

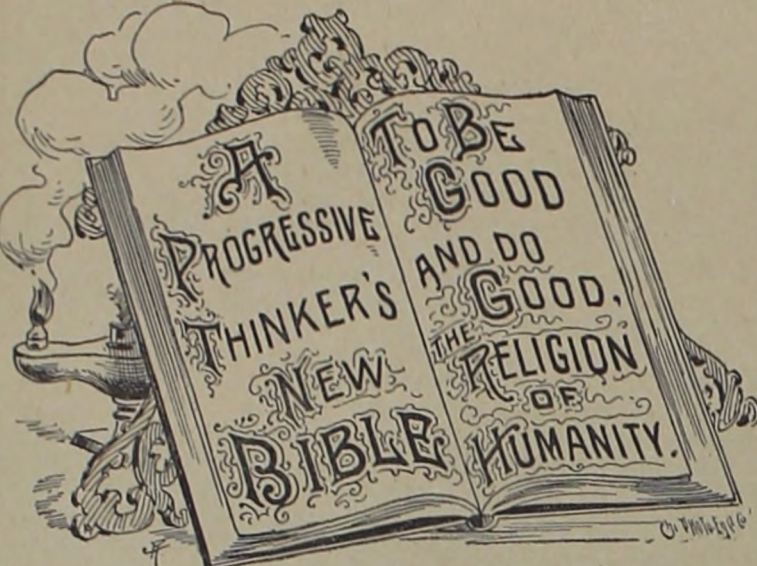
# THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

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NO. 141



## OUR NEW BIBLE.

It Contains Divine Lessons.  
Every Spiritualist Should Read It.

### CHAPTER I.

TO THE EDITOR:—I present you a chapter for your new Bible. Every Spiritualist should read it, and study it, and ponder its contents well, and assimilate all its sublime thoughts. It emanates from the pen of Amber in the *Evening Journal*.

Only after a man has wintered in this world can he make good timber. June zephyrs do not bring forward great trees; it takes repeated tussles with the nor-easters of December and March to develop the fibre from which a ship-builder would choose the timber for a masthead. When I hear people bemoaning that they have a hard time, it seems to me something as if a pine tree on the mountain should set to bawling that it had not been made a crowslip, and permitted to dwell in a cow-pasture. All growth comes through hardship and suffering, and only those who amount to little pass through life with neither a headache nor a backache.

Imagine the terrible outcry within an organ while under process of building. Each mighty pipe complains of the rending tooth of the saw, the grind of the auger, and the wheeze of the file. A commotion like the wailing of autumn winds, because the workmen tarry late and the sound of their torment is never ended. But when the perfect adjustment of part to part is accomplished, when the master hand at last is laid upon the keys, and melodies, tender as heaven, grand and resistless as the tide of songful seas, enrapture the hearts of all hearers! Well may the foregone pangs of formation be forgotten in such a glorious consummation. So we, I think, when at last we come to understand the meaning of life's discipline, when the harmonies of heaven shall forever banish the memory of these few discordant days, shall bless the wisdom that planned our destinies and meted out the sorrow that wove within the garland of our years the cypress and the rue.

More and more it is borne in upon me each day I live to let no descending sun go down upon an unkind feeling, and no memory of a cross and cruel word attend the pillow whereon I lay a slumber-seeking head. There are so many thousand doors that may open at any time through which the soul of those we love may flutter away. There are so many chances against the one to whom we have spoken harshly ever returning within the sound of our voice when once we are separated one from another. The little child you love so dearly, yet to whom you are apt to speak in impatient and unloving tones, may meet with an accident at its play, and never, never feel the clasp of your loving arms again. Would you not give the kingdoms of this world—yes, the treasures of its richest mines and the jewels that light the caverns of its unsounded seas—to take back the harsh word you uttered before that little one left your presence forever? The husband you adore, the wife you worship, the mother you so tenderly cherish, and yet to each of whom in turn you are unkind and unloving and ungrateful—what if a falling brick should prevent his returning to his home tonight, or sudden heart-failure should still forever his voice, or the grey head of the dear mother be never lifted from the pillow when next she seeks her nightly rest—what would you not give in either case to blot out the memory of the bitter words you spoke, and the cold and unfeeling manner that chilled the love-light of what ought to have been a happy home! It is easy to preach sermons for other people, I know, my dear, and there are very few doctors who make out their own prescriptions, but I really think that if each one of us were to form a compact right now to bite our tongues in two before we allowed it to give utterance to a word we should regret if another hour brought death to the portals of our home, we would do a work that would tell on the present and future happiness both of ourselves and those that are nearest and dearest to us.

Do you ever get discouraged and feel like saying: "Oh, it's no use! I want to amount to something! I have it in me to do great and grand things, but the circumstances of poverty are against me. I can be nothing but a drudge, and the sooner I get over dreaming of anything higher, the better!" Of course you have just such times of thinking and talking, but did you ever comfort yourself with

the thought that though all these things you cannot be, you are such, really, in the sight of God? A diamond is no less a diamond because it has been mislaid, and passed off through ignorance as common glass. A tulip seed is no less the sheath of a flower, because through mistake somebody has labeled it as common timothy. A silk fabric is no less the product of the mulberry-feeding worm, because somebody has wrapped it in a brown paper parcel and valued it as domestic jeans. What you are, you are, and there is no power on earth can gainsay it. Other folks may ignore it in you; half the world—nay, all the world may fail to see it, but if nobility, and strength, and sweetness are there you are worth just that much to God! Blessed thought, isn't it, you poor, overworked clerk, with your brain always in a muddle with the dry details of a business you hate? Blessed thought, isn't it, you dear, tired woman with more burdens to carry than a maple tree has leaves? No matter how impossible it may be for you to live out what is in you, that something true and grand and beautiful is deathless and shall have its chance of development by and by.

In every gathering there is always a "little one." Somebody who is not quite so bright as the rest. Somebody who is not quite so strong, or so well balanced, or so clever. Now, if there is a word which a true American respects and even the average boy holds in reverence, it is "fair-play." Only cowards hit little fellows; only brutes torture weak and helpless things. In every breast there is a light kindled which may burn faintly, or glow warm and bright as a bonfire on a hill, according to the circumstances of bringing up and companionship. That divinely-kindled flame is chivalry. He who wantonly quenches it within his own breast walks among his fellow-men as an Esquimaux or a South Sea Islander, benighted and clothed in the skin of a wild beast. A boy who abuses animals and robs birds' nests, and tortures rabbits and slings shots at robins, is either born without chivalry or it has been undeveloped, like a seed that decays in the soil. We owe tenderness to all that are weaker than ourselves, and consideration to all who are less clever. Ridicule is a bully's weapon. The un-repressed smile, the sly nudge, the whispered sarcasm stab deeper than any knife, and bruise worse than any club. Young girls, be tenderly considerate of the schoolmate whom nature has made perhaps less brilliant than yourself, and from whom she has withheld the charm of beauty or the gift of grace. "No-blesse oblige," my dears, is the mystic law that binds all truly generous hearts in dealing with these "little ones." A thoughtless, saucy schoolgirl is often more cruel than the Caesar, and a fat and rollicking schoolboy out-Neros Nero in his disregard of a crippled schoolmate's sensibilities.

Avoid unkind criticism. If you are convinced a rather stupid young man is leading a pure life among his more brilliant and wicked companions, show him reverence, for it often takes more of the heroic quality to maintain a clean record among clever scamps than it does to march up to a Gating gun. Truth and purity make a better record than a flashing wit.

Make it your aim in this world to leave happy hearts in your wake, as the woman spoken of in the play of "Clito" left the grave fresher for her footfall passing by. Strive not so much to be admired as to be loved, and seek that love amid the lowly and forgotten places, among the "little ones," whom the Master especially commended to our care.

Such a morning! With the small pony, who knows so much more than any of the rest of us, the Captain and I went gypsying before the day was scarcely ushered through the bright gates of dawn. We rode along the country roads where sweet briar grows thick as wayside weeds, and where the dripping drops of last night's rain hung like threads of diamonds upon the green hedge-rows. We disturbed crowds of thrushes and singing larks to rouse the sweet woodland echoes, and as we turned a corner of the road which the defiling touch of civilization has not yet transformed into a boulevard, we swept out upon a stretch of azure lake that set us dreaming of what the heavenly surprises shall be that only waits for the unsealing touch of death to reveal them to mortal eyes. Blue as the leaf of a larkspur flower, wide as the horizon, peaceful as a good man's thought of death—could anything match the beauty of our dear old lake at 5 o'clock on a summer morning?

## FAMOUS SPIRITUALIST.

Career of the Late Mrs. Maynard, of White Plains.

She Alleged that President Lincoln Was Influenced by Her Messages—Earnest in the Faith—Bedridden for Several Years, but She Never Complained.

TO THE EDITOR:—A late number of the New York *Sun* contains an excellent communication with reference to Mrs. Maynard, who lately passed to Spirit-life.

White Plains had a remarkable funeral and remarkable gathering on Thursday, June 30, when Nettie Colburn Maynard, wife of the postmaster, was laid to rest. Mrs. Maynard had been known to nearly everybody in the village, although she had been confined to her bed as a helpless invalid for a number of years. She had had a very wide acquaintance within a certain circle outside of White Plains. According to some of the leading Spiritualists Mrs. Maynard was the most prominent woman in spiritualistic circles that America has seen. It is said that she was a medium of remarkable powers, and that she won the confidence and esteem of investigators. The belief in her earnestness, honesty and purity of motives won for her a following that no other medium could boast of. It was that, also, which induced Spiritualists of promi-



MRS. NETTIE COLBURN MAYNARD.  
From a Miniature dated 1863.

nence to go to her house from remote parts of the country in order to secure counsel from her. Although she was unable to move hand or foot, and although her body was racked with pains, her mind was active in dictating correspondence or articles referring to her faith. Her prominence among Spiritualists is illustrated by the fact that soon after her funeral publishers had prepared an edition of the story of her life, and the organs of the faith in remote cities sent reporters to secure all possible information about her.

The Maynard homestead was decorated with flowers on the day of the funeral. Nowhere was any emblem of mourning seen. Masses of lilies of the valley and pansies filled the rooms. Instead of the usual streamers of crape on the door there hung from the bell a crescent-shaped floral piece bearing the name "Nettie" in pinks against a background of lilies. Long strings of flowers lay on the white casket. The neighbors had brought in pots of flowers, which were arranged around the rooms, and filled all the nooks and corners, and the visitors from New York and remote cities brought large floral pieces. The air was heavy with their perfume. The services were unique. No ordained minister officiated, but all who took part were personal friends of the deceased woman. Three of the leading Spiritualists of the country spoke of Mrs. Maynard's services to Spiritualism! Mrs. Cora Richmond, of Chicago, the principal speaker, outlined the history of Mrs. Maynard from the standpoint of the Spiritualist. Mrs. Richmond and Mrs. Maynard had made an agreement thirty years before that the survivor should speak at the other's funeral. A number of the Spiritualists from Baltimore and from Boston were present.

Friends of Mrs. Maynard who are not Spiritualists say that she was undoubtedly firmly convinced of her own powers as a medium, and that her faith in Spiritualism was unflinching. During her years of painful illness, when to move was agony, and when she had to be fanned day and night, to enable her to breathe, she never complained, was never irritable nor down-hearted.

"No one," a prominent business man said, who was a friend of the family, "could have seen that woman without being convinced that she was upheld solely by her faith. Inflammatory rheumatism had knitted her bones together, had enlarged and distorted all the joints, had puffed up her face and rendered it shapeless. Yet she was sweet and charming. Many non-believers, like myself, who were frequent visitors at the house, found the greatest pleasure in her company. Her mind was so much superior to her body that she never allowed her physical ailments to influence her. Only a few weeks ago she and her husband celebrated their silver wedding. They were overwhelmed with letters and telegrams from all parts of the country. She answered nearly all, dictating a separate reply to each. The language and sentiment of each were beautiful, as was her conversation invariably. Her many friends in the village were in the habit

of going to her house and bringing flowers for her room. Friends from other places were in the habit of visiting her also, so that it was unusual to find no visitors at the house.

"Her friends among the Spiritualists were the very best people. They were sensible men and women, and not fanatics. Unlike an ordinary invalid, she exercised a gracious influence on all visitors. I recollect a party not long ago at the house. It was a gathering of merry-makers, persons of various religions. We passed in and out of the room where Mrs. Maynard lay. Ordinarily, the presence of an invalid on such an occasion would be a restraint upon the pleasure, but it was a cause of general comment that Mrs. Maynard seemed to enliven us all, in spite of her physical suffering. All her expressions were so pure and noble that even non-believers were inspired by her faith. She was an intellectual medium. She would go into a trance, and, apparently, be unconscious of what she said or did during the trance. I must believe that she was unconscious, because she said afterward, that she had no recollection of what had happened. She would recite poetry and messages from the spirits. Of course I do not mean to say that she actually received communications from spirits of the departed, but I believe that she thought she did. Why should a woman overcome with physical torture which no money could alleviate, attempt to deceive her friends on such sacred matters? How could a woman whose daily speech was noble, refined, and full of exquisite sentiment, lie to her friends, and even to her husband, about herself? Her trances were exhausting, and therefore increased her pain. She knew she had only a short time to live. At her silver wedding she said she would live only a few weeks, and reminded Mrs. Richmond of their agreement of thirty years ago. It was impossible that that woman could have been acting a lie all her life. I cannot pretend to say what caused her trances, or what they amounted to. I only feel convinced that she was sincere."

It appears from Mrs. Maynard's autobiography that she came by her belief in Spiritualism naturally. Her parents and sisters heard strange noises when she was a very small girl in her native town of Bolton, Conn., and remarked about happenings which would not appear striking to the average person, but which impressed them as being strange and supernatural. Mrs. Maynard devotes some pages of a book entitled, "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?" to telling about the strange noises that occurred in the Colburn home, and how they impressed the family. A clock that had been broken for more than a year interrupted a game of checkers by striking. A gathering of gossiping neighbors was thrown into confusion by a banging at the door. Each of these manifestations was believed to have been connected in some way with a death. Her aged grandfather was convinced that his deceased wife's spirit was visiting him, and that he must certainly die. After repeated visits and more strange noises in the house he died. As he was an old man his death was not so wonderful, but the family felt that it was mysterious, and that the noises had been warnings.

A young man named Thomas Cook, who introduced to the family "spirit rappings," and the lifting of tables and furniture, seems to have first inspired in Miss Nettie the conviction that she had the powers of a medium. Some of her early experiments were not satisfactory, but her faith was not lessened, and she finally believed that she had arrived at an understanding with the spirits. She went into trances in which she would see illuminated letters which formed the subject matter of communications from her spirit friends. The latter would also recite messages to her, and would control her hand so as to write them. Of course the girl was easily convinced that these were not hallucinations, and, being encouraged by friends and family, she cultivated her power of going into trances until she was able to do it at any time. It was in the presence of Gov. Seymour of Connecticut that the girl first went into a trance, according to the autobiography. She personated different individuals, she says, and aroused great wonder. As a proof of her inspiration Mrs. Maynard speaks in her book of the fact that she had received very little schooling, because of illness when a child, and yet she has been able to produce reams of poems in her trances. She asserts positively that she could not compose a poem herself, and was only able to repeat the poems dictated to her in her trances. In one trance she recited eleven different poems. Some of her poems were written out and have been preserved in her autobiography. The following lines are from a poem "To My Mother":

"Three times, dear, the roses have blossomed  
And faded our faces between—  
Three times o'er your still heart, dear mother,  
The grass on your grave has grown green—  
And my lips wear the smiles I have taught  
them,  
And your name, without weeping, I speak.  
Ah, mother! we learn through time's weary  
years  
What the poor heart may bear, and not  
break."

This is from "The Spirit of Bobbie Burns":

"I give greeting fra' the land  
That's filled with morn'g blessing;  
Where love and truth walk hand in hand,  
'Mid balmy airs caressing;  
Na' angry God na' deil wild,  
As in tradition's story,  
But the Guid Shepherd owns each child,  
And love takes 'a' the glory."

The following verses were taken from

"Labor," a poem of some length, the subject of which was suggested to Mrs. Maynard:

"Tonight I will sing you a song of the sea,  
And tell you the story it's telling to me,  
For I never bend over the wild, solemn waves  
But I long for the secret hid down in their caves.

"The unceasing murmurs that rise from its breast  
Are telling of labor and constant unrest;  
And its cold hands, all sparkling with jewels  
of spray,  
On the white sands are beating the long hours  
away.

