

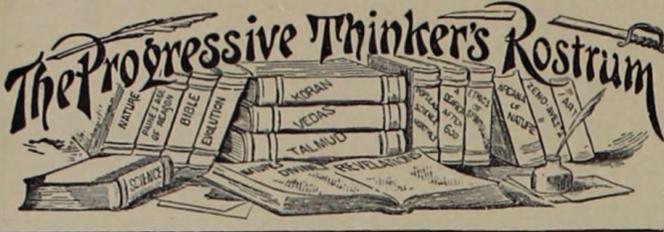
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Progress, the Universal Law of Nature; Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems.

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A MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

Poetical, Sublime and Spiritual.

Beaming with Patriotic Sentiments and Emotions.

An Address Delivered
BY HON. A. B. FRENCH,
At Cardington, Ohio.

MR. MAYOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I believe in this day, and all the sacred memories which cluster around it. Yet I fully realize that three decades of vanished years lie between us and that great national conflict known as the "War of the Rebellion." The helpless babes then resting in a mother's arms have grown up to life's meridian and are now fighting its battles and assuming its cares. The surviving soldiers who then went forth to the conflict have journeyed far down life's western slope and sit to-day near by the purple twilight, behind whose heavy folds death's turbulent stream courses on to an eternal ocean, bearing upon its somber bosom the freight of human souls. The bones of the unburied dead have dissolved to feed the hungry earth, and the blood which crimsoned battlefields has been washed away by the storms and dews of thirty summers, and the icy breath of as many winters. The graves we deck with flowers are already swarded, and the tooth of time has made its mark on the stones affection's hands have planted over them. The wild wail of bereavement has died away into silence, and many of the cheeks then wet with love's fond tears, are dust. In short, kindly Nature has filled with the debris of gathered years the awful chasm war's hand has made, and the household lamentation of yesterday has passed into the arena of history. While we make sacred this day, its voice has changed, and we cannot ignore the new circumstances under which we have met, and the new duties imposed upon us. This is no longer an occasion calling for the wild vehemence of passion or affection; it calls for that deeper and calmer judgment which weighs the acts of men and nations in the light of contemporaneous history.

The American Rebellion differed from all the wars in history, and marked an epoch in the bloody conflicts of mankind. We cannot appreciate the patriotic service of our dead and living heroes until we climb to that eminence from whence we can view the bloody drama of human empires. Let me impress you that the American republic is the incarnation of an idea. It is an inspiration, a child of providence, and the fulfillment of man's hopes and dreams of liberty. Our nation is a kingdom without a crown, an empire without royalty. The weary feet of mankind have been marching toward this republic ever since the first band of dusky savages held their midnight war-dance and crowned a chief. As the strata of the earth overarch its burning heart, and each furnish a platform and support for the fruitful soil to quicken into bloom the beauty and fragrance of a flower, so all the shattered empires of human history furnish the granite base upon which the proud pedestal of our republic stands.

I have said a history of the world courses like a stream toward the American republic. The dynasties of the Pharaohs of Egypt—long since crumbled to decay, the ashes of Babylon, the ruins of Rome, and all the dead empires of the past, have been so many steps toward our republic and the liberties we enjoy. Men in every age build wiser than they know, and there is a just God who transforms the accidents and incidents of man's career of sin and ambition into polished stones and places them with his omnipotent hand into the enduring temple of the ages. Men build wiser than they know; so it was with our fathers when they laid the foundations of our republic, they did not realize the audience to whom they were speaking; they spoke that England might hear; but God was speaking through them to all nations, all ages and all peoples. Let us not forget that ideas are the most potent forces in the world; they build and destroy nations, establish and wipe out institutions. Sometimes ideas gestate for ages, waiting the supreme moment for their birth. When the throes of revolution come, all are startled with their majesty and power; but how few watch the secret forces which lead to their culmination. The most vulgar are startled by the noise of the avalanche crashing through the mountain canyons, yet the most daring hunter rarely pauses to witness the silent sunbeam unloose its moorings on the snowy crest above. The terrific peals of thunder and lurid flash of the lightning startle and terrify, but the meteorologist sounds the hollow air, which breeds the brooding storm.

Only a few thoughtful minds in our nation foresaw the irrepressible conflict of 1861, and yet that conflict was as natural and certain as the night that succeeds the day, or that the pent-up fires of Vesuvius and Etna must burst forth even though cities are buried by a molten flood. Let us remember that for more than three quarters of a century the terrific blaze of 1861 had been kindling, and when the flames burst forth they lit the brooding heavens with their red glare.

The caustic Carlyle found the fuse to the magazine of the French Revolution in a third element of the empire, an element of toiling peasants, whose wretched lives furnished the lowest strata in French society. The Carlyle of to-day can see the fuse to the American Rebellion beneath the dusky skins of four million bondsmen, over whose heads the flag of freedom proudly waved, while heavy chains were eating like vampires on their dusky limbs. But behind the bloody drama there was a conflict of ideas as irrevocable as the fiat of God.

Some of you who sit here to-day remember the political strife of 1860. You remember when the expressed will of the people made Abraham Lincoln (the bony patriot of Illinois, than whom none greater or nobler has lived or died) President of the United States; you remember his plaintive words when he bade farewell to his friends, neighbors and prairie home and started on his journey to Washington, and how he passed through Baltimore in disguise. His tender words in his inaugural address are still ringing in my ears, like the exhortation of a father to a truant child. Somehow, when a great crisis comes, God raises up men for the occasion; they are men of destiny, men without royal heritage or lineage, men who rise up in times of trouble, as the bald peaks in the Andes and Himalayas rise above the murky clouds. Abraham Lincoln was such a man. He was the Moses God raised up among us, to lead us through the Red Sea of war, to the fair Canaan of our hopes.

You remember what followed; how the heart of the nation was terrified when the black-throated cannon split its iron hail upon the defenseless breast of Fort Sumter. The people of the North had not been schooled in the horrid art of war; they did not know their forts and arsenals had been robbed and pillaged until war's mad holocaust blazed forth around them.

Did the world ever witness another such a scene as this mighty uprising? In a moment, peaceful villages and hitherto happy and industrious neighborhoods were startled with the music of rifle and drum. There was an imperiled country to save. There was only one voice to be heard throughout the land, and that voice was the trumpet of patriotism; all else was forgotten. Intolerance cast away its narrow and moss-grown creeds, wealth disgorged its hoarded treasures, poverty forgot its rags, age brushed from its wrinkled brow time's deep furrows, and the church, with its altar, the palaces, with their wealth of luxury and damask; poverty's wretched hut, all echoed with the voice of patriotism. We all spoke one language then. The brogue of the Irishman was dropped, and the broken English of the German rose into the dearest eloquence. There is something in a great calamity which tears off these masks we wear, breaks down the little distinctions we set up, and men and women come closer together. When the fire fiend reduced the city of Chicago to gray heaps of ruin, the children of wealth and poverty were made members of one family by the appalling calamity. When Charleston was rocked in the throes of an earthquake, her citizens forgot the color of their skin, and huddled together in places of safety. Never did the nameless wealth of human nature assert itself more supremely than in those dark days of the rebellion. It was one of those trying hours when the heroic was triumphant. The jeweled maid and hard-handed kitchen girl were sisters then. There was an imperiled country to save, and the nation called for patriotic sons. The Josephs and Benjamins of uncounted homes flocked to the recruiting stations, as birds migrate to a warmer clime when chilled by winter winds. There were no catchisms when they reached the station. No one asked whether he was a Jew, pagan, Mohammedan or Christian, or whether he came from college, office, store, plow or pulpit. We did not even demand his naturalization papers there. The officers did not inquire whether he was from New England or had just landed at Castle Garden. No questions then whether he came from England, Ireland, Germany, or the heather-covered hills of Scotland. The only question was: "Are you a patriot, and ready to fight for your country?"

After Lincoln's call for volunteers, before the moon had traveled the twelve signs of the zodiac, a mighty army was raised, ready to move onto the conflict. Some of us will remember till life's last hour, the scene of their departure.

Great God! what awful days of gloomy midnight followed; days holding within their few brief hours weeks and months of anxiety. Then came back on lightning's fiery wings of battle fierce and bloody. Mothers wrung their hands in grief, and tearfully inquire if their Benjamin is safe. The contest deepens and darkens until wounded love reads the obituary of its dead by war's red glare and the blaze of burning cities. Look at the war of the rebellion from any point of view, and it ranks among the greatest and most bloody in the history of mankind. The scene of conflict extended from the Potomac river afar westward to the Missouri, and along the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. Indeed, from the mouth of the Mississippi to the southern border of Illinois, the fruitful valley was wet with patriotic blood.

The siege of Vicksburg and its final surrender July 4, 1863, ranks among the noted in history. Vicksburg was the Sebastopol of the Southern Confederacy in the southwest, and its fall the first decided blow for victory to our armies. I do not call to mind a war equal to the rebellion in the extent of the field of its conquests. It was equally great when we consider the number engaged. Nearly 2,900,000 were mustered into service during the war; 2,261 battles and engagements were fought. About 300,000 died in battle and of disease and imprisonment, as the direct result of the war, and these were the bone and sinew of the republic; the young men who were the strength and hope of a nation. It cost the nation over six billion dollars. Four long years the bloody contest continued; four years from the fall of Fort Sumpter to the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.

In the beginning of the war, we did not realize the magnitude of the contest forced upon us. The extent of the bloody drama was hid from the clearest seeing statesmen in the nation. We were in no sense prepared for it. The mighty issues which underlaid the carnage of battle was hid from our poor view. When a call for 75,000 men was issued it struck a responsive chord in the heart of the entire North; yardsticks were dropped on the counter, plows were left in the field, fires died away at the forge, and all personal and private interests were forgotten. So quick was the nation's response, that in forty-eight hours Massachusetts responded with a regiment of men; nor was New York less tardy in answering the call. But, when the 2d Massachusetts regiment reached Baltimore en route to the Capitol to defend a nation's honor, they were stoned like dogs in the street, and assailed by an infuriated mob.

In all the earlier stages of the war, the northern army fought under great disadvantages, and the government at Washington was forced to assert itself in the face of the most formidable obstacles. It not only had to meet armed treason without, but also had to contend with secret treason within its own ranks. On the corridors of the capitol, in the halls of legislation, and in all the cities bordering on the southern States, treason hovered, an ill-omened night bird. The massing of every army, the plans and details of all its military operations, were made known to the armies of the South. The North went into the war with its forts and arsenals robbed, its treasury depleted, and with no skilled generals to lead them. Our armies went forth to meet warriors as brave and determined as ever faced the storm of battle.

We began the war to assert and maintain a national supremacy. But there is a God who presides over the destinies of men and nations; a God who converts sorrow's tears in his own good time into magical fountains of joy; a God who turns our weakness into strength, and who causes to course beneath the momentary ripples we raise upon the ocean of life, the mighty gulf stream of destiny. This God who hears the faintest sigh of a sleeping babe, and who tempers the merciless winds of fate to His shorn lambs, had a deeper and broader work for the northern army to accomplish. He had already willed that His sable children should no longer be sold like sheep in the shambles, and the fetters should be broken on four million limbs.

In the majority of the battles of '61 and '62 the tide of fortune was against us. The blood of our patriotic sons crimsoned the fields of Mansass, Bull Run and a hundred other contests. Our noble sons went forth to be mown down like grass by the legions of the South. They pushed forward into the seceded States only to be driven back by the points of bristling bayonets. In these dark days the nation called for a leader, but none of the old generals seemed able to cope with the invincible foe. In our despair, the coming man made his appearance, and, like all great men, he came from the source least expected. He rose up among us like some towering mountain lifted far above the plain, bidding defiance to the storm of battle.

In the southwest there was a man, over whose uneventful life up to the war of '61, society ever ready to pass judgment, had written failure. He was a silent man—an invincible man. In thirty days after the fall of Fort Sumpter, this man reported to the Governor of Illinois with a company of men. So thoroughly did he drill his troops, he was soon made colonel of a regiment of three months' volunteers. A little later in this contest, we find him made a Brigadier General and placed in command at Mexico, Mo.; soon he is placed in command of the district at Cairo. The months roll on and this silent man speaks; his first words are few, but their simple utterance made thrill the heart

of a nation. Never did a message of so few words convey so much of hope as did this: "The Union flag floats over Fort Donaldson." Then we place him in command of the army of the Tennessee. At Shiloh, Pittsburg Landing and Corinth, he rises like a military giant. Now he winds himself with his armed legions like an anaconda, around Vicksburg, crushing her hitherto invulnerable forts and plunging his country's flag over its broken walls. Then we placed him in command of the division of the Mississippi, and a grateful nation bestows upon him and his heroic army a gold medal with their thanks. Then we made him Lieutenant General, and finally commander-in-chief of the forces of the nation. In his career the war of the rebellion had developed its own hero, and furnished another name to go into history ranking among the great military commanders of the world. That man was Gen. Grant, the tanner of Illinois, the conqueror of Donaldson and Vicksburg, the magnanimous patriot and military chieftain, who, in the last act of the rebellion, received in quiet dignity the sword of Lee at Appomattox. At the close of the war he was the central figure of our nation. In his hour around the world, no American citizen has received such distinguished honors as did he. We remember the hero to-day who went up to his immortality from Mt. McGregor, with thankful hearts and tears of gratitude.

But Gen. Grant was not the only great military chieftain developed by the war of the rebellion. To even call the names of the long list who have given to history their military genius, would transcend the limit of the present discourse. It is probable Gen. Grant owed more to our own Gen. Sherman for the laurels he won, than any living man. Sherman had the bravery of a Napoleon, and a fertility of resource and strategy rarely found among the military achievements of mankind. So long as the history of our nation endures, his name will live. The most bold and daring feat of the northern army was enacted when Sherman with his war-worn veterans swept like an avenging angel to the sea. The history of his march through Georgia will be read by children yet unborn. The pride and hope of the Confederacy was at no time so thoroughly humbled as when he presented Abraham Lincoln with the proud and haughty city of Savannah as a Christmas gift. The old hero of many battles has gone, and there is not a surviving soldier of the Northern army who will not tenderly think of him to-day.

I cannot forbear the mention of another name on this occasion. No general was so loved by his soldiers and none more daring and gallant than our own lamented McPherson. Had I remained at home to-day I should have tried to say a kindly word by his monument erected at Clyde by the army of the Tennessee. He is buried near the spot where he was born, and by the graves of his kindred. Our people had an especial pride in him, and the most sorrowful day my own village saw in all those dark days of the war was when he fell before Atlanta. All night we waited for the train to bear back to us his ashes. Just as the grey morning commenced to dawn it whistled into the depot. Never did the sound of an engine fall on our ears as did this. It was like the smothered groans of a dying universe breaking over a wrecked and crumbling world. Never did a sunrise dawn over a more touching scene in a country village; but I forbear further mention of his name. For years his riderless horse was an object of veneration on our streets, and the scars of the wounds he received when his gallant rider fell, proclaimed with touching eloquence and patriotic appeal their sad story to our people. But warrior and war horse are gone. The dust of the brave hero has no doubt dissolved, and only the bronze and granite remain to proclaim the havoc war's merciless hand made in the nation.

The real heroism, however, of the northern army, was not found alone in generals with swords and uniform. They did not ride to battle booted and spurred, nor live in headquarters with orderlies to serve their commands. The real heroes of the war walked on foot in mud and storm; they carried heavy knapsacks, lived on half rations and no rations; they slept on logs and often without blankets on frosty nights; they fought in great clouds of dust and smoke; advanced and retreated over bloody and fallen comrades; they wet with their blood countless battlefields, and many of them uttered life's last farewell with no loved one to catch the words falling from lips upon which pale death had set its frozen seal. The privates of the war were its real heroes. They knew nothing of military service; they had not been educated in military schools; they sought no honor but duty; their only ambition was to save an imperiled country. God bless the privates of the army. A flower for every grave; a tear for every one that has fallen.

