

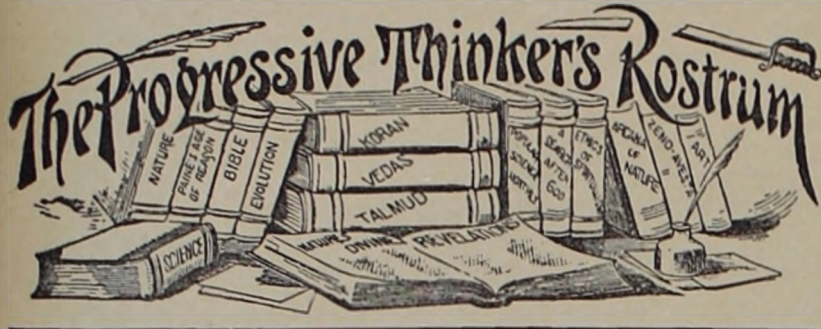
THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

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DOUBT! DOUBT!!

Its Cause Among Investigators.

Reasons for the Uncertainty Apparent in Spiritual Intercourse.

It Lies Nearer Our Own Door Than the Average Investigator Will Admit.

THE VIEWS OF A PROMINENT EASTERN GENTLEMAN.

Questions come up at various times in the career of individual experience and thought that often perplex with doubt and uncertainty the minds of well-meaning persons, some of whom, however, are gifted more with an ability to ask profound questions than they are with earnest reflection or desire to find the answer for themselves, or with a willingness to give that work to the solution which a problem requires. It is so much easier to theorize; and they deem it vastly important that their crude opinions be heard. It is much easier for them, also, as it is for the schoolboy, to have the problem solved for them—to have another clear up the question or doubt—than it is to acquire the proper knowledge by the mind's own evolution or research. The constant dependence upon another for the removal of doubt or for the solution of a difficulty weakens our ability, or gives only memorized or empirical answers at best. It does not give a full understanding, nor does it give knowledge from the roots—from causes—from the empire of reason; hence it is of fleeting or uncertain value. If we make effort to reach the exact knowledge ourselves, though we do not reach it fully, we have placed ourselves in the sphere or belongings of such knowledge, and inquiry there will give us more light than the mere asking without the effort to understand the subject. Many assume to be philosophical who are not willing to admit ignorance upon subjects metaphysical or moral, but will often grapple, with a boundless conceit, in conversation, questions they never before considered, and assume the ability to interpret or criticize without having really given the subject adequate reflection. This is mainly due to ambitious pride in seeming to know—to a crude effort to display "a little learning."

I do not wonder sometimes that people are in doubt as to where and what truth is; especially when they make no candid search for it themselves, but watch, rather, the *ipse dixit* of some one whom they deem authority, but whom they invest with authority only through mere opinion or stark ignorance. Such people necessarily become infidel to the fine principles of justice—the more subtle trail of truth—disbelieving, or rather, not heeding their highest intuitions. Herein is the basis of what goes by that lofty but meaningless term, agnosticism. And the cause of this unbelief is a fostered conceit; or it is ignorance superinduced by indolence. For a fool can deny, with mulish obstinacy, any intuitive statement of truth one can make. Hence the door that leads to such a mind's enlightenment is effectually closed.

It is a great pity that ignorance does not close the door also to assumption, and to untrained theorizing. Will conceit ever open its eyes to its own profane violence upon the sanctuaries of reason, intuition and reflection?

Recently I have been asked by persons who are evidently in a state of doubt "whether we really know anything of a future life or not?" They say, and it seems to be a position taken by other than the agnostics, so-called—who are only the "don't knows," or negationists, because not willing to trust intuition: "You who claim spiritual intercourse possible, must know as well as we who doubt it, that such communications are not always reliable. Not only is this so, but there is conflict in regard to facts in such reports. Why is this, and why are we doomed to endless uncertainty on the subject? Such questions have the color of sincerity, and will be considered presently in the same light."

Others taking an honest pride, perhaps, in intellectual attainments, say: "If these things come from those beyond, why do they not give us things of profound and lofty import—something grand and worthy of their high estate, of their government and associations—instead of so much cheap advice and admonitory talk?" This latter they feel to be better suited to children; not to mature minds? "Why do they not give something worthy of their claim to superior advancement?" Of course such questioners are qualified morally and spiritually to comprehend any revelation advanced beings might make! We fully appreciate the fine distinctions that they in the other life make in regard to spirit and its circumstances—to moral growth and the varied springs of action, do we?

Let us look at this: Do we appreciate fully the practical morals taught by our own modern thinkers even here among us—the fine ethics presented by Emerson, for instance, in his various essays; or by others equally great? It requires a thousandfold more care-taking, more attention or intuitive reflection, and growth of spirit, to appreciate or grasp the motives, thoughts and reasons of a cultured inhabitant there, than it does to familiarize in our actions in life here all that the departed Emerson has ever written. Do not forget that that is a world of ultimates; this of crude beginnings. It may be humiliating to us, "but let the truth be told, though the heavens fall," that when we are qualified to understand and appropriate the best impartations of ascended beings—"the profound things worthy of them," which we so constantly demand; they will be munificently given; but it will presuppose ability or wisdom on our part equal to the comprehension and use; a qualification that we do not now possess, notwithstanding our generous self-conceit! No; we cannot understand the "wise and profound things, worthy of them," until we make reflection our habit, and until growth of spirit shall give us a more active wisdom. Is it for us to judge "what is worthy of them?" If such be our presumption, we virtually ask them to gratify a vain conceit, which they will never do. Our desires for the profound are too often based in conceit or personal want.

From another class of minds, questions like these are heard: "Is it true, as some one has said, that we ourselves are so occupied commercially, externally or selfishly, that wise or largely-unfolded beings of the higher life cannot reach us readily—that they are often repulsed by our presumption—that we are not so advanced here in this nursery world as we supposed—that we are not yet so spiritually grown that they seek our society from choice; or that we fully comprehend their wiser thought?" Now this comes a little nearer home—this is more to the point; and were it not for the severity of the criticism, this might be urged as a full and candid reason why we fail to get the high and wide reports from individuals in the higher life, to which we think we are entitled. But this disposal of the subject would not satisfy every quality of mind, and in order to answer these several questions fairly, but rather by inference than directly, let me relate a parable:

There was once a fair country, with green pastures, clear running springs, cultivated fields, and quiet homes on the plains and hillsides. The sounds of industry were heard far and near. This fair region was surrounded by lofty and impassable ranges of mountains, that, like some cyclopean wall, closed them in on all sides. The smooth, precipitous cliffs, refractory as adamant, baffled all skill they possessed to penetrate or scale them. Upon their lofty and almost invisible summits the everlasting snows and glaciers formed, and covered eternally the muffled peaks and the cold, blue shoulders of the mountains, from which the sun often glanced silently away within the valley over the warm harvest-fields and busy vales below.

The inhabitants, who were a kindly, and in every way an intelligent people, had always lived, and their ancestors had died, within this isolated domain called the Valley of Peace. They knew not their origin as a people, for their primitive history was vague and defective, but their forefathers years before imagined, and were subsequently convinced, that there was a world of life and industry existing, though utterly closed to them, lying beyond the pale and mystical mountain chains that relentlessly bound and circumscribed them, where their remote ancestors, few indeed, had been isolated by some upheaval and cataclysm, so long past that their real history was robed in the dark shadows of uncertainty.

But it is interesting to note that the wants and necessities of human nature are essentially the same the world over, and although unconquered oceans may separate peoples, yet with similar environments and needs, their skill and industries will be similar. With the intelligent inhabitants of the valley it was not strange, therefore, that their arts and life should bear a close resemblance to the vast world without, though they knew it not. After the modern telegraph had long been doing service in the great outlying world, these people, who had received a hint of it, had greatly desired and earnestly hoped some method might be devised by which intercourse with those beyond could be held, better than that of occasional but rarely successful exchange of letters transported over the lofty summits by carrier-pigeons, as had sometimes been done by themselves and by their ancestors.

As "homing pigeons" were entirely out of the question, it was necessary, whenever a flock was preparing to cross the Sierras either way, as they were supposed to do at certain seasons,

to bring them down by some skillful method, or secure them when feeding on their productive fields, and thus obtain any message they might find, which was exceedingly rare. They had many times attempted to send such, but an age elapsed before they were discovered by the people of the valley or of the "world." Protection of their crops at certain seasons was the primary aim in the sacrifice of whole flocks occasionally, when such messages were incidentally found.

One day they received a diminutive message in this way, briefly stating plans of an enterprise then on foot, in the greater world, of "sending a telegraphic line over the lofty Sierras into their domain." The statement, apparently visionary, yet seemingly offered in good faith, was received with great misgiving, as they were totally unacquainted with the nature and working of this very recent "invention," and of course they knew of no way by which it could possibly be accomplished. However, after some consideration of this promise, which had more than once been hinted to them, it was looked upon with growing favor. Being willing to be taught by the experience of others, toward whom they cherished a high respect, they rejoiced in a hope of its realization. At one of their meetings, when this matter was under consideration—many deeming it unwise to treat the proposition of their still unseen friends as entirely visionary—after some deliberation they passed resolutions for general circulation among the inhabitants of the valley, of a hearty willingness to accept favorably this well-intended proposal, and to co-operate with the unseen to the best of their ability; although the meagre details received necessarily moved them to wonder, and to some lingering doubt still, rather than to positive confidence in its success. So they held themselves in readiness—mainly by expectation (for they knew not what part they would be required to take in the enterprise), to receive the "telegraphic wire or line," so-called, from the world beyond, to be sent over the perilous summits, as they stated, "by a balloon"—some new thing, also, which they did not then understand. Attempts had been made before this, but as no response had ever been returned, they concluded that the terrible cold and eternal frosts of the Sierras had ruined the apparatus before it reached the valley. But now they had sufficient faith in modern science and its improvements to make the attempt again, with, also, better provisions to meet all possible contingencies.

After many days the people of the valley observed a "wonderful bird," floating, strange to say, among the fleeting clouds, and swaying irregularly in the wind! Was this a fulfillment of the mysterious promise? Long they marveled. There seemed to be no means now of deriving any benefit from the far-away, eccentric stranger, for it persistently remained among the clouds, or apparently refused to visit them. Mysterious indeed. After hovering above them for many long hours—during which an excited multitude of the valley, from far and near, had gathered through mere curiosity, to see this swaying stranger—it suddenly started with great velocity before the scudding clouds, and soon disappeared in an opposite quarter of the valley. But fortunately, within the valley a long, bright wire was found, lying upon the fields and trailing over the tree-tops, which they suspected led to the summits and over the precipitous mountains. So they knew it to be the promised "line;" but it appeared to be far more simple than they anticipated, judging from the enthusiastic but brief account received. However, the mystery of mysteries was, what and where was that strange, earth-refusing "bird," or globe, which seemed to break away so suddenly and disappear before the wind in the lowering clouds? It was all a marvel to them.

Afterward they learned that it was really no living thing, as they at first supposed—that it was a contrivance of the friends beyond the life-devouring mountain barriers, to reach them substantially—that it only carried the so-called "line, instruments and letters of instruction." These letters also were all found some days after, for the rent balloon luckily encountered obstacles on the opposite side of their domain, by which the car was separated from the still buoyant sphere, which car, with its instruments, was left on the foot-hills of the valley. But the "wonderful bird," as they called it—the silken sphere—they never found, and altogether the circumstances were more to them than a seven days' wonder.

However, time and study prospered them. After great labor they succeeded in establishing the line of intercommunication with mankind in the world at large, which, as before stated, they had never seen. The wire was perfectly insulated on the solid snows of the lofty mountains, and it was only on the plains and up the mountain sides to the line of perpetual snows, that their instructions specified the wire to be "insulated," for beyond and above that the snow itself was ample insulation.

There was great rejoicing in the Valley of Peace when this was all accomplished, for it was well known within and especially without the valley that it was utterly impossible for any living person to pass the terrible peaks of the merciless Sierras that surrounded and closed them in at all points of the horizon, even by means of a balloon. So there was a

"Establishing the lines," as will doubtless be perceived, represents the opening of spiritual intercourse with the Earth; while "passing the merciless Sierras," represents the event of physical death.

gala-day in the valley when they found that they could converse across the impassable barriers, and that, too, with the greatest freedom, through the telegraphic line. They were soon besieged by multitudes who were intensely interested in this greatest of novelties, and they received messages with unbounded trust and credulity.

They did not consider, however, that those beyond their sight—members of the same great family of man undoubtedly, though existing it might be, under superior circumstances—were much the same as individual natures that they in the valley were, and that they were, no doubt, subject like them to more or less development in the moral and intellectual faculties, and that the wisest there were not always the operators or communicators. Lacking a wise judgment and self-investigation, under the stimulus of novelty these people of the valley did not observe that they themselves were not as wise nor as just in the use of this great telegraphic benefit as they were among themselves in ordinary business promises, or in their exchange transactions of wheat for clothing and other necessities of life. They did not always maintain the lofty standard of justice, truth and right, in relation to this absorbing novelty of magnetic communication with those beyond the mountains, that they did in daily intercourse with their immediate friends and neighbors; and their ambition to get the news first—to hear of special things and events—ambition to excel their associates in information from the beyond—all this poisoned their integrity, and their fraternal love never fully developed nor firmly based in principle, made them dull in the perception of truth—in the exercise of humility and in exact justice with their friends unseen. Soon there began to be doubts expressed by many as to the correctness of reports that they occasionally received, for these accounts differed in detail from each other and from any experience that was afforded in the Valley of Peace. Finally these doubts extended, among thinkers especially, and soon became as numerous and conflicting as were the reports they received. Even truth when sent over the wire was not recognized now, for they had trifled with or degraded their privilege. They had not themselves always maintained a high standard. Sometimes they had sought to make use of this high privilege of intercommunication in asking trifling questions relating to every-day affairs; they had, in fact, degraded it to selfish and sordid purposes. Some, however, in their childish ignorance were below the maturity of a healthy doubt, and accepted all reports with unquestioning credulity.

The increasing uncertainty of information received, led to disputes and dissensions. No one could verify these reports; for no one could pass the lofty mountain peaks; for once upon them in such attempt, the terrible cold of the lofty heaven-piercing summits and the thin blue atmosphere of electricity always took life as tribute for the daring trespass on its awful realm. So, doubts confused their minds, and troubled them far more than in the days of peace, before science and art had scaled with a metallic nerve the eternally frost-crowned Sierras that isolated them from the vast world of mankind. Still they had learned much by such means of intercourse with the unseen world. They saw this especially when they came to reflect wherein truth in their own Valley-experience verified or paralleled reports at first received from beyond; and in all this they were wiser than their forefathers.

But now, when, as was too common, they insisted on details, and when the accounts received also dwelt on specialties not appreciated and quite foreign to their standard and measure of life—when they did not appeal to individual wants, but rather to needs not understood, as they often did—it passed all their previous experience; and what had been to them at first a source of joy in learning of fraternal regard and general truth beyond the external barriers, finally became a source of great distrust, disquiet and unbelief; for the information received lacked "practical application" as their commercial men understood it, and besides they never knew positively who was at the other, or the unseen end of the line beyond the inscrutable mountains. They never were sure of this, for the reasoning of these doubters was always inductive and their testimony external. Truths and principles were not always perceived, and when really given them, were not analyzed nor appreciated. The names of many great and good men had often been given them, but they had discovered that these had many times been simulation. Such names had been appended to statements of undignified tenor and of trivial significance. They had been allured to reports that were not corroborated by known or possible experience of any one in the valley. They could not tell whether the more probably truthful messages even, bore to them the highest good or not, for they had allowed their own standard of universal truth and good to fall from a moral to a kind of external or commercial value; it had descended to where good and truth were confused with selfish traffic and propensities, or with personal greed or ambition for aggrandizement. They knew not now whether the messages received were the play of some quizzical diversity, or whether they were intended by the unseen communicators as benefits. They were afflicted with a sort of mental amaurosis and were groping in the darkness, as many phenomena-hunters do to-day.

But see you not that this change—this inability to judge between good, bad and indifferent messages, which those

experience who drink intemperately at the stream of manifestations—was owing to a change in themselves, and which a true loyalty of spirit for the smaller shades of truth, however delicate the tint of justice, so to speak, would have saved them in the bolder coloring of firmness and decision between right and wrong? See you not that overmuch familiarity had degraded their appreciation of the privilege of this open communion, and that they had profaned the purity of purpose and of truth? They had departed from their first estate—the Eden of respecting truth and justice for truth and justice themselves, even in the smallest things—had become politic, and had neglected to be exact as to shades of meaning and their moral sense had become dulled, or degraded. Hence in the aggregate their sense of right and wrong, of truth and error, was feeble, distorted and quite immature. A writer has said:

Even the microscopic flowers, pure, brilliant petals bear
Of perfect form, minute perfume, but, O divinely rare!
So moral truth, how'er minute is perfect of its kind
Tho' with uncultured moral sense, to its beauty we are blind.
But the spirit trained in principles will not o'erlook its power
And leave to bluish in growth unseen Truth's smallest fragrant flower!

In regard to the people of the Valley of Peace, their standard of the highest good had become demoralized by overmuch and unwise wonder-seeking. Besides, a new commercial activity in the valley had brought about a tendency to injustice among its more covetous classes as it always does morally considered. They sought amusement also, and they sought answers to secular or external matters through this great intercommunication privilege, rather than positive instruction or growth of mind; and this invited troublesome and reckless tricksters at the mystic terminus beyond their cognizance; who simulated those bearing noted names, endeavoring thus to give their words a greater emphasis or coloring of truth. They often sent to the dwellers of the valley facetious messages, or such as were easily construed into different or opposite meanings. Trifling like this was sometimes exceeded by the receivers in charge—the translators of the symbols, (those in the valley), some of whom were not of a high moral balance—matching the fun by improvising items which were palmed off upon their associates—the residents of the valley-world as genuine reports from beyond, for often did crude and ignorant demand exceed temperance, growth and wisdom, in the people's anxiety for communications.

So in the council chamber of the wise men of the valley, when a large assembly had met in annual convention to consider, as usual, moral measures and action, these matters came up for deliberation. In this council, also, they always considered means for a better individual growth, looking toward a higher public good, but never considered political strategy, or craft relating to individual schemes for mastery, or any majority movement that would result in a monopoly in any industry. The question of actual benefit to the whole community, derived from different measures adopted the past year, was now before them. The wise men—sages and teachers in the valley—men adapted to the purpose for which they were chosen, were in session, analyzing the causes, and estimating the results, knowing nothing of party or prejudice. It was also an anniversary of the opening of the telegraph enterprise among them. It was not an anniversary celebration as it is usually understood, but they were now about to deliberate, among many other measures, upon the benefits and moral uses of the novel telegraphic system as promotive of knowledge and progress among them—to consider what growth—what actual benefit—had accrued thereby to their little world or community, or to individual improvement during the year last past. This their wise men considered much more important than any ordinary celebration would be, where impressive demonstration is made to appeal only to the common mind.

