ IT.

The Briggs Case.

This celebrated case was dismissed by the New York Presbytery, to which Dr. Briggs belongs, but the General Assembly, at its late meeting in Portland, referred it back to the Presbytery, with instructions to try it on its merits. The Chicago Inter-Ocean says that the meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly at Portland and the new phase it has given to the Briggs matter allowed Colonel Ingersoll to speak with even more than his usual force upon his favorite topic. Questioned regarding the affair he said:

"I am glad that they are going to try Dr. Briggs. If a man joins the Presbyterian church and says he believes the creed, why of course they have the right to try him, and if they do try Dr. Briggs they will find out what the creed of the Presbyterian church is—that is, as his accusers say it is."

"When they put out Dr. Briggs a great many thousands will follow him, and so far as that is concerned, I wish every church would put out every heretic. Hypocrisy is what is keeping the church together. They do not stand by the creed. The consequence is that they allow a good deal of free thought, and a good deal of infidelity, accompanied by a reasonable subscription, to go unrebuked, and the question is not now so much, 'Do you save the creed, as do you save the church?' It is not so much a question of faith as finance, and when they begin to try the heretics, then we'll find out how many of them there are. The church will then probably divide. The really orthodox will remain behind and rot, while the heretics will go forward and grow, and in their time breed more heretics. I am delighted to find that the church is growing in spite of itself. Yes, Dr. Briggs has an idea, and to have an idea in an orthodox church is, to say the least, dangerous, and if that idea is so strong that it has to be expressed, then the danger increases. Nothing is more absurd than to ask a man of average intelligence, with a decent heart in his bosom, to believe the orthodox creed of any orthodox church."

We heartily endorse Col. Ingersoll's sentiments. He is like the Bishop of Exeter, who thinks that idiots are better subjects for religion than wise people. Ingersoll is agnostic, and knows not the bed-rock truths of the spiritual philosophy; but so far as he knows, he lives honestly up to it, and will have a better chance to progress in the next world than the religious bigot who is bound by dogmas which only stunt the soul.

This case is not our fight; but it has a larger meaning than Dr. Briggs's personal interest or standing in the church. It is a world's question, and part of that great progressive movement of which Spiritualism stands at the head; and in which THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is an indefatigable laborer. We hope that they will try Dr. Briggs and turn him out to a larger field of labor, in which he will be free to progress. We do not wish to see his bread and butter taken from him; but even that is fast going over to the other side. Posterity will look back with amazement on the amount of fine intellectual talent expended on a dying cause.

Nice Distinctions.

It is well, at times, to journey backward along the pathway the world has trod, to learn ancient reasoning in regard to important questions now agitating the public mind. The overwhelming topic at present is Sunday observance. Tariffs and presidential aspirations are all lost in the greater issue—shall the eyes be closed on Sunday? Congress, in committee of the whole, has determined that the Government exhibits at the great Exposition shall be closed to human vision on that sacred day. It is probable legislation will follow in the same direction.

The Jews, who hold a Sabbath law which our Sunday observers have partially copied, went down to the very bottom of this subject, and their reasoning and conclusions have been preserved for us in their Talmud.

A question arose among the Jews whether an egg which a hen had laid on the Sabbath could be eaten on that day. Momentous consequences hinged upon a correct reply to that all-important inquiry. There was the fate of the poor women who gathered sticks on that holy day before them, and they did not desire to anger their God; for a similar fate would be justly theirs. Shammai and Hillel, and all the learned rabbis, joined in the discussion. It would be interesting to quote their arguments at length, and show, as Hudibras puts it, how much learning could be exhausted in distinguishing the difference "between the west and the northwest side of a hair." The solution of the egg problem finally hinged upon the further question whether the work was begun on a week-day and only ended on the Sabbath; if the act itself was wholly complete on the Sabbath, then the eating of such egg was unconditionally prohibited. Other issues arose, one of which was, in case the hen was destined to be eaten, then how would the eating of the egg she laid be affected by that fact?

Now, if it is true that our Sunday laws are survivals of the Hebrew law, all these nice distinctions are germane to the subject, and should be taken into consideration when determining our status in the premises. Congress seems to have gone a little beyond the Jewish law-givers and interpreters; they propose to lock up their share of the World's Fair; otherwise shut up vision on the "venerable day of the sun."

It is difficult to understand what great sin is committed by merely looking upon the works of human genius. And yet it must be a great offense in the estimation of the creator of the universe, else the clergy, his earthly representatives, misrepresent him. But is it not barely possible they do misrepresent his Supreme Majesty, and are they not falsifying his wishes, hoping to gain honors and position by such action? The truth seems to be, they are plotting to spring a great religious revival on the world, while the multitudes are in attendance at the Exposition, and they wish the Government to aid them in their work by shutting up the Fair, and give them full swing on that day.

In the Right Direction.

Two monster petitions, one bearing 138,395 signatures, the other 101,406 signatures, were wheeled into the House of Commons the other day, and presented to that body, praying the appointment of a commission to inquire into the condition of the convents and monasteries throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain. On more than one occasion it has been urged in these columns that these institutions, filled with the religious insane exiles from the world, should be regularly visited by government officials, to the end that it could be known whether the cruelties and barbarities reported as practiced, are not true. In America it must be the work of State governments. The sooner undertaken, the better for oppressed humanity.

A Good Proposition.

Dr. Cowles, of Hartford, Conn., proposes that an annex for religious worship be opened on the Exposition grounds, and that it be set aside one day in the week to each of the various religions; that Friday be given the Mohammedans; Saturday to the Jews; Sunday to Christians; and thus on, until the whole time is occupied. He sees no propriety in compelling the World's Fair to shut up shop to accommodate any sect. A Mohammedan cannot well attend the Fair on Friday; nor a Jew on Saturday. Why should not their rights be as greatly respected as Christians? Millions wish to visit the Fair on all days of the week. They have rights as well as churchmen.

Church Saloons.

Rev. Dr. Rainsworth, pastor of St. George's Episcopal Church, New York, in a late sermon declared it was impossible to eradicate the saloons of any great city. As the only remedy he suggested the opening of respectable saloons under church patronage. Competition was the only thing to lessen the evil. He thought the business men of the churches should open saloons where beer and light wines and all the non-intoxicant drinks might be sold.

The learned Dr. D. neglected to suggest that the proceeds of such Christian saloons be used to evangelize the world. That feature added and the proposition will receive the energetic support of the entire priesthood. Church members will become the chief support of the church saloon; then the scenes of fifty to seventy years ago will be revived in all their glory.

Mrs. M. E. Williams, of New York, will move to her summer home, Holland Hall, North Long Branch, N. J., July 1, where she can accommodate Spiritualist friends during the summer months. Public sances once a week. Apply to M. E. W., 232 W. 46th St., N. Y.



Camille, a Daughter of the People

Our Patrons: We have presented you many attractions since we first commenced the publication of The Progressive Thinker, in fact, all who have had an opportunity to peruse its pages regularly will admit that it has surpassed all other spiritualistic publications, in its desire to interest and instruct its readers. Our summer attraction will be Camille, a Daughter of the People. It will charm you with its pathos, its grand truths, and its unveiling of present evils. Written by one whose soul is illuminated with a light divine, and who lives to do good to humanity, and to leave the world better than he found it, its sensations will rivet your attention, stir your sympathies, and make you in all respects wiser and better. Those who fail to read Camille, a Daughter of the People, will miss a rare treat.

Beethoven a Medium.

That Beethoven, that masterly genius, was one of the grandest mediums that ever lived, we have no doubt. An article in *Le Guide Musical*, lets in a little light on his mysterious life:

"Beethoven's improvising always awakened in the writer the liveliest musical enthusiasm. He declares that he who has not heard him improvise has an incomplete conception of the masters tremendous talent. Everything with him was of instant inspiration. He would often seat himself at the piano, strike a couple of chords, and say: 'Today it doesn't come. We'll wait till another time.' Then they would talk of philosophy, or religion, politics, and, in preference to all else, of Shakespeare, his idol—and all this in a language that would have made a listener laugh, had any such been present. Beethoven was not a brilliant man, if by brilliant he meant one who says fine and high-sounding things. He was by nature too silent for his speech to be lively or spirited. He expressed his thoughts abruptly, but they were intelligent and noble, even if at times not entirely just." "Today it doesn't come!"—meaning, of course, that his controlling spirit was not in rapport with him, and that he could not create the soul-enrapturing music without his presence. But, according to this writer in *Le Guide Musical*, when Beethoven improvised he was incomparable—there were revealed pure inspiration, freedom of spirit, and untrammeled genius. In moments of such exaltation, effects needed not to be sought for, as they were when the master sat with pen in hand."

Camille, a Daughter of the People.

When we have something especially good, and calculated to enlighten the people and give them a broader and grander view of existence, we take great pleasure in announcing it. The author, distinguished for his broad manhood, his sterling virtues, and his critical realization of the needs of the hour, was closely in rapport with the denizens of Spirit-life while writing "CAMILLE, a Daughter of the People." It is always refreshing to read a story where grand truths are evolved, and through which runs a deep pathos, and which is eminently well-calculated to give one a broader and more accurate view of life. "CAMILLE, a Daughter of the People," will certainly prove an attractive feature of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. The author's name will be announced next week.

This story will be the distinguishing feature of our Summer Campaign. Every Spiritualist should read it; in fact, it will cause a greater interest even than the "Convent of the Sacred Heart," by Hudson Tuttle. When renewing your subscription, send in an additional subscriber, so that others may have the pleasure of being brought in sympathy with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and the cause it advocates.

Must Be Convicted.

The Presbyterian General Assembly, in session at Portland, Oregon, has remanded the Dr. Briggs case back to the New York Presbytery for a new trial. That body, it will be remembered, found the Doctor was not a heretic. Church creeds and liberal ideas are incompatible.

Who Is Prof. William Cox?

TO THE EDITOR:—I have had the pleasure of reading an article by Prof. William Cox, on the "Evolution of Gods," in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of May 21st, and I would like to know who this Prof. Cox is, where he came from, where he resides, and how long he has been on earth? He is a wonderful man and writer. Have you other articles written by him? Is he the author of any books or works? An answer will be fully appreciated by

Buffalo, N. Y.

W. S. SERVIS.

Prof. Cox is a critical thinker—an advanced thinker—a comprehensive thinker—in fact, he is one of the best all-around thinkers we have, and he struck a responsive chord in the mind of Mr. Servis when he read the "Evolution of Gods." Mr. Cox resides at Rochester, N. Y., and we doubt not will answer any inquiries that his admirer may make. Those who write for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER write to some purpose, and that is why it has gained such prominence in so short a time.

Cassadaga Camp.

We present this week an illustrated view of Cassadaga and many of its principal workers, as furnished by A. W. Moore, a journalist of note, residing at Rochester, N. Y. The likeness of that sterling worker, author, jurist and lecturer, Hon. A. B. Richmond, stands forth prominently with other distinguished characters in the field of reform. It is with pleasure that we present this communication by Mr. Moore. He well knows, when he forwarded it to us, that it would reach far more readers in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER than in any other Spiritualist paper, and that, of course, prompted his course. When a distinguished writer has anything especially excellent, he sends it, as a natural consequence, to that paper where it will reach the largest number of readers, hence THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will always have the cream to present to its patrons.