Nor were the great privations found in their marches, fields of battle or hospitals. The blackest chapter in the war of the rebellion has not yet been touched; the door to its hell of horrors has not yet been opened. I can hardly find courage to mention it today. The thought of its untold sorrows, its revolting cruelty, makes my blood tingle to my very finger's ends, and my heart feel to pour over it red hot curses. I allude to the privations and suffering in Southern prison pens. To face death in battle requires courage, but to endure the horrors of a Southern prison, required courage and fortitude combined. The people of the north can forgive the south for inaugurating the war of the rebel-

lion; they can admire her skilled generals and courageous soldiers; they can believe the war grew out of honest differences of opinion regarding our national administration; that was a conflict of ideas; a struggle between aristocracy and democracy. Hence we can think kindly and tenderly of the men who wore the gray, but we can never forget the inhumanity and cruelty perpetrated upon our soldiers who were taken prisoners. On their defenseless heads, when they had plenty, they invoked the vengeance of lean, and skeleton hunger. Did they try to escape, trained dogs like wolves were sent to gnaw their wasted flesh. They permitted scurvy and all the foul diseases pestilence breeds, to riot upon men who by all the laws of warfare were entitled to human treatment. 13,714 died at Andersonville. In August, 1864, 3,076 graves were made for their victims. Think of it, over 13,000 graves were left at Andersonville alone. Add to this Libby with all its horrors, Belle Isle and others, and we have a chapter of cruelties too atrocious and inhuman to describe. There may be some here who know what the sufferings and cruelty of southern prisons were; if so, they can tell of better than I. It is enough that I state to you that thirty to forty thousand or more of the pride of the north, the flower of the nation, were buried outside the gates of southern prisons. They sleep, many of them, in coffinless graves, and their bones enrich the jaded soil. They died with the demon of hunger consuming their vitals—they died with loathsome vermin crawling over their wasted bodies—they died with no loved ones to moisten their parched lips—no friends to pour over their pillowless heads a blessing or pray for their souls, the sons of wealth and plenty, clad in dirty and filthy rags. They died that a free republic might live and that liberty, the first born angel of the skies, might wash from her spotless robes the foul stains of human slavery. Their ashes sleep without stones to guard them; the larger number of their graves have not been bedewed with love's fond tears. Many of them are unknown and no tender hand can today drop on them a flower, but we can bless their heroic lives and mingle our tears together, a tribute to their memory.

Did I say their graves were unwatched and unguarded? I speak too hastily; God is kind, and pitying nature cares for them; she kisses the most humble mounds with the light of her ever faithful sun; she drops upon them the tears of weeping clouds and night's dewy breath; she bids the sighing winds and wandering zephyrs sing over them a requiem; she sets great sentinels of light in the overarching heavens at night, burnishes them in silver, and bids them look down and guard them as tenderly as a mother's sleepless eyes watch over a suffering child. God is kind; He weaves the rainbow of hope over the ebon clouds of despair; He transforms the tears of wounded love into fadeless jewels, and sets them in the coronet of heaven, and at last transforms the lamentations of a people into peans of joy.

I stand here a stranger to most of you and cannot fittingly speak of your dead. I am not familiar with their heroic lives and daring deeds; you knew them and you loved them. They belonged to your village and were a part of your homes. You have done for them a most fitting service; you have decked their graves with flowers, the gorgeous springtime's rain suits bloom, as the busy years come and go, you will not forget to pay this tender tribute to their memory. When these old veterans shall drop by the way one by one, let the Sons of Veterans and daughters of the Relief Corps take up the work, and let us have one day in the years which fall from time's mighty urn made sacred to patriotism.

Let us turn from the graves of our patriots and all the tender memories which cluster around them, and take a brief view of the result of the contest. We have said that the war in its largest sense was a conflict of ideas. Had the south but paused long enough to study the map of the nation, it might have discovered that two antagonistic governments could not exist upon American soil. There is geography in all progress and in all history. Nations do not thrive upon barren rocks and desert sands. All nations rise and fall by an inexorable law; their growth and existence is largely determined by physical conditions. The valley of the Nile gave ancient Egypt her glory. The civilization of Greece was largely determined by physical environment. So the hand that mapped the geography of our nation, made a northern and southern government impossible. Our great rivers course southward to the sea, and no hand can divide them. The products of the soil are varied, and each is the natural complement of the other. The grain fields of the north and the west; the streams which turn fast revolving wheels and spindles in the east, and the cotton fields and orange groves of the south, belong to one country ordained and established by Him who laid the foundations of the world. Moreover, this nation could not exist half slave and half free; you cannot mix aristocracy and democracy. They are as distinct as day and night, light and darkness, good or evil; nor can you blend slave labor and free labor together; the venality of the one takes from the other its dignity and power. The results of the war settled forever this contest. Man's extremity becomes freedom's opportunity. Not until the north put bayonets in the black man's hands, knapsacks upon his back, and clothed him with the dignity of manhood and patriotism, did her armies begin to conquer. Lincoln's emancipation procla-

mation was the death knell of the Southern Confederacy and the herald of our jubilee.

What an era of prosperity dawned on our nation at the close of the war. The new south with free labor is advancing as never before. The smoke of her great factories and busy industries, now arises a kindly greeting to the fleecy clouds, tempering the heat of a midsummer's sun. Her orange groves already begin to bloom with loveliness, inviting the repose of the gods. Her cotton fields smile anew, and those who once picked them as slaves, are singing a new song. The auction block is gone, and the slave pens are no more. In the north this progress has been more forcibly emphasized. We have tied the Atlantic to the Pacific with bands of steel. Cities have sprung up since our heroes fell, the pride and wonder of modern times. We are one people now, united and happy and pushing forward to a glorious destiny. But the war has its lessons; it bids us remember that the tree of liberty must be always watched and safely guarded. Eternal vigilance is the price of all free institutions. The pillars of the citadel of this republic rest in the hearts of its loyal sons and daughters. Patriotism is a flower, and its rarest bloom comes from the consecration and devotion of honest and loyal hearts.

I have mentioned the patriotic deeds of the great northern army of volunteers, but there was another army, an army in reserve to which I have not alluded. This army did not carry bayonets or man gunboats or cannon. Its members did not die on southern battlefields, or in loathsome prison pens. Many of them died, however; died with broken and bleeding hearts. Some of them sit here today, bowed down with the shadow of their great bereavement, and their faded cheeks are wet with woman's tender tears. God bless that army of reserves who remained at home to guard the little children long since fatherless. God bless the tender hands, many of which have long since dropped still and cold in death, who picked lint and cotton for our soldiers' wounds; hands that prepared and sent forward to them delicacies for their loneliness and distress, woman's tribute and love's offering.

There is no field of heroism where woman's voice is not heard. There is no drama on the stage of life over which she does not raise and drop the curtain. I would also remember on our memorial day the brave nuns who brooded like angels over blood red battlefields, lifting fallen heads, wiping the death damp from their brow, and catching the last words for friends and loved ones at home.

Soldiers, I have already discoursed too long; I cannot, however, close without a word to the members of this post who are surviving heroes of the war. The living deserve the same kindly respect and honor we pay to the dead. I do not think we should withhold our love and sympathy for our fellow men until we can carve it on their tombstones or write it in their obituaries. I never look into the face of a surviving soldier but my heart goes out in tenderness to him. I do not ask whether he speaks my language, believes in my religion or worships at my altar. It is enough for me to know he was a soldier of the republic and has maintained his country's flag. Every day I meet them, and my life is made better by their living. Some walk with cane or crutch, others carry an empty sleeve and all bear in the hard lineaments of their faces, the marks of those months and years of heroic struggle. Nor can I look in the faces of those who surround me today without reading Time's solemn admonition. Your ranks grow thinner as the days pass by. Death's keen-edged sickle ever suspended is fast reaping among you his harvest. Only a few weeks ago, one of your comrades, loved by you all, fell by the wayside, and you bore his crippled form out to yonder cemetery and filled another grave. He has joined the innumerable hosts of the dead, and as he has strewn flowers over the graves of others, so you today have decked his grave with the garlands of your love. Peace to his ashes! Joy to his arisen spirit! You will meet him in the morning where no storms of battle rage.

Soldiers, the shadows are falling, life's setting sun is already painting vermilion and gold on the distant hills; your campfires will soon die away, unless the Sons of Veterans rekindle the flame. Your work and mine will soon be done, but man will live, and our republic move forward, the pride and glory of the earth. Let us each in our day and generation contribute the wealth of our lives and hearts to raise the columns of a free government higher, and build them broader. Let us hope that when so builded by us, and those who succeed us, they may endure forever. But if there cometh a time when they must crumble and fall with all earthly things, let it be in that day when the earth, grown old and grey, shall have completed its cycle, and gone back again into empty chaos.

Ruskin and Spurgeon.

John Ruskin once bluntly confronted Spurgeon with the inquiry: "I suppose you think, because I don't believe that you draw a correct portrait of Jesus Christ whenever you preach I shall be damned?" Spurgeon replied: "It is not my portrait but his likeness that is in question, and if you don't accept him as the Son of God, you will be damned, and you will deserve to be." Ruskin was angry; Spurgeon was firm. And thus the world goes—one affirming, and the other denying. Spiritualism, however, solves all these difficulties.

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 impression, 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 subjected the individual experience of some other spirit since passing away from earth, and these latter are called Illustrations, and, except in rare instances, such as James Russell Lowell and Horace Greeley, these names are also withheld.

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

The Mystery of Life.

The great lesson of life is found in its experience. When we begin to reason on the problems which it presents, we are struck with the greatness of life itself; there is nothing more mysterious or more difficult to understand. It is the one principle that cannot be solved. We can understand death, for we see the body grow and decay, and become a part of the dust; but we cannot so look upon life, for it comes from whence we know not, and keeps pace with time and eternity. Men have questioned the earth and the heavens for its explanation in vain. They have sought for it in the elements and found it not; they have ransacked the minutest particles of matter, and found it emerging from plant and mineral, but can tell us nothing as to the principle of its origin, or of its development from germ to flower, and from flower to cell, and from cell to protoplasm. The molecules that vibrate in unison, or the atoms that mingle only by compulsion, have been hunted out and put under the lens of the microscope, but how or where they generate the vital essence has never yet revealed itself to human inspection. There are many forms where life is simple existence almost without organized form to sustain it, and where sensation and consciousness are scarcely perceptible; creatures that live on mineral, and others that live on vapor, and some that live by consuming other creatures less organized than themselves, and the air we breathe, the water we drink, and the food we eat, are full of organized beings, representing multimorphic types of animated existence. The most torpid bodies in the sea and the most sluggish on the land are not without motions that indicate life. The barnacle, which clings to the rock and never leaves it, and the little coral that builds up mountains in oceanic depths, though itself invisible, are illustrations of concrete life, and yet no dissection has ever been able to trace its source or to reveal its secret. No anatomy has ever caught it on its knife and wrung it from its concealment. The physician has hunted it from tissue to tissue, from nerve to muscle, and from vein to blood, but the celestial spark has eluded his skill and defied his instruments. There is no hope of its discovery except through the spirit.

Life is above material, and science will seek in vain for its origin amid material forces. It has a divine birth. It is cradled in the council chamber of heavenly power. As it is not material, and does not depend upon organism for any other purpose than as a means of developing itself, it will never be found by the merely scientific methods. The spiritual can alone give us a glimpse of its nature and duration.

When we consider the nature of man we can have some idea of his life, and of its probable destiny. No other being has such wonderful intelligence and foresight, such reasoning faculties and such powers of observation. To him alone it is given to investigate and form opinions, construct government, create laws, and establish society. The beaver and the ant are creatures of instinct, and act neither from design nor from spontaneous intelligence. Man has no need of these; he acts from higher motives, and all his works are progressive. Even in the most stationary tribes or nations you behold marks of progress.

The crowning endowment of man is that of speech. He communicates by words, he writes and reads, and learns through all his senses. A being so gifted has a corresponding life-principle. It is not for a day, but for all the days and times of the present and of the future. Do we appreciate our privileges, our great inheritance? This is a serious question. Many deny their birthright, and seek to cast away their claims to a future life. Why is this? One on the point of death calls in the physician to save it. He does not think of throwing away the few days of earth. Why then should he trifle with that eternal life that awaits him? Why does he seek to obscure his future with unbelief and endanger it by neglect? It would seem that so great an inheritance improves the duty of careful thought, of diligent inquiry and patient study. Let a man look unto himself and ask whence comes this consciousness, this power to think, to analyze and to know things. Does he imagine that the molecules of his brain by agitation can do this alone, and that there is no power behind these atoms that perish to make the wonderful phenomenon of his mental and moral being? He who can think that there is no such principle in his make-up has to believe a great deal more than he would if he accepted all the teachings of his own inward sense of being, and the aspirations of the soul for a future state of existence.

ILLUSTRATION.

We cannot believe just what we like. We

cannot choose our opinions as we do our garments, taking those that please us and rejecting others. We have to believe what we cannot help, and often against our will. The mind is like the canvass upon which the artist paints a picture—it receives the impression of his pencil, and soon the design stands out in beautiful relief as a work of art. Similarly the mind receives impressions from what is seen, or heard, or read. You see a landscape and derive pleasant emotions from the sight, or you read a book and your thinking-power develops such views as the perusal excites; or you hear a statement or discourse which leads you to doubt or disbelief, and perhaps to opinions that are new and strange. There are ordinary matters of observation, and yet we are undoubtedly responsible for what we think, and for what we believe. There would seem to be an inconsistency in this doctrine, but it is, nevertheless, perfectly true. When a man says, "I cannot help my belief," he is only stating one side of the truth, and ignoring the very constitution of his nature, for he is not endowed with reason, and capable of inquiry? The canvass has no intelligence, but the mind is formed for reflection, and is endowed with high powers of discrimination. It can analyze, compare and evolve the truth by its own unaided energy. First impressions are often effaced by subsequent examination, and convictions yield their dominion to further inquiry. Nothing illustrates this grand truth so strongly as the changed opinions to be witnessed in spirit-life. When the soul enters upon the invisible world it finds conditions and modes of thought so different from its preconceived ideas that complete revolution is often experienced in the most cherished sentiment. When a man has believed that God has made the world for the purpose of preparing men for a subsequent state in another and higher life, he will not be disappointed, but to any one who believes that the author of all things intended to create a new life for a certain portion of mankind only, he will be surprised to find that many of those who are theologically excluded from this happy condition are among its most prominent members, and he will have occasion to alter his ideas about the Creator's original intention.

So if anyone has adopted the doctrine that all men are created for a heavenly condition upon their death, he will be rudely shocked to learn that there are different degrees of life, and among them are those where wickedness and cruelty expiate their transgressions in surroundings that excite pity and horror. Then there are those who profess to rely on the goodness of God to make up for their evil lives on the earth, forgetting that he has made man a responsible being, and, in a great measure, the keeper of his own destiny, and that there is no attribute in his love or justice that requires him to extend the same administrations of his mercy and his favor to the just and to the unjust after the discipline and probation of earth-life is determined. His rain and his sunshine fall upon all alike; that is the economy of this world; but the world to come is constituted on a principle of conditions, where each will find the one he is fitted for, and which by his own conduct he has constructed for himself. In many other respects we change our faith by the irresistible evidence that surrounds us in this blessed life.

Let no one, therefore, imagine that he can by any form of metaphysical subtlety escape from the consequences of his conduct, or by any supposed reliance upon opinions that he cannot help, and which hold him in a cast-iron form of conviction that he has no further control over himself or his future, and is, therefore, entitled to be relieved from the consequences of his own waywardness. Let him heed the warning voice that comes to him from the land of souls, and hasten to live that he may enjoy the kingdom of the just forever.

Items from Kansas City, Mo.

Our society is still in a very prosperous condition and has just taken leave for a time of one of the most intellectual feasts that ever befell the lot of mortals. The guides of Mrs. Anna Orvis have given us food for thought for many days to come. Her ministrations here have been very pleasant and highly instructive to all who have listened to her. Her guides have proven themselves of a very high order of intelligence and fully competent to answer questions on any subject presented. We have held two meetings each Sunday; also a reception every Tuesday evening, when the Spiritualists of the city were enabled to become acquainted more closely with the medium and her guides. I was fortunate in having Mr. and Mrs. Orvis and Mrs. Davis, of your city, at my house on several occasions, and we shall miss them very much. I expect Mrs. Ada Foye at our home on July 1st. She is to occupy our platform for July. Mrs. Maud Lord Drake has been successful in her suits. She and her husband gave us a visit last week. I wish it were possible for every one to receive the blessings of Mrs. Drake's presence. Her beautiful control, "Snow Drop," is so kind and fills each one with whom she comes in contact full of hope and encouragement and a desire to so live that they may be able to meet and live with the friends she so vividly describes. Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Parker are still in our city. So you see we are not to starve for spiritual food. I am still an ardent admirer of your paper and say, with thousands of others, "It is the best of all!" C. H. GATES.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER combines CHEAPNESS and EXCELLENCE. The ablest writers send it their best thoughts, because in so doing they reach the largest number of readers, and do a correspondingly greater amount of good than they would if they sent them to a paper with a smaller circulation. Interest your neighbors and friends in the paper and induce them to subscribe. It is sent thirteen weeks for 25 cents.

Progressive Thinkings.