A member whom the chairman recognized as a free and able moral counselor and teacher, who frequented the porch of the council chamber, on other occasions, and who was greatly respected for his unprejudiced judgment, arose with much greeting from the large assembly and said: "If consistent with the hour and occasion, Mr. Chairman, permit me to explain, by request, what appears to be largely the cause of the trouble we have experienced and so much deplored, relating to unreliable and unworthy reports often received through the new mode of converse with those beyond the barriers, and who are still invisible to us. That it involves moral as well as physical causes, appears to be quite self-evident; and many of these causes are nearer home, perhaps, than we are willing to admit. Before we charge others with evil intent, wrong, ignorance, depravity or wilfully false report, let us critically examine ourselves. If they in the other world have told us the truth in any case and we have not comprehended it, do they falsify, or do we lack appreciation? Truth is often very unassuming, unassertive, and not always are we willing to listen to its unheralded and retiring voice. The intellect is differently constituted. It is often assertive and arrogant. We know today, unreliable as the degraded telegraphic practice and methods now are in our domain, that humanity, similar to this in the valley, with communities, fellowships and sociability also, though doubtless under better conditions, does exist beyond the confines of our valley. This our fore-

fathers did not know positively. Is not this knowledge alone valuable beyond rubies? If we but reflected more, and sought to receive less—if we ourselves incurred or instituted less chances for trick and imposition by thus asking special attendance at all times upon our inconsiderate calls—we should fill a better purpose for life's proper development, in a growth of wisdom and knowledge not now experienced. We should soon be fully equal to answer, by our own spiritual growth, ninety-nine questions in one hundred that we now unwisely ask of those beyond. Those ready to answer these may not always be in sympathy with us, nor we with them. How, then, can their answers always meet our intelligence which may be wholly external or local?

"Not all that has come to us has been false, but the shadow of our own ignorance in this limited world; or the pride of opinion, or our ambitious conceit often makes that appear dark or false which really has spiritual light and truth, both of which we often fail to recognize. Hence our wisdom evidently not always supernal; greed, selfishness, and pretense often come in to give shape to our questions and thus establish crude opinions. Neither is our converse with them always instituted or sustained from our highest nature. The fact is not that they do not meet our wishes or harmonize with us, so much as it is that we are not in accord with them. Our tone and plane of thought is not the standard. In sadness the wisest there have been compelled to withdraw their well-intended interest from us, for a season at least, to await a better growth of humanity in our fruitful valley before we can associate with them or profit by their converse, as they at first desired, however wise they may be. The political and commercial agents or operators of the instruments, the speculative and evasive are liable first to have in charge the lines that are established and to have the freest use of them also, for this externalism is largely our own method and is too much our average plane of thought; and this we have inherited."

When we shall comprehend pure principles—when we shall be morally teachable, and feel that we have no pride standing in the way of our acceptance of the simple truth, though it come in humble guise—when we shall have grown in spirit, and shall carry with us less of the odor of pretense, of self, of inharmoniousness—then shall we perceive that they, too, will be equally truthful, for our habit of truth, justice and right will recognize like principles from them. Unless the photographic film is carefully sensitized the light images touch it with no effect. Truth and justice in us make us impenetrable to, and appreciative of their like from the other world. With such high discipline, the more advanced in that world will not then be repelled by our atmosphere of selfishness, and again will they be willing to visit the unseen terminus, and again send us the benefits of their broader experience. They will approach us, and our requests with the regard of attraction—not in distrust or policy, as of late has appeared, but we shall be wise enough to be conscious of their superior love. We shall then have no doubts as to the verity or intentions of their messages. Either carelessly, or unappreciatingly or ignorantly, we did not inform ourselves as we might have, done respecting our own natures, which contain in germ all that constitutes theirs. We did not study our present life and its needs, nor did we learn by inference that state of things existing beyond our unrelenting barrier. An accurate knowledge of ourselves and the just relations we sustain to our fellowmen in this isolated valley of plenty, would have taught us very much of what that life is beyond the unconquered snowy range that encircles us, for we are not all of a common parentage or of the same great family of men? Circumstances have placed some of the children of the universal Father and Mother here in an isolation of bounty and, though we cannot meet face to face with our brethren beyond, we could have judged quite correctly, had we secured a knowledge of ourselves through the principle of human development, as we should have done, what manner of people they were who dwelt beyond, and what manner of moral action makes their life and what should make ours. But curiosity led us beyond reason in the exercise of this intercommunicating privilege; and wisdom, the angel that ever waits to be our guide, found us walked in—not by mountains alone—but by pride of opinion, by love for phenomena and by want of interior light; and found also that self-sufficiency had closed the doors of hospitality to calm reflection; and the waiting guide at last sorrowfully withdrew. Too much common-place converse, or too much questioning about our own affairs of even an "angel," if such were possible, would so demoralize our sense of respect, or our reverential regard, that no benefit would reach us; but only conceit and self-consequence—the poison of spiritual growth. Our sense of the divine thus disappears in assurance and familiarity."

This brief discourse, it was evident, had much weight with many, especially with the more philanthropic and thoughtful members of the assembly, and it was hoped that the majority were sufficiently penetrating to see its truthfulness without opposing with the bitterness of argument and of ill-grounded opinion, the causes thus fairly intended and set forth, and that they would be wise enough to act promptly upon their best moral convictions. Now there were some among those who dwell in the Valley of Peace, who had long made a special study of these things, and had been

Continued on 5th page.

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 eclat of the source from which they emanate. To each essay is subjoined the individual experience of some other spirit life passing away from earth, and these latter are called *Zinn's* dramas, and, except in rare instances, such as James Russell Lowell and Horace Greeley, these names were also withheld.

The picture thus presented of the higher life is of the most impressive character, and the descriptions of the 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.

Spirit-Culture—Its Necessity.

There are many things about which I wish to write, but will only say that the world of spirits is alive to the great interest of humanity. We feel that the time has come for direct influence from the spheres of light to guide and control the destinies of mankind. We watch with ceaseless care the affairs of earth, and wish to help on all movements for better conditions. The Age is full of plans for this purpose, and many excellent persons are engaged in the work of redemption.

The masses are absorbed in the cares and pursuits of business, and do not stop to consider the great interests involved in their life. The mighty works of the Creator are studied by the scientific men, but they do not seem to grasp the great secret of the spirit that animates all things, nor do they seem to comprehend the divine order of the power that has created the forces they bring to light. The men of literature are absorbed in the production of highly polished works and gorgeous fictions to please the imagination, and the public journals are occupied in discussing political and social subjects, and some of them in exhibiting the peculiar views of the religious denominations which they represent, while the pulpit is filled by learned and eloquent preachers, who discourse on the principles of morality and general religion to pews that are filled with worshippers who seem to think that they have no personal interest in the matter. Now, we do not think that the interests of the soul should be postponed to those considerations. Man, of course, must have food and clothing, a house to live in, and the means of appearing well in society. He should be able to go about and see the world, and enjoy its amusements, and learn its knowledge, and for this purpose he must be diligent in business, and industrious in his particular calling; but there is time and opportunity for all the necessary works of self-support and recreation, and the spirit demands and deserves to be considered among the indispensable things of life.

Indeed, unless it is cultivated life will be a failure and the future a deplorable scene of wretchedness and disappointment. When we consider the value that is placed upon the things of earth, we are astonished at the extreme want of foresight when no provision is made for the wants of the soul. This is the part of our nature that needs the greatest care and the most attentive study. The struggle for life will be unavailing if we neglect its needs. It is here that the greatest mistakes are made, because it neither eats nor drinks, nor demands clothes and shelter. We overlook it altogether, and close our eyes entirely to its sympathies and affections. We do not consider that because it is silent it has all the more claim upon our thoughtful attention. Because it does not distress us with hunger or thirst, nor pinch us with cold, nor burn us up with heat, we ought not to treat it with indifference and expose it to all the bad influences of a vicious life. It is the single attribute of our nature that allies us with the higher spheres, and is, therefore, a potent, if a silent witness, of our transgressions.

All is treasured up in its tablets. The contempt of its treatment, the vulgar pursuit of avarice, and the ignorance and degradation with which it was demoralized on earth, are recorded on its pages, and will be carried to the high courts of the Almighty, and you must stand or fall by the account of yourself that you have traced upon its immortal register.

Be warned, then, while time lasts, and you will rejoice in the eternal world that you lived and worked under the influences of your best intentions, and learned the way to heaven while you were yet a traveler on earth.

ILLUSTRATION.

There is in everyone's life some turning point which determines the future. In my case it occurred when I was married. Being a woman, of course this was the most important event in my history, and as I was united to a man of my own choice, it was an event of unalloyed joy. Other considerations soon engrossed my attention. The cares of a family and the duties of bringing up children filled my time with anxiety and my heart was often made sad by the conduct of my husband. He was of an easy disposition, and yielded to the influence and examples of his associates without much resistance. His habits became irregular and his neglect of myself and family was not only constant but painful in the extreme. After the birth of our fourth child he was no longer able to transact business, and our circumstances became very embarrassing. Poverty stared us in the face, and we could see no hope of relief. It was at this juncture that his death occurred, and I was left a widow, with four fatherless children, the oldest having died. Fortunately my mother's estate, which had been involved in litigation,

was distributed, and, as I was one of the heirs, and the residuary legatee, I was placed once more in comfortable circumstance. This continued for about a year, when I was cut off by a fever and left my poor children orphans in their childhood. When I came into spirit life, as they had been my last thought on earth, so they were my first thought on regaining consciousness. It would be difficult to explain my feelings. I asked for my children, and was informed that I would see them no more at present, but that by and by I might be able to revisit them and to watch over their welfare. A few sad thoughts filled my soul when I became aware that I was separated from them by death, and that they could neither see nor feel my presence. But the scene soon changed. My firstborn had died with his earliest breath, and he now came forward and called me mother. I gazed with astonishment, for he had grown up into a tall and beautiful youth. His eyes sparkled with joy, and his countenance beamed with a smiling welcome. I clasped him in my arms, and a new and wonderful tranquility filled my being. I found that I had children in both worlds, and my heart was divided between them.

When I arrived at the spot where was the home of my son, it was impossible to realize the greatness of the change from earth life. There is not in the whole universe of being a moment so ecstatic as that when this translation is fully impressed upon the soul. All the feelings are excited to the highest pitch. The eye, the ear, the sense of smell and of taste, are all absorbed with the wonders of the Spirit-world. There is no nerve or fibre that does not pulsate with intense delight. What ever there is in the imagination or the understanding that can receive divine impression is made to feel a fullness of joy and glory surpassing all the dreams of human happiness.

I was now made aware of my spiritual condition. Like most other people, I had no knowledge or interest in spiritual manifestations, and had not examined the subject. I was, therefore, unprepared for the world into which I was introduced. The earth had appeared so permanent and solid that I could not believe in what was not visible and tangible. If I had any belief at all it was purely formal, and accepted as a matter of course in conformity to the established order of things. Going to church was respectable, and observing due reverence to religious customs was the only profession I made.

I accepted my faith as I did my opinions, generally because they were made for me. But how strange appeared the new order of things. Here the mind is called upon to act for itself, to form its own views, and to acquire its own position. The unfolded powers of the spirit renders this easy and delightful, and the acquisition of thought and intelligence is a pleasure, is that which sweetens life and makes it divine. I am now changed in all the respects mentioned; my opinions are formed from knowledge, and expressed with a view of informing others. My mind is unfolded by its exercise till mental power fills my soul with rapture, and I feel indeed that all there is within me is developed into a thousand ways of happiness and usefulness. A mortal can scarcely understand the joy of growing and expanding internally, and feeding the spirit with truth and knowledge upon all the great subjects that relate to time and eternity.

It is only by this means that we get to know ourselves, and to learn how wonderfully the mind and soul are endowed. When the spirit, conscious of its own greatness, and rejoicing in its ever-expanding powers, contemplates the future, it is to praise the author of all things that he has made the world of spirits, and so divinely adopted it for the happiness of his children and the glory of his kingdom.

Is God Really a Merciful Being?

WAS JESUS CHRIST ONE WITH GOD?

If God be a merciful being, full of love, as the bible teaches, and if He is amply able to prevent the many awful and horrible sufferings of mortal men by famine, or otherwise, (as witness in Russia) simply by an act of His will, and does not intervene to prevent such dire calamities, how can any rational man find it in his power to love, venerate and trust Him for a moment?

If all men who disbelieve in Jesus Christ as being one with God, are of that number who go down the broad road to sheol, whether they find good reason for their unbelief or not, where is the justice of God, where His love or mercy, in allowing said suffering and the smart of sheol-fire, that unquenchable flame, which burneth forever and ever, according to bible lore?

And now let me ask, if Jesus and God the Father be one, as he (Jesus) declared they were, why did He say: "I came not of my own will, but by the will of the Father who sent me?" Does not that show that Jesus had a will distinct from the will of God? If Jesus' will was in harmony with the will of God, how can we reconcile His saying that He came not to do his own will, as before noted? We see plainly that there were two separate wills, and that if Jesus' own will was not the will of God, it must evidently be contrary to that will which He came to do: that is, God's will. Now, if God's will includes all that is good will, then the will of Jesus being aside from God's will must belong to evil, as opposed to good; or, putting a question squarely, was Jesus' will in agreement with the will of the devil—that is, if there be such a potentate—who must be opposed to God and His will, else how can he be an enemy and a tempter of man?

E. D. BLAKEMAN.

The German Emperor is fond of hunting, particularly of following the boar, the sport in which his forefathers excelled. The Kaiser rides a white horse when he goes hunting, and silver spurs jingle on the heels of his top-boots.

A Journey to California.

TO THE EDITOR:—A journey to California in these days of steam-horses and iron roads is not the serious matter it was in the days when the adventurous gold-seeker toiled wearily beside his patient oxen over sandy plain and rocky mountain, with anxious face, toward the setting sun. Hundreds of times did the king of day overtake his lagging steps ere his eyes were gladdened by the golden sands and blue waters of the Pacific, while now, Phebus, let him do his best, can barely succeed in passing him three or four times in his journey from the Missouri river, while he luxuriously presses cushioned seats by day and comfortable beds by night. But even yet man, the impatient creature, is not content, and nearly every month one of the rival transcontinental lines announces a reduction in the hours of travel, until one is prone to believe that the time is not far distant when the traveler may go to sleep in Chicago and wake up in San Francisco.

The rapid rate which even now prevails does not afford sufficient opportunity to view the wonders that line his pathway, half of which are passed in the night, and to see and enjoy them properly the passenger must avail himself of the privilege accorded by the railroad company, and make frequent stops along the way.

In these days of guide-books and railroad folders a description of such a journey would be superfluous; yet I would assure the one who has never made the trip that no verbal description can begin to approximate the grandeur and magnificence of much of the scenery which nature has so bountifully, not to say prodigally, bestowed.

I had crossed the continent twice before, so that I was not exactly a novice, but every new experience only deepens in me the sense of admiration for and pride in my native land, containing as it does within its borders such a wealth of natural wonders.

I will not, however, trespass upon your space with a weak attempt to describe the scenery of the route, but will confine myself to a brief report of the state of our cause as I found it in my travels. On my way Westward I stopped over a few days at Colorado Springs, and found the Spiritualists quite actively alive, having an organized society, which largely owed its success to the ministrations of Mrs. Jeanette Crawford, who is its settled speaker. At the time of my visit Mrs. Crawford was at Salt Lake, and her place was most ably filled by Prof. Lockwood, whose unanswerable expositions of the reality of Spiritualism from a scientific standpoint, created a profound impression, amounting almost to a sensation.

I had the pleasure of addressing a fine audience during my sojourn, and was very favorably impressed with the excellent material of which the society is composed. From Colorado I went direct to San Francisco, to visit my children and renew old acquaintances.

The cause in this cosmopolitan city is in a fairly flourishing condition, though here, as elsewhere, there is altogether too much division of effort and unsystematic endeavor. Quite a number of meetings are held in the city each Sunday, and doubtless all are doing a certain amount of good. The society ministered to by Dr. N. F. Ravlin seems to occupy the place of importance, and the doctor's forcible, though rather eccentric, style appears to impress his auditors quite favorably. The fact that he has lectured to the same society for two years, and continues to draw good audiences, certainly speaks well for his capacity to instruct. I understand that the doctor is to visit the East this summer, in which case his field of usefulness will be considerably broadened.

From a casual view, I should think that the meetings conducted by John Slater, at Metropolitan Temple excites the greatest amount of interest. I attended one of his gatherings, and found the large auditorium comfortably full of deeply interested listeners. I judge that he has improved in many respects since coming to this coast. When at his best he is not only a remarkable medium, but is an attractive person as well. Slender of form, graceful and rapid of movement, with pleasing features and a musical voice, using correct language when in his amiable mood; his lightning tests not only astound his hearers but attract them irresistibly toward himself. On the occasion of the meeting mentioned above, not a thing occurred to mar the harmony and good feeling, and I came away feeling that the seance had been an unqualified success.

Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Briggs and others whose names have escaped me, are conducting regular meetings with what appears to be fair success.

Over the bay, in Oakland, there are three or four societies struggling along in a rather feeble way, whereas were they united a grand success would be assured. When we consider that the differences which sunder them are mostly of a personal nature, we have a sufficient commentary on the lack of spirituality on the part of so many professed Spiritualists.

I delivered one lecture to a small audience before the Spiritual Fraternity Society, which numbers among its members several devoted and faithful souls—Mr. Dorey, the secretary, being especially active.

Tent-meetings are being held on the bank of Lake Merritt during the summer, and are fairly successful. Prof. Bowman, Mrs. Nicklas and others are ministering to them with satisfaction to all.

Dr. Dean Clark is residing for the present in San Francisco, and lecturing for one of the societies in Oakland. The doctor's mental and spiritual qualifications for a teacher are well-known, and were he not handicapped by a badly afflicted body, there is scarcely a limit to what he might accomplish.

From San Francisco I came direct to Seattle, Washington, where I am at present filling a four weeks' engagement with the Progressive Thought Society. My audiences have been good in number and quality, and I find some most excellent people here; but as my

letter has already exceeded proper limits, I will defer a report upon the work in this vicinity till my next. From here I go to Victoria, B. C., for a month, then return to San Francisco, and expect to start Eastward about the last of August. I have a number of months of the fall and winter still disengaged, and societies in the East or middle West desiring to secure my services can do so by applying soon.

W. F. PECK.

Seattle, Wash.

First Church of Spiritualists, Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO THE EDITOR:—In looking over the last nine months' work of our society, we must come to the conclusion all was well done. We have had experiences which will be lessons for the future. The meetings, with very few exceptions, have been well-attended and appreciated by all, judging from the general satisfaction expressed. During the season just closed we had the best talent in speakers we could obtain, as the following list of names will show: Hon. Sidney Dean, Mrs. J. B. H. Jackson, Mr. Lyman C. Howe, Mrs. Carrie E. B. Twing, Mr. F. A. Wiggins, Mr. G. E. and Mrs. Zaida Brown Kates, Mr. Edgar W. Emerson and Mr. A. E. Colby Luther. Mr. and Mrs. Kates, who are great favorites with Pittsburgh people (and well they deserve it), were with us during the month of March, and conducted the anniversary exercises. These two energetic workers in the Spiritual ranks never fail to make anything a success they undertake, consequently our anniversary exercises, held Wednesday and Thursday, March 30th and 31st, terminated with the best results.

For April we had Edgar W. Emerson. As there are no two speakers alike in delivering discourses, nor no two mediums in giving messages from the dear ones gone to a higher life, therefore, we must acknowledge there is only one Edgar Emerson. This grand instrument for giving spirit messages is so completely under the influence of his spirit guides during his platform work, there is no difficulty in giving the most accurate description of spirits present.

Full names are nearly always given of spirits who decide to communicate. Many sorrowing and aching hearts have received comfort through his instrumentality, and are made glad and rejoice to know their dear ones whom they believed dead and gone are alive and with them in their homes.

