

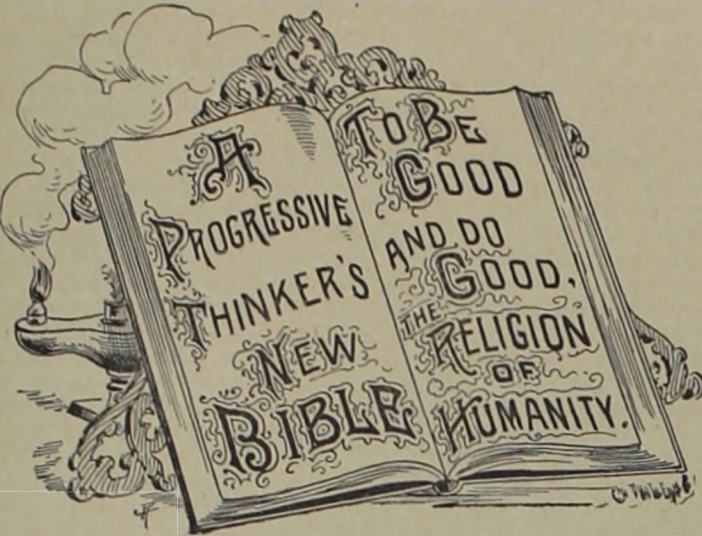
THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

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OUR NEW BIBLE.

It Contains Divine Lessons.

CHAPTER V.

DIGBY'S REFORM CLUB.

The New Bible of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will prove an attractive feature. It will draw on the four corners of the earth for divine lessons—lessons that will teach something tending to uplift mortals and make them better. Even a most beautiful lesson can be learned from the experience of Digby's Reform Club, as narrated below:

There was a quartette of free and jovial spirits in Burville, and Johnny Digby was the acknowledged leader thereof. Peter Slade, Tom Lowden and Sam Pepper were his associates. They were four young men, free-hearted and generous, with great capability for enjoyment.

On a certain Monday evening they were assembled in a small parlor of Lush-ton's tavern for the purpose of having a good time, as they were wont to assemble often. The season was winter, and the beverage they were indulging in was a compound of rum, sugar, milk and eggs, familiarly known as "Tom and Jerry."

At the early stage of the wassail, before sense had been submerged, Peter Slade suggested that he had a complaint to make against one of the dignitaries of the town, and thereupon he opened up his tirade of denunciation against Parson Meekly, the old clergyman of the place.

"As near as I can find out," he said, "the parson just about as well as called us by name and held us up as a set of graceless scamps."

"Not quite so bad as that," said John Digby. "He did certainly allude to us very plainly, but the worst he brought against us was that we were prostituting noble powers and opportunities to base and sinful purposes. Rather flattering, I thought—especially the noble powers."

"Flattering, with a vengeance," said Tom Lowden. "What business is it of his?"

"Aye," exclaimed Sam Pepper, "what business is it of his? And then look at the hullabaloo they make over this foreign mission business. It was in connection with that that Parson Meekly attacked us. They'd better look at home. I think there is suffering enough under our very noses that had better be looked to first."

"That's so," said Slade. "I say charity begins at home. What do you say, John?" John Digby had listened attentively, and during the conversation he had turned his glass bottom side up on the table.

"There may be truth in what you say," he slowly and thoughtfully replied, "but people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. We may object to furnishing money for these foreign missions upon the plea that charity begins at home, and all that, but the question may come back: What have we done for this charity at home? What have we done towards alleviating the distress of the poor of our town? And if we haven't done anything in that direction—if we don't open our hands in charity at all—what right have we to say in what direction others shall aim their good works?"

Blank were the looks that greeted this speech. The trio of listeners were taken aback. They hadn't expected this from their leader.

"Now look here, boys," continued John Digby, pushing his inverted glass away to the center of the table, and leaving it there. "I don't like this overhauling that Parson Meekly gave us any better than you do, and I propose to shut him up."

"Hi-yah!" shouted Sam Pepper; "that's the talk. I am with you."

"Are you sure you have got the courage, Sam?"

"Yes, sir."

"Count me in," said Tom. "And me," added Pepper. "Let's shut the old fellow up. What's the programme, Jack?"

track here in Burville in their own business."

His hearers were interested and listened eagerly.

"What is it? Tell us how this is to be done."

"Have you the courage to do it?" said John.

"We'll follow you," said Peter Slade.

"Honor bright?"

"Yes."

"Then listen."

"Hold on," cried Sam Pepper. "Let's fill up before we commence."

"Not with Lush-ton's Tom and Jerry," returned Jack. "We shall want the cost of it for another purpose. Turn the glasses bottom side up for the present. Now listen. We are in the habit of meeting here at the tavern three evenings in a week; and our expenses for liquors and cigars are at least two dollars an evening, aren't they?"

This was admitted by a nod.

"And in addition to this I spend at least a dollar more a week for beer and tobacco on my own hook. How is it with you?"

The others admitted that a dollar a week was little enough.

"Thus," resumed John Digby, "we have \$10 a week as the result of our combined and individual expenses for rum and tobacco. I, for one, think I could manage to live through the winter without any more of it; and for the sake of the experiment I would be willing to put my share of that \$10 to charitable uses. Here it is the beginning of December, and the winter has opened hard. There are poor families not far away which we can bless with our sympathy and help. We might organize a benevolent society, or a missionary society, on our own hook. Do you begin to understand?"

They understood him perfectly; and since he would lead they were ready to follow.

In fact they rather liked the idea. There was a charm of novelty and originality about it that captivated them. It would be fun to purchase flour and meat, and tea and sugar and fuel, and go around to assist the poor and needy. They were young men, full of life and good feeling, and had caroused only because of the fun of the thing. Here was the promise of fun in another direction, and they would go into it.

The matter was discussed and finally settled. They would make a square week of it at the beginning.

"During the week," said Jack, "we will look up the cases of destitution and suffering, and on next Saturday afternoon we will meet and compare notes. Then we will take our ten dollars and do what we can for those who are suffering most. We must be methodical in this. We are not to spend a penny in this work of charity that is not saved by cutting off some useless expenditure of our own; and he of us who buys a cigar during the week shall deduct it from his contribution on Saturday."

"If we should be methodical," suggested Peter, "we must organize. I say if we are going to do anything of this kind, let us do it ship-shape."

Peter's proposition was unanimously accepted and they proceeded to organize.

The organization arrived at was simple but nevertheless effective. They elected John Digby to serve as president, and as secretary and treasurer; and they elected an executive committee of four, consisting of John Digby, Peter Slade, Tom Lowden and Sam Pepper.

And then they settled their bill at the bar and went home.

Saturday evening came and the reform club met at Digby's shop, and each member was ready with his report. They were sober and thoughtful. They had thought when they separated on Monday evening they should meet with a spirit of frolic in their new work; but the scenes which they had witnessed in the interim had changed the current of their feeling entirely.

"My soul!" exclaimed Sam Pepper; "I never dreamed what sorrow and suffering there is here in our little town. Last night I went to the Widow Bashlot's, and I found her with a sick child, absolutely freezing and starving."

"And I," said Tom Lowden, "I found poor Uncle Ben Driscoll and wife both in the same plight. The old man is down with rheumatism; and when he and Aunt Sally sat and cried like babies, with fear of going to the poor-house, I tell you it brought tears into my eyes."

And so the reports were made, and then they planned how they could best use their ten dollars. It seemed like a drop in the bucket, when set against all the want and suffering they had found; but it would do something.

On Saturday evening the Widow Bash-

lot bent over the bed of the sick child

with weeping and walls of anguish. The howling blast piped without, and the frost nipped within. She suffered because she had forced herself to beg. For herself she had rather die than become a pauper, but for her child—O God, have mercy!

A wailing cry like this had burst from her lips, when the tramp at her door attracted her attention, and presently a gentle rap followed. She answered the summons, and found four young men upon her stoop.

She knew them well, for they had been schoolmates with her son who had gone to sea and never returned. And they came into the house; they piled up the fuel on the hearth until the bright flames leaped and roared, and the sick child reached out its wasted arms to embrace the genial warmth.

They brought forth bread and tea and sugar and butter and cheese.

"All right," said Sam Pepper, who regarded these as his special charges, in answer to the woman's ejaculations of astonishment. "We are John Digby's Reform Club, and we are going into missionary work; and such folks as you are we want to convert—want to convert from suffering to comfort, if we can. So keep up a good heart, and let us do for you what your own Willie would have done if he had lived. It'll be a comfort to us. We'll call often. You shan't want if we can help it."

The widow's sobbing, bursting return of blessings cannot be reproduced by tongue or pen. When the young men reached the highway, Sam Pepper burst forth:

"Boys, as true as heaven, I would not exchange the blessing of that poor widow's heart for all the joys that ever came in the old way at the tavern. There's something more than fun in this."

