

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

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NO. 139

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Sunday Closing as Viewed by the "Arena."

TO THE EDITOR:—No doubt you have done your full share in advocating in the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the rights of the people in regard to the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday; but I would like to supplement your effort by a few extracts from the Arena by its talented and fair-minded editor, B. O. Flower. He shows that the first Sunday law was the famous edict of the Roman emperor, Constantine, in which he calls it Apollo's day, and the venerable day of the SUN. It bears no allusion to its sanctity as a Christian institution.

Mr. Flower, quoting from Draper, says: "It was the aim of Constantine to make theology a branch of politics. It was the aim of every bishop in the empire to make politics a branch of theology."

Again Flower says: "Many tactics now being resorted to by organized conservatism are singularly like those employed by the corrupt, ambitious bishops in the days of Constantine, and still more relentlessly pushed by the church in later times, when after having sold both right of love and purity for civil power, she sought to make all men obey her arbitrary commands. Take, for example, the extraordinary action of an organized body of priests who sought to make the success of the World's Fair conditional upon their peculiar views of what ought to be, regardless of the wishes of the people. This, while it violates the letter and spirit of the teachings of Christianity, is in perfect keeping with the acts of worldly bishops in the days of Constantine and his successors."

If the opening of the World's Fair meant the closing of the churches, so that those who desired to attend religious services would be prevented from so doing, the plea of those who assume that they have a monopoly of truth, and wish to make all men think otherwise bend to their conception, might carry some force. But the opening of the World's Fair does not in any degree interfere with the liberty of those who wish to attend public service; they have all the opportunities they could have otherwise. Hence the question resolves itself into whether or not an intolerant and bigoted monopoly do want to make every one do as they do, shall control matters on this important subject. It is the old spirit of coercion ramped and pressed with the tenacity which characterized the actions of the church in the days of the inquisition."

Mr. Flower gives the American Sentinel as authority for the fact that the Beer Brewers Association issued a circular instructing their agents to work for Sunday closing at the fair that the opportunity for the sale of beer might be increased; and he says: "Strange, indeed, is the spectacle. The temple and the gutter marshalling their forces to prevent thousands of people from enjoying the instruction and pure pleasure afforded by the great industrial fair."

"The church and the saloon, one loud with threats, the other silent, but no less active; one actuated by a desire to show her external power; the other by greed for gain; one representing organized conservatism, bent on showing the world how all powerful the ancient edicts of pagan-Christian Constantine are in the republic of today; the other representing the power of unscrupulous avarice and unlimited wealth."

The closing of the World's Fair would be a crime against the poor. It would also be a crime against morality. This is a serious charge, but a brief examination of facts will convince any thoughtful and unbiased mind of its absolute truth.

"Why do churches want the World's Fair closed on Sunday? First, to as nearly as possible force people to occupy their scantily-filled pews. Second, because it is a step in the well-laid plan on the part of ultra-religionists to unite Church and State and re-establish a Christian theocracy."

"Why do brewers want the World's Fair closed on Sunday? To turn into their coffers millions of dollars which will be spent by the people who, having nothing to do and no place to go, will frequent or hunt out places where liquor is sold, provided the fair is closed; and it is a well-known fact that brothels and gambling halls are always leagued with any effort made by the saloon; and the closing of the fair on Sunday in rum-dominant Chicago would mean a harvest for the saloon, the brothel and the gambling hell, a trinity of moral death which flourish together. Now let us look at the problem squarely, honestly and with all prejudice for a moment cast aside. First, the World's Fair will, in the very nature of things, be instructive and therefore valuable. The millions who attend will learn more than they could otherwise gain from years of reading or months of travel, and what they learn will never be forgotten. It will be a place where, without injuring or in any way preventing those disposed to worship God in churches, millions of people can obtain helpful enjoyment and enduring instruction. In other words, the effect of the fair, it is fair to presume, will be of immense value from an educational point of view. It will be a most enjoyable way of learning great, glorious and vital truths. This is universally conceded to be the influence expected to be exerted by it on visitors who attend on week days; and if beneficent on week days, what shall we say of Sunday? Will not the influence be as fine and uplifting for those who do not wish to attend church,

or those who, after attending church in the morning, wish to improve themselves in the afternoon? Close the World's Fair, and what will be the inevitable result? The Sabbath Union, the saloon, the brothel, and the gambling hell will have triumphed."

This brave and noble editor has made many other statements to show the power of the saloon in politics and the struggle of a corrupt and decaying Church to gain power over the State; but the crowded state of your columns compels me to stop with his closing remarks:

"It was necessary to cite the above facts to show two things; first, the power of the saloon in the Prairie City is so great that it controls politics, and secondly, that Sunday closing means millions of dollars to the saloon and an untold indescribable sea of debauchery, degradation and crime which otherwise would not disgrace Sundays. The saloon knows that for every dollar spent to secure the closing of the World's Fair, hundreds, if not thousands, will flow into the coffers of the liquor traffic; while the other two members of the trinity of night, the brothel and the gambling hell will be correspondingly benefited. The church expects to gain a few additional for one or two hours in the twenty-four and also a prestige of having received a governmental recognition, even in an indirect way, of Constantine's edict. But what shall we say of the cost to morality which will inevitably follow the triumph of this unhallowed alliance? Many have been the crimes against humanity and morality committed in Christianity's name, for which apologists vainly seek for excuse. Shall we add one more to the list simply at the behest of an organized minority?"

We heartily endorse Mr. Flower's sentiments and hope that with all due deference to the feelings of the religious community the managers of the World's Fair may so arrange matters that those who wish to make the most of the opportunities for improvement presented to them, may not have their chances cut off by the narrow-mindedness of the few, especially as their own rights are not interfered with."

No advantage gained by the church party could compensate for the immoral tendency of a closed fair as described by Mr. Flower. He might also have mentioned the fact that every day in the week is the Sabbath of some who will be here, and we have no right to force the Constantinean Sunday on them by closing the fair against them and compelling them to seek other methods of spending the time they had devoted to the fair. All have inalienable rights which no party, church or no church, has a right to take from them. Chicago can afford to be just to all and the cause of religion and morality will not suffer by it; and if the greed of some and the ambition of others suffers it is right that they should.

R. N.

The Scriptures of Nature.

The great Master of life has given us the scriptures of nature, where may be found the hills with their calm and holy influences, the woodlands with their crowns of green, the warbling of birds, the musical rill, the dancing wave, fragrant flowers, silvery dews and sunlight, all of which help to make up the everlasting volume comprising the glorious principles of divine harmony. Nature's book is the infallible record of God's love to men. And man, the conscious embodiment of everlasting energies, is inseparably linked with all this world of life and beauty. God dwells in the heavens and flows on the earth. This love, wisdom and power may not only be seen in the sublime geometry of the skies, but the beautiful scriptures of earth alike bear witness to his power and goodness.

His voice we hear in the winds and in the waters, in the falling leaf and in the muttering thunder. The dew upon the shimmering grass, sunlight upon the waters sleeping, the aspen trembling in the breeze, the balmy breath of fragrant flowers, all retrieve from snow and ice the human heart, and gem with diamond thoughts the mental fount.

The thundering cataract, the bounding billows, the burning mount, belong to those more stern, grand scriptures in nature, from which the voice of God startles the spirit with sublimest inspiration, and sends the electric tide of life eternal coursing swiftly through the arteries of the inner self. The breeze that thrills like some virgin heart, the silent flower-decked fields, the lights of heaven that span the skies, have power to exalt the vilest earth child, and win to thoughts ethereal. The Great Spirit whose visible and invisible forces fill us with wonder, all space doth occupy. His golden crown and starry bracelets seem to hang from the azure portals which open to the palace of the free, and the jewelry, as it were, upon his sandals sparkles in the ocean caves or gleams from the rocky mines. This robe of light encircles the universe, and nature's harmonies swell forth his name in numbers holy.

CHARLES P. CROCKER.
Fredonia, N. Y.

I. N. Pope, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "We are very busy trying to get Lake Brady equipped for the coming campaign. We have one of the finest locations in this State if not the finest: nature's own handiwork; and we hope to add to nature's artistic work the best talent man can give to increase its beauty by adding useful lectures from eminent thinkers to educate all that may seek after recreation and education while resting from cares and labor."

OUR SONG SERVICE.

Pertinent Suggestions.

It is an acknowledged fact that in the use of music Spiritualists have drifted with custom, and have made no effort to individualize it by the use of our own methods, based on underlying spiritual law. Our efforts are imitations only. In the times of the long ago, the personal interest of each worshiper was evoked by the universal custom of congregational singing. To this was then added the impressive leadership of the pipe organ. As pride and ambition prevailed, the deep-toned instrument did the work, with a trained few. In imitation of the latter, quartette choirs have become the custom. All things, however, wear out, and a change seems demanded, evidenced in many quarters by a partial return to congregational singing. This is the method especially suited to Spiritualism. The general interest being always aroused in proportion as the elements comprised within the assemblage are in harmony with each other, when each person becomes a participant in the exercises, as in congregational vocal effort all else is forgotten, and the thought is concentrated on that which makes the occasion. A oneness of feeling, such as the revivalist makes, is produced, impressing the Spiritualist with the greatness of this revelation of the century and the skeptic with the solid earnestness of the believer, while the occult influence through which the spirit operators make their best impressions on individual minds is thus given the most favorable conditions for its exercise.

If a leading voice of power and attractive quality can be obtained, no instrumental accompaniment is needed, for all sounds which do not distinctly enunciate words, and thus unite the understanding with the emotions, the sentiment with devotion, are but an inquiry to the effect designed, which is to blend the intellectual, affectional and aspirational. As, however, such a voice can rarely be found sufficiently powerful to be heard above all others and so melodious as to make its following a pleasure, a single cornet instrument can well be substituted. Increased interest can be secured by the chairman's reading with distinctness and feeling each verse immediately before its musical rendering, an oldtime usage that possesses a wondrously unifying effect.

This makes a song-service of a unique character, which will of itself soon draw increased audiences. It would also show the world that Spiritualism has its own methods, obviating any necessity for using music current with our Christian neighbors. The two systems are not one, and without any disparagement of Christianity, we should present an individuality essentially our own. The ambition of the average choir is to render something new and unused by rivals. In this way much inferior music is indulged in—so poor that the users of it are only too glad to make a change, though such is no improvement. This results in a service without vitality or attraction, and which doubtless accounts for the effort to restore congregational singing.

As to the kind, here lies an unworked field, which if put in shape would in itself be an unusual attraction. In every time and age, there are airs, songs and melodies whose excellence is such that they can seemingly never die, having each once made its mark as a universal favorite. With sacred hymns, there are a large number of plantation melodies, national airs, songs and glees, which are justly worthy of immortality. Who that has ever been moved by the weird refrain, "Come, ye disconsolate," or the pathos of "The Last Rose of Summer," "Home, Sweet, Sweet, Home," and "Nellie Grey," the joyous energy of "Hold the Fort," the grandeur of the "Marsellaise," or the abandon of "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," "Sweet Hour of Prayer," and unnumbered others, but would desire their preservation, sandwiched with the best from our own time?

From the ancient composers and from every available source I would have these rescued and made a perpetual inheritance through the associated poetic talent of such writers as Mattie Hull, Emma Train, Emma Tuttle, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Jas. G. Clark, Gerald Massey and others, by giving to each words embodying the vitality of Spiritualism and the most advanced progressive thought. In such a collection these words would soon be so memorized that they would be largely used without referring to the print, and thus do great service in circles and impromptu gatherings as a universal song-service. It is an ever-present need with a people who, like ourselves, do much travel and interchange, and especially with our camp meetings, where the multitudes are brought together from many and widely-separated sections. What could compare with it in uniting the different elements which make up such assemblages?

H. W. BOOZER.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Gen. James Shields, veteran of the Mexican and civil wars, ex-Governor of Oregon Territory, and ex-Senator of Illinois and Minnesota, is said to be living in subject poverty on a small farm in Ohio. He is 82 years old.

Mrs. Della S. Parnell, the mother of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, is again at her home in Burlington, N. J., the Delaware. She is accompanied by Ironsides, her estate, by Miss Della Dickinson, her granddaughter, but will return to Ireland early in September.

Heaven Drawing Near to Earth.

TO THE EDITOR:—As constantly set forth by THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the only way to attain heaven, is by being good and doing good, without a particle of selfishness in the matter. It appears from reports from San Francisco, Cal., that the first memorial kindergarten in the world was established in



MRS. LELEND STANFORD.

1884 by Mrs. Leland Stanford in memory of her son. There are now twelve memorial kindergartens doing estimably good work in that city. Six of them are under the auspices of Mrs. Stanford. To make the Stanford Memorial Kindergarten a perpetual benediction to the world Mrs. Stanford has set aside \$100,000 as an endowment fund.

This makes a grand total of \$160,000 which has been given by this devoted friend of the little children for the carrying on of the free kindergartens since they were first established. The \$100,000 in Northern railway company 5 per cent bonds is placed in trust and is known as the Leland Stanford Junior Kindergarten Trust. The income of the investment is to be devoted to the support of the Leland Stanford Junior Kindergarten schools exclusively, so long as the schools shall continue to exist, for the poor and needy children of San Francisco.

The munificence of Mrs. Leland Stanford has saved thousands of little folks the last twelve years. The statistics of the twelfth annual report of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association shows that during the twelve years of its existence it has had under its care and training 9,000 children. The children were taken in hand by the association in their earliest years and are now from 15 to 18 years of age. Benevolent educators have followed these 9,000 children as closely as possible since they left the kindergartens, and, after the most rigid investigation, it was found that kindergarten children were not among juvenile offenders, and their names were not to be found on the police records; and this, too, in the face of the fact that kindergartens are located in the districts where criminals are made.

San Francisco business-men appreciate the kindergarten as a potent factor for developing good citizens, and it is the only city in the country in which free kindergartens are supported by commercial organizations. The Produce Exchange was the first commercial body to take up the work, and was alone in the field for several years. Now there are five commercial organizations that have pledged the necessary funds to support kindergartens.

Just see the grand effects flowing from this movement. Philanthropic work must become general in order to redeem the world. Each one must become a philanthropist to help some one less fortunate than himself. That is the work of all advanced spirits.

PRO GRESSION.

Psychometric Delineation.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please allow me space in your valuable paper to pay just tribute to the wonderful psychometric powers of Mrs. E. V. Jackson, of this city. My wife and I called on her at her rooms in the Hermitage Building, on the evening of the 4th of July. After having visited awhile with her and her husband, I requested her to take my handkerchief and see what she could get from it. As soon as she had taken it into her hand she said: "This was a present to you, and you received it when there was snow on the ground." She then gave a very accurate delineation of the character and disposition of my daughter, stating that she was fond of art, music, etc. She also described other things which were purchased at the same time as the handkerchief, and also two persons who were in the room at the time that it was presented to me. All this was to me very unexpected, as the handkerchief was presented to me on Dec. 25, 1881, by my daughter, who passed to Spirit-life on Feb. 12, 1882, and had only been handed by her while making the purchase and placing it in the pocket of my coat, and has been kept there almost uninterruptedly ever since. It must have retained enough of her magnetism to impress the wonderfully sensitive organism of the medium, so that she described her as accurately as if she had been thoroughly acquainted with her; notwithstanding she died several years before Mrs. Jackson came to this city. S. B. JOHNSTON.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mrs. Potter Palmer says that what surprised her most in France was the discovery that no charitable or educational institution is carried on entirely by women.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Their Place and Value in Establishing the Fact of Man's Immortality.

TO THE EDITOR:—The following facts (a few selected from the thousands I have witnessed) were made manifest at different periods through the mediumship of Mrs. Mendenhall. Though they border on the occult, and seemingly contradict all the known laws of nature, they are facts demonstrated to not only the writer, but many other investigators in spiritual phenomena, and as most of them were produced on request of the writer, by materialized forms, recognized as persons known as mortals, but long since consigned to the grave, they go far to establish the truth of man's continued existence. First and foremost I have on diverse occasions witnessed the fact of articles being spirited away, kept for many days and then, by request, the same were returned and placed in my hands; sometimes by spirits in materialized form and sometimes when no human form was visible save my own. Of this class of phenomena was the taking of jewelry from the person of the medium when entranced and under fastening test conditions in cabinet, and brought and put into my hands, by request, many days afterwards: Also taking money out of my pocket, keeping it many days and then putting it back into my pocket when on the road. Again, I have many times had, by request articles, such as branches of pine, cedar, etc., brought into my room with all shutters fastened, under lock and key, and the places pointed out by the spirit where said objects were taken, and the places discovered on search thereof. I have heard the rustlings of newspapers in other apartments of the house, the same continuing as though they were passing through solids, plastered walls and put into my hand, the spirit saying at the time: "I have brought you the news." On one occasion I had the spirit, by request, go into another room, with doors locked, bring me the preface to a large manuscript which was rolled up inside the 675 sheets of writing, tied in hard knots with spool thread, and at the bottom of my trunk filled with various articles, and all under lock and key. On going to my trunk I found it still locked. On opening it I found everything undisturbed save the preface mentioned, which was then in my hand, placed there by the invisible spirit. Again I have on numerous occasions seen fabrics of wearing apparel produced by manipulation or motion of the dimension of sixteen feet square, it then being a shawl of finest texture with raised figures; the first visible signs of said production being a smoky-like substance which continued to grow more dense until within the course of a few seconds a quick movement of the hand would be made when the article would be completed and handed me by the materialized spirit for inspection, the spirit at the same time laughing and talking with myself and others on the philosophy operated in producing the article. What was equally mysterious in this phenomena was the color of the article would be changed from white to black and vice versa, from black to white, in the time it was passing from the spirit to myself.

I have today in my possession small bits of said articles, which still remain intact. Perhaps the (seemingly) most mysterious of all manifestations ever published is the following, which occurred in the presence of my wife and self on one bright moon and starlit night. It was the passing of a living animal—a cat—through the window-glass into our room, causing a tingling sound as if the glass were broken into smithereens, and poor puss scared out of her wits. On examining the window-glass I found it without so much as even a crack or defect of any kind. Do not think me mistaken in the reality of this occurrence, for the cat passed right through the solid window-glass as I have stated. On a future occasion the fact was referred to by a spirit and the philosophy of the event explained to the writer. My article is already lengthy and I must close. I shall utilize these and other phenomena at some future time, as connected with life in the future.

J. H. MENDENHALL.

Wholesale Business.

The National Reformer, of London, England, tells of a young Jew in that city who has been converted to Christianity and baptized no less than thirty-six times. Sometimes he was a Protestant, at others a Catholic, but always had an eye to the money there was in it. The latter came too slow to meet his needs, so, being left alone in the room of his patroness, he stole her jewelry. The poor fellow, much baptized, was prosecuted for larceny, convicted, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Did not "Our Lord" instruct his followers that those who offend should be forgiven "seventy times seven," otherwise four hundred and ninety times? Had his directions been followed the unfortunate culprit would now be free with four hundred and eighty-nine opportunities still in his favor. The convert's patroness should have obeyed the Master, instead of the civil law, else renounced Christianity.

John H. Cray, a wealthy citizen of Nicholas county, N. Y., has cut the timber for his coffin, and is cutting and lettering his own gravestone.

SOMEWHAT CRITICAL.

The Views of a Persistent Investigator.

TO THE EDITOR:—It would seem there are some persons who pose as advanced Spiritualists, who claim for themselves par excellence in their attitude towards the rank and file, and who deem it necessary periodically to arraign the masses for their short-comings, in a spirit and language better befitting a Talmage, than teachers of the harmonious philosophy. The writer during the past forty years has been a somewhat persistent investigator and student of the phenomena and philosophy of modern Spiritualism, and having had a pretty extensive acquaintance with Spiritualists, and having enjoyed the pleasure of meeting with and listening to the lectures of many of the workers in the spiritualistic field, and having attended various camp meetings, freely mingling with Spiritualists, and with mediums for many and various phases of mediumship, the result of which is, I have been led to regard Spiritualists and mediums (as a rule) as a very intelligent class; a people of all others, deep thinkers; a people who individually and collectively think for themselves, and who do not allow prophet, priest or king to lead where their well balanced judgment disapproves.

The writer's experience in reading and constant intercourse with Spiritualists and mediums has taught him that Spiritualists in their investigation of the phenomena, are severely critical, and will not accept as truth what their reason does not sanction, coming from whatever source it may, showing conclusively that they are not always with open mouths ready to swallow everything that claims to be of spirit origin; and is not this view borne out by the weekly visits of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, which comes laden with the best and most advanced thought of this or any other age, emanating from the brains of Spiritualists located in all parts of the civilized world, and yet after reading a lengthy article in No. 133 (June 11th) of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, headed "A Plea for Self-Development" charging Spiritualists and mediums everywhere with the grossest stupidity and imbecility, and which was a revelation, coming like a clap of thunder from a clear sky and seemed paralyzing for the moment until the second sober thought asserted itself, with the query: Are these charges true? Are the masses of Spiritualists the poor, deluded, weak-minded, uneducated, immoral dupes of designing, money-craving tricksters, that the most bitter enemies of Spiritualism have been charging them with the past forty years, and is now endorsed by this advanced Spiritualist who has no more use for its infancy; and are you mistaken in your estimate of the status of this people? With your intimate familiarity with spiritualistic literature, are you incapable of forming correct conclusions? Have you been associating all these years with a people who (were these charges true) the State should be caring for in its humane institutions for the weak-minded, and yet too stupid and overcredulous to be cognizant of it.

But after mature reflection and reviewing my past experience, I still adhere to my deliberately formed opinion, that Spiritualists, as a rule, the world over are the peers of any other people, and that the charges of your correspondent are not true, are slanderous and tend to ignore the cause. These wild utterings of professed friends, which place Spiritualists in a false position are eagerly seized upon as a sweet morsel by the Talmages as corroborating evidence of the truth of the malignant falsehoods dealt out to their audiences. While your correspondent claims to have advanced beyond and away from the infancy of Spiritualism, he should not forget that there are accessions constantly being born into its infancy and that though he can digest strong food, milk is required for babes, and that mild, respectful treatment would be far more effective in leading the weaker brothers and sisters into more advanced conditions, while the use of language in the article referred to would tend to drive the investigator (who cared for his standing in a respectful community) in disgust from a cause and a people represented in the article in question.

M. T. C. FLOWER.

The Under Dog.