Mrs. Amelia E. Colby Luther closed the season, having been with us seven weeks. Mrs. Luther, who is always entranced when delivering her lectures, is a very powerful speaker, and has been the cause of giving the people of Pittsburgh some of the grandest expressions of thought from the spirit side of life.

She is appreciated by all thinking and progressive minds, and we are satisfied to say the audience greeting her at each successive meeting did honor to her in large numbers and appreciation of the work. We are glad to say Mrs. Luther is enjoying the best of health, therefore, will be able to attend her public work for a number of years to come. She was compelled to cancel a number of engagements of last season owing to the ill-health of her husband, but as he has fully recovered, she is at liberty to make suitable arrangements with societies for the coming season. She can be addressed at Crown Point, Indiana.

We have re-engaged Mr. and Mrs. Kates, Mr. Emerson and Mrs. Luther for next season. At the annual election the following officers were elected: J. H. McElroy, President; C. L. Stevens, Vice-President; Dr. N. Schenkel, second Vice-President; C. L. Stoner, Treasurer; J. H. Lohnseyer, Secretary; John Robson, Frank Reutter and George Marker, Trustees—John Grayburn holding over for one year. The financial report shows the society to be in a prosperous condition. Spiritualism is making rapid progress in Pittsburgh, as seen from observation. A few years past a small number of Spiritualists were known, and now they can be counted by thousands. We must acknowledge in this wondrous work of a few years the untiring efforts of the spirit forces, through the instrumentality of our noble workers in the public field, as well as the mediums in private houses. May the seeds be sown, grow, ripen and bear fruit in the future for a better understanding of all.

J. H. LOHNSEYER, Secretary.

"Convent of the Sacred Heart."

I am glad to hear that the "Convent" is meeting with the success it so richly deserves. May its author long be spared to aid in lifting the murky cloud that is now darkening an ignorant and superstitious world.—N. D. Ainsworth.

The story is intensely interesting, and when the reader picks up the book he does not feel like laying it down until he has finished reading it. A person not conversant with the hideousness that may be found behind convent walls may think the story overdrawn. The same charge at one time was laid to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and we think it could be no more readily sustained in the one case than in the other. A man who was once a Catholic lately stepped into this office, and, upon being shown the work, said he had read it, and that it was true to life, and one of the best exposures he had ever read. It seems that no better test of its value than that could be demanded.—The Summerland.

Life.

What is life? 'Tis like the weather—First 'tis sunshine, then 'tis rain: Hand in hand they go together. Life to all is just the same.

Though your life be full of splendor, And your neighbor's mean and spare, You are equal, for, remember, Rain and sunshine alike you share.

Then let us try with sunshine brighten Every life that is full of rain; A tender smile may help to lighten Burdens heavy with their pain.

—Maud E. Moulton.

Clinton Camp Meeting.

JULY 31ST TO AUGUST 28.

No more beautiful spot can be found for camping purposes than Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa. Situated on an elevation sixty feet above the town and divided into natural ridges, the drainage is always perfect, and such a thing as wet and muddy grounds are unknown. An hour or two of sunshine serves to make all parts of the ground dry and comfortable after the hardest rains. A natural grove of oaks affords abundant shade, the water is pure and cool, coming from deeply driven wells, while the lawns are luxuriant in their carpet of green. Trips are made regularly by dealers in all the necessities of life, including groceries, fruits, fuel and milk, as well as butcher's and baker's products. Arrangements are made with the express companies to deliver packages, and carriers deliver mail twice each day. Clinton is one of the most beautiful and rapidly-growing towns on the "Father of Waters," and accessible to the whole territory comprised by the Mississippi Valley, four lines of railroad centering here. The intellectual feast prepared will be second to no camp in the country, and thoroughly reliable mediums for every phase of the manifestations will be present, affording a grand opportunity for investigators. The new lodging-house, which is nearly completed, and rooms in private cottages will insure ample and comfortable accommodations for all. Every week is adding to the number of campers on the grounds, and a cordial invitation is extended to every friend of Spiritualism, as well as the large army of enquirers, to join us in our tenth annual camp meeting. All letters of inquiry from this date should be addressed to L. P. Wheelock, or the undersigned, at Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Ia.

WILL C. HODGE.

The Deceased Wife Appears.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF MATERIALIZATION THAT TOOK PLACE ON LONG ISLAND OVER FORTY YEARS AGO.

We will make this narrative as short as possible. David told James and James told me the following story:

David had been married several years, was prosperous in business, had a loving wife and a family of interesting children, when his wife was suddenly taken sick and passed to spirit-life. Poor David was completely overwhelmed with sorrow, so much so that he could not be reconciled. He gave up business entirely, and near friends took charge of it and his children. David mourned both day and night, his constant prayer being directed to his departed one, imploring her to come back from the other world and tell him what to do with his dear little ones left motherless, and besides to teach him the right course to pursue in his loneliness and unhappy condition. After weeks and months had passed in this monotonous strain, James, who lived many miles away, received an open letter from David, asking him to call on a maiden lady residing near by, whom we will call Sarah, and present the letter, requesting her to be in readiness when he came as a suitor and husband. Sarah refused, of course, as she did not fancy such a rush of courtship. A few days after this event James saw his friend David coming across the field to see him, in good cheer, whistling a lively tune. After hand-shaking, David informed James that he had come for the purpose of taking Sarah for his wife. James gave him to understand that Sarah's refusal looked like anything but marriage. In fact James was suspicious that David was sadly out of balance. David seeing his friend embarrassed, made the following reply: James, you may think it strange the course I have taken, but when you hear my story, as I have not told it to any living being, perhaps you may look at things in a different light altogether. James was anxious to hear it. Well, after my wife died I prayed constantly for her to come, and my prayers were answered. As I had retired one evening before the evening shades were near, I plainly saw her floating across the room to my bedside, and when within reach of my arms, I being frightened, she suddenly vanished. Again I prayed for her to come. The next night I retired early, while there was sufficient light from the western sky to see clearly across the room. The door opened gently to my sleeping room, and there walked in my wife as natural as when in the form. She came and sat on the front side of the bed, putting both arms around my neck, and embraced me as in days gone by. My first question was: "What shall be done with the children?" "David, you had better marry," I asked to whom. She replied: "To Sarah, as she is the one whom I have chosen, with the full assurance that she will make you an affectionate companion, and also a kind mother in the care of our dear children. Now, this is the course for you to pursue, for remember you are coming to join me in our new home before many years have rolled around. Take my advice, and all will be well with you and the children."

After staying with me perhaps twenty minutes, she then bid me good-bye, and vanished.

David called on Sarah, who reconsidered the matter carefully, and was shortly married. David soon resumed business, commenced a new married life, and was happy in his new relations, and once more stood at the head of a happy family, until he was called to join his beloved one in the Spirit-world. This is a true narrative.

A SPIRITUALIST SINCE 1856.

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.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

While we sit at these twilight hours, I have made up my mind to point out, in kindness, some of the faults and frailties of poor, weak, deceived humanity; to thus try to lead our fellowmen out of vice and licentiousness; out of nastiness and vulgarity into the atmosphere of purity, sobriety, cleanliness, consistency, manhood and true nobility of soul. We have, here in Iowa, organized and constituted by law, a "Board of Health," in every town and in every precinct. It is the duty of these boards to look after and abate all nuisances caused by the accumulation of filth, that are offensive to the nostrils and detrimental to the health and comfort of society in each locality, and see that these nuisances are removed and the offender punished. We have no fault to find with this law or these boards, save that the law is too narrow and restricted, and does not reach out and take in the nastiest, the most loathsome and degrading of all nuisances—that caused by the smoking of tobacco.

I have in my office a neat card-board hanging on the wall, on which these words are beautifully worked with silk: "Please Do Not Smoke Here." This was the work of my little granddaughter, nine years of age, and was a present from her to us. The little artist is now an angel, and has gone on to become a flower in the gardens of God, where the atmosphere is pure, and nastiness is not tolerated; to the place where the air is not polluted (as is that in many Christian churches) with the foul odor from the mouth of tobacco Christians.

One day a man entered my office with his old, nasty pipe, loaded and primed for foul business. Said he: "I do not see why Mr. P. is not compelled by the board of health to remove his hogs from the lot near where I am stopping, for the smell is disgusting, and certainly unhealthy. The owner of the hogs, through his selfishness, would endanger the health and comfort of his neighbors, and ought to be punished. Don't you think so?"

"Yes; I think that every person living ought to have regard for the feelings of all others with whom they come in contact. They should not only have clean hog-pens, clean yards, clean barns and clean dwellings, but they, aside from all else, should have clean bodies and clean mouths as well. You complain of neighbor P., and want him prosecuted because the odor from his lot is offensive to you. He has, no doubt, done wrong, and is doing wrong in creating an odor that is offensive to others that love to breathe the pure air, and his nuisance ought to be abated.

"Now, how is it with you, friend? In this little office which is my own, and the atmosphere in which I have to breathe, you see hanging on the wall up there, in plain sight, beautifully worked on card-board, these kind words, appealing to your manhood, generosity, as well as nobility of soul, 'Please Do Not Smoke Here.' Tobacco smoke is extremely offensive to me; it makes me sick; to me it is the foulest and rankest poison; it affects my lungs and whole nervous system. In fact, it destroys my health, life and vitality. Dirty hog-pens are disgusting enough, we all know, but the breath of the hogs that feed on swill and nastiness is sweet when compared with that of the tobacco chewer and smoker, when we come in close contact with the same. You come into this office to complain of another, forgetting that I could, with equal propriety, complain of you. If the hogs you speak of are offensive when rods away, how much more offensive their odor would be had you to eat and drink or sleep with them in the same room, in close relations, and in close contact with them? You come into this office with your old, nasty pipe loaded; come in with your foul breath, that a sensitive person could smell rods away. You saw the simple request wrought by the angel child hanging in plain sight on the wall of the room; yet you thought more of your own selfish, drunken, scottish stimulant than you did of my health, comfort, or purity of atmosphere in my own room. You have already scented this room with your foul nastiness to such an extent that it will take weeks to remove it or purify it. I hate to talk to you thus, but my duty to myself and to the clean ones that visit me requires it at my hands. You are a professing Christian, and a great temperance worker. Now suppose you clean out your mouth with soap, for the blood of Jesus without soap never could remove the nastiness, nor even make it approachable. Yes, I am in favor of abating all nuisances, offensive in nature and bothersome in character, but believe in consistency. I see no use in buying a dead corpse to rid ourselves of an offensive smell, and tolerating a living one whose odor is more offensive. I hate to hear the pot insult the kettle because it is black. Do, friend, throw that old, stinking pipe away with its nastiness, even if that nastiness is fashionable. Clean up, smell better, anoint yourself with the sweet odor of 'polecat'—anything to rid yourself of that horrid, poisonous perfume; bury your clothes with onions for a few weeks; then wear them to church, where clean people meet, and you may be tolerated by them."

He sat and looked at me with astonishment, while flashes of red, denoting anger, came into his face. Then he arose, took his old pipe, went to the door, emptied it of its contents, giving it some severe knocks. He then came and sat down, and looked at me as if I were a great curiosity. Then he said:

"You have given me your ideas in pretty plain language, and did I not know that every word you uttered was the truth, I should feel myself insulted; but instead, I honor you for your manhood and truthfulness. I know that the use of tobacco is a vile, disgusting and loathsome habit. I am sorry it is fashionable, even among Christians and workers for temperance. I am sorry that the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Women's Christian Temperance Union, have so little to say on this matter. I am sorry that tobacco is not prohibited by law, as it would be were it not fashionable. I acquired this nasty habit

when a boy, even when I was a Sunday-school scholar; but I never realized how nasty and ungentlemanly it made me before. I do believe sincerely in the religion of Christ, and hate to have my nastiness pointed out to me by an infidel or unbeliever, who derides the idea of a heart change as we teach it in our church. I feel the truth of what you say of this cursed evil, and, with God's help, I will try to rid myself of this load that is worse than 'Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea.' I have boys growing up that I have noticed with cigars in their mouths, from time to time, much to my regret; but as I was a smoker myself, I had no heart to chide or prevent them. Now I will go to work and rid myself of this curse—this damnable, fashionable tyrant. Then I can reason to some hopeful effect with the boys and others addicted to the habit.

"You have taught me a sad lesson, but I believe it will prove a glorious and a useful one; but I knew it before. You only, by your plain, blunt language, drove the idea deep into my sensitive nature, and thus wounded me sadly and sorely in a part that I knew was vulnerable.

"Some day when I have cured myself of the dirty, loathsome smell offensive to you, I will come in here again. Then I will look up at that beautiful little card-board hanging on the wall, and bless the little spirit-artist that framed those silken letters so appealing to my better nature. I then will bless you for the plain, truthful words you uttered to-day. I will then show you a changed man—one changed in reality, and not in profession—changed from nastiness to cleanliness; one with a brain stimulated by good, clean, wholesome food, passing through a clean mouth, and not saturated with the foul poison of nicotine. Until that time comes around you will hear no more from me of the nastiness of others, or of the abating of nuisances."

Thus ended our conversation, and my friend left me. Through ventilation our office has become cleaner and purer.

Well did our friend keep his pledge, for he is an honest and truthful man, with strong will power and a disposition to overcome bad habits, and thus set a good example before the young.

His mind seems brighter and clearer since his mouth became purer, and the odor from it purer.

So it is, as I close these musings, I fancy I see the angel-face beaming down on me with joy and gladness over one soul made cleaner and purer after gazing on the beautiful little silken letters so artistically woven by her childish fingers, as a present to grandpa, and so expressive of his feelings—words that ought to hang on every wall in the land, so appealing to all: "Please Do Not Smoke Here."

M. P. ROSECRANS.

Various Corners Defined.

TO THE EDITOR:—We are supposed to be living in a free country, where there should be no class legislation, but equal rights to all. In Michigan, however, we cannot hire a school teacher we want because he has not a certificate that is up with the times, even if he is all our school demands. Somebody has a corner in teaching. Then we are not allowed to aid a sick patient, for if we do we are subject to a fine of \$300, because we have not a diploma from some medical college; neither will we be allowed to go into Circuit Court, and plead a case for a friend when he has to be represented by some one, for we have not been admitted at the bar; nor if we see a friend in trouble, or going to get in trouble, we must not warn him, because if we do we may be taken for fortune telling and fined \$200.

Now, to the point: I would like to petition our State Legislature in 1893 for all church organizations to have the power to ordain their respective ministers, as do the orthodox and Catholics to-day. To-day we cannot ordain unless we have God in our creed. Now God is not in the Constitution of the United States, neither is he in our State Constitution; so I do not see the need of having him in our creed in order to get the benefit of our statutes. Ministers of the gospel can solemnize marriages and ride on railroads at half fare, while we have to pay for our speakers or lecturers full fare. Now, if it is a saving to the minister to ride at reduced rates, let us ask for the same privilege.

I wish this published, so as to get a report from every Spiritualist and Liberal organization in the State, and have it discussed in all camp-meetings in the State, and forward me their conclusions, so that I may know their wishes in regard to the petition. C. E. DENT, President of the Vicksburg Spiritual and Religious Association, Vicksburg, Mich.

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. to the 15th.
New Era, Oregon, June 10 to June 27.
Haslett Park, Mich., July 28 to Aug. 29.
Mantua Station, Ohio, July 23 to Aug. 15.
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 81 to Sept. 8.
Temple Heights, Northport, Maine, August 12 to 21.
Lake Brady, near Ravenna, Ohio, July 21 to August 28.
Delphos, Kansas, August 5 to 22.

Signs on a Church.

TO THE EDITOR:—Over the door of an unpretentious frame building, on South Green street, near Madison street, this city, is a sign-board, on which is painted, in large letters, these words:

"Conditional Immortality. Christian Mission Church."

On each side of the door is a placard, on which are the following inscriptions:

The Lord Jesus is soon coming. What is he coming for?

1. To raise the dead.
2. To judge the world.
3. To reward his servants with eternal life.
4. To destroy the wicked with eternal death.
5. To establish his kingdom on earth.
6. To bring in everlasting righteousness.
7. To rule the world.
8. Man's natural immortality was the devil's first lie.

There are several other items which escaped our memory. The first thing that strikes one in reading these signs, or creed, as we may call them, is the entire absence of spiritual knowledge, and second, as a necessary sequence, the misinterpretation of scripture on which this creed appears to be founded. Third, the glaring mistake they make in regard to the one to come, and what he is to do; and fourth, their unreasonable and untenable idea of resurrection and immortality.

We do not believe in the innerness and infallibility of the Bible; but, as a religious book, and written, at least in part, by inspired men, and containing many good *and* *good* when rightly understood, we would like to see it getting as fair play as we give to other literature; but that is what the materialistic unspiritualized minds, notwithstanding their Christian profession, can never give it. "The natural man," which, in scripture language, means the man who is not spiritually unfolded, "receiveth not the things of the spirit, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

The second coming of the Christ has been the hope of the church all down through the Christian centuries; and the great disappointments they met with was then as now caused by their want of spirituality.

These people are still worse, for they look for the coming of the "Lord Jesus." The coming of Christ, or the Christ spirit, is spiritually scriptural; not so the coming of Jesus. They anticipate the coming of Jesus instead of realizing the Christ spirit already in the world, and extending his light, truth, love and power every day, and not destroying the wicked by eternal death, for they are God's children—but not yet ripe—but destroying the wickedness by the power of his love.

There is no eternal death; the soul is the life of God in man and cannot die, but will sometime though, in the far-off ages of eternity, turn to God and fulfill its destiny of eternal progress.

But we would have every one to submit to the guidance of the spirit now and attain to the resurrection of the just, and enter immediately on a happy immortality.

Natural immortality, like the devil's first lie, is the most audacious proposition ever heard of. It is an insult to the intelligence of the nineteenth century. The whole thing, devil and all, is the product of undeveloped brains—a misconception not now entertained by any advanced mind.

Man is a dual being, material and spiritual, mortal and immortal; whether he has attended to the culture of the spiritual side of his organism or not he cannot escape the operation of that absolute natural law by which the material body is dissolved and goes to its kindred element, dust; while the immortal part, the soul and spirit, which that law does not affect, remains and rises from the dead body. This is resurrection; the soul is immortal while in the body, and death makes no change; therefore, immortality is necessarily natural and unconditional.

R. NEELY.

The National Camp Meeting.

The great National Camp Meeting is held at Parkland, Bucks County, Pa., twenty-two miles from Ninth and Green streets, Philadelphia, on the Bound Brook Route of the Reading Railroad. The Camp opens Sunday, June 19th, and closes on Sunday, September 11th, 1892, affording thirteen Sundays in the woods. On Sundays, June 19th and 26th, there will be conference.

July 31st, Geo. W. Kates, Mrs. Z. Brown Kates and Mr. A. E. Tisdale; 10th—Mr. A. E. Tisdale; Mr. Geo. W. Kates and Mrs. Zaida Brown Kates; 11th, A. M., Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings.

August 7th, Mr. Willard J. Hull; 14th, A. M., Dr. Geo. A. Fuller; 28th, A. M., Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings.

September 4th.—Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings.

RATES OF FARE FROM PHILADELPHIA.

Two days' ticket 55 cents, to be exchanged at Superintendent's office at Parkland. Persons desiring to stay an indefinite period during the camp, should purchase eighty-cent tickets, orders for which can be obtained at Capt. Keffer's, 613 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, or at Superintendent's office at Parkland.