The Cassadaga camp opens July 22nd and continues to August 28th.

A Correction!

Benjamin F. Lee, President of the Lake Brady Association, writes: "I have been told that you have an article in your paper stating that J. Clegg Wright would speak at a new camp near Mantua. There is some big mistake in that. If you had noticed the geographical location in the article I sent you for publication, I am sure the mistake would not have been made. The camp that J. Clegg Wright will open is at Lake Brady, between Ravena and Kent, and not near Mantua. Please make the needed correction as many people in this vicinity may be misled."

Last week Frank T. Ripley stopped in the city two or three days, on his way from Waukegan, Wis., to Chesaning, Mich., to fill an engagement. He has won many laurels during the past season.

In answer to numerous inquiries we announce again that Dr. J. C. Phillips is now stopping at Clinton, Iowa. He will remain there during the camping season.



LITTLE THINGS.

The Impressive Lesson they Teach.

A grain of blue vitriol, or carmine, will tinge a gallon of water, so that in every drop the color can be perceived; and a grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years.

Life is made up of little things. The blade of grass in the verdant field is a little thing; the flower that lifts its head from the sparkling fountain is but a moiety of existence. One corpuscle of blood that, like a tiny germ, floats in the miniature rivers of the body, is only one of countless millions that aid in giving brilliancy to the eye and a healthy hue to the features. It was considered only a little thing for Columbus to discover America; and when, to illustrate the difficulties thereof, he requested those deriding him to stand an egg on one of its ends, and when no one present could do it, he, as if inspired, smashed it down on the table, when lo! there it stood! The raindrop, nestling in the bosom of a storm cloud, caressed by the forked lightning, and scintillating with rainbow-tinted hues, is too insignificant alone to quench the thirst of the flowers and fields of growing grain! When an apple fell from the overhanging branches of an apple tree, a like occurrence had taken place millions of times, but just then a grand truth flashed like a sunbeam in the mind of the immortal Newton! The cackling of geese saved Rome, and the barking of dogs Hannibal's army. The rising of a teakettle-lid disclosed to the aspiring mind a thought fresh apparently from the workshops of the angels, and like a flower from its parent stem, the steam engine was developed therefrom!

Indeed, life is made up of little things. The whole universe is made up of moieties! A kind deed, scintillating with the tender emotions of the heart, is like a pebble dropped in the water: it causes ripples on the great ocean of humanity, and changes the destiny of mankind. Napoleon, disheartened at adversity in his early career, was saved through a little kindness of Thalmia; when in the height of his prosperity, a delay of five minutes saved him and his family from destruction! Oh! little things—did you ever think of their importance? One tiny flower, however enchanting its colors and sweet the language it expresses, is only a little point of beauty in the garden or lawn! God deals in little things! He seems to smile in the dewdrop as it is clasped in the embrace of a sunbeam, and ascends heavenward, to join the clouds in their efforts to quench the thirst of parched nature. Little minds do not deal in little things. The great mind, the magnanimous mind, the mind that is closely allied to Deity, constantly deals in little things. There is a gentle softness in the tones of his voice; there is the radiance of heaven in his eyes, and the goodness of an angel seems to radiate from his features. His life acts are composed of little things!

A kind word is a little thing, and an angel nestles in it with a sweet smile of recognition.

Do you know how your spirit homes are made? You are constructing them even while on earth. They are fashioned by your earth-life, and are made up of little things. The treasures of spirit-life do not consist of gold, silver and precious diamonds. You cannot buy distinction there, nor can you purchase a palatial residence in the Celestial City of God. What you realize there is an outgrowth of your earth-life deeds. As the little seed germinates, sends forth its tendrils, branches, leaves, flowers and heavenly-distilled aroma, so the little things of this life—kind words and deeds—as if imbued with a fairy life, seem to ascend heavenward, and form a portion of your spirit home. As the mist from the lake, river and ocean ascends heavenward to form the storm-cloud, so does every act of one's life, good or bad, the faithful sentinels of God, ascend heavenward, and define your spirit home. He whose soul is imbued with love for humanity, who dispenses blessings on every hand, IS SPIRITUALLY WEALTHY! His life abounds in little things; an encouraging word here; a benevolent deed there; generous acts in the darkened places and obscure byways of life! You cannot buy spiritual happiness; it is not an article of merchandise. "It is rather a mosaic, formed of little gems, each insignificant by itself alone, but grouped, combined, it becomes attractive and satisfying. A pleasant smile, a kindly greeting, a considerate deed, an unselfish act, all trifles in themselves, yet aggregate a sum of human happiness and tranquility that a united family circle would not exchange for millionaire's wealth or prince's honors where the warm heart and gentle hand is absent."

How necessary, then, in this life, to be constantly doing little things. The kiss that a mother gives her wayward child and the sweet smile of love that beams from her features; the word of cheer that sparkles like a diamond on the lips—they are little things, yet how potent in their action upon the world. It is a little thing to introduce sunshine into a soul that is despondent and careworn, yet what glorious results spring therefrom! A tear can glisten with all the tints of the rainbow; an angel smiles in every little thing that benefits humanity. In a cross word there is venom; in a snarl there is a poison; in a flood of passion there is a noxious influence; in a quarrel there is a pestilential effluvia that blackens the spiritual nature. You who wish to become spiritually wealthy, avoid them as you would a deadly serpent.

It was a little thing when Ellie died, a little girl of seven. Perfectly unconscious, realizing the fact that her life was fading away, she lingered along until evening, when amid the solemn stillness of her room the death knell

sounded—she counted the striking of the clock—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, and then, with her countenance illuminated with ineffable sweetness she turned to her father and said: "I will never hear that clock strike again!" She then talked of dying—she did not want to be covered with the cold, damp earth. When assured that only her body would be buried—that her spirit would go to heaven—she felt great relief, and addressing her father, said: "Is mamma watching for me in heaven?" When told that she was, she said: "Turn me over, then, and let me die." The gentle hands of tender and watchful attendants turned her over on her side, and her spirit took its departure to the Spirit-world, to the arms of a loving mother.

"Little by little," the tempter said, As a dark and cunning snare he spread, For the young, unwary feet, Little by little, and day by day, I will tempt the careless soul away, Until the ruin is complete."

"Little by little, sure and slow, We fashion our future of bliss or woe, As the present passes away, Our feet are climbing the stairway bright, Up to the regions of endless light, Or gliding downward, into the night, Little by little, day by day."

You who do no little things to cheer sorrowing hearts; who will not pay even two cents per week for a Spiritualist paper, to assist in elevating the world to a higher plane, and who live regardless of those who are depressed with poverty and misfortune, who take no interest in the advancement of the world generally, you will realize sometime your great mistake.

John R. Francis

"After the Hoodlum Vote."

Under the above caption, in a late number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, I find a commendation on the late Methodist Conference held at Omaha, in its denunciation of Congress for its action in passing the Chinese exclusion act. The article pronounces the act "wicked," and charges upon both parties with committing this "wicked" act to secure the "hoodlum vote of the Pacific States." It is somewhat significant to find the spiritual press hand-in-glove with the sectarian bigotry of the church on this question, and entirely mum on the class legislation which has brought the nation to the very verge of hopeless bankruptcy and financial ruin. Not a word against the robberies of trusts and syndicates, but a perfect readiness to pronounce the great voting mass of the people on our coast "hoodlums." Have the Methodists and others overlooked the fact that the recent action of Congress is, with some minor changes, only the re-enactment or continuing in force of the present law on that subject? And we have had no trouble with China on that account.

This question was not long ago submitted to vote in this State, and with the exception of a few hundred votes, the entire people solemnly recorded their opposition to the presence of the Mongolian in our midst? Are we to be pronounced wicked, and seeking to enact injustice into law? Is it not very possible that, living as we do, in constant contact with the Mongol, and observing his influence upon the character and prospects of our free institutions, we are as well prepared and as capable of forming a correct and just opinion upon the desirability of Chinese immigration as those who know nothing practically of the question?

Spiritualists ought to lead the thought of the world, and not follow in the wake of the shallow ignorance of theologic assumption. The presence and continuance of the Mongolian hordes is one of the monopolistic measures by which the masses of the people are being pauperized and enslaved, and the wealth produced by their toil accumulated in the hands of the very few.

And because the people here see and feel this monstrous injustice we are to be taunted as "hoodlums!" But I am not intending to argue the question here, but to protest against the injustice done us in the paragraph referred to.

J. S. LOVELAND.

We are in harmony with Prof. Loveland on this question. The item referred to crept into our paper without our notice, and is not in harmony with our views. It is true that some of the Spiritualist papers favor unrestricted Chinese immigration to the United States; but if that were allowed, the Chinese would soon prove a greater curse to our country than the destructive grasshopper or a cholera epidemic. Our friends in California are on the ground; there are no "hoodlums" among them, though that class is numerous there, as well as here. The friends in California know the exact status of the Chinese question, and its final settlement can be left safely in their hands.

Died in the Faith.

In the execution of Deeming at Melbourne on the 23d of May, it appears that one of the most hardened wretches met with a long-merited fate. A wife and four children were slaughtered and buried under the hearth of his home, in cement, at Rain Hill in England; whilst another wife was similarly entombed near Melbourne. He was engaged to marry another woman, and the cement was already prepared in which she was to be encased. The probabilities are that the Whitechapel murders, by "Jack the Ripper," were the work of his hands. And yet he said to the governor of the prison, as he was about to mount the gallows, "he had made his peace with God." Orthodox to the last! He died in full faith of the blessed redeemer. His victims, all unprepared, were sent to hell, while the wretch whose hands were covered all over with human blood, triumphs in the belief emblazoned on his creed, and taught by the clergy, that repentance and belief in the atoning blood of Jesus saves from all punishment. Oh, it is a blessed belief to the assassin!

A company has been granted permission to experiment with electric omnibuses in London the coming summer.

Interviewed.

Col. Ingersoll was interviewed in this city a few days ago, during which he said, among numberless other good things:

"The real motto of the church is: 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear,' and not 'He who hath brains to think, let him think.' The last is the motto of progress, of infidelity, of science."

The Colonel never loses an opportunity to "kick hell." In that same interview he was reported as saying:

"I wonder that any human being ever believed that a God of infinite mercy created billions of men, women and children in his likeness, knowing they were to suffer eternal pain, the victims of his wrath forever. How any one can believe it who has a heart without going insane, is beyond my imagination. And yet preachers have the impudence, or the insanity, to call this doctrine the 'tidings of great joy.'"

Tied Back.

A creed formulated hundreds of years ago, by ignorant men, in an ignorant and dark age, is given to a church to prevent the advancement of its members in real knowledge. Science reveals a new world; better knowledge of historical events makes the founders of Christianity better known as well as their teachings, but the creed, however false, must survive, else the church will soon become a creature of the past. Away with creeds and those who make them.

Lying for the Glory of God.

Pettitions from the States of Michigan and Ohio are on file with the Secretary of the National Commission, clamoring for a closing of the great Exposition on Sunday, bearing more signatures than the entire population of those States. Forgery and false pretenses are insignificant crimes, compared with seeing the beautiful in nature and art, on the day made sacred to the priesthood.

Rum and Religion.