David Barker says: "I know that this world—that the great big world—from the peasant up to the king, has a different tale from the tale I tell, and a different song to sing. But for me, and I care not a single fig if they say I am wrong or I'm right, I shall always go in for the weaker dog, the under dog in the fight. I know that the world—that the great big world—will never a moment stop to see which dog may be in fault, but will shout for the dog on top. But for me—I never shall pause to ask which dog may be in the right; for my heart will beat, while it beats at all, for the under dog in the fight. Perchance what I've said were better not said, or 'twere better I said it inco. But with heart and with glass filled cheek to the brim, here is luck to the bottom dog."

Col. Wachoupe, who antagonized Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian, is one of the most popular residents in the district—a big, frank and good-natured Scot, with a record as an officer of the Black Watch in Ashantee and Egypt. He has been several years engaged in nursing the Midlothian constituency for just such a shake-up as he gave the G. O. M. the other day.

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Again Flower says: "Many tactics now being resorted to by organized conservatism are singularly like those employed by the corrupt, ambitious bishops in the days of Constantine, and still more relentlessly pushed by the church in later times, when after having sold both right of love and purity for civil power, she sought to make all men obey her arbitrary commands. Take, for example, the extraordinary action of an organized body of priests who sought to make the success of the World's Fair conditional upon their peculiar views of what ought to be, regardless of the wishes of the people. This while it violates the letter and spirit of the teachings of Christianity, is in perfect keeping with the acts of worldly bishops in the days of Constantine and his successors."

If the opening of the World's Fair meant the closing of the churches, so that those who desired to attend religious services would be prevented from so doing, the plea of those who assume that they have a monopoly of truth, and who wish to make all who think otherwise bend to their conception, might carry some force. But the opening of the World's Fair does not in any degree interfere with the liberty of those who wish to attend public service; they have all the opportunities they could have otherwise. Hence the question resolves itself into whether or not an intolerant and bigoted monopoly who want to make every one do as they do, shall control matters on this important subject. It is the old spirit of coercion revamped and pressed with the tenacity which characterized the actions of the church in the days of the inquisition."

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or those who, after attending church in the morning, wish to improve themselves in the afternoon? Close the World's Fair, and what will be the inevitable result? The Sabbath Union, the saloon, the brothel, and the gambling hell will have triumphed."

This brave and noble editor has made many other statements to show the power of the saloon in politics and the struggle of a corrupt and decaying Church to gain power over the State; but the crowded state of your columns compels me to stop with his closing remarks:

"It was necessary to cite the above facts to show two things; first, the power of the saloon in the Prairie City is so great that it controls politics, and secondly, that Sunday closing means millions of dollars to the saloon and an untold indescribable sea of debauchery, degradation and crime which otherwise would not disgrace Sundays. The saloon knows that for every dollar spent to secure the closing of the World's Fair, hundreds, if not thousands, will flow into the coffers of the liquor traffic; while the other two members of the trinity of night, the brothel and the gambling hell will be correspondingly benefited. The church expects to gain a few additions for one or two hours in the twenty-four and also a prestige of having received a governmental recognition, even in an indirect way, of Constantine's edict. But what shall we say of the cost to morality which will inevitably follow the triumph of this unhallowed alliance? Many have been the crimes against humanity and morality committed in Christianity's name, for which apologists vainly seek for excuse. Shall we add one more to the list simply at the behest of an organized minority?"

We heartily endorse Mr. Flower's sentiments and hope that with all due deference to the feelings of the religious community the managers of the World's Fair may so arrange matters that those who wish to make the most of the opportunities for improvement presented to them, may not have their chances cut off by the narrow-mindedness of the few, especially as their own rights are not interfered with.

No advantage gained by the church party could compensate for the immoral tendency of a closed fair as described by Mr. Flower. He might also have mentioned the fact that every day in the week is the Sabbath of some who will be here, and we have no right to force the Constantinean Sunday on them by closing the fair against them and compelling them to seek other methods of spending the time they had devoted to the fair. All have inalienable rights which no party, church or no church, has a right to take from them. Chicago can afford to be just to all and the cause of religion and morality will not suffer by it; and if the greed of some and the ambition of others suffers it is right that they should.

R. N.

The Scriptures of Nature.

The great Master of life has given us the scriptures of nature, where may be found the hills with their calm and holy influences, the woodlands with their crowns of green, the warbling of birds, the musical rill, the dancing wave, fragrant flowers, silvery dews and sunlight, all of which help to make up that everlasting volume comprising the glorious principles of divine harmony. Nature's book is the infallible record of God's love to men. And man, the conscious embodiment of everlasting energies, is inseparably linked with all this world of life and beauty. God flames in the heavens and flows in the earth. This love, wisdom and power may not only be seen in the sublime geometry of the skies, but the beautiful scriptures of earth alike bear witness to his power and goodness. His voice we hear in the winds and in the waters, in the falling leaf and in the muttering thunder. The dew upon the shimmering grass, sunlight upon the waters sleeping, the aspen trembling in the breeze, the balmy breath of fragrant flowers, all retrieve from snow and ice the human heart, and gem with diamond thoughts the mental fount.

The thundering cataract, the bounding billows, the burning mount, belong to those more stern, grand scriptures in nature, from which the voice of God startles the spirit with sublimest inspiration, and sends the electric tide of life eternal coursing swiftly through the arteries of the inner self. The breeze that thrills like some virgin heart, the silent flower-decked fields, the lights of heaven that span the skies, have power to exalt the vilest earth child, and win to thoughts ethereal. The Great Spirit whose visible and invisible forces fill us with wonder, all space doth occupy. His golden crown and starry bracelets seem to hang from the azure portals which open to the palace of the free, and the jewelry, as it were, upon his sandals sparkles in the ocean caves or gleams from the rocky mines. This robe of light encircles the universe, and nature's harmonies swell forth his name in numbers holy.

CHARLES P. CROCKER.
Fredonia, N. Y.

I. N. Pope, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "We are very busy trying to get Lake Brady equipped for the coming camp. We have one of the finest locations in this State if not the finest: nature's own handiwork; and we hope to add to nature's artistic work the best talent man can give to increase its beauty by adding useful lectures from eminent thinkers to educate all that may seek after recreation and education while resting from cares and labor."

OUR SONG SERVICE.

Pertinent Suggestions.

It is an acknowledged fact that in the use of music Spiritualists have drifted with custom, and have made no effort to individualize it by the use of our own methods, based on underlying spiritual law. Our efforts are imitations only. In the times of the long ago, the personal interest of each worshiper was evoked by the universal custom of congregational singing. To this was then added the impressive leadership of the pipe organ. As pride and ambition prevailed, the deep-toned instrument did the work, with a trained few. In imitation of the latter, quartette choirs have become the custom. All things, however, wear out, and a change seems demanded, evidenced in many quarters by a partial return to congregational singing. This is the method especially suited to Spiritualism. The general interest being always aroused in proportion as the elements comprised within the assemblage are in harmony with each other, when each person becomes a participant in the exercises, as in congregational vocal effort all else is forgotten, and the thought is concentrated on that which makes the occasion. A oneness of feeling, such as the revivalist makes, is produced, impressing the Spiritualist with the greatness of this revelation of the century and the skeptic with the solid earnestness of the believer, while the occult influence through which the spirit operators make their best impressions on individual minds is thus given the most favorable conditions for its exercise.

If a leading voice of power and attractive quality can be obtained, no instrumental accompaniment is needed, for all sounds which do not distinctly enunciate words, and thus unite the understanding with the emotions, the sentiment with devotion, are but an inquiry to the effect designed, which is to blend the intellectual, affectional and aspirational. As, however, such a voice can rarely be found sufficiently powerful to be heard above all others and so melodious as to make its following a pleasure, a single cornet instrument can well be substituted. Increased interest can be secured by the chairman's reading with distinctness and feeling each verse immediately before its musical rendering, an oldtime usage that possesses a wondrously unifying effect.

This makes a song-service of a unique character, which will of itself soon draw increased audiences. It would also show the world that Spiritualism has its own methods, obviating any necessity for using music current with our Christian neighbors. The two systems are not one, and without any disparagement of Christianity, we should present an individuality essentially our own. The ambition of the average choir is to render something new and unused by rivals. In this way much inferior music is indulged in—so poor that the users of it are only too glad to make a change, though such is no improvement. This results in a service without vitality or attraction, and which doubtless accounts for the effort to restore congregational singing.

As to the kind, here lies an unworked field, which if put in shape would in itself be an unusual attraction. In every time and age, there are airs, songs and melodies whose excellence is such that they can seemingly never die, having each once made its mark as a universal favorite. With sacred hymns, there are a large number of plantation melodies, national airs, songs and pieces, which are justly worthy of immortality. Who that has ever been moved by the weird refrain, "Come, ye disconsolate," or the pathos of "The Last Rose of Summer," "Home, Sweet, Sweet, Home," and "Nellie Grey," the joyous energy of "Hold the Fort," the grandeur of the "Marsellaise," or the abandon of "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," "Sweet Hour of Prayer," and unnumbered others, but would desire their preservation, sandwiched with the best from our own time?

From the ancient composers and from every available source I would have these rescued and made a perpetual inheritance through the associated poetic talent of such writers as Mattie Hull, Emma Train, Emma Tuttle, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Jas. G. Clark, Gerald Massey and others, by giving to each words embodying the vitality of Spiritualism and the most advanced progressive thought. In such a collection these words would soon be so memorized that they would be largely used without referring to the print, and thus do great service in circles and impromptu gatherings as a universal song-service. It is an ever-present need with a people who, like ourselves, do much travel and interchange, and especially with our camp meetings, where the multitudes are brought together from many and widely-separated sections. What could compare with it in uniting the different elements which make up such assemblages?

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Gen. James Shields, veteran of the Mexican and civil wars, ex-Governor of Oregon Territory, and ex-Senator of Illinois and Minnesota, is said to be living in abject poverty on a small farm in Ohio. He is 82 years old.

Mrs. Della S. Parnell, the mother of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, is again at her home in Burlington, up the Delaware. She is accompanied to Ireland, her estate, by Miss Della Dickinson, her granddaughter, but will return to Ireland early in September.

Heaven Drawing Near to Earth.

TO THE EDITOR:—As constantly set forth by THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the only way to attain heaven, is by being good and doing good, without a particle of selfishness in the matter. It appears from reports from San Francisco, Cal., that the first memorial kindergarten in the world was established in



MRS. LELAND STANFORD.

1884 by Mrs. Leland Stanford in memory of her son. There are now twelve memorial kindergartens doing estimable good work in that city. Six of them are under the auspices of Mrs. Stanford. To make the Stanford Memorial Kindergarten a perpetual benediction to the world Mrs. Stanford has set aside \$100,000 as an endowment fund.

This makes a grand total of \$160,000 which has been given by this devoted friend of the little children for the carrying on of the free kindergartens since they were first established. The \$100,000 in Northern railway company 5 per cent bonds is placed in trust and is known as the Leland Stanford Junior Kindergarten Trust. The income of the investment is to be devoted to the support of the Leland Stanford Junior Kindergarten schools exclusively, so long as the schools shall continue to exist, for the poor and needy children of San Francisco.

The munificence of Mrs. Leland Stanford has saved thousands of little folks the last twelve years. The statistics of the twelfth annual report of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association shows that during the twelve years of its existence it has had under its care and training 9,000 children. The children were taken in hand by the association in their earliest years and are now from 15 to 18 years of age. Benevolent educators have followed these 9,000 children as closely as possible since they left the kindergartens, and after the most rigid investigation, it was found that kindergarten children were not among juvenile offenders, and their names were not to be found on the police records; and this, too, in the face of the fact that kindergartens are located in the districts where criminals are made.

San Francisco business-men appreciate the kindergarten as a potent factor for developing good citizens, and it is the only city in the country in which free kindergartens are supported by commercial organizations. The Produce Exchange was the first commercial body to take up the work, and was alone in the field for several years. Now there are five commercial organizations that have pledged the necessary funds to support kindergartens.

Just see the grand effects flowing from this movement. Philanthropic work must become general in order to redeem the world. Each one must become a philanthropist to help some one less fortunate than himself. That is the work of all advanced spirits.

PRO GRESSION.

Psychometric Delineation.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please allow me space in your valuable paper to pay just tribute to the wonderful psychometric powers of Mrs. F. V. Jackson, of this city. My wife and I called on her at her rooms in the Hermitage Building, on the evening of the 4th of July. After having visited awhile with her and her husband, I requested her to take my handkerchief and see what she could get from it. As soon as she had taken it into her hand she said: "This was a present to you, and you received it when there was snow on the ground." She then gave a very accurate delineation of the character and disposition of my daughter, stating that she was fond of art, music, etc. She also described other things which were purchased at the same time as the handkerchief, and also two persons who were in the room at the time that it was presented to me. All this was to me very unexpected, as the handkerchief was presented to me on Dec. 25, 1881, by my daughter, who passed to Spirit-life on Feb. 12, 1882, and had only been handled by me while making the purchase and placing it in the pocket of my coat, and has been kept there almost uninterruptedly ever since. It must have retained enough of her magnetism to impress the wonderfully sensitive organism of the medium, so that she described her as accurately as if she had been thoroughly acquainted with her; notwithstanding she died several years before Mrs. Jackson came to this city. S. B. JOHNSTON.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mrs. Potter Palmer says that what surprised her most in France was the discovery that no charitable or educational institution is carried on entirely by women.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

Their Place and Value in Establishing the Fact of Man's Immortality.

TO THE EDITOR:—The following facts (a few selected from the thousands I have witnessed) were made manifest at different periods through the mediumship of Mrs. Mendenhall. Though they border on the occult, and seemingly contradict all the known laws of nature, they are facts demonstrated to not only the writer, but many other investigators in spiritual phenomena, and as most of them were produced on request of the writer, by materialized forms, recognized as persons known as mortals, but long since consigned to the grave, they go far to establish the truth of man's continued existence. First and foremost I have on diverse occasions witnessed the fact of articles being spirited away, kept for many days and then, by request, the same were returned and placed in my hands; sometimes by spirits in materialized form and sometimes when no human form was visible save my own. Of this class of phenomena was the taking of jewelry from the person of the medium when entranced and under fastening test conditions in cabinet, and brought and put into my hands, by request, many days afterwards. Also taking money out of my pocket, keeping it many days and then putting it back into my pocket when on the road. Again, I have many times had, by request articles, such as branches of pine, cedar, etc., brought into my room with all shutters fastened, under lock and key, and the places pointed out by the spirit where said objects were taken, and the places discovered on search thereof. I have heard the rustlings of newspapers in other apartments of the house, the same continuing as though they were passing through solids, plastered walls and put into my hand, the spirit saying at the time: "I have brought you the news." On one occasion I had the spirit, by request, go into another room, with doors locked, bring me the preface to a large manuscript which was rolled up inside the 675 sheets of writing, tied in hard knots with spool thread, and at the bottom of my trunk filled with various articles, and all under lock and key. On going to my trunk I found it still locked. On opening it I found everything undisturbed save the preface mentioned, which was then in my hand, placed there by the invisible spirit. Again I have on numerous occasions seen fabrics of wearing apparel produced by manipulation or motion of the materialized spirit hand, sometimes of the dimension of sixteen feet square, it then being a shawl of finest texture with raised figures; the first visible signs of said production being a smoky-like substance which continued to grow more dense until within the course of a few seconds a quick movement of the hand would be made when the article would be completed and handed me by the materialized spirit for inspection, the spirit at the same time laughing and talking with myself and others on the philosophy operated in producing the article. What was equally mysterious in this phenomena was the color of the article would be changed from white to black and vice versa, from black to white, in the time it was passing from the spirit to myself.

I have today in my possession small bits of said articles, which still remain intact. Perhaps the (seemingly) most mysterious of all manifestations ever published is the following, which occurred in the presence of my wife and self on one bright moon and star-lit night. It was the passing of a living animal—a cat—through the window-glass into our room, causing a tingling sound as if the glass were broken into smithereens, and poor puss scared out of her wits. On examining the window-glass I found it without so much as even a crack or defect of any kind. Do not think me mistaken in the reality of this occurrence, for the cat passed right through the solid window-glass as I have stated. On a future occasion the fact was referred to by a spirit and the philosophy of the event explained to the writer. My article is already lengthy and I must close. I shall utilize these and other phenomena at some future time, as connected with life in the future.

J. H. MENDENHALL.

Wholesale Business.

The National Reformer, of London, England, tells of a young Jew in that city who has been converted to Christianity and baptized no less than thirty-six times. Sometimes he was a Protestant, at others a Catholic, but always had an eye to the money there was in it. The latter came too slow to meet his needs, so, being left alone in the room of his patroness, he stole her jewelry. The poor fellow, much baptized, was prosecuted for larceny, convicted, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Did not "Our Lord" instruct his followers that those who offend should be forgiven "seventy times seven," otherwise four hundred and ninety times? Had his directions been followed the unfortunate culprit would now be free with four hundred and eighty-nine opportunities still in his favor. The convert's patroness should have obeyed the Master, instead of the civil law, else renounced Christianity.

John B. Cray, a wealthy citizen of Nicholas County, N. Y., has cut the timber for his coffin, and is cutting and lettering his own gravestone.

Col. Wachoupe, who antagonized Mr. Gladstone in Middlethian, is one of the most popular residents in the district—a big, frank and good-natured Scot, with a record as an officer of the Black Watch in Ashantee and Egypt. He has been several years engaged in nursing the Middlethian constituency for just such a shake-up as he gave the G. O. M. the other day.

SOMEWHAT CRITICAL.

The Views of a Persistent Investigator.

TO THE EDITOR:—It would seem there are some persons who pose as advanced Spiritualists, who claim for themselves par excellence in their attitude towards the rank and file, and who deem it necessary periodically to arraign the masses for their short-comings, in a spirit and language better fitting a Talmage, than teachers of the harmonial philosophy. The writer during the past forty years has been a somewhat persistent investigator and student of the phenomena and philosophy of modern Spiritualism, and having had a pretty extensive acquaintance with Spiritualists, and having enjoyed the pleasure of meeting with and listening to the lectures of many of the workers in the spiritualistic field, and having attended various camp meetings, freely mingling with Spiritualists, and with mediums for many and various phases of mediumship,—the result of which is, I have been led to regard Spiritualists and mediums (as a rule) as a very intelligent class; a people of all others, deep thinkers; a people who individually and collectively think for themselves, and who do not allow their well balanced judgment to be swayed.

The writer's experience in reading and constant intercourse with Spiritualists and mediums has taught him that Spiritualists in their investigation of the phenomena, are severely critical, and will not accept as truth what their reason does not sanction, coming from whatever source it may, showing conclusively that they are not always with open mouths ready to swallow everything that claims to be of spirit origin; and is not this view borne out by the weekly visits of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, which comes laden with the best and most advanced thought of this or any other age, emanating from the brains of Spiritualists located in all parts of the civilized world, and yet after reading a lengthy article in No. 133 (June 11th) of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, (headed "A Plea for Self-Development") charging Spiritualists and mediums everywhere with the grossest stupidity and imbecility, and which was a revelation, coming like a clap of thunder from a clear sky and seemed paralyzing for the moment until the second sober thought asserted itself, with the query: Are these charges true? Are the masses of Spiritualists the poor, deluded, weak-minded, uneducated, immoral dupes of designing, money-craving tricksters, that the most bitter enemies of Spiritualism have been charging them with the past forty years, and is now endorsed by this advanced Spiritualist who has no more use for its infancy; and are you mistaken in your estimate of the status of this people? With your intimate familiarity with spiritualistic literature, are you incapable of forming correct conclusions? Have you been associating all these years with a people who (were these charges true) the State should be caring for in its humane institutions for the weak-minded, and yet too stupid and overcredulous to be cognizant of it.

But after mature reflection and reviewing my past experience, I still adhere to my deliberately formed opinion, that Spiritualists, as a rule, the world over are the peers of any other people, and that the charges of your correspondent are not true, are slanderous and tend to ignore the cause. These wild utterances of professed friends, which place Spiritualists in a false position are eagerly seized upon as a sweet morsel by the Talmages as corroborating evidence of the truth of the malignant falsehoods dealt out to their audiences. While your correspondent claims to have advanced beyond and away from the infancy of Spiritualism, he should not forget that there are accessions constantly being born into its infancy and that though he can digest strong food, milk is required for babes, and that mild, respectful treatment would be far more effective in leading the weaker brothers and sisters into more advanced conditions, while the use of language in the article referred to would tend to drive the investigator (who cared for his standing in a respectful community) in disgust from a cause and a people represented in the article in question.

M. T. C. FLOWER.

The Under Dog.

David Barker says: "I know that this world—that the great big world—from the peasant up to the king, has a different tale from the tale I tell, and a different song to sing. But for me, and I care not a single fig if they say I am wrong or I'm right, I shall always go in for the weaker dog, the under dog in the fight. I know that the world—that the great big world—will never a moment stop to see which dog may be in fault, but will about for the dog on top. But for me—I never shall pause to ask which dog may be in the right; for my heart will beat, while it beats at all, for the under dog in the fight. Perchance what I've said were better not said, or 'twere better I said it incor. But with heart and with glass filled chock to the brim, here is luck to the bottom dog."

Col. Wachoupe, who antagonized Mr. Gladstone in Middlethian, is one of the most popular residents in the district—a big, frank and good-natured Scot, with a record as an officer of the Black Watch in Ashantee and Egypt. He has been several years engaged in nursing the Middlethian constituency for just such a shake-up as he gave the G. O. M. the other day.

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 eulogy of the source from which they emanate. To each essay is subjoined the individual experience of some other spirit since passing away from earth, and these latter are called "Illustrations," and, except in rare instances, such as James Russell Lowell and Horace Greeley, these names were also withheld.

The Celestial Heavens—The Final Abode of the Soul.

It ever the sun should refuse to shine the darkness on earth would be total, and the whole world would be involved in a desolation as complete as the darkness. A reign of terror would ensue; all the social bonds of mankind would be dissolved, and the race itself would expire in the gloom of an endless night. A picture so terrible has been portrayed by the gifted Byron, and he, no doubt, drew the materials of his descriptions from the depths of his own lurid soul. But whatever may be thought of the conception, there is no doubt but that the reality would far exceed any idea we can form of the cataclysm. There is not a representation of the condition of the world at the present moment, in a spiritual sense. The sun of the celestial universe shines brightly in the realm of souls, and the all-seeing eye itself can behold no darkness in the glorious expanse. The rays enlighten the spiritual heavens, and they glow with a mild and tender radiance. All the beings that cluster around the mighty spheres drink in the sweetest influence from its effulgence. There are many sources of happiness, many seasons for delight, but this one is never ending, and yet ever beginning, and there is no one but feels the intense joy that it inspires. The stars shine not, for there is no night; the clouds never threaten to discharge their hollow blasts, nor to pour their drenching floods; the play of the warring elements is not seen, nor does the voice of thunder roll its reverberations on the wings of the storm. When all nature seems in agitation with the throes of an earthquake, the upper air is calm and gentle, and the flowers feel only a tremulous sensation, as if the soil from which they spring was palpitating with a divine impulse from the hand that made them. But if the scene were changed, and a thunderbolt speed its course through the sacred spaces, there would be nothing to fear, nothing to excite alarm, for there the elements are harmonious, and the power of the Creator is revealed in every movement only to bless those who live in his presence.