A friend of mine has a horned toad as a pet, which he is sometimes forced, for its own safety, to put in a glass case, thus preventing it from losing itself about the house. The toad is good-looking and of average intellect for a toad, and when he stands upon his hind feet, and gestures with the forearms, he more than suggests a man doing the same thing. He dislikes to be shut up. He sees something outside of the imprisoned glass, and his experience has not yet taught him that he cannot reach it. Disappointed in his efforts, standing erect like an angry man, he paws the air and the glass in a very ludicrous manner—that is, it would be ludicrous if it did not recall the pitiful condition of man in relation to the forces of the universe with which he comes in contact.

We dwell on the planes of manifestation seeking and desiring something which we can see, but for which we have no verification from the other senses. We strive and struggle to convince ourselves by sensual perception of the truth of the illusions about us. Exerting our physical strength, we fling ourselves again and again against the physical barriers which oppose. These, immovable as the foundations of the earth, absorb our strength into their solidity, and leave us weak and weary from the waste of power. These resisting elements are the fixed laws of the visible universe, the result of creative energy, which we can neither move nor change so long as we appeal simply to the physical for help.

But, as sometimes there comes to the struggling toad a friendly hand lifting him from out his confinement under the (to him) mysterious glass, into the larger liberty and freer air, unlimited motion and complete living, so we, rising above the plane of weakness to the spiritual plane, may overrule and override the lower planes, and all the laws governing and directing the action of the lower planes.

Indeed, we may so lay hold upon the friendly help and guidance of our friends in spirit life as to overcome all obstacles on the earth plane, and coming out into the larger life, and more complete use of all our power, turn seeming disaster into success.

When we are overwhelmed and discouraged there is only one way out for us, and that is to unite ourselves with all spirit wherever found, and with the impulse that lies behind all law, thus becoming superior to its limitation on the plane of manifestation. This is the secret of the wonderful power of the master minds of all ages and every country, who have been famed for the immense impulse they have given affairs in which they have been concerned. By this consciousness of union they have overleaped all obstacles, and changed coming calamity into brilliant fortune.

We have groveled long enough along the lower lines of earth. Let us for awhile give attention to the source from whence all creative and preserving energy comes to man. Understanding this we shall be able to fit ourselves not only for receiving and retaining, but also be able to increase our capacity for making good use of that which we have seized upon. We are not born slaves that we should senselessly serve matter, that blind tyrant which, without mercy, spares neither age, sex nor condition in its forceful movements. But we come into life heirs to the throne of the spirit which rules all, directs all, and is of itself above all law, because it is the origin of the law. The result cannot rule the cause, and the less sooner or later must be reduced from its state of rebellion to the normal condition of servitor to its lord and master—the spirit.

We know a great plenty about the fixed laws of manifestation on the physical plane. Do we know anything about the spiritual impulse that makes fixed laws possible? Would it not be a good thing to investigate the facts, both those recorded by others and those known by personal experience?

W. P. PHELON, M. D.

A Voice From Texas.

"SAN ANTONIO, Texas, June 15.—Mr. Hartner, an American, engaged in business in Guaymas, Sonora, Mexico, says the wildest excitement exists among the ignorant class throughout Sonora over the conviction and sentence to death of St. Theresa, for witchery, and life imprisonment of her father. Hartner says St. Theresa, the girl, is about 17, and possesses some strange power of healing disease, for which she would never take pay.

"The Yaqui Mayo Indians visited her by hundreds. The latter tribe, when they heard of her arrest, went on the war-path, and devastated a large section. The district judge is firmly convinced Theresa is a witch. The latter awaits her fate quietly, and offered no defense at the trial."

The above clipping will explain itself. My information is that the girl referred to is an extraordinarily good clairvoyant and healing medium; that not only the Indians visit and have faith in her powers, but she is visited also and consulted by thousands of the most intelligent people in our sister republic, as well as many Americans and Europeans who annually visit Mexico.

If there is truth in this story of her conviction and sentencing, American Spiritualists should make an effort to secure her parlor by President Diaz, who is a progressive man of enlightened and liberal views.

LOOK McDANIEL.

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.

"CAMILLE, a Daughter of the People," by Hudson Tuttle, will prove a great attraction. Be sure and induce your neighbor to subscribe for the paper. The story will commence July 16.

The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Association.

MR. SAMUEL B. BOGERT PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR:—After a long and painful illness our beloved President and co-worker in the cause of human progression, Mr. Samuel B. Bogert, has dropped the physical embodiment, which held him to his earthly existence, and passed on to a brighter and larger sphere of existence. He took his departure from his earth experiences in the early morning hours of June 18th, having been with us some fifty-six years learning the lessons of the physical life. Some twelve years ago he became interested in the truths of Spiritualism, and has ever since been an earnest worker for its advancement.

The history of Spiritualism in Brooklyn for some twenty years has been, in brief, the forming of one society after another, each to die after a shorter or longer existence, principally from internal discords, arising from the fact that there was not a central idea or purpose in view to act as a magnet to attract and hold the people together. He, with a few others, recognized that fact, and, looking about for some object or purpose for which all could work, observed that constant appeals were being made at various meetings for assistance for some worthy, though unfortunate Spiritualist, who, from sickness or old age, was unable to keep the wolf from the door. He also found that some had been compelled to renounce their faith in Spiritualism in order to obtain shelter in a sectarian home for the aged and infirm. Here it was that the inspiration was given our beloved President. Why do not Spiritualists take care of their own? The result of the inspiration was the founding of the Brooklyn Spiritual Association, with the particular purpose of providing and furnishing a home or homes for and to aid and assist needy and destitute Spiritualists, not only in Brooklyn but all parts of the country. The Association was incorporated in December, 1890, and its trustees were taken from all the various societies that were holding meetings of a public character in Brooklyn. Mr. Bogert worked for the advancement of the cause with all his strength, and though the last meeting of the Board of Trustees which he was able to attend was held January 5th, 1892, he kept up his interest in the welfare of the Association to the very last. At a special meeting of the Board of Trustees the following preamble and resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, the Power that animates all things has, in the fullness of time, changed our beloved and worthy President, Samuel B. Bogert from what we, in our weakness, call material life, to spirit-life, be it

"Resolved, That while we, his co-workers, will miss his physical presence, we rejoice with him in his release from the sufferings incident to material embodiment, and bid him God speed on his journey and work throughout the endless cycles of eternity.

"Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and resolution be properly prepared and signed by the members of this Board and presented to his family."

Mr. Bogert was an active worker in various public meetings of the Spiritualists of Brooklyn, and especially of The Brooklyn Progressive Conference, holding, though against his expressed wish, continuously the office of President from the date of organization, some three or four years.

The services commemorating his transition were held in the hall of the Association on Sunday evening, June 19th. The hall and casket were beautifully decorated with choice flowers, and the hall was crowded to overflowing with friends and others who listened with rapt attention to the beautiful services.

The following was the order of exercises:

Singing, "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping;" by a quartet; invocation by Mrs. M. A. Gridley; "Nearer My God to Thee," by the quartet; address by Mr. W. W. Sargent; "Shall We Meet Beyond the River," by the quartet; address by Mrs. E. F. Kurth; address by Mr. Walter Howell; "The Christian's Good Night," by the quartet. Benediction by Mr. Howell. Viewing the remains by those present, during which Mr. Gordon played appropriate music on the organ.

C. H. NOURSE, Secretary.

Acrostic on R. G. Ingersoll.

SEARCH FOR TRUTH.
Reason, unbiased, should hold its sway
O'er all the isms of the day;
Bound by no creed, or siren's song,
Ever sitting right from wrong.
Reflect on all you read or hear,
Though it come from priest or seer.
Grant to mankind the right to speak
Ideal thoughts, the truth to seek,
Nor freedom's goddess try to bind,
Giver of blessings to mankind.
Exert your powers the truth to know,
Regarding the future, veal or woe.
Sound common sense is ever best
Old manuscripts and creeds to test.
Listen to nature and her laws,
Looking to science for a cause.
—T. W. Preston.

Various Camp-Meetings.

Clinton, Iowa, July 31 to Aug. 28.
Chesterfield, Indiana, July 21 to Aug. 15.
St. Paul, Minn., Northwestern Spiritualist Association, Merrimac Island, St. Paul, Minn., July 1 to July 24.
Summerland, Cal., Sept. 11 to Oct. 2.
Lake Pleasant, Mass., July 24 to Aug. 28.
Cassadaga, N. Y., July 22 to Aug. 28.
Onset Bay, Mass., opening day July 19.
Liberal, Mo., Aug. 20 to Sept. 19.
Denver, Col., at Taylor Park, from Sept. 1 to the 15th.
Now Era, Oregon, June 10 to June 27.
Hesslet Park, Mich., July 28 to Aug. 29.
Mantua Station, Ohio, July 24 to Aug. 14.
Verona Park, Me., Aug. 14 to Aug. 28.
Vicksburg, Mich., Aug. 12 to Aug. 28.
Devil's Lake, Mich., July 28 to Aug. 8.
Sunapee Lake, N. H., July 31 to Aug. 28.
Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt., July 31 to Sept. 3.

A Few Items from Cleveland, O.

A new fact or a series of facts presented in a new way lately came under my observation. Mr. G. B. and myself attended a seance of Mrs. Effie Moss. The room was somewhat darkened; a number of forms had appeared to various persons; my friend, G. B., who is a fair automatic writer, commenced to fumble in his pockets, taking out some papers and putting them in his pockets again and again; finally he took out a card and wrote something on the back of it in the dark, and then put the card and pencil in his pocket. Just then my friend was called to the cabinet; he went up, and then I was called up. We both stood there in the presence of a fine and intelligent man, and we each held a hand. The materialized form made an effort to speak but could not. We could both see his face and form distinctly. Soon the form began to go down; I released his hand, but my friend held the other hand until the body had disappeared, and the hand reached the floor. We neither of us recognized the person. At the close of the seance I enquired of my friend what he was writing in the dark on that card. He said he did not know, but took the card out of his pocket and read: "I will try and come next, W. H." So we came to the conclusion that "W. H." was the person who appeared to us at the cabinet. "W. H." frequently communicates with my friend through automatic slate-writing, but is a stranger unknown to Mrs. Moss, the materializing medium, and unknown even to my friend G. B.

A few days after this Mr. G. B. went to the studio of Mr. Harvey Chase, the slate-writer, the spirit painter, and the spirit photographer, and under strict test conditions obtained a very fair painting on a slate of the very face, figure, and form that appeared to us at the materializing seance. A number of photographs have been taken of the face in colors, but no one knows the stranger who signs himself as "W. H."

Through the slates "W. H." requested Mr. G. B. to go again to Mrs. Moss, and he would appear and talk to him. G. B. went, and "W. H." materialized in better form, and conversed with us, and referred to the spirit painting and his previous effort at materialization.

Here are a series of facts disconnected, and each resting on different times and places, and performed by different persons, and all unacquainted with the personating spirit "W. H." He certainly is a stranger to Mrs. Moss, Mr. Chase, and to Mr. G. B., but Mr. G. B. has been in communication with him for a number of years.

Lake Brady is exercising the minds of many of our friends in Cleveland, and there seems to be quite a determination to aid this new Spiritual enterprise. Mrs. Effie Moss, the materializing medium, and her nephew, Mr. John Randall, are putting up a pretty cottage at Lake Brady, and will be there during the entire encampment. Mr. John Randall is the gentleman who obtained such a fine painting in colors of the father of Dr. Ball, of North Jackson, last summer at Cassadaga.

Mr. Harvey Chase, of Cleveland, the independent slate-writer, the spirit photographer and the spirit painter—in fact, doing well in many different phases of mediumship—is also building a cottage at Lake Brady, and told me he would be there this summer.

The Hon. Sidney Dean will deliver the annual address before the two children's Lyceums at Lake Brady this year, on Sunday, June 26th. The two Spiritual societies of this city unite and go with the children on that day. Hoping that we may see you, or a fair representative of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, at Lake Brady, we remain

Sincerely yours, AUXILIARY No. 2.

Items from Denver, Colorado.

TO THE EDITOR:—June 12 was a gala day to the Spiritual forces in Denver, it being celebrated by the dedication of the Rocky Mountain Lake Park to the cause of Spiritual science. Capt. W. Wingett, the ex-President of the Kansas City Society, in company with Prof. T. C. Buddington, was master of ceremonies, and the beautiful grounds were appropriately devoted to the cause of Spiritual truth.

The address of welcome by Capt. Wingett was enthusiastically applauded, and the address by Prof. Buddington was one of his eloquent tributes to the power of science to solve the problems of planetary life when carried to the plane of the spiritual forces of the universe. Mrs. E. A. Wells, Mrs. J. Held, of San Francisco, Cal., and Dr. M. C. Gee gave tests. Mrs. Dr. Goodrich gave exhibitions of occult power, by which she easily pushed four strong men from their foothold without half taxing her powers of physical mediumship. Capt. Wingett gave some exhibitions in hypnotism and healing, and the exercises closed, with a general rejoicing that Denver is to be the seat of a large camp in September. Sunday services will be held at the grounds each Sunday afternoon through the summer, and the proprietor, Mrs. L. E. Taylor, will have everything in readiness for those who come in to stay through the season.

The grounds consists of a large grove, a beautiful lake, and a view in the background of the snow-capped mountains. The rugged sides of Gray's Peak, in majestic grandeur, with its head in the clouds, is the vision that greets those fortunate enough to be able to spend a day or the season at the camp. The Ladies' Progressive Society will hold Sunday services there through the summer until the camp opens, and Denver can be assured that under their auspices nothing will be presented in the name of Spiritual philosophy that can offend the most fastidious mind. Their motto is: "Welcome to all who seek the light of Spiritual science now and evermore." H. A.

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.

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SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1892



A SPIRITUALIST?

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

Nurses Instead of Missionaries.

Miss Collins, a Maine girl, who has been out among the Dakotas as a missionary, says the way to civilize the Indian is by nurses, rather than by preachers and teachers.

Our Regrets Expressed.

We have often wished that it was possible to send out an interpreter with each copy of the paper, so that no one will be misled.

"Mrs. Blodgett has sent me a photo of another production of the psychic forces, through her powers and those of Dr. William E. Wheelock combined.

A good brother from Kenosha, Wis., is misled by Mr. Hodge's "simple trick," and thinks the whole thing a fraud.

Past Superstition.

Few relics of antiquity are so curiously interesting as the charts employed by ancient mariners, which have portrayed upon them ever so many extraordinary monsters, horrible dragons, and terrific giants scattered here and there.

These are no less in sting or wonderful than are the monsters and the horrible dragons of our religious belief, as seen by those who dare defy the teachings of childhood.

AVOICE FROM ENGLAND.

Medical Practice There As Well As Here.

TO THE EDITOR:—The very timely editorial on "Medical Bigotry," in the Weekly Times and Echo of June 5, closes as follows: "The fellowship of his college was withheld from Sir Morrell (Mackenzie) to the day of his death, and Dr. Allison has been struck off the register and in neither case have the real causes been anything but ignorance, envy and uncharitableness."

This injustice and bigotry is not confined to America. In Vienna, a woman by the name of Madame Delchin, a natural bone-setter, became famous for extraordinary feats in surgery which she performed.

In America, a Mrs. Eddy, of Boston, instituted some fifteen years since a system of medical treatment which she called Christian healing. Cures were accomplished without the administration of any medicine or the following of any hygienic rules or exercises.

A Dr. Keeley, of Dwight, Illinois, began some ten or twelve years since a special practice for the cure of inebriety. He claims that drunkenness is a disease, and is as subject to medical treatment as any other.

In England no physician is allowed to sign a death certificate unless he is a member of the Trades Union. The plain result of this is to force any man, however liberal and progressive he may be, to employ in all cases of serious illness, a member of the Trades Union, for the simple reason that, if he should rest content with a physician outside of the Trades Union, in whom he has the greatest confidence, and the patient die, he would have to face a coroner's inquest and run the risk of persecution.

For more than fifty years the medical profession opposed the spread of mesmerism, and persecuted all physicians who had anything to do with it. Chiefly by the effort of laymen this science has made such headway that the orthodox doctors could no longer ignore it, and they have taken to the study of it under the name of hypnotism, and now, forsooth, are asking for a law preventing anyone from pursuing this investigation except the members of the Trades Union.

He lives at Hookessin, Delaware, and is not only an astronomer of note, but a comprehensive thinker generally. He sends for a supply of No. 134. He says: "It is a most excellent number!"

The Prevalence of Superstition.

It is said that at the time of the execution of the four anarchists in this city, that the superstitious at St. Paul, Minn., were startled by the appearance of a bright star in close proximity to a silver crescent moon, whose shadowy outline was plainly cast against a blue sky.

Ignorance and superstition are the twin relics of barbarism. The more ignorant those composing any tribe, clan, or nation of people, the more superstitious they will be. The negro of the south, who honestly entertains the opinion that the will o' wisp is a spirit appearing for some sinister object, is not only ignorant, but crudely superstitious, and certainly devoid of that intellectual acumen that enables a person to judge with some degree of accuracy with reference to the relationship existing between cause and effect.