"Oh! the wondrous treasures I saw in the sea!  
And the lessons they taught in their murmurs  
to me  
Was this that I give you—that labor alone  
Is the means to develop the treasures we own.

"In the ocean of life there's a far brighter gem  
Than ever encircled a king's diadem;  
And far richer blessings are hidden, may be,  
In some lonely spirit, than in the deep sea.

"But labor unceasing, and close watchful care  
Is needed for progress, all hallowed by prayer;  
And the deep tides of nature are working for aye  
To fashion the temples that never decay."

While very young Mrs. Maynard went on the platform and lectured on Spiritualism. In her book she says she was an unlettered girl at that time, but that the spirits controlled her so that she talked most eloquently. She seems to have met a number of prominent public men. How she impressed them may never be known, but how she thought she impressed them is set forth in her book. Her acquaintance with President Lincoln, which inspired her book, brought her into greater prominence than any other incident in her career. If her view of it is believed, the President was a Spiritualist and was greatly influenced by communications from the spirits obtained through her. She says he attended several seances given by her in the latter part of 1862 and the winter of 1863. At some of these ex-Congressman Somes of Maine, Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, Cranston Lowrie, statistician of the Post Office Department, and Chief of the Agricultural Department Newton, were present. Mrs. Maynard's account of the seances says that she was controlled in her trances by the spirits of men who had been great public men. In fact, there was a Congress of such spirits. She says the spirits advised the President not to delay the issuing or enforcement of the emancipation proclamation beyond the spring of 1863. She says it was remarked by those present that her voice and the language employed while she was in the trance made her communicate sound as though uttered by Daniel Webster. Mrs. Maynard says the President placed his hand on her head and said:

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

On the evening of Feb. 5, 1863, Mrs. Maynard asserts that the President left a Cabinet meeting to visit her and hear what the spirits had to tell him. She says she was controlled on that occasion by the spirit of Dr. Bamford, a friend of her father. He spoke in a quaint New England accent. She says he advised Lincoln to visit the Army of the Potomac with his family to quell the spirit of dissatisfaction that had arisen; that he told the President that he would be re-elected. She alleges that Lincoln said: "It is hardly an honor to be coveted, save one could find it his duty to accept it."

Mrs. Maynard says that another medium gave an exhibition of her powers at this seance, moving about a piano by playing on it. She says the President and several others got on top of the piano to hold it down. Their efforts were not successful, and they got off again in a hurry. In her description of her relations with the President Mrs. Maynard seems to have been imbued with the same willingness to believe in the faith which made her see the supernatural in every unexplained noise while she was a child.

She continued on the lecture platform for several years, and gave seances almost up to the time of her death. Her last seances were for friends only, and no charge was made by her. Her friends often made her valuable presents, however. She asserted that she was controlled by Dr. Bamford very often, and frequently, also, by a little girl. She would assume the speech and manner of the persons controlling her.

In 1867 she married William Porter Maynard, the present postmaster of White Plains. She was then a plump young woman with dark hair and brown eyes. She was short and neither stately nor impressive in appearance, although her eyes were fine and full of fire. After their marriage the couple settled in White Plains. She abandoned the lecture platform, and her home became a sort of Mecca for the leading Spiritualists. Mr. Henry J. Newton, the millionaire President of the Spiritualists' Society of New York, and Mrs. Newton visited her twice a week, and many others came as frequently. Many testimonials as to her character from well-known persons appear in her book. Among others who speak well of her are Mr. Melville C. Smith, Brick Pomeroy, Francis Carpenter, who painted the "Emancipation Proclamation;" Congressman Somes, and Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the novelist. Spiritualists periodicals are full of eulogies of her.

Lady Colin Campbell is not only an expert fencer, but knows how to kill a salmon or land a trout as well as any fisherman on a Scotch river.

## KATE FOX JENCKEN.

Her Reception in Spirit-life.

TO THE EDITOR:—No. 139 duly received, filled to overflowing with good, wholesome mental and spiritual food. There is a slight error in what you published from me—too trivial to correct, except by so doing will bring out some facts interesting to your readers. Mrs. Jencken and her two sons were living alone at 609 Columbus Ave. Her death was so sudden and unexpected it made her sons so nervous they would not remain in the house the first night and I was obliged to remain alone with the corpse, and no communications were received. Mrs. Sater and Mrs. Robertson kindly took charge of the dressing of the corpse, and while doing so communications were received, making certain requests in regard to Mrs. Kane; the truthfulness and value of the communication was verified in one hour afterward. The following day I called upon the well-known medium, Mrs. F. Mayer, 100 East 78th street, the independent slate-writer and clairvoyant. A message was received from Horace Greeley and J. Fenimore Cooper, stating that all those literary gentlemen that assembled at the residence of the Rev. Dr. Groswood, the Episcopalian clergyman in Broadway, soon after the arrival of the Fox sisters in New York, for the purpose of investigating the remarkable phenomena, namely: Mr. Geo. Bancroft (the historian), Rev. Dr. Hawkes, Dr. J. W. Francis, Dr. Marcy, Mr. N. P. Willis, Mr. Wm. Cullen Bryant (the poet), Mr. Richard P. Kimball, Mr. H. Tuckerman, Gen. Lyman, and Mr. Bigelow, of the *Evening Post*, and a vast host of intelligent human beings, were present at the reception of Katie Fox into Spirit-life, exerting a peculiar magnetic influence, that brought the new-born spirit to consciousness; and then it was that she first beheld her mother and husband, then other members of her family; also Mr. Greeley and Mr. James F. Cooper, and the vast group surrounding her. She then relapsed into quiet, restful sleep, and then that vast assemblage of spirits rendered sincere thanks to that grand intelligence (God or Nature, as you please), for the important lesson presented to humanity through the Fox sisters, and that the people of the United States had reached a stage of development that ignorance could not force this grand truth back again, as in the days of Cotton Mather. It is the grandest truth presented in the nineteenth century, and will be so regarded in the near future; and although it is old in one sense, the term "modern" has an important significance, as has been so well and correctly expressed by Rev. R. Heber Newton, and Rev. Mr. Savage, and many others, of its persistent effort since the first raps, in 1848.

Many grand suggestions came at this time from Mr. Greeley, Mr. Cooper, Daniel Underhill, and Ann Leah, his wife, and sister of the newly-arisen spirit; also my wife Adaline, who, through Mrs. Mayer, is able to write a fair simile of her handwriting. I am glad to announce the development of a new healing medium, with marvelous powers, Mrs. Mary Farron, of 877 Park Avenue, near 78th street, New York. Only a few months ago she commenced investigation with Mrs. Mayer, and then discovered she possessed this gift of healing, and is now remarkably successful in the application of her gift.

I have also become acquainted with a lady physician of the homeopathic school who after obtaining her diploma and having great opportunities in hospitals in England and Scotland, has returned to the city. Her clairvoyant powers have developed, which render her valuable aid in treating her patients. Thus the good work advances.

819 W. 54th St. TITUS MERRITT.

## The Lake Cora Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Spiritualist Association of Van Buren and adjoining counties will be held at Lake Cora, Michigan, commencing Saturday, Aug. 6, 1892, at 3:30 p. m., continuing over Sunday, Aug. 7th.

Mrs. Ada Sheehan, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who gave such universal satisfaction at the meeting June 19th, will again address us.

The noted male glee club of Paw Paw, Mrs. Ida Hudson, organist, will furnish the music. Reports and election of officers at close of forenoon service. A fee of ten cents will be collected at the gate for each adult and each vehicle. A special train will leave Lawton at 8 a. m.; Paw Paw, 8:30 a. m. and 2 p. m.; Hartford, 9:30 a. m.; Lawrence, 10 a. m., returning at close of meeting. Fare for grounds: From Lawton 40 cents; Paw Paw and Lawrence, 35 cents; Hartford, 50 cents. Tickets will be sold Aug. 6th at Covert, 75 cents; South Haven, \$1.00. Good to return Aug. 8th. A large hall can be used in case of rain. Barn accommodations for a number of horses. Good order will be maintained.

W. R. SIRRINE, President.  
H. BALFOUR, Secretary.

Money Order Superintendent Mary Steele, of the Pittsburg Post Office, handles \$2,000,000 a year, the largest business controlled by any woman in the department, or possibly in the country.

Burmah must be a heavenly place for women. In that country the members of the fair sex select their own husbands, and when they tire of them procure a divorce for the asking and marry again.



## SPIRIT LIFE.

## A Conference with Spiritual Beings.

Written Through the Hand of an Eminent Ex-Judge.

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

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

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

## Spirit Culture.

When the first symptoms of reason dawn upon the human intellect, the means of education are adopted to quicken its powers of apprehension. The reason is only one of the faculties engaged in our development. The will is also a factor, and perhaps has more to do in the making of character than any other of our powers. But the most eminent of all our gifts is the spirit. This is a portion of our being that makes it immortal. We never stop to inquire into its condition, nor do we make any provision for its cultivation. We train the intellect, the hand, the eye, and the moral affections, but treat the spirit as if it would take care of itself. The spiritual nature demands a sort of training somewhat in conformity to its nature. It is supposed that the church furnishes this training, and it does its work as well as could be expected from the methods employed, but it neglects, or rather treats with contempt, the greatest of all the methods of instruction—that of the spirit. When a child is sent to the Sunday-school, it is taught the catechism, and repeats the Lord's prayer. The New Testament is used as a text-book, and the life of the Savior is explained, and the particular views of the denominations are inculcated in accordance with their views of scripture. There are many wholesome maxims in morals also taught, as that they must be good, obedient and truthful, and the mind and the conduct are greatly influenced by these teachings, and no doubt keep thousands from lapsing into bad habits. But the life eternal is a form of instruction that never rises above influence, and receives no sanction from recognition of spirit power itself. If the spirit were allowed to enter the Sunday-school, and give the beautiful lessons of its experience and life after quitting earth; if a relative—perhaps a mother or father, or some other dear one who has passed away—could come with their gentle messages of love, with their sweet influences, and their divine revelations, and open up to the youthful mind a view of the infinite life beyond, of the grand realities of spirit life, and show the necessity of goodness here below in order to reach the happiness of that enchanting world, the children would learn the higher duties of living, and the diviner truths of the eternal world, from those who could speak from the spirit itself.

We shall see by and by that the spirit has a sphere of its own, and a mode of action which differentiates it from all other parts of our being. It is a grand center of devotion and feeling. It animates the whole system of man, and creates in him all those aspirations that are ever reaching into the future, and laying hold of immortality. It creates, as it were, a heaven, and an abode therein for its repose and happiness hereafter. There are no gleams of the divine essence that it has not caught, and no joys of the eternal life that it has not anticipated. It lives in the future as well as in the present and the past, and never sinks into the gross materialism of the skeptic, nor dreams of death but as the passage to a higher form of life.

## ILLUSTRATION.

When I entered the spirit life I was not aware that the larger part of a man was his spirit. I had supposed that the animal nature was the predominating element in his makeup. His conduct had led me to form this opinion. The sensuous character of his enjoyments, and the never-ending demands of his physical wants, seemed to ally him more with the brutes than the angels. Like the beasts of the forests, he lived upon the flesh of other beasts, and his voracious appetite never allowed him to think of other food unless he was too poor to obtain it. His tastes were of the animal order. He delighted in the gratification of his passions, and often sacrificed his health and life in the pursuit of pleasure. When his own feelings or interests were at stake he was as blind as the bats in the air to those of other people, and he would witness the most bloody spectacles and call it amusement. The culture never followed a battlefield with keener zest; and he called the victory purchased by slaughter the highest glory on earth. Like the beasts, he warred upon his kind, and looked upon his fellowman as the common enemy to be distressed and plundered on all occasions of jarring interests or conflicting nationalities. The courts were not numerous enough to settle his disputes, and his jails and penitentiaries were crowded with the vicious and unruly members, who were steeped in crime and red with blood. School-houses and churches were erected in towns and country; peace officers and magistrates guarded the public order, and preserved the social fabric from falling to pieces. The rich preyed upon the poor, and the poor would gladly prey upon the rich if they could. The strong exercised their strength, and the weak their cunning.

The wise were employed in their own welfare, and the ignorant were full of evil thoughts and aggressive plans. The powerful sought every means to maintain their position, and those who had none were ambitious to occupy their places. In a word, the world of mankind were not under the influences of impulses much above those of the merest animalism, and the spiritual nature was so little acknowledged in their general conduct, that it might well be doubted whether there were any such endowment in an average specimen of human beings.

If I had ever entertained this idea I was quickly convinced of my error by what I saw and learned in the Spirit-world. Here the spirit is the predominating element of life. It rules the entire individual. It dictates his tastes, his habits, his mode of thinking and his character. When a man realizes that he is immortal; that he is still alive, although his body is dead, and when the employments and passions engendered by his physical form no longer enter into daily conduct, he becomes spiritualized in all his life, and begins the role of his immortality. How grand and beautiful the change! It would be impossible to convey the thrilling rapture of this thought, or to make a moral understand the full meaning of the translation. I have often conversed with other spirits upon the sublime emotions that fill the soul in the first moments of its surprise and exaltation, but none of them can fully express their feelings. On one occasion I met a spirit that had counted many, many years since his advent into the Spirit-world, but he still retained most vivid impressions of his early experience, and even at that distance of time, spoke of it as if it were but yesterday. The grand role of unending existence can scarcely be grasped by the intelligence. It seems so illimitable, stretching into unknown periods, into fathomless abysses of time, into eons upon eons, and ever beginning where the imagination becomes weary with the mighty computation. Think of it!—life eternal! How significant! The minutest division of its flight would comprehend ages upon ages of your reckoning. Eternity was never young and will never be old, and the soul partaking of these qualities shall live when the stars grow dim, and when new worlds and constellations shall take the place of those that now shine in the firmament. The thought fills the soul with a divine rapture, and it contemplates its own destiny with the reverence and devotion of a pilgrim who sallies forth on an endless journey to bow down at the shrine where the oracles of the living and true God resound through the majestic spaces of his universe forever and forever. Amen!

## The August "Arena."

The August *Arena* contains the second instalment of Mr. Reed's "Brief for the Plaintiff," in the interesting discussion of Bacon vs. Shakespeare. Whatever may be said of the abstract merits of the case, no one can fail to be impressed with the ingenious and powerful array of evidence thus far adduced in behalf of Lord Bacon as the author of the plays. Perhaps the most startling (as well as the most interesting) disclosures, however, are yet to come. In the September number Mr. Reed will answer objections, not only those that have been brought forward in previous public discussions of the subject, but others advanced in his own private correspondence with scholars and literary men on both sides of the Atlantic. Other leading papers in the August *Arena* are by United States Senator James H. Kyle, Hon. George Fred Williams, M. C., Hon. Wm. T. Ellis, M. C., Gail Hamilton, Mary A. Livermore, Louise Chandler Moulton, Helen H. Gardner, Frances E. Willard, Mrs. Gen. Lew Wallace, Frances E. Russell and the editor of the *Arena*. In addition to these papers there is a brilliant symposium on Women's Clubs in America, to which eleven leading American women contribute.

## Notes from Oregon.

TO THE EDITOR:—I have for sometime been desiring to write you about this great country out here, and the spiritual work here. The climate, how delightful for mental development, and how pure and bracing the atmosphere! Not a cold climate like Colorado.

Dr. Lamon and myself came into Portland, Ore., and there again met Prof. Buddington and Capt. Wingate. The next day Prof. Lockwood and his charming wife arrived. We saw, for the first time, the media gifts of Mr. John Slater, at Masonic Hall. Mr. A. Willis, of Cincinnati, had but just returned to his home. Our friend, Prof. Stewart, we found developed lately, by spirit-artists, for crayon work and photography, with most remarkable results. Emma Abbott has for one year attempted to give me her spirit picture, and through Prof. Stewart she has succeeded.

Dr. Lamon and I came up to Kelso, Washington, yesterday, and were the first persons in the cause to step on the grounds of the new Spiritual camp, which will be opened in August by and through the indefatigable efforts of Prof. Buddington, Capt. W. Wingate and Mr. Smith, who has kindly given the use of his majestic pine grove.

We are stopping at Washington Hotel, located on Kolitz river, in Kelso, Washington. This camp meeting is for the interest of both Oregon and Washington Spiritualists, and we hope they will receive harmonious encouragement towards a grand success.

Mrs. Dr. J. LAMON.

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.

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.