The bark Liberia sailed into the port at New York lately with a record of seventy-six days for the round trip from New York to Monrovia and Sierra Leone. Among the passengers were Mr. and Mrs. Allen McCullough, missionaries who have spent eighteen months among the West African tribes. Mr. McCullough said he found the work unsatisfactory. Most of their time was spent in Sierra Leone, where the white colony numbers eighteen persons. The large amount of rum and raw whisky shipped from Boston and London to Sierra Leone, Mr. McCullough says, proves an influence with the natives which missionaries find hard to overcome. Thus it is that "Christianity and Rum" go hand-in-hand to the heathen.

An Important Bill Before Congress.

A very worthy bill is pending before Congress entitled "An act for preventing the adulteration of food and drugs, and for other purposes." It has already passed the Senate, and it is earnestly hoped will be adopted by the House and become a law. The Committee, in their report on the bill, say \$90,000,000 of fraudulent food products are foisted annually on the consumer; that forty per cent of the butter we consume is an adulteration; that lard shows an adulteration of 70 per cent; tea 40 per cent; ground coffee 40 per cent; cider vinegar 80 per cent; honey 24 per cent; baking powder 44 per cent; and thus on until all our staple drugs and food products are involved.

A Doleful Reminder.

"A constant reader in the *Patriotic American*" says that the following curse is pronounced by the pope and the whole church against all who should interfere with the clergy in the exercise of their temporal or spiritual rights. It is pronounced by every parish priest throughout the papal world four times a year, on Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, and All Hallows' days. This curse was issued in the thirteenth century, and is now repeated the same as then, and is in the following words:

"Let them be accursed, eating and drinking, walking and sitting, speaking and holding their peace, waking and sleeping, rowing and riding, laughing and weeping, in house and in fields, in water and on land, in all places; cursed be their heads and their thoughts, their eyes and their ears, their tongues and their lips, their teeth and their throats, their shoulders and their breasts, their feet and their legs, their thighs and their inward parts: let them remain accursed from the sole of their foot to the crown of their head; and just as this candle (the curser) has a lighted candle in his hand which he extinguishes, he is deprived of his present light, so let them be deprived of their souls in hell."

Such was the curse pronounced against all heretics (and you are one unless you are a papist) in the thirteenth century, and such is the one pronounced against all protestants (heretics) in the nineteenth century. And still you fold your arms and say "Roman Catholics are not the same now as they were then."

She Says that He Hypnotized Her.

A case in which hypnotism cuts something of a figure has been on trial in the District Court in Minneapolis, Minn. It is the suit of Mrs. Sarah L. Farr, a hairdresser, who has been prominent in philanthropic works, against George S. Koffend, a young dry-goods clerk, to recover the value of a lot decided by her to the defendant. Mrs. Farr in her complaint alleged that Koffend hypnotized her and then secured the deeds. Koffend testified on his own behalf. He exhibited diamond studs and diamond rings which he said were gifts to him from Mrs. Farr. He testified that the lot of ground in controversy had been decided to him in a bona fide business way. He had bargained for the lot, paid \$500 cash, and given notes for the balance. These Mrs. Farr had returned marked "paid." He presumed she made him a gift of the unpaid notes—like the diamonds. She had also given him a half interest in her store and a homestead worth \$12,000 to \$15,000.

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Workers, Doings, Etc.

"Remember, everyone, that, on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movements of lecturers and mediums. Meetings, which are doing a grand work, are of local interest only, hence we cannot publish long reports with reference to them. They are too numerous for that. A few lines explanatory of the good work being done, are always acceptable. A great deal can be said of a meeting in a dozen lines, giving a 'general survey' only of the glorious work being done."

Dr. P. T. Johnson, of Grand Rapids, lectures at Rockford, Mich., the 11th and 12th of June.

A. Eldebach, of Texas, writes: "The 27th of May, seven of us met for a seance, the medium a traveling salesman. We sat in a darkened room. The medium was controlled and said: 'I hear the fire bells ringing, and see a cyclone sweeping down houses and trees, and leveling everything in its track, dealing death and destruction.' His very voice indicated great distress. He was asked the location of the disturbance, but could not give it, but said it was in Texas. To our surprise, the next day we saw the report of the cyclone at Wilmington, Kansas."

Hannah A. Pollard writes from Sumnerland, Cal., that she has been a trance medium and healer for many years. She says: "The new hall, building by the Spiritualist Association, will add to the appearance and wealth of Sumnerland fifty per cent. I am a subscriber to your indispensable paper, and await its advent every week with anticipation and pleasure. Of all the spiritual papers now published, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER takes the lead. Sister Rose L. Bushnell's articles and poems lend additional popularity to any paper they may appear in. She is much beloved on this coast. She opens the doors of her beautiful and artistic home to all friends of the beloved cause, and spreads her table bountifully. With her kind words, pleasant voice and sweet hospitality, all find it 'good to be there.' A circle of six, selected by a guide, meet at her seance room twice a week, and already gratifying results have been obtained. The camp meeting in early fall will be a success. Prof. J. S. Loveland has done much to build up the society. He is one of the most able speakers in the field, and is much respected here."

G. G. W. VanHorn writes from Indianapolis, Ind., that an organization has been effected there, under the name of a 'Home Mediums' Spiritual Society. Meetings are held each Sunday, at 3 and 8 P. M.

W. H. Quinn writes from New York: "Mr. F. A. Wignin was with the Society of Ethical Spiritualists the last two Sundays in May. He lectured morning and evening, and at the close of each lecture he gave several tests that were recognized by those in the audience to whom they were given."

C. F. Newcomb writes: "Your paper of the 14th ult., with the lecture before the Grand Temple of the Magi, by Prof. O. H. Richmond, I have read with great interest. I received a communication from a high source in the year 1876. This noble control is familiar to me through many years of writing, and I have never found him otherwise than truthful. The control speaks of a work in which I have been engaged, and one that will soon come to the front, said: 'This work is a grand one, but not to be compared to what is to follow. The principles of true philosophy are to grow out of this work. I contemplate giving you a true system of science, beside which that of the people of the present day is foolishness. This first work is to prepare your minds for the great one which is to follow. It may not come out in your day, but you will see the grand formation of the plan.'"

F. W. S. writes: "Dr. Juliet H. Severance has been lecturing the past month for the society at National Hall, to appreciative audiences, which have steadily increased to double the usual proportions. Her lectures were always followed with an opportunity for questions; this was much enjoyed by those present, as the Doctor is well informed on all the reformatory movements of the day, and is apt and ready in her responses, dealing in no vague generalities, but imparting in a terse and happy way a rich fund of information. It seems to me she should devote her entire time to the lecture field, for, competent as she is as a physician, the world is suffering and dying physically and spiritually for the truths of which she is so competent and brave an exponent."

Will C. Hodge, Secretary of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association, is now located at Mount Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa, where he will remain until after the camp meeting. All letters of inquiry should be sent to the above address, or Dr. L. P. Wheelock, Superintendent, Moline, Ill.

Geo. H. Brooks, State Missionary, lectured last Sunday at Richmond, Ill. The 12th and 19th he lectures at Prophetstown.

P. A. Seguin, ex-Catholic priest, has returned to this city.

Mrs. M. C. Allen gave the first lecture and tests on Spiritualism in Rich Hill, Mo., May 24, 25, 26, to an appreciative audience. She gave general satisfaction. We hope it will be a stepping-stone to the spiritual cause in this place.

A society has been formed at Tacoma, Wash., with forty members. The Ladies' Aid Society gives entertainments, etc., in order to keep money in the treasury. Mediums going that way are invited to call.

"The Society of Progressive Spiritualists," of San Francisco, hold meetings every Sunday morning and afternoon at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. The lecturer is Dr. N. T. Ravlin. Good mediums and speakers at conference meetings.

Mrs. Lizzie Hartman will answer calls for giving psychometric readings or platform tests. She can be addressed for engagement at 315 West VanBuren street, Chicago, Ill.

There is good authority for the statement that no Chinaman has adopted Christianity. A knowledge of this fact has incensed many religionists against them, and has increased the hostility among churchmen to their residence in America.

Prof. Cadwell, the mesmerist, has an engagement at Waconoc, Wis.

CASSADAGA.

Continued from 1st page.

ex-Postmaster-General of respectively the United and Confederate States of America; Prof. Henry Kiddle, Superintendent New York public schools; Hon. J. L. Sullivan, United States Minister to Spain; Joseph Jefferson, Henry Seybert and many others. It was through Keeler that Hon. A. B. Richmond, the eminent Pennsylvania jurist obtained the first evidence of state-writing, accounts of which are embodied in his two books entitled, "A Criticism of the Seybert Commission."

The writer's next experience was at a seance given by Mrs. Seery, the trumpet medium, at which ex-Governor Safford and wife and about half a dozen others were present. The trumpets used were long, light tubes of tin, wider at one end than at the other. After sitting a while the trumpet rose from the floor and went to the ear of the person for whom the message was for, and a voice talked through it. Governor Safford and wife had communications in Mexican; the writer also was called upon, and each one in the circle got messages from friends in Spirit-life. Each one obtained names and information concerning events in the past which it would be impossible for anyone at Cassadaga to know anything about. The people present were strangers to each other, from different States; the writer, for instance, from Rochester, N. Y.; Governor Safford from Florida; others from Ohio, Texas and Illinois. The name of a relative who died long ago in Nottingham, England, was given to the writer. How on earth could anybody at Cassadaga know anything about a person whose body has lain in a graveyard 3,000 miles away for twenty-six years? How could they know the name and circumstances which occurred in his life? How could any knave in Cassadaga converse in Mexican to Governor and Mrs. Safford in relation to events which occurred in Arizona many years ago? Yet such names and information came through the trumpet. When such phenomena as described occurs all over the world, is it any wonder that we have societies of psychical research including in the membership such men as Gladstone?

The materializing phase of mediumship is one over which there has been much dispute among Spiritualists on account of the many frauds which have been practiced by sharpers who counterfeited the phenomenon in order to make money. But Mrs. Effie Moss and her nephew, John Randall, are acknowledged to be genuine mediums for materialization. Mrs. Moss is a very large, stout woman, weighing over two hundred pounds. Her manifestations occur in a subdued light, and she sits in a corner of the room behind a thin, black curtain. The writer attended a seance with twenty-five others from many different States of the Union. A number of forms appeared which were recognized by different individuals at the seance, and there were some children of different sizes. A lady friend who was with the writer was dumbfounded at seeing a very tall Indian materialize and approach her, giving the name of "White Feather." This White Feather is a spirit that for years has claimed to be a guide of the lady's husband, and had told her that some day he would materialize himself. He had often described himself as being very tall, and certainly his appearance on this occasion verified his statement. He wore a white feather and the Indian costume. If Mrs. Moss could change her form, short and stout, to a person extremely tall and thin, she is a very wonderful woman, even though she possessed no other powers than that of a first-class impersonator. But the forms were all genuine enough, because, on either side of the curtain sat gentlemen whose especial duty it was to examine carefully, that there should be no deception during the seance.