The masses to-day are extremely ignorant. How many are there that thoroughly comprehend the nature of the electric light or who realize that about all there is known of the phenomenon recognized as electricity is its manifestation in an electrified body? How many are there that can calculate the time of an eclipse or the distance of a planet from the sun? How many know anything of the spectrum analysis, or the intricate calculations required to explain all the movements of the solar system? Few have thought seriously that the earth's crust is constantly moving, and that the level of the ocean is continually undergoing a change, and that every molecule in God's vast universe is constantly in motion.

The salvation of the world must be accomplished through the instrumentality of gradual growth and development. The people must be enlightened, and in order to thoroughly accomplish that, the task must be commenced with prenatal existence; education, cosmopolitan in its nature should commence there. The child is entitled to a mother who thoroughly understands the subtle and intricate laws governing prenatal growth and influence. Under such circumstances the child will generally be ushered into this world healthy in all departments of its being—spiritually, intellectually, morally and physically.

While the world is improving greatly in many respects, it is retrograding in others; the simplicity that characterized the early settlers in this country no longer exists. Compare the aristocracy, wealth, fashion, and manners of to-day with those that existed at the National Capital at the time of Washington, and see the remarkable change—not in the least for the better, but in all respects for the worse.

To the careful and critical thinker it is not at all strange that the superstitious and ignorant of St. Paul attached special significance to the appearance of that star. They were simply in harmony with the plane which they occupied; and while thereon they will attach great importance to signs and omens, which convey nothing of importance to the mind, and which in nowise affect the destinies of individual or nations. It is a recognized fact, however, by advanced minds, that in the process of the earth's unfolding people will, at no distant day, more accurately understand the grand processes of nature, and fully realize that God's law prevails everywhere and that every effect must necessarily have a well-defined cause, and then weird appearances in nature will have to them no superstitious or supernatural significance.

J. W. Cadwell, the mesmerist, has been engaged by the Northwestern Spiritualist Association for July at their camp meeting near St. Paul, and expects to be at the Clinton camp meeting in August.

Witchcraft in America.

Dr. Buckley, in the Century Magazine, shows conclusively that a belief in witchcraft is still prevalent in this country. He sets forth, also, that the larger number of immigrants from the continent of Europe are more or less in fear of such powers. To these must be added no inconsiderable portion of the persons of English and Scotch descent; for a strong vein of superstition is discernible in many Irish, Scotch, and some English, whose "folk-lore," diffused in nursery tales and neighborhood gossip, has entwined itself strongly about the fibers of spontaneous, subconscious mental imagery.

Where colonies of immigrants have remained isolated, retaining the use of their own language, the influence of witchcraft is more easily traced. The interior of Pennsylvania affords better illustrations of this, and on a larger scale, than any other State. It has been but two or three years since suit was brought by a man against his mother in one of the counties of Pennsylvania, to recover damages for a dog, which he charged her with having killed by witchcraft; and he not only brought suit but obtained judgment from a justice of the peace. Various witnesses testified as to their experiences in witchcraft, and only one said that he had never had a friend or relative who was bewitched.

In diverse villages in Pennsylvania, some of them in the Dunkard settlements, are women who are supposed to be witches. Some are shrewd enough not to apply their arts for strangers, but to those whom they know, as stated in a newspaper article some years ago, they will sell charms to ward off lightning from buildings, dry up the wells of the enemies of applicants, force cows to give bloody milk, cause sickness in the family, destroy beauty, separate man and wife, and reunite estranged lovers.

The African population brought this belief from the Dark Continent, and it exists among them to this day, though the progress of religion and education is doing something to check it.

Mr. Buckley has recently noted in parts of the United States, more than fifty suits instituted by persons against those who, they claimed, had bewitched them, but under existing laws, the accused could not be prosecuted except where money had been obtained under false pretenses, or overt acts of crime had been suggested or committed.

Nothing can remove this belief in witchcraft from the minds of the people but the grand truths of Spiritualism. They can do it effectively.

Standing on the Divide.

A remarkable story is printed in the Cincinnati Enquirer and other western papers of a man who was hanged in Mississippi for the murder of his wife, and after being pronounced dead, and in a coffin on the way to the graveyard, came to life.

The incident occurred at Harrison, Miss. The report from there says that Coleman Blackburn was hanged there for the brutal murder of his wife. He was pronounced dead by three of the most reputable physicians in the country after being suspended thirty-six minutes.

His body was turned over to his relatives, who placed it in a pine box, and while en route to the country graveyard a scratching was heard on the lid of the box. To the surprise of relatives, when the box was opened Blackburn's eyes were wide open and he was endeavoring to talk. He was taken from the box and carried to the house of a near relative and given every attention possible without attracting the attention of unfriendly neighbors.

Standing on the "divide" between the two worlds, he could realize something of the nature of death. Let us hope that this experience may result in his reformation, and lead him to make reparation in some way for the great crime he committed.

A Recognized Fact.

It is a recognized fact among Spiritualists generally that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER leads in everything that pertains to a first class Spiritualist paper. Not being hampered by a stock company, never having been compelled to beg to pay weekly expenses, and never finding it necessary to borrow money of confiding friends, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER occupies a position of which Spiritualists generally may well be proud.

"I wish to add my highest appreciation to that of the many others on the appearance of the subject matter, and magnitude of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It is true to its name, true to its patrons, and all things considered, the best periodical of its kind in the world. I wish to add my concurrence in your notice of the 'Researches in Oriental History,' by G. W. Brown, M. D., and of Miss Titcomb's 'Aryan Sun Myths,' Truly companion books."

A Big Indorsement.

J. E. Vest, Willow Hill, Ill., on June 1, wrote as follows: "I have worn out two volumes of 'Researches in Oriental History,' in loaning to be read, and now order the third. I know of several being bought, after learning the value of the book by those free readings. One man in Newton, Ill., says he would not be without it if it cost \$100. He is making good use of the copy he has. The book is a masterpiece. Words cannot give it adequate praise. It is a thunderbolt in the Christian camp."

Retribution Follows.

Church property in Russia is estimated at \$5,000,000,000 in value, while the worshippers in those gorgeous structures dedicated to God are starving for bread. Priests rioting in luxury, and haggard with next-door neighbor! Our own America is copying the effete customs of the old world, and is piling up its surplus wealth in colossal temples, whilst the poor and destitute are increasing in numbers daily. To-morrow comes and wakes a sleeping world!

Earthquake Shocks.

Dr. Brown has just issued a revised and enlarged edition of "The Teachings of Jesus Not Adapted to Modern Civilization." It contains more than double the matter of the first edition, which our old readers will remember first appeared in the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. The additions to it are perfectly overwhelming. A Christian lady at Lawrence, Kansas, who read it, told a friend: "Why, it is a series of earthquake shocks, and they come in such rapid succession they take the breath away. Every point seems to be well taken, and I can only wonder how it was possible to think Jesus a good man after this terrible exposition of his real teachings."

The pamphlet of 44 pages, beautifully printed, we mail from this office at 15 cents a copy.

The Golden Rule.

Isocrates was born at Athens, B. C. 436. He advised Nicocles, king of Crete, to so behave to weaker states, as he would wish stronger states to behave to himself. And again: "That which it angers you to suffer from others, that do not to others yourself." How much short does this come of the golden rule, which was promulgated a little earlier by the Chinese philosopher, Confucius?

"Camille, a Daughter of the People."

It is true that it is summer time, and the weather languidly warm, but that is no reason why a Spiritualist paper should languish in interest. Its interest must be kept up the year round. In order to do this we shall publish "CAMILLE, a Daughter of the People," written expressly for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER by Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio. While we are doing our best to interest you, and will interest you, is it too much to ask you to interest some one in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and induce him to subscribe? The story will be commenced July 16th. Send us at least a trial subscription to commence with the story.

Object Lessons Repulsed.

German Baptists, in General Conference at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, by a vote of 6,000 to 4, decided not to attend the World's Fair at Chicago. They also decided to use unfermented wine in the communion service. But unfermented wine is a misnomer. Until the juice of the grape is fermented it is not wine, but must. It is capable of becoming the "blood of the Lord," even symbolically, until it has passed through the fermentive stage and become wine?

Married.

At the residence of the bride, June 19, Mr. E. H. Beebe and Mrs. Emily P. Deming were united in the sacred bonds of matrimony by the angels through their amanuenses Mrs. H. E. N. Rich, author and lecturer, assisted by Mrs. Walton, all of Jackson, Mich. The bride was formerly of Vicksburg, Mich.

Unseemly Haste at a Funeral.

On Sunday morning, June 19th, the M. E. pastor at New Philadelphia, Ohio, Rev. J. R. Keyes, engaged to officiate at the funeral obsequies of Mrs. Rose Ann Smith, an aged and faithful member of the church. He abandoned the corpse and the many mourners at the cemetery and refused to let them view the remains because it would keep his congregation waiting at the church five or ten minutes. They had to send for another preacher to finish up the job. Many of them didn't show up at the church that morning.

"Alas for the rarity Of Christian charity, Under the sun." The deceased had left \$2,000 to the church. C. H. MATHEWS.

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.

Prof. J. W. Cadwell's address until July 1 will be Hudson, Wis.

F. J. Froye, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "Spiritualism is growing popular here in Lynn. One Sunday in June the Boston Children's Progressive Lyceum visited its sister Lyceum here, and we had the Mayor of Lynn to welcome them. What a contrast. How the world moves. Ten years hence, Spiritualism will be the most popular religion in the United States. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will wield a large influence in bringing it about."

W. W. Birkhead, of Louisiana, Mo., writes to us that the Spiritualists there are trying to do something for the benefit of humanity. Dr. Wroughton, of St. Louis, Mo., visited them, and holding a circle, two persons were completely entranced, and two or three were partly. Mr. Birkhead says: "Sessions were held Sunday and Monday nights, with marked results. A society was organized, with W. O. Parks as Chairman, and J. A. Birkhead, Secretary. Dr. Wroughton is expected to visit us again in the near future, and with his reviving influence some startling manifestations may be expected. I would suggest that any friends in this section of the country desiring to start an investigating society would do well to get the services of Dr. J. H. Wroughton, No. 11 N. Broadway, to give them a start in placing them on a basis of operation. Developments will be given the public, if of special interest."

Bishop A. Beals lectures at Mt. Clemens, Mich., the second Sunday in July, and can be addressed there for engagements.

A. T. Stevens writes: "On Sunday, June 12, the Spiritualists held a conference meeting in the pavilion at Temple Heights, Northport, Me., and a more enthusiastic gathering of the friends of progress and reform it has never been my lot to meet. The old pioneer mediums were 'full of the spirit on the Lord's day,' and spoke forth words of life and truth which met a ready response from the audience. There will be a meeting at the same place, Sunday, July 17. A cordial invitation is extended to all."

G. G. W. Van Horn is now at St. Louis, Mo. The Globe-Democrat speaks of one of his meetings as follows: "The exercises opened with a few preliminary remarks, Mr. Van Horn dwelling on the harmony and congeniality that prevailed among the audience, and referred to the mental unanimity of his hearers. Many were searchers and doubters, and others were believers. Several of the mediums then arose individually, and asked subjects to step forward. By touches or glances they indicated the presence of spirits, and by a mental interview and occasional oral questions, to all appearances brought departed ones to the spot. Men and women seemed to be in communication with friends and relatives who had long since passed away, and the mediums cited names, dates and descriptions in an inexplicable manner. A German woman who refused to give her name took Mr. Van Horn's ivory cane, and directly was in a trance. She then sang and spoke in French, a language unknown to her, and imitated the voices of several distinguished singers. A man in the audience recognized the music of Mme. Delmeyer, a famous Vienna soprano, now dead. Ordinarily, it is explained, the subject had but a slight knowledge of music. Afterwards she delivered an address for love between the members, and asking that all jealousies be put aside. The speech lasted three minutes, without a break."

Mrs. Mary M. Lyons, has been lecturing and holding circles at Bath, Owasso, Ored, Burton, St. John, DeWitt, Charlotte, Potterville and Diamonde, Mich. She reports great interest among inquiring minds.

Marguerite St. Omer (box 1656, Fitchburg, Mass.) solicits correspondence with spiritual societies as lecturer, psychometrist, test medium, etc., for the season of 1892 and 1893; also with patriotic societies for lectures on anti-Catholic subjects. Having been educated in a Catholic institution, and a full Novitiate, she knows whereof she speaks. She writes: "Let in the light on their infamous system, which is as black as Hades, and which coils its serpent in society, and even the government of the United States. Freedmen, awaken, ere it is too late!"

Mrs. Eva H. Potter, of Wonewoc, Wis., writes: "Prof. J. W. Cadwell has just finished a two weeks' sojourn among us, laboring for the enlightenment and mental improvement of his fellowmen. He gave almost universal satisfaction to his large audiences. His lectures were pleasing and instructive and his entertainments wonderful and very amusing. Judging from the number of good subjects that were furnished him here, one might conclude that Wonewoc material is very susceptible to mesmeric influences, or rather that the Professor is an adept in his line of business. He carries with him the heartiest thanks and kindest wishes of the Wonewoc Spiritual Association."

J. M. A. writes from Aspen, Col.: "Mrs. S. M. Bartholmes, of Denver, is here with the First Spiritualist Society, of Aspen, J. M. McMickal, President. The first meeting Mrs. Bartholmes gave in the Court House, June 5th. The house was packed to standing room. Her tests were remarkable. She created such an interest that the society secured the skating rink for June 12th, which is the largest hall in our town. It was filled. Next Sunday J. L. York, the celebrated orator, will speak, after which Mrs. Bartholmes gives tests. The people are taking interest in Spiritualism. Circles are held every night in some home. Aspen is not going to be behind Denver. There are more Spiritualists in the town of Aspen than any other of its size in Colorado. Prof. Ranebon follows Mrs. Bartholmes."

MATERIALIZATIONS.

Reflections in Regard to Them.

I am always glad to attend a seance for the materialization of spirit forms; I mean of those which I am perfectly satisfied are what they claim to be, spiritual manifestations, for I feel on such occasions that I am dealing with the departed, those the world consider dead. Hence I am at such times sober-minded and under what may be called a religious influence. I have then a reverential feeling, not so much to the special forms that appear, as to the circumstances of the seance room, usually quite dark, just light enough to make the darkness visible, which of itself adds solemnity to the occasion. I imagine the space to be filled by invisibles, and it is more than imagination, for it is really the case, for where two or three are gathered together, there are always more who are present than we do not see, and to me it is particularly so in a darkened seance room, for from time to time one of them appears in tangible human shape, and is interviewed by the friends to whom it comes; sometimes out of the enclosure, or is formed in the room, a ponderable, tangible human being, where nothing existed before, and the latter shows the way they are formed in the enclosure.

At Mrs. Stafford's, where I went on one occasion, the formation in the room in the presence of the sitters is a feature and an interesting one, of this lady's seances; there is no mistaking this fact. A small irregular piece of white is seen on one spot, or on a chair, or on the sofa where I am sitting, which increases generally in a perpendicular form, and when about human height this shapeless white appearance agitates itself and quickly becomes what any one would call a mortal human being. It is generally with this medium a female, clothed in white, and they seem as vigorous and full of life as we mortals are, and would seem as if they could be perpetual. I have seen them at this and at other places as if they could last as long as any of us could. How they come and how they go is an unexplained mystery. While they last they are very human looking, and I do not wonder they are often supposed to be confederates, acting a part, especially as it has been found to be so sometimes; but I want it understood that I have seen a great deal of this phenomenon, and I am sure it is sometimes, and generally what it claims to be. I am sure of it as I am of any physical fact that I can think of, and I think the patrons of Mrs. Stafford are generally of that opinion, and at every seance we have evidence of it in these forms appearing and forming out in the room where all can see them grow into human beings from a little filmy bunch of white no bigger than a small sponge.