## Recent Cogitations—Providing for His Soul.

A prominent priest has quite recently passed into the grand activities of the Spirit-world, who, previous to his departure, provided for his soul in the following manner: To the Fourteen Holy Helpers' Church, of Garden ville, N. Y., to the Church of the Seven Dolours, of Buffalo, and to St. Peter and Paul's, at Williamsville, N. Y., he bequeathed \$150 each, provided that a mass is celebrated on the anniversary of his death each year for twenty-five years. To the Convent of the Good Shepherd, the Deaf Mute Institute and the Foundling Institute, he gives \$100 each, provided certain prayers are said for the repose of his soul.

The fact that such a will should be made at this stage of civilization is not so surprising as the certainty with which its provisions will be complied. Whatever may be said of the bane of superstition, it cannot be well maintained that it is inconsistent with itself. Therefore, if a man can spend his life in teaching his fellow-beings the necessity for being ignorant, he may not be disturbed by a possible failure on the part of his pupils to transact his ante-mortem wishes with true piety and the strictest observance of honor. To be sure there is a contingency applied to the payment of these moneys, which prescribes that the legatees must pronounce certain masses and prayers, at certain times, for the repose of the testator's soul, but this contingency merely shows the natural business caution of the man. It has nothing to do with the faith or the commands of the priests. Hence, for all purposes of the will, so far as its execution is concerned, it might have been omitted. Given the stipulated number of dollars, with a request, the masses and prayers would have been forthcoming without any proviso.

This illustrates the difference between the will of a priest and the honor of his legatees, and that of a philanthropist and the honor of a state institution.

When Henry Seybert's will was read there was found therein a legacy of \$60,000, to endow a certain chair in the University of Pennsylvania, provided certain investigations were thoroughly and impartially made tending to establish the verity of phenomenal Spiritualism. The world knows how the proviso of that will was not carried out. It is well-known that a more flagrant violation of a testator's will has never adorned the great volume of contumacy.

Still, the University of Pennsylvania is in possession of this money, and, with the exception of the Hon. A. B. Richmond, the Spiritualists of the country appear to be sufficiently obtuse or indifferent to allow the fraud to stare them in the face. Mr. Richmond suggests instituting a suit at law to compel these monumental hypocrites to disgorge or carry out the testator's wishes. This is right.

As I say, there will be no failure in the priest's will. He can sizzle in the purlieus of Purgatory with the fond assurance that he has figured on his time proportionately to the dollars he has provided to pray him out. He knows that when the last dollar has been paid, and the last prayer mumbled, the celestial grappling-hook will be let down to catch him by the clout and jerk him to Abraham's bosom. Henry Seybert cannot take this uncious flattery to his soul. He can only reflect upon the purity of his motives, and the sardonic grin with which those he falsely imagined were as honest as himself viewed them and betrayed his trust.

Verily, great is the modern Baal Peor, and Mammon is his prophet.

WILLARD J. HULL.

## An Honest Doubt.

An honest doubt is better out Than shut up within the heart, Year after year to chafe and smart— Yes, better out an honest doubt.

The past, with all its theologic jumble, Don't hold the masses longer; People read and minds grow stronger, And "creeds" begin to tumble.

Read Watts' hymn—from the dark past It had its sulphurous birth, The most cursed doctrine in all the earth; We're thankful that it is dead at last.

Here goes, in part, the hymn, It's heavenly light is very dim:

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

Read it, ye mothers, o'er and o'er, Let it sink deep in the heart; When with your sweet babes you part, Will you look for them on the Stygian shore?

"For hell is crammed with infants damned!" Why, Robert Ingersoll is a saint Of purest type, without a taint, Compared to this doctrine into human brains once jammed.

Because R. G. loves children as the flowers, They are types of a purer, better life. They soothe and calm earth's strife; They teach us to use our nobler powers.

Thank God for ways of truth and right; Through the world's belief there runs no Stygian river.

When the little ones embark they go to the Giver, And dwell in the city of light.

Words can't express the holy fire Pent up within the soul. When such teachings wave-like roll, "Eternal, endless, brimstone fire!"

I hope those men did good enough To counterbalance such a "damned" belief, Prolific with walling and crushing grief; The church, thank God, is burning its useless stuff.

Instead of human souls, As Progress onward rolls.

Sweet, Angel Truth, drop off some heavenly flower From the garden of God's holy love.

Let it fall, like the ancient dove, And rest on man with loving power.

—George Spaulding Green, M. D.

"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.

## Just Common Folks.

A hundred humble songsters trill The notes that to their lays belong, Where just one nightingale might fill The place with its transcendent song, And thus Fate comes, and with its smile A soul with lasting greatness cloaks, And leaves a thousand else the while To be for aye just common folks. If only sweetest bells were wrong, How we should miss the minor chimes! If only grandest poets sung, There'd be no humble little rhymes. The modest, clinging vines add grace Unto the forest's giant oaks. And 'mid earth's mighty is a place To people with just common folks. Not they the warriors who shall win Upon the battlefield a name To sound above the awful din; Not theirs the painter's deathless fame, Nor theirs the poet's muse that brings The rhythmic gift his soul invokes; Theirs but to do the simple things That duty gives just common folks. They are the multitudes of earth, And mingle ever in the crowd, Elbowing those of equal birth, Where none because of caste is proud. Bound by the meshes of a fate That sometimes a decree revokes, Above the lowly, 'neath the great, Are millions of just common folks. Fate has not lifted them above The level of the human plain, They share with men a brother love, In touch with pleasure and with pain. One great, far-reaching brotherhood, With common burden, common yokes, And common wrongs, and common good, God's army of just common folks.

—Nixon Waterman.

## Extraordinary Meetings.

ST. LOUIS (MO.) CLOSING SPIRITUALISTS' CONVENTION AND MEDIUMS' CONGRESS.

TO THE EDITOR:—The closing services of the fifth Sunday, July 17th, of a series of meetings, held at Chatworth's Hall, 1700 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo., was a grand success, commencing as follows: June 19, 26; July 3, 10 and 17, inclusive; namely, the grand mass convention of Spiritualists and Mediums' Congress. The same closed 17th inst. Large and appreciative audiences greeted each service from the first.

On each occasion flowers and plants decorated the platform, in sweet-scented fragrance, presenting harmony, beauty, etc., to spirit and mortal. On behalf of all the speakers and mediums who kindly participated on each occasion at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m., Sunday services, a vote of thanks was extended. Many phases of mediumship were presented.

On one occasion a lady held ENRAPPO (A. Tuskane) in her hand and instantly was entranced by her spirit mother, who, with a sad heart and tearful eyes, gave the following communication in a loud voice, saying: "This medium I control is my daughter, and I know that her body will, in due time, be dashed, by a fall, to the ground, and because she will not listen to my advice or entreaties, her spirit will be sent to the Spirit-world by an accident."

I asked the spirit the nature of the accident about to take place. She replied: "My daughter is an aeronaut, a balloon ascensionist; she has made over eleven ascensions, and there was a severe accident to her by a fall on the seventh ascension, but she recovered." She predicted the fatal one's appearance for the fall-month. This lady is known as Madam E. Crawford, and the mother-spirit's name being Mrs. Elizabeth Crawford.

When the medium regained her normal condition, I asked if what was given the audience was true. She answered in the affirmative, and was greatly astonished when told that her mother gave the information and prediction of her death by a balloon accident. The audience were astounded at this revelation. Madam Crawford made a balloon ascension July 4th, at the St. Louis (Mo.) Fair Ground, and made her last one the 24th ult. at St. Charles, Mo. Time alone will decide the fulfillment of her dear spirit-mother's prediction. It is most wonderful to relate an incident of a mother trying to save the life of her daughter. Such are facts.

Mrs. Ackerly, Mrs. Robat, Prof. Orinrod, Dr. J. H. Wroughton and the writer, as conductor, each specially interested the audiences Sunday, July 17th, afternoon and evening services, in addresses, phenomenal tests, etc., the above being the closing of the convention.

Dr. Wroughton, as a healer, is a success, and is developing rare phenomenal gifts. In due time he will make his mark as an eloquent and logical platform speaker. He related a marvelous experience of being entranced some fifteen years ago, in Indiana, his body lying in a casket four days (as published in the daily press). He was pronounced dead by physicians; he knew all that occurred while in that state; he impressed his relatives that if they would cut a lock of hair, and send it to his aunt, in Wisconsin, that the scissors would clip the skin and draw blood. They did so, and by an accident cutting the skin, blood came, and he regained consciousness, and was raised, verily, from the dead, like Lazarus of old. A number of times since then he has been for many hours deeply entranced. His spirit left his earthly body, visiting relatives and friends, in materialized form, many miles distant, and being seen and felt by them as in life.

Once he stood in spirit form, out of the body, before a mirror, and he did not see his image in the glass; this surprised him. He is now alive; in good health; weighs 217 pounds. He resides in St. Louis, Mo.

Instinctive and lasting good has been done the cause in this city. All went merrily, and the writer received the farewell congratulations of scores of friends, who hoped for more meetings of so educative and beneficial a character.

The writer departs for Clinton (Iowa) Mt. Pleasant camp-meeting opening the 31st instant. G. G. VAN HORN.

Hotel Thorne, 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.

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.

## An Item that Should Be Remembered.

TO THE EDITOR:—It has been claimed, with some degree of consistency, that there are thousands who are not really dead when buried. Read the following and ponder over it well:

Andrew Miller, a young man who lives in Thirty-first street, New York, had a most disgusting experience at Coney Island. He arrived at West Brighton at 5 o'clock in the evening, and at once went in swimming, although he was in a profuse perspiration. He ran out immediately to where the water was waist deep, and then fell forward on his face. Life-saver Johnson saw him fall, but it looked as if he was trying to dive. A little later Johnson looked at the man again. He was lying on his face, and his neck was bent in a helpless sort of way. Johnson started for the man at once, and brought him out of the water apparently as dead as Queen Anne. Now Johnson has a lot of apparatus in his tent for the treatment of persons nearly drowned, in whom there may be some faint flicker of life. He proceeded to apply the process to Mr. Miller. First, he laid the young man face downward on a table, which sloped from the heels to the head, and had on it a protuberance that fitted against the stomach, pressing it. Mr. Miller's tongue was then pulled out of his mouth, and he was emptied of such of the salt water as would flow easily from his lungs. When this was effected as perfectly as possible Mr. Miller was turned over on his back and had his lungs squeezed. Mr. Johnson leaning upon them with his whole weight and strength, and then letting the flattened chest resume its usual aspect. This was kept up for half an hour, but no results followed, and Johnson then blew into Mr. Miller's lungs and expelled the air again in the vigorous manner described. This continued for twenty-five minutes before the faintest sign of animation was discovered. Efforts were then redoubled and Miller gradually came around to life, the sorest and most disgusted man on the Atlantic seaboard. It took two hours and twenty-five minutes of hard work on Johnson's part to restore Miller. The latter was turned over to Dr. Hill after Johnson had finished with him. He went to bed at a hotel for a few hours, and then departed for his native wilds in New York, clasping his stomach and declaring that the next time he died he would like to stay dead if they had no better mode of restoring life than that which he had experienced.

This, to say the least, was an extraordinary case. One with less knowledge and perseverance than Life-saver Johnson would never have succeeded in bringing back to life the drowned man.

O. MEGA.

## Faith Cures Begun Centuries Before the Dawn of the Christian Era.

The temples of Esculapius began to take a prominent part in the social and medical life of the Greeks at about the time of the Trojan war, and they lasted as institutions until 400 A. D. The faith cures of old, therefore, officially endured for about one thousand years. The temples of Esculapius were usually small and modest structures. Unlike the doctors of to-day, they did not secure great gifts of gold; their reputation was among the poor. They were placed in some salubrious spot and had attached a corps of priests and attendants. The sick came, and were placed on couches in the interior, where, after visitation from the priest, they made their vows and went to sleep. It was expected that the god would visit them in their dreams, and either heal them or reveal a way for so doing. If a cure resulted the patient deposited some gift, and caused a tablet to be erected describing his disease and its cure, and rendering appropriate thanks to the deity. These gifts and inscriptions remained to ornament the temple and inspire hope and confidence in the hearts of newcomers. Some gave propitiatory offerings—I. e., paid before they were cured. But this, according to the New York *Medical Journal*, seems to have been rather unusual. The ancient Greek was of a frugal mind, and only paid for what he got.

Archaeologists have collected many of the curious votive tablets from these old faith cure establishments. A Lacedemonian lady had the dropsy. Her mother consulted the god at the temple of Epidaurus and dreamed that she saw him descend, cut off the head of her daughter, then hold up the trunk until all the water ran out. She woke up, went home and found her daughter well. Another tablet describes the dream of a patient who suffered from cancer of the stomach. The god removed the cancer by a neat and painless laparotomy, and the patient awoke and was cured. If it could only be done in that way now! Naturally the priests became somewhat skillful in the practical and real part of medicine. They saw that their patients received healing drugs, and followed hygienic ways of living. It was from some of these practical physicians that Hippocrates learned what little he knew of medical art, expunging from it priestly mysticism and quackery.

As time passed and the ancient religion became more of a conscious deception and means of gain, the temples of Esculapius degenerated. They were sometimes started as a business venture by dishonest men, who "worked them for all they were worth," just as it is done nowadays. Again, specialism entered the field. The oracle of Delphos, in order to enlarge its revenues, entered the field. The priests of Diana and Ephesus made a specialty of the eyes, and those of the temples of Venus looked after certain kinds of tumors. In order to help along the business later, a great deal of trickery was introduced; finally, human credulity could be taxed no farther, and the temples were abandoned.

EX.

"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.



**JESUS AND THE MEDIUMS, OR CHRIST**  
and mediumship. By Moses Hail. A pamphlet well worth  
reading. Price 10 cents.









## PHENOMENAL.

### Independent Spirit Writing.

TO THE EDITOR:—I have the pleasure of sending you herewith three communications written by the visiting spirits through the process of independent spirit-writing. S. E. Sewall was, if I remember correctly, a Massachusetts man of literary fame and pursuits, and a contemporary of Garrison, Sumner and Wendell Phillips and a co-worker with them in the anti-slavery cause.

Amerigo Vespucci gives a valuable historical contribution to the discovery of America, the spirit-writer having been one of the principal actors in the events he so clearly and so graphically narrates.

Mr. Cole, whose clairvoyant, as well as clairaudient powers are excellent, thus describes the visiting spirit as he appeared at our last Tuesday afternoon circle:

"This is a man of full medium height, smooth face, no beard, long black hair which comes to his shoulders, regular features, large black eyes and Roman nose. He is draped in a blouse coat, gathered round the waist with belt and sword. He wears blouse breeches and silk stockings. Round his left wrist is a gold bracelet with a large emerald in it."

The Galileo communication was written inside a sealed envelope, through the process of independent spirit-writing, to a lady friend, and I send you the copy which I was permitted to make from the original manuscript. This communication, and the whole series that I am receiving, show how limitless is the field of discovery now open to mortals through perfected methods of communicating with the exalted intelligences of spirit-life.

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

### OUR MISSION ON RETURNING TO EARTH.

BY S. E. SEWALL.

There can be no greater paradox of facts than liberty of speech and slavery of conscience, yet while the former is boasted of as an evidence of advanced civilization, the latter is enforced as a pre-requisite to the maintenance of moral government among mortal beings. If speech is free to express only the advantages of systems established for their own benefit and perpetuation without regard to the rights of those who are called upon for their support, why is it not free to criticize and point out errors that enslave the greater portion of intelligent beings? The critics utterances are not received with storms of applause and expressions of approbation, but with bitter denunciations and threats of ostracism which intimidate the weak and deter the strong from exercising the privilege of the most boasted liberty of speech.

The privilege is only to laud or repress live systems, not to question or criticize them. Could anything be more false or hollow? This privilege has been enjoyed and exercised for such a long period of time that man has come to believe that it is, indeed, a privilege and liberty to be permitted to speak in praise of his taskmaster. It is phenomenally strange that public opinion permits poor mortals to speak at all, through fear that an excessive adulation might discredit, rather than strengthen a false god. So much for liberty of speech.

Conscience, regarded as mere attribute, a quality rather than a quantity, is scarcely understood in the mortal; at times approving, at other times reproving,—never silent, always active and ever present, it weighs and measures every mortal act with scrupulous nicety and judges with exact justice. It is all there is to mortal life that can enter into the great scheme of eternity, as it is imperishable and immortal. It is the Alpha and Omega of all life; the predominating quantity which can alone combat and co-exist with eternal periods of unending time. The conscience is the spirit of man, and though obscured temporarily by gross sensualities, enshrouded in mortal prisons for involuntary drudgery, to be the slave rather than the master of physical ambition oppressed by conditions utterly at variance with its pure, noble manhood, it struggles on in the enforced companionship, until the mortal wears away through age, ceases through accident, sickness and disease; and, finally, bursts its prison doors and emerges once more into the broad and clear light of freedom, from which it had been abstracted.