For those who wish to see genuine spirit manifestations, who have not advanced beyond a continual longing for phenomena, there is no better place than Cassadaga to see it. The officers of the association, headed by Mayor Gaston, of Meadville, Pa., are very strict in their permits to mediums. No medium whose character is not satisfactory is allowed to operate at Cassadaga. But those who have progressed in the spiritual philosophy beyond mere phenomena, have every opportunity to cultivate the higher and grander phases which are to be found in the domain of mind. Phenomena is undoubtedly the essential thing for beginners; it is, in fact, the alphabet. Without it, no man or woman in the world could have been impelled to investigate the truths of Spiritualism. But having received the blessed assurance of spirit return, the recipient becomes, as it were, the custodian of a spark that he must never permit to grow dim, but must fan it into an everlasting flame, which shall light him on his way to the spirit-world. The possession of a knowledge of spirit return is a serious matter, and if not used rightly, is apt to cast the possessor into fathomless depths of misery. To attempt to prostitute such a gift to selfish or immoral purposes is to court obsession and ultimate degradation; but to use it for the purpose of cultivating the garden of the soul is to open up avenues which lead to everlasting pastures of delight and beauty.

A knowledge of spirit return and its philosophy makes a man or a woman impregnable against every disaster that can assail the person or overwhelm the visible universe; in short, it enables a man to smile, with folded arms, even though the heavens fall and the earth is convulsed with the upheavals of the earthquake, or lurid with the flames of electric fire and the cyclone's awful sweep. He knows that nothing can harm him, and that no power can extinguish the light of his immortality. Spiritualists in every part of the United States should realize the importance of the spiritual college that is now established at Cassadaga. It should be the aim of all to rally to its support. In this institution, young people will receive an education that will fit them to become authentic exponents of the spiritual philosophy. They will be trained in the severest ordeals of discipline, both physical and mental, which will enable them to tower majestically over and above the mediocrity of orthodox minds, and by their rational arguments and demonstrations open the eyes of the world to the divinity of the spiritual philosophy. Let us ever remember that in the past the ignorance of the masses has been the stronghold of dogmatic theology, and the only thing that will overthrow the powers of an ecclesiastical aristocracy, is popular education, and the most important educa-

tion that mortals can get is that which places them in communication with the Spirit-world, in which it is their destiny to spend an eternity.

Much more could be said of Cassadaga. It is a little world in itself, and from that happy community, every summer, there are pathways to heaven, and by it, angels come and go. Many hearts are made glad each year by loving messages from dear ones in the summerland. It is the place in which many find true rest for mind and body. The placid lake, the ancient trees, the sweet flowers, the harmonious people, the pure air, all tend to bring peace to the troubled soul.

And be it heath the shady trees in the sunny day, or when the bright stars look down in the quiet night, the sojourner somehow feels that Cassadaga gets its sweet repose because it is in touch with the angel world.

A. W. MOORE.

PULPIT HONESTY.

Duly Illustrated by Dr. H. V. Sweringen.

To say that the pulpit is guilty of misrepresentation, deceptive methods of statement, prevarication, outright falsifying, artful dodging and dodging not so artful, would naturally appear to be paradoxically cruel and absurdly slanderous. The pew has ever received as truth whatever has been promulgated by the pulpit. To say that the pulpit has taken advantage of the confidence of the pews is, therefore, to grossly insult both. But the charge of dishonesty made against the pulpit is becoming more and more sustained as time passes: It is discovered to be founded more and more upon reality than upon mere appearance, and noticeable alike by the saint and the sinner. It would be doing the church a real service then, regardless of the character of the intent of the writer, to call its attention to this very important matter.

By way of extension, it may be that (*ala* Saul of Tarsus) the pulpit considers itself justified in making use of any means, questionable or otherwise, for the attainment of its ends—the salvation of the world. Paul, if I mistake not, asked the following or similar question, pertinent to the subject before us: "If by my lie God's glory is promoted, why then am I considered a sinner?"

These thoughts are suggested by reading a recent sermon by Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., from which I quote the following:

"Col. Ingersoll said in his recent so-called 'Christmas Sermon,' over which the latest controversy has arisen, that 'Christianity has filled the future with fear and flame.' Is this true? I would say just here that it seems to me Col. Ingersoll has really done the cause of true religion a service in the public assaults he has made upon a certain conception of hell which was prevalent fifty years ago. I have no disposition to rob the Colonel of this honor. He has done a true service to Christianity in assailing this medieval hell. It was created outside of the Bible and dragged into the Bible. While we readily acknowledge this is true, we emphatically dispute his statement that 'Christianity has filled the future with fear and flame.'"

Now, to allow fifty years or even fifty days to pass away without proclaiming not only from the pulpit but from the house-top, the damnable falsity of so infernal, revolting and unreasonable a doctrine as an eternal brimstone hell, and not waiting to be forced to do so to selected pews, by the pressure of growing intelligence, research, thought and reason among the masses as represented by Col. Ingersoll, is to expose the pulpit very properly to the charge of cowardice, want of courage of its convictions, ignorance, dishonesty and hypocrisy. To reject doctrines in the pulpit or remain silent upon them, that are yet taught in the Sunday School and catechism, is the most abominable hypocrisy. It would be interesting to know how long it has been since the reverend gentleman abandoned the doctrine of an eternal brimstone hell, and how often from his pulpit he has preached against it.

I have more respect for a saloon-keeper who pursues his calling openly and above-board, than for that minister who preaches that which in his heart he does not believe, or remains quiet and non-committal upon so important and vital a change in orthodox belief until that change is generally accepted.

If the doctrine of an eternal brimstone hell has been abandoned as far back as fifty years ago, why in the name of humanity and common sense is it that the pew does not yet know the fact? Whose duty is it to enlighten the pew? Why does the Presbyterian Confession of Faith yet teach that "the punishment of sin shall be separation from God and most grievous torments in soul and body, without intermission, in hell-fire forever?" Why do Methodists still subscribe to Wesley's doctrine of "the endless punishment of souls in a material fire?" Why did the great Baptist preacher, Spurgeon, who recently passed to his reward, preach as follows: "In fire, exactly like that we have on earth, thy body will lie, asbestos-like, forever unconsumed; all thy veins, roads for the feet of pain to travel on; every nerve a string on which the Devil shall forever play his diabolical tune of Hell's Unutterable Lament?"

After perusing these "glad tidings of great joy" and messages of "peace and good will to man," it is not surprising that the Reverend Thomas Dixon, Jr., would dispute the assertion made by Col. Ingersoll that "Christianity has filled the future with fear and flame."

Another illustration of pulpit candor is afforded us by a sermon recently delivered by a Presiding Elder of the M. E. Church (the church, by the way, in which I was raised), in which he gave to orthodox Christianity the entire credit for our modern civilization. Notwithstanding the fact that slavery was proclaimed by the pulpit as a divine institution, authorized and sanctioned by the inspired word of God, and that not fifty years ago no anti-slavery preacher was tolerated in a Northern as well as a Southern church, and that even to-day his own church, North and South, still remains divided upon the subject of slavery—nevertheless, all these facts, he had the audacity to credit the Christian church with its extermination.

In the same sermon, which was of the shot-gun variety, attacking everything not strictly orthodox and claiming everything good as the result exclusively of pulpit teaching, he charged Spiritualism with being a system of free-love immo-

rality, and its adherents as being a disreputable class of people. The delivery of this sermon so soon after the implementation for life of a brother minister of the same church, who was also Grand Prelate of the Indiana Commandery of Knights Templar, the Reverend Pettit, for the murder by poison of his wife, in order that he might marry a richer if not a handsomer woman, would seem to be ill-advised and premature. In common with all orthodox ministers, he affirmed with all the emphatic assurance of one who knows what he is talking about, that the Devil alone is the source of all spiritualistic phenomena. While this may be considered an improvement upon the former orthodox assertion denying the phenomena themselves, pronouncing them all fraud and deception, it would have been the mark of pulpit courtesy at least, to have followed his assertion with the acknowledgment that to Spiritualism is due the credit of demonstrating the existence of his Satanic majesty, a feat that the orthodox church has ever failed to accomplish. This is the unkindest cut of all, and partakes somewhat of the character of an artful dodge. Being loth to part with the Superintendent of its brimstone hell, to whom it feels under many obligations for past services, orthodox seeing a separation from the Devil inevitable sooner or later, now seeks to hand him over to the Spiritualists rather than lose sight of him entirely. In political parlance, provision must be made for him; he must be taken care of; he must have an appointment, a situation. We are (not) sorry to say, however, that Spiritualism has no opening for the orthodox Devil, nor do we propose to have him thrust upon us. If it be true that telling the truth "shames the Devil," truth-seeking would no doubt have the same effect upon him. Spiritualists being truth-seekers, it is not difficult to see that the Devil would be ill at ease among them, but would be better satisfied to remain where he is, i.e., in the orthodox brimstone hell, where he was born, raised and nurtured.

I might refer to other pulpit misrepresentations, such as the awful, horrible, terrible death of Thomas Paine and other "infidels," which I remember of hearing time and again from the sacred desk, but a mere mention of the same must suffice.

And now, in conclusion, I will briefly notice one other matter. The clergy have always chosen their own texts and subjects for pulpit discussion and sermonizing. This is their privilege by common consent and long usage. They prize it more and more highly as time passes, and are constantly dodging, as artfully as possible, the discussion of such subjects as Spiritualism; Materialism; Agnosticism; evolution; psychic phenomena; miracles; the relations of orthodoxy to science; Genesis to geology; Immortality; heresy; the origin of evil; "Why does not God kill the Devil?" the trinity; infant damnation; the eternal brimstone hell; the infallibility of the Pope, or of any creed or dogma; the history of the Bible and its apocrypha; the war in heaven; the God-man; the character, sex and ministry of angels; Paine's "Age of Reason"; Ingersoll's "Mistakes of Moses"; slavery; polygamy; the inspiration of the Bible, and a large number of similar exceedingly interesting subjects.

The spirit of inquiry to-day is sharp and keen, and will not be satisfied with sermons of glittering generalities upon such texts as: "Now we see through a glass darkly;" "Here we know in part," etc. The old question: "If a man die, shall he live again?" is answered and demonstrated positively and satisfactorily in the affirmative by many without the pale of orthodoxy. If the pulpit desires to keep up with the procession of progress, it must meet and discuss these and similar questions—questions that have as naturally presented themselves to the growing child as water has suggested itself to the thirsty. The clergy have always insisted upon the laity "searching the Scriptures," and they must now be prepared to meet honestly the results of such teaching and searching.

We are well aware that the orthodox minister will tell us that his duty is confined exclusively to the preaching of "Christ and Him crucified;" but however true this conception of pulpit duty may be in sentiment or theory, it falls in great measure to influence all classes of men, and is, therefore, not a complete success in practice.

If I mistake not, we have Scripture in support of the proposition that ministers are "fishers of men." If this be so, they are obliged to throw out all kinds of bait in order to catch all manner of men, and to cast their nets where they would be most likely to make the largest drafts. The discussion of such questions as the above-mentioned would draw to the church thousands of men who would not otherwise go near it. It is a question whether or not, in a certain sense, the Catholic church was wise in prohibiting its members from reading the Bible or restricting them to the use of the "prayer book" exclusively, thus relieving the priests of the necessity of answering some very knotty, naughty questions.

Items from Springfield, Mo.

TO THE EDITOR:—We are having some good work done here now. Rev. J. De Buchanne, Ph. D., M. D., is with us. He is a good speaker, and his whole soul is in his work. We are thankful that there are good and true workers who have the cause at heart, and whose sole purpose is to spread the truths of Spiritualism, regardless of cost. Dr. De Buchanne is a fearless and eloquent advocate of truth, and always speaks his honest sentiments.