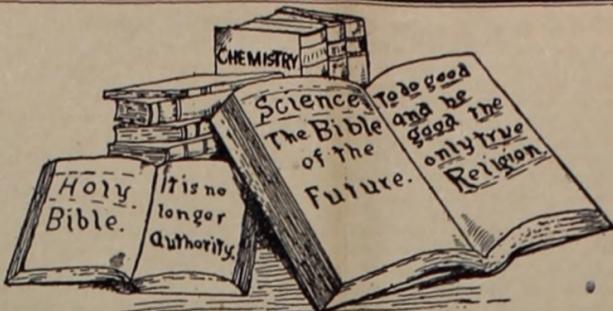
Once Eben Cobb said I was mistaken; said the form crawled out of the cabinet, on the floor, with something black over it, and then at a distance the form came slowly out of that black covering, and in the dark the illusion was complete. Well, in the case in question I could see the figure on the carpet between the form as it appeared and the cabinet, and I knew that Mr. Cobb's supposition was not a true one; this was at Mrs. Fairchild's. At Mrs. Stafford's the form has appeared on the sofa where I was sitting; not one side of the sofa, but on it, and when made in form, step off onto the floor. On this last occasion this occurred, a form came out of the cabinet and went to two people, who returned to the cabinet with it, and while standing there, something white was seen on the carpet out in the room, which in the usual way became an adult female form. I could see the carpet all around it, but it would be evidenced to any one that it could not have crawled on the floor from the cabinet with those people standing there. The manager, Mr. Stansbury, was seated next time, and I saw something white appearing in his lap, which was a figure forming in his lap, or on his knee, which soon became a female form, and then stepped off onto the floor, and went to other parties. This was a bright little spirit they call "Rosebud," a very interesting character; talks quite distinctly and wisely. It is a cabinet spirit, and the patrons are always glad to see her, as she is quite entertaining. The seance was a remarkably good one, and "Rosebud" said it was a very harmonious circle. The forms that came were very numerous, and the seance was a very pleasant one and I shall find myself attending quite often.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

A Suggestive Statement.

A late number of the New York Sun has an editorial on the "Morals of the Clergy" in England, which is very suggestive. The writer goes on to say that scandalous behavior on the part of English clergymen has been so frequent of late that a bill to facilitate the expulsion of immoral and dishonest persons from the church has received the favor of the majority of the House of Commons. The only opposition to the measure has come from radical members, who take the ground that it is not the business of the State to interfere in spiritual discipline; but they are accused also, and perhaps not unreasonably, of a desire to bring about the disestablishment of the church by letting the corrupt clergymen alone as object lessons serviceable to their cause. The existence of the evil which the bill proposes to remedy by empowering the government to deal with it summarily, is acknowledged on all hands. It is admitted by both church and lay journals, and by radicals and conservatives, and the subject has been under active discussion in England for many months. The agreement is general, also, that unless it is cured, it may prove fatal to the Establishment. To hold the respect of society, a church must, first of all, be pure in its morals, and its clergy must exemplify in their lives the fundamental principles they teach. They are required by public opinion to live cleanly, and avoid both the commission and the appearance of evil.

It certainly is very strange that the clergy in England should become so foul and corrupt that a bill to facilitate their expulsion should be introduced into the House of Commons. It only illustrates the great degree of degradation that exists in the churches, and sustains in no little degree the showing that we made that Spiritualists are the most moral people in the world.



SCIENCE.

It Is to Be the Bible of the Future.

That Science is to be the Bible of the future, no one can doubt who carefully considers its relation to humanity, and to progress. It is gradually bringing everything within the domain of law, as illustrated by the horde of tent caterpillars that appeared in Connecticut early last spring and began to weave gossamer winding sheets about every apple orchard and wild cherry tree in the State. Pomologists promptly rallied, with long-handled and blazing torches, to burn the caterpillar tents out of the trees, but they were discouraged, having a year before fought a drawn battle with the scourge, which apparently was still more formidable this season. The struggle went on for just about ten days, and then the fruit raisers gave it up in despair. The enemy was too strong and multitudinous.

Thereupon, in a forlorn hope, the State press appealed to Science, with a large and imposing S., to think of an adequate remedy for the tent caterpillar pest; and Science put on her thinking cap and spoke the magic word, "Electricity." "To stop the spread of the tent caterpillar," said a famous electrician, "ring the apple trees with zinc and copper collars, a quarter of an inch apart, resting on cloth that must be kept wet with a saline solution. Then as soon as the worm's body makes a bridge between the two rings he gets a galvanic shock and retires or dies, according to its strength."

A very beautiful and pleasing device, said every farmer in the Nutmeg State, after perusing the scientific jargon in the receipt; but then, the ordinary Connecticut farm is not overstocked with galvanic appliances and saline solutions, and it is somewhat expensive to harness a copper and zinc collar about every tree in an orchard of 300 or 400 apple trees, all of which vary in the size of their boles. So the skeptical farmers got out their old long-handled burning torches again and resumed the hopeless business of sizzling caterpillars and swearing when the remains of them tumbled out of the trees into their mouths and eyes. It was at this interesting juncture that something very queer happened, and the Connecticut fruit raisers haven't got through talking about it yet.

Science had spoken her nonsensical little piece, and then it appears Nature put on her thinking cap, preparatory to trying her cunning old hand against the alarming scourge. She didn't order any copper collars or rags steeped in any saline solution for the apple orchards, but one breezy day her wise old whisper seemed to run through all the rippling apple tree boughs, and any one abroad in the orchards at the time, if he had been canny to interpret her language, might have translated the edict it carried into one human word, "Avaunt!" And straightway every tent caterpillar in Connecticut proceeded to avault with an obedience and celerity that were never, or rarely ever, seen before. Nature evidently had had enough, for the present, of the army of tent caterpillars in this State, at least, and simply called them down, in a way. In a literal way the caterpillar didn't come down, but went up. Up the tree trunks and from the extreme tips of tree boughs they suddenly turned tail and dragged their slimy lengths homeward, as if they were possessed, and they lagged not until every one of them had crawled into his triangular tent. Once within doors they began to shrink and shrivel in a very curious way; they curled up and died, and within five days the whole race of caterpillars in this State had utterly vanished. For the first time in a quarter of a century, perhaps, one no longer meets squads of tent caterpillars creeping along the highways and in the fields, and the wind has swept their tattered webs from the trees.

If one is curious to know how the pests perished, he may tear open one of their few remaining webs and inspect a little heap of brown dust therein that is marked here and there with a filmy broken shell, like the cast-off skin of a snake. The shell is all that remains of the dreadful tent caterpillar. Science, however, still has the gall to make a few funeral remarks about the singular doom of the worms. According to her reckoning the caterpillars didn't die of any providential interposition, but were run down and eaten up by a parasite that entered the field last year, and took possession of it entirely this season. "But what of that?" timidly suggests the fruit-raiser with a fibre of sentiment in his bosom. "Didn't nature put up the parasite and put him on the trail of the caterpillar?" At any rate, there is joy in this bucolic land, for Connecticut was never so clear of caterpillars before.

The microscope could alone reveal in full the nature of that parasite, and without the aid of which the ignorant and superstitious would have attributed its destruction to the intervention of Divine Providence. As Humboldt well says: "The universe is governed by fixed laws." The scientist can approach nearer to what is designated as God than any minister of the gospel, hence science, with ethics for its basic structures, is to be THE BIBLE of the future.

FACTS.

"The End of the World."

It will be most interesting to your readers to know that there is not one positive fact that can be found in man's observation and experience that proves there is any heat that comes from the sun to the earth. Sir Robert Ball figures out the end of the world by the loss of heat to the sun. He figures from solar radiation, and is compelled to take the expressed heat on the earth as his

basis of figuring. He knows full well that the origin of the heat that is manifest on the earth is not proven to be heat from the sun. All of the prominent physicalists of the world are teaching that the heat of the earth is of the earth. It does not come from the sun. Seldom can a man be found who says the sun is a ball of fire, which sends its heat out into space to the worlds or planets of our solar system.

Every test that has been made, every observation and experience proves that at no great distance up from the earth space is absolute coldness. Various writers give various intensity to this coldness. It is named from 10,000 to 10,000,000 degrees below zero at less than twenty-five miles high. Surely no rational mind, free from prejudice and tradition, will believe or teach that heat can come through millions or even one mile of absolute coldness, and still be heat. It is contrary to all experience. It is not rational; it is unphilosophic and by the very nature of the existing conditions it is impossible.

Modern philosophy declares in tones so full of sound sense that the light and heat of the earth are generated on the surface of the earth, and in lower strata and dense atmosphere, and do not and cannot come from the sun as light and heat. Flammarion declares that beyond the confines of our atmosphere there is "nothing but the black of infinite space." This set of physical facts, which we know by experience, forever sets Sir Robert Ball's misleading and irrational theory aside. He should abandon it, as a public educator, or must show by facts and tests that it is either not cold and dark in the heavens, or show how heat can pass through ice and still be heat. Experience proves that the higher we go the colder and darker it gets. These facts are worth a million times more to us than the irrational theory that the great sun is cooling off and in some distant time will freeze up and the earth and solar system die. Such science makes men educated hand-organs. The electrical and magnetic interplanetary interchange as a theory is a thousand times more plausible and in keeping with facts than the hot sun and radiation theory. Sir Robert Ball would have us believe that an equilibrium of forces and dynamic action are absolutely impossible; that by some hocus pocus method these things began and will end. But a more rational interpretation of astronomical facts teaches us unerringly that the universe is the unfolding of an infolded law which will perpetuate it through the ceaseless cycles of the future. This universe had no beginning, and will have no ending.

ROYAL O. SPEAR.

THE "GOD" IDEA.

How It Originated and the Palpable Absurdity of the Theological Dogmas in Relation Thereto.

Every class of theologians has formulated a "God" fashioned after their own ideas of what should constitute a Supreme Being; each special creation has been, by the different religious teachers, endowed with special attributes.

In nearly all forms of religion—Ancient Pagan, Jewish, Christian, Mohammedan, and Mormon—their God was always a male, and a special patron of war; aiding them, when obeying his command in slaughtering their enemies. The ancient Egyptians and Grecians however, had a broader and more rational conception of the primary unfolding law of nature, in that they recognized the necessity of the union of the male and female principles to constitute the generative, creative force. They had their Isis and Osiris—their Jupiter and Minerva.

From earliest history all saw the manifestations of natural force and felt there was something behind them they could not see, to which they ascribed super-natural power—hence each conceived that there must necessarily be a super-natural being to control these forces; a god or gods was manufactured to satisfy the requirements of the various imaginations.

It is evident these ideas originally took shape among the early inhabitants of Ceylon and farther India, where today exist marvels in the way of temples for the worship of their gods, hewn out of solid rock, that must have taken centuries upon centuries to excavate, and required the labor of thousands of men to complete the work; and this long prior to the existence of the Jewish race. And further, on a critical examination of the opening chapters of the book of Genesis, there is positive evidence in the original that the Jewish writer copied from two or more manuscripts of those ancient peoples to construct his theory of creation; probably manuscripts in possession of the Chaldeans during the period of the Babylonish captivity. In the history of creation, as given in the first chapter, there were a multitude of Gods—Elohim. The second chapter gives an entirely different version of the whole matter, and the Jewish Jehovah comes upon the scene alone.

Each took his own course in creating this world and peopling it, and had not Jehovah concocted a plan to let the Devil into his garden to deceive the woman of his creation, so that he could offer a sacrifice to himself of his "only begotten son" to appease his wrath over his own doing, the theologians of the present day would not have had a pin to hang their theology upon; for the "eloheim" had made everything good. But for that we should have been deprived of that catechismal and dismal poem for children which reads: "In Adam's fall, we sinned all," and there would have been no need of a miraculous conception, or vicarious atonement, to save a fallen race. All their gods were gods of this world, special earth gods. Their great work

was here. Other planets were subordinate matters; this earth was their special promise. The innumerable millions on millions of worlds floating in immeasurable space—many of them millions of times larger than our little earth—were only for signs and for seasons, for days and for years, and to give light upon the earth.

The theological conception of a God was no broader or more comprehensive than their views of astronomy, and their idea of a future heaven was as pent-up as their theology was narrow and bigoted.

Their faith had not in it the slightest conception of the proliferation of the flora or fauna of the earth, or of the different worlds, and gave no manifestation of the slightest knowledge of the great law of progress. To them all was complete—finished!

According to orthodox theology, the flat of their god had gone forth; all had been revealed that was necessary for mankind to know, and none should attempt to pick the lock of mystery where God had not given the key.

Ignorance was the king bolt of theology. Through it alone could the power of priestcraft be perpetuated. By keeping the masses in ignorance their superstitious fears could be excited and their imaginations so wrought upon that the fires of hell could be kept at a white heat. The thunders of Sinai were perpetually sounded in their ears, the light of reason was obscured by the thick smoke and cloud of darkness, which covered from their gaze the ever-ascending Mountain of Progress.

Man is more a creature of education than any other animal. His early training in a great measure shapes his life. Parrot like, he repeats what he is taught, and the teachings of theology are such that they do not allow him to question their correctness. Thus the child who has been early taught these ideas, and told it was a sin to think differently, has them so firmly rooted in his mind that all scientific evidence to the contrary cannot remove the idea of their correctness therefrom. This spirit of antagonism of faith against reason—of creed against science, and of indoctrinated belief against stubborn facts, will cause the one so blinded to be intolerant towards those who differ from their belief, and to do all in their power to injure those who have outgrown those dogmatic teachings and refuse longer to be held by the leading-strings of a narrow, bigoted and false theology.

Leave the child free to-day from inherited fallacies and theological teachings, educate him in accurate mathematics and general science, let him observe the motions and calculate the bulk, distances and orbits of the so-called heavenly bodies revolving in space, and study the works of nature and art and the capabilities of the human mind while yet in the body, and I defy you to ever narrow his belief to the dogmas and miserable doctrines of medieval theology.

Heretofore, to those indoctrinated in the theological belief of a personal god, the great fact had never dawned upon their intellects that each of the myriads of worlds circling in the never-ending fields of space are but parts of the infinite whole; as each atom or grain of sand in each of those worlds are but parts of them. The pertinent lines of Pope, that

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul,"

sounded to them as the expression of the rankest heresy and atheism. Their religious education had bound them to the god of this world, and they had, therefore, no conception of the universal and all-pervading spirit.

The entire universe—which may be defined as comprising all worlds and systems of worlds, together with everything surrounding them, forming them or upon them—is bathed in an infinite ocean of spirit, which infills all things and outworks all forms; constituting the interior life of all worlds, and of each atom, establishes laws governing them, imparts to them their inherent forces and regulates the motion of each and every atom, and all beings and worlds in accordance with those laws.

The great fundamental law is the law of evolution, through which all forms are developed. The controlling law is the law of progress, by which, through all changes of development, everything is made to advance sooner or later to a higher degree of refinement. Through the laws wrought out by the interior spirit essence of the various atoms, they become aggregated and form worlds, which, through the continued process of evolution and unfolding, become peopled with their various inhabitants, and sparks of intelligence from the infinite through this law of unfolding become developed into individual entities, to form parts of the intellectual whole, as the eye, ear, arm or hand form parts of the human body.

These entities are spirit individualized with capabilities for endless progression; and as they progress from circle to circle, and rise from sphere to sphere, their relation to the Universal God becomes more and more apparent. Therefore it follows that the crowning circle of advanced spirits from worlds more refined constitutes the highest order of intelligence anywhere to be found in the realms of the infinite.

We see, therefore, that the infinite is composed of body and parts, each related to the other and forming the universal whole. The various catastrophes of nature, as they are called, are but the action of some of those parts seeking through the law of evolution to arrange a proper adjustment of the parts relative to the progressive development of the universal whole.

All is comprehended in the three words—body, soul and spirit. The body is the gross, external physical, or the exterior shell of a hollow or permeable globe. The soul is the enveloping media of the rarefied, refined and spiritualized elements evolved from the physical, under the direction of the individualized spirit entity forming the spiritual body of each individual part or portion of the universal whole. It is evident, therefore, that each individualized spirit constitutes the developing life-force, energy and intelligence of that particular part, and that the growth, development, improvement and increased usefulness of each part expands the spirit germ, and in the degree that it becomes enlarged, to that extent promotes the advancement of the infinite whole. With this view, it is obvious man can progress to all eternity and never reach the sublimest heights of infinite wisdom, which are ever moving on in advance, through the combined energy of different parts, as the whole is being propelled by each individual achievement. Who can comprehend the immensity

of limitless space, and set bounds to the numberless worlds revolving therein? or what finite intellect is capable of grasping a knowledge of the infinite—that which ever stretches out into the beyond—the realm of the unknown and ever expanding unknowable? Some things we may know; some facts we can comprehend; but in the great outlying fields of the universe there are vast multitudes of things we may never reach; as through the universal law of progress, all are advancing, and hence the individual spirit can never reach to the altitude of the infinite whole.

We can know that through the operation of the laws of evolution and progress particles, molecules and atoms have been aggregated to form worlds; elevated them to a condition to sustain vegetable and animal life, and when the proper unfolding had been attained, species after species were projected upon the planet so prepared, by the impartation of the spirit germ of each advancing species at the time the preceding one had reached its culmination, and had thus prepared the way for the introduction of the next in order; thus moving onward and upward in the scale of being till the "cenozoic age," or age of man was reached.

It is a noted fact that in each preceding race when it had reached the point of its highest culmination, where by the evolving power of spirit the germ of development of the lowest order of the next succeeding species could be produced, each in their turn moved back in the scale to give place to its successor.