Our mission in returning to earth scenes is so to educate mortals that the spiritual and not the animal shall be the characteristic of humanity; that the spiritual shall dominate and create those conditions in which virtue, purity and love shall abide and attract the weary wayfarer of vice and wash off his stains of crime in the sweet waters of peace and regeneration.

Permit but, the spirit, or if it better please you, the conscience, to have its intended way, and lust and appetites of the flesh with all their desires will be lost in an atmosphere of high aspiration and virtuous ambition; crime will rapidly grow less; prisons for the punishment of crime will become temples for worship; the barriers of caste will fall at the brothers trumpet blast; fraternity will be more than a name, it will be the prevailing element in mortal, as it is in spirit-life. In fine, the world will return to that state of purity, honor and truth where the spirits of the present and absent may mingle and associate, be known of one another, and enjoy those privileges which indeed arise from freedom in its largest sense.

This is our mission; this is our object of manifestation, and we seek not to bene-

fit ourselves, who require no benefits, but our mortal friends, who are groping in the dark, mere servile tools in the hands of a false public opinion. Our mortal ranks are formed and recruits are constantly swelling their number. Keep one back. Better far be free on the mortal than wait to be free on the spiritual side of life. Let the two spheres move on in harmony, hand in hand, down through the coming ages of time, that the condition of one may not conflict with that of the other, but both blend and intermingle their common attributes in the great progressive march to a final goal, whose attainment shall be the crowning achievement of a glorious struggle.

### "SPIRIT-LIFE, THE PERFECTION OF MORTAL LIFE"—BY GALILEO.

DEAR MADAM:—I bow with infinite pleasure to your desire. The planetary systems of space are governed and regulated by the same laws. The most minute atom upon every world has a direct and important influence upon its revolution around its sun. An atom weighing but a fraction of an ounce, were it totally removed from one world, would cause a dangerous irregularity in its revolution, and in time would cause collision with other greater or lesser bodies, which would plunge the worlds to immediate destruction.

Nothing whatever leaves the earth. The unimportant dust that is swept from the household carpet becomes soil again through moisture from the atmosphere, and man's mortal body, as you are well aware, returns to dust and germinates in new form.

The ponderosity of the earth can never be more or less, for what is lost in one form is gained in another, and thus the same elements are preserved.

There are but three elements distinct in all nature; they are hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen; these never change. Forms may change, but these elements are in all forms, regardless of what they may be. Hence animal, vegetable, mineral and geological forms change and interchange, but the primary elements always remain unchanged. To be more explicit, were each kingdom of nature I have named reduced to its lowest order, the elements would be found intact, for they are indestructible. Therefore, as the component elements constituting this world are indestructible, the world also is indestructible.

The relation of mortal man to the earth is therefore obvious. He is a component part of the world, and is of its animal nature, and as much a part of the world as the trees, rocks and soil. When his functions as a mortal cease his body simply returns to its native element; his soul or spirit then becomes advanced, clothed in a spiritual body, is no longer subject to the law of gravity, but can ascend and descend at will, but has no influence on the revolution of the planet around the sun; for he is no longer of the earth, earthy, but spiritual, and exercises greater and more important functions, for the eras of his personal, corporeal relations with the earth have ceased, and instead of a subordinate relation to the earth, and subject to its influences for safety or injury, he is predominant and exempt by his new nature from every earthly influence.

The life of a spirit, scientifically speaking from a worldly standpoint, is an abstract element, a product of development and advancement from one condition to another; the etheric has substituted the theric; the immortal the mortal; and when the earth form is laid aside another accession is made to the force of those who in earth-life followed the same profession he followed before he laid down the mortal.

The relations of spirits are also intimate with the earth world, but in a far different sense than are the relations of mortals. My own relations now I am a spirit, are intensified by reason of the profession I followed as a mortal. My knowledge has increased; so have my responsibilities, my sphere of action is enlarged, and my researches are consequently more definite and extended.

In mortal life I viewed distant worlds through telescopes, and obtained therefrom vague and indefinite knowledge. I now visit those worlds personally and spiritually, and obtain knowledge as definite as you would from a visit to your flower-garden. In my visits I learn much from spirits who had been mortals in those worlds; and though, when in mortal life, I thought those worlds should be inhabited in a manner similar to our own, now I have personal practical knowledge of such fact, and I may say to mortals who would doubt the existence of inhabited worlds that there would be no use for so many grand and magnificent worlds, were they not peopled, both mortally and spiritually.

Spirit-life, therefore, is the perfection of mortal life, and being much more important and extended, is correspondingly responsible.

FROM AMERIGO VESPUCCI, WHO GAVE HIS NAME TO TWO CONTINENTS.

In manifesting as a spirit to mortal people of what is known as the "new world," I am deeply conscious of the incredulity and scepticism with which this manifestation will be regarded. Having myself as a mortal been identified in a certain measure with the continent of North America under the guidance and influence of Madoc, who in earth life had been a Welsh chieftain, and who, when a mortal, had A. D. 1170, fitted out several vessels and proceeded west and after a long navigation he arrived at a fair and large country now known as North America.

After leaving the greater number of his companions he returned to Wales and persuaded a number of his kindred to accompany him on a second expedition, from which he never returned, having through anxiety, fatigue and exposure laid down the mortal on the coast in the vicinity of the city of Boston, Mass.

Under the influence of the spirit of Madoc, which I ascertained after my advent as a spirit, I secured the friend-

ship of Ojeda, a Spanish commander, and in the year 1499, A. D., with proper ship and equipments and service we set sail and arrived at a point on this continent now known as Nova Scotia, and sailed down the coast to the southern extremity, now known as South America.

During this voyage we discovered rude habitations along the coast erected by the explorers of Christopher Columbus, who antedated my voyage to these vast continents some seven years. My voyage resulted in the development of the discovery already made by Madoc, and later by Columbus, and in a few years after my return to Europe I determined to pursue my investigations further, and for that purpose I entered the Portuguese service and visited the southern continent and later the northern continent.

After my return the second time to Europe I wrote descriptions of the vast continents beyond the seas, and those narratives served to establish in public estimation the importance of the discoveries made, and in honor of the services I was claimed to have rendered, the two continents were named after me.

As a mortal I had never claimed exclusive right of discovery, having had impressions that the continents had been visited centuries previous to my time and evidences of which I found near what is now known as Nova Scotia, in the way of remains of cooking utensils, swords and other implements of war which evidently had been left there by the followers of Madoc, and what, perhaps, may astonish mortals of this age, the Madoc tribe of Indians derived their name from this Madoc, whose followers intermarried with the Indians, and established the tribe which in later years moved south and became famous in this century as the Madoc tribe of Indians, the name being corrupted from Madoc.

Such, in brief, is the history of my connection with the discovery of America, and which was named in my honor. But a few centuries have elapsed since America was unknown to Europeans. The sea now known as the Atlantic ocean was geographically considered as the boundless limit of the earth's surface. Though vessels sailed on the great seas in contiguity to the European coast they never ventured beyond a reasonable distance, and now within a few centuries what a continent beyond the great sea has grown in population, intelligence and industries to such colossal proportions that the annals of history are searched in vain for a parallel. Large, prosperous cities teeming with population are scattered over the continent of North America, so numerous that from an aerial position they resemble great clusters of glittering gems, set in green emerald, and bordered by threads and bands of silver.

The mountains and valleys seem alive with the noise of the thunder of the locomotive, while the lakes and streams appear to be alive with steam and other craft engaged in commercial pursuits. Steam and electricity have revolutionized the industries of mankind—they have developed intelligence and wealth, and now, as applied to manufactures and methods of transit, steam has phenomenally, yea, miraculously increased the comforts of mortal life. Electricity has placed the uttermost parts of the earth within assured and easy speaking distances.

The discovery of the continents of America has set the world in advance many centuries of time, and the celebration which is now to take place in honor of Columbus should be, as far as possible, a commensurate expression of gratitude for the untold blessings which have grown out of such discovery.

AMERIGO VESPUCCI.

### Hypnotic Exhibition.

TO THE EDITOR:—Prof. Laroge placed, at my parlors, a young lady in what he called a clairvoyant state, and while in this condition she was blindfolded. She was able to tell the date on coins and bills which were placed over her head. She also read sealed letters which were written by the parties present. The professor then took a large blackboard and allowed all those present to make figures of sums of different amounts, which she read with ease. A skeptic, Dr. B., thought he could puzzle the clairvoyant. He went to another room and wrote a short notice, and putting some money in the envelope, held it above the lady's head. She repeated the writing and told the date of the money. Prof. Laroge then put a needle on her lap, and told her to thread it; she did so many times, by request of those present. She was so susceptible to the Professor's powers that whatever he touched, tasted or smelled, she would know. The lady then was awakened and a young man thrown in a cataleptic state. He fell over like a log and was very rigid. He was then picked up, his head put on one chair and his heels on another, thus making a seat for the men. Afterwards there was a large stone put on his chest, weighing some 250 pounds, and a strong man with a sledge hammer pounded on it until it was broken. The pulse of the man while in this state was very low. It took the Professor a little time to bring his subject from the cataleptic trance. When he was in a normal state he didn't remember anything which happened while he was under the influence of the hypnotist. The Professor then operated on a few others, and controlled them to do his slightest wishes. They were made to dance, sing, cry and do many things that seemed impossible. Prof. Laroge is a young man, only 22 years old, and does not follow the practice of hypnotism, but when called upon by physicians and men of science, he is obliged to give them some experience of his powers.

St. Louis, Mo.

The ex-Empress Eugenia goes daily to pray in the mortuary chapel near her present home, Farnborough Hall. There is an altar, before which a monk says mass, with only one mortal auditor. Every one else is excluded while the unhappy wife and mother is within. An arm-chair is placed at the foot of each of the two sarcophagi wherein lie the remains of Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial; and first in one and then in the other the Empress often sits alone in prayer. Both tombs are decorated with floral wreaths and scattered flowers. The latter, violets are the most numerous; and some of these are taken away as mementoes by the visitors who are admitted when the Empress is gone.

## SPIRITS AND MORTALS.

### A Believer Tells What He Knows.

THE STORY OF KATHERINE FOX JENCKEN'S LIFE AND CAREER, AND OF THE FOX SISTERS.

The departure of this lady from the earth-plane removes a conspicuous figure in that great movement known as "Modern Spiritualism," though there is no good reason for applying the term "modern" to that phase of revelation the evidences of which abound in Sacred Writ—both Testaments—and all down the ages since; and of which the great "modern" apostle was Emanuel Swedenborg, who left this sphere a hundred and twenty years ago.

It so chanced that public attention was not directed to the manifestation of spirit power, through physical means, to any great extent, until, through the intelligence of the three little Fox sisters, an interpretation was given to the crude phenomena. All efforts of the spirit-world to bring themselves, through physical manifestations, to the notice of mortals yet imprisoned in the flesh, were fled in di-may.

The thought of a ghost, especially after dark, sent cold chills creeping down the spine. Haunted houses were avoided as if they were places of pest. Every unaccountable demonstration was shuddered at. It remained for these three girls, of twelve years of age and under, living in an obscure hamlet in the western part of New York, to interpret the efforts of a spirit to arrest mortal attention; to trace them to their source; and establish an alphabet of communication between the material and spiritual worlds.

These things had been "hid from the wise and prudent"—who had turned in affright from all spiritual tokens—and were, at the last, "revealed unto babes."

It would seem as if the Spirit-world, in its frequent attempts to prove to mortals on the earth the continued existence of the spirit after the change called "death," having met with such discouragements, finally sought the unprejudiced and unsophisticated minds of children, of no uncommon order or position, through which it would attempt to give notice to the world. And here it succeeded.

The people saw that these children were incapable of inventing and carrying out a system of frauds. Committees of distinguished men were appointed; careful investigations were had; elaborate reports were made; the reality and honesty of the manifestations were indorsed, and the whole community was agog with wonder.

The woman who has just left the earth-plane was one of these children. It would be interesting and instructive to give many instances, both in the Old World and the New, even if confined to the present century, showing the persistent and repeated endeavors of the Spirit-world to inaugurate a system of intercourse with mortals, but the space that can be spared for a brief obituary will not permit. And so, the beginning may be considered as occurring on the 31st of March, 1848, and Katherine, since familiarly called Kate, the High Priestess, as she who, by giving returning signals, caught the responses, and brought to the knowledge and appreciation of men the fact that mortals and immortals could intelligently communicate.

From lip to lip the knowledge flew; from heart to heart passed the electric spark; so that, notwithstanding all the jeers and sneers, and columns of derision that were poured out upon it, it was embraced by thousands on thousands. Inasmuch that Judge Edmunds computed in 1874 that, from authentic reports, it might be fairly estimated that there were, in the United States alone, ten millions of Spiritualists and fifty thousand of Spiritualist lecturers.

Since that time—eighteen years ago—millions of people have been added to their ranks; the doctrine has swept over all the world, and an immense and learned literature, in various countries, has sprung into life. Many of the first scientists of the world have tested and embraced and advocated it, and pens as brilliant as any in modern literature are busy in its advocacy.

Lecturers, claiming no advantages of education, stand forth on the rostrum, and, from subjects selected on the instant by the audience, give forth spontaneous discourses, so grand, new and suggestive, that the elaborate sermons of Beecher, Spurgeon, Storrs and Chapin pale in comparison. Poems, on themes spontaneously suggested, are extemporaneously uttered, which would be the despair of Hood, even with his immense fecundity, readiness and impulsive poetic gifts.

This is not the place to enter upon a defence of Spiritualism, but only to give a brief record of one of the "babes," through whose instrumentality this wonderful revelation and revolution has been accomplished. How solemn and filled with wonder and awe, must have been the thoughts of this woman when she saw how, through her and her two sisters, there had come down, through rifts in the sky, an absolute proof to the human race that Job's question had been affirmatively answered, and that when mortals lay aside their overcoats of flesh, the spirit steps forth into a spiritual world, clad in a spiritual body, gravitating to the place its beliefs and acts entitle it to; carrying with it all its loves, tendencies and characteristics; to meet its friends gone before, or to see them above it or below it, as the life might justify, and destined to an existence never to end.

To have been the medium of such a communication to mankind, is, itself, an immortality of fame on the earth. Mountains bulioned with silver and gold are of little worth in comparison. Coffers bursting with bonds, and treasures heaped with coin and jewels are of small value in contrast with the consciousness of having brought to men this wondrous truth. Could the maiden, and afterward the wife and mother, have appreciated the dignity of her position?

Nor does it matter that she was found in obscurity, and bore a modern name, and came from an unobscured ancestry. So, Moses was an obscure Jewish baby, swaying, unattended, amid the rushes of the Nile; David was called in from the sheepfold, to be anointed, and, after a second and unknown, suddenly stepped upon the greatest, most brilliant and powerful throne then known in all the world.

Nothing more important to the destiny of mortality ever came from the wisdom of Moses, or resounded in the lyrics of

David, or spoke from the royal seat of Ahasuerus than was announced through the mediumship of Katherine, Leah and Margaretta Fox, while yet they had compassed only a dozen years of infantile life. If there is any wonder occurring in the progress of time greater than this, I know not where to look for it.

And so, the body of this woman is given to the embrace of the sepulchre; while she, the real entity, in the consciousness of what marvels have been wrought through her, is marching on to new revelation and a loftier state. Alas, alas! how severe the contrast of position between her and her revellers! and with what pining sorrow will she look upon the state of those who let loose the shafts of derision upon her and her revelations!

But one of the trio yet remains on the earth-plane; she whom the great Arctic explorer deemed worthy, in her youth and beauty, to be his mate, but on whom misfortune has fallen; whom dire poverty and distress, at one period, drove into the fold of the tempters; but whom the spirits yet attend with their revellie of raps.

Oh, have I heard a jubilee of taborets in her solitary room, and received many messages from spirit friends, written in that strange, reversed hand, from right to left, in which, through her hand, the spirits indite their communications.

Any one who, having witnessed them, can doubt the genuineness of spirit manifestations, given through these three Fox sisters, may as well deny his own existence, call the globe a myth, and the sky a delusion; and retire, for life, into a hibernating state of absolute dubitation.

LUTHER R. MARSH.