The earth is not yet free from the conditions of matter, nor from the dreadful convulsions which have changed its face, and whatever physical evils it suffers are unmitigated by the divine rule that has controlled the unfolded circles of spirit life. If, therefore, the earth should lose the light of the sun, nothing but darkness, misery and death would follow.

We thus see that however we may regard the providence of God, or his ministry in human affairs, there is no limitation in his goodness and beneficence in the world he has created for the spirit in its other existence.

We are not aware of the extent to which we can carry our ideas, but we know that there is no limit to the intellect when it is once started on any subject of inquiry. There are few things above its powers, and no one but has enough to make him an immortal being. When, therefore, we scan his pretensions to another life, we ought to remember that the subject is one that appeals to the very highest endowments of his mind, and he cannot but feel that he has given but too little attention to this part of his nature. Let him neglect anything but his soul; let him trifle with any interest but that of his spirit, for that is immortal, and must have its first lessons here below.

There is every reason to believe that the more a man tries to live in accordance with the higher life the nearer he is to a better one, both here and hereafter. He ought, therefore, to cultivate his spirit more than his garden or his farm—more than his mind or body, for it is to it that he belongs more than to any other interest in his life. We cannot be too careful of our business, nor too diligent in our employments, but because the spirit can neither feel hunger nor thirst, nor the need of clothing and shelter, one must not, therefore, conclude that it needs nothing and deserves nothing. This is the very reason that it should have our careful attention. If it felt the necessities just mentioned it would be mortal like the body, which needs constant supplies to replace the wear and tear of its own attrition, and when no longer able to take on the necessary means of subsistence, it decays and dies. Not so with the spirit. It needs none of these material means of support, and can live on without them. It never cries for bread, nor does it ask for water. It lives independently of the material that feeds the body and keeps it alive. It has, however, a nourishment of its own—it lives on the food of spiritual vitality; it drinks in the grand lessons of a well-spent life, and unfolds its powers on the truths that come from the knowledge and experience of mankind; whatever is good in their maxims; whatever is generous in their sentiments; whatever is noble in

their conduct, or grand in their history; these are the elements of its support, and the steps by which it mounts to the high plains of its final and complete maturity—the celestial heavens.

ILLUSTRATION.

We seldom meet with those who are not well-acquainted with some one whom they have known before. Such is the case in spirit life. I was surprised to see so many who were acquainted with those whom I had known on earth. Among the many phases of life here, none are more surprising than the numbers of those who have an interest in you from that circumstance. The most happy moments we have spent together on earth are not to be compared to these renewals of old friendship. We know each other almost instantly, for although the change in personal appearance is very great, yet there is a subtle power of recognition in our spiritual conditions. I often meet with those I have seen on earth, and I have never yet failed to identify them without an effort. The most highly esteemed friends are, of course, more easily remembered, but even these sometimes are so greatly changed that it is only by a powerful intuition they are recalled. Friendships in spirit-life are based upon similarity of tastes and a mutual feeling of attachment that springs up in the heart. When this happens the communion is very agreeable, and continues to be a perpetual source of enjoyment. We meet each other with a cordiality that would seem overstrained on earth, but which is here both natural and graceful. When we visit each other it is the same. The coldness of earthly greetings are unknown, and we spontaneously welcome our visitors with a warmth that affords the highest evidence of an earnest feeling of delight. Our houses are constructed on a plan that renders these gatherings still more delightful. The open verandas are all around the dwelling, and afford all sorts of opportunities for social intercourse, and the rooms are so arranged that guests can be accommodated as if they were at home. The reading apartment is usually furnished with books and publications for those inclined to read or study, and works of art cover the walls to charm the artistic eye. The chambers for sleeping are numerous enough to allow our friends to rest if they desire. They are always welcome, as are also those who may accompany them. The hours pass pleasantly away in conversation, music, dancing and such other amusements as spring up spontaneously. There are also serious moments when we investigate into some subject, or tell each other of our experiences, and of the information we may have acquired. They accompany us when we attend assemblies of any kind, or go on excursions into other parts of the Spirit-world, for distant journeys in search of pleasure and knowledge are quite frequent, and we never fail to make full provision for them as for ourselves. There are no means of carrying on our correspondence with friends so quick as going to them in person, which we can do almost instantaneously, and we are always sure of a kindly reception. The door of a friend's is never shut; his hand is always open and extended. We seldom find anyone who has forgotten us, and never find anyone who is not glad to see us again. We never permit a misunderstanding on earth to interfere with our relations here. The bitterest enmities die out, and those who were the most hostile to each other are here the closest friends. An instance of this kind will illustrate this peculiarity: Two men who had long been on the most intimate terms of friendship became estranged, and refused to notice or hold any intercourse with each other. Many circumstances inflamed their animosity, until their dislike became hatred. Time passed on, and at the moment of their death little change had taken place in their unkind feelings. They were not otherwise bad men, and, indeed, their general character and conduct was far above the average. It was their fortune to occupy about the same relative plane in spirit-life as they had done on earth. Their last parting was in anger, but their meeting here was marked by the old feeling and the old affection, and they are now closer friends than ever. The difficulties which divided them are forgotten, and nothing now dwells in their memory of the past except the fraternal relations of their old attachment and love.

Another phase of spirit-life, and perhaps the most interesting one, is the entire devotion to the common good that is felt and manifested by every one, and we never see each other without giving some proof of this sentiment. If, for instance, we are in want of anything, we can safely ask for it in abundance. The selfish principle seems to be eradicated, and only exists here in supplying our own happiness by making others happy. Many instances of this kind have fallen under my observation. The selfish man has become liberal; the egotist is aware of the fact that there are others who are just as worthy and well endowed as himself, and he who was indifferent to the feelings and sufferings of his fellowmen has been converted into an active sympathizer and worker for their good. The obdurate man is softened into tenderness, and the morose and moody have become social and earnest in every good and gentle deed. This change in character is one of the most striking features in spirit-life, and you can readily appreciate that it must be so. It is these hard qualities which create such hard conditions on earth, and were they allowed to exist here their influence would be exceedingly inconsistent with all our ideas of rest and happiness. An all-wise ruler has, therefore, ordained that the evil passions shall not come into these peaceful realms, and that the glory of his works and the happiness of his creations shall no longer be endangered by the gross resentments and violence of earth-born meanness and vanity.

The Unlimited.

In the great unknown, the limitless sea,
The spirit rules in mystery!
The waves roll on, and man must climb
To the grander heights of infinite mind!
—Prof. Silas W. Edmunds.

An Experience with Mrs. Effie Moss.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am pleased to see in your issue of June 11th the pleasant and genial face of Mrs. Effie Moss. About five years ago or more, Mrs. Moss visited San Francisco. I was one of the fortunate ones who had the honor of entertaining the truly gifted medium. I invited her, with a few others, to dine with us. She willingly complied, and as the shadows of evening fell, we improvised a cabinet out of shawls across the corner of the parlor. Mrs. Moss seated herself therein, and we gathered around the cabinet in a circle, singing a low, sweet song that harmonized the influences and brought a most lovely face to the aperture. I was called to the beautiful being as the curtain parted to its feet, disclosing a robe or garment so transcendently bright, that I involuntarily stepped back and covered my face with my hands. I looked again; it reached its arms toward me, and as I came close to her side she drew me still closer, and said:

"I will come to thee again and tell thee my name; this thou shalt know: I have been with thee always, and will be with thee to the end of thy earth journey."

This was in answer to a mental wonder in my mind of who she could be. I looked past the radiant being and saw Mrs. Moss sitting in the chair which we all saw her take but a few moments before. This being did not in the least resemble Mrs. Moss, she being stout and short, while the spirit was tall and slight; beside the medium stood an Indian dressed in the garb of a chief, and near, floating in mid-air, was a form in white.

The next form that appeared was a young lady of medium height, not in the least resembling Mrs. Moss. She came toward my son, who was sitting on the end of the horse-shoe circle, next the cabinet. He arose and met her half-way from the cabinet. She led him inside the curtains, and there said to him:

"Something very beautiful is coming to you; you will be very happy—oh! so happy! Be good to your mother. Obey her in all things. You will not regret it. I was naughty while in earth-life, and have been unhappy here, and had to come back to teach others how to avoid the darkness I have been in. Good-bye, for a time."

The medium was sitting in her chair, bowed in sleep. My one earthly treasure—my beloved child—passed to Spirit-land within a few months thereafter. The very beautiful "something" coming to him was death.

I will not dwell upon all that occurred, save that forms, two and three at a time, came out and were recognized. At last the control, or guide, came and called me to him and informed me of an event that would take place within a few months. Said I: "Please tell me what it is?" He answered:

"A sorrow that is common to all mortals. Be brave and faithful; your guardian never leaves you. All—all is well. You have a work to do, and yet will be the happiest of mortals."

The event was the passing away from my earthly vision of my precious son—my all. I could not see in any way that a sorrow so keen was coming to me. I could not believe that my boy could die—death would spare him. But the great natural law is no respecter of persons, and all must obey its mandate. The sublime philosophy that lifts the spirit of mortals above the unhappy fatalities that crowd around the brightest hopes and fondest ambitions is realized when one meets face to face with that inexorable law called death. The contemplation of a happy reunion with loved ones passed from mortal sight, is the beacon light that guides the darkness of our keenest griefs.

In every stage of the soul's evolution it must meet with vicissitudes, or the experiences of its travel would be as naught. The soul must, in every stage of incarnation, find its own peculiar knowledge, and just in proportion to its elevation in intellect in its last will be its teachings in this.

Christ, our elder brother, taught all he could, and what he could. He knew nothing of the great positive knowledge which modern Spiritualism and science has revealed to the world to-day. Occult power, which Christ did not understand himself, made him a celebrity among the fishermen. He was strangely and strongly endowed with magnetic power, but knew nothing of the law of that power as it is understood at the present era. Christ was a medium, and was acted upon; and in that evolution his soul drank the bitterest dregs that ever passed before mortal sight ere the dawning of the morning of its emancipation.

Matter is indestructible, the soul immortal, death or change the gateway of that everlasting life where the gardens of God are in fragrance and beauty, open to receive the earth-weary traveler, that he may drink from the fount that flows from the rock of peace that plays therein.

Each change brings him nearer the celestial rock; each evolution brings the soul near fulfillment of the eternal law, nearer home, nearer to the father's house, where the many mansions are prepared. Nothing is lost; nothing can be lost; love cannot die—will not die; and just in proportion to each heart-throb of love for a being, so will be that love to greet us when we all get home. It matters not how many evolutions the soul may have passed through, each note of the great song of many lives through evolution will be found perfect in the end—nothing lost; the soul, pure, will see all things pure, and is one with God.

One with the great divine love,
A fabric by his wisdom wove.
ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

"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.

The Genial Influence of "The Progressive Thinker."

TO THE EDITOR:—I think that to the sensitive ones there is a powerful influence which comes with each copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. When I first commenced taking your paper, as I would receive it from the hands of the postman and sit down to read it, I would begin to thrill and tremble. After I had received about six copies, one day it was impressed on my mind that something very much to be desired was coming to me when the letter-man came. I could not keep from watching up the street for his appearance, and when he came he brought only THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Well, I thought there must be something delightful in that paper for me. I glanced over its columns, but did not seem to find the desired article.

All at once the large clock, nearly over my head, ceased ticking. I quickly arose and started it, and turned to take up my paper again, when my hand was so shaken that I could not hold it, and I found that a spirit was present and very anxious to call my attention to her presence. I at once found that it was a very beautiful spirit, an Indian woman, from one of the higher spheres, who had come for the especial purpose of giving me a magnetic treatment. She had a strong and beautiful influence.

When the next paper was delivered she came again, but did not force her presence upon me, but waited a few moments for me to show whether I was desirous of her visit or not. When I expressed my desire she instantly complied. Now when she comes I attend to her at once so that she can go again, for she seems to be very busy.

By the way, I would like to say that spirits have been treating me magnetically for over three months, and also are trying to develop me for a materializing medium. My husband has been controlled twice, and is making a good trance medium. I consider a great deal of this due to the effects arising from reading THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. We are delighted with it. We read every word of it, then lend it to a neighbor, and afterwards send it to a friend, who is in poor health, and very glad to get the paper. I often read such bright and beautiful things, which I feel must be true, that it makes me wish I could shake hands with the writers, and express my thanks to them in person. I had seen several numbers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, but when I saw the anniversary number, and read Prof. Buchanan's address, I was completely captivated, and shall try to never be without it as long as it continues to be such a grand and fearless champion of the truth and the right. The Eclectic Magazine is grand. If wealth were at my command, I would send the names of fifty people, and as many dollars with them, for the spreading of the truth.

MRS. MARY S. WHEELER.

Auburn, N. Y.

Montana Coming to the Front.

A YOUNG LADY TAKING SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

TO THE EDITOR:—Confident of a welcome for all communications descriptive of the phenomena of our glorious philosophy that will interest and probably set to investigating many of the liberal minds that read your excellent paper, I make free to forward an account of some of the wonderful things occurring here in this far-away mountain city. I have witnessed much phenomena in the past thirteen years, in different Eastern localities, but it has been my good fortune to experience phenomena here the past four weeks that eclipses anything I have ever before witnessed. The manifestations given here are produced under positive test conditions that are absolutely "Bundy-proof." There are three mediums in this city who have made many Spiritualists, and set the country wild over matters spiritual for many miles around. The first I desire to mention is Mrs. J. E. Leonard, a spiritual healer, who has lived here for two years. The cures this lady performs are marvelous.

The next one I desire to mention is Miss Della Adams, who recently developed as a spirit photographer without any effort on her own part. She had an amateur photographer's outfit, and amused herself by taking views of the scenery among the mountains. Her photos were all right and very good until she attended seances held for materialization. On developing her first plates after these seances she found several faces, and among them faces she recognized as relatives. She has been induced by friends to develop the phase, until she now takes spirit portraits under any conditions asked by the sitter. In my case I furnished the dry plate and a photographer to superintend the sitting. Miss A. had nothing to do with the process from start to finish, save to place the tips of her fingers on the top of the camera. The plate was taken away for development, and four faces of deceased friends appeared about my own. This lady makes no charge, and anyone reading this article need have no hesitancy in sending a lock of hair to have a portrait of their friends, for the lady is not in distress financially, and is very much interested in the work. She is a grand instrument in the hands of the Spirit-world, and has give to dozens incontrovertible proof that their spirit friends are at all times hovering about them. May the Angel-world protect her, and may she live to a ripe old age in the glorious work she is doing.

In the case of Mrs. Leonard, I wish to say that the M. D.'s have tried all manner of expedients to stop her grand work of healing, but thus far have not succeeded in getting her into any serious trouble. Should they get her into the hands of the law, they will find that she has friends who will use not only their voices but all the money necessary in her behalf. Her work, too, is done without price, but persons who are suffering ill-health should not forget postage, should they write for her advice.

CHAS. MANVILLE.

Great Falls, Mont.

Animal Spirits.

TO THE EDITOR:—I have read the article of Dr. Babbitt's on "Animal Spirits." If analogy proves anything, it proves that all animals live in their spirit spheres, just the same as all men live in their respective spirit spheres. If the physical man is the expression of a spiritual man, who is spiritual before and after the death of the body, then Dr. Babbitt cannot find arguments nor facts to prohibit the logical conclusion that the physical animals and plants are expressions of spiritual animals and plants, which have their spiritual lives before and after the death of their bodies. If man has a spirit existence after his body dies, so has the animal. These spirit natures are just as different in their degrees or states as the man and animal are in their natural state. Dr. Babbitt cannot find any more argument against spirit life for animals than Haeckle and Huxley, find against the spirit life of man. Dr. Babbitt knows from ten thousand facts and arguments that man has a conscious spirit existence after the dissolution of his body. So have I ten thousand facts and arguments to prove that animals and vegetables have a spirit life after the dissolution of their bodies.

1st. There is no argument against it. Dr. Babbitt's over-production fails when we consider the united millions of embryonic fetal lives which are spirits in the spirit sphere, but which fail to develop in the natural or physical sphere. Man can out-multiply all the animal kingdoms combined as far as spirit production is concerned; but not as far as physical production is concerned. Man has his legitimate sphere, so have the animals. Those two cannot encroach upon each other. There are no more animals nor human spirits now than were in existence billions of years ago.

2d. My reason can reach no other conclusion than that animals must and do exist in spirit by the same laws of spirits' natural action by which man exists as spirit.

3d. My guide tells me that the animals are just as distinctly animals, and hold corresponding relations with spirit men as they do here. He says the spirit in spirit life which denies spirit life to the animals, is some old croaker who had no love in his nature when in the flesh. To see animals in the spirit you must love them.

4th. Thousands of spirits tell us that they see and are with animals, flowers and all kinds of vegetables which are related to their psychic natures or their proprium.

5th. Swedenborg tells us not only of the existence of the Lord, but of angels, men, demon-spirits, animals, serpents and houses.

Chicago, Ill.

R. O. SPEAR.

Items from Springfield, Mo.

TO THE EDITOR:—Rev. James DeBuchanne, Ph. D., M. D., who has been lecturing for the Progressive Spiritualist Society, of this city, since the second Sunday in June last, gave his closing lecture in Harmony Hall last Sunday evening, July 10th, to a very large and appreciative audience. His subject was: "Genesis and Geology, or the Voice of the Rocks." The lecture elicited the profoundest attention, and everybody was interested and pleased. After the lecture a committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the high esteem in which Brother DeBuchanne is held by the society, which resolution is as follows:

"Resolved, That we recognize in Rev. Jas. DeBuchanne a scholar of the highest order; a logical thinker; a clear and forcible speaker; a modest and gentlemanly friend and brother; that we are not only satisfied, but delighted with the splendid lectures that he has delivered for us; and we take special pleasure in commending him to others as one of the ablest exponents of our beautiful philosophy."

Mrs. M. Teresa Allen has also been with us for several weeks, giving tests from the platform and holding seances. She will remain a short time and lecture for the society before taking the field as an organizer, for which she has been duly commissioned by the Progressive Spiritualist Association of Missouri. Sister Allen is a good lecturer and medium, and we look forward to good results from her work in this State.

E. M. HENDRICK, Secretary.

Woman's Battle.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not,
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle-shot
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouths of wonderful men;

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
A woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is that battle-field.

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, oh! those battles, they last so long,
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen, goes down.

Oh! ye with banners and battle-shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kindest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways.

Oh! spotless woman, in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn;
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kindest warrior born.

—Joan Miller.

"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.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER always leads in the variety of its attractions. The story, by Hudson Tuttle, should be read by everybody. Remember, the paper is sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.

DIFFERENTIATIONS.

Differences in Burials as Well as Differences in Religion.

To THE EDITOR:—The peculiarities of human nature are fittingly illustrated in the different methods of inhumation adopted by different nations. No two nations adopt precisely the same method. The differences in religion is no greater than that of burial. The Washington Star sets forth these interesting details, that among the horrors stored away in odd corners at the National Museum are a number of mummies of human beings, preserved by various means and in many shapes, some extended at length and others huddled up in curious fashions, with their knees under their chins and faces drawn into most frightful grimaces. The majority of these mummies are of aboriginal Americans from the various parts of this continent, and doubtless many of them are of high antiquity. Several tribes of Indians in times past were accustomed to resort to such methods for the preservation of their dead.

The Santee Indians of South Carolina are said to have preserved the remains of their dead by removing the flesh from the bones and keeping the latter carefully in a wooden box, every year oiling and cleaning them. Thus they conserved them for centuries, so that a savage might, perhaps, possess the skeletons of his progenitors for a number of

houses. Certain tribes on the northwest coast utilize as receptacles for corpses large wooden chests, which are usually placed on low platforms. Many of the red-skinned people of the West dispose of their cadavers by putting them into trees and upon high scaffolds, partly to keep them from being devoured by beasts, and partly also for the sake of exposing them advantageously to the mummifying effects of the dry air.



IN AUSTRALIA.

Tree burial was not uncommon among the nations of antiquity. The ancient Tartars and Scythians enveloped their dead in sacks of skins, and hung them to trees. In some parts of Australia the natives dispose of corpses by placing them on platforms and in trees, so as to protect them from wild dogs; but the fact that ravens and other carrion-eating birds devour them does not seem to trouble the survivors in the least. It often happens that the traveler in that country is informed by the croaking of disturbed ravens that the body of a defunct Australian is lying in the branches over his head.

The cutting of the hair as a mourning observance is of very great antiquity, and among the ancients whole cities and countries were shaved when a great man died. The Persians not only shave themselves on such occasions, but extend the same process to their domestic animals. Up to within a very few years the Indians of Alaska were accustomed to express their grief for the death of any important personages by human sacrifices, and the same practice is largely followed in some parts of Africa. At the funerals of chiefs of the Florida and Carolina Indians in former times all the wives of the defunct and his male relatives were slain.

In former times nearly every tribe of Indians east of the Mississippi river was accustomed at regular periods to collect and clean the bones of those persons who had died during the intervening time, inter them in a common sepulcher, lined with choice furs, and marked with a mound of wood, stone or earth. Such is the origin of those immense tumuli filled with the remains of the nations which the antiquary finds in all parts of this country, and is so fond of digging into with irreverent curiosity. According to a law enforced among some American aborigines, a widow is always compelled to carry about with her for four years the bones of her dead husband, inclosed in a casket.

Among the people of antiquity the practice was not uncommon of disposing of the dead by throwing them into the sea, by sinking them in water-courses, and by setting them adrift in boats. The Ichthyophagi, or fish-eaters, who lived in a region bordering on the Persian gulf, are mentioned by Ptolemy as having the custom of invariably committing their corpses to the ocean, thus repaying the obligations they had incurred to its inhabitants. According to the same authority the famous lotus-eaters when they found themselves about to die threw themselves into the sea. The Cherokees of Tennessee formerly made a practice of throwing their dead into the rivers. In Africa people of the tribe called Ohongo take the cadaver to a running stream, which has been previously diverted from its course. A deep grave is dug in the bed of the stream, the body is placed in it and covered over, and finally the stream is restored to its natural course.