Of course, those who claim to have a personal God to worship, before whom, in a pent-up heaven, they will sing psalms, shout hallelujah, and play golden harps forever, will deny their connection to these "poor relations" whom they have left behind in the race of progression; yet through these they are carried back to the minutest atom on the one hand, while the law of progression takes them forward to, and as an atomic part of, the infinite on the other—to the All in All—clearly demonstrating that through the universal infilling spirit each is related to all, and all to each other, and that the human spirit is the progressive outgrowth of individualized spirit entity, through all subordinate nature, in the evolution of the planet and its various proliferations.

Thus, as we have seen, from each planet has been evolved—evolved—through the inherent spirit forces its special inhabitants; and in proportion as it has become refined, and its inhabitants, who have passed on, have progressed into the light of wisdom's sun, have they been advanced in spirituality and raised to the superior circles of spirits, who supervise the affairs of that special planet, who, together with those of corresponding circles from other planets, constitute The Grand Spiritual Congress of All Worlds.

The superior intelligence of the presiding spirit of earth's most advanced circle has been, therefore, by theology proclaimed as a God who demanded all other spirits to worship him. But our God is not thus limited. While the Infinite is beyond our comprehension, we yet can know that the universal spirit infills all things and outworks all forms, from the minutest atom to numberless worlds, and is the sum of all vitality and intelligence of all worlds—the All in All—the ALL GOD. D. P. KATNER.

Salida, Colo.

SUPERSTITION IN MEXICO.

It Exists There Thicker Than Midnight Darkness.

A MEDIUM TO BE SHOT.

TO THE EDITOR:—A special dispatch from San Antonio, Texas, sets forth that F. M. Hartner, an American engaged in business in the city of Guaymas, State of Sonora, Mexico, arrived there June 14. He states that the wildest excitement exists among the ignorant classes of Mexicans, and especially the Indians throughout Sonora, over the arrest and conviction of Teresa Urrea, the celebrated saint of Cachoera, by the district Judge of Guaymas. St. Teresa was arrested at her humble home in the mountains above the village of Cachoera three weeks ago by a detachment of soldiers, who escorted her and her aged father, Thomas Urrea, to Guaymas. Both were heavily ironed and were kept closely confined in prison until placed on trial. They were found guilty of witchery by the judge, who sentenced St. Teresa to be shot and her father to imprisonment for life.

It was about two years ago that St. Teresa first became aware of her power of healing afflictions of all kinds, and the news of her gift soon spread among the Yaqui and Mayo Indians, who visited her by hundreds to witness the miraculous cures which, they claim, she performed by simply laying on her hands. The blind were made to see and the infirm and lame to walk, while three cases of leprosy are among the cures which it is said she has performed.

The excitement spread to all parts of Sonora, and was reaching the state of Chihuahua when the government decided to put an end to it by arresting the saint and putting her out of the way. When news reached the Mayo Indians that St. Teresa was to be shot, they went on the warpath and have devastated a vast amount of property in the vicinity of Batamotah; Sonora, stealing cattle and creating much terror among the ranch owners.

On May 25 a beautiful meteor shot athwart the southern sky, and was seen from Guaymas, lighting up the heavens from east to west. The superstitious Indians believe that the heavens were discharging their ire upon the people of Guaymas for the imprisonment of their saint.

Mr. Hartner says that Teresa is about 27 years of age, and that while she has features of the Indian type, she is really a beautiful and modest woman. He states that she is possessed of some strange power, and that the District Judge firmly believes that she is a witch, and that her father is an accessory. The latter is a raiser of goats and very poor. Saint Teresa would never accept remuneration of any kind for the wonderful cures she is said to have performed. She awaits her fate quietly, and offered no defense when on trial.

Thus it is that while we are living in this nineteenth century, there is a large segment of the Dark Ages in benighted Mexico. D.

Ex-Senator Ingalls is rewriting his novel, the manuscript of which was lost by the fire that destroyed his library. It will treat of Washington life.

Ollapodrida.

To THE EDITOR.—Though my letter will be brief, it will contain such a mixture that I will call it "ollapodrida." I am spending the present month in Duluth, where Mrs. De Wolf did a good work last month. Everything here goes on as well as can be expected, considering the terrible set-back Dr. Slade gave things here.

After thoroughly investigating the Slade matter here, I am compelled to sorrowfully admit that the reports concerning him are true. Worse than all, he has lately repeated the same thing in St. Paul. I, personally, know that everything was done for him in the latter place that could have been done even by own brothers and sisters, but in spite of all he has not reformed. * * * * * A love for Spiritualism, and a fear that my recent letter written in Slade's behalf may cause some innocent Spiritualist to undertake to do what Mr. and Mrs. Howell and others tried to in St. Paul, leads me to reluctantly make this statement. Dr. Slade has never injured me, and I have no desire to wrong him; heaven knows I would save him if I could.

I fear I also led your readers astray concerning our loss by fire. I reported what was supposed to be the truth at the time I wrote. I now have the strange report to make that our book plates escaped with little damage, and that over 1,100 copies of three forms of the magazine escaped unharmed. Our real damage, instead of being many hundred dollars, as we supposed, will fall short of \$200.

The Spiritualists of Duluth are trying to work up a large grove meeting to end the season with. They hope to get several thousand people into a grove and pour red-hot spiritual shot into them for two or three days.

The prospects for a grand camp-meeting on Merrimac Island, at St. Paul, are fine. Several from here will attend at least a part of the time.

A new society has been organized in Milwaukee, which will enter with great hopes on its work. I have been urged to minister to it, but my time is so fully taken up that I cannot at best give them more than one Sunday this year.

Out of deference to my friend and fellow-worker, Mrs. Lillie, I have cancelled my engagement at Haslett Park, and will speak in Cleveland, Ohio, instead.

It seems that every well-regulated family of progressive thinkers takes THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. MOSES HULL.

The Liberal, Mo. Camp.

To THE EDITOR.—As I am a resident for the summer at Catalpa Park, the place of holding the Spiritual camp-meeting, I send you a few items in regard to the work here. Everything is moving forward by way of artistic and substantial improvement. The park already presents a beautiful appearance with its blossoming trees, vine-covered arbors, fountains and blooming flowers.

Two new cottages have recently been built, and others will be erected prior to the opening of camp, August 20th. A large and commodious building is to be constructed, to be used as a general office, ladies' bazaar, reception and reading rooms, with lodging rooms for transient guests.

The Women's Auxiliary Society, organized last year for the purpose of furthering the aims of the camp association, has undertaken the work of fitting up this building for the reception of guests, and are working with a will to accomplish its purpose. They expect to hold a fair during the camp for the sale of artistic handiwork, and would invite the co-operation of any who feel disposed to aid in a worthy cause. Donations may be sent to the secretary, Mrs. S. E. McGuffin, Liberal, Mo.

A silver-toned bell is soon to be placed in the dome, to ring out the glad tidings of great joy to those who come to partake of the Spiritual feast. A fine array of talent, both speakers and mediums, are engaged for the season's work here, and we anticipate one of the most instructive gatherings ever held in the West. MRS. W. S. PETTIT.

Notes From Grand Rapids, Mich.

To THE EDITOR.—The Union Society of Spiritualists have had with them the past few weeks two good workers in the persons of W. R. Colby, of California, and Dr. Stanley, of New York. Mr. Colby is exceptionally fine as a slate-writing medium. His lectures also from subjects given by the audience, interspersed with clear, conclusive tests, call out at Kennedy's Hall, Sunday evenings, very large, intelligent audiences. The same may be said of Dr. Stanley's lectures and tests. Both gentlemen appear to be honorable in all their work and lives. The superior, well-rendered selections, by our exceptionally fine choir, is also a much appreciated attraction at our meetings. The new Grand Rapids Spiritual Association is completing arrangements for work to begin next September, at which time it will absorb the present Spiritual Union, which will disband; also will take in members of the Progressive Societies following, as well as many hitherto not affiliated with either society. It is expected to begin a work at that time which will combine lectures, conference, public circle, lyceum for the young, and social entertainments. Grand Rapids mediums are seldom excelled when called out under favorable conditions. This gives efficient home workers, to whom all praise is due, and is freely accorded by your scribe. The prospective work of the new organization will doubtless be reported to your readers by its efficient secretary as time develops it. MRS. C. H. HINCKLEY.

"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.

The only woman who owns and conducts a printing office in Boston is A. Florence Grant, publisher of Woman's Voice, which is edited, managed and printed by women.



Dr. Ed. R. Allen writes: I have recently seen a few copies of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and I am so well pleased with its open, candid, fair way of giving out sparkling gems of eternal truth, whose rays will penetrate the most gloomy corners of darkness and despair, and bring to benighted souls that golden sunshine of knowledge which inspires a vigorous growth, that I hasten to send my subscription for a year. Truth is such a mighty word, and for those who seek honestly it opens up such a grand realm of possibilities for our growth and expansion, that I can scarcely stop when once upon that subject.

Dr. E. J. Morrison: I appreciate THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for its clear and bold stand against Romanism, for the able manner in which it presents the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, and for the wide range of its thoughts. And now, Brother Francis, let me say that I have fifty dollars to give to any medium who will come to my home, Gunn City, Mo., remain a week, and without any paraphernalia, fraud or deception, or collusion with any other party, demonstrate the fact of materialization and spirit return.

Dwight E. Youngs: I want to say one word for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, as I consider it of immense value to the whole American people, not alone to Spiritualists, but every other class who realize the power and purposes of a church that refused admission for burial services an old soldier, either because he was a member of the G. A. R. or because he had the flag wrapped around him. Go on, Brother Francis, and long may THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER continue to wave all over this land of the free and home of the brave.

Dr. G. F. Whitfield: You will allow me to say that I am much pleased so far both with the matter and manner of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Mrs. C. H. Woodworth: THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is fearless in its expression, and sends out most excellent thoughts for the promotion of good and for its suppression of evil. It is calculated to lead its people out of the old dogmas and creeds into a higher and broader field of thought and action. I am glad that through a friend of mine in Boston it fell into my hands. I was in the Methodist Church for thirty years, but I gave up the belief in eternal punishment, and of course could not stay in the church after that, so I left it some time ago.

Mrs. L. A. Spear: THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is doing a great educational work in this line of thought, and stands the peer in the uplifting of humanity from ecclesiastical bondage and slavery. The few only realize the danger of the Roman hierarchy in the United States, but THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is awakening the slumbering mind to the fact of the silent, secret, undermining, united power of Pope and Jesuit that has forced its way near the very heart of our free and liberty-giving country. May his rising progressive sun of truth reach every cot and palace is my prayer.

John A. Jost: Your PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the paper of the hour, and is doing a good work. It takes energy and perseverance, backed by the love of truth and love for humanity, to do the work you are doing. You stand in the front rank, with the guns of the enemy pointing directly at you, with a determination to stop your course, which they of the church know means the destruction of their wicked purposes, and nothing but the fear of their deep designs being frustrated would prevent them from annihilating you. They will leave nothing undone that will in any way serve their hellish designs to stay your good work, that can be done without leaving suspicion on them. Hudson Tuttle, yourself and paper will have to be guarded. I want your paper to continue to spread and grow in its good work.

Mrs. O. E. Daniels: I have always found THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER in the front ranks in reform. As a Spiritualist I desire to see the cause gain a healthy growth, and free itself from the old superstitions of the past. Let the good work go on.

J. S. Englerth: I am so elated and pleased with its columns that I here inclose you a dollar for the time stated.

Mrs. Nathan Hall: There are so many good things about your paper, and so much that subscribers have said, that language seems short of words to express all they want to. It fills all their wants and wishes; 'tis great, grand, beautiful. You must have a secret satisfaction of doing and giving to the world what they have so long asked for, a paper worthy in every way, and "well done, good and faithful servant," will be your reward.

Alice M. Warren: Please send THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to the following addresses for trial subscription of 16 weeks. Inclosed find subscription price. I consider THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the best progressive paper of the day. Every one should have it.

A. A. Barnes: I must speak a few words in praise of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It has opened my eyes to the eternal truth. It has knocked all the hell-fire and "damnation" out of me. I am now living the happiest days of my life. I can say it is the best paper I ever read, and I hail with delight its coming.

Samuel Fertig: We find that we cannot do without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER even for one week, so have concluded to send for it for one year from the time this expires.

The little Queen of the Netherlands has been chief of the Second Regiment of Westphalian Infantry, known as the "Prince Frederick, of the Netherlands," by Emperor William of Germany. The late Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, from whom the regiment took its name, was its chief for sixty years. The regiment has an honorable history in German military annals, and distinguished itself at Guappe during the late Franco-Prussian war.

NEW ENGLAND SPIRITUALISTS

Camp-Meeting Association.

The nineteenth annual convocation will be held on the grounds of the Lake Pleasant Association, at Lake Pleasant, Franklin county, Massachusetts, July 24th to August 28th, 1892, inclusive.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

President, Joseph Beals, Greenfield; Vice-Presidents, Newman Weeks, Rutland, Vt.; John W. Wheeler, Orange, and D. P. Barber, Nashua, N. H.; Secretary, J. Milton Young, Haverhill; Treasurer, Henry C. Douglass, Windsor Locks, Ct.

LOCATION AND ADVANTAGES.

The grounds are situated in the Connecticut Valley, in the heart of New England, three miles from the Connecticut river, and six miles southeast of Greenfield, in the township of Montague, Franklin county, Massachusetts, on the Hoosac Tunnel Railroad route, midway between Boston and Troy.

The talent for the platform, the fine musical exercises, the advantages to investigate the Spiritual philosophy, the amusements, and other pleasing features, form a combination which has never been excelled.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1892—SPEAKERS.

July 24, Dr. C. W. Hidden, Newburyport; 24, P. M., to be announced; 26, Dr. C. W. Hidden; 28, Mrs. C. H. Banks, Haydenville; 29 and 31, A. E. Tisdale, Springfield; 31, P. M., and August 2, Hon. Sidney Dean, Cincinnati, Ohio; 4 and 5, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Boston; 7, Rev. J. W. Chadwick, Brooklyn, N. Y.; 7, P. M., Mrs. R. S. Lillie; 9, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Westfield, N. Y.; 11, Willard J. Hull, Buffalo, N. Y.; 12, E. J. Boutelle, Boston; 14, Willard J. Hull; 14, P. M., 16 and 18, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Glenora, N. Y.; 19, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing; 21, to be announced; 23, Mrs. C. H. Banks; 24 and 26, J. Frank Baxter, Chelsea; 28, Alfred Free, Ph. D., Turners Falls; 28, P. M., J. Frank Baxter.

MEDIUMS.

Every phase of mediumship will be represented upon the grounds, and ample opportunity will be offered for investigating this phenomena, which has become the study of the world.

PUBLIC SEANCES.

The lectures will be supplemented with exercises in mediumship.

The platform test-mediums will include the best obtainable, and the former prestige of Lake Pleasant in this respect will be fully maintained.

Many mediums, whose names do not appear here, have signified their intention of being present; and beyond all doubt better opportunities than ever will be offered to inquirers. Test circles and conference meetings will be held at the auditorium, on the days when there is no announced address. These sessions are always of much interest.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

The Worcester Cadet Band, E. D. Ingraham leader, a musical organization which is first-class in every respect, and which has given universal satisfaction for the past five years, has been re-engaged. The musicians will arrive at the Lake Saturday, July 23, and remain until August 29, giving choice concerts daily at 9.30 A. M. and 1 P. M. On Sundays an additional concert will be given in the evening.

These concerts will embrace a large repertoire of standard operatic and classical selections, together with the latest compositions of a lighter character.

VOCAL MUSIC.

As in previous years, vocal music will be an especial feature of the platform.

The evening concerts and entertainments at Association Hall will be of a superior order, and several new features will be introduced.

BOARD AND LODGINGS.

Lodging can be obtained in cottages. The Lake Pleasant Hotel has been enlarged and much improved, and in charge of Mr. Henry L. Barnard, the popular landlord of former years, will be opened for guests July 10. Price of board and rooms will be \$7 to \$12 per week. Transients, \$2 per day. Table board, \$5 per week.

The Lake Shore Cafe and Dining Rooms, in connection with which is a first-class bakery, is open for the accommodation of campers; E. D. Kennedy, proprietor. Mr. Kennedy will also have charge of the ice cream rooms, grocery store, and the steamer and rowboats.

HOW TO GET THERE—RAILROAD AND STEAM-BOAT LINES.