## SAVAGE THOUGHTS.

### Extracts from the Great Preacher's Sayings.

The Rev. Mr. J. Savage officiated at a great many Spiritualists' funerals. I am not particularly partial to minister's methods on such occasions. Spiritual mediums seem to be more fitting, and they have more knowledge than faith, and know that death is not the end. I make an exception to Mr. Savage, for he is so rational and sensible in his remarks, so hospitable to modern Spiritualism, so clear on spiritual ideas, that I always feel that I am listening to him, notwithstanding he only claims to be an investigator. The veteran Spiritualist, Robert H. Spaulding, departed this life during the week, after a long sickness of five months, and I was glad when I heard that Mr. Savage was to officiate at the funeral services. He read some appropriate and rational selections, and then offered a prayer that was in every sense rational and spiritual. I was expecting the usual remarks which he makes not only at the funerals of Spiritualists, but on all such solemn occasions, for no man knows better than he does that the Spiritualists have the only consoling words, to those whose near and dear ones have taken leave of mortality. He omitted the remarks on this occasion, though the selections he read and prayers he offered were in perfect harmony with modern spiritual ideas.

I have treasured up in my notebook many wise sayings that I have heard from this liberal minister's lips, or read from his pen, and have quoted more than once this utterance from his experience; when he said: "I have a respectable body of facts that I cannot account for on any other theory than that I am dealing with an invisible intelligence. There yet may be an explanation other than what I have stated, but I have not yet discovered it." He adds, "a very large majority of these so-called spirit intelligences claim to have been human beings who once lived on the earth."

It may be interesting reading to quote some of Mr. Savage's remarks on various occasions. I call them glit-glit words and profoundly true. He defines immortality thus: "Immortality—this means endless, continued existence, and at any rate it is quite conceivable that a soul might continue through many deaths, and still come to an end at last. This distinction is important only for clearness of thought." Clearness of thought is a characteristic of this minister's expressions. I think what I shall quote from him will prove that fact. He says: "We cannot agree with Jesus when he says, blessed are they that have not seen and yet believe. We do believe many things which we have not seen. We must respect Thomas for being a doubter until the proof was forthcoming. Extraordinary facts require extraordinary testimony, both as to quantity and quality." Speaking of Testament testimony, to give us rational ground for belief to day, we need remarkable evidence. "It is hardly too much to say that we do not have it. We are not sure of the testimony of a single eye-witness. The gospels are anonymous, contain only hearsay evidence. We cannot trace one single witness to his home, and his name, his standing in the community, his carefulness as an observer, his knowledge of the fact. On such testimony as the New Testament provides us for so stupendous a claim, no modern court would convict a criminal of petty larceny. A thousand times more evidence in favor of spirit return in the modern world is offered us by the despoiled and outcast body of Spiritualists."

"Christianity's claims after 1851 years, from even the church's standpoint, look dreadfully like a disastrous failure. The average Christian seems but half in earnest about it. Paul says to die is gain, but church members of to-day do not act as if they believed it. Very little is the apparent consolation they find at the hour of death; with grape on their doors, they wall their graves to heaven, as though it was a disaster that covered with gloom a Christian life. I think it will be the honest testimony of both doctors and ministers that the Christian dies no more peacefully than other men."

"Between science and Spiritualism, traditional orthodoxy possesses the advantages of neither side, and between the upper and nether millstones will be ground to powder. It has neither the logical method of science, nor the present claimed truths of Spiritualism. It differs from the current of the centuries, swept on by the force of tradition, but like an iceberg, however bravely it may flatter, it is getting into latitudes too light and warm, and it is destined to melt away."

"The battle, says a learned man, it seems to me has got to be fought out between agnostic scientists and the

Spiritualists; orthodoxy is now only a tradition, and does not count. All that science knows on the subject is open to investigation of any intelligent man, and he is at liberty to put his own construction on the fact, so long as he does not conflict with any established principles of reason. In reference to modern Spiritualism, it is my opinion that the facts and reasonings of science are by no means all on the side of doubt. To my mind it is much that science cannot disprove the hope that springs eternal in the human breast. This hope is something—Itself is a fact; that fact that must be accounted for before it is rejected. The dominant science of the world is anti-materialistic, through and through. The demonstration of the law of the persistence of the individuality of forces demonstrates the immortality of matter. Thought and feeling, that which is highest and most distinctive in man, the materialist can give no rational account of. Mind, an insoluble mystery, is found in company with matter, and that is all science knows about it."

"Science demonstrates that the invisible and intangible forces are mightier than all we can see and handle, and it knows all so-called facts and phenomena are the outcome and product of an unseen and eternal energy that we cannot think of or figure as material. And for all that man knows to the contrary, this earth may be surrounded, encompassed and accompanied, by an invisible, intangible, though entirely active world, a world beautiful in form and color, and peopled by wise and loving intelligences akin to ourselves."

"Leaving science, let us pass to what we know of modern Spiritualism. At the onset, let us remark that it is too big a factor in the modern world to be ignored; thousands and thousands in Europe and America believe in its central claim; there are also thousands of silent believers who do not like to be called knave or fool, and so keep silent about it; like Nicodemus, they come by night, lest they be cast out of the synagogue. What are some of the attitudes men take towards it? Crowds of people pooh-pooh it, as all nonsense; many are afraid of it, with a superstitious fear; many, like Professor Phelps, of Andover, admit the facts, but say it is of the Devil. Many look at it askance, because it is not yet respectable, just as churchmen would have nothing to do with Darwinism until Darwin himself was buried in Westminster Abbey. Now it is recognized by society, they will endeavor to look at it. In the presence of a great fact, it seems to me all these attitudes are unwise. Whatever else may be said of it, large masses of people do believe in it as a fact. It is a fact big enough to touch and shape a large part of modern life. I have nothing to conceal. I would like to believe in its central claim; that is, I would like to know; beyond that, I have no prying curiosity. If I never had a message from beyond, it would give me great content to be demonstrably certain that there is a beyond. I count my faith as very strong already. I doubt if any clergyman in Boston has a stronger belief. But if any man says he knows on the basis of any oldtime doctrine, I know he says what he does not know; if he says he feels quite sure, so do I; but that is not the dictionary definition of knowledge."

"Let us, then, turn and look at Spiritualism; there is nothing in it out of accord with the faith of those who already believe in continued existence. That our friends, if they still live and love us, should want us to know it, is only what we would expect. It reduces itself, then, to a single question of fact. To establish this claim there is a body of evidence that would be regarded as conclusive proof on any other proposition whatsoever. Yet I find no fault with this incredulity, so long as it is honest and sincere; for if it is true, doubt will not destroy it; and we can all much better afford to wait than to be deluded. One fact and one alone can establish it, and that is undoubted proof of the presence and activity of an intelligence that is not that of any of the embodied persons present. I can conceive of evidence that might be regarded as satisfactory, and if such evidence was forthcoming, I see no reason why religion or science should hesitate to accept of it. As to religion, it would be only proof positive of her every-day assumptions. As to science, I don't see what right she has to turn her back on any fact, and since she is all the time dealing with invisible forces, the nature of which she cannot explain, it could be only arrogance that could lead her to disregard one of those forces because it seemed to her intelligent."

JOHN WETHER JEE.

### Passed to Spirit Life.

Joseph Wood, late President of the First Association of Spiritualists, passed to the "great beyond" on Friday, July 15, 1892, at the ripe old age of 85 years. He was at one time eminently connected with the public weal of our historical city, and held many places of public trust, all of which he filled with judgment and fidelity. So marked a character was he in this respect, that the mayor of our city tendered him a private testimonial to his worth and ability, and wished him to retain the position he seemed anxious to resign. His public career covered a period of some 50 years, with a moral record without scar or blemish. At the age of 69, through potent phenomena he became a convert to our beautiful philosophy, which he said gave him a more rational idea of a future life. As a leader and a teacher he helped many into our ranks, and for sixteen long years upheld the flag that has carried him into the silent land where the hand of welcome clasps at the entrance of progress a stimulating factor of this life on earth. Hence be to his ashes, and joys immortal to his unfettered soul.

FLORENCE E. ALCOTT.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Queen of Denmark has been honored with so many decorations and orders that she cannot wear the emblems all at one time, and even when she has only a section of them on her dress looks like a cross between a jeweler's showcase and a pawnbroker's window.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, the Confederate soldier's widow, is devoting all her time now to the education of her two motherless granddaughters—Julia and Jackson Christian. She is suffering from weakness of vision, caused by the strain of reading the manuscript of her husband.



## The Girl of Long Ago.

An old man sits at eventide when the summer's sun is low;  
His thoughts, like birds of beautiful wing, go back to the long ago;  
He looks upon a golden tress which like a sunbeam lies  
In his wrinkled palm, and tears will start unbidden to his eyes.

The tress recalls a girlish form: he sees it through his tears;  
A merry voice rings out from where are grouped the vanished years;  
Yes, from the past two eyes look forth with love-light all aglow,  
And now before him stands once more the girl of the long ago.

You'd smile to see her standing 'mong the maidens of to-day,  
Her garments of a quaint old style forever passed away,  
And in the attic, hid away—a secret 'tis, you know—  
Is an old, old dress, the wedding gown of a girl of long ago.

There are silver buckles on her shoes, a dainty little pair;  
The old, old man looks down and smiles, as if they're really there;  
He saw them trip the "Money Musk" when the harvest moon was low;  
What said he on the homeward ride to that girl of the long ago?

No matter what; the wedding-bells rang joyously one morn  
When o'er the clover came the wind to kiss the silken corn.  
And he who oft with beating heart had played the boyish game,  
Stood up and blushed beside his bride—the girl of the long ago.

Methinks that while he sits and rocks, with life at its decline,  
Still for his eyes and his alone, her silver buckles shine;  
I cannot tell you when she died; this only do I know—  
She is his bride to-day as when he won her long ago.

A little mist steals forth sometimes and climbs upon his knee;  
Her fingers smooth his snowy locks, her eyes are fair to see;  
He kisses her with youthful zest, his own eyes all aglow,  
Because she is the image of the girl of the long ago.

—T. C. Harbaugh in Good Housekeeping.

## Matrimonial.

It may interest some of the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to learn that in Utah the bans of marriage are frequently celebrated without the aid of the Mormon bishop or the evangelical priest, and that the Spiritual philosophy has many staunch adherents and advocates, who are sufficiently individualized to stand by its principles and inspirations.

On the afternoon of June 25th, at Ogden, Utah, a nice company of people were invited to a picnic given in the pleasant yard of Mrs. R. B. Balcom, sister of Mrs. F. A. Logan and Walter Hyde, of San Francisco. After a splendid repast, spread under the beautiful trees, the company retired to the house, and Mr. H. M. Barker, of Ogden, and Miss A. E. Doney (inspirational speaker), of Salt Lake City, presented themselves for marriage. The writer of this, who had been previously informed that a "Matrimonial Bee" would have to be legally hived, announced to the company present the pleasurable occasion, and after a few remarks upon the rhythm of marriage, when understood in its spiritual sense, pronounced the ceremony which legally unites these worthy friends. Congratulations and a merry time followed, and the well-wishes of all present will attend the doctor and his amiable wife wherever their lot may be cast.

W. M. LOCKWOOD.

## Corralled Thoughts.

"Lord, I believe" (Mark iv, 24), implies a strict confidence in God, but "Help thou my unbelief" (same verse), shows a decided lack of confidence in God. It appears to us as rather a garbled question of faith in the reported Jesus. "A soft answer turneth away wrath" (Prov. xv, 1), but we find that a stinging blow or kick frequently annihilates it. "The joy that shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth" (Luke xv, 7), is from the fact that it adds to the happiness of their friends there, and also adds to the treasury of the church here.

Any religion or creed that can be entirely changed by reason of a few human votes either way (as per Presbyterian creed of infant damnation, etc.), is not a God-made religion, nor has it been revealed from heaven, as claimed by some. It has not even the essentials of respectability, of honesty or common sense. Votes, whether in the interest of religion or politics, can be easily bought. Any religion, science or theory that needs bolstering up by legislative enactments is man-made, and not from God. Nature's works and laws neither require help nor will they permit interference of man. Nature is God. If everything disastrous that occurs is an act of Providence (and we have never heard of anything good as being an act of Providence), we would suggest that none but religious people, those in direct communication with Providence, should be employed in the Weather Bureau. They might coax Providence to withhold some of the terrible storms that rage along our coasts, and thereby save many lives and property.

The Bible says that he is a God of love, wisdom, mercy, goodness, justice, honor, vengeance, hatred, etc., but it never says a word about a God of reason, or even endowed with common sense, and it seems that the Bible has told the truth in that respect. Individual jealousy is a lamentable thing, but religious jealousies appear to be a godsend; they keep the different creeds from destroying each other, and give the free-thinker a chance to examine them all. Beware of an anxious all. The world of mankind hate the truth; therefore, they are not in fellowship with those who utter the truth. The "atonement power of Jesus' blood," like medicated flannel, leaves during the first washing.

EMANUEL.

## What Good Has Spiritualism Done?

This question is often asked by skeptics, and is answered by the persons questioned, each according to his own thought and experience. Still there are Spiritualists even who do not realize all that it has done for humanity. One of the most important and far-reaching of the many blessings that have come to mankind through Spiritualism is the establishment of Nationalism on the earth plane at this time, when but for its coming our country would ere long meet the fate of all the mighty nations of the past, which having risen to great heights of splendor, the whole wealth of the country in the hands of the few, the many existing in poverty, hunger and wretchedness, went down to sudden ruin and decay. But the patriotic souls on the other side, who in earth life suffered and died to establish and perpetuate the Union, banded together to save this country from like destruction. They brought Nationalism to be the savior of the world. Spiritualism came first with its message of love and counsel. It said: "Of one blood are all the nations of men. Every man is your brother: every woman is your sister." It proclaimed the gospel of justice, equality and love, and when the time was ripe, when thousands of receptive brains had been inspired with love for the divine brotherhood principle, and with a desire to put it into practice, a Bellamy was found to demonstrate by means of a wonderful and fascinating story the possibility of its practical application to the affairs of men.

No one that believes in the teachings of Spiritualism, and understands the principles and purposes of Nationalism, can possibly be anything but a Nationalist; and those who do not understand it should take pains to learn what it proposes to do for humanity, that they may assist the beneficent and noble workers on the other side to accomplish what they propose to do for the world through Nationalism. Nationalism is not something that is visionary and impractical, as some who have not looked into it suppose. If such will investigate, they will be convinced that it is the only radical and permanent cure for all our social and industrial ills. JANA D. CHURCHILL.

7 Lambert Ave., North Cambridge, Mass.

## Entheastic—A Suggestive Dream.

A few nights ago I looked upon a boy who had been accidentally burned by red hot iron falling upon the lower part of the abdomen, so much so that the bowels were exposed some three by two and one half inches. I perceived that the wound had no inflammation or fever, and the parts seemed to be in a cool and healing condition. I passed my hand over the wound, and he manifested no particular sensitiveness to the touch. I was wonder-struck at its peculiar condition, for so serious a wound, and enquired of the attendant what was applied to it to have so salutary an effect. The answer was: "We apply entheastic water."

The dream, particularly the word, "entheastic," occupied my mind very impressively, so that I pronounced the word and the letters composing it many times while yet in sleep; and after awaking it was still vivid on my mind, and I pronounced it again. I wondered whether there was such a word and what it could mean, never, to my recollection having seen it or heard it spoken. After arising in the morning, I consulted Webster and was somewhat surprised to find it, and more so to find this definition: "Having the energy of God." On finding the meaning of the word, I was not so much exercised with wonder why the word should appear in so healthy a condition; for what can stand before so potent a remedy?

The query is, how this word came to me. I can make out no clue in my waking hours as a cause for the dream or suggestion of the word. I never knew that I was a revelator, but may not this be an explanation of healing the sick, whether by psychology (mesmeric or hypnotic) Christian science, mind, prayer, or any other process or name it may go by, for under all these different names benefits are received by the afflicted. The more we work in harmony with the Divine Energy, the more effectual will be the work. "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." Sincerely yours, L. D. NICKERSON.

## Theological Geography.

But the strictly Biblical men of science, such eminent fathers and bishops as Theophilus of Antioch in the second century, Clement of Alexandria in the third, and others in centuries following, were not content with merely opposing what they stigmatized as an old heathen theory; they drew from their Bibles a new Christian theory, to which one church authority added one idea, and another another, until it was fully developed. Taking the survival of various early traditions, given in the seventh verse of the first chapter of Genesis, they dwell on the scriptural declaration that the earth was, at creation, arched over with a solid vault, "a firmament," and to this they added the passage from Isaiah in which it is declared that the heavens are stretched out "like a curtain," and again "like a tent to dwell in." The universe, then, is like a house; the earth is its ground floor, the firmament its ceiling, under which the Almighty hangs out the sun to rule the day, and the moon and stars to rule the night. This ceiling is also the floor of the apartment above, and in this is a cistern, shaped, as one of the authorities says, "like a bathing tank," and containing the "waters which are above the firmament." These waters are let down on the earth by the Almighty and his angels through the "windows of heaven." As to the movement of the sun, there was a citation of various passages in Genesis, mixed with metaphysics in various proportions, and this was thought to give ample proofs from the Bible that the earth could not be a sphere.—Dr. Andrew D. White, in the Popular Science Monthly for August.