There will be dancing in the great pavilion on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings; music by Prof. Hornberger's Orchestra. Fancy dress hops and other entertainments will be given during the season. The hotel is now ready for occupants.

Campers can have their goods carried free of charge by delivering them to shed C, Noble Street Wharf, before 11 A. M., marked plainly "care of Capt. Keffer, Parkland, Pa."

Mail should be addressed, "Parkland Camp Meeting, Eden P. O., Pa."

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.

Dedicated to Mother Jenifer.

As time is ever on the wing,
Bringing us nearer our heavenly home;
As the flowers bloom in spring,
Hither to night we have come.

Assembled here to honor do
Are friends: a welcome sight
To pay tribute, Mother Jenifer, to you,
And make your pathway bright.

The three-score years and ten,
The lotted duration of life,
You have outnumbered them
In earthly pleasure and strife.

Your spirit friends are with you, too,
In all their lustre bright,
Bringing cheerful messages to you
To make your burden light.

When you are afflicted sore,
Remember the great unseen power;
Heaven awaits, with open door,
To give you rest in spirit power.

As your life's journey nears its end,
Your spirit friends will lead the way;
And with these assembled friends,
Will brighten your darkest day.

Mother, through many trials you've passed,
Yet home-ties seem more dear;
Your earthly strength is sorely tasked
In this, your advancing year.

But deeds of kindness you have done,
As through life's journey you have trod;
Friends have left you one by one,
Who are happier in heaven's abode.

You still are left a work to do;
Each good deed is a shining star,
Shedding rays of light on the path for you
That leads to where the spirits are.

And when through this earthly life
Serenely and peacefully you've passed,
Your footsteps guided by spirit light,
May your eternal lot be cast

With those who know not sorrow or pain,
And meet with friends you dearly love,
Where peace and happiness will ever reign,
In that blissful home above.

May this gathering of friends to-night
Add some pleasure to your life,
And be a beacon very bright
In this your home of earthly strife.

Mother Jenifer, we heartily greet you
As we've assembled here to-night,
And hope some day we will meet you
In your future home so bright.

When life's labors are all done,
And your spirit soars above,
We will meet you in that home
Where all is peace and love.

—S. W. FALLIS.

How to Make It.

As I am receiving daily letters of inquiry as to the method of making unleavened graham bread, such as was mentioned in my article of a late issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, I will, with the kind permission of the editor, answer through the same channel.

Use good graham flour, which can be procured at Schumacher's, Akron, Ohio, or Darnall & Dawson's, at Kokomo, Indiana, or of their agents. Most of the graham flour, so-called, in our general market, does not contain the entire wheat, and is not properly ground; but we find the bran not finely ground like the rest of the kernel, which it should be.

"Hard rolls," the best of bread, is made as follows: Mix graham flour with cold water, forming a dough stiff enough so it will not stick to the moulding board. Knead very thoroughly, as for "beaten biscuit," for ten minutes, or until the dough is smooth and elastic. Then form into rolls three or four inches long and barely three-quarters of an inch thick. Leave no dry flour sticking to them. Make them out rapidly, and place a little apart in a pan. Then prick with a fork, and put in the oven, which must be hot enough to brown quickly, but not to scorch. Bake about thirty minutes. When done the rolls should not yield to pressure between the thumb and finger. When taken from the oven, spread them out on the table to cool. They are wholesome eaten warm or cold. This is my standard bread.

"Gems" are made as follows: Stir into cold water enough flour to make a tolerably stiff batter. If it is too thick or too thin it will not be light; ordinarily two parts water and three of flour is about the right proportions. Beat vigorously, and dip into very hot iron gem-pans. Have the oven very hot also when you put them in. Bake about thirty minutes. If properly made and baked, they will be as light as a sponge. It will generally require a little experimenting to get them just right. The philosophy of their being light is this: The air contained in the water is confined by the dough being quickly crusted; then as it becomes heated it expands, thus making light and porous the bread. If it bakes too slowly the air evaporates, and it is sodden and heavy. A little experience and judgment will soon enable anyone to make either or both kinds of bread I have described to perfection, and when once accustomed to its use, no one willingly goes back to the old kind of fermented white flour health-destroying breads.

JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M. D.
No. 2 Warren Ave., Chicago.

A Curious Instance of Spirit Photography.

TO THE EDITOR:—A singular circumstance came under my observation a short time ago. I was at the residence of Henry Besaw, at New London, Wis., and saw a photograph of his wife's father, Louis Dagle. Mr. Dagle was an old and much respected citizen of New London, where he died July 10th, 1889, at the age of 77 years. There never had been a photograph or likeness taken of him. About two years after his death, his son-in-law, Henry Besaw, had one dozen photographs taken of his house and family, all on one card. In one of his photographs was the likeness of the old gentleman, sitting in his accustomed place on the front stoop of the house. The picture is rather dim, but plain enough so that anyone who knew him would recognize him. This appears to be a new departure in the photograph business, and one which I would like to have some scientific Spiritualist explain, as I would like to get the likeness of my father and mother, who never had theirs taken. With regard to Mr. Besaw and family, they are not Spiritualists, never having seen any of the manifestations, nor read any Spiritual papers.

Stevens Point, Wis. S. A. SHERMAN.

Resolutions Passed by the Ethical Club of Topeka, Kansas.

WHEREAS, Moses Harman, the President of this club, has again been committed to prison, charged with the violation of the postal laws attempting to regulate the nature of mailable matter, and:

WHEREAS the principle involved is one that assaults the right of a free press and not only assaults the liberty of thought and speech, but endangers the business interests of the press everywhere, therefore:

Resolved, That this club makes the reasonable request that newspaper publishers furnishing advance copies of their publications to the postoffice officials or agents, shall be exempt from responsibility when such publications are subsequently received and mailed. The responsibility of determining what is and what is not mailable matter must be assumed by the department, instead of, as now, being left as a trap to catch innocent and well-meaning publishers who may have their own views as to what is wholesome literature. The common right of protection recognized in all free countries requires, if censorship of the press must be, that publishers may be able to save themselves from the danger of prosecution and imprisonment by demanding that the acceptance of postage by the department, when advance copies of such mailable matter have been furnished, shall act as a bar against any charge of violation of the postal law?

Resolved, That this club has the highest regard for the moral worth of Moses Harman, its President; that it believes no word of reproach has ever been uttered against his personal character, and that he commands the respect and esteem of all who know him well, and that even those who antagonize ideas that he may entertain, many of which this club will not attempt to fully endorse, still have the utmost confidence in his integrity of purpose.

Resolved That this, the Topeka Ethical Club, believing in and tolerating the utmost freedom of discussion, as the only means of reaching ultimate truth, does hereby extend to Mr. Harman its warmest sympathies, assuring him that he has our respect as a citizen, our love as a friend, and our admiration for his unselfish devotion to his own ideal of right.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our friend and presiding officer, Moses Harman, in his imprisonment, and that they be furnished to his paper, *Lucifer*, and to the city press for publication.

G. F. KIMBALL,
J. W. ADAMS, } Committee.
J. A. ADAMS, }

Attest:
Mr. BULLARD, Vice President.
G. F. KIMBALL, Secretary.

Ashley Camp.

The Ashley Camp-meeting opens Sunday, August 21st, and closes Sunday, September 5th. The speakers engaged are Lyman C. Howe, Mrs. Adah Sheehan, G. W. Kates and wife, D. M. King and Mrs. Anna Ivey, independent slate-writer, and others.

COMMITTEES.

Executive Board: A. P. Oliver, Chas. S. Waugh, Wm. Randolph, Isaac Heinlen, Otto Lee, Wm. Granger, Sec.

Dining Hall: A. P. Oliver, T. H. Morehouse.

Music: Mrs. Cora Randolph, H. P. Grant, Mrs. Mary Moorehouse.

Reception: Mr. Randolph, Mrs. Cora Randolph, Mrs. Lydia A. Granger, C. S. Waugh, Otto Lee, Charles Lee.

Sleeping Rooms: H. Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Lee, Isaac Heinlen, Mrs. J. Jenkins, Mrs. Liona Heverlo.

Finance: T. M. Seeds, Charles Lee, Mrs. E. M. Jennings, A. P. Oliver, Clarence Heverlo, Mrs. E. L. Beard, Mr. Wooley, J. P. Allen.

Mr. Charles Waugh was elected to the Vice-Presidency, to fill Mr. C. H. Moorehouse's place in his absence.

Parkland (Pa.) Camp.

This camp opened its regular summer meetings Sunday, July 3d. At the morning session G. W. Kates gave an eloquent and able address upon "Humanity." Mrs. Kates followed with some excellent spirit-tests. A. E. Tisdale spoke at the afternoon meeting in his usual forcible manner. These speakers and mediums will occupy the platform Sunday, July 10th, and be followed by others each Sunday until September 11th.

On July 4th large excursions visited the grounds. There was ample amusement and patriotism; everything passed off pleasantly. July 5th, at a conference, the spirit-control of Mrs. Kates alluded to the newly-arisen spirit, Katie Fox-Jenken, and asked that sympathy and love be voiced for her. Other remarks were made about the works of this medium, and a resolution was adopted pledging loving memory and devoted defense of her mediumship.

As a psychic we revere her memory. By her life we should learn how to better protect these chosen instruments, to save them from environments that shall impair their labors and injure their lives. We should also learn how to prevent public defamation; at least, should be able and willing to enter the lists of defenders of Spiritualism from the wantonness of a press and public servile to mammon and dogmatic religions.

A WORKER.

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.

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.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Published every Saturday at No. 40 Loomis Street.
J. R. Francis, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at Chicago Postoffice as Second class matter.

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One year (12 copies to the one getting up the club) \$1.00
Three months (4 copies) .75
Single copy .05

Remit by Postoffice Money Order, Registered Letter, or draft on Chicago or New York. It costs from 10 to 15 cents to get drafts cashed on local banks, so don't send them unless you wish that amount deducted from the amount sent. Direct all letters to J. R. Francis, No. 40 Loomis St., Chicago, Ill.

CLUBS: IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

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

Take Notice.

At expiration of subscription, if not renewed, the paper is discontinued. No bill will be sent for extra numbers.

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Whenever you desire the address of your paper changed, always give the address of the place to which it is then sent, or the change cannot be made.

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Do you want a more bountiful harvest than we can give you for 25 cents? Just pause and think for a moment what an intellectual feast that small investment will furnish you. The subscription price of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for twelve weeks is only twenty-five cents! For that amount you obtain one hundred and four pages of solid, substantial, soul-elevating and mind-refreshing reading matter, equivalent to a medium-sized book!

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1892.



A SPIRITUALIST?

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

Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard.

When the message, "Nettie has passed on," came flashing over the wires to Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond's home at Rogers Park, she unhesitatingly replied "I will be there." Affection, the love of the cause, and the sacredness of a promise, all combined to hasten the fulfillment of this sacred duty. Mr. and Mrs. Richmond left Rogers Park on Tuesday evening, arrived at White Plains, N. Y., on Thursday in time for the funeral services, which took place at 2:30 P. M.

Mrs. Maynard, formerly Nettie Colburn was known wherever Spiritualism is known, and her record of more than thirty years labor in the cause is closely identified with all that is bright and valuable in the history of our glorious philosophy, while the names of her controls are household words in hundreds of homes. Mrs. Maynard has been so great a sufferer for more than a decade of years, that her name has become more and more endeared to those who loved her. Through her great fortitude and patience, under the most severe bodily affliction, during all this time, and up to her latest mortal day of life, her controls were able to use her voice and brain to teach and spread grand truths, although every other portion of her anatomy was absolutely ossified.

The fortitude of Mrs. Maynard and the more than devotion of her noble husband have surrounded them with a halo of loveliness and brightness such as saints alone can wear.

The entire absence of any tokens of earthly "mourning," the snowy casket, the white robe, the masses of flowers and foliage, the peace and love abiding within the dwelling, will ever be remembered as a baptism by those privileged to be present. It would be impossible to describe the services, but you can judge what Mrs. Richmond's guides would do and say on such an occasion.

The entire service will be preserved in a Memorial Pamphlet which will soon be sent out to all of Mrs. Maynard's friends. Her life work and her life are her most lasting memorials.

Everybody Should Read It.

Everybody should read Hudson Tuttle's story, which we commence this week. Call your neighbors' attention to the attractions of the paper. It is always beaming with something new—with something that the people should know. It has gained its present large circulation through that characteristic. Besides, the paper is not in debt, having been sustained thus far on its circulation, advertisements playing no part in its support. In order to assist in carrying out certain improvements now in prospect, we may conclude to accept advertisements of a general character. While we continue at the head of the paper, it will never lack for attractions. Leading in circulation, it will also lead in all other respects. A paper sustained on the same basis as THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, growing constantly, was never known before.

The Evolution of the Minister.

A generation ago the soundness of a clergyman's theology, measured by the standards of his particular "denomination," was the question of most vital concern to those who sat under his preaching.

The chief business of the clergyman then was to preach, and his preaching related mainly to the presentation and propagation of exact doctrine. Men were persuaded that salvation itself depended largely upon the accuracy of their beliefs, and naturally they did not like to risk their souls by listening Sunday after Sunday to any clergyman whose soundness in every detail of theology was not fully certified to them upon expert authority.

How far this conviction had foundation is not for a secular newspaper to say, but it is an observed fact of modern life that it has largely given way to a less exacting thought in the popular mind. There is far less concern felt for the pews now than a generation ago for the doctrinal soundness of the clergyman, and far more for his other qualities of mind and heart.

Under this changed condition there is going on a marked evolution of the minister out of the clergyman. It began perhaps with Charles Kingsley, who, in addition to his "muscular Christianity," interested himself in political economy and social philosophy in the belief that he could in that way render the lives of the people happier and healthier, and that happiness and health were efficient means of grace. "Adirondack" Murray gave a strong impetus to the new movement in this country by his declaration in the old Park street pulpit at Boston that "Christianity is a life, not a creed"—a service to man, not a personal insurance policy of salvation—and by his vigorous insistence upon the right of a clergyman to live the life of a man among men, congenial to his fellows and helpful to them and to himself.

Every year the number of men in the pulpit who find their best ministry outside the work of doctrinal instruction is increasing. Our Rainsfords, so far from contenting themselves with the delivery of homilies, go over to the east side and study the actual conditions of life there with great-hearted sympathy and a practical intelligence. They come back and tell their better-to-do parishioners that the methods hitherto followed are radically and hopelessly wrong; that if they wish to cure the evils of the saloon they must reform the saloon which they cannot abolish; that if men and women who toil and suffer are to be made better they must have a practical opportunity to become better. These men recognize the importance of the life that now is as well as that of the life that is to come. They may or may not have the old faith that prayer will be answered, but so far as the relief of their fellow-creatures from want and other evil conditions is concerned they have learned that the surest way to secure an answer to prayer is to answer it themselves.

In brief, there is an increasing number of ministers among clergymen, an increasing number of men who concern themselves less with systematic teaching than with active efforts for the betterment of their fellow-men.

In the development of such a tendency there are many errors committed, of course. There are men whose zeal outruns their discretion, and who, meaning to do well, in fact do ill, as many good people believe is the case with Dr. Parkhurst. Then there are the merely self-seeking sensationalists, who exploit themselves to the hurt of the good work done by others. But after making all allowances for these, it is manifest that ministrations are an effective agent for the amelioration of life and the uplifting of human character, and that the new ministerial type of clergyman—who appears alike among Jews, Catholics and Protestants—is a great and wholesome force in a world that sorely needs him.

There will always be an abundance of ultra-conservative men to preserve anything that may be of value in old methods. The majority of men are conformists, not given to new departures, and inclined to frown upon innovation. The minority, whose compassion for human need exceeds their concern for traditions and logical formulas, whose brotherly love outruns their conceit of opinion, constitute a new force in modern life whose activity is greatly for good.

We need more large-minded, great-hearted men, of practical sense and self-sacrificing energy, to do fully the work these modern "ministers" clergymen have found to do.

The above, which appeared as an editorial in the New York World, contains some grand truths. If it had been headed "The Evolution of the True Man," it would have better expressed the wants of to-day. That the ministers of the gospel, as a general rule, are being "toned down" is self-evident. Those of the Catholic church are the hardest to reach, the most obstinate, the most superstitious, and the most reluctant. They will yield sometime.

Vibrations of the Brain Change.

"The war was responsible for many queer things," said Dr. Eugene Hardcastle, a St. Paul surgeon. "Up in Northern Minnesota lives a man who entered the service in 1861. He was a very dull fellow, almost a fool. During one of the sorties made by the Confederates at Donelson he received a buckshot in the head. The surgeons could not find it, and the wound healed. He returned to duty one of the brightest men in the company, and in time became a Second Lieutenant. At the close of the war he returned home, married a superior woman, prospered and was elected Sheriff of his county. Three years ago his head began to give him a great deal of trouble. He came to St. Paul and I located the buckshot and removed it. He is now as healthy as ever, but is the same stupid dolt that he was before the fight at Fort Donelson." The wound that he received may have accelerated his brain vibrations, and to that extent made him more bright intellectually. The removal of the shot placed his brain in its normal condition, and made him the same old dolt that he was before being wounded.

Trusting the Senses.

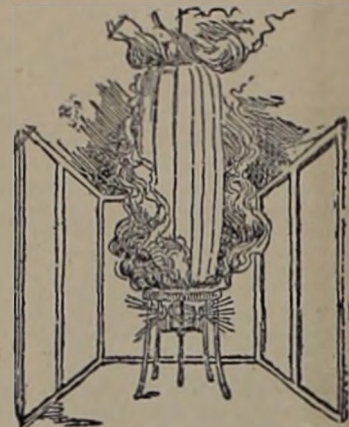
The difficulty in always relying on the senses, "taking what comes," is presented by the New York Herald in detailing the burning of a young woman at the Eden Musee. Those who have been thrilled by the spectacle will be glad to receive positive assurance that a young woman is not sacrificed there nightly for the public entertainment.



PREPARED FOR CREMATION.

In this spectacle, which is exhibited by the illusionist Powell, a beautiful young woman mounts a table arranged in an alcove formed of a folding screen. Above the victim is suspended a cylindrical cloth screen. The screen is lowered to the level of the table, completely inclosing the subject.

The table apparently has four legs, and four candles shown beneath it indicate that the space underneath the table is open and clear. The cylindrical



THE BURNING.

screen is shown to be entire, with openings only at the upper and lower ends, and no openings are seen in the folding-screen which partly surrounds the table.

Upon the firing of a pistol a fire breaks out under the cover, and smoke and flame bursting forth indicate that the work of destruction is going on within. When the fire is burned out, the screen

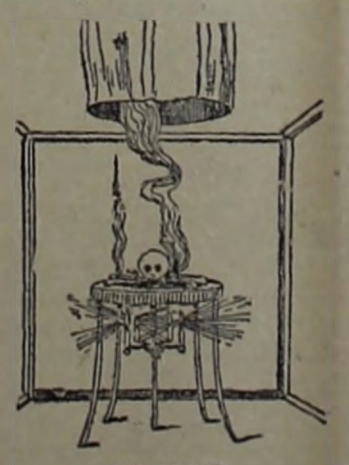


THE ESCAPE.

is lifted, and nothing remains upon the table but a few smoldering embers and a pile of bones surmounted by a skull. Close observation does not reveal any way of escape for the young woman.

The Scientific American is good enough to furnish an explanation of the mystery. A young woman, it says, is not cremated nightly. The spectacle depends entirely on a trick, consisting in the use of plane mirrors. It is essentially the same as the trick of the bearded lady, and many others.