And his companions agreed with him.

In another part of the town, on the outskirts of the village, in a poor, thatched hut, lived Ben Driscoll and his wife Sally.

In other years they had been well and happy; and, though never foreboding, yet they had not known want till old age and sickness had deprived them of their ability to work. And on this cold winter's night, Uncle Ben and Aunt Sally sat and shivered over the heat of such stuff as they had been able to gather from the snow-covered hedges, and the old man sighed as he thought of the slims-house.

"If we could only get through the winter. But who can help us?"

But old Uncle Ben and his wife were aroused from their stupor of chill and hunger by the tramp of feet and hum of voices; and shortly the door opened and John Digby and his three companions entered.

A fire was speedily burning on the hearth, and a good store of provisions was opened out on the table.

The old man wondered, and Tom Lowden made answer:

"It's all right, Uncle Ben. This is Jack Digby's Reform Club. We've stopped our rations of spirits and tobacco, and are going to invest the result in a missionary enterprise. We want to convert you and Aunt Sally, if we can."

"Convert us, Tom?"

"Aye—convert you to comfort and peace; and perhaps, also, convert you to the belief that there's a grain of good left in humanity still. We mean to take you in hand the coming winter, and you shan't suffer if we can help it."

The boys did not leave the cot until they had helped the aged couple to a hearty meal, and had piled up enough fuel to last until they came again; and when they finally withdrew the song of their blessing was sounding in their ears.

And so the reformers went on until their night's work was done; and when they came to separate they declared that they had found such enjoyment as they had never known before.

During the succeeding week three new members were added to the club—men who were willing to cut off expenses for rum and tobacco and devote the proceeds to the relief of the poor and distressed of the town.

And ere-long Digby's Reform Club became a noted institution in that place. The projectors could hardly credit the evidence of their own senses in contemplating the result of their three months' labor. Two and twenty members had joined, and the fund for relief amounted to nearly \$40 a week, and each man was pledged to pay in weekly the exact sum his spirits and tobacco cost him. If he continued to use tobacco, he took a lower place in the company, and the use of spirits as a beverage was sufficient cause for expulsion. When people saw the good that was being done, they were anxious to give their aid, and be connected with the merry crew; but the laws of the club were fixed; no money could come to its fund except such as had been saved by the donor from some evil habit or by cutting off some useless luxury.

It was a bright Sabbath in spring-time, and it had been given out that Parson Meekly was going to preach a sermon upon Digby's Reform Club, and the old meeting-house was filled to overflowing. The clergyman read his text from St. John's Gospel—"Can any good come out of Nazareth?" And when he had told the story of Digby's Reform Club, and pictured the good results of its labors, he proclaimed to all, "Go ye and do likewise."

Once John Digby and his companions had fancied it would be a proud moment when they had brought the old parson to recognize the worth of their labors; but the blessings of those upon whom their bounties had fallen had made such sweet music in their ears, and the satisfaction of duties truly done had dropped

so soothingly upon their souls, they found no room for that baser pride which they had before that time anticipated.

MRS. ADA FOYE.

She Is Doing a Good Work in Colorado.

Mrs. Foye's meeting at the P. O. S. of A. hall in this city, on Sunday evening was very largely attended, nearly every seat being occupied. She lectured on the subject of "Good and Evil Spirits," reading from the Old Testament that God had put lying tongues, through lying spirits, into the mouths of his prophets, that they might deceive Ahab, by sending him into battle to be slain. She quoted other Biblical authority to sustain her position that there were evil as well as good spirits; that if the former could communicate with and influence mortals, good spirits could do the same; that the same care should be taken in spirit communication as would be observed in communication or association with mortals. Transition to the other existence did not change the moral status of the individual. If he sinned in the body he would in the spirit, modified however in the sinning by the change in condition, which had a tendency to eliminate, to a certain degree, all evil habits. The spirit would be refined largely in the next sphere of its being, and would make more rapid progress in reform on the other side than it did here. Evil was simply undeveloped good and ultimately the spirit would be freed from the imperfection and immorality that had impeded and disfigured it while in its mortal encasement. She dwelt quite forcibly and impressively upon the great advantage there was in perfecting a life of morality, virtue, kindness and charity during the earth probation. She believed implicitly in the teaching and example of the Master, who was the pattern and guide for all mankind. She entreated all to follow in His footsteps, to do as he had recommended and commanded. She reiterated her belief in God, in that religion which taught the brotherhood of humanity, which raised up the fallen, and rescued the perishing. Her whole discourse was in imitation of the Sermon on the Mount, and had a splendid effect upon the large and attentive audience. The demonstrations of spirit power which succeeded were marvelous, especially to those who had never seen anything of the kind, and many thought another day of pentecost had come. Answers to all questions addressed to spirits in the other realm were prompt, exact and convincing to those who propounded them. Infidels, skeptics and scoffers freely confessed that they had no longer chance to doubt, for now, like Thomas, they were convinced that the dead do rise and live again. The rappings, the messages, the automatic writing, the reading of names in the air by the medium, were so correct, so readily acknowledged to be, that many were persuaded of the truth that Spiritualism professes to display and explain. The evident honesty and genuineness of all manifestations, of the intelligence conveyed, and confirmed by so many witnesses, had a decided effect, and established in the minds of all present the firm conclusion that Mrs. Foye was a medium of great power and excellence. Next Sunday night at the same place she will deliver her last lecture in Aspen, and it will be to a crowded house.

Aspen, Col.

A Base Suggestion.

Some creature signing the name of S. W. Austin, M. D., in the *Inter-Ocean*, after giving some good advice about the souvenir coins, says:

"I would suggest that the acts of Congress relative to the passage of such a provision, together with the specification for the closing of the fair on the Sabbath, be indelibly stamped upon the coin, that all nations may look upon them not only with respect but with profound gratitude that the American Congress of 1892 has shown to the world that the people of the United States believe in being obedient to the demands of their Creator and respect the Sabbath as all Christian nations should, and would also suggest that a proper inscription in language expressive of the acts be so stamped upon the coin that when by the lapse of time through the generations to come our children's children shall read the inscription on their coin and emulate the example of those who occupied the halls of Congress in 1892."

This would be like erecting a monument in memory of John Calvin for promulgating the doctrine of infant damnation. If Congress should add to its first mistake this proposed insult to the true American citizen sovereign, it is to be hoped that they will never purchase one of them. No man or woman can be a true and loyal citizen of the United States and favor such a proposition.

The Emperor of Germany has presented a magnificent sword to the Crown Prince, his son, the youngest Lieutenant in the Prussian army. On the hilt is the following inscription: "Trust in God and defend thyself bravely. Therein lie thy honor and glory. He who fights heartily on the side of God will never be driven from the field. Thy power belongs to the fatherland. To my dear son William, May 6, 1892. Wilhelm R."

WAS A CHILD AGAIN.

Case of Double Consciousness, or Spirit Control.

The Belt Slipped Its Pulley for Seven Months, Then Came Back.

TO THE EDITOR:—In the following narrative there is a splendid example of spirit control, or as some would call it, "double consciousness."

One of the most remarkable cases known to medical science in recent years is that of the illness and recovery of H. F. Wheeler, of Brooklyn, N. Y., for the past few weeks a resident of Ridgefield, the home of his uncle, C. H. Jennings. Cases like that of young Wheeler are not unknown in medical annals, and in the present instance there are details quite as singular as any upon record.

Mr. H. F. Wheeler, a young man of 26 years, was in comparatively good health until the latter part of October, 1891, when he had a severe attack of pneumonia, which confined him to the house for a few weeks. He recovered sufficiently to be able to go to New York occasionally, and except for worryment over his inability to attend to business regularly, he appeared to be all right until the 14th of December, 1891, eight months ago.

On that day he went to New York and returned home by the elevated road; thereafter until 1 o'clock on the 20th of July, 1892, his whole existence was a blank; what happened he knows only through the accounts given him by his friends. He entered his father's house at 401 Washington avenue, Brooklyn, about 5 o'clock P. M. and sat down in the parlor. The first signs of something wrong with him observed by his family were violent tremors, which finally culminated in a spasm, in the course of which he threw himself to the floor. He appeared to understand nothing that was said to him, and the physicians who were called in could do nothing but give quieting medicines. The real cause of the trouble was a mystery, but the illness was finally diagnosed as cerebro-meningitis.

At first the case seemed hopeless. For two or three days the patient was seemingly unconscious, not recognizing any member of the family or being able to utter a word. Then he became somewhat better; but could not speak, and could make his wants known only by signs. This state continued for about two weeks, when he began to talk, but like an infant just learning to speak, and he did not know the name of anything or its use. The most familiar objects as chairs, knives, forks, and other things, were entirely strange to his perception, and he had to have their use explained to him.