## The Raps—They Are Heard Round the World.

A brief telegram from New York, says Dorney in the Chicago Evening Journal, announced that Mrs. Catherine K. Jencken had passed to spirit life. Perhaps this woman was known to more people than any member of her sex that has lived since Eve. She was none other than "Kate Fox," one of the three Fox sisters whose rappings attracted so much attention at Rochester, N. Y., nearly forty years ago. It is not too much to say of her that she gave impulse to a force that has been felt throughout the entire world. The future historian, let him take whatever view of Spiritualism he may, will concede that she changed the current of thought in the minds of many millions.

Candid persons of intelligence who have taken the trouble to carefully observe what is called Spiritualistic phenomena have generally acknowledged its verity. They confess, though sometimes reluctantly, the occurrence of things which they cannot explain on any scientific principles. Several of the most distinguished scientists at home and abroad have declared their inability to detect fraud in the operations of so-called mediums, or to solve the seeming mystery that accompanies them. Some have advanced the theory that there is a peculiar force not heretofore recognized by physicists that is the agent that produces the phenomena. This is a speculative theory, however, which explains nothing, but which leaves us as much in the dark as we were before.

While many persons have implicit confidence that the phenomena are the result of friendly spirits who operate through certain persons known as mediums, our great denominations of Christians are taught by their clergy to believe that the enemy of mankind produces the strange things they see and hear. All persons are credulous, but the credulity of no two persons is the same in degree, nor does it help them to believe the same things. Some men who cannot accept the miracles recorded in the Bible because they are not in accord with what they call the universal laws of nature, will believe certain other interesting things on evidence that will convince no one else.

It has been claimed that no mediums are able to produce their usual phenomena in the presence of certain persons who deny the verity of them, and who possess very strong will power. Quite likely such is the case; but it may be true that the great evangelists, Moody and Sankey, would not have been very successful in their good work had they entered a tabernacle and found Charles Bradlaugh and Robert G. Ingersoll sitting on the platform they were to occupy. Anyone will readily admit that "the conditions would be unfavorable" to a revival. Certain persons by their presence influence the mental and moral feelings of certain other persons, and often of large numbers of them.

In one sense what is called "modern Spiritualism" is as old as the history of our race. The literature of every nation and of every time abounds with it. It is conspicuous in Homer and Virgil. Remove it from poetry and romance and there is little left. Take it from the great works of art and the charm is gone.

It is the foundation of every religious system in the world. All sacred books are interlined with it. The natives of America were in one sense Spiritualists, and so were the natives of every country discovered by Europeans. If they gave up their old faith, it was only to change one form of Spiritualism for another.

Long before the Fox girls were known Washington Irving wrote "Bracebridge Hall," and in the wonderful chapter entitled "Midnight Musings," he gives his belief and the belief of the people of England, in relation to the visits of "unseen spirits." George MacDonald has done the same thing in "The Portent," and several others of his stories illustrative of life and thought in Scotland. Nothing in Longfellow is read so often by those who have suffered bereavement as "The Footsteps of Angels," wherein is described the visits of those who were near and dear to him, but who have passed away. Of his wife he says:

And with them that being beautiful,  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me,  
And who now's a saint in heaven.

With a slow and solemn footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is that spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes with blessings ended  
Breathes from her lips of air.

## A Dinner and a Kiss.

Mrs. M. L. Roynce: "I have brought you a dinner, father," the blacksmith's daughter said, as she took from her arm a kettle and lifted its shining lid. "There's not any pie or pudding, so I will give you this," and upon his toil-worn forehead she left a childish kiss. The blacksmith tore off his apron, and dined in a happy mood, wondering much at the savor hid in his humble food, while all about him were visions full of prophetic bliss, but he never thought of the magic in his little daughter's kiss. While she with her kettle swinging merrily trudged away, stopping at sight of a squirrel, catching some wild bird's lay; and I thought how many a shadow of life and fate we should miss if always our frugal dinners were seasoned with a kiss."

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

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## Dr. Slade's Work at Rochester, Minn.

TO THE EDITOR:—It has been some time since you have heard from our beautiful little city in reference to the cause of Spiritualism. We have not much of a society here, as there has not been much interest until Dr. Henry Slade came. Through his wonderful powers he has called out the more intelligent classes to investigate the subject. They all say his powers are truly wonderful and beyond doubt, and stand the test.

His lectures are grand. At first his audience was small owing to the slanderous reports that appeared in some of the papers. After one or two lectures the hall was filled. Now all are anxious for him to come and give more lectures.

It has been a pleasure to have Dr. Slade in our family, and we have found him to be a perfect gentleman in every way. If he has made a mistake it is not his fault. No mediums pass through amut but what some of it will stick to their garments.

We have had some of the most convincing sittings with Dr. Slade since he has been with us; so have many others here and in Winona. The following messages were produced on slates furnished and cleared by myself: The first message was from my wife's mother. It was written while the slate was under her feet. Here is the message:

"MY DEAR CHILD:—This is new business to me, but I must tell you of my advent into this life. When my spiritual vision first dawned upon me, I found myself surrounded by many of the friends who had preceded me. Your good father was the first to greet me. His love and attention was very grateful. When I had become conscious, I studied well my spirit state, and found it was neither heaven nor hell, and a holy calm seemed to come over me. Now I am happy. MRS. C. MARTIN"

The other, from her father, was written between two slates, and held above the table:

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER AND SON:—Your dear mothers are with me, and we are pleased to be able to come to you. When I came to this life and saw it natural and real, I uttered a sigh of relief to find that which I considered worthless had entered eternal life. I was first to meet your dear mother. Your good son is all right and doing well. I am.

Your affectionate father, C. MARTIN."

Dr. Slade has not met with a failure since he has been here. He now has calls all over the country. No one should let petty jealousies, suspicions, and vicious gossip turn them from any medium that has the powers that Dr. Slade has.

DR. E. HANKS.

## A Few Cogent Thoughts.

TO THE EDITOR:—In your issue of July 9th I read with interest a great portion of an article on "The Orthodox Devil," by A. B. C. The writer has, in a very able manner, pointed out many of the inconsistencies of this Christian doctrine and its abuses, and that it has always stood up as a stumbling block in the road of human progress, and that instead of a blessing it has been the greatest curse to humanity.

The Christians are seeking to inject God into the Constitution of the United States, and should they ever get the power they will make this nation a Church and State Government, and then we may bid farewell to liberty.

The liberty-loving people of these United States should advocate the taxing of all church property the same as all other property.

I am truly sorry that A. B. C. is not better informed on the subject of vaccination, which has always been a curse instead of a blessing! How absurd to attempt to purify a stream by throwing filth in the fountain. Vaccination never prevented or took a deadly sting out of small pox, but frequently has left a more loathsome hereditary disease to be transmitted to unborn generations.

I never could understand of the Chinese twins but with sympathy, as the spirit of one may leave the body before the other. In that case what a dreadful condition—to be compelled to carry through life in this world a loathsome corpse! Too horrid to contemplate.

Spiritualism is the most gloriousism on the earth. I want neither a prefix nor an affix to it. Anything added to it would mar its beauty. Let us keep it as pure and uncontaminated as possible, and by so doing add to the happiness of every true Spiritualist.

If A. B. C. desires to know what a myth Christianity is, he should read "Antiquity Unveiled," ancient voices from the spirit-realms, to be had at the office of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. If he would know something of Christian cruelty, he should read "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," and remember that in 1280 years 100,000,000 suffered death, and many by the most cruel tortures their Christian minds could invent. I, for one, desire unalloyed Spiritualism to bless humanity. DR. C. BUTT.

## The Temple Heights Camp-Meeting, Maine.

TO THE EDITOR:—Sunday morning, July 17th, the sun rose clear and beautiful upon the grove and mountain peaks of dear old Temple Heights, and as the day advanced and the friends from the surrounding towns gathered in the pavilion for a social conference, it did seem as though the veil between the earth and the spirit shore was thinner than ever before. Temple Heights is a grand place, and we never fail of having interesting and profitable meetings there.

The regular annual camp-meeting begins August 12th, and continues over the 21st. A. T. STEVENS.

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

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## TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

And now the hour has arrived for me to sit and await the impressions of the good, loving angels—the ones invisible to human eyes, but who are just "Over There," acting as teachers and instructors, as well as educators of thought, to all that quietly sit and invoke their kind and loving ministrations.

In writing these articles my intention is not so much to introduce some new theory as it is to make the readers think, ponder and investigate for themselves. As they do this their labor will bring them nearer and nearer to the real truth, and thus remove from their eyes the scales of ignorance and blind superstition—the dust of theological ideas that has crept and enshrouded in gloom the eyes of earth's children from time immemorial.

Did you ever realize how few of earth's children do their own thinking and investigating? A few formulate creeds, and the many follow blindly and obey. It requires labor to think and investigate, and how few there are that allow their minds full scope, that stimulate activity in that direction, or that trace the effect back to the cause, until they become lost and bewildered in the vastness of the field, in the wonders and glories of the infinite.

Said a Christian minister to me one day: "Judge, why are you so anxious to oppose the Bible and the Christian religion? What a dreadful state and condition humanity would be in were it not for the comforts derived from the Bible, and taught in the Christian religion. Are not all our civil laws based or founded on the divine idea as taught in this book of books, this revelation of God's will to man? How, then, can you, as a lawyer and expounder of a statute based upon this book, go back on the foundation structure of your whole system? Why not, then, join hands with the ones that are promulgating the divine doctrines and ideas revealed in that blessed volume, and by so doing strive with us to make men and women better, wiser and more worthy to be called the true children of God, the Universal Father?"

"It seems strange to me that a man of your natural intelligence and ability cannot see the beauty and glory, as it shines forth, of the revealed will of God, as taught by his blessed church, in this enlightened nineteenth century. Can you explain this singular anomaly?"

"Yes, Elder; I will try to do so as well as I can. My reason is a simple one, and one that you can comprehend at once, if you will. Let me see, then, what your ideas are as derived from this grand revelation that occupies such an exalted position in your estimation that you are willing to bow down before it in adoration and praise—the ideas taught by men eminent for learning and for piety. Orthodoxy, as it is called, teaches the fable, to start with, that God once made man from clay; that he made a woman from a rib-bone; that the eating of an apple cursed the whole world, and has been the means of filling hell with tortured, screaming, burning victims for millions and millions of years, without one moment's rest or respite from their sad state and condition, for this sad state is eternal in duration, or everlasting.

"It teaches that God himself, being his own father, was born of a young girl; that his creatures, the workmanship of his own hands, put him to death by nailing him to a cross for the purpose of appeasing his own anger, or to satisfy his own sense of justice; that this God has his eye constantly upon the hundreds of millions that exist on this globe, as well as on the quintillions of beings that preceded them; that this God also reigns over countless millions of other worlds still greater than the one we inhabit, and yet, aside from all this, he is a local, personal God, located in a walled city called heaven, surrounded by hosts and elders, whooping and howling continually; that this God has the image or form of a man; that he is possessed of passions and follies in the same manner as men are, having his joys and griefs, and being gratified by praise and flattery, and yet no man has ever seen or known him; that this God, less than six thousand years ago, made from nothing all that exists, including this earth, the sun and moon and the millions of other worlds. After he had done all this, he found it necessary to employ a few score of ignorant persons, and who were entirely unreliable, living at different times, and in different localities, to write a book for him for the purpose of declaring his will to his creatures, and which book has required a few score of other persons to translate, hundreds of thousands of ignorant priests to interpret, explain and expound to the more ignorant multitudes, but in explaining which they have never agreed—some of these priests asserting, with immense authority, the meaning is this way, and others, with equal positiveness, declaring it is that way, but each affirming that unless we take their particular version, and thus acknowledge them as the mouthpieces and agents of God, we are doomed to endless torture.

"Elder, should I ask these expounders of God's word and glorious revelation what this blessed word teaches, and the ideas it inculcates, I would get a thousand different answers, and each one who answers will confidently appeal to this infallible guide to prove that the answer is a true one. I must take notice, too, that these conflicting opinions are held by men of equal learning, talents and piety. How obscure, then, must be the teachings of a word of God from which such conflicting systems of theology can be deduced as Catholicism, Calvinism, Armenianism and Universalism?"

"Now, Elder, for your amusement, and perhaps for your instruction, allow me to call your attention to the great number of opinions and astonishing variety of ideas derived from this grand old book that you look upon with such reverence and affection, as do all that class of people calling themselves Christians—opinions entirely contradictory in character—one class affirming and another denying.

"Elder, I will merely call your attention to

a few of these contradictory creeds and doctrines, as they come up before the mind as our attention is directed to them. Here are a few of them:

"That God is a being or embodiment of love, and that he is a God of vengeance; that man is by nature totally depraved, and that his nature is divine; that there is a personal devil, and that there is not; that Christ was God, and that he was not; that he was merely a good medium; only an extraordinary man, or, as some teach, a mediator between God and man; that Christ existed with his father before he made his appearance on earth, and that he did not; that Christ died to appease God's anger, and that he died to commend his love to his creatures; that Christ made an atonement for men, and that no sin can go unpunished; that only a few of mankind will be saved, and that all will be; that slavery is right, and that it is wrong; that to use intoxicating drinks is right, and that it is wrong; that polygamy and concubinage are no sins, and that they are exceedingly sinful; that it is the duty of Christians to observe the first day of the week as sacred, and that it is not; that the seventh day is also a holy day, and that it is not; that all Christians ought to be baptized, and that none need be; that baptism should be by immersion, and that it should be by pouring, or by sprinkling; that bread and wine can be turned into the real body of Christ, and that it cannot; that man has an immortal spirit, and that he has not; that God made a hell of torture in the future state for the wicked, and that he did not; that the human body will be resurrected, and that it will not; that the tale of the creation, as related by Moses, is true, and that it is merely an allegory; that men can determine the exact time of the world's destruction, and that they cannot; that this time is near at hand, and that it is not; that sin can be forgiven without punishment, and that God will by no means clear the guilty; that salvation is of works, and that it is not of works, but by grace only; that men are converted before baptism, and that they are not; that a great part of religion consists in the observance of forms and ceremonies, and that it is perfectly form-free, and without ordinances; that there will be a day of judgment in the far-off future, and that there will not; that the destiny of man is fixed and settled at death, and that it is not; that the future state is one of progression, and that it is not; that spirits can return and communicate to mortals, and that they cannot; that men will be changed at death from sin to holiness, and that they will not; that Christ will reign here on earth as a king, and that he will not; that the woes denounced by Christ were fulfilled at the end of the Jewish polity, and that they are yet to come in the future; that there are many errors in this word of God, and that it is entirely perfect; that men may know here on earth their sins are forgiven, and that they cannot know the fact—can only guess or hope it is so; that God decreed some to be elected and saved, even before they were born, and that he did not; that men can be sanctified and become perfect in this life, and that they cannot arrive at that state or condition.

"Well, Elder, what do you think of your holy book now, and if we should wish to join hands with these theorists, and work in harmony with them all, how could we do so? As we understand the matter, to use a homely phrase, you pay your money and take your choice. Did you ever see so many positive contradictions, all founded on one blessed, holy book, before? Each of these opposing organizations or churches have schools and seminaries to educate young men and send them out as Reverends or Doctors of Divinity, claiming to wield great influence at the golden-paved courts of heaven. Each of these organizations build costly churches in honor of the great God of the Bible, and to do this they tax poverty and want. Each of these doctors administer the consolations of the gospel, as taught by them, to the sick and dying, the stricken and the sorrowful; the mourners at the grave.

"Now, Elder, will you please look into the matter we have called your attention to, and inform us what grand evidence the Christian Spiritualist has to ground his hopes upon when standing at the tomb and gazing at the silent lips of the loved one for the last time on earth? Has the Christian Spiritualist any idea as to the state and condition of the lost one, aside from the theory gotten up for the occasion, based upon the fertile imagination of some eloquent theorist or divine, outside of this book of books?"