The table has but two legs, the other two which appear being simply reflections. The central standard supports but two candles, the other two being reflections. Underneath the table, and converging at the central standard, are arranged two plane mirrors, at an angle of 90 degrees with each other, and of 45 degrees with the side panels of the screen. By means of this arrangement



THE FINISH.

the side panels, which are of the same color as the center or back panel, are reflected in the mirror, and appear as a continuation of the back panel. The triangular box, of which the mirrors form two sides, has a top composed in part of the table top, and in part of mirror sections for reflecting the back panel, or with a covering the same color as the back panel.

The mirrors are shown in the illustration entitled "The Escape," but they are, of course, invisible to the audience. The operation of the apparatus is obvious. When the victim is inclosed by the cylindrical screen, she immediately escapes through a trap door in the table-top, places the bones and the fire-works upon the table, and at the firing of the pistol ignites the latter, and retires, closing the trap-door after her.

The necessity for each one to be always critical and careful in the examination of any subject or any manifestation, is rendered apparent from the above.

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Works, Doings, Etc.

Remember, everyone, that, on account of our large editorials going 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.

The Secretary of the Windsor Association of Spiritualists writes: "Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thrall, of Potterville, Mich., celebrated their golden wedding, July 2. Many of their Spiritualist friends and relatives gathered at their home to remind them of their fiftieth anniversary. The speakers were Mrs. J. H. Dunham, of Ionia; Mrs. Jennie Rosenburger, of Grand Ledge; Mrs. Paw Paw, of Detroit, and Messrs. Ashley, of Diamond Lake; and I. Smith, and G. W. Snyder, of Grand Ledge. The aged couple were presented with a nice set of gold-band dishes; also other presents too numerous to mention. W. R. Jones from spirit land, through the mediumship of Mrs. Paw Paw, performed the marriage ceremony. He was a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Thrall. He has been in spirit life twenty-five years. Then dinner was announced and the aged couple was seated with the many friends at a well-spread table. After dinner there was more speaking and several tests from our spirit friends, after which Mrs. Will Divine read a poem, 'Our Golden Wedding'; then we sought our many homes, knowing that we had a grand time, and wishing the bride and groom a merry golden wedding."

Walter Howell, of New York, writes: "The news of Mrs. Kate Fox-Jencken's removal to the higher life was shocking to us all, for we had no idea that her health was giving way. She passed away suddenly July 2, and her remains were interred at Greenwood cemetery, on Tuesday, July 5. The services were conducted at the late home of our translated sister, by Walter Howell. The funeral was unattended by display, by special request. The parlors were filled with sympathizing friends. Mrs. Jencken leaves two sons, one about seventeen and the other eighteen years of age respectively. The boys and Maggie Fox-Kane need the loving sympathy of all. A memorial service will be arranged for early in the autumn, when our friends have returned to the city. Of this, however, due notice will be given anon."

The St. Louis Globe Democrat of July 3 says: "A mass meeting of Spiritualists was held last night at Chatsworth Hall. Seventeenth and Olive streets. The meeting was conducted by Dr. G. G. W. Van Horn, late of Chicago. Mrs. M. Ackerly, the clairvoyant, read an essay on Jesus Christ, whom she said was a spiritualistic medium. At the conclusion of her essay, Mrs. Ackerly went into a trance and delivered a message to the audience from Judge Garrett Van Wagoner. The dead jurist's spirit, through Mrs. Ackerly, regretted bitterly what he had had to do with the trial of Maxwell for the alleged murder of Preller. Judge Van Wagoner was represented as saying that he had met both Preller and Maxwell in 'Summerland.' They now were the best of friends, and Preller had told him that he was not killed by Maxwell, but that he took the poison of his own accord in his room at the Southern Hotel; also that Maxwell had tried to cover up the shame of the cowardly deed by treating his (Preller's) body as he had done. This news seemed to please the audience immensely; for at the conclusion of Mrs. Ackerly's trance she was heartily applauded. Then Dr. Van Horn took the stand. He said that his work would be interfered with considerably on account of the peculiar conditions. It was just on the eve of a monster national celebration, and all the spirits who had taken part in the revolution were flocking back to earth to enjoy the festivities. The room was full of them, and he saw innumerable signers of the Declaration of Independence trooping through the hall. However, the Doctor, with his ivory cane, which he said was magnetic, conversed with departed friends of a number of ladies in the audience, and brought them messages of cheer from the astral world. The meeting lasted until 11 o'clock."

The camp engagements of A. E. Tisdale are as follows: Cape Cod camp meeting, Onset Bay, Lake Pleasant, Parkland, Queen City Park, Temple Heights, Verona Park, Etna, and East Madison. Societies wishing his services for October, November and December, of 1892, may address him at his home, No. 547 Bank street, New London, Conn.

Dr. Geo. A. Fuller has been engaged by the Worcester, Mass., Spiritualist Society, for one-half of the time for the coming season, commencing Sept., 1892, and closing June, 1893. This is Dr. Fuller's second engagement for a like term by the same society. He is open for engagements for other Sundays. For terms, etc., address him at 5 Houghton St., Worcester, Mass.

Chas. F. Collier, conductor, Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "At the regular meeting of the Board of Directors and Managers of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, Cleveland, Ohio, John William Topping was duly elected Corresponding Secretary, vice Thos. Lees, resigned. All communications, etc., pertaining to the Lyceum must be addressed to him at his residence, room 47, 345 Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio, otherwise they will not be honored by the Lyceum."

Mrs. Bartels, of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I attended a wonderful seance with Mrs. Laroge. I had a boy ten years old, who, while bathing in the river, was drowned. I was a skeptic and a member of the Catholic church, but was advised to call on Mrs. Laroge, who is a trumpet medium. I went to see her, in hopes to get her controls to find my boy's body. At the seance the controls informed me that my boy's body was in the river at Carroll street, and if I would tell some one to drag the river at that street the body would be found. I have been a member of the Catholic church for fourteen years, but now I am a full-fledged Spiritualist."

T. S. Stanford, of Indianapolis, Ind., writes that the Young Mediums' Society has moved to rooms 16 and 18, Cyclorama Building. The object of the meeting is to bring out some of the young mediums of the city.

Mamie E. Miller, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "Seldom has there been so much interest manifested in spiritual things here, as at the present time. People are anxiously seeking evidence that proves the continuity of life beyond so-called death. All are eager to find an answer to the question, 'Do we live again and know each other in the great beyond?' Dr. H. T. Stanley, of Hoosac Falls, N. Y., is still making his presence felt through his good work among our people. We find him a genial gentleman, an excellent medium, and a magnetic healer of wonderful power, which in addition to his medical knowledge fits him for a work seldom equalled by any one heretofore among us. He speaks for the Union Society to large and appreciative audiences, and his tests are clear and convincing."

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond speaks in Cleveland July 3 and 10. She has an engagement at Yorkshire, N. Y., from the 10th to the 21st; at Lake Brady, Ohio, from the 22d to the 21st; at Cassadaga, Aug. 6, 7, 14 and 16; Onset Bay, Aug. 25 to 30.

Mrs. A. E. Sheets, Grand Ledge, Mich., P. O. box 833, is open for engagements as inspirational speaker for the fall and winter, beginning Sept. 1. She will also answer calls for funerals.

Church and State in France.

The Pope has written a letter to the Bishop of Grenoble regarding the relations between Church and State in France. His Holiness says that he regrets that some Catholics show themselves rebellious in regard to these injunctions of the church on the pretext that these injunctions are of a political character. The Vatican, the Pope adds, does not seek to enter politics, but when politics is bound up in religious interests, as in France, if anybody is trusted with a mission to determine the attitude of the church it is the Supreme Pontiff. The Pope further says he hopes the masses "will learn to appreciate that the church is appealing for the co-operation of all honest men in the task of overcoming sectarian persecution, that is compassing the religious and moral ruin of France. The nation will then recognize its true friends, and society transformed will bow to the will of God." "Bow to the will of God" when every church organization is suppressed that opposes the Catholic church, and the inquisition is again allowed to do its damnable work.

Superstitions of the Day.

"The superstitious gossip," says the Boston Herald, "concerning the red house in Washington, that was occupied by Mr. Blaine and the sinister influence of its walls and floors on the inmates, is an apparent contradiction of the skeptical and scientific spirit of the last decade of the country. It is hard for man to rid himself of inherited fantastical thoughts and beliefs. The opal is still shunned. Astrologers ply their trade here in Boston, and shrewd men of business consult them. A physician of repute in this town bows to the opinion of Paracelsus that a doctor 'without the knowledge of stars can neither understand the cause or cure of any disease, not so much as toothache except he see the particular geniture of the party affected.' Within the last twelve months a well-known citizen, who died Friday and thought the number thirteen peculiar to ill-luck, died on the thirteenth day that happened to be Friday, and the conjunction excited comment. Ladders, umbrellas, the new moon, salt, mirrors are still associated with the mysterious powers of darkness."

Ought to be President.

The venerable Solomon W. Jewett, now in Philadelphia, after reading A. B. French's address in a late PROGRESSIVE THINKER, thinks he ought to be President of the United States.

An Important Proposition.

On another page, Geo. A. Shufeldt makes an important proposition in reference to a monument. It is one that will be carried out eventually.

A Suggestive Article.

J. B. Loomis, on our first page, presents some views and reflections which are worthy of the careful consideration of the people.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

(Please make your obituary notices short, not over ten or fifteen lines, and they will be inserted at once. If long, their insertion may be very much delayed.)

On Friday, June 24, in Port Huron, Mich., Mrs. Marguerite J. Brown, bade her family and friends of earth farewell. She knew she could not recover some time before she passed away, and made all arrangements for her funeral, and anxiously awaited the call. Mrs. Brown had been used as a medium for several years, and many there were who had been made better by it. Mobley, her principal control, has many friends who will miss her advice and genial influence. Mrs. Brown had lived in Port Huron for a great many years, and was well acquainted throughout Michigan. One and all will miss her hopeful, happy influences. The funeral was largely attended on Sunday, all attesting by their presence the sadness they felt in bidding her physical form good-bye. The writer was called to officiate and offer the truths of Spiritualism to the family and friends. G. H. BROOKS.

In the death of Mrs. Caroline Smith, the people of Chesterfield, Ohio, lost one of their most worthy citizens. She was one of the earliest pioneers, traveling the wilderness from Connecticut with her father's family when a child, and in 1817 found a home in the log cabin which occupied the site of the farmhouse where, with her husband, whom she married in 1825, she has ever resided. She was an old-time Spiritualist, and showed in all the conduct of her life that the belief and knowledge was not only good enough to live by, but to die by. She was 88 years of age, and until her last sickness, vigorous in mind and body. The funeral was largely attended. Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle gave a song service, and the discourse was given by Hudson Tuttle. R. C.

Dr. W. J. Parker, a healer from Boston, Mass., is now located at 336 West Madison street.

DESOLATION OF PALESTINE.

Interesting Thoughts by a Veteran Worker.

Henry McDonald, in the Twentieth Century, gives a woeful pen-picture of Palestine, republished in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. He is truly a graphic writer of the materialistic school, gloating with an artistic savor over Jerusalem's abomination of desolation. He is not alone in his conclusions. Some Christian travelers, educated to look upon their country as beautiful in situation and the joy of the whole earth, honestly admit, on personal inspection, that it is indeed in a forlorn and wretched condition. Contrary to the testimony of Josephus, an anti-Christian Jew, and other historians of unquestioned validity, he cannot see any possible evidence of its ever having been a flourishing country. He says: "If there had been soil in ancient days, it must have miraculously disappeared, as there are no traces of it, even where it might have been washed to. A people from the deserts of Sinai might imagine any country where a tree grew or where it even rained, as a 'land flowing with milk and honey.' A small pastoral country is never wealthy; the people of Palestine had neither arts nor manufactures, and must have been peculiarly poverty-stricken. From all the numerous excavations, nothing older than the Roman period has been found. The stories of Solomon's magnificence, outwelling that of Xerxes, his harem of 1,000 wives and his temple must be ascribed to the patriotic exaggeration of a late writer."

He evidently would not negative the old question: "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" Like all materialistic thinkers, he maintains the environment like that of Palestine could not possibly produce the remarkable characters credited to it in history. Such thinkers always emphasize environment as primal to racial growth and qualitative excellence. Not primarily, but measurably this is correct data. Some of the most miserable people have lived in countries well adapted to evolve noble specimens of men and women. A human type of pure blood, of spiritual aspiration trimmed and toned to science can conquer any climate, and be great when, in more favorable localities, a more animal type is groveling. To correctly measure, then, the character-status of any people, we must go deeper than environment. Sterile New England, rock-ribbed like Palestine, has given America the earliest splendor of brain and character. The loftiest sense of human liberty is developed amid the rigor of high mountains. Almost under the frozen pole from the Norseland come the sweetest song. And so it is in all history, in all climates; perfectible art, science and religion are gestated, not amid luxury, wealth and fashion, but where environment antagonizes genius, where deprivation evokes hope and chances to live and not "die in the furrows," evoke unconquerable faith. All attainments are possible with the possibilities of genius. The spirit of the conquering man and woman—here is the starting point and the mold of environment to their necessities.

Palestine anciently was lorded over by a spiritually disciplined type, the devout Jews. In their palmy days, when not scattered abroad as now, all their indomitable energies were concentrated upon the development of their "promised land." Its condition then was the reverse of what it is now. What materialistic writers deride as "contractiveness" provoked, as in classic Athens, the loftier patriotism and spirituality of character of which the worshiped Nazarene is a fruit. Those days the shepherds were not "cowboys," armed with knives and pistols, and patronizers of the "dens," but unsophisticated youth, prophetic men, children of nature who could see and hear the angel in the "burning bush," and find deific laws even in stones and running brooks. Every natural object corresponded to these pastoral people a correspondence of something spiritual. Even the dust they trod upon was as symbols of the virtues of life, and therefore protected them. Nature put on her beautiful robes even in rocky Palestine, because these people were spiritually minded enough to cultivate it as they would character to be worthy of divine blessings. It was susceptible of culture then. The mountains of Gilead were celebrated for their stately oaks, excellent pasturage and fine herds of cattle there feeding. "Lebanon abounded in lofty cedars, in choice fir trees and refreshing springs of water." The Jordan, thence rising, was then a full flowing river. The region of Mount Carmel on the shore of the Mediterranean sea, was exceedingly fruitful, and properly named "the vineyard of God." Palestine was forested then with cedars, oaks, firs, pines, turpentine trees, lindens, poplars, willows, alders, laurels, myrtles, the palms, cactuses, cinnamon trees and the like. There were also cultivated trees, such as the olive, the fig, the sycamore, the pomegranate. Grapes were prolific all through those woods, and cultivated vineyards were common as a branch of profitable industry. It was, therefore, a fit country in which to evolve a new type of religious civilization, and it was developed there, and, say what men may to the contrary, the whole world is the better for it.

The question naturally suggests itself here, what has caused the woeful reaction in that country, both in the soil and the inhabitants? Is it due to the ravages of religious (?) wars, superstitions, mutual animosities among the rival churches? These may not be so causal as incidental. Low ideas, breeding, all these vices and sorrows, naturally follow the pastoral and agricultural impoverishment of a country, and nothing so impoverishes it as deforestation. Those rocks have ceased to be vine-clad, those valleys are no longer green, those hills and mountains are no longer the spring-feeding to the Jordan that is now but an insignificant stream. All is, indeed, the abomination of desolation," over which the unsprinkled cynics derisively smile, and call it the "seat of a grand lie." Royal syndicates slew the century oaks and cedars, allowed the fire-scorched to destroy the rest, and a desert of soil and a desert of intellect are what the travelers there see today. Forest vandalism in all ages, is the loss of civilization, and a reaction to barbarism and superstition. Will we of our boasted "land of greatness" profit by the fearful lesson of Palestine?

J. O. BARNETT.



COMMUNICATIONS WRITTEN BY SPIRITS IN CLOSED ENVELOPES.

PHENOMENAL.

Independent Spirit Writing.

Through the Mediumship of Mr. Geo. Cole.

TO THE EDITOR:—Herewith I send you three communications written at the Carrie Miller Circle, through the process of independent spirit writing, particulars of which method of writing I have heretofore described. Our spirit friends are well pleased with the reception THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has given to their communications. Thomas H. Benton was for thirty years a senator from Missouri, a man of rare nobility of character, and one of our greatest statesmen. Starr King, who writes on the subject, "Sympathy for Every One," has given us an address wholly characteristic of the man. He was a Unitarian clergyman, and a brilliant and effective platform speaker and writer. Carrie Miller is the controlling spirit of the circle, or as she says herself, "Spirit in charge." We have named the circle after this spirit, on account of her dominating influence.

2481 Atlantic Ave., CHAS. R. MILLER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CARRIE MILLER'S NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

The past year spiritually has witnessed many events inimical to the progress of the cause, which, like the Star of Bethlehem, lights the path of the wise to life and truth. Our star of hope can never be dimmed. Clouds of prejudice, anger and hate may for a time hide it from mortal gaze, but as time rolls on they will dissolve, neath glowing rays, and their mists be banished from the face of the horizon. Truth, as time, is immortal, and though its effects may for a time be perverted, yet its association with the higher and more pure elements of life precludes the possibilities of any continued deception under its borrowed guise. Mortals have become so gross and sensual that all truths are vague and uncertain, and they, indeed, see through a glass dimly, yet there is one truth which is ever visible and before which they stand appalled, shrinking from the dread certainty of what they understand as death.

This truth is the one redeeming feature in the career of many mortals. They regard its inevitable, its stern decrees, with that submission which promises much under an influence which is surely and no less certainly reaching them from the realms beyond.

The year now about to close has been pregnant with events tending to develop the understanding of mortal men as to a life which they are learning to regard as a sequel to their present existence, and which they can neither realize nor understand. Manifestations of various characters have been made by their departed friends in a manner to arrest attention, and invite the investigations of the most skeptical. Relatives and friends have stood before mortals in their spiritual bodies, as described in the 44th verse of the 15th chapter of the 1st book of Corinthians: "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." And they have been recognized amid loving greetings and a renewal of those relations which a cold, heartless theology had interred in an inhospitable grave. The loved wife and husband, the revered father and mother, sisters, brothers and lovers, have returned, bringing with them those memories which cluster around scenes of by-gone days, those bright spots in the general gloom of our earth-life existence.

The cabinet, dear friends, is the sacred trust, where reunion of long-separated friends takes place; it is the altar upon which are laid disappointed hopes and broken hearts; it is there the incense of love and peace perfumes and sanctifies the atmosphere, refreshes the souls of men and teaches them of a higher, holier and more beautiful philosophy than mortal brain was ever capable of conceiving.

Cabinets for spiritual manifestations have greatly increased in the past year, while the materialization of the spirits of departed friends has become more numerous, and their personality more distinct. Life has been found not to be a vapor, but an active, palpable reality, with the genial warmth of love in each heart, and the smile of recognition in each face.

Those media through whom the two worlds are thus brought together must not be forgotten. Erratic in a mortal sense they may be, but in a spiritual sense they are the vessels who keep the fire of life and truth burning at the shrine of a sublime immortality.

Congratulations on the success of the spiritual cause in this closing year are due to both spirits and mortals.

The year (1891) on whose threshold we now stand seems filled with hope and promise, and that both may be realized is the sincere wish of your friend,

CARRIE MILLER.

THOS. H. BENTON COMMUNICATES.