All knowledge that he had possessed upon the day that he was attacked had left him. He was confined to his bed for about three months, and then was able to sit up in a chair without being dressed. From this point his physical recovery was steady, though slow. All the while he failed to recognize any of his old friends, and when for the first time his strength permitted that he should be taken to a window, he did not know what the trees were; horses and carriages caused him the utmost astonishment, and the sight of passing people drew from him expressions of wonder.

Thereafter when old friends called to see him, though strange to him at first, on a second visit he always remembered them. He now began to exhibit some remarkable traits, such as telling the time of day without seeing a clock; in fact, to have looked at a dial would not have helped him, for he had not yet learned to read the face of a clock. Yet if asked the time of day he would give an immediate answer, invariably within a minute or two of the correct time, to the great astonishment of the family. One day he asked for a board, signifying that he wanted to make something. A board and a sharp knife were given him. He did not know the name of what he wished to make, but taking his father to the window, he waited for a wagon to come along, then said in his childish way: "Me do make one of those things dat go round."

"Do you mean a wheel?" his father asked.

Greatly pleased that he had found a name for what he wanted, the young man answered:

"Yes, a wheel."

He made his wheel, and to the astonishment of all, it was perfect in every way, hub, spokes and felloes being as well constructed as if he had been an accomplished wheelwright, though never in his life before had he attempted such a thing.

At the request of his friends he continued his work and made an express wagon as perfect of appearance as if it had been turned out by a model-maker, the springs in particular calling forth general admiration. He had shaped and carved them so as to exhibit each separate detail, and when all was completed and the wagon put together, many who saw it would involuntarily place their hands on the box and press downward, in order to see the springs bend and rebound, though of course there was no response, as they were inflexible wood.

By this time the young man had so far recovered his strength that it was thought best to take him to the country, where it was hoped that a change of air with quiet, would be of benefit both to his body and his mind. His physician

had decided that the patient would be strong enough to stand the journey in a fortnight.

Although not knowing what the country was like, as all his former knowledge was lost, Frank was delighted, would talk of nothing else, and insisted that it would make him well. The physician called on him about a week or ten days before the time set for him to go, and to him the patient said: "Doctor, me do go in ze country, and in a little more zan a week me do get well."

On Saturday, July 9, the patient was brought to this village, to the home of his uncle, C. H. Jennings. After being here a few days he called his mother to him, and said: "Mamma, next week, Wednesday, me do get well," thus designating the 20th day of July as the date for his recovery. On Monday, the 18th, he complained of a bad feeling in the head. On Tuesday, the 19th, he was in a sort of stupor all day, and went to bed at about 8 o'clock in the evening.

On Wednesday morning at 1 o'clock his mother was called to see Frank, who was shaking violently, and trembling like a leaf. She hastened to his bed, whereupon he sat up, and asked plainly, and in his own natural speech:

"Where am I?"

His mother asked him if he did not know where he was.

"Yes, of course," he said. "I am in granddaddy's room. How did I get here?"

For an hour he asked questions in a dazed way, as to what had happened to him. He then wanted to know if it was cold weather, as the last thing he remembered was coming home on the 14th day of December. He took up life just where he had dropped it, over seven months before, his whole sickness being to him a perfect blank. To-day he is entirely well, his brain is as clear as ever, but the period from Dec. 14, 1891, to July 20, 1892, seven months and six days, is lost. He is still at his uncle's home, and takes great pleasure in showing to callers his wagon, which he has no recollection of having made.

That the above is a remarkable case of spirit control no one can doubt who takes into consideration the remark made: "Doctor, me do go in ze country, and in a little more zan a week, me do get well."

LEONIDAS.

Ridgefield, Ct.

St. Augustine on the Antipodes.

St. Augustine seemed inclined to yield a little in regard to the sphericity of the earth, but he fought the idea that men exist on the other side of it, saying that "Scripture speaks of no such descendants of Adam." He insisted that men could not be allowed by the Almighty to live there, since if they did, they could not see Christ at his second coming descending through the air. But his most cogent argument, one which we find echoed from theologian to theologian during a thousand years afterward, is to the nineteenth Psalm, and to its confirmation in the Epistle to the Romans; to the words, "Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." He dwells with great force on the fact that St. Paul based one of his most powerful arguments upon this declaration regarding the preachers of the gospel, declaring even more explicitly that "verily their sound went into all the earth, their words unto the ends of the world." Henceforth we find it constantly declared that as those preachers did not go to the antipodes, no antipodes can exist; and therefore that the supporters of this geographical doctrine "give the lie direct to King David and to St. Paul, and therefore to the Holy Ghost."

Augustine taught the whole world for over a thousand years that as there was no preaching of the gospel on the opposite side of the earth, there could be no human beings there.—*From Geography*, by Andrew D. White, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for September.

Removal of Spiritual Meetings.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins have been conducting unusually successful Sunday morning and evening meetings in Washington hall, and now they will transfer these interesting exercises each Sunday to West Madison hall, No. 144 Madison street, opposite Union street, where there are all the necessary accommodations to promote comfort and harmony to those attending. Their developing classes are also conducted in same place, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 P. M. These worthy mediums are stirring up the seekers after proofs of immortality, and it is to be hoped they may receive the hearty support of all Spiritualists while they tarry with us. The unanimous testimony of those attending their meetings warrants this expression.

Dr. Perkins is about to publish an excellent hymn book, with a pamphlet setting forth the basic principles of Spiritualism, and a common platform for organization, as an introduction to "The Spiritual Evangelist," as he calls it.

For particulars send to 27 N. Ada street, Chicago, Ill. A SUBSCRIBER.

Mrs. J. R. Burton, wife of the Republican candidate for Congress in the Fifth District of Kansas, is a Democrat, but she is stamping the district for and with her husband.

Cyril Flower of the House of Commons, whom the Queen has just elevated to the peerage, is 49 years of age and has been a Liberal member of the house since 1880. His wife is a daughter of the late Sir Anthony Rothschild. They are both deeply interested in the welfare of the lower classes.

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

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

The 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 it in its efforts to be worthy of that glorious abode.]

The Soul as an Instructor.

It is seldom that we see a man looking in ward for guidance or instruction. He generally follows the suggestions of others, or acts upon such information as he may have acquired by observation or experience. It has been so in regard to the question of human life. Instead of consulting his own consciousness he has resorted to abstract reasoning, or to metaphorical distinctions, and built up theories greatly distinguished for learning and a species of subtle refinement that served to develop his powers without convincing his judgment. There are few things more wonderful than the works on those subjects he has produced; but they have failed to settle the question, and the great mass of men have paid little or no attention to their conclusions. The soul, as an instructor, is not thought of, and she is seldom, if ever, summoned to yield her testimony on this or any other matter. It nevertheless speaks in every being, to inform him that the hand that made him is divine. It points out the hope of a future life, and claims that the present is but a beginning.

We cannot see her seated in the chair of a professor, nor can we hear her voice in the places of instruction; and it is a matter of rejoicing that she is not found there, nor heard anywhere else. Her seat is the inner temple; her voice is the still, small whisper that admonishes every man, and assures him of life both here and hereafter.

She confides to him the truth of her own existence, and that she and he came from the all creating power that extends through all space, that created by his own will the world and all it contains, the universe and all it holds. These works were accomplished by his wisdom and omnipotence, in such manner that man himself can trace the laws which governed the work of the Creator, and thus discipline and develop his endowments. There is nothing so evident in nature as its Creator. He speaks in every sound, and is heard in every zephyr. He looks from the highest mountains and is visible in the lowest depths. He shines in the stars and dwells in the soul of man, an eternal witness of his greatest work. There is no hope of escaping him, or of eluding his presence. We may think to exclude him from our conscience, but there is always a proof, however slight, that he is there, the first and the last, the author of life and the arbiter of all human destiny.

ILLUSTRATION.

I am not a person of large experience in spirit life, having but recently crossed the line which separates the two worlds. When the change occurred I was in the prime of youth, my age not exceeding thirty-five. I was born into affluent circumstances, and was fortunate in many other respects. My parents were both of a tender and sympathetic nature, much respected for their good qualities, and occupied a social position that offered every advantage to be derived from the cultured and refined society. No means were spared in my education, and being naturally of a studious disposition, I made rapid progress in my school days.