Skull Valley, which is a part of the great Salt Lake desert, gets its name from the number of skulls which have been found there, owing to the custom practiced by the Gosh-Ute Indians of burying their dead in springs, sinking them with stones. Inasmuch as these springs are depended upon for water supply, the habit in question is not a particularly agreeable one. Very often the people have been obliged to dig out the skeletons of Indians from the mud at the bottom of the springs in that country before using the water.

The Timber Indians used to bury their dead in a very curious way, selecting for the purpose living sepulchers. They left the corpses of defunct persons to be devoured by beasts or birds of prey. A similar custom is said to have been followed by the ancient Persians, who threw out the bodies of their dead on the roads. If they were promptly devoured by wild beasts it was considered very honorable and altogether very satisfactory; otherwise it was esteemed a misfortune.

Dr. H. C. Yarrow gives a wonderful description of the famous "Towers of Silence," in which the Parsees of India bury their dead. These towers are erected on the top of Malabar hill, in Bombay, and are approached by a road which is barred by iron-gates against all except Parsees. The garden is beautifully kept, and filled with flowering shrubs and palm trees. Five in number are the towers, built of black granite, about 40 feet in diameter and 25 feet in height. The oldest and smallest of them was built about two hundred years, when the Parsees first settled in Bombay, and is used only for a certain family. A sixth tower of square shape stands alone, and is only used for criminals.

Though wholly destitute of ornament the parapet of each tower possesses an extraordi-

nary coping which instantly attracts and fascinates the gaze. It is a coping formed not of stone, but of living vultures. These birds are ordinarily seen ranged side by side in perfect order and in a complete circle around the parapet of each tower, with their heads pointed inward. So motionless are they while resting from their hideous banquets that they might be imagined to be carved out of the stonework. Within the parapet of each tower is a sort of floor divided into seventy-two compartments, with a well in the middle. These compartments are arranged in concentric rings, separated from each other by narrow ridges of stone, which are grooved so as to act as channels for conveying all moisture from the receptacles into the well and to the drains below.

Although from the European point of view this method of burying the dead seems so extremely horrible, the Parsees look upon it in a way quite opposite. They say that the plan was arranged by their prophet, Zoroaster, who lived 6,000 years ago. He was the greatest of health officers, and conceived the system to be the one best adapted for getting rid of the decaying remains of human beings in order that they might not contaminate the earth and be a source of danger to survivors. In a sanitary point of view, they assert, nothing can be more perfect, since even the rain-water which washes the bones is conducted by channels into beds of purifying charcoal.

Human nature is different the world over in some respects, and the differentiations in disposing of the dead are equally as great. What is true of burials is also true of everything connected with the different nations. Religions are as diversified as the methods of disposing of the dead, showing conclusively that they are not of divine origin, and are merely the outgrowth of human nature, that is still groping in darkness. JUS TICE.

Notes By the Way from Merrimac Island.

I greet the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER from the newly-founded "Cottage City" on Merrimac Island. We are here—Mr. Hull and myself—engaged in active campaigning work, under the auspices of the Northwestern Association of Spiritualists, and have none but good words to send concerning the meeting; in fact, so great has been the success that a movement is on foot to purchase these, or some other grounds, as a permanent home for the association.

Too much credit cannot be awarded the officers of the association, especially the Secretary, W. H. Bach, and his estimable wife, for results achieved through their indefatigable work. Merrimac Island is a lovely spot, situated on the "Father of Waters," nine miles from St. Paul, and seventeen from Minneapolis. The officers commenced the clearing of the ground less than two weeks before the opening of the meeting. Incessant rains had put the island in a deplorable condition, but believing it would dry up sometime, men were put to work, and, presto-change, where one month since there was a wilderness, there are now pleasant cotton-roofed cottages, a large pavilion for meetings, dining-hall, and generous stores of supplies.

In addition to the lectures there have been conferences, mediums' and children's meetings, musical and literary entertainments. Prof. Cadwell, the renowned writer and lecturer on mesmerism, is holding developing circles on the grounds, and giving remarkable illustrations of his powers.

Among the speakers who have addressed the people, are Clegg Wright, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Bach, Dr. Wilkins, Mr. Hull and myself. The fact-meetings held from time during the morning sessions, have been exceptionally interesting. I have not the names of all the mediums at hand. Among those whom I recall are Prof. Gordon White, Mrs. Lindsey, Mrs. Partridge, Olie Denslow, Dr. Wilkins and Mr. Brown. Several others are encamped here. All seem to be busy, and doing good service. The secretary is not the least among the lecturers and mediums by any means, but every moment of his time is devoted to the duties of his office, and he is acquitting them in a manner that merits the praise of the entire camp.

There are many children in our pretty cotton city. They are enthused in the Lyceum work, and desiring to put themselves on record as little workers, raised funds for the purchase of all the flags used in the children's meetings. They were justly proud when they found they were enabled to "settle the bill" when handed over by the secretary.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is popular on Merrimac Island, and I am sure did its many readers know I was writing a message for its columns, they would send soulful greetings to its editor and correspondents.

Work on, Brother Francis; the good words that are spoken of your efforts all along the line of Spiritualistic work must have their influence, and your future is assured by the success of the past. MATTIE E. HULL.

Merrimac Island.

Illinois State Association.

Illinois State Spiritualist Association convened at 220 West Monroe street. Interest is greatly on the increase, and we were pleased to enter on our books the names of Moses Hull, W. W. Harper and Dr. M. F. Hammond. There will be a State Spiritualist Convention in this city October 19th and 20th. Full particulars will be given in time.

D. BRUCE, Secretary.

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 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.

Lake Brady Camp-Meeting, Near Ravenna, Ohio.

Dr. J. C. Street, of Boston, will preside at Lake Brady during the entire session, July 24, dedication of grounds, grove and lake, inspirational, J. Clegg Wright, of England; tests, spiritual, from the rostrum, Miss Maggie Gaul, Baltimore, Md.; address, inspirational, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Chicago. 25, the rap, spiritual, exemplified and discussed. 26, demonstrations of table-tipping and discussion; address, inspirational, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; tests, spiritual, from the rostrum, Miss Maggie Gaul. 27, "The Despair of Science," physically and psychically considered; address, inspirational, J. Clegg Wright; tests, spiritual, from the rostrum, Miss Maggie Gaul. 28, Clairvoyance, its nature considered; address and poem, inspirational, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; tests, spiritual, from the rostrum, Miss Maggie Gaul. 29, Pyrometry illustrated; address, inspirational, J. Clegg Wright; tests, spiritual, Miss Maggie Gaul. 30, The trance condition, its phenomena exemplified; address, inspirational, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; tests, spiritual, Miss Maggie Gaul. 31, Address, inspirational, J. Clegg Wright; tests, spiritual, Miss Maggie Gaul; address, inspirational, Mrs. H. S. Lake, of the Spiritual Temple, Boston; address, inspirational, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. August 1, Thought transference, exemplified and discussed. 2, Automatic writing, illustrated; address, inspirational, Mrs. H. S. Lake; psychometric tests, Mrs. H. S. Lake. 3, Independent slate-writing; inspirational address and tests, Frank T. Ripley. 4, Clairaudience exemplified and discussed; address, inspirational, J. Clegg Wright; tests, spiritual, Frank T. Ripley. 5, Materialization exemplified and discussed; address, inspirational, Mrs. H. S. Lake; psychometric test, Mrs. H. S. Lake. 6, Personation, illustrated and discussed; address, inspirational, J. Clegg Wright; platform tests, Frank T. Ripley. 7, Address, "The Jewish Criminal Law, and the Trial of Jesus of Nazareth," by Rabbi Solomon Schindler, of Boston; address, inspirational, and psychometric tests, Mrs. H. S. Lake; address, inspirational, J. Clegg Wright. 8, The phenomena of spirit painting, illustrated. 9, Spirit photography exemplified; address, "Why Am I a Jew," Rabbi Solomon Schindler; tests, spiritual, Frank T. Ripley. 10, Spirit telegraphy; address, inspirational, Mrs. H. S. Lake; psychometrical demonstrations, Mrs. H. S. Lake. 11, Spirit portraits; lecture, "The Relation of Modern Judaism to Modern Christianity," Rabbi Solomon Schindler; tests from the platform, Frank T. Ripley. 12, Spiritual speaking through the trumpet discussed; address, inspirational, Dr. J. C. Street, of Boston. 13, Lecture, "What is Nationalism?" Rabbi Solomon Schindler; address, inspirational, Lyman C. Howe, of Fredonia, N. Y. 14, Lecture, "In justice," Rabbi Solomon Schindler; spiritual test, Frank T. Ripley; address, inspirational, Lyman C. Howe. 15, Transfiguration defined and discussed. 16, Personation defined and discussed; address and poems, inspirational, Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson. 17, Hypnotism and the trance-spiritual compared; address, inspirational, Lyman C. Howe. 18, The ancient spook, or ghost, and the modern spirit compared; address and poems, inspirational, Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson. 19, The witches of antiquity and of Salem, and the modern medium; address, inspirational, Lyman C. Howe. 20, Etherization, its relation to materialization; address, inspirational, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer. 21, Address, inspirational, Miss Adah Sheehan, Cincinnati, Ohio; test of spirit presence, Frank T. Ripley; address, by Hon. Sidney Dean, Cincinnati, Ohio. 22, Materialization, etherization and personation compared and discussed. 23, Theosophy, discussion led by Dr. Street, of Boston; address, inspirational, Mrs. Adah Sheehan. 24, Telepathy exemplified; address, Hon. Sidney Dean or Mrs. F. O. Hyzer; manifestation of spirit presence, Frank T. Ripley. 25, Spirit voices through the trumpet, exemplified and discussed; address, inspirational, Mrs. Adah Sheehan. 26, Spiritual painting, in colors; inspirational poems and address, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer; tests from the platform, Frank T. Ripley. 27, Spiritual slate-writing, in colors; address, Hon. Sidney Dean. 28, Poems and address, inspirational, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer; address, inspirational, Dr. J. C. Street; tests of spirit presence, Frank T. Ripley; valedictory address, Hon. Sidney Dean.

Many mediums, whose reputations for ability in different phases are established, will be at Lake Brady during the entire session, and many of them will appear upon the rostrum in the morning exercises. Mrs. Effie Moss, materializing; Mr. Harvey Chase, independent slate-writer; Miss Maggie Gaul, public test; Mr. John Randall, spirit portrait painter; Mrs. Anna L. Robinson, Lockport; Mrs. Englehart, of Cincinnati, and many others.

For information letters may be directed to any of the following Board of Directors: Dr. Edwin Fowler, 1439 Broadway; I. W. Pope, 191 Kenilworth street; Benjamin F. Lee, 1439 Broadway; Chas. Thomas, 2762 Broadway, and Chas. Palmer, Newburgh, all of Cleveland. BENJAMIN F. LEE, President. DR. EDWIN FOWLER, Treasurer. LOUIS RANSOM, Akron, O., Sec'y.

Taught by the Grass.

A lovely lily drooped her queenly head And looked upon the grass, which at her feet A bright green daisy-spotted carpet spread, And thus she spoke and all the air grew sweet: "Do you not wish, O grass, that you could be As tall, as fair, as beautiful as I, That you might teach the grace of purity To every passer-by?"

"Nay," was the answer, "I'm content, my friend. Low as I am I do not live in vain: Taught by the grass, the wise will meekly bend When tempests blow, so they may rise again; For who with stubborn heart the storm defies Is rudely torn from faith and hope away, But he who bows looks up at rainbowed skies When comes a sunny day!"

—M. E.

Funeral of Mrs. C. Fox-Jencken.

MR. MERRITT SAYS HER FRIENDS HAVE HEARD FROM HER SINCE HER DEATH.

The funeral services of Mrs. Catharine Fox-Jencken took place at her late home, 609 Columbus avenue, July 5th. The services were very brief, and were attended by a small circle of friends of Mrs. Jencken, and sympathizers with her in matters of religious belief. The invocation was delivered by Walter Howell, who has been conducting the meetings of the First Spiritualists' Society in Carnegie Hall. The body was taken to Greenwood, and placed in the receiving vault, to remain until the society can decide what final disposition to make of it.

Those present at the simple service included Mrs. Jencken's two sons and her sister, Mrs. Margaret Fox-Kane; Mrs. G. R. Storm, formerly Mrs. Florentine; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Howell, the Rev. Titus Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor, of the Madison Square Hotel; Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Robertson, Mrs. Otto Hesse, Mrs. Wakeman, of No. 145 West Fourth street; Mrs. C. H. Sutter, Mrs. Ruggles, Thomas Jube, George Monckton, Mr. Harris and Charles H. Maycock, deacon of the Baptist Church at Ninety-second street and Amsterdam avenue.

Mrs. Jencken was one of the Fox sisters, who became prominent at one time on account of their alleged power of communication with the spirits of the dead. This began in 1848. Speaking of it and Mrs. Jencken yesterday, the Rev. Titus Merritt said:

"This sister was the first to develop the power. She noticed the recurring raps, and discovered that they were intelligently delivered and could be understood. She was one of the leaders in Spiritualism.

"Since she died, which was on Saturday, we have had two communications from her. They were not public, but came through a medium who was employed in caring for the body. In these she related her meeting in the Spiritland with her husband and with her mother. She also gave us some directions about the funeral, indicating what her wishes regarding it were. She did not want any display made, but preferred it all as quiet as possible.

"It is not often that we hear from a departed spirit so soon after translation. There are cases where communications have been received within twenty-four hours. A great deal depends upon the condition of the person at the time of death—whether worn and exhausted by a long sickness. Sometimes in such cases we get messages from the guarding spirits—those who receive the new-comer.

"We did not expect any manifestations at the funeral, although there again the thing is not unheard of. We have the case of a man at Onset Bay who came back and delivered his own funeral sermon, and it was a good one, too. And that reminds me, last night I was at a seance at which the spirit of Tom Paine appeared, and gave us a magnificent Fourth of July oration."

In the fall, when services of the society are resumed at Carnegie Hall, memorial services for Mrs. Jencken will be held.—N. Y. Daily Times.

Earnest Appeal from the Widow of a Veteran Worker.

TO THE EDITOR:—I wish to get another edition of "The Truth of Spiritualism," by E. V. Wilson, printed. I have the plates, but I have no means to pay for the printing, and through your columns I wish to make an appeal, or request, to the many friends of E. V. Wilson, who knew him and his earnest work when in earth-life, and to those who, through his ministrations, were brought to the knowledge of the truth from the tests he gave them from friends in spirit life; also to the many mediums of to-day who claim him as their guide and teacher. Will they all unite and help me in this way: I ask you to order a book in advance, thus enabling me to get the edition printed. I will keep a list of all names, and money received, and send the book as soon as it is printed, which will not take long.

"I do not ask charity." This will open a way for me to help myself, as the sale of the book will give me an income. In what better way could you prove your appreciation of E. V. Wilson's work, and the good you have received from his labors, and the good he is now doing through you as instruments, than by helping me, his widow, still in earth-life, by responding to my request. Will you not do this in remembrance of him, "the pioneer worker," who gave the best years of his earth-life to the cause, and who is still working as a spirit in your midst through every channel open?

"The Truths of Spiritualism," by E. V. Wilson, were compiled from twenty-five years' experiences of what he saw and heard. This book has a fine picture of the author, and contains four hundred pages. It will be sent to any address requested on receipt of \$1.50.

MRS. E. V. WILSON.

127 Courtland Street, Chicago.

Test by Dr. J. M. Temple.

TO THE EDITOR:—During the month of June, 1892, curiosity drew me to visit a public test meeting, not being a believer in Spiritualism. The medium was Dr. J. M. Temple. Without knowing my name previously, he announced it and said that he got the name of Mary Whitney, and described an old lady in the Spirit world, asking me if I could recognize the person. Receiving a negative reply, he assured me that he was not mistaken. I left the hall that evening thinking the doctor was not even a very good guesser, to say nothing else. The next week I received a letter from relations advising me of my mother's death, she having departed this life a week before the doctor so informed me, and some nine days before I received the letter stating that fact. I simply state that it was not in my mind or thought, consequently the doctor did not read my mind. Tacoma, Wash. FRANK WHITNEY.



ON THE NORTHWEST COAST.

generations. Surely no more precious heirloom can well be imagined. A different process was resorted to by certain tribes of Virginia and the Carolinas, which carefully flayed defunct persons, removing the flesh from the bones and finally sewing the latter up in the skins again.

Up to a comparatively recent period the corpses of rich or distinguished persons among the Indians of the northwest coast were eviscerated, dried, placed in wrappings of fur and grass matting and suspended above ground in some convenient rock shelter. Sometimes, however, a prepared body was placed in a life-like position, dressed and seemingly engaged in some congenial occupation, such as hunting, fishing, sewing, etc. With dead persons so treated were placed effigies of the animals they were pursuing, the hunter being attired in his wooden armor, and provided with an enormous mask ornamented with feathers. The weapons were merely fac-similes in wood of the articles represented.

The father of history, Herodotus, gives a remarkable description of the manner in which the Ethiopians were accustomed to preserve their dead. According to his account, having dried the body, they plastered it over with gypsum, and painted it so as to make it resemble life as nearly as possible. Then they put it within a hollow column made of crystal, which material they dug up in abundance. Thus inclosed, the corpse was kept in the house of its nearest surviving relations for a year, after which it was buried.

Many tribes of Indians, even at the present day, bury their dead in hollow logs, which are made to serve as coffins, instead of putting them under ground. Sometimes trees are



THE BURIAL.

split for the purpose, and the two halves are hollowed out to receive the body. It is known that the ancient people of Denmark were accustomed to employ hollow logs in like manner for mortuary purposes.

In the year 1821 a farmer was plowing some land in North Carolina where the Cherokees had formerly dwelt. At a certain part of the field his plow evoked a hollow, rumbling sound, and by digging for the cause, a slab of burned clay about seven feet in length was uncovered. In the attempt to remove this it was broken into several fragments. Nothing was found beneath it, but on examining its under side there was discovered the mold of a naked human figure. Other similar slabs were subsequently come across bearing molds, one of which revealed the impress of a plump human arm, evidently that of a woman. Investigation brought to light the fact that the Indians had been accustomed to bury their dead by digging a pit and laying the corpse in it, face upward. Above the body was then spread a covering of mortar, and on this was built a hot fire, which baked the mortar, and formed it into a pottery shield. Naturally, after the corpse had decayed a perfect cast of it remained.

The Mosquito Indians of Central America inter their dead beneath the floors of their

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SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1892.



A SPIRITUALIST?

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

The Church Claims the Glory.

Dr. White in a late number of *Popular Science*, in an article showing how the Catholics met the facts Galileo gave the world regarding the revolution of the earth on its axis, in place of the Bible teaching that the sun made a circuit of our planet every twenty-four hours, quotes, among other matter, from *Anti-Copernican Catholicism*, of Polacco. It shows how the holy book has been used to advance science. We repeat one of the quotations:

"The scriptures always represent the earth as at rest, and the sun and moon as in motion, or, if these latter bodies are ever represented as at rest, scripture represents this as the result of a great miracle. . . .

"The writings (of Galileo) must be prohibited, because they teach certain principles about the position and motion of the terrestrial globe repugnant to holy Scripture and to the Catholic interpretation of it, not as hypotheses, but as established facts. . . .

"It is possible to work with the hypotheses of Copernicus so as to explain many phenomena. . . . Yet it is not permitted to argue on his premises except to show their falsity."

The revelations of Galileo's telescope finally triumphed, as have all the sciences, in spite of the church, and yet it was Christianity, say the preachers, which lifted humanity out of the despair and darkness of two thousand years ago, into the noonday knowledge, with all its wondrous scientific achievements of to-day.

Now is the Time.

The old, conservative Boston *Investigator*, in noticing at length Dr. Brown's "The Teachings of Jesus Not Adapted to Modern Civilization," says:

"There is about as much sound reasoning and sound sense to the square inch in this pamphlet as is found anywhere. The unique portion of the pamphlet is the last part of it, where the author deals with Mary Magdalene. . . . Any one who desires to read one of the rarest and most sensible little books that has been written in a decade should order it at once."

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has just received a large supply of this splendid work. All orders will be filled promptly at the publisher's price for the revised and enlarged edition, 15 cents a copy.

We have a good supply of Dr. Brown's "Sunday Question," a splendid work for pioneer purposes. This, too, is a 44-page pamphlet at 15 cents a copy. To make it an object to procure both at the same price, we will mail one copy of each to any address for 25 cents. Here is an opportunity to get radical, practical reading at a very moderate price.

Mrs. S. F. DeWolf.

Mrs. DeWolf, of this city, has an engagement at Hazlett Park camp meeting. We take great pleasure in noting the success of this lady as a lecturer and medium for various phases of manifestation. She has been coming to the front for some time, and has reached it at last. We extend to her our hearty congratulations.



The Jesuitical Spirit.

The Jesuitical tendency of the age is beautifully typified in the above ferocious tiger. The spirit of the Jesuits generally is equally as ferocious, equally as relentless and equally as fierce. The inquisition would be instituted again today, as in Spain at one time, if the Catholic church had the power. According to a late telegram to the *Chicago Herald* from New York, a strange story of violent methods in the Catholic church came to light. It amounts to the virtual kidnapping of a priest whom the bishop wished to depose, and his imprisonment until a successor was installed in his stead. Until a short time ago, Rev. John J. Mallon was pastor of the Catholic Church of the Assumption, York and Jay streets, Brooklyn. He was appointed pastor of the church three months ago by Very Rev. Michael May, who was then administrator of the Brooklyn diocese. At the time of his appointment Father Mallon was an assistant at St. Paul's, in Court street. He is about 37 years old and has been a priest thirteen years. For five years he was in charge of St. John's chapel, on Claremont avenue. The Friday night mentioned Father Mallon visited his brother's house in South Brooklyn. He returned to the rectory of the Assumption church at 10:10. He was in his office a quarter of an hour later, when the door bell rang. A young man opened the door. Two men stood on the stoop. They said they wanted to see Father Mallon. The young man called the priest. He came downstairs to the reception-room. As he entered it the two men stood up. "We are policemen," said one of the men. "We've got a warrant for you, and you had better come quickly with us."

"A warrant for me?" exclaimed Father Mallon. "Of what am I accused?"

"Well, it's not necessary to explain," spoke up the man who did the talking for the two. "It's best for yourself to come along without any trouble."