SPIRITUALISM—ITS IMPORTANCE TO THE WORLD.

At the suggestion of your daughter, Carrie Miller, I have come here for the purpose of giving expression to a few facts relative to the subject which is now becoming the most important to the mortal world. For some incomprehensible reason, the public men of to-day rather avoid the discussion of the subject, and therefore, what light arises therefrom is through the manifestation of departed spirits. When it becomes generally known that the whole fabric of mortal being, every association and pursuit which emanate from such existence, is based upon spiritual immortality, then, perhaps, the subject will receive more cordial treatment at the hands of professors and scientists.

It is remarkable that man, controlled by even the most ordinary intelligence, would prefer to confine his views and his beliefs to his material surroundings, which may be for an hour a day, a few

of the Samaritan is not without a great significance to mortal men; it teaches of the divineness of brotherly love, and that fraternal duties are due from and by every one of God's creatures, whether upon the mortal or spiritual plane.

To Spiritualists are intrusted this great movement for the enlightenment and amelioration of the condition of mortal men, and, as the anti-slavery champions of a few years since, they have many obstacles to overcome, many difficulties to encounter, and much misrepresentation and abuse to endure; yet they must remember that success attends the courageous and faithful, and though your brother may persecute you, he is misguided and led in dark ways by the iron of creeds and the idols of gold. Among yourselves be united and fraternal; permit not wolves in sheep's clothing to come among you, and by insinuation and false pretense set one against another. You have a noble cause; let it not be defiled by hypocrisy and cant.

TH. STARR KING.

HOWLING DERVISHES.

Only One of Six Hundred Religions.

TO THE EDITOR:—As religionists the howling Dervishes are of great interest. It appears from the *New York World* that they sing "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." It was a most surprising experience for the reporter to come up out of Interior Turkey, where "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" had been heard each week at the Dervish worship, and find it the rage of all London and then to hear it whistled, groaned and hummed at every turn in New York. A meaningless combination of syllables in English, originally it is the hymn which the most devout sect on earth used to put their bodies and souls into harmony with their crude idea of worship.



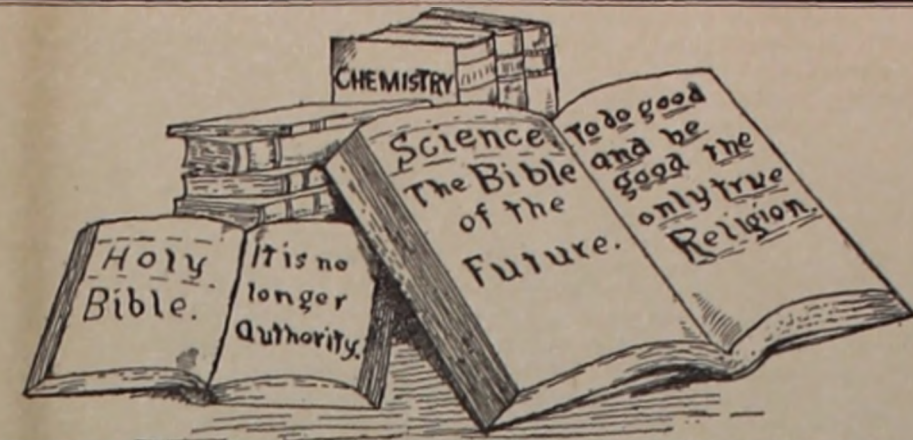
A HOWLING DERVISH.

The song as sung by the Dervishes is a prolonged wail, lasting from one to two hours—a continued repetition of the words "ta, ra, ra, boom, de, ay." There is not a better or safer place to see the howling than at Scutari, the ramshackle old town across the Bosphorus from Constantinople. They usually gather Thursday afternoon in a deserted house or harem in some byway or hidden street. The walls of the old place are covered with taborings, and at the back of the man who for convenience is here called priest hangs a collection of relics, trophies given by the warrior members of the band and religious devices and trappings. Around the top of the low room is a gallery so near the floor that a man can barely pass beneath it. The front of the gallery is covered with grill, through the minute interstices of which gaze the women from the harem upon their masters worshipping below. Around the sides of the room sits a row of howlers, each upon a rug as fine as his means will allow. Apart from these sit one or two more prosperous Dervishes. These have given up the hard work of the sect. They howl mildly and do the "Ta, ra, ra" movement sitting upon luxurious tapestries and dressed in the finest Oriental fabrics.

The howling begins at a word from the priest, or chief Dervish. The swarthy howlers, some yellow, some black, all wild-eyed, arise. Mildly they begin to beat their bodies with their hands, chanting an unintelligible murmur of Turkish words, where the proportion of consonants to vowels is one to twelve. Gradually the men get wrought up, until their entire bodies are brought into action. The movements are all in unison, the column swaying, plunging, bowing as a single man. With the "Ta, ra, ra" they bow their heads almost to the ground, quickly bringing themselves erect again. With a tremendous accent on the "boom" they turn their heads to the right and bend their bodies as much as possible, the motion only lasting during the "de ay." Again they howl "Ta, ra, ra," bowing to the front, and on the "boom" this time turning the head to the left and bending their bodies in the opposite direction. Back and forth, up and down they move, as swiftly as is possible. Gradually the outer garments are removed, and when the meeting is over it is not an uncommon thing to see them entirely nude, save their girdles. After these two movements they begin other, until one by one they become temporarily insane from mere fatigue. The priest from his pulpit watches the worship with cool indifference, and rewards the prostrate men by stepping twice upon their bodies as they lie before him. This exercise having been gone through, little children come in like flat on the floor in front of the pulpit, while the leader walks down the line, stopping squarely on each one. He returns to his pedestal in the same way, turns about, blows his breath upon the prostrate worshippers, and then the exercises are over. Christians or Europeans, which to them are one, are not welcome guests, and are only admitted because their liberal fees help to pay the rent. Twice the writer was the only unbeliever within miles, and to be penned up with sixty or seventy fanatics was a sensation not at all pleasing, especially as the spilling of Christian blood is a sure guarantee to the Dervish or any Mohammedan of a high place in Heaven.

The religion of the howling Dervishes being one of six hundred, is worthy of that consideration and respect which is given to any orthodox church in this country. Their sincerity is worthy of great respect. They will evolve from this crude condition sometime.

EVA LUTON.



THE UNIVERSE.

It Is Governed by Fixed Laws.

TO THE EDITOR:—Talk about religion and its six hundred sects of this earth, all differing in matters of "belief," and consider the other worlds and "wonder" if they are cursed like this earth with such an abundance of conflicting creeds. Then, disgusted with this conflict of opinion, turn to science, where knowledge rules and not belief. Increase your veneration of Delty Spiritualists, by reading something about the "heavens," as set forth by the *Providence Journal*. The moons of Mars were discovered a few years ago through the telescope of the observatory at Washington by Prof. Asaph. He will be actively interested in the observation of that planet and its new-found satellites which will be made in August next by astronomers all over the world. Since the discovery of the moons in 1877 this is the first opportunity afforded for examining them, inasmuch as they are so small as to be perceptible only at close range. Once in every fifteen years Mars reaches its nearest point to the earth. A few weeks hence it will be within 35,000,000 miles of us, whereas its greatest distance is 141,000,000 miles. Great interest attaches to the matter because this sister world is so much like our own in respect to its climate and other conditions that it may reasonably be supposed to be inhabited.

There are at least twenty moons in the solar system. Saturn alone has eight, the biggest of them, Titan, being nearly twice the size of our moon, and Jupiter possesses four, ranging in dimensions upward from Europa, just about as large as terrestrial night, to Ganymede, the largest of all known moons, with a diameter of 3,480 miles, whereas the moon belonging to this world is only 2,160 miles through.

Though our moon is supposed to be dead and cold, similar conditions are not assumed to govern all the satellites of the sister planets. Some of those pertaining to Jupiter are believed to emit light of their own, showing that they are still hot. However, astronomers are usually eager to find evidence of life on other spheres, even discovering on the earth's attendant orb apparent traces of mighty works of engineering artifice—the imagined creations of races of beings long extinct—such as the stupendous bridge that appears to span a crater of the moon volcano called Eudoxus.

Eclipses are every day affairs of Jupiter. Three of its satellites are eclipsed at every revolution of that mighty globe, so that a spectator there might witness during the Jovian year 4,500 eclipses of moons and about the same number of eclipses of the sun by moons. One of Saturn's moons, called Mimas, about half the size of the earth's satellite, is so close to the planet in its circling that it seems to cross the face of the latter at an astonishing rate of speed. Of the seven others, Titan has a diameter of 3,300 miles, Iapetus 1,800 miles, Rhea 1,200 miles, Dione and Thetys each 500 miles, while Enceladus and Hyperion are very little fellows. Several of them in the sky together, with their flaming ring of star dust stretched athwart the heavens, must make a gorgeous spectacle by night on the Saturnian sphere. Through the telescope it is very interesting to watch the shadows thrown upon Jupiter by that giant planet's moons, observation of the eclipses of which furnished the first data for estimating the velocity of light.

Uranus has four little moons—Ariel, Umbriel, Titania, and Oberon—which humbly enough, rise in the north and set in the south. A single diminutive one, belonging to Neptune, traverses the sky from southwest to northeast. Neither Mercury nor Venus has any satellites. But the most interesting of all moons are the two that attend Mars, each about sixty miles in diameter. That planet is just one-half the size of the earth; its surface is divided into continents and seas, having as much land as water; it has an atmosphere, clouds frequently concealing its face, and its seasons are about the same as here, though the winters are colder. Because one of its moons travels around it three times as fast as Mars itself turns, it appears to rise in the west and set in the east, while the other, really circling in the same direction at a speed comparatively slow, rises in the east and sets in the west. Thus both moons are seen in the heavens at the same time, going opposite ways.

One of the most remarkable guesses on record was made by Dean Swift, who, a century before the moons of Mars were discovered, made Gulliver say of the astronomers of Laputa: "They have found two satellites which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the planet exactly three diameters of the planet; the former revolves in the space of ten hours and the latter in twenty-one and one-half hours." In fact the inner moon is 10,000 miles nearer Mars, whereas—the diameter of the planet being 4,000 miles—Gulliver's estimate would place it at 12,000 miles. For the outer moon he gives 20,000 miles for the distance, which is really 15,000 miles. The time of revolution for the inner moon is actually seven and one-half hours; and the outer one thirty hours. Prof. Hall has named these moons Deimos and Phobos, after the attendant of the god Mars, who are mentioned in Homer's "Iliad."

Lake Brady Camp Grounds.

The Lake Brady camp ground is located near Ravenna and Kent, Ohio, at the junction of the Lake Erie & Great Western and the Cleveland & Pittsburgh railways. It is in no way connected with the Mantua Camp. It commences July 21 and ends Aug. 23. The list of speakers is first-class.

DOUBT! DOUBT!!

Continued from 1st page.

come wise in the knowledge of what constituted the great world beyond the relentless mountains. So they were hopeful of a unanimous feeling in the assembly.

After a deliberate silence, suggestive of benefit already at work, another member whom the chairman recognized as one who had strongly advocated adopting the measure of establishing the telegraphic line when, some few years before, the question was first presented to their body. He was one of their teachers of philosophy—a moralist as well—being a fine expounder of the theory and principles involved in the telegraph, as well as in matters of inductive and deductive philosophy. He said "he was in full accord with the remarks of the brother, and he would add that, as we cannot all see this world beyond except by inference, it is not well to invite unwise answers from its mixed people, most of whom are evidently superior to us, by asking unwise questions, or such as our limited experience and highest intuitions cannot verify. It is not well to ask for facts which if verified would have no use for us here in the valley, or, which would fail to benefit our interior growth now. Neither is it well to ask for information in the intellectual sense merely, from any unknown source, nor for knowledge which we ourselves can acquire here, if we put those mental powers at work which the Supreme Mind never intended should be idle. We can never be sure of statements nor of information given us in this way, by an invisible person, nor from an unverified source without the critical analysis of it by reason and reflection. The veil of obscurity is *prima facie* evidence that the hidden Isis may be false as well as true. Often many things which purport to come over the lines from the great world beyond the confines, are fictitious and originate this side of the mountains, when the wild, crude electricities of the lofty cloud-walled glaciers, like adverse mental conditions interpolate uncertainty, and the mediating wire gives us its personal feeling, so to speak; and yet this wire does not know the origin or cause of such error—it is only an ignorant wire at best.

"If they have sent over the lines to us of the valley a single truth only, let us not clamor for more before this is utilized in daily life. Let us appropriate it as food for the spirit. If we cannot, we are weak children, and had better cultivate a true habit of reflection, and wait a growth of spirit rather than charge that the knowledge of those unseen people is feeble, worthless or prone to evil. And it is wise to be temperate in these things and not demand or grasp at more than we can understand, or more than our best mental or spiritual growth can use with profit. It is known that too much crude food is indigestible. It induces disease. The same omnivorous overdoing for the spirit induces mental inharmonious, and this is immeasurably worse than bodily prostration. Let us reflect upon what we moderately receive until it becomes our own—until we can clearly see its fitness and its accord with all related truths acquired by our own natural experience here in the broad Valley of Peace and its many people. Then only are we qualified to ask a proper question of those wiser than ourselves, especially if they are in the great world beyond.

"They have told us of their existence. They have evidently manifested fraternal regard for us as members of the great human family. We learn, too, even from them that we are under limitations, for our broad valley is not all the world as our ancestors once thought. We learn that we are essentially like humanity beyond, except that they have a larger liberty; a broader—a grander growth than we can have under these limitations, and this implies a common Parent both for us and for those unseen. This hath made us rich indeed. This truth is one great purpose for which these magnetic lines were established. Other than such basic truths are largely pastime and their many details, however novel they may be, are cheap and questionable with which the wise and pure in purpose would have little to do. Are ye not ashamed to ask of those beyond about trivial and secular things that concern us only? Our own judgment must decide these. They cannot be in sympathy with our private affairs or with questions relating to our circumstances. Besides, in that greater world, actuated as its people undoubtedly are, by higher and superior aims and purposes than we are under these limitations, they must have engagements not easily put off for our individual calls. Our circumstances in this little world are personal and isolated—are not always humanitarian—nor based on universal good. Nay, let us be men of reason."

Such were some of the lessons given to the good people of the valley by some of their thinkers in regard to the causes of discouragement and ungrowth that had been noted and so much deplored by their wise men, in view of their abundant and manifest blessings, when they considered the many contradictions they had received; and it led them to a higher and a wiser estimate of some of the special investigators among them who had foretold these troubles—and to a deeper sense of the broad use and original purpose of the magnetic lines established by those evidently superior to us in knowledge.

Can we not also profit by this parable? Truth, to the unbiased mind, is often self-developing and varied, of a tenor independent of our individual wish. Let us make it ours by bringing ourselves into accord with it. Impersonal truths, morality and principles have certainly been imparted to us too, as well as to those in the Valley of Peace, by those in

the higher life. If from their teaching we manifestly grow in spirit and power as the years roll by, it is evidence that we appreciate their endeavors; and so let this growth guide us to a higher and better life now and here. Let us not wait in indolence of spirit to be told all things, but by mental and spiritual industry earn our claim to knowledge, and this will furnish abundant food for the spirit's perfect growth. This will enable us to fully understand and retain the counsel of the unseen friends, and this would be a wealth that trick cannot appreciate nor thieves break through and steal.

J. B. LOOMIS.

The Indiana Camp Meeting.

The Second Annual Indiana Camp Meeting will be held by the State Association of Spiritualists, near Anderson, Ind., on the C. C. & St. L. railroad, near Chesterfield station. A beautiful grove, good spring water and natural gas. We have an auditorium with seating capacity for fifteen hundred; a dining hall that will seat eighty persons at each meal; lodging house with forty-six bedrooms, all furnished; eight seance rooms, and fourteen cottages on the camp ground. Speakers engaged: Mrs. Colby-Luther, Willard J. Hull, A. B. French, D. A. Herrick, James Brown, A. H. Mendenhall, Mrs. Maggie Stewart, and other noted speakers are expected to be in attendance.

MEDIUMS:

A. Willis, Mrs. Mendenhall, Frank N. Foster, Mrs. Maggie Stewart, W. H. Lumley, Mrs. M. A. Jacob, D. A. Herrick, Mrs. Seely, Benj. Foster, John A. Johnston, Mrs. Lindsey and Charles Barnes.

Time of meeting, morning conference or lecture: 10:30 A.M. Afternoon lecture daily, 2:30 P.M.; night lectures daily, 7:30 P.M.; concerts, test meetings, circles, exhibitions, socials, receptions, dances, etc., 8 P.M. Volunteer speakers and mediums are to be given time by special appointment. For further information or circulars address Miss Flora Harden, Secretary, or J. W. Westerfield, Anderson, Ind.

The camp meeting will be held July 21st to August 15th, 1892. Our camp meeting was well attended last year, and much good was done. From present indications, we will have a much larger attendance this year.

J. W. WESTERFIELD.

Camp Meetings at Mantua, Ohio.

FROM JULY 23 UNTIL AUG. 15.

The National Spiritual and Religious Association will open its first session of the season on the beautiful grounds known as Maple Dell Park, located at Mantua, Portage County, Ohio.

The New York, Lake Erie & Western railway authorize a rate of one fare for the round trip on Saturdays, from July 23 to August 15. From Cleveland, Youngstown, and intermediate stations, tickets to be limited for return passage up to and including the following Monday.

Passengers will be transferred from the depot to the grounds for ten cents each. Trunks at same rate.

Speakers, G. M. Kates and wife, from July 24 to 30, over two Sundays; Mrs. Adah Sheehan, from July 30 to August 8, two Sundays; Lyman C. Howe, from August 4 to 12; Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson (also Mr. Jackson), from August 9 to 15.

Mrs. Anna M. Ivey, of Georgia, independent slate-writing medium, will attend from the opening to the close of this camp.

The school and class work every forenoon, as usual. The musical department is under the charge of Prof. F. Plum.

The Lessons in Psychic Science and Mediumship will be under the management of Prof. D. M. King.

These lessons are becoming almost a necessity in camp. We venture to say that not one medium in fifty have stood the trials and abuses that have been imposed upon them, and hundreds have been wrecked and their usefulness destroyed long before they reached a state of independence.

The grounds and improvements are becoming very popular. On July 4 the park was opened free to every body, and for the first time in the history of Northern Ohio there was held a temperance 4th of July. And it was very largely attended by citizens throughout the country. The president of Hiram College, E. V. Zollars, was chosen orator of the day, and his address was most masterly. The large pavilion tent, 60x90, was in readiness, but it was not large enough to hold but a part of the people. Here on these sacred spiritual grounds were gathered people of many denominations and various political parties; but it seemed as if on this glorious independence day, that differences of opinion were submerged as secondary, and we really enjoyed a heaven on earth.

These grounds are on the summit between Lake Erie and the Ohio river. Pure, soft water abounds; the air is bracing and pure. I wish to say, those who wish a full and complete programme, please send their name and address to:

D. M. KING.

Mantua Station, Ohio.

Taken Up the Work in Earnest.

C. Bird Gould, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "I wish to explain for your information, that as organized effort here has been a failure so far as a public lecture course is concerned, I have taken up the work individually, having leased a good hall on the ground floor, centrally located, with a seating capacity of one thousand, and will conduct spiritualistic lectures every Sunday evening next season from October to May inclusive. My contracts are all signed and the talent engaged: J. Frank Baxter, Rev. Howard MacQuary, Rev. M. J. Savage, Rabbi Solomon Schindler, Hon. A. B. Richmond, Hon. Sidney Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Lillie, Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson, Henry Frank, Hon. A. B. French, Prof. H. Day Gould, Edgar W. Emerson and Willard J. Hull."