I was married, at the age of twenty-one, to a man whom I loved and honored, and with whom I lived till his death separated us, leaving me with one child, the sole offspring of our union. I was not aware of the Spiritual philosophy, and learned of its prevalence only after I entered upon the actual experience of its sublime truths in this after life. At the moment of my passing away, I was conscious of spiritual presence, and saw, as I thought, spirit forms beside the bed and in other parts of the room where I lay. The ceiling of the building appeared to open, and the bright sky shone in upon me with a light so mild and soft as if the stars had come down to render their sweet influence to the scene. At this point all pain seemed to vanish, and a gentle stream of feeling began to flow through my emaciated form as if the air of heaven had found some way of circulating through my veins, and my whole system seemed to be infused with a divine rapture that I have never known before. When the silver cord was broken I felt a deep thrill of ecstasy, such as I had often experienced when hearing a sudden swell of music as it rolled from the lips of some great singer, and then in an instant all was darkness and silence. I became unconscious. The moment I began to live again was still more wonderful. There was no pain, no dimness, no darkness; all was bright and clear. I saw the distant hills, and heard the distant sound of voices approaching nearer and nearer, and presently I began to recognize persons who stood around me. I could not at first understand who they were, but

soon I knew they were friends and relatives. The only one I could remember from his appearance was my husband. He seemed, however, strangely altered. In life he was thin and worn, and his feeble body did not appear to sustain the little vitality that was left. Now he was full and strong; all the pallor had gone out of his face, and he looked fresh and fair, his color coming and going as in youth. My mother was there, but I did not know her for some time. At last my little daughter put her hand upon my arm, and looked into my face with a beautiful smile, and called her dear mamma; but I soon left the spot where this scene occurred. It was the room in which I died, and we now ascended into the air, and I was borne on by a motion entirely new to me, but very delightful to experience. We soon arrived at a great white palace in the midst of a garden surrounded by trees and flowers, and fruit in full bloom. The air was delicious and sweet with perfume, and all around was a boundless prospect of mountain scenery, covered with verdure to the top, and so high that they seemed to support the sky. There were rushing streams of crystal water, that flowed into a great river, and this was covered with hundreds of pleasure boats containing happy beings who enjoyed that kind of amusement. The interior of the palace was grand, beyond my powers of description. Lofty apartments, great halls and staircases, were the first objects that attracted my attention. I was taken into a smaller room, where I met more friends and saw many others whom I did not know. After greetings of welcome and many fond embraces, my husband led me to another part of the building, and we were alone. I shall not undertake to describe that happy meeting. We had loved each other very dearly on earth, and were now united never again to part. We were soon visited by the persons having charge of the palace, and informed that all was now in readiness for our departure to our future home. But how shall I describe that journey! We had neither wings nor any other means of motion, and yet we passed onward with a speed that outstripped the flying comet, and imparted a delicious sense of gliding upward. As we approached the end of our journey we met groups of those who had come to receive and welcome us, and we found ourselves surrounded by troops of loved ones before we had an opportunity of entertaining them. I found our home upon the side of a hill that sloped towards a lake, which reflected the sky in its crystal depths. Here we were again greeted with more friends, who had decorated the rooms with flowers and fruits that grew in the garden upon the grounds. We had not been here but a very short time when we heard the sweetest music. The vocal powers of the newborn soul are wonderfully attuned to melody, and those present joined in the refrain, and I confessed I had never heard such strains upon the earth. The voices seemed to pass into the air, until it also reverberated with the lovely sound. Our friends having remained only long enough to honor us with their kindness, bade us adieu with many expressions of interest in our welfare and happiness.

Our household consisted of ourselves and little daughter, whom we shall care for with the tender affection of parents, and shall imbue her mind with the graces of immortal love. The object which I had in view is accomplished; but I may add that there are many persons who desire to give their experience in spirit-life, and they will communicate from time to time, so as to give a very complete description of its many forms and habits. Each will contribute some particular fact or facts, to illustrate our social system and manners. The religious element will be represented by high spiritual intelligence, and the educational methods will also be exhibited in such a way that it cannot fail to interest all those engaged in the work of instruction. The civil institutions of the upper spheres constitute a very grand study, and will be explained by the best judicial learning among our friends, while the great truths of spirit communion will be taught by each one, for each communication will be a lesson. It is expected that this work will please you so much that it will be a great delight to you, and the labor it involves will not be burdensome.

The Long Ago.

Oh! the music sweet and tender,
That in childhood we remember,
Oft will rise to view in dreams of splendor;
When our baby eyes filled
With human dew distilled,
Where no blighting frosts of winters chilled;

Where, like summer's gentle gale,
Sweetest incense to exhale
On every passing breeze our barque set sail
With no port in view;
Only heaven's distant blue
Seem our childhood warm and true.

Oft in fancy now we turn,
Where the popples glow and burn,
Near the sunlit cottage fringed with fern,
Where, beneath embowered trees,
Comes on every passing breeze
The drowsy hum and buzz of bumble-bees.

And far away and clear,
As o'er heaven's atmosphere
Are borne familiar voices on the enraptured ear;
Like a half-forgotten dream
Does the vision seem
In the twilight's shadows' fitful gleam.

Spectres rise and fall,
As, like pictures on the wall,
When fond memory lifts the sombre pall,
And the ones we know
Seem to come and go,
The dear and faithful ones of long ago.

—Bishop A. Beale.

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

Slate-Writing in Chicago.

A few days ago a private seance was arranged for with Miss Lizzie Bangs, but at the appointed time the medium declared that on account of a headache she doubted if there would be any messages. After lengthy trial without result, another seance was decided on for two days later. The medium would not accept pay for her time because of the failure to receive any communications. The seven questions that had been written by the visitor before going, were gathered up without giving the medium any intimation of their nature. These questions were re-written and slightly changed before the time for the next seance, and were all entirely independent of each other. On the second visit, as on the first, the questions were rolled up separately and mixed so that even the writer did not know one from the other. They were all the time in plain view on the table, and upon the visitor taking up one and holding it in his left hand, his right resting upon the table, an answer was written almost immediately on a slate held by the medium under the table. Miss Bangs says that it is usual for the writing to commence as soon as the preparations are made. All of the questions were answered intelligently in this manner, and names and quotations were taken from them. In no instance did the visitor know the question until he had read the answer; but in every case it was found to correspond upon examination. A singular feature in connection with these seances is the fact that the questions must never be written upon glazed paper, or they cannot be read. It is evident from this that their only knowledge of the question is obtained from reading the writing on the paper. The answers were all written by the visitor's father, John Spencer, though he had been in spirit-life less than a month. To close the seance two slates were held above the table—as if it were a double slate—each holding one end, and the sound of writing could be plainly heard between the slates. Upon separating them a message was found filling all of one side. The seance was held in daylight, and was decidedly satisfactory.

A. S.

Height of Adam and Eve.

TO THE EDITOR:—A writer in the Philadelphia Press wonders where M. Henrion, the French savant, got his data for the curious speculations he gives as to the height and other proportions of Adam and Eve. In his remarkable work, "The Degeneration of the Human Race," published in 1718, the learned academical gravely informs his readers that Adam was 123 feet and 9 inches in height, while his disobedient consort was but a paltry 118 feet from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head. Of course all who have read very extensively of Talmudic literature, or even Baring Gould's "Legends of the Patriarch Prophets," remember the wonderful stories told of how Adam was made; of his gigantic size, and how, after the fall, his stature was reduced by several miles by the offended God himself. The Talmud has this to say of Adam's height: "He was so tall that he stood with feet on earth and head in heaven until after God pressed him down at the time of the fall." Rabbi Jhuda says that when he lay on the earth "his body completely covered it." Another Talmudic story says: "To judge how long he was, understand that his body stretched from one end of the earth to the other, and it takes a man 500 years to walk that distance. * * * The angels were awed with wonder when they saw that gigantic human being, and bowed before him, crying: 'Holy, holy, holy.' Then God reduced his size by cutting off great chunks of flesh." These are all absurd legendary stories, of course; but where did Henrion get his figures for the 123-foot calculation mentioned in the opening? Undoubtedly he got it from the conception that at the time Adam was "created" there was plenty of dirt.

A. AGNOSTIC.

Prof. Donaldson, the Balloonist.

In your issue of June 25th is a poem by O. W. Barnard, relative to the late lamented Donaldson, dramatist, who, together with a Chicago reporter, was lost in a storm that occurred on Lake Michigan in the year 1875 or 1876. I was intimately acquainted with the Professor, and knew him from a boy. He had a most wonderful eye for mechanics, and was on the stage as a prestidigitator. With his own hand he made apparatus, delighting his audiences while he was yet in his minority. He was a wonderful genius.

One day, about three or four weeks after the accident that caused the Professor's death, I chanced to enter Circle Hall, a place then occupied in this city by the late James A. Bliss. A lady medium from one of the Eastern States happened to be there, and held an impromptu seance for the benefit of those who were then present. To me she said: "I see the spirit of a young man who came in with you. He has lately been drowned. He knows you well, and desires to make himself known to you." I replied that I knew of no friends of mine who had been drowned, except a dear boy twelve years old, who was drowned while in swimming a few weeks ago. "No," said she, "this spirit is not a boy; he is a young man with dark hair, dark eyes, and has a mustache." I replied that I could not recognize him unless he gave his name. The medium then said: "His name is Washington Donaldson." I was much surprised, and was glad to hear from him. He seemed glad to have me recognize him. To questions, he replied that he was lost in the lake, and that his body would never be found, for it had been eaten up by the fishes.