"I'll have to see what this means," remarked Father Mallon. He sent for his uncle, Thomas Kelly, and explained the situation to him. Then his brother, Patrick Mallon, was sent for. The men said they wanted him to go to St. Peter's hospital to hear a dying man's confession. "Nonsense," said Father Mallon. "There is a chaplain at that hospital."

He suspected some trick, but as his uncle was on hand he resolved to see the matter out. He told the men he would go with them to St. Peter's hospital. The two men, his uncle and himself, left the house together. In the street one of the men left the party. The other, who said his name was Healy, hailed a cab and the three drove to St. Peter's. Healy left them at the door. Father Mallon and his uncle went in. The sister who opened the door greeted the priest as if he was expected. She led him to a room on an upper floor.

"Now, father," she said, "go right to bed and keep perfectly quiet."

"I'm not sick," Father Mallon remarked, "and I don't see why I have been asked to come here."

"You must keep quiet, father," the sister persisted. "It will only make you worse if you carry on."

Father Mallon and his uncle questioned the sister, but she would say nothing further than that the priest was sick and was to be kept in the hospital. While the talk was going on, Father Mallon's brother arrived at the hospital. He said the priest must be allowed to go at once. The sister looked the big front door and disappeared. Until 2 o'clock in the morning Father Mallon, his brother and his uncle remained in the reception-room. The brother went in search of the sister. She came down to the reception-room and said that a telegram had been sent to Father Mitchell, the chancellor of the diocese, and that an answer was expected momentarily. The answer arrived in a short time. The sister declared that it said that Father Mallon was to be kept in the hospital until morning.

"If you don't let me out of here at once," said Father Mallon, "I shall have my brother go and get a writ from a judge to compel you to release me. You cannot keep my brother here, if you can keep me." The sister went away and consulted with some one. Then she came back and let Father Mallon and his relatives out. The priest spent the rest of the night at his brother's house. In the morning he went to the Assumption church. He found Rev. Joseph Kilpatrick there as pastor by appointment of the bishop. The assistant pastor, Father Hanlon, told him that by Bishop McConnell's orders he was not to be allowed to say mass in the church. Practically, Father Mallon was deposed. He has not officiated at the church since.

Here we have an example of the inquisition on a small scale. This feeling pervades the entire Catholic church, however "innocent and calm" everything may appear on its face. Nothing would have appalled Mr. Mallon's enemies but a "writ from a judge." If no such method could have been adopted to remain as a prisoner until voluntarily released.

FAVOR SUNDAY OPENING.

World's Fair Directors Think the Gates Should Not Be Closed.

It appears from the *Chicago Tribune* that up to this time the directors of the World's Fair have refrained from giving public expression to their views on the Sunday closing question, but the evident misunderstanding by Congress of their intentions led a number of the prominent members to state yesterday what they thought should be done.

"I think the Fair should be opened Sundays," said President Baker, yesterday, "in a quiet way; and I think a majority of the directors are of the same opinion. This does not mean that any manufacturing processes are to be carried on, but that the gates shall simply be open to visitors. No doubt a rule will be passed permitting exhibitors to cover their goods if they desire, but there will be no exhibition proper. This is to be an educational show, and the masses who visit it will be people who can attend the Exposition no other day so well as Sunday. The Fair will be equal almost to a university education, and Sunday is the day which many people devote to thoughtful reading and general mental culture. Then there is another phase of the question. We are going to have several hundred thousand strangers here. The downtown saloons, the theaters, the concert-halls, and disreputable resorts, will all be open, and to them strangers will go if they can't entertain themselves by visiting the park Sunday. There everything will have a healthful, moral tone."

Director C. L. Hutchinson, whose efforts in philanthropy and religious work indicate how strongly his sympathies are for proper observance of the Sabbath, favors opening the Fair Sunday on the plan outlined by President Baker. "I made up my mind a good many months ago what was right on this Sunday opening question. I am convinced that the directors should let visitors pass through the grounds and buildings Sundays. There should be no machinery running, and exhibitors should be allowed to cover their displays if they saw fit. In my opinion it would not be right to deprive people of the privilege of going in the Art Palace, or any other of the buildings."

Lyman J. Gage, whose wise and conservative counsel has always made him a power on the Board of Directors, thinks the gates should be opened.

"It doesn't rest with the present Board of Directors to pass on the question of Sunday opening, because its term expires next April, one month before the Exposition opens, but speaking for myself, I think the steam should be turned off the power plant, exhibitors should be permitted to cover up their displays, and then the gates should be opened to visitors. We have invited all nations of the world to come to Chicago in 1893. Strangers in a strange city will seek to amuse themselves. They can in a harmless manner spend Sunday or a part of it on the World's Fair grounds, where perfect order and quiet will be maintained. There is a probability, too, that religious services will be held in the park Sundays. If this be done, the most eminent divines will be afforded an opportunity to preach to thousands. As I view it, there is no more harm in looking at a World's Fair building Sundays than there is in looking at the big buildings downtown. Neither is there anything more wrong in walking through the Art Palace and looking at the pictures than there would be in spending an equal amount of time in the lobby of a hotel."

I have hesitated to express my views," said Second Vice-President Waller, "but I have no doubt the proper thing to do would be to stop the machinery and open the gates. We can arrange for religious services in the Festival and Music Hall. I can think of no feature that would be of greater interest to religious people than to be enabled to hear sermons by the great divines who will be in Chicago when the Fair is opened."

Director A. H. Revell is pronounced for Sunday opening. "I am convinced," he said yesterday, "that we should open the gates on Sunday. I am a believer in the American Sabbath, and I do not see that it will be violated if the machinery is stopped and all activity beyond sight-seeing prohibited."

Unfortunately Congressmen, or rather Senators, seem not to understand that all the Board proposes is a still exhibit, and the directors have taken no steps to convey this information to Washington. "We haven't said anything, thus far," said President Baker, yesterday, "because we didn't desire to agitate the matter. We don't know what action we shall take to set Congress right."

Everybody around the headquarters was surprised when the action of the Senate became known. One or two directors were gravely uncertain as to whether the Board would accept the bill with the obnoxious amendments tacked on to it. The prohibition amendment is particularly obnoxious, because it would upset plans which had been matured for months. It has long been the intention of the Board to have a number of restaurants in the park where liquors would be sold at table. In pursuance of this policy, several companies have been granted concessions.

From all liquor selling privileges the Exposition is to derive a large percentage of the gross receipts. A director estimated yesterday that hundreds of thousands of dollars would be lost if no liquor was sold.

Off for Onset.

The officers, and most of the First Society, of this city, are off for Onset. They want a breath of the sea air, in order to counteract the influence of the Chicago river for the next six months.

Strange Story of a Little Son of a Captain Killed in the Custer Massacre.

One warm June day at Fort Lincoln, Mrs. Blank, the wife of a captain then on duty with Custer, sat sewing in her tiny parlor, her baby creeping about on the floor about her feet, while she chatted with two or three more lonely wives, perhaps of the beloved ones far off across the plains and their possible return, says the *New York Recorder*. Suddenly Buster rushed in at the open door, eyes sparkling and hair flying. "Mamma," he shouted, "my papa's shooting his volter! I heard him!"

"Did you, darling?" his young mother said, stooping to kiss the little flushed, eager face. "How very nice! I wish he could come home and shoot it, don't you?"

"He's shooting Indians," the child went on, "and he'll shoot 'em all and then he'll come home."

"I'm sure I hope he will," sighed Mrs. Blank. "Run out and play Buster, and don't go in the sun."

"How Buster does talk about his father?" someone remarked. "I often meet him running along with someone and, child or man, soldier or officer, you can always catch the words 'my papa, if you listen to him.'"

Then the talk wandered on, always in a minor key, for there had been quite an interval of time since the last letters and there was always unacknowledged anxiety, though all felt unbroken faith in the powers of the gallant Tully.

Presently the sound of a child's bitter crying brought them all to their feet and Buster ran into his mother's arms at the door, sobbing wildly.

"Mamma," he sobbed, "the Indians has dot my papa. He's dot no more 'sots in his volter; he's s'ooted it all. Oh, I want my papa, and the bad Indians has dot him."

Mrs. Blank knelt down on the floor beside her boy, drawing him close to her heart.

"Hush, Buster," she said very gently, but firmly. "You must not be such a silly little boy; the Indians can't get your papa. Gen. Custer is there; he will take care of papa and all the men. Do you think the troops would let the Indians get your papa? See, you are making us all feel very bad, and papa would say that you were not his brave little lad. Now stop crying and go and play; you could not hear papa's volter so far away."

"Yes," the child exclaimed earnestly. "I can hear my papa's volter, and I know he's s'ooted it all." But army discipline prevailed, and the boy choked back his sobs, nestling in his mother's arms and resting there strangely quiet for the rest of the long summer day.

That evening, when the children were both sleeping, and the daily bulletin to her absent husband had been written, Mrs. Blank sat for some moments in silent thought, then drawing a sheet of paper to her wrote down the date, June 26, and poured out to her only brother the aching of her heart and the senseless anxiety caused by the child's foolish words, the memory of which stirred him in his sleep, for he sobbed and tossed all night.

On July 6, when the whole army writhed and cried out in agony at the news that had come to us, we to whom Mrs. B.—had shown his sister's letter knew that on June 26 Capt. Blank had died, and far away in his quiet home his baby boy had seemed to know it.

A Solemn Question.

A gentleman replying to a remark greatly deploring the vice of killing the lower animals for food, survived to our times, said:

"God made these creatures, and gave them to man for him, for his use, and it is not wrong to kill and eat according to the vision of Peter; on the contrary it was a command from the Lord."

It was enough. It was idle to discuss this question with a Bible worshiper, and still more difficult when a "thus saith the Lord" was quoted in justification. In spite of such authority it is difficult for a reflective mind not to trace the origin of this beast-eating habit back to savage times, and note its effect upon the race. When the first historic period is opened to us, it is found the priests were sacrificing animals to God, furnished by the people as sin-offerings. The flesh was roasted on the altars; the smoking incense, a sweet savor, rising to heaven to appease an angry God. When nicely roasted the carcass became the property of the priests, on which they and their families feasted. The clergy tell us to-day that the anger of the Holy One was not fully placated until his own son was finally offered as a sacrifice for all. This He conditionally accepted, and the body of the dear son and his blood is now emblematically eaten and drunken on stated occasions in every church. Commencing among priests in eating the flesh of doves, and lambs, and bullocks, the habit passed on and became general among Christian nations, and churchmen have become figuratively man-eaters, if Jesus was a man; if a God, then are they not God-eaters?

The Assassination of Lincoln.

E. G. Archibald, of Toledo, Ohio, thinks that the edition of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER containing an account of the assassination of Lincoln, should be distributed everywhere in the United States. 140,000 of them are now doing missionary duty.

Struck It Right.

The Prohibition party has many most excellent planks in its platform. This one especially will be received with favor by every patriot in the land:

"We stand unequivocally for the American public school and opposed to any appropriation of public moneys for sectarian schools. We declare that only by united support of such common schools, taught in the English language, can we hope to become and remain a homogeneous and harmonious people."

That plank is openly violated in this city every year, public money being appropriated to assist Catholic institutions.

Mrs. Ole Bull makes her home in Boston, with her brother Jo, who married one of the poet Longfellow's daughters.

CAMILLE.

"The People Who Are Damned."

Such is the striking title of the strangely fascinating story by Hudson Tuttle. It should be read by every Spiritualist in the United States. We have struck off a large supply of extra copies to supply the demand which will surely be made. Call your neighbor's attention to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It is the original dollar paper, and as such leads all others in circulation. Send a trial subscription for some friend. Assist us in the grand work of redeeming the world.

Dwellers in the Past.

When coffee made its first appearance in England, in 1603, its use as a beverage was violently opposed by the clergy; they preferred Scotch whiskey. It was stigmatized as "a syrup of soot and essence of old shoes;" and "a poison which God made black, that it might bear the Devil's color." Every possible effort was made by those who have retarded advanced ideas, to prevent its use. They even represented that it made men as unfruitful as the deserts from whence the berry is brought, and that the offspring of mighty ancestors would dwindle into a succession of apes and pigmies. New ideas, new discoveries, and new practices, are very abhorrent to those whose hopes, whose fortunes and whose fame are contingent on retaining the ignorance of two thousand years ago.

Delicate Charity.

It is said that one of the most delicately considerate of practical charities is the quiet work done by the Home Hotel Association in New York City. Needy authors, artists, teachers, writers, find here a home in time of need, where prices are regulated by the circumstances of its guests. Those who can pay a small sum for their accommodations are allowed to do so; those who cannot, enjoy its privileges, regardless of sex, religious belief, or profession. One of the sources of its income is the generosity of those who have benefited by its help, and by obtaining work through its patrons, are enabled to repay their indebtedness with the generosity characteristic of people of the type for whose relief it is founded.

On the Road to 'L'.

That Hong Kong Telegraph must be a very wicked paper. Its editor needs a dose of missionary. It said awhile ago: "The Chinese don't want missionaries, and the vast majority of Europeans, and all the Armenians [in China] regard them as unmitigated nuisances and ever-recurring sources of trouble. We shall have to place a poll-tax on missionaries landing in Hong Kong very soon."

Is it not very apparent that that editor is on the highway to 'L'? How can he expect salvation in the absence of the pious missionary?

Minister Withdrawn from the Vatican.

The German Catholics take sides with the Government against the Vatican in the differences which have arisen over the attitude of the Holy See toward French Republicanism. The withdrawal from Rome of Dr. Von Schlozer, the Prussian Minister to the Vatican, is considered a hint that Germany will not permit the Holy See to meddle with international politics unless the Pope's advisers persuade him to refrain from covert hostility to Germany. Diplomatic intercourse between them will henceforth cease.

Mrs. Kate Fox Jencken Heard From.

Bro. Titus Merritt, of New York, says that Mrs. Kate Fox-Jencken communicated with the medium who sat up with the corpse, and her mother with angels, and that all was gloriously lovely. She requested that the funeral should be as simple and inexpensive as possible. Her request was complied with.

The belief in Spiritualism, Mr. Merritt says, is progressing rapidly. The false pretensions who handicap all religious movements at the start hurt them for awhile, but they are being rapidly weeded out.

"New Thought" for August.

New Thought for August, Moses Hull, editor, comes to hand, full of excellent thoughts and suggestions. Enclose 10 cents for a sample copy, direct to 29 Chicago Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

Sunrise.

To the Spiritualist who has suffered ostracism and defamation of character for accepting the truths which gave peace and rest to his troubled soul, it is refreshing to read the following paragraph with which Rev. M. J. Savage winds up his "Irrepressible Conflict":

"It took three centuries for the transition from paganism to Christianity. It took two centuries for the popular mind to become habituated to the new ideas of the Copernican system, and even then the ideas and phrases of both paganism and Ptolemy still lingered. Though thought moves faster to-day, it may take many years to work out the greatest revolution of human thought the world has ever seen. For what we are now going through is no less than that."

"It means nothing less than a new universe, a new god, a new man, a new destiny. It is as certain to come as sunrise, and when the sun is up, the cruelties, crudities, monstrosities, injustices of the long night of orthodoxy will have fled away with the shadows. From the new heaven will smile down a grander God, and on the new earth will live and labor and hope a grander man."

G. W. Kates and wife will lecture at the Mantua, Ohio, camp, July 24 and 31; at the Ashly, Ohio, camp in August, and at Defiance, Ohio, during September. Have some open dates during winter to engage in the West. Address as above, or 234 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Workers, Doings, Etc.

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

Dr. C. F. H. Benton will take the lecture field for the people's party, and his estimable wife will assist him in organizing women's alliances, clubs, etc., for the advancement of the working-men's interest during the coming campaign. Club organizations should address the Doctor at once, 400 Buckner Ave., Peoria, Ill.

The Society at Atlanta, Ga., contemplate getting a good speaker and test medium for the fall and winter months. Those at liberty please address C. A. Harris, 3 Lloyd street.

Mrs. A. P. Brown, late of Dallas, Texas, is at Little Rock, Ark., where she is represented as doing a good work.

Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, of San Francisco, Cal., writes: "Dr. Dean Clark has been engaged to lecture for the Society of Progressive Spiritualists this month, and Mrs. M. Wait, a grand, good medium, to give tests, thus uniting phenomena and philosophy at our meetings."

F. H. Parker writes: "Our society is progressing under the ministrations of Mrs. M. E. Aldrich, who has finished a six months' engagement and is just entering on an engagement for the balance of the year. She lectures at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, answers written questions, and gives psychometric readings every Sunday evening. The meetings have increased in numbers and interest. This place is an open field for a good test medium to give sittings. Mr. and Mrs. Gillman are with us, and meeting with success, holding materialization seances and slate-writing. They are thinking of making this their home, as it is the prettiest place naturally they have found, sea and land view, combined with the finest water works of purest mountain water. We want to see the Spiritualists of the Pacific Coast have a State Association camp grounds here. There is a good opportunity now of getting a choice location."

Mrs. Carrie Sawyer, the materializing medium, and her daughter, are now at Onset, Mass.

A subscriber writes: "Among the many grand lectures given by the guides of Mrs. H. S. Lake before the Temple Spiritualist Society at Boston, that on 'Conscience and Compromise' deserves special mention as one whose lesson is much needed. The lectures given through this gifted speaker during the past season have been marvels of spiritual and intellectual instruction. None could listen to them without feeling that they were receiving an education of great value in the higher truths and principles. The services at the temple have closed for the summer, the last occurring June 26. The speaker's last lecture on 'Fidelity' was a masterpiece of eloquence and inspiration. Her description of the thoughts of the spirits upon leaving the body was realistic and beautiful. It will be long remembered by those who were present. Mrs. Lake has already left Boston to fill engagements at the various camp meetings. We bid her God speed in her summer labors, feeling assured that wherever she may go she will do some good work service in the cause of truth and progress."

Dr. Henry Slade is at Wenona, Minn., and is reported as doing a good work there by his tests and lectures. Mrs. Prouse and others speak highly of him.

Ed. R. Davis, of Brookfield, Mo., wishes to give his evidence in regard to the wonderful healing powers of Mrs. O. P. Spears, of Kansas City, Mo.

Dora Downey writes from Indianapolis, Ind.: "I am much pleased with the Mattie Hull songster. The Home Mediums Society is prospering beyond all expectations; not being satisfied with two meetings on Sunday, we are now holding midweek meetings. Every week brings out new talent. May the good work go on. The harvest is ripe and gleaners are few."

Dr. H. H. Grabendike, of Pueblo, Col., speaks favorably of O. L. Concanon, a medium for independent slate-writing and materialization. The Doctor feels very much encouraged over the outlook for the cause there.

Bishop A. Beals has been lecturing with good acceptance at Mt. Clemens, Michigan. The third and fourth Sundays of this month he lectures at Villa Ridge, Ill., and at the Delphos, Kansas, camp meeting, the second and third Sundays of August.

Prof. W. M. Lockwood has gone to Portland, Ore. He will interest the people there with his scientific lectures.

Mrs. H. S. Lake has been speaking at Saratoga, N. Y., since the expiration of the season's labor at the First Spiritual Temple, Boston. Her camp meeting engagements are: Haverhill, Mass., July 17 and 19; Casadaga, July 23, 24 and 25; Lake Brady, Ohio, July 31st to Aug. 11; Temple Heights, Maine, Aug. 14 to 23; Onset, Mass., Aug. 25. She will speak in Washington, D. C., during the month of September. Her address is as follows: 170 W. Chester Park, Boston, Mass.

The Detroit Free Press says: "The Fox sisters went to Europe at various times and held seances in London, Berlin, Paris and St. Petersburg before the royalty of those capitals. While in Russia, Kate Fox was consulted by the present Czar as to fixing an auspicious day for his coronation. Kate Fox married an English lawyer, Henry Jencken, in St. Paul's Cathedral about twenty years ago. He died eight years ago. They had two sons, who are still living."

G. W. Kates and wife desire to tour the far West during the winter months proximo. They will accept week-night or Sunday calls for any point. These workers are well known as capable speakers and test mediums. Being long experienced in missionary spiritual work, localities east or west of the Rockies would be well served, and should not delay in an early application. Address them, 234 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



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, by the ascended spirits, Henry Ward Beecher, J. A. Garfield and Francis Vinton. No explanation or introduction is necessary to the names of Beecher and Garfield; but Dr. Vinton, in earth-life, was a learned and eloquent Episcopal clergyman, and New York City and Brooklyn were the field of his clerical labors.

In addition to the several communications which I shall send you for next week's issue, it is my present purpose to send several communications from ancient and pre-historic spirits, who visit us for the most practical as well as the noblest purposes, that of educational and humanitarian work, bringing to our day and age the light and knowledge of the sphere in which those exalted spirit intelligences of the by-gone ages live, move and have their being; giving also to the modern world the history of the times in which they were denizens of earth—this mother earth, which was their and our birth-place.

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

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The experiences of mortal life, varied though they be, colored on the one side by the bright tints of successful business pursuits, happy domestic relations and all the pleasures belonging to happy social relations, darkened upon the other side by adversity, pain, sorrows and disappointed expectations, poverty, distress and shame, all contribute to that educational development which qualifies the spirit for the life that is "beyond the weeping and the smiling."

The great oak of the forest, from the inception of the acorn, has survived the vicissitudes of growth and development; has withstood the blasts of many winters, scorched by the forest fires; swept by the pitiless whirlwind, and yet it stands before you today, more beautiful, more noble, more grand, for the experiences through which it has passed. Let the despondent mortal regard the lesser creations of nature, and from thence draw a lesson of life, which cannot fail to instruct and edify, console and encourage.

Mortal, as understood by mortals, is an indivisible, mysterious being, whom centuries of study and research by the most learned have failed to render comprehensible, even to themselves. The mystery arises from an ignorance of the laws which govern creation, and the consequent evolution therefrom. When it is understood that mortal is a divisible, dual being, consisting of the ternal and the eternal, the mystery is dissolved, and the problem solved. And when the true relations of one life to the other is more fully comprehended, the vastness and magnificence of creative power can be more nearly realized.

The question now arises, what is man as seen of men? He is an active, intelligent, thinking, speaking being, who, for a time, fills a place in socialistic and other circles, then becomes silent, and is laid away in some convenient cemetery to be mourned for as lost.

As man is, he is a spirit, setting and keeping in motion the complex machinery of mortal evolution, until it becomes worn with age, injured by accident, or disqualified by a variety of causes, when its presiding genius, the active elements of life, its spirit lays it down and re-assumes its spiritual surroundings and awaits its re-advent into mortal scenes to take up again its mission which had been interrupted by the wear and tear of its implement, the mortal body.