The following railroad and steamboat lines will issue excursion tickets to Lake Pleasant and return at greatly reduced rates of fare, in most cases being about one-half regular tariff; tickets on sale July 1:

Fitchburg R. R., Central Vermont R. R., Citizens' Line Steamers (New York to Lake Pleasant via Troy), New York Central R. R., West Shore R. R., N. L. Northern R. R., Norwich and New York Steamers, Transfer Co. Connecticut R. R., New Haven and Northampton R. R., Bennington and Rutland R. R., Hoosac Tunnel and Wilmington R. R., Old Colony R. R., N. Y. P. and Boston, Worcester Div., D. and H. C. Co. R. R.

Arrangements are also being made for excursion rates with other roads and lines for Sunday trains upon all roads in the vicinity of Lake Pleasant.

The grounds are open to the public, and all organizations are cordially invited to occupy them. All will be welcome.

There will be a large number of special excursion parties to Lake Pleasant the coming summer.

TRIPSICHOIRE.

The pavilion will be under the management of the Association, with Mr. Henry L. Barnard in charge of the same. The Ingraham Orchestra will furnish music for dancing at the pavilion each week-day afternoon and evening,

and a good prompter will manage the floor at each session.

The pavilion has been remodeled and very much improved, with entire new decoration and better ventilation.

Among the special dancing parties to be held at the pavilion will be the *bal masque* on the evening of August 19.

Special trains for the accommodation of dancing parties will be run from Greenfield, Athol and other places. See posters for dates and time of running special trains.

ILLUMINATION.

A grand illumination of the grounds will occur on the evening of August 13. Grand display of fireworks on the evening of August 27.

BAND TOURNAMENT.

An added attraction for the coming year is in contemplation, the same being a band tournament or musical festival. This proposed event is in the hands of a competent committee, who will use every exertion to make it an eminent success.

Special attractions will be announced later. For further information or circulars, address J. MILTON YOUNG.

Lake Pleasant, Mass.

Prof. Cadwell at Wonewoc, Wis.

To THE EDITOR:—I recently announced in your columns that I expected to hold a series of developing circles in Chicago, but receiving a very urgent invitation by the Wonewoc (Wisconsin) Spiritualist Society to give half a dozen lectures in their hall, I left the developing business in the care of a competent person and started for Wonewoc, where I found a small but earnest society of Spiritualists and a bitter opposition by the churches. Before I closed my week's engagement a grand expose of Spiritualism was announced to be given in another hall by another mesmerist every evening of the following week, the first of which I attended, and by request replied to his assertions in the Spiritualist hall the next evening.

As this "exposer" may visit other places where there are societies, an explanation of his manner of expose may interest many of your readers. He succeeded in mesmerizing only one of several volunteers, and controlled him to write three or four names that he had spoken, and to imagine that he saw and heard spirits. The exposé claimed that all modern Spiritual manifestations were the result of mesmeric impressions made on the mind of sensitive people; that all materializations were only hallucinations; that trances or control of hands to write, etc., are all traceable directly to mesmerism.

I have attended more than one hundred materializing seances, where, under strictly test conditions, many hundreds of people have seen and fully recognized their relatives, and as every person present could see the forms and hear the conversation, the explanation of the would-be-exposer, who could mesmerize only one of a large number of volunteers, failed to explain. As intelligent manifestation can take place independent of an active intelligence or mind, therefore, the mesmerized person or the mesmerizer controlled the hand to write those names which the mesmerist had spoken. A great number of mediums are controlled to write messages on subjects which they were entirely ignorant of; the mesmeric explanation fails to explain, except by admitting the presence of an active, intelligent and invisible mind. And as such intelligence usually claims to be a human spirit, that has survived the death of its physical body, it is far more reasonable to believe its own oft-repeated assertions than to suppose that it is done by a mortal mesmerist, or as the church people claim, is the work of the devil; and I wonder why they persistently insist that it is, without admitting that the same cloven-footed fellow may have controlled the hands of those who wrote the Bible, with its many inconsistencies and positive contradictions.

I was informed that the church people of Wonewoc expected that the exposé would, in six lectures, annihilate Spiritualism in this town. His audiences, however, dwindled down to fifteen persons on his fifth and last "expose," when, like the Arab in the fable, he folded his tent and departed to greener pastures. I was engaged for one Sunday's lectures, and six weekday-evening mesmeric entertainments, and was re-engaged for another week and two more Sundays, with good attendance and increasing interest to the close. I also held a number of developing circles, at which several were partially and some fully developed as mediums. And as through the mesmeric influence sensitive people can be developed as well and more speedily than by any other process, I often wonder why more do not learn. That many can readily do so I feel certain from numerous letters received from people who have learned from my book, "How to Mesmerize," which I am glad you keep on sale. If any of our public speakers or mediums are traveling from Chicago to St. Paul, they will find Wonewoc, Wis., which is half-way between those cities, a good place to stop, and be sure of a kindly reception by as nice people as I have ever known.

J. W. CADWELL, Mesmerist.

"Mind Reading and Beyond," a scholarly statement of the whole subject, with instructions plainly given how to train one's self in mind reading. By W. A. Hovey. Price \$1.25. For sale at this office.

"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.

Hudson Tuttle's story, "Camille, a Daughter of the People," will be commenced July 16. As the paper is sent 13 weeks for 25 cents, we should have 10,000 additional subscribers.

EXCELLENT BOOKS!

They Are for Sale at This Office.

- ALL ABOUT DEVILS. BY MOSES HULL. A work you should read. Price 15 cents.
- AGE OF REASON. BY THOMAS FAINE. A book that all should read. Price 50 cents.
- A FEW PLAIN WORDS REGARDING Church Taxation. It contains valuable statistics. By Richard B. Westbrook. Price 5 cents.
- AN AMERICAN KING AND OTHER STORIES. BY MRS. M. A. FREEMAN. These sketches are a most powerful illustration of man's cruelty and injustice to his fellow man. Price 15 cents.
- ANTIQUITY UNVEILED, ANCIENT VOICES from the spirit realm. Disclosing the most startling revelations, proving Christianity to be of heathen origin. Antiquity Unveiled has 625 pages, a fine engraving of J. M. Roberts, Esq., author of Mind and Matter. Price \$1.50. Postage 12 cents.
- ARVAN SUN-MYTHS. BY SARAH E. TITCOMB. An explanation of where the religions of our race originated. An instructive book. Price \$1.25.
- CHRISTIANITY A FICTION, THE ASTRO-NOMICAL and astronomical origin of all religions. A poem by Dr. J. H. Mendonhall. Price 50 cents.
- HELEN HARLOW'S VOY, OR SELF-JUSTICE. BY LOIS WALSHROOKER. Price \$1.50.
- IMMORTALITY, A POEM IN FIVE CANTOS. "It a man die, shall he live?" is fully answered. By W. S. Barlow, author of Voices. Price 60 cents.
- MARAL RAYMOND'S RESOLVE. BY LOIS WALSHROOKER. Price \$1.50. Mrs. Walshrooker's books should be read by every woman in the land.
- MIND READING AND BEYOND. BY WM. A. HOVEY. 300 pages, with illustrations of the subjects treated upon. Price \$1.25.
- POEMS. BY EDITH WILLIS LINN. A volume of sweet outpourings of a gentle nature, who has no thought of the bitter cruelty of earth-life. These are sweet, winsome and beautiful. Price \$1.00.
- RELIGION. BY E. D. RABBITT, M. D. IF a man die, shall he live? is a religion the world would be far better than now. Few writers care for the people, however, and disposition to apply the facts of history and science. Price \$1.25. Postage 10 cents.
- THREE SEVENS, 7-7-7. BY THE PHETONS: the Jesuits, seen and unseen, are banded against the circulation of this book because they are afraid they will lose their monopoly of secret knowledge they have held so long. In Three Sevens, this knowledge is turned to the people. Read it, read it carefully, and see why the Jesuits hate it. Price \$1.25.
- CHURCH TAXATION: AN INQUIRY WHY church property should escape its share of the tax burden of the country. Price 5 cents.
- CHURCH AND STATE: A STRONG ARGUMENT against that cherished dream of bigots, a union of the secular and divine, for the purpose of chaining belief and free thought. Price 15 cents.
- EVOLUTION OF THE DEVIL, BY HENRY FRANK: a history of the building of his Satanic majesty by terror-stricken mortals. Price 25 cents.
- LECTURE ON THE MORALITY OF DANCING. BY M. A. COLLINS, in reply to a challenge by Sam Jones. Price 5 cents.
- SPIRITUAL SONGS, BY MATTIE E. HULL: thirty-one in number; most admirably adapted for meetings and circles. Printed in pamphlet form, 32 mo. Price 15 cents.
- THE GREAT ROMAN ANACONDA. BY Prof. George P. Rudolph, Ph. D., ex-Priest. Price 15 cents.
- THE OCCULT FORCES OF SEX, THREE pamphlets bound in one. By Lois Walshrooker. Price 50 cents.
- OUR UNCLE AND AUNT. BY AMARALA MARTIN. Our Uncle and Aunt represents the average man and woman of America, and deals with principles, and not with persons. Price \$1.00.
- STARVOS, BY DR. DELLA E. DAVIS. A story of perils, culled from the works of Andrew Jackson Davis. Intended for use of every sorrowing mind and stricken heart. Price 50 cents.
- SECRETS FROM THE CONVENT OF THE Sacred Heart, by Hudson Tuttle, author of "Arcana of Nature," "Ethics of Science," "Science of Man," etc. Hudson Tuttle was threatened with death for writing and publishing his secret work of the kind ever published. His book, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, has had a phenomenal run. Price \$1.00. Paper edition, 25 cents.
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- OUTSIDE THE GATES, AND OTHER tales and sketches. By a band of spirit intelligences, through the mediumship of Mary Theresa Sullivan. An excellent work. Price \$1.25.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

To-night I sat and watched the sun as it seemed to go down in the western sky, and its red light was reflected back over its track that during the day had been so bright; and as I watched it as it sank lower and lower I could not help thinking how many times I had seen this glorious old orb of day go down in darkness to rise again in the morning bright and resplendent in glory, dispelling all the gloom of the preceding night, and sending out its bright, warm rays on field and flower.

Then I compared this setting of the sun to the end of human life, which sometimes seemed to go down to the grave in darkness and gloom, perhaps (like the sun) to rise again resplendent in glory in the morning, more grand and beautiful for the contrast. As I mused on this matter at this twilight hour, I thought of human life—of its clouds, its darkness, its sufferings and sorrows, mixed in with its rays of sunshine and happiness, as the light of charity and sympathy would, for a time, dispel the darkness and gloom—would drive away the clouds surrounding the poor and needy ones of earth.

As I mused on these matters I could not help calling up my own life-scenes for review—to see if I could call to mind a time in the years ago when I had let my light of charity and kindness shine on a dark place, and remove a cloud from the surroundings of any of earth's children, and while doing this let a ray of light enter my own soul.

While I reflected this little incident came to my mind: One cold, chilling night, in the month of November, many years ago, I was stopping for a short time in Cincinnati, Ohio. I had been to the Museum (which, I think, was on Third street, near the river), and was on my way home to the house where I was boarding. The wind was sighing in sadness; the sky was cloudy, and the night dark and lonely. The air was so cold and the hour so late that the streets were deserted, and only here and there were the shops still open. My clothes were buttoned up tight to keep out the chilling atmosphere. I was thinking of the many curiosities, works of art and of nature, upon which I had been gazing at the Museum but a few moments before, and on which I was greatly interested. While thus absorbed in my musings I heard sobbing and crying. Turning my eyes one side toward some boxes at the corner of the street in front of me, by the light of the street-lamp I beheld a little girl of some ten or twelve years of age, with a small basket on her arm. She was seated on one of the boxes, evidently in great trouble and affliction.

The poor little creature was clothed in tattered garments unfitting to the season, and seemed to keep out but little of the cold. As I stopped and gazed upon her for a moment in silence, she shook with the cold, and her sobs were heartrending. As I thus gazed on her all the elements in my sympathetic nature were aroused.

Said I: "Who is this?" "Only a poor little girl, sir." "Well, my poor little girl, what is the matter with you; are you hurt?" "No, sir; I am not hurt, but I am awful cold and very hungry."

"Then what makes you stay out here on the street?" "Please, sir, I do not know where to go." "Why, child, what made you come out here on the street such a cold night, while so thinly and so poorly clad?" "I came to see if I could find something for my poor mamma to eat. I left her so hungry."

"Where is your mother?" "She lives in a room on Vine street." "Is she sick?" "Yes, sir; she is afflicted with rheumatism and paralysis, and has but little use of her limbs. She cannot walk, only as I help her, and has but little use of her arms. We fared better when poor papa was alive!" "Is your papa dead?" "Yes, sir, he was drowned in the river; he was a boatman. Mamma can't do anything, so, you see, all depends on me, and I can't do much."

"What can you do anyhow, and why have you nothing in your basket?" "Because no one will give me anything to-night." "Then why do you stop here in the cold; you will chill to death?" "Do you see that house over there on the other corner of the street?" "Yes, I see it. What of it?" "Well, they are kind to me over there. There is a lady who lives there who is always so good and kind to me that I love to go there. When I can get nothing in my basket I go there and she always fills it with something good; she gives me a piece of cake and pie; puts in some nice food for mamma; kisses me, and calls me a good little girl. One day she gave me a nice new dress, and last Christmas a pair of new shoes. Oh, she is so good and kind to me that I just love her next to my mamma. She tells me to be a good girl, and to be kind to poor mamma. She never turns me away empty. I went there to-night, but they were all away from home, and I am waiting for them to come back, for I cannot go home to poor mamma with nothing in my basket; it will make her so sad, and she will cry so. Oh! how I do hate to hear her pray; I have to cry so when she prays to God to keep me a good girl, and not do anything bad. Then she prays that she may get well so she can work again and be good to the poor, and help them, as they help us. She prays that poor papa may come to her in her dreams, and take us both in his arms, and fold us to his breast as he used to do before he was drowned. Say, do you believe in dreams?"

"Sometimes, when they come to pass." "Well, I had a dream last night. I dreamed that papa came to me and took me in his arms as he used to do and kissed me. Then he

told me that he would impress some one to fill the basket for me with good things, and we would have all we needed to eat; but this dream never will come true, and were it not for mamma, I wish I had never woke up; I felt so good when I was dreaming."

"My poor little girl, are you not very cold?" "Yes, sir; but when I am used to it I do not mind it so much."

"Well, little girl, do you ever have any money?" "Not often. Sometimes people give me small pieces of silver, but mostly something else."

"How long has it been since you had a dollar?" "What, a whole dollar—a bright, great big silver dollar?"

"Yes, I mean a whole dollar." "Never, since poor papa died."

"Come, little girl, I have heard enough—come with me, you must stay here in the cold no longer. I know a fellow that has a pocket with two silver dollars in it—two dollars the man intended to buy something with for a Christmas present to a person he knows, but who can do without it just as well. Come with me and I will see if there is anything in dreams, and if your papa really did come to you as an angel, and tell you a great truth. Come along, and I will see how much the basket will hold!"

"Oh, sir; am I not dreaming now? I am afraid to wake up and find you are not a real man." "Come along, and I will see; fear nothing!" Together we entered a grocery store that was still open.

Well, the dream came to pass; the basket was full—it was so heavy that I had to go with the child and carry it for her. The distance was not far. I can't remember all that the grocer put in it. I remember there were two large loaves of bread, a roll of butter, and some nice cheese; a pie; a chunk of cold ham; a dozen eggs; a lump of maple sugar, and a paper of tea; a nice ginger cake, and two large apples. I do not remember any more. As I walked along the little miss seemed so happy that I felt happy, too, in anticipation of the joy of the two when the poor sick mother and the loving child would unpack the basket. I went with her to the door, and as she opened it I slipped two silver dollars into her hands; told her to put down the basket at the door, and take the things in separate—one at a time—and I would wait outside to see what the mother would say. She ran in lightly, and I heard her sob and cry:

"Oh, mamma! my dream has come to pass, and the basket is full! Papa did come to me sure! Dear, good, angel papa! Mamma, the man is at the door! And oh! mamma, look! Here are two silver dollars the good man gave me! Now we will have all we want to eat to-night. Maybe I will have another dream. Oh, sir, come in and see poor mamma—see how happy she is! Oh! mamma, he is gone! Why didn't he stay and let us thank him?"

I never saw that good, brave little child again. But the half hour spent with her on the street, on that cold, chilling November night, marks one bright spot, one happy and glorious incident in my life's history, that will go with me and cheer me on and on as long as life with me shall last.

I wonder as I sit and let my mind call up this incident, where that good little girl is to-night? I wonder if the father has taken the mother over the river to his home he has prepared for her in the "Gleanland," where there are no chilling November winds—no ragged orphans sobbing and crying, with empty baskets, like the one we talked with on the street in the great city of Cincinnati on that sombre and gloomy, cold and chilling November night.

M. P. ROSECRANS.

To the Spiritualists of the Northwest.