CLUBS! IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

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

In Defence of Jennie Moore.

To THE EDITOR:—At the request of many friends of Spiritualism, and suggestions of the advocates of its teachings, and prompted by a personal desire to have justice meted out to every one accused of a misdemeanor, by the dignitaries representing our legal principles, and whose duties at all times require the just rendering of judgments concerning cases that come under their jurisdiction, I respectfully ask space in your paper for a few brief remarks in behalf of the materializing medium, Jennie Moore, who, while in the act of giving a seance for the demonstration of the fact of future existence, was arrested at her own home, 757 Warren avenue, this city, on the night of Jan. 23, 1891, on the charge of running an entertainment without a license. It has been openly declared, upon good authority, that this dastardly outrage upon individual liberty and common decency was instigated by certain city officers empowered as "detectives," newspaper reporters of the *Chicago Daily Tribune*, and one John C. Bundy, the publisher of the so-called *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

Mrs. Moore, after being refused to be allowed to retire to the privacy of her room to properly attire herself against the bitter cold of a January night, was taken by the officers in charge to the Desplaines street police station where, after being compelled to submit to various indignities at the hands of the officials, her person thoroughly searched, her cabinet retained as future evidence, she was released on bond for her appearance.

In Justice Woodman's court, Mrs. Moore was arraigned upon the charge of running a place of amusement without having paid the necessary city license, during which trial, after a long argument, and during which various witnesses were examined, the preponderance of evidence was largely in favor of the defendants, as peaceable, law-abiding citizens, and not in conflict with the peace or prosperity of the State of Illinois, and it is generally conceded that the action of the prosecutors in this case was wholly due to the ceaseless and unprincipled warfare of the above-mentioned John C. Bundy, whose only success so far seems to have been in developing in the minds of intelligent men and women the fact that he is possessed of a feeling of antipathy toward all mediums indiscriminately.

After the summing up of the evidence of fifteen witnesses, some of whom testified that spirits came and were in many instances recognized—that some came and conversed in foreign languages, together with the fact that no paraphernalia of any description was found upon the medium, or in the cabinet, both of which were taken possession of and jealously guarded and searched by the officers in charge, and nothing found by which the medium could have effected disguises for the purpose of personating spirits, therefore Justice Woodman could do no more than to discharge the defendants.

Space forbids or I would give Justice Woodman's entire discussion of the evidence in the case. Suffice it to say that there was no hasty conclusion, and Justice Woodman's decision was based strictly upon law and the evidence at hand, and was rendered only after due deliberation and careful consideration of all the points in the case, and was generally considered to have been a just verdict.

The prosecution were not satisfied with ignominious defeat, and appealed from the Judge's decision, and the case came up before quasi-criminal Judge Brentano, and it is conceded generally by those that attended this trial and were interested spectators of the proceedings, that for farce, indignity and travesty on justice and American civil law, Judge Brentano's court exceeded anything in the records of criminal jurisprudence.

The jury, upon the best evidence that could be obtained, were wholly unqualified to pass judgment upon such a case as the one in question; three of them were known to be Catholics, and only a single one that did not believe in some church or creed that is known to be antagonistic toward spiritual manifestations. The former assertion being true, let us consider for a moment how any one that is a Catholic and lives up to its teachings can be an honest and qualified juror. I quote from Romish authority:

"If any one promised, or contracted without intention to promise, and is called upon oath to answer, he may simply answer: 'No,' by secretly understanding that he did sincerely promise without any intention to acknowledge it."—*SUAREZ DE PRECEPTIS*, Liber 3, chap. 9, p. 473. Also:

"He who is not bound to tell the truth before swearing, is not bound by his oath provided he makes the internal restriction that excludes the present case."—*Charli*, Prop. 6, page 8.

Spiritualists of America, can you expect or even hope for justice at the hands of such men, or from any jury that has such elements in its composition by the teachings of the church? If one has resolved silently, prior to going upon a jury, to decide adversely to law and evidence, or even justice, he may deliberately lie, although he be sworn to "truly try and decide according to such law and evidence as may be brought to bear upon it," and even though his conscientious scruples be so great that he believes he has committed a sin, he has the promise that where he lies for the church's sake, absolution will be granted freely.

Now, when it is known that Catholics are enemies to Spiritualism, how can we expect justice at their hands?

The writings of Hudson Tuttle and Father Chiniquy in *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* have too plainly demonstrated this feeling, and the attitude of the Romish church toward us, in the attempts upon not only the good names but the lives of these writers, for the expression of facts and honest thoughts, demonstrates.

Mrs. Moore, in Judge Brentano's court, proved conclusively, by reputable and unim-

peachable witnesses, that they had attended these seances; had recognized spirits as those of departed friends; had talked to and with them in the Gaelic, German, Norwegian and Swedish languages, and among these witnesses were some holding high stations in public life, and their testimony was clear, comprehensive and decisive. It was also a noticeable fact that when evidence that was being taken that was important to the defense objections thereto were promptly sustained. On the contrary, evidence for the prosecution was allowed and objections by defendant's counsel overruled, by witnesses that were never at the medium's home or in attendance at her seance, and these witnesses should be made to suffer the penalty for perjury. Expert testimony upon the Philosophy, in favor of the defendant, was not allowed.

One feature of Judge Brentano's court during this trial was the undignified manner in which his honor conducted himself during the proceedings, and at one time interrupting a witness with the question: "What relation does bigamy bear to Spiritualism?" Again the permitting of the word "performance" to be applied to the case before it had been proven to be of that nature. Such a breach of the decorum that should grace the bench of American Judgeship is unpardonable, and should be treated with contempt by all loyal American citizens who have the power to change such affairs within their own hands.

Notwithstanding all the evidence in her behalf, Mrs. Moore was found guilty of maintaining a place of amusement, without having paid the necessary city license, and was fined by this man called Judge \$200. Her only recourse is to appeal to a higher court, with the hope that the justice that was denied her in the lower court may be meted out to her there, and it becomes the duty of every avowed Spiritualist, every lover of justice and individual liberty, to come forward and lend a helping hand to Mrs. Moore in this great struggle for human rights.

At the last session of the Legislature, at Springfield, Ill., this same Col. John C. Bundy, who so assiduously seeks to add laurels to his fame as the "Champion Fraud Hunter of America," went down before that body with a cart-load of "trappings" taken, no doubt, from some itinerant Punch and Judy showman, and with paid emissaries tried to "railroad" a bill through the Legislature, the tenure of which would have been the means of closing the mouths of all mediums indiscriminately. It was then that Jennie Moore had the moral courage to take her simple cabinet and go down to Springfield, and for two weeks gave FREE SEANCES to all members of the Illinois Legislature and their friends, giving them every opportunity to judge for themselves of the genuineness of her manifestations. The result was Bundy and his tools came home with the satisfaction of knowing he did not control the thinking abilities of all. Even hosts of subscribers of the so-called *Religio-Philosophical Journal* had no further use for Bundy and his old methods as set forth therein. Did the bill pass? Oh! no! Mrs. Moore did more to suppress that bill, by her honest efforts, than all such as the "C. F. H." and his helpers can ever do to gain its passage in the future.

But the financial strain during all this warfare has been very great. Mrs. Moore has a nice little home, but the past struggles which so far have devolved upon her alone, and the amount that will be needed to carry the case through the Supreme Court, where it is to be hoped she will come off victorious, will make serious inroads upon her home. Therefore an earnest appeal is made to all Spiritualists who believe Jennie Moore justified in the course she has taken, to extend a helping-hand in this her hour of trial. Let us show to the world that we can defend mediums and the Philosophy from all traitors at home and abroad.

Let every one who loves the cause of Spiritualism, and expects to derive benefit from its beautiful teachings, respond to this urgent appeal. Remittances should be sent to Mrs. Jennie Moore, 757 Warren avenue, Chicago.

J. H. GUTHRIE,
Member of the Ill. State Spiritual Association.

Katie Fox-Jencken.

LET US BUILD A MONUMENT TO HER MEMORY.

To THE EDITOR:—On this 5th day of July, 1892, the mortal body of Katie Fox-Jencken was laid in the receiving vault of Greenwood Cemetery. Forty-four years ago, then a little girl, she was made the instrument by which the most stupendous truth ever made known to man was revealed to the world. She died in poverty, and left not one penny with which to bury her poor mortal frame. One liberal-hearted gentleman has furnished the means for her support for many years—Mr. Henry D. Townsend, of New York City.

Spiritualists of America! See to it now that a place for the repose of this martyr's body is provided by you. There is but the one sister left, and in the ordinary course of nature, she, too, must soon have a place by the side of Mrs. Jencken.

A plot in Greenwood Cemetery for this purpose, and in which a suitable monument should be erected in the near future, would be the right thing to do.

Mr. Titus Merritt, of 319 West 54th street, New York, is a responsible and earnest man in the cause. Send your subscriptions to him. Everybody should be glad to contribute a few dollars for so grand a purpose.

GEO. A. SHEFFIELD.

"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.

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

Progressive Thinkings.

Spiritualism is not materialism. It is not phenomena. It is not discord. It is the doctrine which exalts the spiritual and unseen, the real and unchanging, to the throne of existence in mortal life. It should thereby relegate to their proper place of insignificance all the accidents of wealth, family or sex. Whatever differences appear on the plane of human life can have no effect upon the spirit, beyond that which it evolves from within itself.

The main question is not, whether the it who has just passed out of sight, was, during the earth-life, a man or a woman; whether it was rich or poor; but how has the passing spirit regarded its neighbor? Has the heart been full of helpful sympathy for the sore-stricken souls on every hand? Has it pitied those sensitives upon whom the careless unrest of life's ceaseless movement impresses itself, as the hot iron sears the shrinking flesh? Has it stood as a wall of adamant between the oppressed and the oppressor? Has the hand been quick to wipe away the tears of distress, and remove the cause? Has the voice, by its imparted strength, stilled the agony of the tempest-tossed thought that was prostrating the whole organism. Then, indeed, has it carried out the promptings of real Spiritualism.

Neither can it be that phenomena alone is Spiritualism. If a murder has been committed, and a bloody dagger, with which the blow was struck, was produced in court, no sane jury would seek to punish this instrument that set the spirit of the murdered body free. But it would seek to know of the force behind it, regarding the dagger only as testimony of the horrible deed. In like manner is coming constantly from the unseen realms a great stream of testimony. This is constantly increasing the power and weight of the demonstration of the spirit force in mass, and of the interest our spirit friends who have gone before, take in our plans and doings. But we certainly shall not, if we are wise, regard testimony of action as the action itself, any more than we would call the dagger the murderer. On the contrary, we would seek to discover from the motion the power that moves.

We have had our attention called to the facts. We have been convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt that the force appearing through phenomena is intelligent, is truthful; that it must be real, because it does not change. Now, then, if we desire to know more, we must investigate along well-ascertained lines, and try to grow within ourselves to a keener perception or spiritual condition and action.

The fact is, we have offered us all we can desire or ask for. We can have all we can take. Our friends cannot, and will not, force us to receive their gifts. But as we can only eat to the point of satiety, so we cannot gather knowledge of the unseen beyond our power to grasp the principles which underlie the work done on that plane. If we cannot or will not advance; if we will not let the seed sown in our mentality germinate and grow; if we will bind ourselves into a hard knot, and refuse to be untied, then we can grow into the narrowest of all created things—a spiritual bigot—who will die of thirst before he will put forth his hand to take a cup of water, unless he is so permitted by limitations he himself has fixed. They who really seek knowledge of spiritual matters should broaden in their natures, as day broadens in the East, growing brighter and clearer, until that which was before concealed stands revealed in the glory and beauty of perfect revelation.

Nor can we have or expect help unless, in addition to our earnest desire for spiritual things, we cultivate for ourselves and help others to cultivate the harmony which inheres in all the true spiritual realm, and by which the invisible are able to stand forth and become known on the physical plane.

As spirits, manifest or unseen, our normal condition must be one of unity. Separation and the clothing of matter causes a disturbance of this oneness, and an unnatural sense of separateness. We suffer, and seek vainly, striving for reunion with those who, at the first, were more closely connected with us than any earthly tie could bind. We are constantly under the impress of this sensation, whether it be latent or active.

The saddest thing for us to remember, when we stand with bared heads about the open graves of those we love, as ashes are committed to ashes, and the spirit is commended to the God who gave it, are the sharp words, the bitter taunts, and all the unnecessary acts of careless unkindness; which, without loss on our part, could so easily have been the reverse. When we are tempted to widen the gulf of separation between ourselves and our brother, let us not forget what the sorrowful end may be.

W. P. PHILON, M. D.

Notes from Red Key, Indiana.

The bigotry of orthodoxy in this place is somewhat on the decline. Mr. Daniel Tucker, who has been with us for several years, is a brave Spiritualist, and has had a very hard "row to hoe." We are, however, thankful that we have some investigators now. L. H. Zeigler, myself and a number of others attended a seance at Colonel Bowman's, Pennsylvania, Indiana, some time ago, and are compelled to admit that we had some very satisfactory demonstrations—enough to convince an honest investigator that it was not the mere work of chance and sleight of hand. His wife, Mrs. Elvora Bowman, was the medium. She recalled the names and particulars of some departed friends that were only known to us investigators. We are also told (and by responsible parties, too,) that their daughter, Silva, who is about 11 or 12 years of age, is fast developing into a materializing and clairvoyant medium, but when we attended this seance conditions were not favorable for Miss Silva.

Dr. Babbitt and the Churches—A Protest.

Dr. Babbitt thinks it is not at all improbable that the churches may be induced to come over to the new religion. He says: "Taking the church-world at large, their progress toward liberal or spiritual ideas is so rapid that it may almost be called geometrical instead of arithmetical progression. In Scotland, England, Germany, New England, New York State, the West and the South, clergymen are being tried for heresy, or for advocating Spiritualism, and some even of the orthodox bodies are allowing their pastors to preach against eternal punishment. A Presbyterian clergyman of New York City says that his church, taking it all over the country, is not gaining new members fast enough to supply the place of those who die. Rev. Theodore Cuyler says the church congregations in New York and all over the country are growing smaller."

After a page of such statistics, for which we have no space, Dr. Babbitt says: "I know several Unitarian and Universalist Churches at least half of whose members are Spiritualists, while the same thing is said of one of the largest Congregationalist churches in the country. We see by the above that the most learned, thoughtful and moral parts of the world are losing faith in the old religions, and hence will the sooner be ripe for something better."

But will they accept anything better? It is arranged to hold a Congress of Churches during the World's Fair; but the result will be better known when they publish their authoritative account of the present condition and outlook of religion, etc."

While all is true that Dr. Babbitt says, and we know many ourselves who, like Rev. M. J. Savage, have been entirely emancipated, and have renounced in unanswerable terms every Christian dogma from the fall of man to the infallibility of the Pope and the Bible, yet we have no confidence in that great hierarchy whose strength and methods we have studied so long. Individuals and single churches will free themselves as they have been doing; but it is in accordance with the administration of divine justice that this enemy of human rights and progress should pay the penalty of its crimes in a different way than quietly taking possession as a dernier resort of our beautiful soul-satisfying religion, for which she has made us suffer, and which she would to-day, if she could, blot out with one fell stroke of her ecclesiastical machinery, and establish her inquisitorial power over every human being on earth, for that is the right she claims. No, we are not so angelic as to be trying to induce these churches to come over to the new religion. They should have been the first to receive this dispensation and lead the people into it; instead of that they have done everything they could against it. But let us not be misunderstood. It is not against our fellow-men we fight, but against the false system by which they have been kept in darkness. This system is the product of primitive undeveloped minds, and it was the duty of the clergy to discover its imperfections, and to have led the people out of it and into the straight path of truth and progress. We shall ever welcome all sincere seekers after truth to this new religion, which is our joy and happiness; but we will forever fight against a system of which fear is the principal incentive to duty. "The truth shall make you free." R. NEELY.

Camp-Meeting at New Era, Oregon.

To THE EDITOR:—The Spiritualists' camp at New Era has been one of the most successful meetings held here for several years. We were assisted by Mrs. Abigail S. Dunning, of Portland, Col.; O. A. Lounsbury, of Dakota; D. A. Swank, of Oregon; Mrs. Flora A. Brown, of Portland; Prof. D. C. Seymour, of California; Mrs. Patterson May; Miss Myrtle J. Riley, of Kansas; Mrs. Katie Khem Smith, of Port Townsend, Washington; J. M. Cooley, of Oregon, an old veteran in the work, and E. De John, of Portland. We were well represented by talent from the East also, as Capt. Wingett, of Kansas City, and Prof. T. C. Buddington, of Springfield, Mass., came on the ground the last week, and joined forces to assist us in the closing exercises. Capt. Wingett showed some marvelous powers of hypnotic control over several sensitives, as well as in hypnotic healing of several persons who had been afflicted with rheumatism for years. The season was interspersed with social parties, dances, etc., and the visiting parties from abroad all bore testimony that the meeting was one of much interest and profit to all. Mrs. Flora A. Brown, in addition to the usual psychometric powers of life-reading, has the gift of independent slate-writing, of which she gave two platform exhibitions on the closing Sunday. One of the messages was a greeting to the audience, and the other to a gentleman from Tacoma, Washington, from his wife in the Spirit-world. This exhibition was very satisfactory to all the audience, as well as a committee, who witnessed it more closely than the rest of the crowd. It was given in plain view of the audience in broad daylight, and was a remarkable proof of scientific power of a spiritual order.

We also had with us an old-time worker in Oregon—Mrs. Bruce, independent slate-writer—who gave us an exhibition on the platform. We believe Mrs. Bruce is doing her part in turning the wheel of progress in the Northwest.

At the election of officers for the coming year, the following were elected: President, R. V. Short; Vice-President, John Kruse; Secretary, W. E. Jones; Treasurer, Mrs. L. B. Goulding. W. E. JONES.

Mr. Gladstone shows endless vigor and confidence in his health. He agreed to lecture on the histories of universities at Oxford next October, and to preside over one of the sections of the next Oriental Congress in London.

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 PAINE.** A book that all should read. Price 10 cents.
- A FEW PLAIN VOICES REGARDING** Church Taxation. It contains valuable statistics. By H. H. Barlow. Price 5 cents.
- AN AMERICAN KING AND OTHER STORIES** by Mrs. M. A. Freeman. These sketches are a most interesting illustration of man's cruelty and injustice to his fellow men. Price 10 cents.
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- OUTSIDE THE GATES, AND OTHER** tales and sketches. By a band of spirit intelligences, through the mediumship of Miss Theresa Matthews. An excellent work. Price 50 cents.

Death of Mrs. Maynard.

SHE CLAIMED SPIRITUALISTIC CREDIT FOR LINCOLN'S EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard, a famous Spiritualistic medium, wife of Postmaster W. P. Maynard, of White Plains, N. Y., lately passed to spirit life, in her fiftieth year. Mrs. Maynard had been an invalid for more than twenty years, unable to walk, and a great sufferer from a number of diseases. She had written several books on Spiritualism, her latest and best being "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?"

Mrs. Maynard claims a large portion of the credit for Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation. She had many interviews with the great emancipator during the most trying periods of his official career, and in a clear and entertaining manner used to tell how he was impressed with the revelations and grave commands which she alleged were made to him through her as a medium. One of her most interesting reminiscences was of her meeting Lincoln, at his request, when she fell into a trance, and the unseen friends of the distressed President urged him to issue at once the emancipation proclamation. The meeting was at the White House, whither she had been invited by Mrs. Lincoln also.