Mrs. M. T. Allen is with us this month also, and is doing good work. Last Sunday she gave some platform tests after the Doctor's lecture, all of which were good. Those wishing a good inspirational trance speaker and platform test medium would do well to secure Sister Allen's services. Any communication sent to our address for her would be forwarded to her. She goes from here to Kansas again, where her services have had quite a demand.

The people are hungry for truth, both religious and practical, and THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is one of the leading lights in this campaign here. Our Progressive reading room, 230 Commercial street, is doing good, and THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is conspicuously displayed upon its tables, and is eagerly sought for by the people.

L. M. WILLIAMS.

A clipper ship for every day in the year is required to remove California's surplus wheat to Europe.

A Remarkable Dream.

I was much interested in reading in the last issue of *Light* the account of your experience of writing an essay in a somnambulistic state. Some years ago when preparing for examinations I frequently did the same thing. I made it a practice when retiring to rest to place under my pillow my books on any subject that I had difficulty with, and next morning I knew my lessons perfectly, being often able to repeat six or ten pages without a single omission. I have drawn many maps, putting in seaports, towns, and rivers and other details in a far more finished manner than I could in my ordinary state. One examination for which I was preparing much worried me. I was really afraid of failure, as the subjects were difficult and many candidates had failed in preceding years. About two or three weeks before the examination I dreamed that the inspector, who was a stranger to me, handed me a question paper; then, fully remembered next morning, and wrote them in an exercise-book, showing them to my fellow students, most of whom ridiculed the idea of their being of any importance. A few were impressed and worked them up with me during our leisure hours. When the examination morning arrived these questions were those actually set up by the inspector, whom I immediately recognized as the gentleman I had seen in my dream. This is one of many remarkable experiences I have had.

My sister, who slept with me, was frequently much alarmed on awakening out of her sleep in the dead of the night to find me sitting in the dark in an unconscious state busy with my studies.—*M. F. A. C., in Light, London.*

Lake Sunapee Spiritualist Camp Meeting.

The Spiritual camp meeting annually held on the borders of Lake Sunapee will this season hold its opening service Sunday, July 31. The meetings will be under the management of Mr. Eben Cobb, of Boston, a veteran worker, whose large experience as conductor of spiritual meetings renders him eminently qualified for the duties of his office. The speakers and test mediums engaged are among the best and most able of our platform workers. Much other good talent has been secured for the Saturday evening entertainment. The music and singing will also be of the best. Good mediums for the various phases of the phenomena will be present during the meeting. The Thursday eve social dance will occur as usual. Sunapee is one of the most attractive of our camping places. It abounds in charming scenery, which frequent excursions around the lake on the steamers at low fares give the visitors an excellent opportunity to enjoy. The lake is a thing of beauty and a joy forever to the heart of the fisherman; its clear waters abound in many kinds of choice fish, which daily find their way to the table of the campers during the meeting. The natural charms of Sunapee, and the grand spiritual feast prepared by Bro. Cobb, should be sufficient to allow all camp-meeting goers to visit Sunapee this season.

JANE D. CHURCHILL, Sec'y.

Passed to Spirit Life.

Johnson Higgins, aged 68, passed to spirit-life at Friendship, N. Y. For several years he has been quite interested in Spiritualism, and during his last sickness he sent for several Spiritualists to come and hold seances with him and his estimable wife, and had a lady medium healer treat him, and thereby got great temporary relief. He spoke to a Spiritualist medium and ordained speaker, to deliver the address at his funeral; but his two daughters not thinking it popular enough, disregarded their father's and mother's wishes, and got a minister to officiate—one that the father had said he did not want—although a good man. Little do these ladies know the impression they have made on their neighbors. Mr. Higgins was a good, upright business man, quite a politician, and a man of wealth.

COR.

Please announce in your priceless paper the transition of the spirit of my beloved daughter, Rosa B. Foster, which occurred on the 25th of May, aged 25 years, 10 months and 10 days, after suffering from a gripe about three months and then in addition suffering the pangs of child-birth, which was too much for her, even with a naturally robust constitution. She leaves a stricken husband, a son two years and eight months old, and a babe two weeks old. Her mother and brother passed on when she was too young to realize a mother's love. She has been cut off in the midst of her usefulness, leaving sorrowing hearts to await yet a little while. I am not as one without hope and knowledge. I have both.

N. F. BRADISH.

Passed to Spirit-life, from his home at Flint, Ind., May 20, 1892, Mr. George Golden, aged 56 years, 7 months and 12 days. He felt and knew that his faith was knowledge. He had been a sufferer for about five years. He leaves a wife and three children. He was a kind and loving father, and was liked by all who knew him. He was a firm believer in Spiritualism. He knew the change was coming. He did not fear it, for he knew that death did not end all. What a pleasure it is to know that death does not end all.

W. LINT.

Mrs. Nancy A. Nickerson passed to Spirit-life at her home, three and one-half miles west of Chebanse, Illinois, at 4 o'clock P. M., May 21st, aged 72 years. She was a sufferer from cancers which caused death. She was a believer in spirit return, as she told about seeing her departed friends. Her husband, Henry Nickerson, passed on to the Summerland 14 years ago. She leaves three sons to mourn her loss, Thomas, Wilson and George. Frank Dutcher, a trance-speaker, delivered the funeral discourse, and the remains were interred in the Riverside Cemetery, by the side of her husband.

M. S.

Some large blasts of rock have been made to provide material for the new harbor of refuge at Brest, as much as 100,000 cubic yards being thrown out at one time.

A large white circle around the sun frightened the negroes at Jackson, Miss., so badly that they rushed from their homes and declared that the judgment day was coming.

SUPERSTITION.

Ignorance at a Premium—An Old Bone Reverenced.

The Fetishism of the Catholic Church.

TO THE EDITOR:—We glean these unpalatable facts from the New York World of May 29th. They show the superstition, the ignorance, the fetishism of the Romish Church, a church that is trying to rule this country. The Catholics of New York have, in a glass case, an old bone of no more real virtue than the skull-bone of a donkey, or the jaw-bone of an ass. It is called "the cutting from the forearm of the blessed St. Ann."

High and low and rich and poor have alike prostrated themselves before it. One of these devotees has been ex-Superintendent of Police William Murray. Twice at least he has kissed the glass which covers the remnant. And ex-Supt. Murray is not the only well known devotee who has venerated this bit of gray bone. Thomas E. Brennan, the Superintendent of the Street-Cleaning Bureau, has been a frequent visitor to the little Church of St. John the Baptist during the past few days. No one apparently noticed him but Father Despardus and the World reporter sitting in the shadow of the church. He took his place in the silent aisle, kissed the relic as humbly as the most miserable supplicant in the line, and after bending his knee stole out again by the west door, where the steep steps have feebly echoed to the footsteps of so many unhappy human beings during the past two weeks.

A half-hour before Mrs. Brennan had climbed up the church steps and made the same sacred pilgrimage up the aisle. Late Wednesday night when the great crowd of worshippers had left St. John the Baptist's, and the little church was closed, the bit of St. Ann's bone was taken to the house of John D. Crimmins, No. 40 East Sixty-eighth street. There was a private party there to do reverence to the relic. Among them was Archbishop Corrigan. Before that time he had no opportunity to look upon the fragment.

When Mr. Marquis arrived with the relic the parlor was filled. Bearing the little box he bowed his knee before His Grace the Archbishop, and extending the case with its little fragment said:

"Your Reverence, I present to you the blessed relic of St. Ann."

The Archbishop bade him rise. "The honor of holding the sacred relic belongs to you," he said.

They all kissed the holy relic, then Archbishop Corrigan knelt before Mr. Marquis and kissed the case. After that was done, each person in Mr. Crimmins' parlor in turn kissed the glass as the Archbishop had done. After this brief ceremony the box was taken back to the home of the priests, in Lexington avenue.

Wednesday the hot sun poured down on the street before the church, but the fierce heat did not keep people from waiting—sick, miserable, deformed as they were—from standing patiently like sheep till each one's turn came. Yesterday was a gray, damp day—like the bone of St. Ann itself—but that made no difference. Several times during the afternoon it rained heavily.

After sundown it poured. But as wet as those waiting waifs of fortune were there was no damping their spirits. One feeling pervaded the vast assemblage, and that was faith—the faith would remove mountains. Hope buoyed them up.

In spite of the drizzle and the heavy rain of the evening, the church was mobbed. Monsignor O'Reilly estimated the people who filed through to gaze on the relic at 25,000. The crowd was so great that early in the day the lighting of candles by the faithful was strictly prohibited. A special man was detailed during the late afternoon and evening for this special prevention.

Wet, damp, disagreeable. Yet the restless, never-ending throng kept pressing into St. John's. The Third avenue cars were filled to overflowing when they got to Seventy-sixth street. There they were emptied in the twinkling of an eye. It was the same with the "L" trains. To get up or down the steps of the Seventy-sixth street station was like threading one's way through a mob at a riot or a great fire.

The vast crowd, as it has been ever since the name of the relic has got abroad, was orderly and perfectly good-natured. There were crippled unfortunates in it who got hurt, and from out the general murmur of hushed voices there was an occasional shriek of pain. But, as it has been ever since the relic was first exposed, the crowd of miseries besieging the bone was a very sad one to look upon. Fully 40,000 people had visited St. John's during the past two weeks.

And thus it is that an old bone, a bone whose only value or virtue consists in certain qualities that might to some extent enrich the soil if decomposed, is venerated by those who are still grooping in ignorance and superstition. Though we are living in the nineteenth century, there is a large element that still are on a level with the dark and benighted ages of the world.

O. L.

Who Is My Neighbor.

Who is my neighbor? Is it he who lives in palace hall and in gilded array? Is it she who prates of the gold she gives, And the wonderful praises that others say?

Is it he or she who trumpets abroad Every least concern in which they find An active part, yet can scarcely afford A word for one of their suffering kind?

Is it they who love the uppermost seat In the synagogue, and whose prayer ascends To the dome above them in accents sweet, Simply to be heard and seen of men?

Is he whose promise is, "I go, I go!" Yet who stirs not to do in the time of need? Is it he who urges to speed the slow, But himself was never once known to speed?

Oh! who is my neighbor? Is it priest or Levite, Riding or walking so daintily by, Where the wounded lie in their pitiful plight, Clutching their garments from soil so nigh?

Said one to me: "Oh! why were not you In church to-day, to hear the grand speech? The many were there, and the speaker was true And the prayer did surely to high heaven reach."

"You missed a rare treat," they said unto me. "Why should you let anything keep you away?"

See what a great work we do, just we, While you are an idler, I fear I must say."

I had not designed to say where I was, Or what I was doing that blessed long day; But this boaster still boasted such love for the cause,

To prick the proud bubble I humbly would say: That within ear-shot of my door there lay A poor, worn mother, moaning in pain; No hand to relieve her, no care, no pay— No pay for a helper, and so I was fain

To hold the poor hands, so nervously tossed, To rub the weak spine, so bent and distressed, To comfort the mind in the valley so crossed, And bathe, and nourish, and soothe her to rest.

And when at last from her clean, white bed She put up, with trembling lips, her thanks, With a sigh of content and a pain-eased head, Do you think I was sorry I was not in the ranks?