This is man and, though an atom in the great world of creation, constitutes one of the most potent and important factors thereof.

Another question pertinent to the subject arises, viz.: Is man spiritually considered subject to the hardships and vicissitudes of the earth-life? Most undoubtedly he is, and those experiences, though brief their duration may be, contribute to the educational development mentioned a moment ago. The spirit abiding in the mortal is extremely sensitive and susceptible to influence; hence a mere thought, though entertained at a distance, is sensed and felt, and in many instances changes the whole tenor of an earth-life existence. Spirits are assimilative, and seek the society of fellow-spirits. Hence the intercourse between those of the past and present, and the constant inclination to reach out and grasp what to gross mortality seems but a myth.

As mortals increase in light and knowledge under the influence of their spiritual monitor, the evolution from the crude to the finished will be more complete, and as adverse and painful experiences round off the sharp corners, and polish the rough surfaces of mortal life, the whole world will become more beautiful, man will attain that plane of elevation and refined purity where intercourse between spiritually spiritual and mortal spiritual will not be so objectionable.

FRANCIS VINTON, D.D., LL.D.

Spiritualistic phenomena, as known at this epoch among mortal friends, are not the aggregation of scientific research, nor are they the effect of psychological conditions incident to mortal philosophy.

Spiritual manifestations are only phenomenal to mortals; indeed, I may say there are many mortals, even, to whom spiritual manifestations have ceased to become strange, and there are those among you to whom they have become

familiar and ordinary in consequence of their experience and knowledge, acquired in experimental investigation.

This latter class may be said to be more developed than their fellows, and in closer accord and better harmony with the age in which they live. They are pioneers who are carrying the torches to an advanced civilization, which has been excluded from this world for many centuries of time.

Doctrinalism, self-aggrandizement, and narrow individualism, have rolled back the sphere of enlightenment, and kept this world in ignorance since the inception of the Nicene creed.

Mortal men have groped in this darkness, with no other light to aid them than the vague, dim, uncertain rays which the self-interest of theology may have prompted it to afford—hence no disciple of theology can assert with any degree of positiveness whether or not there is a hereafter, after their mortal days shall have been ended.

The one ray, and the only one which theology has been pleased to dole out to its mortal followers, is faith, which is explained as the substance of things not seen. The question arises, has this faith been adequate for the intelligence of mankind? Have all kept within its narrow prescribed limits, and continued blindly in submission to its dictates and rigid requirements? No; the love of independence and self-assertive principles of manhood have burst their bonds, and stepped out into the world advanced and liberal thinkers, who relict the extinguished torches of antiquity, carrying them aloft, that their friends may also burst their bonds, and follow out of the darkness which enshrouds them. Many have followed; many do follow, and many will follow in their wake. Even pulpit orators and theological professors have cast aside their dogmas, leaped over the barriers of darkness, and joined the army that is battling for freedom of knowledge, rights of life, and a truth for which their fellow-mortals have suffered imprisonment, shame and martyrdom—for which mothers, daughters, wives and sisters have been ruthlessly burned at the stake, under the plea of witchcraft all in the name of theological churchcraft.

There are those among those still remaining in the pulpits who are yet too timid to assert their God-given manhood, but they are becoming more liberal in their teachings, and await a favorable opportunity to join their brethren who have preceded them, and also battle for life and light.

It is from among the liberal-minded and advanced thinkers that the spirits of the departed have selected their media for communication with their mortal friends, to make known to them the truth for which they are battling, and the realism of life, of which they have but vague and unsatisfactory notions. These people are increasing daily in numbers; these mortal friends assemble together in groups in various places, and witness the manifestations of friends whom they had been taught were dead and lost; receive loving messages of assurance and encouragement, and grasp by the hand a dear relative and friend who had been consigned by pulpit oratory to hades and eternal punishment.

What an awakening from a long-endured delusion? Do the dead speak? The dead do not speak, for there are no dead; but the living speak, with familiar tongues and loving words; and those who listen tell their mortal friends, and thus the truth of life becomes disseminated and the cause of Spiritualism strengthened and grows, while the curtain is drawn aside, and life stands revealed in all its purity, beauty and wisdom, robed in garments of light, with extended hand, assuring its mortal auditors of the peace, love and happiness that awaits them in the realms of the blest. Assuredly this is not phenomenal; it is as natural as life, that lives, as the sun that shines, and as the air you all breathe. Spiritualistic phenomena are only extraordinary to those mortals who blindly follow a mythical idea of death and annihilation, who cloud the horizon of hope with the pall of despair; standing enshrouded in their own darkness, without sufficient manhood and independence to step out into the light and enjoy those rights and that knowledge which is free to all.

On the Tuesday morning preceding the change and while apparently in ordinary health, and while playing in the yard he suddenly seemed to remember something, and came into the house and climbed upon his mother's lap saying: "Oh mamma, I must tell you my dream last night, and I wasn't asleep either. A lady came to my bed before I was asleep and told me that my time had come and I must go to the Spirit-world. But," said he laughingly, "I told her that I wasn't going just the same, but she said I was, and then she took me by the hand and led me away to Grandpa Seed's house in the Spirit-world, and I saw Grandpa, and then she took me into another room, and Grandpa was there and she said, 'Why, Arthur has come.' Grandpa and Grandma have got a new house, and I am going to live with them when I go. And then the lady brought me back and said that before dark on Friday evening she was coming for me, and then I am going to the Spirit-world to live with Grandpa and Grandma Seed."

On the following Wednesday night he was taken very sick with what the doctor pronounced diphtheria, but which he said was the sickness that was to take him to the Spirit-world, and though he submitted cheerfully to the doctor's treatment, he was firm in his belief that the lady would come for him as she had said she would. When asked if he had any fear of the change, he looked greatly surprised, and said, "Why, no! What should I be afraid of? I know where I am going." And he really seemed pleased to go, and on Friday just as the shades of evening began to close around us, as he lay with his head in my arms he suddenly looked up, a glad smile brightening his face as he recognized the lady who had come for him, and in one short moment he was gone, led away by the same lady he had described to us. My wife, who is a clairvoyant, was permitted to see him go hand in hand with the spirit, and in perfect confidence, never even looking back upon the old scenes. And thus our darling was transported to that shore that knows no death. To him death had no sting. To him there was no such thing as death. And we who are left behind, though often we miss the dear form of our darling, and often our tears may fall, and our hearts feel sad, yet the sad burden of grief is lightened, and our hearts made glad by the glorious tidings of immortality, and by many messages of love from our loved one who is still living.

Oh! the joy that comes of knowing that there is no death to sting; that the change is but transition, and that the life is everlasting.
"Tis the richest, sweetest blessing
That can come to man below;
Faith is sweet, but Oh! 'tis better,
Yes, 'tis better far to know."

J. A. GARFIELD.

From my side of life there is far more interest manifested for the cause of spiritual knowledge among mortals than from the mortal side of life. This is attributable in a great measure to those ties of affection which even mortal death cannot sunder, and to those fraternal feelings which are coexistent with time itself.

Spirits, therefore, do not manifest in their own interest, as they are beyond the wants and influences of mortal life, and enjoy an existence superior to that of those friends they have preceded to the realms of peace and bliss, known among mortals as the spiritual world.

Spiritual life is a progression from the mortal; it is the developed state of the spirit after it has outgrown and cast off its earth-life condition and taken on the immortal, to live while planets crash and new worlds are formed, to inaugurate a new era for a higher created existence.

Mortal life, comparatively speaking, is but a fleeting and uncertain experience in the course of time; and no mortal can determine the year, month, day or hour, upon which he shall

be called to lay it down; mortal life therefore is a problem which neither scientists nor theologians have ever been able to solve; even the structural condition of the mortal body remains to them a mystery which they have never penetrated, and which the limited sources of their material knowledge have not been found adequate to encompass.

The glimmer of spiritual light is seen by but few, and those only through the manifestation of spirits themselves, who gladly carry their torches into the darkened seance rooms, to light the paths leading from the mortal to the immortal; from the animal to the spiritual.

It will then be seen that mortal beings are helpless in the face of truths which are beyond their science, philosophy and theology, and that demonstrations which may trace an effect to its parent cause in earth-life cannot reach the phenomena known as spiritual manifestation, and hence the opposition to the demonstration of immortal life encounters in every community in what is termed civilized life.

To doubt a truth because it is not reducible to the principles of the rule of three, or because an undeveloped or misguided intellect is unable to grasp it, is not manly, nor in keeping with nineteenth-century enlightenment; to forbid and oppose the demonstration of such truth; to criticize and vilify its character, would be to return to the narrow and dogmatic bigotry of the Dark Ages. Clearly, then, the demonstration of Spiritual life by departed spirits, through their various forms of manifestations, is neither a science, a philosophy, nor a theology. It is not based upon speculative theory, but upon plain and demonstrable facts, and is an act in the abstract far more natural than mortal proclivities to gainsay, and doubt that which they will not understand, nor permit their neighbors to investigate.

Self-interest and intolerance have ever been the obstacles placed before the advance of intelligence and enlightenment, and no step has been taken in civilized life, no progress made, but what has encountered determined opposition, and been obliged to wrest its rights after a desperate struggle.

Spiritualists are engaged in no greater conflict than has been waged against other truths before their time. Martyrs have suffered at the stake for their truths; Columbus was loaded with chains for his knowledge; and yet their truths survived, and mortals are wiser and better in consequence.

The most important of all truths which have been revealed to the mortal world is the truth of life immortal, the certainty of a higher and better state of existence, where loved relatives and friends, husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, rest from their labors in joy and peace, and but await the opportunity to return to earth scenes and renew those relations bigotry and intolerance had interrupted.

PHENOMENAL.

Incidents in the Transition of a
Little Boy.

As I have often been urged by those familiar with the facts to do so, I hereby send you the following account of the transition of our son and only child, Arthur F. Seed, who passed to the higher life Oct. 10, 1890, aged 11 years, 3 months and 8 days. From infancy he was a medium, and in constant communion with the Spirit-world, his clairvoyant vision being so clear that the forms of his spirit friends appeared as natural to him as those of his friends on earth—so clear, indeed, that he was often found playing with spirit children and conversing with them as naturally as though they had been in the form. To him the separation of soul and body had no terrors, and he did not dread or even regret the change, as the following will show:

On the Tuesday morning preceding the change and while apparently in ordinary health, and while playing in the yard he suddenly seemed to remember something, and came into the house and climbed upon his mother's lap saying: "Oh mamma, I must tell you my dream last night, and I wasn't asleep either. A lady came to my bed before I was asleep and told me that my time had come and I must go to the Spirit-world. But," said he laughingly, "I told her that I wasn't going just the same, but she said I was, and then she took me by the hand and led me away to Grandpa Seed's house in the Spirit-world, and I saw Grandpa, and then she took me into another room, and Grandpa was there and she said, 'Why, Arthur has come.' Grandpa and Grandma have got a new house, and I am going to live with them when I go. And then the lady brought me back and said that before dark on Friday evening she was coming for me, and then I am going to the Spirit-world to live with Grandpa and Grandma Seed."

On the following Wednesday night he was taken very sick with what the doctor pronounced diphtheria, but which he said was the sickness that was to take him to the Spirit-world, and though he submitted cheerfully to the doctor's treatment, he was firm in his belief that the lady would come for him as she had said she would. When asked if he had any fear of the change, he looked greatly surprised, and said, "Why, no! What should I be afraid of? I know where I am going." And he really seemed pleased to go, and on Friday just as the shades of evening began to close around us, as he lay with his head in my arms he suddenly looked up, a glad smile brightening his face as he recognized the lady who had come for him, and in one short moment he was gone, led away by the same lady he had described to us. My wife, who is a clairvoyant, was permitted to see him go hand in hand with the spirit, and in perfect confidence, never even looking back upon the old scenes. And thus our darling was transported to that shore that knows no death. To him death had no sting. To him there was no such thing as death. And we who are left behind, though often we miss the dear form of our darling, and often our tears may fall, and our hearts feel sad, yet the sad burden of grief is lightened, and our hearts made glad by the glorious tidings of immortality, and by many messages of love from our loved one who is still living.

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"Tis the richest, sweetest blessing
That can come to man below;
Faith is sweet, but Oh! 'tis better,
Yes, 'tis better far to know."

H. S. SEED.

UNPLEASANT EPISODE.

Moses Hull Called Upon to
Cancel His Engagement.

Quite a commotion and sensation has been stirred up in Michigan in consequence of the action of the officers of the Hazlett Park Camp Meeting Association calling upon Moses Hull to cancel his engagement to speak there on account of Mrs. Little declining to appear upon the same rostrum with him. For years there has been a persistent effort on the part of some to completely suppress Mr. Hull and drive him from the Spiritualist rostrum. The editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* has pursued him with all the venom he could command to poison the minds of the people against him to that extent that they would completely ostracize him. A few others have united with him in his crusade against Mr. Hull.

I have watched Mr. Hull's life very closely for some years; have examined carefully his lectures and printed utterances, and while I have failed—utterly failed—in finding a single sentence in the least tending toward immorality, I have found therein a great many exceedingly valuable truths, which were well calculated to instruct the masses. He has within him those qualifications that eminently fit him for the rostrum work. His memory is prodigious; his illustrations are clear, concise and telling; his delivery is pleasing, and his fund of information on matters pertaining to Spiritualism and kindred subjects is large and comprehensive. All this, added to a pleasing delivery, and strong magnetic force, make him an effective agent for good. His efforts generally seem to be appreciated, and I have never received a hint from any one that he ever fails to act the part of a gentleman. Taken altogether, Mr. Hull is a valuable instrument in behalf of Spiritualism and its philosophy, especially to those who think as I do, and who are in favor of the most rigid morality in all the walks of life, and whose rights and wishes should be respected.

As to Mrs. Little, I will accord to her a most generous meed of praise. She is brilliant as an inspirational speaker, a woman of clear perception, and possessing in a marked degree all the cardinal virtues; but she is, I am sorry to say, evidently deficient in that characteristic known as charity—charity for what she considers the failings of others, not seeming to realize that the "failings" of any one can in no wise effect or injure her, and for which she will never be judged. There is nothing more grand, more beautiful, more God-like than charity. It is a gem of rare merit, treasured in spirit-life as possessing transcendent qualities, and it sounds sweeter to angel ears than any other word that can be uttered.

Dr. Spinney, of Detroit, Mich., a sparkling genius, with a mind ever alert, said that he had offered \$100 for the portrait of that person who had never made a mistake. He said no one ever came to claim the money, and probably never will, as no one will ever admit that he (or she) has never made a mistake. Hence the necessity for charity.

Critically and comprehensively analyzed what would be the effect on an angel, if she spoke on the same rostrum with Mr. Hull? Would she be injured? No! a thousand times no! Would her garments be tainted in consequence, her moral character darkened? Not in the least! Has, then, any lecturer the right, a moral right, a right guaranteed by heaven, to sit down on any one because he, in the long ago, possibly said something, in an unguarded moment, which does not sound right, thus denying most emphatically the cardinal principle of our religion and philosophy,—progression? Is it right? Is it just? Is it, indeed, humane? Is there anything angelic about constantly flaunting before the people a misstep of any one, or ostracizing the lowliest of God's creatures?

Will you, A. B. French, or will you, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, or you, Mrs. Colby Luther, or you, Hudson Tuttle, Prof. Buchanan, Prof. Cadwell, Frank T. Ripley, or any others of our gifted speakers, tell us of a single instance where the angels ever refused to visit the lowliest of the places of earth when they could do good thereby? Did any of you ever hear of an angel, when invited to earth, who said he (or she) would not come to a seance when, forsooth, some one in the circle in the long and distant past had made a misstep or given expression to some indiscreet thought, or who was not in any degree perfect at the time?

The fundamental principle of spirit-life is to do good and be good. To refuse to do a generous act, a deed of kindness, or to give encouraging words to an audience because some one else speaks to them, is to say the least, in my respects, as far from the angelic as one can possibly get. Admitting that any one's prejudices against any person are grounded on the bed-rock of truth, they would not even then approach a divine attribute if they became intolerant in consequence. What about a forgiving spirit, saying nothing about the innate beauty and grandeur of charity?

When a prominent gentleman of this city went to an assignment house here and took therefrom the mistress, married her and made a noble woman out of her, what would you think, Spiritualists, to see a woman who came near her rather than her precious garments, cringe from her, shrink away from her, curl her lips, and with a disdainful toss of the head, pass on? Yes, what would you think of such actions on the part of any human being? It will not do to cuddle hatred as a sweet morsel under the tongue. It is a viper; yes, worse than a viper or a cobra. The moment the worst of God's creatures cease to do evil and learn to do good, they are the peers of any one. The reckless gambler who saved a darling child from the fire in a house just ready to tumble down, did a generous act, far beyond the ability of any woman to perform. Did the mother refuse to greet him because he was a gambler, and licentious in his habits? No! she threw her angelic

arms around him, and showered kisses upon the same cheek that had often felt the pressure of the courtesan's lips! She saw within that man the germ of the angel, and with her every breath she blessed him. Thus it is that one can do what another cannot.

There are many humane acts done by the wayward, those supposed to be immoral, reckless, and in a measure uncontrollable. Take for instance Fanny Krause, of San Francisco. She was wild, reckless, an erratic human comet. She had been cared for by the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, and is only about twelve years of age. According to the *Chronicle*, the society has found lots of homes for Fanny, but she will not stay in them. She always runs away and makes direct for the Boys' and Girls' Home—that is, she will do this eventually if the good people to whom she is sent do not return her themselves. They all like Fanny, they say, but she is too wild and harem-scuram, and they are afraid of what Fanny may do next. She can jump off as high woodsheds and over as many high fences as any of the boys, and she does it when she gets a chance. She can catch on the tail of a wagon and climb in with the agility of an acrobat, no matter how fast the horse is running, and as for cable-cars, she can hop on and off with such rapidity that the conductors give up trying to stop her from catching on. It makes them tired. Fanny never knew her parents. She had an indulgent foster-mother, though. Fanny always got along with her all right. They lived at No. 13 Minna street for a long while, but one day Mrs. Frederika Krause fell on the sidewalk and never rose again. She died in the hospital the next day. That was a sorry day for Fanny. She has had no mother like her since. One day lately Fanny told Superintendent Heap she wanted to go and see somebody. He thought the girl knew enough to take care of herself and he let her go. There was a parade down town that day. Fanny doesn't like to miss anything like that, so she was looking around for the band, when about the corner of Eighth and Market streets, when a horse and buggy passed by. A man carrying something crossed in front of the horse. The animal got frightened, snuffed its nostrils, put its ears back, and started to run. A woman and little baby were in the buggy. The woman became excited, thereby losing all control of the horse. Things looked very serious. It seemed as if a shocking accident were unavoidable. But Fanny, the uncontrollable, reckless tomboy, was there. Climbing into a runaway buggy was no work for her. She swung herself into the buggy box at the back, clambered around the side by the wheels, grabbed the lines, and brought the frightened horse up with a turn. The woman kissed Fanny and wanted to give her a dollar. Fanny wouldn't take the money. She jumped out of the buggy and ran home. She doesn't know that she did anything smart, either.

I give this as an illustration that in all the walks of life, in each human soul there is good. But few, if any, of our readers could do what that daring, motherless, friendless, reckless, uncontrollable little girl did! The gambler would brave dangers to save a human soul that the timid, but eminently good man or woman could not. It will not do for any one to stick up his or her nose against any human soul who is striving to do the best he can. The single, daring, humane act of the reckless bad man, will live in history—will go thundering down the ages, while the negative goodness of one who has never sinned will be forgotten in a day. It is well, then, for all to be charitably inclined. When "weighed in the balance," the very one whom you refuse to associate with may be above you from every spiritual standpoint. Be kind; be forbearing; be indulgent in your criticism of others, but above all be CHARITABLE!

In order that camp meetings in the future may be able to save themselves such unpleasant episodes as have characterized the Hazlett Park, let each speaker the following letter to each speaker:

TO MR. (OR MRS.) SO-TO:—We desire to engage your services for the next camp meeting up at Crystal Clear Harbor. We send you a list of speakers. If any of them are not holy enough for you to speak on the same rostrum, please notify us at once. Yours truly,
JAMES DOE, President.

PROBABLE RESPONSES.

DEAR BROTHER DOE:—Your invitation to occupy the rostrum at Crystal Clear Harbor came duly at hand. I am hollower than Timothy Huckleberry, who fifty years ago did something which, from my standpoint, was not right. So far as I know, he has never come out publicly and confessed, therefore I can't appear on the same rostrum with Mr. Huckleberry. If you will suppress Mr. Huckleberry, I'll come. Truly yours,
HOLY MOSES.

DEAR MR. DOE:—Yes, I will be on hand at the time specified. Your employment of Mr. Huckleberry is all right. I am not my brother's keeper, nor do I constitute myself a judge as to whom you shall employ. I am an all-around harmonizer, and if there is anything bad in any of the other speakers, my influence will tend to remove it. Yours truly,
GENERAL GOODNESS.

BROTHER DOE:—I accord to the officers of the camp meetings the right to employ whomsoever they please. If you employ Mr. Devil himself, it might prove a drawing card, and be no detriment whatever to those who are pure in heart, and it might result in his complete reformation. The Devil, you know, has originated all the great improvements of past ages—according to the churches. Yours truly,
DIVINE INDULGENCE.

MR. DOE:—While I consider myself a little holier than the rest of mortals, I don't want the people generally to know it. Your employment of Mr. Devil is a little sulphurous, but sulphur in some cases is healthy. I will be on hand, and if any of the speakers are not exactly right, please assign them to my care. My entire time is devoted to making bad people better, and I can't do it by refusing to associate with them. Please arrange it so that Huckleberry and I can occupy the same room, and speak on the same day. Yours truly,
HIGH PRIDE.

DEAREST BROTHER DOE:—Yes, I will be there, with my features illumined by a smile that will lighten up the whole camp ground. Employ as speakers whom you please; if bad, that smile, and a

genial shake of the hand, will drive all the badness out of them. Truly yours,
GENERAL HARMONIZER.

BROTHER DOE, ESQ.:—I'll be on hand, and don't you forget it. It would be a piece of impudent nonsense for me to dictate whom you employ. The man or woman who never made a mistake, never lived. Besides, I never look at what a person has been, but what he is now. I always carry with me a large "mantle of charity," to cover up a multitude of sins—of other people, of course. Yours,
ADE CHARITY.