In the poem by Mr. Barnard the Professor is made to say that his body sank in the mire of a morass, far in the wilds of an obscure forest; but I think the Professor gave the true account of his death, at Circle Hall in 1876.

JOHN A. HOOVER.

According to Professor Rogers, every pound of coal contains a dynamic force equal to the amount of work a man does in a day.

TWO GOOD BOOKS.

The Views of an Eminent Lecturer.

I have just finished reading two of Hudson Tuttle's latest books, viz.: "Secrets of the Convent," and "Life in Two Spheres." While the subject-matter of each work is entirely distinct, they illustrate the diversity of resources of the author, and form a valuable addition to the already large accumulation of this thinker's writings. Carlyle used to pride himself as being "a writer of books." The same might be well said of Mr. Tuttle, and the marvel is to note the wide diversity of subject taken up and disposed of by the latter.

A good many well-meaning people thought Hudson Tuttle made a mistake when the first chapters of his story on the horrors of convent life appeared in the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, but these objections arose from a false or ignorant conception of the matter, and as time advances, with proper methods of observation, the truths expressed will be better understood. That there is danger to be apprehended from the encroaching power of the Roman machine in this country no well-informed man or woman will deny.

Mr. Tuttle has unearthed and laid bare a little of this danger in the book under discussion. If it shall subserve the purpose of the writer and author in awakening the people to a realization of the situation, the chief effect, I opine, will be to set about some kind of protection against the unscrupulous policy of the Roman Church, and head off its ulterior design upon the liberty of the American people. The book ought to have a wide circulation. Such works are timely. It is only by a constant recourse to the principles of our national constitution that the flame of liberty and the pride of independence are kept in the foreground of the rush and whirl of every day life. The eye of vigilance must never become weak enough to need the services of an optician. If it does, the disruption of our liberties will be accomplished before a goggle can be made for vigilance to see through. Mr. Tuttle says a tithe of the truth only has been told. I believe it. I never pass the walls of a nunnery that I do not wish for the strength of a Sampson just long enough to tear off the roof, and, as Ingersoll says, let the light of day shine in on the horrors of chapel and cell. These pest-houses are inimical to American institutions. They are allowed to exist because religion is being defiled by being used as a cloak to hide their monstrous deformity. With as much reason and common sense small-pox might be legislated into a divine ordinance.

Mr. Tuttle's "Life in Two Spheres" aims to present the varied conditions of life resulting from acts and pursuits as obtaining in the spheres beyond the change of death. Many valuable lessons are taught in these pages, and are told in a simple manner, which renders them most charming. To present the naturalness of life in the hereafter seems to be the burden of the message contained in this book, and this is the essential thing. The masses have but a dim notion of the next life, and generally unite in attributing thereto the most fanciful speculations and absurdities, and this has always been the delight of the teachers—to mystify and play upon credulity—this is the chief concern of the average sky-pilot. Nothing so exasperates one of them as the mistake of making himself understood. In this book much of the false and puerile claims of current ethical thought is met and overthrown, and a better, more rational light turned upon the sequences of mortal life. The book is a valuable acquisition to the current literature of Spiritualism, and no library or desk is complete without it.

WILLARD J. HULL.

Items from San Francisco, Cal.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists have had Dr. Dean Clark during July. He closed his engagement with the society August 14th. I consider Dr. Clark a thorough scholar and thinker, and well able to teach the truths contained in our grand philosophy.

It is to be deplored that this great and conscientious teacher is not constantly employed; his heart and soul is in the work, and he has truths to teach that the people should hear. I hope societies will give him a call.

The society has taken a new departure, and opened its meetings free. It has vacated Washington Hall, where it has held meetings for eight years, and which can seat only three hundred people, and has taken the Metropolitan Temple, with a seating capacity of fifteen hundred, and has engaged Prof. Fred Bell, of Denver, the spiritual song lecturer, who comes to us with the endorsement of our former speaker, Dr. N. T. Ravlin, and who is highly spoken of in the Colorado papers. Prof. Bell, like Dr. Ravlin, was formerly a minister under a large salary, but having gained the light which Spiritualism alone could give, he left his position to promulgate its truths to the people, so that with such a teacher we expect there will be a Spiritual revival in this city. Prof. Bell will sing several solos at his meetings. He is reported to be a fine singer.

We also have, I think, one of the grandest platform test mediums that has been before the public here—Mrs. M. Waite—who although only about a year in public, gives the most astonishing tests, with full names of the spirits and those receiving the tests, and nearly always goes down in the audience and points out the person to whom the test is given. Mrs. Waite is a San Francisco lady of fine presence, and has given tests for this society for two months, giving perfect satisfaction. She is under engagement to the society in connection with the speaker, and we hope to report in future that Spiritualism as well as the Society has taken a step higher.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD.

The new science of experimental psychology aims at measuring the mental capacities of men, as the anthropometrist measures their physical capacities.

Huxley's Early Religious Teaching.

My memory, unfortunately, carries me back to the fourth decade of the nineteenth century, when the evangelical flood had a little abated, and the tops of certain mountains were soon to appear, chiefly in the neighborhood of Oxford; but when, nevertheless, bibliolatry was rampant; when church and chapel alike proclaimed, as the oracles of God, the crude assumption of the worst informed and, in natural sequence, the most presumptuously bigoted, of all theological schools.

In accordance with promises made on my behalf, but certainly without my authorization, I was very early taken to hear "sermons in the vulgar tongue." And vulgar enough often was the tongue in which some preacher, ignorant alike of literature, of history, of science, and even of theology, outside that patronized by his own narrow school, poured forth, from the safe entrenchment of the pulpit, invectives against those who deviated from his notions of orthodoxy. From dark allusions to "skeptics" and "infidels," I became aware of the existence of people who trusted in carnal reason; who audaciously doubted that the world was made in six natural days, or that the deluge was universal; perhaps even went so far as to question the literal accuracy of the story of Eve's temptation, or of Balaam's ass; and from the horror of the tones in which they were mentioned, I should have been justified in drawing the conclusion that these rash men belonged to the criminal classes. At the same time those who were more directly responsible for providing me with the knowledge essential to the right guidance of life (and who sincerely desired to do so), imagined that they were discharging that most sacred duty by impressing upon my childish mind the necessity, on pain of reprobation in this world and damnation in the next, of accepting, in the strict and literal sense, every statement contained in the Protestant Bible. I was told to believe, and I did believe, that doubt about any of them was a sin, not less reprehensible than a moral delict.—From "The Decline of Bibliolatry," in The Popular Science Monthly for September.

Sixteenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union.

The 16th Annual Congress of the American Secular Union will be held at Chicago, October 23, 24 and 25. This society was organized in Philadelphia, July 4, 1876, to oppose the encroachments of the National Reform Association upon religious liberty.

The action of Congress in closing the World's Fair on Sundays, at the dictation of a Christian minority, demonstrates that the existence of an active secular society is a necessity. It also shows how much may be done by thorough organization.

That the Exposition has been ordered closed in accordance with the demand of the people no one pretends. It has been done by an inferior faction in spite of the people's protest.

It is a legend in this republic that "government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed."

This principle underlies the very existence of the republic. Through its practical acceptance the United States of America has become the ideal of the world. It represents no king, no priest, no religion, but the people only.

The National Reform Association, the American Sabbath Association, the Prohibition party, combining with other less prominent organizations, have ignored the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States, by declaring that God, and not the people, is the immediate source of all political power, thus endorsing the fundamental principle of a theocracy. In accordance with this claim they have succeeded in securing governmental recognition of what they claim as "God's day."

Not only have they captured the executive, but the judiciary. The Supreme court has been induced to decide in favor of the proposed theocracy, by declaring that "this is a Christian nation."

Accordingly, people who are not acting in accordance with the Christianity which is recognized by the authorities are fined and imprisoned, their property confiscated, and although the vast majority believe in freedom of speech and press, and in religious liberty, yet so undisciplined are the loyal forces that no combined resistance is made to this unconstitutional invasion of individual rights.

We hope that every Secularist who can do so, whether liberal or Christian, will attend the Congress October 23. We desire especially that the citizens should be present.

At the coming convention the advisability of holding an International Congress in 1892 will be considered. The Board is merely representative, and can go no further than the members of the organization enable it to go. It is the members, then, and not the Board that must decide this question.

As the dedication of the Columbian Exposition immediately precedes the Congress, the reduced rates on the railroads at that time will enable liberals throughout the country to attend. Trusting that advantage will be taken of this opportunity we extend to you, one and all, a cordial invitation to be present, and aid us with your wisdom and advice in outlining the future work and policy of the organization.

CHARLES B. WAITE.

President Am. Secular Union.

Chicago, Ill.

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.