I had rather kneel low by the side of one Who has "fallen among thieves," and been tossed to and fro, And pour oil and wine, and the light of the sun, Than to ride on the topmost waves as they flow

Toward the islands of fame, and the world's applause. I know who my neighbor is—'tis enough! And it matters not if the glorious cause Goes up or goes down, 'tis enough—'tis enough

For me. Let my hands follow after my words In a straight-out work where the suffering be. Let me walk in the valley where no singing birds Ever flutter gay plumage—'tis enough for me!

One brand let me pluck from the burning pain; One soul let me feel I have cheered on the way, And you may have all the praise you can gain, And the glory of preaching, the glory of pay.

You and I will come up one day—one day To the gate called beautiful; there we shall wait.

You will demand, I humbly shall pray, While the gate swings inward, the beautiful gate.

I will leave us there, for the Master will know, He will know entirely our good and our ill. It matters so little what boasting we do, If we have no neighbor we shall wait there still.

—Mrs. C. H. Hinckley.

Minnesota Camp-Meeting.

TO THE EDITOR:—I do not know that I can add to the enthusiasm throughout the Northwest that the few announcements by our secretary, relative to our coming camp-meeting, has created, but as he merely makes the matter of fact business statements and leaves the sentimental to me, I beg a short space in your paper for a few encouraging words and straight pointers. Our camp-meeting, its present and future success, its perpetuity, depend upon its patronage, socially and financially. No pains are being spared by the secretary or other officers to make this, the coming camp-meeting, all that it should be, and even more than might usually be anticipated. The spot selected is not to be equalled in the West—in the center of the Mississippi river, reached by boats from above and below, connected by roadway from main land on one side and ferry on the other, and a motor line from the St. Paul Union Depot, that will run trains every thirty or sixty minutes during week-days, and even more on Sundays. This, for accessibility, and which will probably be more fully explained in the programme and circulars, is only a small part of the inducements we can hold out to the Spiritualists of the Northwest to attend our camp-meeting. We are to have a grand spiritual love-feast, a feast of reason and flow of soul, by and through the best speakers and mediums in the ranks; we are to come together from all over the country and swap yarns in fact-meetings and in private, and find out what the Spirit-world is doing for us, and we doing for ourselves; to get acquainted as brothers and sisters; to put together some of our earnings in one common till for the better advancement of the cause we love and cherish; for the improvement of our intellects upon the philosophy of spirit communion, the science of a higher life; to rest from our tedious world-labor, and do something for our souls' unforgotten; to get the free, fresh air of the beautiful island by open-air camp life in the lovely grove by the water's edge, and enjoy life away from the worry and cramp of business; to fish, boat, and visit our spirit friends. Now, with all these inducements, and many not here related, every Spiritualist in the Northwest should certainly have interest enough in the cause to come or send some other tangible evidence of their love for and sincerity to the cause they espouse. We would rather have your presence than your aid without, but if you cannot come, give us the help that will boom the spiritual work. We will be at considerable expense in this, the establishing of a permanent camp near the two great cities, the pride of the Northwest, and if a little aid can be had from each, there is no reason for the semblance of non-success. Grant us your presence, your hearty support, and your loving mind waves, and the grandest success is assured, and we are in a better position for identification with the popular sentiment of spiritual things.

DR. T. WILKINS, President N. W. S. A. St. Paul, Minn.

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Progressive Thinkings.

Sitting in the great Silence, out of which comes everything that is, in audible words I receive the following impressive and prophetic lesson:

The present race of men have gained glimpses of the potencies beyond the veil, with some faint knowledge and idea of how to set them in motion, comprehending the final results, as a child might, who, with dimpled hand sets in motion the tottering avalanche, whose roaring rush will sweep all life out of the valley below.

The result of this action is, there has been a transference of the struggles and contentions, once on the physical plane, into the spirit realm. Just as along the line of civilization, on the physical plane, there have been mighty contests and upheavals, so in the beginning of the new race, now forming, which is the dawning of the spirit civilization—the return of the Golden Age, the struggle will be transferred, more or less to the spiritual plane. The struggles on the earth plane will be as child's play to those of the spiritual. These will be intensified by the selfish use of vibrations from the lower levels. This is the reason why all in spirit life, and all in the earth life, who can be influenced by the higher intelligences, have been permeated as far as possible with the altruistic idea that lays aside all selfishness, longing for the true brotherhood, and willing to be governed by the Golden Precept, in order that we may mitigate influences in the wrong direction, falling upon those still in the body. Those who perceive clearly know that those in the body usually act, seeking thus to overcome by momentum. Those who are in the Spirit world wait, resisting aggression, by massing as obstructive power. The physical has also perceived this power, and oftentimes uses the massing of inertia, instead of the massing of potency.

Changes must come in the direction of human brotherhood, as the only palliating condition against the crowding of the physical. In the late disasters, in which the cruelty of the pitiless physical has been made so manifest, as the uprising waters sweeping towards the sea, respected neither age, sex nor condition, we have seen spots of intense brightness, where man, feeling the impulse of his spiritual nature, has suffered and dared, and gone down even to death, in his efforts to save a stranger's life, or the lives of helpless women and children.

The world is not utterly hopeless. If there can only come some convulsion that shall tear asunder the bonds of custom and legalized wrong, without destroying the foundations of society, a paean of joy will swell from the Spirit world.

The brotherhood of man is growing slowly, but we are still some distance from the time when all can be considered as one family, when there shall be none homeless, none hungry, none suffering from the inclemency of the weather.

Those who love us on the spirit side complain that they bring to a certain point design and intention, and then the inflowing wave on the selfish and physical plane disturbs and disarranges. If we were living in the ordinary times, it might have been easier for us. But living now, in the very crisis of the world's growth, when those who have staying powers are pushed to the front, it is difficult to perceive the effects; but each living person must carry their share of the burdens belonging to the race, if they expect also to share accruing benefits. Can we not, every one, watch during the allotted hour.

W. P. PHILON, M. D.

Seance with Dr. G. W. Frost.

TO THE EDITOR:—I noticed in your paper an article referring to the mediumship of Dr. G. W. Frost, of Springfield, Mass., giving an account of his physical manifestations and his wonderful powers as a speaker. I am well acquainted with him and have had some experiences with him. During October, 1889, while he was on a visit to my residence, a seance was held in my parlor. We tackled up a shawl in one corner of the room, placed two chairs within, and I was invited to sit with him and hold his hands. I did so, and in an instant I felt my hair pulled; on turning around I noticed a black hand darting down back of my chair. There were four hands seen at one time. One white, one black, and two small children's hands. There was a good light. He gave two more seances at my residence. Dr. Frost was seated and soon controlled by an Indian girl, who is known as Annie. She invited one of the circle to sit with the medium and hold his hands. Soon the fan floated over our heads into the midst of the circle, also the guitar and tambourine were carried about the room, and played upon in full light. We all could hear raps on the wall back of the medium, and also see forms, though not distinctly. This closed the light seance. We now arranged for a dark circle. The medium being seated in our midst, the instruments were laid on the carpet; the medium's hands were filled with flour. Soon the instruments were played upon, carried about the room or resting on our heads. Nearly all in the circle were patted on the face or other parts. When the light was produced the flour was in the medium's hands intact. Dr. Frost's dark circles, or seances, are similar to Maud Lord-Drake's. He is also a healer, and while in Springfield a number of years since, among his patients were Commodore Vanderbilt and A. T. Stewart. He was with the latter during his last illness.

JAS. H. MERRILL.

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SPIRITUALISTS.

What Is Their Duty?

Should They Remain in the Church?

TO THE EDITOR:—Should Spiritualists remain in the church and fight for their advanced thought? That is a question upon which all are not agreed. "Daestu," in the National View, of Washington, has the following:

Below I give an extract from Lord Amberly's "Analysis of Religious Beliefs," Vol. II, page 493:

What more intellectual conviction of a future state can vie with consoling certainty offered by the spiritualistic belief, that those whom we have lost on earth still hover around us in our daily course, sometimes even appear to us in bodily form, and converse with us in human speech. No more hope of meeting them again can for a moment equal the delight of seeing their well known shapes and hearing their familiar tones. Hence the Spiritualist has undoubtedly a source of comfort in his faith which the irrational creeds can offer nothing to supply.

The above gives you strong evidence from one who has thought much on the beliefs of the religions of our day, and I think instead of Spiritualists getting away from their churches (in which they were reared and in which they held communion until their minds were opened to the higher truths), they should stay in them and fight for their advanced thoughts. As the Arena has on its topmost page the quotation from Heine, "We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them; they master us and force us into the arena, where, like gladiators, we must fight for them," so, as Spiritualists, we know our ideas and thoughts are from an intelligence above material sense, and they are given us to fight for them in the position we are in, when spirit intelligence finds us, and not, coward-like, get out from the field in which we were to work, and where there must be a hard battle fought, and associate ourselves together and selfishly enjoy spirit communion. I know full well the trend of church thought about any one who asserts their belief in spirit return, but it is passing strange how it is preached in our churches to-day under another name.

Every minister of the gospel, as soon as he gets away from material matters, takes up immortality, and that is just what Spiritualism teaches, only with this difference—the preacher gives theories, the Spiritualist only facts. And to this Lord Amberly refers. It was because the Wesleys were controlled by spirit influence that we have the Methodist Church. They were much more despised by the Church of England than were the first Spiritualists by the Methodist Church. If the editors of Methodist Church papers and preachers would read the works of those men who founded their church, they would find they were Spiritualists. Indeed, I cannot see how any one can believe the Bible and not be a Spiritualist. They are compelled to acknowledge the phenomena of Spiritualism, and that is all that is necessary to constitute a Spiritualist. Read the "Wesley Family," by Dr. Adam Clark; also read Mr. Wesley's journal; also, Dr. Adam Clark, where, speaking of the manifestations in the Wesley family, he says:

First, I believe there is a supernatural world in which human spirits, both good and bad, live in a state of consciousness.

Second, I believe there is an invisible world in which various orders of spirits, not human, live and act.

Third, I believe that any of these spirits may, according to the order of God in the law of their place of residence, have intercourse with this world, and become visible to mortals.

This is modern Spiritualism, so far as the phenomena is concerned. It embraces the highest phase of it. To see our friends, and converse with them face to face, is now the privilege of millions.

In the Bible—in the church—are all the facts of modern Spiritualism, and Spiritualists constitute in many churches the majority of communicants, who see no reason to sever their relations with the church because the preacher of a few materialists cannot understand and enjoy what they do—intercourse with their departed dead.

I have just passed through seeing a daughter sick and die; stood at her grave with the consciousness that only the expression of my child was being put in the ground, and that she was in spirit-life. One week after her funeral came a sweet message from her: "I still live." Without that message and the belief that she does live I should despair.

But she comes to our home as ever before, and is not lost, though passed material confines. I still have the touch with her, and know that when my good-byes are said I shall meet her.

DAESTU.

Battle Creek Items.

TO THE EDITOR:—I would say that we yet hold the fort here, and try to keep the wheel rolling. We have been entertained by Dr. Stanley, of New York, and Mrs. L. H. Hursen, of Vicksburg, Mich. She is a beautiful singer. We have had large and appreciative audiences, and many of them have received testimony of the life beyond from their loved ones. We continue to demonstrate our philosophy, which no other religion attempts to do, and as the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom, we continue to stir the minds of the masses in and through the demonstrations of spirit-return. Your gem, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, is read by many here, and highly appreciated. I look forward to its weekly visit and words of wisdom therein contained. I hope it will spread until it reaches every family on the continent. I speak for the friends at Rockford, Mich., the 11th and 12th of June.