"As for us, dear friend, give us one single word, one single echo from the loved one, and we would not exchange it for all the book revelations given through all God's prophets since the world began. One telegraph dispatch from the loved one, directed to us in person, stating: 'The voyage is ended; the haven is reached in safety at last; I still live and love you; I am happy now; my trials are ended; oh, do not mourn for me!' would be more comforting to us than all the eloquent discourses ever uttered through the lips of bishop or prelate, dressed in pompous robe, holding in his hand bible, cross or crucifix, with miter or crown on his head, or state about his neck. One real fact, tangible and positive to us, would be better than all the theories founded on any holy book than humanity ever concocted.

"Elder, we have searched the scriptures for evidence of the life beyond, but have never found one single ray of light there from the sun that shines so bright on the evergreen shore. We have attended service after service and heard sermon after sermon, in church and cathedral, but we heard not one single sound, not one tiny rap from the ones gone out of sight; but in our own clean, neat and tidy home we opened the doors, we invited the angels, and they came; they opened our eyes; they taught us grand ideas and lessons; they comforted us when sad; they admonished us when we were wrong; they saved us by their power from a horrid death; by that same power they saved our son also from death; they taught us to be a man, to stand

alone on our own individuality, to not lean on the church or prelate, but in all cases to be ourself and no one else, ever recognizing the broad and noble principle of human charity.

"Elder, what do you think of all this from your standpoint? Am I wicked and sinful in doing my own thinking, my own investigating and my own moralizing?"

"Judge, in my whole life's training I have never heard this matter treated as you have treated it, and I do not know where to join issue with you. I must consider the matter more. Why I should merit heaven, and you should be damned, is beyond my comprehension. Let us then part with the best of feeling, and may God give me more light on this great and important subject."

Then he left us, no doubt thinking: "Can any good come out of modern Spiritualism?" M. P. ROSECRANS.

## A Land of Dreams.

The twilight deepens, the shadows creep,  
The moonlight quivers in silver beams,  
And silent we step in the boat of sleep,  
And drift to the shadowy land of dreams.

Oh! mystic land where the dead return,  
And warm lips cling to the deathless kiss;  
And the years are not, and the weary learn  
That anguish dies in the arms of bliss.

Afar in that holy, unknown land,  
Ambition gathers the flowers of fame;  
And fortune reaches her golden wand,  
And pure and white is the soul of shame.

The shackles fall from the prisoner there,  
The peasant sits on the throne a king;  
The blind eyes open to all that's fair,  
And deaf ears hear, and dumb lips sing.

Dreams! Who can tell what messengers stray  
Around us all in the hush of night;  
When the form lies still as the soulless clay,  
And we follow ourselves through love and light?

And who shall say but the land of dreams  
Is the land of living after all,  
And daily life, with its scars and seams,  
Is only a dream when the shadows fall.  
—Martha Bonner.

## Who Knows?

Who knows we have not lived before  
In forms that felt delight and pain?  
If death is not the open door  
Through which we pass to life again!

The fruitful seed beneath the sod  
In infant bud and bloom may rise;  
But by the eternal laws of God  
It is not quickened till it dies.

The leaves that tremble on the tree  
Fall 'neath the stroke of autumn's storms;  
But, by some mighty mystery,  
With spring return in other forms.

As currents of the surging sea  
From undiscovered sources flow,  
So what we were and yet may be  
In this brief life we may not know.

But oft some unexpected gleams  
Of past and unremembered years  
Break through the doorway of our dreams  
And some familiar face appears.

A gentle spirit, lost awhile,  
Amid the change from death to birth,  
Whose beaming eye and loving smile  
Recalls some former scenes of earth.

And thus unconscious of the tie,  
The mystic link that love creates,  
Perhaps we see our own who die  
In newer forms and other states.

Perhaps with every cycle passed  
In all the ages yet to be,  
Our loved will come to us at last,  
As parted waters find the sea.

Not wholly clad as they were seen  
When death unbound their robes of clay;  
But with seraphic face and mien,  
And souls that cannot pass away.  
—David Banks Sicks.

## A Monument to Kate Fox-Jencken.

In regard to the proposition made by our friend George A. Shufeldt, to purchase a plot in Greenwood Cemetery, New York, on which a suitable monument should be erected in the near future, I am sure a large number of Spiritualists will find good and sufficient reason to comply with the suggestion. Of course, rational Spiritualists do not feel justified in lavishing large sums of money over the bodies of the so-called dead, when there are so many mediums who need assistance to live in this plane of existence. But the fact that the many attempts to establish Spiritual communion in the past had proved such a failure, through the ignorance of those in authority, and that Dr. Franklin, assisted by many other scientific spirits, should select the Fox family, and by persistent effort fully demonstrate and establish what is known as modern Spiritualism, and which is fully recognized by millions of people—and in all probability by the one hundred anniversary seventy-five to eighty per cent. of the people will accept the fact—it becomes our duty at this date to make a suitable memorial over the remains.

We hope to hear from your numerous readers suggestions as to what they consider would be suitable.

## PRICE OF LOTS.

Lots 9x10 1-2 feet, \$190; 12x10 1-2 feet, \$240; 10x19 feet, \$275; 14x27 feet, \$500 to \$1,000. The above is the cost of lots in Greenwood Cemetery. TITUS MERRITT.  
319 West 54th St., New York.

## Dr. J. M. Temple and Wife at Tacoma, Wash.

TO THE EDITOR:—Dr. J. M. Temple and wife, of San Francisco, have been holding test meetings here in the First Spiritual Society's hall for the past five weeks. His tests are wonderful, every one being recognized. His psychometric readings are also grand. Dr. Temple is an earnest worker for the cause, and we regret that duty calls him to another field. We would like to keep him with us longer. Anyone wishing an earnest worker for truth, can find one in the doctor. His tests are very much like those of John Slater's.

MRS. L. MCKENZIE.

In China all the land belongs to the State, and a trifling sum per acre, never altered through long centuries, is paid as rent; this is the only tax in the country, and it amounts to but about 60 cents per head.

## Progressive Thinkings.

Truly the end of the century, clouded thick with disaster, as has long been predicted by the wise ones, approaches. The close of this cycleminor bodes the race no good to its physical conditions. If the Spiritual, in its mad desire for selfish aggrandizement in the centuries long ago numbered with the past, had never sold its birthright for a mess of pottage, never preferred the passing pleasures of the hour to the never-ending delights of arcane intelligence, then we should not have been called upon by exact justice to face as best we may this hour of retribution, this conclusion of the chain of events set in motion by ourselves in the hoary ages of the past. The blind, ignorant forces of both animate and inanimate are leagued together to still longer hold, if possible, the Spiritual, in the galling fetters it has so long consented to wear as it bowed its neck to the burdens imposed by the physical.

Manifesting through cyclones and earth quakes, floods and fires, thus are the elemental forces let loose upon us, and as if these were not enough, the elementals whom man has chained in forms of brass and iron, copper and steel, are in open and fragrant rebellion. Turning upon their keepers they work them untold and irreparable injury. Nor are these scattered instances. All along the lines the Spiritual, awakening from the lethargy of its dazed condition, is beginning to claim its own, not along the direction of brute force applied on the weak, intermittent physical plane, but on its own plane of occult force by which soul appeals to soul directly, and not through the medium of the five senses. These five avenues of approach only typify the real that is not manifest, just as the buoy stands for the anchor that holds it in place; they, too, in joint action, pointing out the obstruction or shallowness of the stream below.

Five is the number of the imperfect and unfinished, and we shall not obtain the sixth sense completely until we are able to recognize each for self the regnant power which Spiritualism, as a body, claim for the spirit. Many of our readers are, no doubt, familiar with the prophecy known as "Washington's Dream." In this the Father of his Country was permitted by his spirit-friends to perceive the critical periods of the American Republic, including the war of 1812 and the war of the Rebellion. He also saw another and more fearful crisis, that is claimed by skilled interpreters to foretell the position that the Romish Church will take in the near future. Then, as she always has, she will seek to crush out and overcome all Spiritual life and growth by the selfish use of physical means, guided and directed by spiritual force, vitiated by greed. That the Jesuits are skilled in the knowledge and use of occult force, on spiritual lines, far beyond any other class of men, goes without saying. That they have fixed their eyes upon America as a desirable country for the renewed expansion of the temporal power of the Pope and the church, is as certain as the rising of tomorrow's sun. Every movement on the political chess-board tells it; all the acquisition of real estate, continually adding to the immense possessions of an organization which is skilled in the art of increase and usury, where pupils and disease-weakened patients will give them still greater advantage for the insidious sophistries of their spirit-enthralled doctrines.

They are too cunning now to use brute force, and the hand of iron rests within the velvet glove, waiting until the Presidential chair and the Cabinet are filled with its creatures; then what has already been done in New York City in defiance of law in furnishing hand-some revenues for the church will be repeated all over the country, so far as the appointing power is concerned.

Then, and not till then, will come the appeal to force, an appeal so determined and savage that the vision of the great day of Armageddon will be but a faint foreshadowing of the reality. On the one side we shall find the spiritual, with all that perceives and understands the real and true, whose whole soul has gone out to the true brotherhood; who does as he would like to be done by. On the other side, the Romish Church, head and center of all physical selfishness, and to them will be gathered all the dogs and sorcerers, and procurers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosever loveth and maketh a lie. Thus will the festering evil of the earth lead the combined force of blind ignorance against spiritual intelligence in a final onslaught for the mastery. Will not this explain why the Spiritualist feels antagonized by the doctrines and actions of the Romish Church?

W. P. PHELON, M. D.

## Notes from Grand Rapids, Mich.

TO THE EDITOR:—On Thursday, the 21st of July, the Progressive Spiritualist Society held, as usual, a pleasant meeting. Dr. U. D. Thomas, the speaker and medium, gave some fine delineations of character, also dates, all of which were correct. Mrs. E. A. Payne, who has proved such a faithful worker and excellent test-medium also, took part. Mrs. A. E. Sheets, of Grand Ledge, paid us a call on this occasion, and favored us with a delightful talk on the merits of Spiritualism and our work. Mrs. Payne, and others of these mediums, will attend Haslett Park during the entire season; but the meetings will still be maintained by equally good talent. The chairman of Cassadaga paid our city a flying visit two weeks ago. We enjoyed a pleasant call and converse with reference to our cause everywhere. I hope to meet all the friends at Haslett Park, where my address will be for the next five weeks. EFFIE F. JOSSELYN.

## The State Association.

July 21st the Illinois State Spiritualists' Association met at 220 West Monroe street. Notwithstanding the intense heat, a good attendance was present, and much interest was felt in the coming convention. We are in hopes that all friends of the cause will join to help spread the light so much needed.  
D. BRUCE, Secretary.

## Bigotry and the World's Fair.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Boston Herald says that "its namesake of Chicago is moved to language more emphatic than polite by the action of the Senate in coupling the appropriation for the World's Fair with conditions for Sunday closing and against the sale of intoxicating beverages on the grounds. It advises the directors of the Fair to announce peremptorily that they will not accept the appropriation on those terms. We believe that the directors would act wisely in so doing. It is unfortunate that this measure should have aroused in Congress such an exhibition of what may be called moralistic demagoguery. Members of Congress have such sharp eyes for their constituencies that in this case it has given them a squint that prevents their perceiving the true public sentiment on the question. There is no such popular feeling in favor of these restrictions upon the conduct of the Fair as the Congressmen appear to think. The noisy agitation for Sunday closing, coming from comparatively unimportant sources, has made cowards of the gentlemen in the Capitol. The negative sort of satisfaction with which their action is greeted will be far outweighed by the very positive and serious displeasure which it arouses throughout the country.

"The lesson of Sunday closing at Philadelphia should be sufficient. We ought to have learned better after sixteen years. Besides being a grave business error in cutting off what would be the most profitable day of every week, the step is a positively immoral one in its consequences, however religious its motives. Chicago is peculiarly fertile in its opportunities and devices for vicious pleasuring. There is little police restriction upon them. They will naturally multiply enormously during the period of the World's Fair. Now the action of Congress puts a premium on their patronage. If a powerful lobby in the interest of keepers of drinking saloons and of still more objectionable places in Chicago had been at work in Washington the result could not have been more satisfactory to that undesirable class. If the World's Fair is closed on Sunday it will drive multitudes to the patronage of objectionable resorts who would otherwise keep away. Senator Palmer was right in what he said about the sentiment of the Chicago saloonkeepers in favor of Sunday closing. The measure also does a cruel wrong to the working classes of Chicago, depriving them of their best opportunity to see the Exhibition, and profit by its many remarkable object lessons.

"Here in Boston no Sabbatarian outcry against the opening of the museums Sunday, or the patronage of other places of quiet popular recreation, has any weight. And the Music Hall popular concerts every summer, with their sales of light alcoholic beverages, are as orderly as any other places of amusement. There is no reason to suppose that the pursuance of a similar course at Chicago would be attended by injurious effects."

It is difficult to determine why Congress takes the ground it does in relation to closing the World's Fair on Sunday, knowing that every groggery and house of prostitution in Chicago is in accord with its action.

PRO GRESSION.

## Notes from Boston.

TO THE EDITOR:—Every few weeks the *Banner of Light*, of this city, reminds its readers that the world somehow bears very heavy on its shoulders, and that if it should stand from under it would go to the bow-wows; also that it has received terrible wounds in the great battles for the cause of Spiritualism, and feels called upon to often exhibit its scars to the public gaze, calling for exhibitions of sympathy, and indirectly suggests that financial aid would not be misapplied. It also regrets exceedingly that some persons are so unwise as not to think as it thinks, and do as it does, and because of this difference it is terribly put out, and feels that such persons are not only personal enemies of theirs, but to the cause of Spiritualism as well.

Now, Mr. Editor, we hope you will never grow old; but, if you must, we hope you will develop the opposite of the sour—not touchy, tender-footed or jealous. I like your paper because I observe none of these detrimental things in it, nor short paragraphs full of hints and threats of dire vengeance upon some unnamed persons, and that you do not keep a vitriol pot about into which your pen occasionally drops. I am glad you are so happy! It must be because you are willing to put the price of your paper at a reasonable profit that does not deprive the hungry masses of mental and spiritual food, and also deprive the cause of the rapid progress it deserves. Be good and do good, and you will be happy.

Boston, Mass. AN OBSERVER.

## Camp-Meeting at Anderson, Ind.

The second annual camp-meeting of the Indiana Association of Spiritualists opened at Chesterfield the 21st of July. A number of new cottages have been built, and boarding houses enlarged. Mr. Willard Hull and Mrs. Colby Luther were the speakers for the first week. The large attendance on last Sunday was beyond expectation, as the extreme hot and dry weather for several days past wilted everything and everybody.

Among the mediums present are Messrs. Archer, Foster, Herrick, and Mrs. Seery and Mrs. Jacobs, who are giving good satisfaction, besides many new mediums, whose work is attracting much interest.

The Indiana camp-meeting is destined to be the camp of the middle Western States. It is but two years old, but is improved better than many of the older camps at four and five years. We invite your attendance, and feel that you will be well repaid.

FLORA HARDIN, Secretary.  
Anderson, Ind.

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.





## CAMILLE.

The People Who Are "Dammed."

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER III.

THE OUTCASTS.

Mr. Moran was fully conscious of the hopeless condition of his affairs, unless Staper relented in his purpose, and he well knew the man who had earned the name of shark throughout the whole region, would have no compunctions. There were other causes affecting his mind than the failure of wheat, over which he had as little control as he had over the elements. It was not enough that wheat failed, it declined in price. Why did it decline? Was there over production? Want of foreign demand? No; there was scarcity at home and abroad. A few men at the trade centers united to control the price of wheat. They pushed it down in order to send it up. Those farmers who were able to hold were benefited, but those who were compelled to sell were ruined. In all that vast region known as the West, labor had not yet been able to more than meet the wants of the present. It had not achieved a reserve, and hence the farmers were forced to sell their crops when matured, to meet the accruing expenses. The railroad companies, knowing that the wheat along their lines must be transported on their cars, fixed the rates of freight as high as the article would bear; that is, leaving the farmer just enough, so that it was better for him to sell than allow the grain to rot. Thus a deficient yield, low prices, and high rates of transportation, left the farmer a mere pittance for his labor. Then came the corn; a magnificent showing it made as it stood brown and sere, with its wealth of golden ears. Of all the plants cultivated for food, none equal in beauty the grain that is preeminently the king of the West. From the time it sends its tiny sworded leaf above the yielding soil in the soft sunshine of spring, until it flaunts its tassels in the face of autumn and gives its treasure to her hand, it is a thing of beauty and a joy to the heart of man. On Wataus Prairie that year, it was sold—if there was any one to buy—for eight cents a bushel, and the curious spectacle was presented of corn cakes on the griddle being cooked by the heat of blazing ears in the stove. The railroads charged more than eight cents for carrying a bushel of corn to market. Swine were turned into the fields and allowed to help themselves. They throve, and the corn, changed to flesh, would bear transportation. They were nearly ready for shipping the next week, when the cholera came and saved all trouble in that direction. It was more disastrous than the blight of the wheat. The corn was consumed, the hogs dead, and nothing remained but trampled fields.