By adopting the above method in the future all trouble will be obviated. The officers of each camp meeting are always on the alert for first-class speakers, for "drawing cards," and if they make a mistake at one time, how easy to avoid it the next year. There is no cause whatever for embarrassing positions! If any speakers prove detrimental to the interests of any camp, the officers will know it at once, and no re-engagements will be made; but it is too bad to stir up discussions just as a camp meeting is to be convened. Each speaker should make sacrifices of personal feeling, speak his (or her) piece, and leave unpleasant matters to adjust themselves in the future. On such occasions personal dislikes should be suppressed. Let all pull together to make Hazlett camp meeting a success, which it surely will be.

By virtue of a forgiving spirit, ever on alert to assist every lonely struggling soul, and charitable ways of the "fallings" of others, by authority vested in me, I subscribe myself,

DIVINE WRIGHT,
A Spiritualist for 30 years, and Mystic of the 12th Degree, and devoted to the uplifting of humanity.

She Gave Two Warnings.

No more emphatic non-believer in ghosts can be found in Washington than the chief of a certain department bureau, whose business it is (almost wholly) to deal with figures which are not less cold than perambulating specters. This is the story which he told yesterday:

"I have two sisters and one brother. Once I had three sisters, but one of them died in New Orleans ten years ago. She perished of yellow fever. At the time none of us knew that she was sick. It was only afterward that the information was gathered which makes up this extraordinary account I am about to give you. You may say that it was coincidence, and I will not say it was not such. You can judge for yourself.

"My sister died at ten minutes past 8 o'clock on the night of August 14, 1882. At that time another sister was in Toronto. Her name is Mary. She was about to put her child, a little girl, to bed. As she entered the bed-room for that purpose, the child cried out: 'Mamma, there is Aunt Anna.' The mother looked and saw her sister Anna in the bed, lying with her head propped up on the pillows, and looking as if she were dying. The vision disappeared immediately. Remember that the news of Anna's death did not reach Mary until the following morning. One would naturally account for such an apparition by supposing that it was an illusion, but in this case the apparition was witnessed simultaneously by two persons.

"Now, if that had been all, I should deem the occurrence sufficiently remarkable. But it happened that at the same time my brother Samuel was living in Louisville, where he had official connection with a railway. At about 8:30 p. m. on the evening of which I speak he was standing with his little son upon his front doorstep. Suddenly the child caught at his coat and said, pointing to the garden gate: 'There is Aunt Anna.' His father looked quickly, and saw the figure of a woman which seemed to disappear with strange suddenness among the trees. He called after her, but she did not answer. The next morning a telegram came from New Orleans, saying that Anna had been taken ill with yellow fever, and had died.

"My sister Violet was married and living in San Francisco. She had not heard of Anna's illness. But on the night in question, at about 9 o'clock, she heard a voice calling her by name. She listened, but there was no accounting for it. It was the voice of her sister Anna. She told her husband, but he laughed and said that it was an absurd hallucination. That was all. She wrote to me about it a short time after. You are at liberty to draw your own conclusions. I do not think that I am a superstitious man. Observe that I saw no apparition on the occasion referred to. All I can say is that there are certainly more things in heaven and earth than are considered in our every-day philosophy."—*Washington Star*.

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.)

DR. M. M. Gray was born at Athens, Ohio, Oct. 8, 1827, and passed from the mortal confines to spirit freedom and life June 30, 1892. Being a hard worker and a close thinker, the most advanced thought of the day received his attention. In due course of unfoldment his mind reached out into new trends of thought, and weaving together fact and theory as he saw them, he enthusiastically laid before a limited circle the product of his labor in what is designated as "The Integral Life Science." The funeral services were admirably conducted by Mrs. E. A. Wells-Bedell.

Two marriages fitted the domestic relations of the home circle of Dr. Gray. The first, to Miss Phoebe Frost, was severed many years ago by her happy transition to the higher circles of life in the bright beyond. Three daughters, now grown to womanhood, survive their parents. A second marriage, in 1880, was to Miss Ella E. Terson, who, with two young, promising boys, survive the one who has passed on to the broader schools of thought, and of unlimited research. H. W. SCOVILL.

John Burns, M. P., is bound to cut a great figure in Parliament, to which he has been elected as a representative of labor. He is a man of the people, living within the limit of £100 a year, and he will not take a penny more. This income of his is made up from individual subscriptions of one penny, willingly contributed by those on behalf of whom he tells. He fixed the amount himself, it being the equivalent of his yearly earnings before he became an agitator.

Watchman, What of the Night?—What Is the Hour?—Does the Morning Dawn?

Like thousands of other impatient and weary souls who have made the same inquiry before, we appeal to the watchman of the night, who stands upon a higher tower than we occupy, for an answer to our soul's earnest aspiration; and lo! from our guide in higher life comes floating upon the spiritual lines of mentality the following answer to our inquiry: "Two o'clock, and darkness still reigns and controls the nations of earth." Though the darkness is not as great as it was in the earlier watches of the long and tedious night of mental and spiritual darkness through which mankind on earth have for ages been wending their (to them) uncertain way, yet it is now so dense that but few, "comparatively," of earth's inhabitants can see the beautiful star of spiritual progress that has appeared, and now shines with such glorious splendor, in the spiritual horizon; forerunner of the morning dawn, and the glorious sunrise of spiritual truth which is yet to dawn and shine with effulgent splendor in and around the dark homes and pathways of earth's poor pilgrim wanderers, who have never yet realized or seen even the dawn of the Star of Spiritual Progress that the most advanced minds on earth are now in joy adoring. Oh! how dark is the night of earth. The so-called Dark Continent of Africa is not yet free from cannibalism. Civilization has not yet dawned upon some parts of that dark land. Asia is groaning under a condition of heathen and barbarous cruelty, too shocking even to contemplate, with no ray of light from the Star of Progress, warming into vigor and growth the latent germ of spirituality within her dark mind and unprogressive people. And what can we say of Europe, that division of the globe which is so badly cursed with false religions and idol gods, that she has only just passed in spiritual unfoldment the meridian of her midnight darkness? We refer to them as a people, not including the few noble minds who behold the dawning light, but are powerless to show that light to the superstitious and ignorant masses; and what report can we make of America, one of the grandest divisions of the globe? She is nearly as badly cursed as Europe with false religions and idol gods; but in justice to truth and progress, we must here refer in particular to that part of America known as the United States, for within those States we find more liberalism, more free thought, a higher state of religious and political growth and unfoldment than exists in any other nation on earth; and yet, in that so-called land of the free and home of the brave we find much political corruption and religious darkness, moral degradation and European popery, and Jesuitical mumery, that enshrouds the nation in a pall of darkness only a little lighter than midnight gloom.

You ask: "Has the morning dawned?" Nay, nay! It is only the morning star that has appeared to herald the dawn of the coming morning. That star shines so brightly that many noble souls on earth mistake it for the sunlight that is by and by to usher in the morning dawn; but when the morning sun arises, its glorious brilliancy will eclipse the light now shining from the morning star. But that glorious morn, "though sure to come," is in the distance, slumbering in the progressive womb of time. One hundred years from this time, we think, will not see its golden dawn. Time's progressive circles are large, for they are a part of endless eternity. A great work is to be done to prepare the people to behold with joy the golden morning. Many ancient but much-loved creeds must be uprooted, wither and decay in the sunlight of truth. Many idols and false gods must die and be buried in the tomb of oblivion, never more to be resurrected. Many battles will be fought, much blood will flow, many will be slain, many tears will fall, and much sorrow will be felt by the friends of those who will fall upon the battlefields.

Many victories must be won; right must triumph over might; truth must triumph over error, and when that glorious morn appears, with its golden halo of eternal and divine wisdom, truth and love, popery, the abominable mother of harlots, with all her numerous offspring, will fall never more to arise on this fair earth. But that long-looked for and glorious time can only dawn upon this earth through the progressive unfoldment of mankind upon earth.

Brothers and sisters in earth-life, you who have caught a glimpse of the radiant light of the morning star, we entreat you to untangle the glorious banner of progress to the breeze; gird on your armor; unsheath the sword of truth, and never again let it find its scabbard until the victory is achieved, though a part of that warfare you will wage in the spirit realms of life, for before that golden morning dawns, all that are now active denizens on earth will have passed on to higher life, and a new generation will be then dwelling upon earth.

Then put thy shoulder to the wheel,
Move on progression's cart;
And thus the light of truth reveal,
That false creeds cannot mar.

B. E. LITCHFIELD.

Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting.

To the Editor:—The Lookout Mountain Camp-meeting Association of Spiritualists meets on July 19th—regular stockholders' meeting. All stockholders are earnestly requested to attend or send proxy to some one to represent them in the meeting. There will be a spiritual meeting, with daily lectures throughout the week. Sidney Dean will lecture on the 23d and 24th of July. We hope to have a good meeting. We extend a cordial invitation to lecturers, mediums and Spiritualists to be with us. Mediums are in much demand.

JERRY ROBINSON, President.

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

Progressive Thinkings.

The world waits in breathless suspense to know what the men, keepers of their brothers' passions, in Pennsylvania will do. The spectacle is that of a blind man roaming among loose kegs of dynamite, carrying a lighted candle, and likely to stumble at any moment, while he is utterly regardless of the far-reaching consequences of the act.

It is evident that physical force has not lost its grip upon the souls of men. As a rule man uses in self-defense that part of himself which is most developed, or of which he has the best command. If his muscles are hardened by daily toil, through them he seeks redress of real or fancied wrong. If his brain is trained in the mazes of casuistry, then he looks for help to the laws that brain has made, or to the play of the diplomat, to break loose from disagreeable entanglements.

It is also evident that always in our appeal to brute force there is in existence an injustice underlying the matter. If this is the fact, then it cannot be settled satisfactorily by partisan heat, by denunciations, by threats, riot or destruction of property that measure of the sweat of men's brows. Let us concede that Carnegie is a tyrant, and his methods are those of a dictator. Is the tyranny of another man who, within a trades-union, moves the hidden springs of power by psychological influence, any more endurable, especially when the exercise of that power produces starving women and children.

Is it not true that the operations of a Tamerlane or a Genghis Khan are repeated in the operations of a great capitalist? He leads his armies of employees against the elemental powers of nature, wringing from them new means of living and growing. Blood and desolation do not now mark his track as in the olden time. Instead of the sword of steel he uses the keen edge of intellect, but fire is an agent in common use in both incarnations. However this may be, the same indomitable will remains, overbearing and overbalancing. Whoever may be his deputies to-day, it is not possible they may have been his generals of that time when the known world was in fear of his unbridled desire.

It is a three-sided contest—employer, and employee, and capital; the latter only the gauge indicating results of accumulations from both brain and hand, but wielded as a weapon by the possessor. Brains must hire hands, or hands must hire brains—which shall it be? Separately they are useless as the capital they generate by joint action, without the impulse of one or the other behind it. To our thinking the key of the situation lies in this matter of possession. And here comes in the question of how this ownership was attained. Did it come by strict denial of the lower nature, and such positive action of the spirit as to draw towards it, from all sources, such increase as could be made available? Then it is in the power of any or all to pass over the same path. Certainly he who squanders the beginning of accumulation in drink or tobacco has little right to complain.

What is justice in this matter? is the pertinent query demanding answer in this present impending crisis. Mobs and riots, blood and burnings, will not settle a matter pertaining almost entirely to the spiritual plane, and no matter what the result of a physical contest may be, must finally be referred to the spiritual realm for adjudication by means of the mentality, which is the direct agent of the spiritual in this as in all matters.

We have no solution to offer. The whole world knows that wars and fightings always set back the hands on the great dial of the world's progress; and the directing kindness of our unseen friends will be obliged to use ages of precious time in again bringing us to the point from which physical selfishness has hurled us into blind discord and ruin.

W. P. PHELON, M. D.

The Singular Expression of an Engineer Thought to Be Dying.

Charley Jenkins was an engineer on the B. and O. for years, and he had many hairbreadth escapes. His run was between Garrett, Ind., and Chicago Junction, O., and nearly everybody along the route came to know him personally. His friends could tell his engine every time by the peculiar "toot," and whenever the engine was in sight, there would be a wave of the hand as a recognition of friendship. His engine, the 720, was the best on the division, and if a fast run was to be made Jenkins and the 720 were sure to be on the call board for it.

One day the old engineer was taken ill, and for weeks he lingered on his bed, when it seemed that only a thread held him on to life. He was sadly missed along the route, and the peculiar "toot" of the whistle was heard no more, for although old 720 was kept running, there were other hands at the throttle.

The crisis of his illness came. The family surrounded the bed and watched with breathless eagerness for any sign of a change. The stillness of the room was oppressive. Nothing could be heard save the regular, heavy breathing of the sick engineer.

Suddenly he arose on his elbow. He stared wildly around, and his eyes looked like a madman's. Then he sat up in bed, clutching an imaginary sheet of paper, and gasped: "Tiffin, train five; engine 720; prepare to meet thy God."

He sank back exhausted, and fell into a quiet, easy sleep. When he awoke he was on a fair way to recovery, but by that time the news had reached the place that a terrible accident had happened; that No. 5 had collided with a freight; that engine 720 was a wreck, and that the engineer and fireman were dead. Charley Jenkins insists that he had a premonition from heaven.—Cleveland World.

The subscriptions are flowing in, attracted by the story, "The People who are Damned," by Hudson Tuttle. The paper is sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.



Reading What the People Say of "The Progressive Thinker."

S. L. Monroey, M. D., writes: I see from the date and number on my tab that one number will let me out unless I renew. I cannot stand that. To say that I am merely pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER conveys but a feeble idea of what I think of it. I—I—well, sir, I am simply infatuated with it; and therefore, hard as times are, and close as money matters may be, so much so that a big silver dollar looks almost as large as a wagon wheel, and the hind one at that, yet notwithstanding, and nevertheless, I just can't bring myself to the point of letting it go, Gallagher.

Dr. A. A. Davis: I want to say to you and the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, that truth, as set forth in our beloved paper, is winning a noble response in the hearts of the American people, that was never before witnessed since newspapers were printed. Both on spiritual phenomena and evolution of spiritual thought, and Americanism vs. Romanism, the people are beginning to realize the truth on these momentous subjects, as voiced through THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. The very air breathed by true American patriots seems to quiver from the agitations of the horrible conspiracies against the liberties of this Republic, concocted in secret conclave by priest and pope. Your work in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is grand in the superlative degree.

C. F. Holland: I have only been a reader of your paper for a short time, and I think it grand; it contains much good thought for me to feed upon. Let the good work go on. Truth and right will win.

J. C. Parker: In renewing my subscription I cannot help expressing my great appreciation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It is a "feast of reason and flow of soul" to come in weekly touch with so much progressive thought—deep, clear, logical, reasoning, elevating, purifying, ennobling, and spiritualizing.

Cynthia Loomis: I have been a subscriber of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for a year. I think it one of the best Spiritualist papers ever published. I wish that every Spiritualist would subscribe for it. I can hardly wait until it comes, I am so anxious to read it.

C. M. Crego: Instead of attending one of our eight orthodox churches here in town, I administered some of Brother Orrin Woodbury's magnetic papers to an old honest German, and he is helped thereby; and by so doing I got two subscribers to your ever-prized PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I have been shut in for the past winter on account of my tender and feeble condition, being now in my 84th year; but as the buds put forth in the spring I feel the influence, and move on with the tide.

Mrs. J. M. Melton: I knew nothing about Spiritualism until I began reading THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER last October. I cannot tell how much joy, happiness and enlightenment I have found in perusing its columns. I have tried to interest some of my friends in the cause of Spiritualism by loaning my papers.

A. Burrows: I don't want to lose one number of the paper. My wife wants the paper, and the children cry for it. As I have taken the paper since the first number I must try and not let it drop.

Dr. M. E. Congar: Go on, Bro. F., THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a winning card for you, and the liberal people everywhere, and you may well take much credit for its success.

E. A. Boline: We are much pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and I am going to scatter my numbers far and wide. I am thoroughly convinced that popery is striving to rule the world again, and nothing but free thought and light from the angels of truth can hold against them. What a force the Catholic church might be among the sons and daughters of men, if it confined its acts to the spiritual upbuilding of humanity!

Ira A. Potter: I or my wife have been taking your paper almost from the start, and should not know how to get along without it.

Mrs. O. Fonda: We prize THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER more than we can express. I only wish we were able to pay for several years' subscription to those who cannot get it for themselves.

E. Helen Chellis writes encouragingly of the grand work the Banner of Light and PROGRESSIVE THINKER are doing.

E. M. Wilson: I like the paper very much. I would like to say here in regard to Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake, that seeing the annoyance she has been put to, makes me recall two occasions upon which I met her in New York, a perfect stranger, when she gave me the best and most undoubted tests I ever had. I consider her an excellent medium, and I have always been very much of a skeptic in regard to spiritual phenomena.

C. A. Harris: The paper is a daisy, and there is no other like unto it. If I had the dollars I would place it in hundreds of homes.

F. W. Evans: THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a live paper. Religious legislation is the danger that now needs to be attended to. Liberty of conscience does not ask for toleration of any party we seek. It is one of our inalienable rights—the chief one.

W. F. Follett: I used to take the Religio-Philosophical Journal. I now take the Banner of Light and THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Your paper fills a long-felt necessity, and success to you.

G. W. Harper: In renewing my subscription to your excellent paper, I would say that it seems to well deserve its title, each successive number having always something fresh and new for the intelligent and attentive reader of its compact and thought-stirring pages. In a recent essay, Dr. J. Rodas Buchanan, whose splendid articles I always peruse with much pleasure and profit, says that he has a pile of spiritual papers some ten feet high, and that he considers this class of literature the most improving, elevating and instructive reading, and most of your readers will agree with him there.

"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.

A Vision, Not a Dream.

My guide had promised me better things, and on the night of August 25, 1883, I sat alone in my room, no other person in the house. I put out the light, and was soon in consciousness in a realm unknown to me. A gentle form was at my side, and we were traveling through space amid bowers of loveliness. We approached a large pavilion, which stood upon a lofty terrace, where was gathered a vast multitude of people from many lands. All seemed joyous and happy, and many were the kind greetings extended to the newcomers. We drew near the central personage—a majestic form, who seemed clothed with authority. By a gesture with his hand, he seemed demanding my attention. I approached him, bowed reverently and said: "I am at your service." He turned to his recording angel, and spoke my full name, and in a moment a large clasped volume was opened and placed before the Judge. He scanned the open pages for a moment, then turned the volume to me, saying: "Child of Earth, here is your life record to this date. Here on the credit page, in steadfast blue, are your manly virtues. On the opposite page in black, are your faults and failings. Scan the record carefully, and judge your own lifework."

I stood and gazed at the record. Along the Dr. side were long black stains or blot. In my perplexity, I turned an inquiring glance at the clerk, who was smiling at my confusion. She turned to the Judge, and in a calm, sweet voice, said: "Anger, represented by these dark stains, is in this case an inherited weakness. The only dark spots in this life are derived from this tendency to anger." She unclasped an older volume, and laid it open before the Judge. "Here," she said, "is the record of his father." The book was turned to me. Both pages were filled with entries. The footings showed the credit side ahead; but on the debtor side, above the middle of the page, was pictured the broken scythe that I saw my father, in a fit of anger, break across the corner of the fence when I was a boy. The old volume was closed and laid aside, and again I looked on my record.

The Judge asked: "Do you know the persons whose names appear upon the credit side?" I answered: "Yes, these are the orphans I have taken to my heart and tried to shelter, support and protect. There are seven of these, beside those of my own blood, and they, too, are seven; and one of the orphans and all but one of my own are in heaven." The Judge asked: "What is your religion?"

"Only this, Judge. I try to do good. I have no creed. I believe but little, and make no professions of piety. If on earth I have ever wronged a human soul, let that soul be brought into this presence. I want to know."

"Child of Earth," interposed the Judge, "you see these stains on your record. Remove these blot by concentrating the power of your will against this tendency to anger. Similar dark stains mar the beauty of your future spirit home. They are plainly visible to all upon the walls of the building preparing for you in the immortal life. By your own strength of will and the faithful practice of self-righteousness, these stains will gradually fade out, leaving your record pure and clean; and when you again appear in this presence, you will be shown this record. Here sign your name, and when you again look upon these pages, you will then know what progress you have made."

I signed my name as directed. The Judge took me by the hand, and pointed away to the left. "There," said he, "just beyond your group of green hills, where the light like rosy dawn is streaming from the headlands, is your home, preparing for you. Many of your true friends from the earth plane are there dwelling in bowers of beauty. Some of your loved ones are in this assemblage. They had you brought here for your good. From this sphere of life, which is humanity's second stage of existence, there is constant communication with the material planes of life below."

My hand was released, and the Judge turned his attention to others who were constantly coming, some by way of trance, as I had come, but more through death of the physical form. I cast a hurried glance at the recording angel, and spoke the name "Josephine." She bowed in recognition; and now my guide who had conducted me to this place, I had not identified her as an acquaintance even. She had receded some distance, and now beckoned me to follow. I approached her, offered my hand, which she clasped, and I spoke her name, "Jeanne de Arc," the sweet flower of France. Then down, down she went into the deepening mists and shadows of Earth. A sweet voice spoke the words: "Remember the lesson." I lost sight of her in the darkness, and found myself seated in the dark, in my own room, and with all these scenes tangibly real in my thoughts.

This was printed in the Jeremiah Spiritual Offering, in the winter of '83-'84. Thinking it might be interesting to you folks, I copy it from my scrap-book. As to Jeanne de Arc, though she was killed as a witch by the pious frauds of France, yet no sweeter flower ever bloomed or shed its fragrance on this earth; and Heaven has no fairer nor purer angel. She was the spirit guide of my wife, Sarah, in her earth life, and they are inseparable friends in Spirit-life—live in the same home.

J. T. HAUGHY.

The Barriers Removed.

John Spencer, aged 68 years, after such a troubled life as falls to the lot of few, and which was met in a spirit of quiet heroism and earnest self-sacrifice that revealed true manhood, has gone to reap the harvest. What a splendid harvest it will be! The greater the obstacles we surmount the more glorious our victory. We are constantly seeking the treasures of earth, yet how fleeting they are! But spiritual wealth will last throughout eternity. Mrs. Orris officiated at the funeral.

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OUTSIDE THE GATES; AND OTHER poems and stories. By a lady of high intelligence, under the pseudonym of Mary Weston Matthews. An excellent work. Price 10 cents.

What Has Been Accomplished.

I am asked: "What has been accomplished in the domain of Spiritualism in the past half century other than the very undignified seances, table-tippings, rappings, trumpet-talking, slate-writing, etc., as described to-day? What revelation of any value to mankind has come in all these years from the Spirit-land?"