DR. P. T. JOHNSON.

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The Tragedy of Henry Little.

A CASE FOR ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONALISTS TO PONDER OVER.

Here is the outcome of a godly life, graphically told by an expert, who knows whereof he writes. The hero believed, and prayed, and taught. A false step, he conceives his soul is lost, and he plunges headlong into crime. It is not an isolated case, as our penitentiaries abundantly attest. Great God! save us from the immoral teachings of the churches! But read and follow to the conclusion:

My accidental walk through Water street, the first after many long years, recalled the tragedy of Henry Little. I have told you of his birth on a farm in Ohio, of his gentle, God-fearing mother, have hinted at his early religious sentiments, have told how he came to New York imbued with a sincere notion of rescuing immortal souls. I will now recount a tragedy that has no equal in the wide range of more than twenty years' journalistic experience.

For five years Henry Little was unflagging in his devotion to the "great cause." He led the prayer-meeting, he exhorted, he evinced every purpose to continue in the good work he had so heroically begun, and as a final proof that he intended to devote his soul and body to the service of his Redeemer he married a young and comely woman who had sought the shelter of that home from the streets.

For more than a year their dual lives appeared to be happiness itself. In the summer of 1876 my duties had taken me to London, and for the time busy cares had crowded all thoughts of Henry Little out of my mind.

On a foggy September afternoon in London, the man I had once known appeared before me in an office on Fleet street, where I was employed. He introduced himself to me as that of Henry Little, and appealed to me to rescue a young woman whom he had induced to elope with him to England. He asked nothing for himself; said frankly that he was penniless and destitute; that the small amount of money he had had when they foolishly embarked for Liverpool had been exhausted; that he had pawned every article of jewelry that he or his girlish companion possessed, and that while he cared not what became of himself, he did want to save the foolish woman from the fate that undoubtedly threatened her. Of course I was shocked, but the surprise was to follow. He told me that he had left the young woman at Ludgate hill railway station, and asked if I would kindly go there and take her in a cab to a place of safety until her parents could be communicated with by cable.

Without feeling any special interest in the case beyond what I felt in him—and, I may admit, in a rather confused state of mind—I went alone to Ludgate hill. It was only a three minute walk. It had never occurred to me that I would not be able to recognize Little's partner in crime, and it was not until I had entered the general waiting-room that that thought flashed upon me. Before I had decided what to do the young woman advanced, introduced herself, and I was soon made aware of the fact that she was the daughter of a man who, after Banker Hatch, had most liberally contributed to the support of the reformatory missions in Water and Dover streets.

I realized in an instant the awful blight that this thoughtless girl had brought upon a devoted father. To complete this part of the story, I cabled at once to New York and gave the girl's parents the first intimation they had had for more than a month as to their daughter's whereabouts. Back came a reply to draw for all necessary expenses, and send the young woman home on the first steamer. This was done. She arrived safely in New York, was forgiven, and resumed her old place in her church.

I had happened to be in the right place at the proper moment, and had been the means of saving a fellow-mortal!

For six months I heard nothing of Henry Little. The great city of London had received and swallowed him as a mere atom among its four millions of population.

One day I saw in a New York paper that Henry Little had appeared at the Tombs without counsel, had surrendered, had produced witnesses against himself, had pleaded guilty to the embezzlement of a small amount of funds belonging to the Water Street Home for Women, and had been sentenced to a term at Sing Sing. In the prison his conduct was most exemplary, and he received full commutation therefor. When he emerged with the prison pallor on his face—just as I had seen it on Jerry McAuley's cheeks so many years before—he called upon me to say that he had turned his back upon an honest life, that virtue was a myth, that honest endeavor profited him nothing, that God had forgotten him, that hell was his portion, and that he neither hoped nor cared how soon he established the truth of his belief.

Never did fiend incarnate talk so wildly blasphemous as did this man, whom I had known in his gentle boyhood, who had been raised in the country of my nativity, and who had been baptized in the village church, where his family had attended service for several generations.

He left me abruptly, before I had recovered from the shock which his words gave me.

For years, often as I have thought of him, I never have seen his name until I read the account of his tragic death while robbing a bank in a Texas town.

He died a burglar with his boots on.—Julius Chambers in *New York Recorder*.

"Spiritual Songs," by Mattie E. Hull; thirty-one in number; most admirably adapted for meetings and circles. Printed in pamphlet form, 32 mo. Price 10 cents each. For sale at this office.

"Immortality," A Poem, in five cantos. "If a man die, shall he live?" is fully answered. By W. S. Barlow, author of *Voices*. Price 60 cents. For sale at this office.

Better First Fit Man for This World.

AND THEN HE WILL BE ALL RIGHT FOR THE NEXT.

TO THE EDITOR:—According to the *Daily Times*, an eloquent clergyman of Chicago, a bishop of the Reformed Episcopal church, sat two days at the elbows of the Congressmen while here, engaged in the investigation of that form of industrial extortion known as the "sweating system." He heard of men, women and children toiling away their cheerless lives in squalid dens for a pitiful wage. The story is familiar to all who have read the newspapers. Not the least revolting feature of it was the appearance before the committee of the well-fed and prosperous merchants who profited by the work of the sweaters, with their contemptuous profession of ignorance as to the condition of the working people who fabricated the wares in which they dealt, and their haughty protest against any attempt to mitigate that condition as an intermeddling with their employers' business. Upon all that he saw and heard during the progress of that inquiry the right reverend bishop purposes to base a sermon, to the end that his flock may know something of the lives of the people who do not attend divine service in boulevard churches.

The church, with all its creeds, schools, doctrines, and sects, is a vast engine. Unhappily throughout the ages it has as a rule worked backward. Its power has been exerted against progress. Imagination sets no bounds to what the church might have accomplished, might still accomplish if it would. History, however, confines within but narrow limits the record of what it has done for human progress. It has followed where it should have led. It furthered neither universal education nor universal liberty until the victory had been fairly won by others. The Northern abolitionists found no comfort and assistance in the pulpit until their cause had acquired irresistible momentum; the Southern slaveholder encountered no antagonism from the clergy, who ransacked the scriptures, and employed all the subtleties of sophistry to show a divine sanction for the "peculiar institution."

Will the church assume toward the men who have the shadow of liberty, but are still without its substance, the same attitude it manifested toward those who were slaves in name as well as in fact? The occasional appearance of a clergyman who speaks as one having knowledge of the situation, comprehension of the needed remedies, and the courage of his convictions, gives hope, but not positive assurance of better things. For one such there are thousands who are blind to existing conditions, and a score who, seeing them, have no better remedy to offer than missions in the "slums," church settlements, church temperance coffee-houses, and other palliative but not curative agencies. A typical case is that of a well-known Chicago divine who sounded the depths of poverty and vice in this city, and in an article for *The Times*, describing what he had seen, had not one word of condemnation for the economic conditions to which most of the misery and much of the vice was due, but roundly berated the churches for not having established missions in the squalid quarter.

If a tithe of the intellect, energy and money which in the last 1,800 years have been exerted to fit mankind for another and a better world had been employed in better fitting this world for mankind, the task of the clergy of to-day in leading men in the straight and narrow path would be vastly easier. A church that connives at oppression is handicapped in its work among those oppressed.

It remains for Spiritualists to do what the churches have signally failed to accomplish, that is, elevate the masses to a higher plane. By fitting mankind properly for this world, they then become qualified for the next.

DIVINE WRIGHT.

The Work of Mrs. M. E. Williams.

TO THE EDITOR:—We have had a brilliant succession of materializing seances here at the home of Mrs. Williams, 232 West Forty-sixth street, New York, the past winter and spring. The most undeniable proofs of spirit identity have come to the hundreds of people attending the seances of this truly wonderful medium.

We are also informed that Mrs. Williams has been giving seances in the parlors of some of the leading people of this city, with most satisfactory results.

It is very evident that the powers of the guides of this medium are on the increase, since they manifest as readily in the homes of the investigators as in Mrs. Williams' home, and in their own magnetic conditions. Those who are close observers can see much that is new and wonderful in the phenomena occurring at these seances; for instance, spirits walking from the cabinet to their friends, while one of the guides of the medium is standing outside speaking to the audience.

Mrs. Williams' psychic powers are unfolding each day, not only in presenting physical phenomena of an intellectual character, but in being able to discourse fluently on the subject of Spiritualism from a scientific and religious standpoint. It is universally conceded in this and other cities that a most successful and remarkable work has been achieved during the past winter at these seances, and will continue at her home in North Long Branch during the summer months, where many of her friends from the city will go to attend their usual sittings. To appreciate these seances one must be present to hear the variety of voices and wise counsel given to the sitters; to see the numerous forms of men, women and children approach their individual friends, and are recognized.

HELEN GATES.

"Morality of Dancing." Reply to Sam Jones' challenge under forfeit of \$500 (which with orthodox veracity and reliability he never paid). By M. A. Collins. Price 10 cents. For sale at this office.

The Personality of the Great Spirit.

There are two negations we frequently hear which, although alike in appearance, are, by nature, wholly different. The first is, I do not believe in a personal God. Let us paraphrase this in order to bring out the meaning which properly belongs to it. I do not believe that God has a human form; that he is visible and tangible as men and angels are. A fitting corollary would be: "If there be those calling themselves gods who have form or location, I refuse them all worship." This kind of atheism is growing more and more prevalent for the good of the human race. So long as we are making vows or spirit obeisance to any spirit which we conceive of as dwelling in human form, we are preparing ourselves for slavery—voluntary, perhaps, yet still slavery—where the personality of another dominates our own, and will sooner or later check and finally arrest its growth. History is full of examples of this on the earth plane; kings, queens and emperors have been literally worshipped by the people, who have received as their reward the privilege of dying in battle, or of wearing out their lives in unrequited drudgery. Can any doubt that the same law holds good in matters of religion? Were not all the gods of history once mortals themselves? Undoubtedly they were. What else, therefore, can we expect than that they will enslave the millions who bow down to them, both in this world and in that which is to come! Just here, however, we are liable to go astray. Perceiving that religion has partaken so largely of the element of personal devotion, and that this has been so universally played upon by its object through servile priest and crafty confessor, we are liable to jump to the conclusion that all religion is mere superstition, and that it is the part of wisdom to dispense with it altogether. Taking this mistaken position we may express it by the second negation above referred to. Not merely I do not believe in or worship any personal god, but I do not believe in the personality of God.

Here the word god is used in a wider sense, and the statement properly includes a vague recognition of the unity pervading all things, but at the same time declares it to be without personality.

We want the truth, and we want nothing short of it, but the deadly chill of this negation reaches the very marrow in our bones, for it is impossible to deny personality to the Great Spirit without inviting Chaos to take charge of the universe. Nature and Law may be offered as a substitute, but the human soul that falls into this error will find that to him the throne is vacant; he is without God in the world.

But how, then, shall we rid ourselves of anthropomorphism? Does it seem impossible? Let us see. When we say that the Great Spirit is a person, are we obliged to think of Him as having the human form? As well say that nothing can be masculine or feminine without that form. Personality is independent of form.