"He was charged with the utmost solemnity and force of manner," Mrs. Maynard wrote of the meeting, "not to abate the terms of the proclamation, and not to delay its issuance and enforcement as a law beyond the opening of the year, and he was assured that it was to be the crowning event of his administration and his life; and that while he was being counselled by strong parties to defer the enforcement of it, hoping to supplant it by other measures and to delay action, he must in no wise heed such counsel, but stand firm to his convictions, and fearlessly perform the work and fulfill the mission for which he had been raised by an overruling Providence."

Asked by Congressman Somes, of Maine, who was one of the company that evening, whether there had been any pressure brought to bear upon him to defer the enforcement of the proclamation, the President replied: "It is taking all my nerve and strength to withstand such a pressure."

"Before parting that evening Mr. Lincoln turned to me," continues Mrs. Maynard's narrative, "and laying his hand upon my head uttered these words in a manner that I shall never forget:

"My child, you possess a very singular gift, but that it is of God I have no doubt. I thank you for coming here tonight. It is more important than perhaps anyone present can understand."

This meeting occurred in December, 1862. The proclamation was issued January 1, 1863.

Mrs. Maynard had many other interesting experiences with Lincoln, and always delighted to talk of their results and the circumstances surrounding them.

In White Plains, where Mrs. Maynard had lived for so many years, she was held in high regard, her Christian fortitude and patience through all her years of intense bodily anguish and her character endearing her to all who knew her.

A Spirit Appears to an Investigator.

DR. A. B. SPINNEY:—Dear Sir: Having been requested by you to give my experience in connection with a sitting held at James Riley's house, three miles from Marcellus, Mich., on the evening of June 9th, I cheerfully do so. There were ten people in the circle, and during the evening there was, I think, ten forms materialized. I had expected at that circle to have seen the form of my brother or my child materialize, but instead a young man came whom I was not thinking of and least expected. About twenty years ago I had charge of Kansas Station, Ill., on the I. and St. L. Road, between Charleston and Paris. A young man by the name of Le Roy Scranton asked me to teach him telegraphy. I taught him, and he was with me on that line for about five years as night operator.

My home is in Dayton, Ohio. Eight years ago I went West with an excursion party, and on my return I stopped at Peoria, Ill., to visit with him. He was then in the train-dispatcher's office at Peoria, with the Peoria and Pekin Railroad Company. Two years later I went West again with another party, and stopped at Peoria to visit him again, and he was dead. On last Thursday night this man walked five feet from the cabinet, life size. I recognized his features and form, even his walk, and I shook hands with him, and I said: "This is Le Roy Scranton." He bowed his head in acknowledgment, and I positively know it was him. After shaking hands with him, he walked back to the cabinet and dissolved before me as well as the rest who were there.

We received a communication on the slate which read as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen:—I am requested to make my appearance. I greet you with good cheer."

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Now, I have never seen George Washington. I have seen his picture. He appeared there as his picture shows, in the Continental dress, knee-breeches and the wig; very tall—I should say about six feet. It was a fac-simile of the pictures I have seen of him.

Le Roy Scranton appeared beyond a doubt, from the fact that no one in the circle knew this young man except myself. I cannot account for him appearing to me only in this way: I was a good friend to him, having taught him the business, and secured him a position on that line, which he held for a number of years, and he wished to show his gratitude to me by returning to me so that I would have evidence of a future existence in the life hereafter.

A. VLEREBOME.

"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.

A Farewell Letter to Col. Bundy.

I have been looking over my letters to Quixote, and upon "mature reflection" they seem to me to treat fairly such of his inconsistencies as I tried to notice at all. It was impossible to notice all of them. I never can do so; life is too short. It is not necessary, either, to wear out all the printing presses reviewing the bombastic assumptions to superiority with which he has disgusted us for years past. Neither do Spiritualists need to be further reminded of his unjust and senseless manner of treating them. They all know that when he has ventured to indorse a medium, as Slade or Rowley, he only showed his ignorance in the matter, and acknowledged it soon after by taking the indorsement back.

It seems, in the case of Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake, that he is willing to appear doltish by not defending her, on account of a fear, apparently, of seeming to excuse fraud, although he undoubtedly believes Mrs. Drake to be a good medium, and a good woman, too.

This is the only case I know of where a man's exalted high regard for his excessive purity makes him lack the courage of his convictions.

In proportion to the number of mediums that Bundy has indorsed, he has been duped oftener than any of those he calls gullible, so that when he says others are gullible, or that they are dupes, he only perpetrates another of his Quixotisms. He certainly is a dupe, but the most conspicuous trait of his character is the clearness with which he shows that he fails to see, as others do, the absurdity of his pompous self-conceit.

Common sense is a good thing to use in all the affairs of life. Let us all be careful to exercise it fully in our dealings with mediums, the same as in all our other affairs. Let it take the place of gullibility with Bundy, and with us all. Temper it with a kindly charity, and be guided by it strictly, and there won't be a chance for fraudulent mediums to live, and thus by force of circumstances they will be driven from the business.

If Bundy would swap off his conceit for charity, and his Quixotisms for common sense, it would be good for him and for Spiritualism, too, but I don't think he is likely to make that kind of a trade.

It is proper to explain here, that in any reference I have made to the mediums Slade and Rowley, or others, as frauds, I do not do so as their judge, but only refer to them so by allusion to Bundy's representations that they were guilty of fraudulent practices. I do not myself say they are frauds. I am not their judge.

I now bring these letters to a close. Having stirred up our people by calling their attention to Bundy's inconsistencies, I leave them to carry out the thoughts presented in their own way, but in doing so I will indulge in some reflections as to what their conclusions will be. In doing this I am happy in the thought that my case goes to a just (as well as an intelligent) jury, and I believe that such a jury will see that Bundy is a Spiritualist, but that as an advocate of it he only injures it and does not do it any good, and that he meanly and basely slanders its people, and indiscriminately fights its mediums, making little or no distinction between the good and the bad, or the true and the false.

They will see, too, that he never tries to raise the fallen, but kicks them when they are down; that reformation is no part of his work, but that he seeks only to destroy.

I think they will see, too, that he aims to operate with church elements, and ought to be left with them.

I hope, too, that they will let him look to those for whom he works for patronage and support. Why should we sustain him while he is knocking us down?

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has more Spiritualism in each weekly issue than was ever yet printed in the *Ridiculous Physical Jumble* published by Bundy, and for us to support him is like warning a viper that it may sting us. Why should we do so?

To the kindly, common sense justice of our people I therefore refer the thoughts suggested in these letters, and I hope they may do some good.

I believe that Bundy has felt a strong pressure from his patrons since the publication of his "very simple trick" article, for his paper has scarcely used the terms gullible, dupes, fraud, etc., for several weeks past. May it continue to improve until instead of being an injury to our cause it may become a useful helper in the common effort for the advancement of pure Spiritualism.

With this hope I bid good-bye to Colonel Bundy and his simple tricks, and for truth and right forever, I remain, yours truly,

Geo. Brooks.

P. S.—In justice to Dr. M. E. Conger, I want to explain that the quotation from him in my letter in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of April 30th should read: "Col. John C. Bundy is not and never was a Spiritualist, instead of never will be."

Brother Conger does not think it would be true of any man to say he never will be a Spiritualist.

G. B.

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



Jesuit Plans for Capturing America

BY THE FAMOUS EX-PIEST, FATHER CHIMQUY, IN THE TRUE AMERICAN CATHOLIC.

When, in 1852, it became evident that my plans for forming a colony of French Canadians on the fertile plains of Illinois was to be a success, D'Arcy McGee, then editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, the official paper of the bishop of New York, wrote me to know my views, and he determined immediately to put himself at the head of a similar enterprise in favor of the Irish Roman Catholics. He published long and able articles to show how the Irish people, with few exceptions, were demoralized and kept down in the cities, and how they would soon be raised to the top if they could be induced to leave their city grog-shops and saloons for the rich lands of the West. Through his influence, a large assembly, principally composed of Irish priests, to which I was invited, met at Buffalo in the spring of 1853. But what was his disappointment when he saw that the greatest part of these priests were sent by the bishops of New York, Albany, Boston, etc., to oppose and defeat his plans.

He vainly spoke with the most fiery eloquence for the support of his pet scheme. The majority of the priests coldly answered him in the name of their bishops: "We are determined, like you, to take possession of the United States and rule them; but we cannot do that except by acting secretly, and by using the utmost wisdom. If our plans were known they would certainly be defeated. What does a skillful general do when he wants to conquer a country? Does he scatter his soldiers over the farm lands and spend their time and energies in ploughing the fields and sowing the grain? No! He keeps them well united around his banners, and marches at their head to the conquest of the strongholds. He subdues the large cities, one after another; he pulls down the high towers and the citadels which he meets on his way. Then the farming countries are conquered, and become the price of his victory without moving a finger. So it is with us. Silently and patiently we must mass our Irish Roman Catholics in the great cities of the United States. Let us remember that in this country the vote of one of our poorest journeymen, covered with rags, has as much weight in the scale of power as the vote of the millionaire, and that if we have two votes against the millionaire's one he becomes as powerless as an oyster. Then let us multiply our votes; let us call our poor, but faithful, Irish Catholics, and gather them from the far corners of the world into the very hearts of those proud citadels which the Yankees are so proudly building up under the names of New York, Boston, Chicago, Albany, Buffalo, Troy, etc. Under the shadows of those great cities the Americans consider themselves as a giant and unconquerable race. They look upon the Irish Catholic with the utmost contempt, as only fit to dig their canals, sweep their streets, or humbly cook their meals in their kitchen. Let no one awake these sleeping lions today; let us pray God that they may sleep, and dream their sweet dreams a few years more. How sad would be their awakening, when, with our outnumbering votes, we will turn them out, and forever, from every position of power, honor and profit! What will these hypocrite sons and daughters of the fanatical Pilgrim fathers say, when not even a single judge, not even a single school-teacher, not even a single policeman will be elected, if he be not a devoted Irish Roman Catholic? What will those so-called giants think and say of their unsurpassed ability, skill and shrewdness, when not a single governor, senator or member of Congress will be elected, if he be not sincerely devoted to our holy father, the Pope? What a sad figure those Protestant Yankees will cut, when we will not only elect the President, but fill and command the army, the navy, and have the key of the public treasury in our hands! It will then be the time for devoted Irish Roman Catholics to give up their grog-shops to become the judges and governors of the land. Then our poor and humble Irish mechanics will come out from the damp ditches and the canals to rule the cities in all their departments, from the stately mansion of mayor to the more humble, though not less noble, position of school-teacher. Then, yes, we will rule the United States, and lay them at the feet of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, that he may put an end to their godless system of education, and sweep away those impious laws of liberty of conscience which are an insult to God and man." Poor D'Arcy McGee was left almost alone when the vote was taken.

From that time on the Roman Catholic priests, with the most admirable ability, have massed their Irish legions in the great cities of the United States; and Americans must be very blind indeed, if they do not see that the day is very near when the Jesuits will rule all their leading cities; from the magnificent

White House at Washington, to the humblest civil or military department of this vast republic. They are already masters of New York, Boston, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Paul, Milwaukee, St. Louis, New Orleans, Cincinnati, and San Francisco—the beautiful queen city of the West. San Francisco is completely in the hands of the Jesuits.

From the very first days of the discovery of the gold mines of California, the Jesuits conceived the hope of becoming the masters of those inexhaustible treasures, and they laid their plans with the most admirable wisdom. They soon saw that the immense majority of the lucky miners of every creed and nation were going home as soon as they had enough to secure an honorable position to their families. It became at first evident that very few of the multitudes which the thirst of gold had attracted from every corner of the United States and Canada and Europe to California, would settle in a country where, from a thousand causes, it would be very difficult, if not impossible, for a number of years, to find room for an honest woman, and raise a Christian family. It is a well-known fact that San Francisco—overcrowded with Americans, French, English, Scotch, Germans and Canadians—had thousands of adventurers and gold seekers against a dozen of men who had any idea of fixing themselves on her soil, and becoming her citizens. The shrewd Jesuits did not take many days to see that if they could persuade the Irish Roman Catholics to choose San Francisco for their homes, they would soon be the masters and only rulers of that golden city, whose future was so bright and so great; and that scheme, worked night and day with the utmost perseverance and ability, has been crowned with perfect success. When, with few exceptions, the lucky Frenchman who had made himself rich in San Francisco, was going back to his "Belle France" and the intelligent German, the industrious Scotchman, the shrewd New Yorker, and the honest Canadian, had found gold enough to live comfortably, they gladly bid an eternal farewell to San Francisco, and went back to enjoy their fortune in their own dear old home. But the Irish Roman Catholics were taught to consider San Francisco as their "promised land," and the rich inheritance God had in store for them.

The consequence is, that where you find only a few American, German and English millionaires in San Francisco, you count more than fifty Irish Roman Catholic millionaires in that city.

The Old Creed and the New.

"Have faith the same with endless shame
For all the human race,
For hell is crammed with infants damned,
Without a day of grace."

—Watts.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

Since Spirits came with truth's bright flame
To light the human mind,
The hell Watts "crammed with infants damned"
No other man can find.
The place once "paved" with souls unsaved,
And "skulls scarce one-span long,"
Is in disgrace and finds no space
Except in old-time song.
Such nonsense! "Damned" cannot be "crammed,"
In minds where reason dwells;
It gives offense to common sense,
And every heart rebels.
That fiery lake is proved a "fake,"
For souls cannot be burned;
So D. D.'s wise "God's word" revise,
And hell to sheol turned.
"Have faith" no more in rusty lore
That damns the human race;
Consign the same to "endless shame,"
"Without a day of grace."

The God above, whose mighty love
Made all things here below,
A heaven designed for all mankind,
And not eternal woe!

—Dr. Dean Clark.

A Royal Feast for All.

The Delphos, Kansas, camp meeting, which begins August 5th and closes the 22d, promises to be one of the best ever held in the West. We have secured the most able talent to be had. With such speakers as Prof. J. R. Buchanan, Bishop A. Beals, and Mrs. Lillian L. Wood, interspersed with such mediums as Dr. Louis Schlessinger, Mrs. Emma E. Hammon, and other local mediums, we feel able to prepare a feast that will fill the soul with rapturous harmony, and gladden many a poor wayfaring heart in quest of immortality. We ask the co-operative help of all lovers of truth to lend their presence at our camp. We extend a cordial greeting to our fraternal camps, and express a fervent desire that spiritual light may shine upon their labors, and thereby lighten the burdens of care necessarily involved in conducting such meetings.

Fellow Spiritualists and kindred souls! The Angel-world have an altar here in the far-away West, at whose shrine the baptism of love and sweet communion are poured out to those attentive ears who may listen, and the voices are ever calling: "Come up higher! Come up higher!"

I. N. RICHARDSON.

Blue Law Ghosts—Ice and Holiness.

TO THE EDITOR:—As the Chicago *Herald* well says: Blue law ghosts are having a session in the District of Columbia. They have memorialized the Senate to prohibit the sale or delivery of ice in its boundaries on Sunday, which, with unsurpassing illiteracy, they continue to call the "Sabbath day," although Sabbath is Saturday, the last day of the week, and Sunday is the first.

This intermittent and sporadic outbreak of blue law ghosts is accountable only on the theory of metempsychosis. It is true that the world has radically changed in the main wherever civilization is established since the days when honest men sincerely believed that no man saved his own soul except by coercing the souls of others even unto death for the sake of their salvation. But as in nature species may seem to have become extinct, yet individual modifications thereof appear in unexpected places and under conditions profoundly mystifying, so the ghost of the blue law American reappears in like manner, but for only a like result—to prove the existence at one time of the species, and to show that in the moral as in the physical world type is persistent and struggles for recognition even in dissolution.

The Pythagorean transmigration of spirit was, it must be said in justice to that noble pagan, more admirable than any distinct Christian parallel of it. The Greek held that all life was one; he furnished Coleridge as well as Darwin with a central thought. The poet declares that prayer the best which embodies the widest love; love that includes all things that live—

He prayeth best who loveth best all things
Both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us He made and loveth all.

is the thought not only of Pythagoras and his Hellenic school, but of Buddha—of all, indeed, by whatever name they are called, in whatever age of the world they have lived, who are worthy the name human. The pagan besought his contemporaries to cease beating a dog because he recognized in the poor brute's whine the voice of one of his own friends. The Sabbatarian fanatic, in whom lives once more the ghost of blue law fanaticism, does not thus commend his metempsychosis. His object is not to spread humanity but to shroud it.

His latest freak is to seek to deny ice to the heat-worn inhabitants of one of the hottest regions in the entire country; for the summer sun combines with Potomac marshes to render Washington this time of year a purgatory for the well, a hades for the ill. We have seen in our own temperate belt heat so excessive and so sudden that the ice wagons have failed before midnight of Saturday to cover half their regular daily routes. If the law proposed by the blue law ghosts for Washington were thrust on us—and why not on us if on any portion of the country?—the sick suffering with ills for which ice has come to be as essential as any other article known to the pharmacopeia, must die, while many to whom death would be relief would have to go on suffering fevers and thirst merely to oblige ghosts coming back to a civilization of which they are no longer a living part.

The pretext used by the Sabbatarian fanatics is that they wish to prevent Sunday labor. Nobody in this land proposes to do avoidable Sunday labor. None of us are in love with drudgery. Six days of work in the week are enough; but the world will not cease to exist Sunday to oblige us, and some work must be done. The sick must be cared for. Health of all must be protected. Food is required the first day as well as the last of the week. Cleanliness is desirable and water is necessary. No labor is tolerated in any part of the United States Sunday except what is indispensable for the vast machine known as life, which we cannot suspend if we would. To propose denial of ice Sundays when needed is as brutal as to forbid physicians to visit patients or surgeons to take train to a wreck, or lifeboats to push into the Sunday storm that wrecks ships. "Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fallen into a pit," asks Jesus Christ, "and will not straightway pull him out on the Sabbath day?"

It is the same blue law ghosts that are active in the face of ever-widening and humanizing thought in all parts of the world. It is these ghosts that oppose permitting weary human beings to rest and refresh body and soul by seeing Sunday's beautiful pictures painted by man or beautiful pictures painted by God, as if the fact of Sunday destroyed their loveliness or made their charms unholy. It is these blue law ghosts that oppose permitting the hundred thousand visitors that will be in Chicago Sundays to see the art galleries and sculpture, the beautiful products of loom, of forge and of hand in the fair. There is no reasoning with these unreasonable creatures. Argument is lost on them. But laws should not be made to revive their theories of life. They are dead in the moral world, as their extinct but occasionally reappearing analogues are in the world of physical nature.

Yes, the *Herald* is level-headed with reference to Blue Law Ghosts. It is in favor of keeping the World's Fair open on Sunday but the Blue Law Ghosts, I think, will succeed in closing it.

Jus Tica.

A Visit Postponed.

TO THE EDITOR:—Our many friends in this city have made such a practical demonstration of their appreciation of our work, and an extension of time with regard to a longer stay, that we deem it proper to postpone the expected pleasure of meeting our Chicago friends at least a month. While we are exceedingly grateful to our Washington friends, we would like equally as well to see our co-workers in the city by the lake. Hoping that the time is not very far distant, we work and wait further developments.

G. F. PERKINS.

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