At this last catastrophe, even the patient hopefulness of Mrs. Moran was exhausted, and she sat down and gave way to a flood of tears. Then it was grandmother's turn to be cheerful, and it was delightful to see one silver-haired and bent with age throw out such a sunny influence.

"Take heart, my son," she would say, "The darkest hour is before dawn, and if the farm goes we have ourselves left. We will have to be the more to each other."

They drifted into the autumn, to the inevitable day when the place would be sold. Being hopelessly in debt, a man of his pride, his self-reliance, his ability. He becomes disheartened and ceases his efforts to extricate himself. Like an insect fastened in sirup, struggling to free its limbs, yet sinking deeper and deeper, every effort tends to drag him lower. He becomes afraid of men, for he knows how merciless is their criticism, and avoids society. The expression of his face changes to one of defeat.

The fatal day approached, and Mr. Moran determined that the farm should not go into the hands of Staper, went to the town to make a new loan. He was well acquainted, and several moneyed men he regarded as special friends. He had a farm intrinsically worth six times the loan he asked, for security. Successive failures of crops had so disheartened the farmers they nearly all wanted to sell, and there were no buyers. There were plenty of improved farms on Wataus Prairie, to be had for fifteen and twenty dollars per acre, and no buyers. Who wanted land when that cultivate it lost money? He also found that the banks were contracting their circulation expressly to produce the squeeze in the money market.

His moneyed friends would have been delighted to accommodate him, but they had unfortunately loaned their last dollar. In fact they were short, awfully short themselves! Another time it would be different, really quite different. He learned that by some occult law capitalists are united in sympathy, and the borrower refused by one will be refused by all. He also learned that money knows no friendship, no ties of honor or obligations of duty. It is with love or affection, and merciless as death. All day he went from bank to bank, from friend to friend, and at last becoming hopeless, weary and dispirited, returned home.

The fatal day came only too soon, and

the farm was sold at auction. There was only one bid, and that from Staper. No one wanted land at any price.

"Some men," said he, "would have just bid enough to cover the mortgage, but there's nothing more about me; I bid up to two-thirds the valuation, an even six thousand, and that ought to satisfy any one that I am a Christian."

He forgot to add that the valuation was a made-up affair between himself and the appraisers. Deducting interest and costs, there was not a thousand dollars remaining.

Any sale under the circumstances was a good one, for the "times were hard." There was no mistaking the fact. The value of a "bottom mortgage" never changes. It is fixed, however much valuations may fluctuate. The mortgage remains strong as a giant, as relentless as death. Crops may fail, wheat rust, cholera blight, murrain destroy the herds, cholera the swine, sickness lay prostrate the family, death enter the household, the mortgage goes on, increasing, absorbing, eating like a cancer, making sure its due hold, that when the time expires it will make all its own. It is the pitiless, remorseless, soulless embodiment of selfishness. With singular fatality mortgages mature in "hard times." When money is plenty they are harmless, but with almost an instinct for destruction, when money cannot be obtained they demand it, and like Shylock, will have it, or the blood of their victims. There is this difference, however, between the present and Shylock's time, then the law rebuked the monster and held a just punishment in store for him; now the Shylock who secures the most booty is made a judge or a senator, and even the teachers of religion smile on him if he donates a few thousands to the church.

When Mr. Moran returned with the news of the unfortunate sale he had scarcely courage to go into the house. He drove from town late in the afternoon of a raw November day. The long swells of the prairie extended away to the horizon, sere and brown with frosted corn and grass, over which the gusty winds swept from the west, where angry clouds gathered and mingled with streaks of crimson and clots of vermillion. A few flakes of snow drifted in the air, the first of the season. Far up in the sky he heard the voices of wild geese winging their way northward in mysterious flight. Their solemn, measured call made the loneliness more profound.

"Wherever they go," he said to himself, "they find a home. When they alight on the reedy lake for the time it is theirs. No railroad has absorbed it; no land shark stolen it; no tax title holds it; it is theirs." After this burst of communistic sentiment he drove on in silence until the lights from the windows of his home glimmered like welcoming beacons across the darkness. He knew the brightest came from the kitchen, where his wife was preparing the delayed supper. How tender his thoughts were toward her. He could bear his loss were it not that she was forced to share it with him, and her very patience distressed him. How many times he had driven home at night, and been cheered by the lights from the windows signaling all was well around the happy hearth! Then he was the lord of the realm he called his farm, and he held up his head with honest pride. Here he had laid the foundations of his home, and in old age it would yield him support. His children would hold it for an inheritance, and not be compelled, like himself, to commence at the bottom. He had fine horses, sleek herds—a home, every bush, shrub and tree around which he had planted, and each of which had a history. Now he was an outcast, actually homeless. The lands he was driving over were no longer his. By a strange process which he dimly understood, they had passed out of his hands. Do you blame him for weeping? He had borne up during all the trying scenes unflinchingly, and endeavored to appear cheerful before his family; but now, weary and worn out, there in the chill November twilight, when the home lights sent their pulsating rays over the fields, there came such a great flood of memories the strong man sobbed like a child.

Nearing the gate he slowed up the horses. "This will never do," he said; "I must not carry more of a cloud into the house than I am forced to. Poor George and the children, and my blessed mother, have enough to bear without my troubles." The spirited team turned up at the gate, and one of them gave a whinny, which was responded to in a friendly way from the stable.

"Wait, father," called Fred from the door, "I'll bring a lantern."

When he came and opened the gate he said, "Now, you go in where it is warm, and I'll care for the team."

"I am not cold, thank you, Fred; I will help you."

The horses were soop in their stalls, biting the ears of corn in their mangers eagerly. "Poor fellows!" sighed Mr. Moran, to himself, "they little know that they are like their owner, disheartened."

The supper was steaming on the table, and the children unusually affectionate. No one inquired concerning the unpleasant news, and the supper passed off as pleasantly as usual, except for a reserve which could not be overcome.

When it was finished Mr. Moran said: "I suppose you are all anxious to know the results. It is just as bad as you can imagine. Staper has our farm, and I have barely nine hundred dollars in money."

"We shall have to study economy, dear Will," said Mrs. Moran, smiling through her tears. "We have had a lifelong lesson, and it will not be new to us."

"When shall we have to leave the farm?" asked grandmother, her voice trembling in spite of her efforts to appear calm.

"I propose to leave it at once. To stay here is torture. I have rented today a house in town until spring, and perhaps I can secure employment. Tomorrow I had decided to leave, if you were willing."

"To-morrow?" they cried with one voice. "So soon?"

"The sooner now the better," replied grandmother; "no good will come of staying, and the regrets are too annoying."

"I have taken the rounds of the barns to-day," said Mrs. Moran, "and said a good word to the old horses, the cattle in their stalls, and the Cotswolds. They all knew me, and were pleased. I did not then think it would be the last time I should see them."

"Staper has already leased the farm

to Miller, and I went to the latter and said to him, 'I wish you would take my stock, tools, everything off my hands. You will need them to work the place, and I cannot bear to think of a public auction.' We fixed on the terms, and thus we are spared an auction, and know our animals will remain in kind hands."

"I am so glad!" replied Mrs. Moran, with a sigh of relief. "How shall we support ourselves in town?" she questioned.

"That must be determined by the future. There will be some slight gain against our loss. Desiree and Imogene can attend a good school, and you will have society for which I know you have silently longed."

"Always thinking of us!" she replied, smiling faintly; "no doubt we shall be happy, and perhaps as well satisfied as here."

"I regret, Fred," said his father, "that I shall not be able to assist you as I wished, but I shall give you enough means to finish your course, and then we will determine what can be done."

"Do not trouble yourself about me, father," replied the youth, "I have laid my plans. I should scorn myself if I touched a dollar of your money now, while I can earn for myself. I have to-day engaged a school and next week commence teaching. I shall lose a year's time, but I am young and it will be all the better. I shall earn enough to carry me through."

"Noble boy," said Mr. Moran admiringly, "it almost repays me for misfortune to see such sterling qualities of character."

"And as for me," said Camille, "I too propose to be independent. You have all made quite a baby of me, and spoiled me. Now I intend to do something for myself."

"You!" said her mother in astonishment.

"Certainly, why not? You have always talked woman's rights to me, and now I intend to practice your teachings."

"What do you propose, Milla?" asked Fred.

"I've been thinking of that advertisement in the paper sent from Boston of help wanted in a factory."

"Oh Milla, you must not do that," exclaimed grandmother. "Just to think of our darling, so far away among strangers, working in a factory. Oh, we can't have you."

"Aunt resides there, and I can visit her, and if I find the place desirable I can accept," replied Camille.

"We have had quite plans enough for one night," replied Mr. Moran sadly, appalled at the prospect of his children being thus thrown on their own resources, and obliged to buffet with the world. It seemed as though a ravenous hawk had descended into his house and dispersed his nestlings. "Now," he continued, "we have had enough of planning, and it will do no good to talk the matter over again. Milla, read us something from your favorite poet to lift our thoughts out of this valley of despond."

She turned the leaves of a volume carelessly, a beautiful volume given her by Fred on her last birthday.

"What shall I read?"

"Whatever you please."

"Then I will choose as the good Moslem reads his fate by the Koran, taking a passage by chance as an answer to his question of fate."

The book opened as of itself and she read the "Psalm of Life" whose exquisite thoughts have filled the hearts of so many readers, and given them strength, and will as long as the English language is spoken. Her voice was low and musical, and the occasion making all feel the force of his words, she fully entered into his spirit. She reached the final stanza:

"Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any task,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait."

Like the breath of divine inspiration the poem came as an answer to their prayer; a balm to their suffering hearts, and gave them strength and joy.

"We must arise early to-morrow," said Mr. Moran. "Our last night under the old roof we shall always remember."

The children came and kissed him good night, and as she passed, grandmother, unable to speak, bent low and pressed his cheek with her wrinkled lips.

(To be Continued.)

### 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.

Passed to Spirit-life, on June 22, 1892, at Avon, N. Y., Nelson Powell, of Mendon Center, Monroe Co., N. Y., aged 62 years, 9 days. Nelson Powell had been a resident of Mendon Center since he was a child two years old. He was honored far and near for his honesty of purpose and uprightness of character. For many years he has been an earnest and faithful worker for the cause of Spiritualism. He leaves a noble wife and many relatives and friends to mourn his departure from their presence; but they are sustained by the knowledge of the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism. John J. Cornell of the Friends Society officiated.

MARY I. DIMOCK.

Passed to a higher life at the old homestead of her family, Miss Panueta Stewart, July 21. She was the last of a family of eight sisters, all of whom died in early life, and her father and mother having passed over, she was the last of her family. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were pioneer Spiritualists, and died cheered by the knowledge of a future life. Hudson Tuttle gave the discourse.

Passed to Spirit-life, from N. Searsport, Me., Bro. Richard Ford, aged 84 years. Bro. Ford in early life was a successful school teacher and farmer. He was an active member of the F. W. Baptist church until within a few years, when the blessed light of the Spiritual philosophy dawned upon his soul and became the light and life of his declining years.

A. T. STEVENS.

The story of the scene when the news was brought to Queen Victoria of her accession to the throne is interesting. The King died at Windsor, and messengers were at once dispatched to Kensington to inform her of the event. It was midnight when the sleeping Queen was awakened, and she came at once into the room to meet the messengers, attired in a white night gown, with a shawl thrown over her shoulders, her night-cap off, and her feet in slippers. She was then a slender girl, pale but pretty. Two years later she became the bride of Prince Albert.

## SPIRITUALISM.

It is the Gateway to Knowledge.

It has been remarked that Spiritualism is a wide gateway to knowledge. The natural question arises—what knowledge? with perhaps the cynical suggestion, that of the black art. Well, I suppose even that becomes more comprehensible, and much once feared as such, loses its dreaded character when brought into the daylight of modern Spiritualism, which, when rightly employed, dispenses the dark shades of mystery and superstition, even as the purifying rays of the sun banish darkness, and impart life and vitality.

The field of research of which Spiritualism is the open portal is as vast in its extent as it is important in its issues, pertaining as it does to those subtle forces ever at work, governed by laws of which we know little or nothing, closely though they are linked with the higher nature and the future destiny of man. As the body is governed by laws, so must the mind and spirit be equally under subjection to far more intangible and incomprehensible forces than those which govern material things.

Hypnotism, thought-reading, magnetic attraction, with their curious phases and varied possibilities; clairvoyance and psychometry, with their keenness of vision and perception, setting the laws of optics at defiance; insanity, with its mysterious developments and its awful and far-reaching consequences; these are all so many problems more or less awaiting solution, destined to exercise the scientific mind more acutely as time goes on. Here Spiritualism steps in, offering solutions and throwing more light where dimness and gloom seem to have taken fast possession.

Science is pre-eminently materialistic. It professes to deal with what can be handled and weighed, analyzed and defined. Matter has hitherto been mainly the field of its operation, but beyond the confines of matter, or rather, within those limits, interblending and closely allied, there lies the domain of spirit, and it is in this mysterious realm—that region of cause—that Spiritualism has its origin, and from whence has emanated the mis-called supernatural, forgetting that it is only the unknown that is mysterious, and that some day, to each and all, spirit itself will stand out in its own environment, clear, beautiful and comprehensible.

In the meantime, knowledge is wanted now and here. This world has to be lived in and made the best of, and the more we know ourselves and our surroundings, the better fitted are we to take our place and play our little part on the stage of life, not as automata, not as lay figures, but as beings endowed with God-given reason, capable of apprehending many things which through indolence or indifference we are apt to let slip.

Death is familiar to most who have reached maturity. Sooner or later it enters every home, and lays a paralyzing touch upon some throbbing heart, leaving behind a dreary sense of loss and desolation.

It is the one sure, unchangeable fact which all must face, and with which all must finally reckon; and it is of the hereafter, at whose portals this dark-robed angel stands, that Spiritualism has something to say, and that over a gloomy subject it can throw a radiant illumination. Having the unique advantage of being, as it were, behind the scenes, it can speak on its own peculiar lines with authority. What, then, are some of its assertions?

The future life, even to the most religious and spiritually-minded, has been truly a *terra incognita*—vague, mystical, unreal—as diverse from this world, with its living human instincts, its varied interests, its imperious demands, its homely familiarities, its troubles, its sorrows, and its sins, as it is possible for saint or sinner, sage or mystic, to imagine or portray. And thus, though all are not honest enough to admit it, there exists a decided inclination to turn away from the contemplation of a future life, as from a prospect far from alluring, and yet one which in serious moments will assert itself, bringing with it a distinct sense of unreality and of dread.

We think of the countless myriads who have lived and loved and passed away, and the questions rise—where are they? What is their destiny? Are they still living personalities, or have they passed from existence, as the dew vanishes from the meadow, or the mist rises from the mountain?

We may turn with questioning lips to Grecian or Roman philosophy, but we wait in vain for an answer; to modern theology, but here, too, the response is unsatisfactory, and we crave for something more definite.

Belief is good, but demonstrated fact is better, and here, again, Spiritualism steps in, and from its vantage ground of knowledge opens out a vista of infinite possibilities. It tells of a life of reality, of usefulness, of mental and spiritual advancement. Of the crystal sea and golden streets, and the unending adoration of the Apocalyptic vision, we hear nothing. But we do hear of friendly greetings, of "my mansions," of varied stages, of definite aims, and of a gradual and a glorious progression, even out of the lowest depths into which poor humanity can sink.

We are assured that communion with those who have passed away is an approved possibility, that the two worlds are not wide asunder as the poles, but dovetail the one into the other, acting and reacting on each other, and that the spiritual side of matter is as potent for good and evil as though it were palpable to every sense.

Spiritualism is truly a gateway to knowledge, or, to change the metaphor, a channel through which flows a nineteenth century revelation; one which like heaven will slowly permeate society, and testify in a materialistic age to the reality and power of spirit.—Miss A. E. Fenton in *The Two Worlds*, London.

Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the "Grand Old Man," is to become one of the chief assistants of Mrs. Sedgwick, the new principal of Newham College, England.

The New Congregational church at Butteville, Oregon, consists of ten women, without a single male member. Its deacons, trustees, and other officers are women, and the charge to the church was given by a woman minister, Rev. Mrs. Barber, of Wilsonville.

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