If it were possible that I should awake some morning and find myself imprisoned in the form of a horse, my personality would certainly be unable to assert itself, but it would still exist. I might appear as a horse, but I should not be one. Personality and the higher self-consciousness would remain till the touch of some magic wand restored it to its natural environment. Difficult as it may be to reason upward from analogy, we may still infer that if we have this slight degree of independence of the form we are accustomed to wear, He from whom we derive our personality is also possessed of it and all its associate powers, howsoever their scope may infinitely transcend our own.

A. CHESBORD.

Notes from Saratoga.

TO THE EDITOR:—Your outspoken journal is at hand every week full of good things, and I hope it will grow until it finds a welcome in every family in America. Our society is progressing with Mrs. Emma L. Paul, of Vermont, as the speaker for this month. She is one of the best speakers and ladies that we ever had. I wish we had more of the same stamp. The month of June is our vacation, commencing again in July with Mrs. H. S. Lake, of Boston, Mass., as the speaker for two Sundays, and then Dr. J. C. Street the two last Sundays. A reception was given Mrs. Paul at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman last Wednesday evening. There was a fine company and a social time. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lyman have moved into their fine residence, 26 Clinton street, ready for all those visiting Saratoga. Mr. and Mrs. Lyman are pronounced Spiritualists of long experience.

The prospects for a booming season this year for Saratoga never looked better, and all the large hotels are busily at work putting things in order, and will open about June 1st.

Our convention hall is now being built, and when done will be the largest and best in the United States, and it is expected to be ready for use in July, and is already engaged for conventions.

Dr. W. B. MILLS.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Correction of a Mistake.

TO THE EDITOR:—Referring to an item in your issue of the 14th inst., we desire to state that Mrs. Mary C. Lyman did not visit Watertown, N. Y., on the occasion mentioned at request of this society, or at anyone's invitation, so far as we know, but on private business, as we understand. Further, Mr. John Gifford was never president of this society. So much of the said article as assumes to make the First Progressive Spiritual Society, of Watertown, N. Y., advertise the lady, is wholly unauthorized.

ABEL DAVIS, President.

D. G. WHITE, Vice-President.

A. D. BURR, Trustee.

E. D. MOORE, Trustee and Rec. Sec'y.

F. R. MATTISON, Trustee.

F. N. FITCH, Corresponding Secretary.

K. N. MATTISON, Treasurer.

A Suggestion to the American Psychical Society.

GENTLEMEN:—I have no doubt but that you are overrun with letters of advice as to how you should run your investigation of Spiritualism, but my letter contains simply a suggestion as to how you can dispose of facts as fast as obtained, to the best possible advantage to yourselves and the public, in whose interest you claim to be working. Whether my suggestion is wise or otherwise, you are the judges. Your society is engaged in one of the most important investigations known in the history of the race. Not that your final decision will exhaust the subject, but it is in the best interest of man's present and future welfare; and every thoughtful person, whether they affirm or deny, should lend their aid for a thorough investigation of the subject. Spiritualism has become a beacon light on our voyage to a future life, and its millions of believers, both in and outside of the churches, and among the masses, are scattered broadcast over the civilized world. This mighty work has been achieved in the brief space of half a century. The public are looking to your society for information, for or against; they do not ask for your opinion, but for your facts.

Without any intention to criticize the ability of the clergy or scientists engaged in this investigation, permit me to say that there are very many people outside of your society who have brains and intelligence sufficient to settle the question for themselves. They only need an opportunity. To this end my suggestion is that your society, once in two months, collate your facts—when, where, and how obtained—and give them to the press for publication. The press and outside writers will criticize and comment to suit themselves; the discussion will become general, and in the bushels of chaff we will all find some grains of truth. By this course your committees will be greatly assisted and benefited in their investigations, both in their mode, manner and substance. We all want the truth, and the best and quickest way to arrive at its real value is to put it before the public as I have suggested.

No matter whether your facts are favorable or unfavorable, have no delicacy about handing them over to the press. There is always two sides to every question, and any body of intelligent persons who are opposed to an open and square investigation of their facts and theories are moral cowards, and do their cause more harm than good.

This is an era of skepticism and research, and the more intelligent masses, both in and out of the churches, are no longer willing to take such important matters on faith. No religion in this life can be permanent whose superstructure is not based on the positive knowledge of immortality, and the fact of spirit communion. Faith and hope are not evidence of a life beyond. Those who pin their religious beliefs on the dictum of the priesthood, as thousands do when evidence is within their reach, willfully close their eyes to the light of spiritual truth. "When ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise!" This adage will apply with much force to many of our opponents.

San Francisco, Cal.

R. B. HALL.

Hypnotizing a Snake, Frog, Pigeon and Bird.

TO THE EDITOR:—I wish to inform you of a wonderful exhibition in hypnotism, given at my office by Prof. Laroge, a young man possessing remarkable mesmeric power. He suggested that if I could get some snakes that he would put them in a cataleptic state. I did so, and also obtained a few frogs and birds, which he also said he could put in a hypnotic condition. The snakes were put in a box with their heads out. The professor put his piercing gaze on one of the snakes, and after fifteen minutes of hard work its eyes were seen to follow the hypnotist's hand. In a little while the snake was made to follow him all over the room. Then the hypnotist quickly jerked his hand behind him, when the snake became as limber as a rag. The professor then picked it up on a lead-pencil. Afterwards he laid it on a table, and pressing on its head and making a few downward passes, it was soon in a cataleptic state.

Some of the spectators suggested that if the snake was put in darkness it would awaken. The hypnotist said it would not. He then put it in a drawer for thirty minutes, and then in the hot sun, and still it would not awaken. After putting two more in the same condition, Prof. Laroge called for the frogs. A very large water-frog was next put to sleep, and while in this queer condition, hot coals and cigars were applied to different parts of its body without showing the least sign of pain. The hypnotist then placed a pigeon and a small bird in a hypnotic state. The snakes were picked up and dropped five feet on the floor and handled as if they were dead. The professor then brought them back to a normal state by putting them in the box and using a fan and blowing on their heads through a long glass tube. The hypnotist was almost completely worn out, and closed the exhibition. This exhibition occurred at my office.

St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. PARKER, Dentist.

These who feel an interest in sustaining a free-thought paper, that is not crowded with advertisements, should introduce *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* to their neighbors and friends, and get them to subscribe. Sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.

"The Religion of Man," by E. D. Babbitt, M. D. This is a most excellent work, replete with suggestive thoughts, and calculated to interest and instruct. Price, \$1.25; postage, 10 cents.

The Evolution of The Devil. By Henry Frank. It contains 66 pages, divided into ten chapters, and is gotten up in the best style of pamphlet form. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

Notes from Bricklayers' Hall, Chicago.

The meetings at Bricklayers' Hall, corner Peoria and Monroe streets, have of late been unusually interesting. Brother Jenifer, the never-tiring president of these meetings, is always on the alert for good speakers. Of late Prof. Hammond, Dr. Isaac S. Lee, and that deep thinker and logical reasoner H. A. McGindley, have been giving the Spiritualists rare treats at the afternoon services. New mediums are constantly being developed under spirit influences obtained there, and their voices help to swell the chorus of evidence from the other side of life. Last Sunday afternoon a rare treat was had in the way of an address by J. H. Washburne, of Washington, D. C. Subject, "Origin of Life and Origin of Evil." Brother Washburne, although but a convert of a few years to Spiritualism, presents its philosophy in an able and scholarly manner. We shall hope to hear him again soon.

Of late the music has been excellent, under the direction of the willing and efficient Miss Alice Jenifer, whose sweet voice and pleasant manners make all lovers of song rejoice to hear her, especially when assisted by Miss Lucy Shannon, whose rich alto, when blended with Miss Jenifer's lovely soprano in an occasional duet, well repays one for an afternoon spent at these meetings.

But my article is assuming lengthy proportions, and I well know how valuable your space in *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* is, so with a God speed to the editor in the good work, I am,

Fraternally,

J. H. GUTHRIE.

Corralled Thoughts.

"In God We Trust" is still the motto on some of our coins, and it would seem as though the United States were a God-trusting country, but the fact remains that during the last war this same "god-trusting government" had to appeal to Europe to "trust" it for money enough to carry on the war. Whether they "trust in God" to pay the interest on that loan, or whether in God we trust for the 20 cents on a dollar of depreciated silver, is a riddle to be solved. The people easily recognize such inflated nonsense as the mere vaporings and hysterics of religious demagogues, who wish to hoodwink their ignorant constituents.

If God is such a merciful God that he can stop his work to count the sparrows as they fall (Luke xii, 6 and 7), while human beings are starving to death, he ought to devise some plan whereby the little creatures could be rid of lice, and not be so tormented. It is claimed that he can exterminate his enemies. Then why does he not exterminate the enemies of the numbered sparrows? (Hebrew sparrows, we suppose). If he counts the hairs of our heads (see same verse), there must be a recount, or a new census taken thereof every few years, as the hair grows as from babe to adult, and diminishes as on a bald-headed person. Are whisks counted also?

Irish Catholicism is a strange mixture of ignorance and abject soul-slavery. Its adherents timidly worship a Jewish God (Jehovah) while they hate the Jews with venomous hate. They hate and would cheerfully exterminate every Italian on earth, but they bow their knees and sullenly adore and pay their money to an Italian Pope.

They scoff at and deride the worship of the pagans, but every religious rite and sacrament performed in or by the popish church is either copied or stole bodily from pagan countries. (Note.—A pagan means a villager.)

Religion does not change a person's nature (as is claimed by religious enthusiasts), nor make them any better through its promised punishments or rewards. The religious wars of nations, the Inquisition, the cruelties of governments controlled by "the church," show what demons incarnate men and women can be when given unlimited license to plunder, torture and murder an enemy, under the mask of sanctity and the "will of God."

EMANUEL.

An Impromptu Poem.

The following poem was written on the impulse of the moment—a gush of inspiration—by a lady residing at El Paso, Ill., who had just received some "Easter Lilies" from friends in Chicago:

Easter Lilies, pure and sweet,
Why do you droop your heads?
Do you not tell us that our Lord
Has risen from the dead?
Do you come in your dainty dress
To teach us a lesson true,
Of how we may make our lives
As pure and sweet as you?

O, wonderful Easter Lilies!
That came to sad hearts to cheer,
And made a day of darkness
The gladdest of all the year.

But sweeter far than the lilies
Is the gift of friendship old,
That has, as no baser metal,
The ring of purest gold!

The Cause in Newton, Kansas.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER feeds the hungry souls in this city, and we can hardly wait for Thursday morning to arrive for a fresh supply of spiritual food. The cause has just received a new impetus here in the arrival of Dr. F. F. Grabendike and O. L. Cancanon. Dr. G. not only lectures from subjects given him by the audience, but he can produce the genuine independent slate-writing and beautiful spirit photographs. Of this fact I have strong ocular proof. O. L. Cancanon is a good test medium. His methods are the same as those by Mrs. Foye, and equally as satisfactory. He also can produce independent slate-writing and materialized hands. I received a letter from them this morning stating that they are in successful operation in Wichita, Kan.

I have made myself useful here by holding discussion with an educated Christian lady through the *Newton Weekly Journal*, which has an extensive circulation among the different sects, the editor being a Christian. It has been in operation over three months and continues yet.

T. J. GILE, M. D.