M. Glalsher, when in a balloon, at two miles from the earth, heard a musket shot and a dog bark, and at four miles a railway train.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

As I sit and think at this solemn hour I can't help realizing the fact that ignorance and blind credulity may be discovered even among those said to be highly educated and regarded as eminent teachers. There once stopped with me over night a Catholic priest whom we call Father F. This priest was my personal friend, and I have every reason to believe him honest and sincere in his religion. As a friend I shall always regard him, and if he does not believe as I do he has always treated me kindly and respectfully, and I could ask no more of a person who was at issue with me on the question of religion. As my friend, he came to me to point out the danger I was in, while rejecting Christ and the power of the Church to aid me, or to rescue my soul from eternal damnation. Said he to me: "My dear friend, just think for a moment what an awful sin it is to turn a deaf ear to the teachings of Christ and his apostles, and then listen to the allurements of the siren tongue of unbelief, heresy and infidelity. I will help you all I can, and do all possible for me to do to place your feet so firmly on the rock of the Church of Christ that even all the powers of hell cannot remove them."

"How strange it appears to me that a man of your intelligence will reject the kind and loving Christ as your Savior, and turn away from his church, and thus coolly and deliberately send your soul down to the region of the devil and his wicked angels. How can you do this while the church is all the time holding out to you such grand inducements and noble incentives to lead you on to a life of eternal happiness?"

"Father F., I do not doubt your motive in the least, and how good and kind you are to me no one knows better than I do. As a true friend, you have a great interest in my future happiness when my life shall end here on earth. I know that unbelief with your church is a solemn thing to contemplate. It is the vilest of sins. But why you, with your splendid education and fine attainments, should so regard it, is as strange to me as it is to you that I am an unbeliever or an infidel. I hope I have greater charity for you, under the circumstances, than either you or your church have for me; for I feel that you are honest and sincere, and I cannot regard you as a criminal while you are acting out your highest ideas of right, even should your church and creed in the end prove a fraud or delusion. I cannot believe that the vilest devil man can conceive of would be mean enough to torture you through an endless eternity for no other purpose or reason than for your acting out in your life conduct your highest and noblest convictions of right, honesty and justice."

"No, good, kind friend, with all my imperfections, which I well know are many, give me credit for an unbounded charity, a charity that embraces in its folds the whole human race, whether Catholic, Protestant, Jew or infidel; whether white, red or black in color. While my charity is so broad and extensive, I cannot but regard a God (as you call him) extremely unjust, cruel and detestable who would not do as much for humanity as I would. Had you the power you would save me from never-ending woe. Your God has the power, but is entirely passive, and makes no effort in that direction. He has the power to make men and women with all their frailties, but seems powerless to save them from the torment himself or the devil has prepared for them."

"Kind friend, in my practice as a lawyer, for thirty years, I have examined many witnesses, and by this practice I have learned the great utility of a rigid 'cross-examination' in discovering the truth or falsity of the witness testifying. Lawyers have to do this in order to discover the real facts, and present them to the court or jury. The rule is certainly a good one, and ought to be adopted in all the departments of life, whether of law, politics or religion, where the real truth is sought after. Will you think it amiss if I seek by a few questions to settle some points that have never been explained to my satisfaction, so far as the jurisdiction of the church extends, in assuring persons of heresy, unbelief or criminality, where the persons disregard its supremacy in the matter? Will you give me freely the light we so much desire?"

"Yes, Judge; nothing would give me greater pleasure. I am sure the church I represent is founded on a rock that no amount of skepticism can shake, for it is founded on the word of the eternal and ever-blessed Savior."

"Well, in this matter I will concede that your church has, by tradition, kept this word of God and the blessed Savior pure and undiluted ever since its organization commenced, and the matter was settled at the Council of Nice, and the true and genuine gospels, by request, heaped up on the table. I want to know who it was that reported Jesus at the time the multitudes came unto him and he opened his mouth and taught them. I want to know if the reporter took down the words as they were uttered in short-hand, and whether, when the report was prepared for the press, it was properly punctuated, so as to show the stress or emphasis to be placed by the reader on certain words, in order that the full meaning and import of the same might be understood? I would like to know whether the report was submitted to Jesus for correction, or whether the reporter did not have his own way in the matter; or whether he was inspired or not by God, or someone else, so that none of his own ideas got into the manuscript through some clerical error or mistake?"

"When the manuscript went into the hands of the printers, and the same was set up in the form for printing, I would like to know who corrected the proof, and whether the proof-reader was inspired also? I would also like to know for certain whether the manuscript was so plainly written that no mistake was made in any word when set up by the compositor?"

"As our salvation or damnation depends in a great measure on the correct and truthful an-

swers to these questions, you see the position I am placed in as an honest believer, or an honest unbeliever. I have never heard these matters accounted for, and when at the present state of perfection in reporting, speakers often claim that their speeches are not correctly reported, should we not be allowed some doubts on the reports made nearly two thousand years ago? Were a witness in court testifying on a matter of this character, the most ignorant lawyer that ever appeared in any court would see the point lacking in the proof, and press his questions until there was a full and complete statement of fact elicited."

"There is another point in this case I would love to have explained. In one of these pure and truthful gospels that make up the heap on the table, it is said: 'And there were also many other things that Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world could not contain the books that should be written.' Where a person did so many things, in so short a time, I often wonder how his biographers and reporters get his history and teachings so abridged and condensed that a ten-cent pamphlet would contain the whole thing. But in this matter you no doubt would quote this good old text, so satisfying to the honest inquirer: 'Great is the mystery of godliness.'"

"Surely this mystery does excel all the manifestations of modern Spiritualism, and yet how strange it is that you accept the greater and ignore or condemn the less."

"Judge, I will honestly say that you are the greatest skeptic I ever knew or conversed with; you go back on all divine revelations, as well as on all the teachings of the great, and, as I believe, infallible church of God. Why, you do not admit the truth of our teachings on any point whatever. You ask too much of us at this day; our church has settled all these matters, and declared that it is infallible, and we must accept its teachings as true and genuine on the principles of faith alone, and it is wicked to doubt and demand proof, as does the infidel, the heretic and unbeliever."

"There is, I am sorry to say, but little use for me to talk to you on this matter, you are so skeptical, and call for facts that I have not the power to give."

"Father F., I am willing to admit that I am skeptical, and I am truly glad that I am so. But I am positive that you even are more skeptical than I am, and care no more for faith in the strange things of this world than do other skeptics and unbelievers."

"No, Judge, I am no skeptic; in fact, the name itself fills me with horror. I look upon skepticism and infidelity as something dreadful to contemplate, for my church so teaches. Why you charge me with being skeptical I cannot form an idea."

"Well, I will see if I am correct. Suppose I should tell you that I saw a mosquito pick up an ox with its little bill, and fly away with it over the hills as far as our vision extended, would you believe me?"

"No, I certainly would not believe you."

"Not believe me were I to tell you that I was near by and saw this with my own eyes, you at the same time knowing me to be truthful and entitled to credit, and my evidence would be accepted as truthful in any court where I am known. Would you not believe me then, with all this in my favor?"

"No, I surely would not be fool enough to swallow such a story, let your reputation be what you claim for it."

"Suppose this testimony was given by me in court, and sworn to, and you were sitting on a jury, and the judge informed you that if you did not believe it he would cast you into prison among thieves, robbers and murderers, would you not believe then?"

"No! the threat would make no difference."

"Why, my dear friend, under all these circumstances would you not believe it?"

"It would be for the reason that the story would be outside the bounds of probability or possibility."

"Then suppose we should tell you that God did this in order to manifest his power, and told me to tell you what he had done, and if you would believe the story you should be rewarded with a seat among the saints at his right hand; but if you disbelieved you should be counted as a heretic, and not only be tortured and burned in this life, but also in the eternity to come. After all this would you remain in unbelief?"

"Yes, I would; for your story would not be accepted as true, even by the silliest fool."

"That is your kind of skepticism. Now, you come to me and tell me a story equally improbable (told by one whom neither of us ever knew), of a matter that no one ever claimed to see, and all the evidence in the case consists of the fact that some one said that a man dreamed a dream; that an angel told him it was so. I refuse to believe this improbable story (said to have taken place nearly two thousand years ago) on such miserable testimony; and you and your church denounce me as an infidel and sinner, doomed to suffer the pains of an endless hell for my unbelief. Now, friend, how does the matter look to you now, when you see both sides of the question? Which of us is the greatest skeptic or unbeliever? Both of our stories may be false, but the one told you is better vouched for, and equally as possible as yours. If I must go to hell for rejecting a story that my senses tell me is false, why should you escape all penalties?"

"Judge, you are a lawyer, and can take up either side of a question, while I have been educated on one side only. In that respect I am at your mercy in this argument; but I do honestly believe in my church, and that its origin was a heavenly one. If we cannot see things alike, I hope your charity will be broad enough to admit that I am honest and sincere, and try to do the best I can for my fellow-man. There is no mistake but you have presented your points in a plain and simple manner, and we will close this matter, I hope, without prejudice."