The writer just spent a day and a night on Merrimac Island, eight miles below St. Paul, where the camp-meeting for the Northwestern Spiritualistic Association is held. The spot is well-chosen; the trees and shade are simply magnificent. The place is easily accessible, having trains every hour from St. Paul, over the Kansas City Motor, which starts only one block from the Union Depot at St. Paul. The fare is fifty cents for ten rides; time, twenty-seven minutes. Then there is a walk of about six blocks before reaching the place. There are other modes of going there but the writer thinks the one mentioned is the handiest. Everything is being done to make it pleasant. There will be as good speakers and as good mediums of all classes as can be had. No pains will be spared to get all the best possible. The association has tents to rent at a reasonable price. There will be stores on the grounds where everything can be bought at about St. Paul retail prices. Those wishing can do their own cooking, as very cheap gasoline stoves can be had. Those looking for rest will find the place just suited for that. Those wanting amusement will find all kinds of it. We shall try to have a feast of reason. For those who find it necessary to economize, this place cannot be surpassed. There will be fishing, boating and all other amusements which can be had at such places. Steamboats will land at the camp, and if desired excursions can be arranged at very low rates. Let every Spiritualist in the Northwest, who can, go there. There are legions of us, and we need to become acquainted. A week or two spent there will be one of the pleasantest things which any Spiritualist can do. You will become invigorated both in body and mind; you will there form acquaintances; you will find opportunities offering to engage speakers for your localities for the future. But above all, every Spiritualist ought to help to make this start a success, and that they can do by their presence. Bring your family. Commences July 1st; closes July 24th. Write for prospectus to W. H. Bach, Secretary, Inver Grove, Minn. E. BACH.

Aberdeen, South Dakota.

The Beam and the Mote.

THOUGHTS THAT VIBRATE WITH EMOTION.

A pharisaical discussion has been started concerning a gift of \$10,000, which Mr. Jay Gould made for Presbyterian Church extension at a meeting of prominent Presbyterian ministers and laymen, whom he invited to his house the other evening to raise funds for the object.

The ministers and others were not loath to attend the meeting and accept the hospitalities of Mr. Gould; but now the boisterous Dr. Parkhurst professes to have conscientious scruples about taking the money of the host for a religious purpose. Where, he asks, did Mr. Gould "get that \$10,000?" The insinuation is that he got it by means which are contrary to the precepts of Christ.

Undoubtedly the wealth of Mr. Gould could not have been accumulated by him if he had obeyed strictly the commands of Jesus; but neither could the lesser income of Dr. Parkhurst have been obtained by the minister if he had practiced strictly the principles he professes and preaches.

According to the teachings of the Gospel, Dr. Parkhurst has got to squeeze through the needle's eye to get into heaven, if he gets there at all, with no less difficulty than Mr. Gould. Measured by the standard of Jesus, both of them are rich men. Measured by the average income in this community, both of them are in the enjoyment of wealth. Mr. Gould of much more than the Presbyterian minister, it is true, but Dr. Parkhurst of far greater possessions than belong to the run of people.

Practically the life of the preacher is as luxurious as the millionaire's. He knows nothing of poverty in his own person. He is clothed in fine linen and fares as sumptuously every day as Dives did. He obtains his income, too, from rich men, who can afford to pay for rent in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church more than the vast majority of the people of New York can afford to pay for house-rent. He does not give up all for the sake of following the Master and drawing other men to Him, but he exacts a large money recompense for preaching the Gospel. He gets more pay than is received by any except a very few professional men, and proportionately small number of the business men of the city.

Before he takes this money from the rich Madison Square Presbyterians, does he require that they shall tell him where and how they got it? If he did, he would find that none of them came by it in ways which would satisfy the requirements of the Gospel. They got it by opposing selfishness to the self-renunciation commanded by Jesus; by enforcing the payment of their debts, in disobedience of the Christian law; by taking usury; by expending care in the accumulation of earthly riches when the Gospel teaches that these are mere dross, and the only treasures to be sought are spiritual and heavenly. They sued the brethren for their dues when they could not get them otherwise, in flat disobedience of the Christian injunction. Dives of the parable is their type, and it is a type against which Jesus poured out his burning denunciations.

Where do you get your salary, Dr. Parkhurst, and what justification have you for taking so rich a recompense in money when you claim to be a follower and a commissioned minister of Christ? These are questions which Mr. Gould might fitly ask the preacher of Madison square.

Of course, the Presbyterians need not take Mr. Gould's \$10,000. Nobody can be forced to accept a gift; but before they refuse it, as in obedience to Christian obligations, let them examine themselves to see whether they govern their own lives in accordance with the strict Gospel rule; whether really they are entitled to be called Christians any more than Mr. Gould.

This is a good subject for a slashing sermon by Dr. Parkhurst. If he wants to make New York a community governed by strict Christian doctrine, he must make every individual rule his life in accordance therewith; and he could not preach it at a better time than now, or in a better place than the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, which was built and is supported by money obtained in violation of the principles of Christ.

Let him take the beam out of his own eye before he assumes to find fault with the mote in his neighbor's eye. That is the Christian law.

The above thoughts, from the New York Sun, strike right to the point, but in so doing they will make but little, if any, impression on the superstitious nature of the average Christian. GLEANER.

New York City.

Seance with a Trumpet Medium.

TO THE EDITOR:—I feel it my duty to tell the readers of your valuable paper that we have been attending some wonderful seances with Mr. Dell Herrick, the well-known trumpet medium, of Muncie, Ind. He has been in our city quite a number of times this spring, and always has wonderful success. On Friday night, June 10th, Mr. Herrick gave the best trumpet seance known at the residence of Dr. Watson. After the circle was formed the medium was put under test conditions by joining hands with the circle. Then the light was extinguished. Immediately illuminated faces, hands and arms were seen by all in the circle, and in a few moments the medium's control came and played beautiful music on the guitar. Spirits came and conversed with their friends, and spoke in a loud voice, which could be heard plainly in another room; also illuminated stars, with six and eight corners, were shown, so that each and every one in the circle could see them. Etherialized faces were also seen. Almost every person in the circle received a good test from the Spirit-world. Mr. Herrick is well recommended and praised by all who know him as a good, honest medium. He is kindly received wherever he goes.

Anderson, Ind. J. G. SUTTON.

A Seance on Decoration Day.

MARVELOUS RESULTS OBTAINED.

TO THE EDITOR:—The services appropriate to this day were generally observed throughout the State, but nowhere was the spirit of the occasion more heartily entered into than in this city, two days being devoted to its observance. Rostrum and pulpit were decked with flags and flowers, and vied with each other in fitting words and ceremonies that met a response in every patriotic heart. You may be sure that the G. A. R. men of the different posts were out in force, and the spirit of liberty was baptized anew, not only in the patriotic hearts of the old veterans, who had bared their breasts to the storms of battle, but in the hearts of their wives, sons, daughters and neighbors, who had been the beneficiaries of their valor and devotion.

But among all the enjoyable occasions that Memorial Day gave rise to was a gathering at the house of Mr. W. K. Gordon, of this city, a gentleman whose heart and soul is devoted to the spread of the truth of the higher spiritual philosophy. The happy idea of blending a spiritual seance with a tribute of love and respect for our departed heroes, induced Mr. G. to invite a number of ladies and gentlemen to his parlors Sunday evening, the 29th, having previously agreed with Mrs. E. A. Wells-Beddell to hold a materializing seance on that evening.

When the company had assembled Mr. Gordon spoke briefly on the law of spirit-control and return, and of the law of materialization, reading numerous passages from the Old and New Testaments, in proof of his position that spirit-return was common in those days, and a part of the history of those times. A few minutes before nine o'clock the medium (although in a weak physical condition from recent illness) took a seat in the cabinet, and the lights being turned down, so that a person or form could be plainly seen in any part of the room, the music, instrumental and vocal, filled the apartment. As the sweet, harmonious tones rose on the air, a little white-robed form appeared at the front of the cabinet, and announcing herself as one of the controls, said that owing to the weak condition of the medium they would not be able to materialize as soon and as rapidly as usual; but if the friends would be harmonious and sing they would do their best.

Again the soft strains of harmonious music broke the stillness of the room, and before the tones had died away a slender form in a profusion of white lace drapery came out of the cabinet, and raising her hands, seemed to be in the act of offering an invocation or asking a benediction, retiring slowly and gracefully within the cabinet. Some other forms, similarly appareled, came from the cabinet to different persons in the room, and in almost every instance were recognized by voice, manner or message. The number of forms appearing in all were fifteen, and some of the messages were of the most convincing nature. One case in particular deserves especial mention, as it was so true, life-like and convincing—that of a young lady seemingly about eighteen or twenty years of age, dressed in a white gauze material, trimmed with lace of a delicate fleecy nature. She appeared at the door of the cabinet, and taking up a piece of cake and a glass of wine, stood in a hesitating manner as a voice from the cabinet said: "Louisa will come to her mother." The spirit then asked Mr. Gordon to assist her, and as he came forward she gave him the cake, and placing her hand on his shoulder moved towards her mother, and on reaching her said: "Mamma," and taking her hand gave her the cake and wine. Mrs. Morrison, the lady to whom the spirit came, is very positive it was her daughter, recognizing the voice, manner and gesture, leaving in mind no doubt as to her identity. You may be sure it was an enjoyable moment for the mother, as well as an agreeable surprise to all present. This last test was pronounced by those present to be one of the most wonderful and convincing ever given in Denver—so natural in expression and manner as it gracefully returned to the cabinet, gradually seeming to dissolve from view.

To crown the whole seance, Father Ballou, the medium's principal guide, made a short address, confined principally to local matters, and full of good advice and words of wisdom to the Ladies' Progressive Society of this city. At the close of the seance President Lincoln made a few remarks in harmony with the occasion, and expressing his faith in the ultimate triumph of truth and right throughout the land, and urging all to stand fast and firm for the best interests of humanity. At the conclusion of the seance all present united in thanking Mr. Gordon for the enjoyable evening he had given them, and also to Mrs. Wells-Beddell for the opportunity she had given them of witnessing such wonderful manifestations of spirit return. A collation of cake, fruit, nuts and wine was then served, and after an hour spent in conversation and comment on the events of the evening, the company separated with many expressions that a similar gathering might soon occur again, and to realize that they had the good fortune to live in the day and age of modern Spiritualism.

R. L. HICKS.

917 Thirty-third street, Denver, Col.

"CAMILLE, a Daughter of the People." July 16th we shall commence this remarkable story, by Hudson Tuttle. Call your neighbors' attention to it, and request them to send in a subscription. The paper is 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.

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.

Burial Reform.

THE BENEFIT OF CREMATION.

"The Church of England Burial, Funeral and Mourning Reform Association" appears to be an influential and useful as well as an active one. A recently issued report shows that its membership comprises many of the nobility and clergy. Its meetings are addressed and presided over by bishops of the established church, and the importance of its work may be inferred from the fact that the Catholic Archbishop-elect of Westminster has expressed in writing his cordial sympathy with the movement among Protestants.

The aims of the association are to secure the exercise of economy and simplicity in everything pertaining to funerals and the interment of the body in such a way as will insure speedy resolution to its ultimate elements. The first of these aims is for the benefit of the immediate friends who survive, and the second is a sanitary measure of the highest importance in a crowded community. For the funeral it is urged that plain hearses or wheeled biers be used, crape, scarf, velvet trappings, and excessive floral decorations be dispensed with, that eating and drinking beyond the usages of every-day life be avoided, meetings be held in the cemetery instead of at the house of mourning, and that it be especially remembered that all the "club money" need not be spent on the funeral. The latter point will be understood by those who know that the burial club is much more extensively patronized among the English than with us. Some of the members of the association favor burial directly in the earth, without a coffin, while others plead for the use of such materials for a coffin as will rapidly decay after burial. But all agree that it is desirable the body should be speedily exposed to action by its inclosing earth, to insure its rapid disintegration and absorption.

They represent that the practice of burying in almost imperishable coffins is fraught with danger to the living; recommend the substitution of burial lots for family vaults, and the removal of the body to a mortuary vault soon after death instead of retaining it in the rooms occupied by the living.

The speech made by the Bishop of London at the latest annual meeting included a complete answer to objections of a religious character, and he will be considered by many to be, by virtue of his office, a high authority on the subject. He said the practice of putting the body in a coffin is comparatively a modern one, and was obviously founded on the superstition that the body to be raised hereafter will consist of the same particles as those which were interred. People forgot that St. Paul drew a difference between the natural and the spiritual body. Preserving the material parts of that body is a mere superstition. "Sufficient attention had not been paid to the difference between our Lord's body after he had risen from the grave and before." The bishop did not advocate reverting to the old system of handing the body down to the grave in a shroud; but he did believe that all reasonable demands of sentiment and respect for the dead would be met by the use of papier mache coffins, which dissolve very soon after being placed in proper soil.

All this is sensible and to the point. The necessity of a radical reform in burial methods is more imperative in England than in the United States, because of the greater density of the population; but there is wide room for it here, and no good reason why it should not be undertaken.

Thousands of bodies are buried each year in Chicago, the funeral expenditures for which far exceed the ability of the survivors, and the money which is paid out for carriages, etc., would be much better saved as part provision for the wants of the deprived family in the future. And there is really a want of reverence in burying a human body in such a way that it will remain for years in a state of putrefaction in a metal "casket." It would seem to be more respectful to the departed to dispose of the remains that they would return to their natural elements without unnecessary delay by absorption into the surrounding soil, and the advisability of doing so becomes an imperative duty when it is remembered that needless "preservation" of the corpse in an indescribably bad condition is perilous to the health and life of some who are left behind. Why cannot we have a burial reform association in this city?

These thoughts, gleaned from the Chicago Tribune, illustrate the drift of thought in England, and show, too, the great evils of the common methods of burial. The process of decomposition is revolting, and may result in untold evils, the germs of yellow fever having been known to traverse six feet of soil.

CHAR. I. TEA.

Clinton Camp Meeting.

Matters at Mt. Pleasant Park are progressing finely. The new lodging-house is rapidly materializing, and will be pushed to completion in time for the camp-meeting. In addition to the mediumistic talent already mentioned, will be A. F. Ackerly, who gives marvelous seances for physical demonstrations in the light, and Mrs. Mabel Aber, the celebrated slate-writer and materializing medium from Spring Hill, Kansas.

From the letters of inquiry received, and the number of tents already engaged, it is safe to say that the success of the meeting is assured, and that the year of 1892 will be a memorable one in the history of the association. Write for circulars to the undersigned, or to L. P. Wheelock, Moline, Ill. Clinton, Ia. WILL C. HODGE, Sec.

"Antiquity Unveiled," communications from ancient spirits. Apollonius of Tyana, the Jesus of Nazareth, St. Paul and John, the revelators of the Christian Scriptures, return to earth as a spirit, and explain the mysteries that have concealed the theological deception of the Christian hierarchy. 608 pages. A very valuable book. Price, \$1.50; postage, 12 cents.



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COMMUNICATION FROM E. H. CHAPIN. I am pleased to make this communication under the control of one of whom I had the privilege to speak while her mortal remains were resting in front of me, and her spirit standing beside me.

Others say it is a demon. I will show the weakness of the reasoning that brings them to this conclusion.

In fact, the language of the tables generally responds to the degree of intelligence and education of the sitters.

According to all appearances, the table acts only as an agent for psychical phenomena, whose subject is one of the audience.

In conclusion, permit me to urge every one to sustain spiritual conferences; they are the preparatory schools for learning the lessons of a higher and better life.

TABLE TURNING. Interesting Particulars and Suggestions.

TRANSLATED FROM LA FIGARO FOR "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

The Figaro desires to know the opinion of the ecclesiastics upon the question of Spiritualism. I will give you mine.

First, the facts: It is very true that a table is moved without any known cause when certain persons place themselves around it and spread their hands upon it.

There are still many more points, rare, automatic writing, materializations, etc. But I have not been able to prove it in any way to exclude all kinds of doubt.

After the facts, their cause; but to proceed in order: We have first the material facts. Official science does not recognize them, which dispenses with explaining them.

Now, a certain number of people form a chain around a table and place their hands upon it, and it belongs to the class of magnetized objects.

Then the movements, raps, etc., commencing, which are never produced by reason of the nervous equilibrium of the subjects forming the circle.

But the psychic phenomena? Will it also be sufficient to study the magnetic forces and peculiarities, to explain them? The speaking table evidently acts as an intelligent organ.

Others say it is a demon. I will show the weakness of the reasoning that brings them to this conclusion.

In fact, the language of the tables generally responds to the degree of intelligence and education of the sitters.

According to all appearances, the table acts only as an agent for psychical phenomena, whose subject is one of the audience.

In conclusion, permit me to urge every one to sustain spiritual conferences; they are the preparatory schools for learning the lessons of a higher and better life.

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