It would require far more space than would possibly be granted me to answer these inquiries even approximately exhaustively. It is an easy matter to condense into the small space of a single paragraph questions that require volumes for reply.

But the earnest, candid inquirer is by no means obliged to seek the desired information through the columns of the public press. The literature of Spiritualism is rich and abundant, is daily increasing, and offers a most wonderful and inviting field, not only for the scientist and theologian, but for our common humanity.

Mere table-tippings, rappings and other physical phenomena considered undignified by our inquirer, no more constitute the sum and substance of Spiritualism than do some of the not only undignified but absolutely vulgar chapters in the Bible constitute the sum and substance of Christianity.

There are in Spiritualism, as in the inspired volume, the loftiest, grandest, sublimest thoughts and messages as well as vice-versa, with the difference in favor of Spiritualism, for I have yet to hear of or read in the messages received from the unknown (if not spiritual) source the least word that would mantle the cheek with the blush of shame.

I have witnessed not a few revival meetings and read several of Sam Jones' sermons, that, for the lack of dignity, surpassed the most undignified seance I ever attended.

Suppose, however, that there was nothing in Spiritualism other than the undignified manifestations of an unknown force. Would we, therefore, be justified in abandoning the subject entirely? Must we relegate these wonderful phenomena to the shades of oblivion, never more to be invited to return to entertain and amuse us, if nothing more, simply because we cannot explain them or accept them as religious factors, or reconcile them with old-time orthodoxy? May we not amuse ourselves with these phenomena as we do with cards, or chess, or other innocent pastimes? What is the cause of all this opposition to even the mere investigation of these phenomena, either in the interest of science, amusement or religion?

Why sneer, and laugh, and jeer at and ridicule a man simply because he wants to know all he can learn about these phenomena, and is, therefore, obliged to go where they are?

It will not do to preach to us from the text: "Be not carried away with strange and divers doctrines," for the whole of Protestantism violated that text when it left the Catholic Church, and sub-divided into an almost endless variety of sects and creeds.

If there is anything uniquely funny, it is to hear a man, who accepts and believes all the Bible stories, ridiculing Spiritualism.

If Spiritualism be true, it has accomplished more in the last half century than orthodoxy has in nineteen hundred years, in that it has, whether in a dignified or undignified manner, demonstrated the fact of a future existence. If it should do nothing evermore than this, it has already accomplished its mission—the grandest, most glorious of the age.

It has also accomplished the arrest of the progress of materialism and agnosticism which the church was seemingly unable to accomplish. It has baffled and amazed science, which, through all these years, has endeavored to account for its phenomena by other than by supernatural causes. It will continue to engage its attention as long as its problems remain unsolved.

When we consider that as but yesterday Spiritualism was most unmercifully sneered at, jeered at and ridiculed, to-day it commands the respect and attention of the civilized world and of the brightest intellects of our times; its struggles for recognition have but verified the fact that "truth crushed to earth will rise again."

Its influence has reached the Christian pulpit, and received recognition from such men as Bowman, Watson, Barnes, Savage and other prominent preachers. — Dr. H. V. Sieringen.

The Cassadaga Lake Camp-Meeting.

JULY 22 to AUGUST 28, 1892.

July 22, W. J. Colville; 23, Mrs. H. S. Lake and Lyman C. Howe; 24, Mrs. H. S. Lake and W. J. Colville; 25, Conference; 26, Lyman C. Howe; 27, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer; 28, Mrs. H. S. Lake; 29, Hudson Tuttle and Emma R. Tuttle; 30, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer and W. J. Colville; 31, Hudson and Emma R. Tuttle and Willard J. Hull; August 1, Conference; 2, Willard J. Hull; 3, Grange-Labor Day, Robert Schilling, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Kate O. Peate, Jamestown, N. Y.; Hon. M. Brosius, M. C., from Pennsylvania, and Gen. R. A. Alger, Michigan; 4, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer; 5, Willard J. Hull; 6, Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond and Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle; 7, Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond; 8, Conference; 9, Hon. Sidney Dean; 10, Temperance Day, ex-Gov. St. John; 11, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; 12, Hon. Sidney Dean; 13, Mrs. R. S. Lillie and W. J. Colville; 14, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and Hon. Sidney Dean; 15, Conference; 16, Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond; 17, Grand Army Day; 18, Hon. A. B. Richmond; 19, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; 20, Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson and W. J. Colville; 21, A. B. French, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; 22, Conference; 23, A. B. French; 24, Woman's Day, Susan B. Anthony, Rochester; Rev. Anna Shaw, Washington; Mrs. Clara Burwick Colby, Washington, editor *Woman's Tribune*; 25, Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson; 26, W. J. Colville; 27, A. B. French; 28, Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson and A. B. Richmond.

Notes from the State Lecturer.

It has been some time since I have sent any reports to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and I can hardly tell where I left off, and if I repent I know I will be forgiven. After a number of disappointments owing to the terrible state of the roads, I spent one Sunday in Richmond, Ill. I found a very few Spiritualists, but much inquiry into Spiritualism. I spoke afternoon and evening to large houses, and I trust seed was sown on good grounds, that will in time bring forth good fruit. There had been no public service here for over twenty years, but I believe if the right person could go to Richmond a flourishing society could be started. I often think when trying to unfold these spiritual truths to the people: "Well, who is to keep up the interest when these meetings close? Who is there that will come along and endeavor to see that these people who are spiritually hungry are fed?" I must confess I can't tell, but I hope the Spirit-world will unfold some one to keep our people together.

From Richmond I returned to Prophetstown for a series of meetings, and held in all nine meetings; some of them were held in private houses, as the weather was extremely hot, which prevented as large a concourse of people as otherwise would have assembled. The friends in Prophetstown organized before I arrived, and it is to be hoped they will come into the State organization. I have forgotten the names of some of the officers, so will not undertake to give them, but will leave that to the secretary of the society. Whoever may go to Prophetstown in the future, will find a genial, social class of people, who will do all in their power to make your stay pleasant and agreeable. I had not been home but a few days when I was called on to officiate at my friend, Mrs. Brown's, funeral, at Port Huron, Mich., and for a time was compelled to give up my State work. I expected to put in the 10th and 17th of July in Richmond, and was again disappointed, owing to the lateness of the season; the farmers were away behind, but all these disappointments are unfortunate for me, as my arrangements are made, and one cannot make a turn in a moment. I shall not now, in all probability, do much more this season, as the camp season is now at hand, and my engagement at Hazlett Park as chairman will prevent. In the length of time I have been in the work, I have found a vast field to work in, but very little to encourage me. I do not really think the body of Spiritualists through the State actually realize what the State Association can do for them if they only go to work with a will. All must do their share, and surely the time is now ready for an advance move on our part. Come, friends, let us be up and doing, and help educate the world to a higher plane of thought.

G. H. BROOKS.

144 North Liberty St., Elgin, Ill.

The Absent.

How oft as the day is deepening
My thoughts reach outward to thee;
Like summer air tenderly sweetening
The lowlands, mountains and sea.

How oft dear memories come nestling,
Like baby-eyes brimming with love,
When my heart with sorrow is wrestling
To lead me peacefully above.

How often in love's sweet reunion
Do our spirits mingle the same,
Like flowers that blend in communion
Beneath a baptism of rain.

How often when tired and weary
With the labor of every day,
Do I come from the archway dreary,
And reach for thy spirit away.

How sadly the shadows are falling,
Around my spirit to-night,
While over its waves I'm calling
For thy presence of sweetest delight.

How sacred the picture I'm painting,
Its colors the rainbow outvie,
Thy strength to my spirit when fainting,
To feel thy spirit is nigh.

—Bishop A. Beals.

An Old Worker Passed On.

The transition to spirit-life of T. W. Miller took place at Los Angeles, Cal., June 26th. It is safe to say that Mr. Miller was one of the oldest clairvoyant and clairaudient mediums in this country, having been in personal communication with the Spirit-world for fifty-one years, ever since he was eleven years of age. He was a native of Kentucky, but spent several years of his life in Memphis, Tenn., where he married Miss N. D. Little, who is so well known throughout the country as Mrs. N. D. Miller, the slate-writing and materializing medium. He has left her and one child, a daughter twelve years of age, to miss his physical but not spiritual presence, for he, according to promise, makes his presence daily felt in their home. Mr. Miller was a man of marked personal characteristics, always seeking after the truth and ready to dispense the same, but very strong in his denunciation of fraudulent mediumship. At 3 o'clock on the morning of June 26th, after a long but not painful illness of about three months, Brother Miller sank quietly and peacefully to rest. There was a large gathering of friends at his funeral, and he was literally buried in flowers. Mrs. Maude Lord-Drake officiated, assisted by other mediums. Mr. Miller made his presence known, and through Mrs. Drake gave a word of comfort to all. Mrs. Drake's discourse was most beautiful and convincing, and has been seed sown in good ground, and made many a heart rejoice that death (so-called) is only the beginning of a life with higher hopes and brighter aspirations, and with grander opportunities for happiness and progression. Brother Miller was 62 years and 2 months old.

Dr. L. A. Wilcox.

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.

Cassadaga Camp, July 13th.

This camp was never in a more flourishing condition as to numbers and improvements external, tending to healthfulness, beauty and convenience, and, best of all, the general impetus of thought is for progress and reform upon all the great questions of the day. Spiritualism in the minds of those who understand and embrace its philosophy has become an all-encompassing science as well as religion, laying hold of all social, political and humanitarian questions with an endeavor to outwork in each the best possible conditions.

Mrs. Jennie B. H. Jackson was our speaker during the month of June, and her discourses were all of a high order, showing marked and continuous progress in the upward scale of thought.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie occupied the rostrum July 3d and 10th, and is to speak again next Sunday, which will be the last preceding the camp proper. Her lecture of last Sunday has never been surpassed upon this rostrum.

The subjects given for the forenoon lecture were: "What is the Relation of the Social Cellar to the World Above?" "Which Has the Greatest Power in the World, the Golden Calf or the Golden Rule?" For the closing poems, "The Travel-stained Pilgrim," and "The Angel-ladder." The subjects seemed to touch the key-note of inspiration.

Her subject in the afternoon was: "What Are Life's Duties in the Spiritual Spheres?" which was elucidated in the most graphic and instructive manner, showing that labors in the spiritual spheres would be mental, but equally earnest with that of the present sphere. Every subject which pertains to the enlightenment and betterment of humanity will be pursued, all the resources of science and discovery being made subservient to the one purpose of carrying hope, wisdom and joy to every heart.

Mrs. M. W. Leslie, of Boston, gave platform tests at the close of each lecture, most of which were recognized and highly satisfactory. Mrs. Leslie is to be here during the entire season. She is not only a test-medium, but has a high order of inspiration, and puts forth much valuable thought in her discourses.

The Grand Hotel is now in running order, and a number of guests are already availing themselves of its hospitality and generous fare. Mr. C. N. Wilcox has also completed the addition to his business block on Cleveland avenue, and expects to keep a first-class boarding-house during the season.

M. N. Powell, of Willoughby, Ohio, has also instituted some repairs upon the Myers-Chase cottage, and is prepared to accommodate boarders, and to administer the compound vapor-bath, which has already become quite popular.

Prof. W. A. Mansfield, the renowned slate-writer, has rooms at the Chase cottage for the present, and has given many proofs of the genuineness of his gift of mediumship.

P. L. O. A. Keeler, the slate-writer, is also at home at his pleasant cottage near the amphitheatre, and is being sought by many who are eager for evidence of immortal life.

GLEANER.

A Noble Woman Ascended Higher.

From East Pepperell, Mass., Marion B., wife of Elbert Leighton, and daughter of the late Leander Bigelow, of Worcester.

Mr. Leighton is one of the firm of Leighton Brothers, shoe manufacturers, of this village, whose families, with the venerable father and mother, from a community of intelligence, culture and progressive thought, and whose associations with hundreds of employes are such as to render them beloved and honored. In the home of her husband, and in all the homes of this group of relatives, Mrs. Leighton was an object of love, and the loss of her visible presence will be keenly felt. For many years she had been the possessor of fine mediumistic gifts, the exercise of which had been cheering and sustaining to her loved ones. Her unassuming nature and modest estimate of herself seldom gave token to others of the spiritual riches with which she was endowed.

Nearly three years of failing health had forewarned her of the probable result of her increasing feebleness; yet, because she loved her home and her devoted husband, and many friends, she clung to material life until near the dawning light of the coming day; with clearing vision she perceived the glories awaiting her. Then, with tender farewells and joyful assurances that she was "going home," saying: "Good-bye, kind husband; give my love to everybody," she quietly fell asleep, to awaken "beyond the sighing and the weeping."

Her funeral took place from the home Wednesday, July 6th, and was very largely attended. All her requests were heeded, and the arrangements were such as to introduce cheering influences into the saddened household. The casket was hidden from view and surrounded by the profusion of choice flowers, love-offerings of many friends. A smile of peace rested on the face within. Upon her breast was the badge of the Auxiliary Corps of the Thomas Parker Post, of which she was a faithful member, hoping near the last that she should be able to attend its meeting, which, by a singular coincidence, occurred the day of her funeral.

The singing was sweet and uplifting. Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, assisted by the writer, spoke words of inspiration and consolation to the friends. No words of mine can do justice to the pathos and power of the improvisation of Mrs. Allen from the farewell message of the ascended one, "Give my love to everybody."

Who shall say that through the transition of this beloved woman the gates of day were not opened to many eyes all unused to the light of modern Revelation.

JULIETTE YEAW.

Introduce THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to your neighbor. The story, by Hudson Tuttle, should be read by everyone. Send in an additional trial subscription, 13 weeks for 25 cents.

Bishop A. Beals and His Work.

TO THE EDITOR:—Since closing my work at Minneapolis last May, I have filled engagements at Granite Falls, Minn., at which place I met with a warm reception from the few friends there, and large attendance at my Sunday meetings, and representatives from every denomination there. That my meetings were effectual in arousing thought and bitter antagonisms was evidenced by the fact that as soon as my back was turned on the place the sleek-faced, wiley-tongued clergymen there announced that they would explain from a Christian standpoint what Spiritualism was, which was, no doubt, interesting to that class of sectarian bigots who, bat-like, choose darkness rather than light. These miserable pulpiterians seek refuge behind their bulwarks rather than meet in honorable controversy their opponents, knowing their weakness and inability to meet the arguments which reason and intuition have to-day arrayed against their fast-decaying dogmas and creeds. I met there, at their genial, hospitable homes, Brother Hoskiss, Brother Register, and Brother Jerrewine, where the warmth of heart and soul made my sojourn among them a feast of reason and a flow of soul. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a welcome visitor in all their homes, and seems to be present in every progressive home where I go, whether Spiritualist or infidel.

I commenced a two weeks' engagement here last Sunday—in this far-famed resort and mineral springs—and am the guest of Brother Doctor Hager, one of the staunchest Spiritualists I have met in many a day. He and his noble wife are real workers, and they are not afraid to let their light shine into dark, benighted places and among this growing Christian community.

From here I go to Villa Ridge, Ill., the third and fourth Sundays of July, and speak at Delphos, Kansas, camp-meeting the second and third Sundays of August.

I can be addressed at these places for fall and winter engagements.

BISHOP A. BEALS.

The Vicksburg Camp Meeting.

The ninth annual camp meeting of Vicksburg, Mich., will be held in Fraser's Grove, commencing August 12th, and ending August 28, 1892. The camp ground is a beautiful oak grove situated one-half mile from Vicksburg, on the G. R. & I. R. R. Carriages run to the grounds day and evening. There is plenty of good pure well water on the grounds, fine camping locations, commodious buildings for entertainments, seances, etc. Ample hotel accommodations at very reasonable rates at grove and town. Fine boating and fishing at Sunset Lake. The Grand Trunk crosses the G. R. & I. at this place. Reduced rates will be secured if possible. Parties desiring to rent tents and bedding should apply early in the season. Tents, 10x12, per week, \$2, or \$3.50 for the season; smaller tents, \$1.50 per week or \$2.50 for season; for over Sunday, \$1.50. All with floors. Furnished rooms \$3 per week, or \$5.50 for season. No ground rent will be charged, and tents put up free of charge. Season tickets, \$1; daily admission, 10 cents. Meals at dining hall 25 cents for any time less than a week; by the week, \$3.50.

PROGRAMME:

Aug. 12, camp opens; 13, general settlement; 14, opening address by Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, of South Haven, Mich.; lecture and tests by W. R. Colby, of California; 15, conference; lecture by Mrs. E. C. Woodruff; 16, conference; lecture and tests by W. R. Colby; 17, conference; lecture by Mrs. E. C. Woodruff; 18, woman's day; 19, conference; lecture and tests by W. R. Colby; 20, conference; lecture and tests by W. R. Colby; 21, lecture and tests by Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings, of Boston, Mass.; 22, conference; lecture and tests by Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings; 23, conference; lecture and tests by Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings; 24, conference; lecture and tests by Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings; 25, campers' day; 26, soldiers' day; 27, conference; lecture by Hon. L. V. Moulton, of Grand Rapids, Mich.; 28, lectures by Hon. L. V. Moulton.

Mr. Alfred Keyser, of Kalamazoo, has been secured as chairman of the meeting. He will have general supervision of arrangements and control the platform, which is sufficient guarantee of good order, harmony and kindly feeling.

MEDIUMS.

Among the mediums who will be upon the grounds will be the well-known veteran worker, Mrs. E. J. Winch, clairvoyant and test medium; W. R. Colby, lecturer, test and slate-writing medium, of California; James Riley, of Marcellus, the wonderful materializing medium; Mrs. S. F. DeWolf, the noted slate-writing medium, of Chicago, and others.

There will be a bazaar, where many novelties and useful things will be sold to defray the expenses of the meeting. Contributions of salable articles will be gladly received.

Good music will be furnished throughout the meeting. Test meetings, circles, entertainments, socials and campers' dances, evenings. Volunteer speakers and mediums to be given time by special appointment. For information write to JEANNETTE FRASER, Vicksburg, Mich., Manager.

The Cause at Minneapolis.

TO THE EDITOR:—Allow me to state that the Spiritual Research Society, of South Minneapolis, is prospering and gaining membership, although the oldest Spiritualists do not come forward to assist us. Mrs. Lowell, of Anoka, is still with us, and her lectures and readings become more valuable and interesting each week. Our lectures and socials are well-attended, although the weather is quite warm. The mediums who come forward and give tests to help bring the people out are all young, and are very successful. We are still hoping that the older Spiritualists will come forward and help make this a large and interesting society.

J. A. STEELE.

Items from Lockport, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR:—An increasing interest in the subject of Spiritualism is manifested in this city, and from the small beginning in a private parlor three years ago, the spirit forces, through Mrs. A. L. Robinson, have succeeded in building up a society which bids fair to outlive a vast amount of unfriendly criticism.

Our regular lecture season closed on Sunday evening, July 3d, at which time "Alice," Mrs. Robinson's spirit control, announced a lecture to women only, on "Heredity," for July 12th.

A large and appreciative audience greeted the speaker, who received many warm congratulations at the close of a most interesting and instructive address. It is hoped that Mrs. Robinson will consent to give a course of lectures, on kindred subjects, on her return from Hazlett Park, Mich., where she will delight her hearers during the Spiritualist camp-meeting next month.

A LISTENER.

Mrs. Ada Sheehan and Her Grand Work.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Psychic Research Society, of Cincinnati, had a large audience Sunday, the 10th, of intelligent people, investigators for the truth. Mrs. Ada Sheehan, trance-lecturer, answered written questions, the whole audience becoming electrified. Some of them could scarcely keep their seats, they were so enthused, as her guide handled the subjects with mastery effect, and to the satisfaction of the entire audience. Mrs. Sheehan is a most wonderful woman, and her unfoldment and development in so many good phases of mediumship is remarkable. She goes heart and soul into whatever she undertakes. She is doing a world of good against all opposition. The Psychic Research Society, and Psychic Class, were both organized under her supervision, doing a grand work in developing mediums and elevating the cause of humanity. Long may she live as an honest worker in the glorious cause of truth and knowledge and progression. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is always a welcome visitor on Sunday, and never a copy left over for several weeks. Mrs. Kate Gill is the agent who takes charge of it. Long may it wave for truth and justice, from one end of this great continent to the other, downing tyranny and oppression of every kind.

K. G.

Foxcroft and Dover, Maine.

TO THE EDITOR:—At the present time there seems to be quite a revival of interest in the cause of Spiritualism in the towns of Foxcroft and Dover, so much so that we, the Spiritualists of the two towns, have determined to organize a permanent society, duly incorporated under the laws of Maine. As a preliminary step in this direction, we secured the services of Edgar A. Edgerly, of Newburyport, Mass., for the first two Sundays of July (the 3d and 10th), and now, at the conclusion of his engagement, we feel that we made no mistake in thus acting, for we find that the practical and forcible lectures given by his guides, coupled with the positive tests given, have had a strong influence to increase the interest in the cause, and now we shall go on and perfect our organization, and thus create another focus on earth for the inspirations of the Spirit-world. That THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER may long be prospered in its good work is the sincere wish of

A SPIRITUALIST.

The Ashley Camp-Meeting.

Camp will open here August 21st, and close September 5th. Lyman C. Howe, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates, Mrs. Adah Sheehan, D. M. King, Mrs. Judge Ivey, of Georgia; Mrs. Dr. Clemens, of Columbus; Henry Sherman, of Green Valley, Ohio, and many other distinguished advocates of Spiritualism, will be present. Mrs. Ivey is a very fine independent slate-writing medium, and speaks well from the rostrum. Mrs. Clemens is a successful healer of the sick, and one of the very best of test mediums. Mr. Sherman is a trumpet medium, and his seances are indeed marvelous. Prof. King will give psychic lessons daily, which are free to all. This feature awakened great interest last year, and is a grand acquisition to our camp work.

Meetings will be held in a large pavilion 60x90 feet. Tents will be furnished as cheaply as possible to all who desire them, and to those who do not wish tents good lodgings will be furnished near by.

A new eating-house will be erected and put in charge of an experienced caterer. Information cheerfully given by THOS. H. MOREHOUSE, Corres'g Sec'y.

Various Camp-Meetings.

Clinton, Iowa, July 31 to Aug. 28.
Cheslerfield, Indiana, July 28 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. 10 to the 15th.
New Era, Oregon, June 10 to June 27.
Hazlett 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 31 to Sept. 3.
Temple Heights, Northport, Maine, August 12 to 21.
Lake Brady, near Ravenna, Ohio, July 21 to August 28.
Delphos, Kansas, August 5 to 22.
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.