And we did. M. P. ROSECRANS.

A Retrospection.

IN WHICH THE FIELD OF PROGRESS IS VIEWED.

In reviewing the events of the century, it seems to me we should not complain, as some seem inclined, of the slow progress of the church towards liberalism in creeds, and toleration of free speech, as well as an increasing free thought on every topic that comes up for discussion and general investigation.

The landing of Father Murray in Boston, a century since, and his fearless preaching of the "final restitution" of the race, sounded the first death-knell of Calvinism, pure and unadulterated by modern heretical notions. Beecher, Thomas, Swing, Dr. Briggs and others, had not yet been heard from.

It required time's slow processes of evolution and involution of thought to produce them; but Channing appeared, and with his polished eloquence taught the "Unity of the Godhead."

Then followed "Albert Barnes' Notes on the New Testament," and his broad liberal views of the atonement were like bombshells in the ranks of Calvinism; that caused the division since known as the Old and New-school Presbyterian Church.

About this time Dr. Thompson appeared on the scene of activities necessary to reforms, and brought his batteries of Cayenne pepper, hot baths and tincture of lobelia to bear against the citadels of the medicos of calomel, jalap and the lancet, and teaching the people that the divinity within man needs less doctoring on the one hand, and better ethical teachings on the other. Soon Dr. Graham preached his gospel of Graham bread as the grand catholic icon of the race. The voice of Gressnit was wafted across the water, calling on all men to "wash and be clean," and that the waters of the rivers of Damascus were as pure as those of the sanctified Jordan. Hahnemann soon followed with his infinitesimal doses, proving that they were better than medicines put up in larger quantities to "suit purchasers." The doors of the Spirit-world were opened; immortality, the great problem of life, was solved; hands were laid upon the sick and they were healed, and the sting of death is removed, for it has been proven if a man live he cannot die.

Co-ordinating and co-operating with all these movements was the organization of the "Liberty Abolition Party." A Garrison, a Phillips, Gerrit Smith, the saintly; Lucretia Mott, and a host of immortal men and women led the van. But even all these were not sufficient to create and educate public opinion. This great reform could not move on to victory alone.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and others, organized and led the suffrage movement as they lead it to-day; and the workers in the abolition movement were the rank and file of the suffragists, for these pioneers of liberty saw that until woman was enfranchised no thorough and complete work could be done, for when one race was liberated another and more intelligent class were held in bondage to old customs and creedal teachings, which the world was finding intolerant and unjust. These leaders were also the pioneers of the temperance movement, Susan B. Anthony delivering the first temperance lecture ever heard in an open convention of men and women. True to their teachings, the clergy on the platform contested her right to be heard. She persisted, however, as only Susan can, until she has been heard for years, and respected as well.

John B. Gough followed with his inimitable eloquence, pathos and word-painting of the evils of intemperance. Then the Hutchinson family sang it into popularity on both continents, with the refrain, "We are all teetotallers, and have signed the temperance pledge."

The same system of co-operation and co-ordination is needed to-day. The freeing of your millions of colored slaves has made it possible for white bondmen and bondwomen to advocate and demand their freedom. In this and other States a woman cannot control her own offspring without a serious conflict with the law, and yet we send missionaries to Boribooahla to Christianize the idolaters there. The suffragists have made the organization of clubs for the education of women possible to-day. The meetings of various organizations from time to time in Washington, have brought together the highest order of talent. Papers have been read that have contained a wider thought-range than has ever come from a like body of men. The necessity of co-operation has been seen by them, and expressed in kind, sisterly greetings to all, and their responses seem like an antiphonal service to women everywhere, including the Pandita Kamahai, to whom this message was sent: "Tell the women of India the world was made for them."

To-day we come face to face with the conflict between capital and labor. Both must learn that all men have rights that must be respected; that while the wage-earners have right to increase of pay, if they can get it without injury to others, they have no right to prevent a fellow-worker from earning the same he demands, because he claims his right of judging for himself, whether he belongs to and is governed by certain organized societies or not. That there are wrongs no one will deny; but this domination of a man's business is a manifestation of the same spirit they condemn in their employers. Both employers and employees need humanizing.

Intelligent humanitarian employers will see in time humanity, not gold, is the weight needed in the balance; and a broader humanity will lead to higher mental and moral conditions; and that coercion, boycotting and calling unseemly names and the like, besides the wanton destruction of life and property, will not produce the desired results. There are good men on both sides, and to them we must look for a solution of the vexed questions between capital and labor.

The "church" must learn tolerance towards those who differ on "vital points of doctrine," said vital points not being as "vital" as they were a half-century ago.

In this retrospection there are so many

forms of progression established, so much has been accomplished, that we look forward into the future and see greater strides towards the final emancipation of the race from the slavery and oppression of labor and serfdom, as well as theological tyranny which is the worst of all.

Up the mountain heights we're climbing,
With a glad and joyous throng;
Truth's templespires are glistering,
And we hear the meteor's song.

CORNELIA GARDNER.

Rochester, N. Y.

Thought.

Ceaseless as the noiseless flow of brooklet
That takes its source among the lasting snow
Of the everlasting mountain fastness—
Peaceful, gentle as the kiss of evening breeze,
Part and parcel of that eternity
Into which time slips ceaselessly.
Thought, thy field is limitless, unbounded,
Everything from the low, creeping worm
Is thy ever-ready means of transport.
Lost thou art, never, never, lost, never!
That which thou hast beautified may perish,
But, like the winds that ever move and moan,
You return again in a thousand ways.
The colors you flint to-day in rainbow,
To-morrow may gleam in kisses the daisy,
Or burn in the sunflower's yellow blaze,
Or find a lodgment in a busy brain,
And from it flow out in rhetoric's chain,
Sentence by sentence, figures of beauty.

Fitted for everything thou art and all,
Like the waves of old and mighty ocean
Which climb to mountain height and break on shore.

You may thunder-like break on the world;
Or in the gold and silver of silence
May run noiselessly along like wavelets
Which play on blue ocean's mighty bosom
When calm breathes a prayer that stills the water.

And mirrors peace on its restless surface.
You may be kissed away by blight of death,
But come again and haunt the spot anew,
In a form remote, but purpose the same,
Forming the chain that naught but Deity breaks.

Thought, unseen, a subtle, mighty something!
A force underlying every action.
We may in very awe note thy results,
But whence you come—ah! there's the mystery!

Does the nourishing grain hold imprisoned
In its filmy hull thy unseen substance?
Dost thou leak out of the earth's bosom,
Mount through rootlet and stem to a flower,
And reach perception thus mysterious?
Dost thou lurk in the sunbeam, and borrowed,
As colors in Flora's varied field,
Or is man—the fittest for thy action—
Plunged into a mighty sea of thought
Along whose shore he may gather pebbles,
Or floating translucent about him
Is myriad forms which spring to action
Through that jugglery of organ, brain?
Man, that poor momentary tenant, man,
Who follows facts or fancy, or a dream;
He who has burned out the light of his life
Striving to fathom the deep mysteries,
Which the hand of a kind Deity veils,
May measure and number the many stars,
Track mile by mile the distance to the moon,
Catch and cage the sunbeam and its colors
In all their kaleidoscopic beauties,
Capture and chain the mighty thunder-bolt
And dote it out to bear his messages,
Or turn the tireless spindles of trade,
Yet the fount from which thou springest, oh!
thought,

Is hidden deep in that dark mystery
With whose tangled ends man child-like plays.
—Tom M. Morgan, in *Inter-Ocean*.

The "Popular Science Monthly," for September, 1892.

The September *Popular Science Monthly* opens with the concluding part of Dr. Andrew D. White's paper on "Geography," in his Warfare of Science series. The disbelief of the medieval theologians that men could live on the opposite side of the globe is the chief subject of this chapter. Dr. Charles C. Abbott contributes an illustrated article testifying to the skill of "The Delaware Indian as an Artist," and he puts in evidence figures of carved gorgets, masks, and various others objects. The number contains also one of Prof. Huxley's trenchant papers, on "The Decline of Bibliolatri," in which the conviction is expressed that a merely nominal belief in the Bible is rapidly displacing the old practical belief. Prof. J. S. Kingsley describes "The Marine Biological Laboratory," at Woods Hall, giving pictures of its buildings and of the interiors of some of its work-rooms. Under the title "Infectious Disease; Causation and Immunity," Dr. G. M. Sternberg, U. S. A., tells what has been learned in this field up to date. Prof. Joseph Jastrow presents a "Further Study of Involuntary Movements," supplementing an earlier paper on this subject. The article is accompanied by thirteen tracings of the movements described. The trouble at the Carnegie mills gives timeliness to Conrad Reno's reply to Edward Atkinson, on "The Wage-contract and Personal Liberty." Mr. Reno advocates compulsory arbitration through a State tribunal as the remedy for labor disputes. There is an interesting account of "Mica and the Mica Mines," by C. Hanford Henderson. Some very strange occurrences are described in Mr. William A. Eddy's paper on "Incalculable Accidents." M. Jules Rochard writes on "Tobacco and the Tobacco Habit;" M. Charles Henry on "Odors and the Sense of Smell," and Frederik A. Fernald describes recent "Changes in Chemical and Geographical Words," that have been made in the interest of simplicity and uniformity. Send for this grand monthly. Address D. Appleton & Company, New York. Fifty cents a number, \$5 a year.

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THE UNKNOWABLE.

The Evolution of the God Idea.

The idea of a God is more or less prevalent with all nations of the earth. Some nations have made their gods out of wood, and have been perfectly satisfied in worshipping them. The more barbarous the nation, the more cruel and exacting of reverence have been their gods. While some people of the past have been satisfied with the worship of one little, lonesome wooden god, or through that wooden image their higher idea of God, other nations have crowded the heavens with tyrants, cruel, unrelenting, and requiring absolute submission to their earthly representatives. The more enlightened nations of the earth have become, the more kind and forgiving have become their gods. The church has been dragged at the Car of Science everywhere. Man has become humane, and his God idea has developed to the same plane. Every religion, every dogma that ever existed, has sprung from the brain of man, suggested and created by his surroundings. The natives of the tropics have filled their places of punishment with fire. The natives of the North have condemned the wicked to an eternity of ice and snow.

There have lived along the line of intellectual progress a few men who have dared to stand for a principle in the face of the whole world, at the risk of their lives, and the world has been blessed by the substantiation of those principles in the face of the world of error and enthroned bigotry that surrounded them.

Copernicus, in an age of religious intolerance and oppression, seized the Torch of Reason, and gazed out into the heavens through the frosty moonlight and sultry suns of forty years, and every hair that whitened in his head marked an age of intellectual progress, and every furrow that crossed his brow stamped "divine will" as an imposition.

Every man who has dared to accept the light of reason and the fruits of his own mind; who has gone out in the tempests of nature, who has stood on the summit of the volcano, who has dived into the mines of the earth, and studied the book of nature, and demonstrated one scientific fact, has exploded the work of theology for a thousand years.

When Magellan saw the shadow of the earth on the moon, and came to the conclusion that the earth was round, and revolved; he placed hell on top of us half of the time, and turned the devil loose among the clergy.

Every nation that has admired art, poetry, grace, beauty and the finer things of this earth, has created and embodied these things in its gods.

In the benighted ages of religion, superstition and ignorance of the past, every clap of thunder was regarded as a mandate from heaven. In all of the religions the power of good has generally been seated on a high mountain, in close proximity, while the power of evil has been sent below. The makers of these religions never suspected that science would turn the earth over—in fact, set it to revolving, and go prowling around down below looking for the King of Evil, or they would probably have located his throne in some other quarter. Superstition has always watched the clouds for signs from a divine source, and it is said that the children of Israel followed a cloud around over a small area of ground for forty years (about this time a "heathen" Chinaman was making a compass), when they could have gotten up a good big horse-race and cleared the whole country in two days. Superstition blindly follows a cloud, but reason sees her way clearly by the light of the stars. FRANK L. LAMB.

Parsons, Kansas.

Wants Him to Rise and Explain.

TO THE EDITOR:—In THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of August 6th, there appears an article entitled "Phenomenal Independent Spirit-writing," contributed by Charles R. Miller, of Brooklyn, New York. Said article consists of what is claimed to be three communications from three distinguished former dwellers upon this earth. I propose to notice, as briefly as possible, the communication purporting to be from Galileo. He is made to say that his knowledge has increased, his researches are more definite and extended, and that he now visits personally and spiritually those worlds which, in earth-life, he viewed through telescopes. During these visits he claims to have interviewed spirits who had been mortals in these far-off worlds, and had made such observations as furnished him as definite an idea of said worlds as one could obtain of his flower garden by a personal inspection.

Now, all this is certainly very wonderful, and very hard for the average mind to endorse, but who is prepared to deny it? I certainly cannot; for the reason that I know nothing about it.

But this same Galileo speaks out on another topic which is within the range of ordinary mortals to investigate, and if he is found to be in a gross error here, it might lead one to suppose that he was in error in the above also.

Again, Galileo is made to say: "The ponderosity of our earth can never be more or less," and that a change, even a fraction of an ounce, would cause worlds to collide and go to general smash. Now, is it supposable that Galileo was never aware of the fact that aerolites are frequently dropping to the earth—some of many tons in weight, and very many smaller ones, thus adding to the earth's ponderosity? Among mortals this is a well-known fact, and yet mother earth comes around on time just the same as though nothing had happened.

This Galileo says his researches are more extended, and his knowledge has increased. I can't see it nor reconcile it. Probably Galileo will arise and explain. I certainly would be much pleased to see how he could reconcile the above facts with his philosophy. E. ALDRICH.

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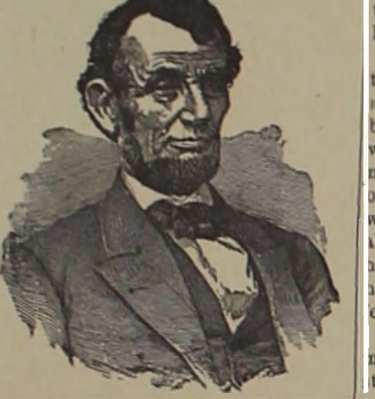
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1892.



A SPIRITUALIST?

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

Neither Leader Nor Pope Need Apply.

During man's slow journey along the track of the past centuries, from the historical records we learn that again and again the Spirit-world has attempted to lead the dwellers in earth's darkness to the light. Hitherto, some old soul, rich in potent experience, has left the brightness of perfection, and entering once more into mortal clay, by the example of its own self-denial, the teaching of disinterested actions, and the doctrine of human brotherhood, has been able to turn men's hungry spiritual natures into the light. Then the passions of the earth dwellers, whose hideousness was made plain by the search-light of this new revelation, actually terrified them into extinguishing the teacher, hoping thereby to slay the truth and relieve themselves of the horrors of their own deeds.

But no sooner had they slain the leader, than impelled by the potent beauty of his teachings, in spite of themselves, they tried to understand his doctrines, and failing in that for want of the teacher they had put out of the way, they fell to worshipping the teacher, in place of the truth. Instead of seeking growth, they have busied themselves in weaving a web of authority, that would in future ages ensnare all free thought, and blind men in the tyranny and darkness of dogma. Their highest aim was to be called disciples of Christ, Confucius, Mahomet, Buddha, Brahma, or what-not. But in every case they pleased the personal before they paid any attention to the impersonal and invisible; respecting the bound and limited far beyond the boundless and free; and preferring the glimmer of a tallow candle to the glorious light of the unshaded sun. Thus every effort to teach men the way to knowledge has failed, until our spirit friends, disgusted with man's obstinate persistence in the wrong, concluded to diffuse, instead of centralize their teachings.

So in this latter day, Spiritualism has come to stay, not as the teaching of a master to a pupil, but as the spontaneous action of thousands of centers, all over the earth, where all the disembodied could help. In all these points of activity, assertion is constantly made of the essential principles: existence after death of the body, return of the freed spirit, and power to communicate with those left behind. No gigantic intellect, nor anybody else in particular, is accountable for these truths, so eagerly accepted by honest minds. They seem to be voluntary, a religion of the people, by the people, for the people. This is the first, last and middle of it.

Sometimes, among men, there springs up, mushroom-like, those whose self-assurance urges them on to assume dictatorship, along the lines of unfoldment. But such are sure to come to an untimely end, and none can help them; for Spiritualism in the visible, and the immense force in the unseen, will tolerate no usurper, who would fain drive the chariot of the sun and its fiery horses through the heavens. For any vacancy, where these claimants have been hurried to swift destruction, let no embryo leader nor would-be pope apply. Spiritualism has no need of either.

BESLIMING THE LIVING.

It Is Done to Exalt the Dead.

There is such a thing on this earth as common decency; there is, too, such a thing as ordinary courtesy, and above all, there is prudence, which should be a part of human nature. When Col. Bundy passed to the spirit side of life, it was hoped that those asperities which had characterized the life of the arisen one would be softened, and a feeling of genuine love take possession of the paper; but before the diet had settled on his remains it seems as if a hundred spirit ghouls stood thereon with javelins to lacerate some human soul and make wounds deeper than those already existing. For any one to assail Mr. Bundy there would have been considered despicable, low and contemptible mean! Is it not equally as despicable, equally as low, and equally as contemptible mean for the bereaved mourners to hurl javelins of hate at the living and try to degrade them? Why should Mrs. Jennie Moore, a genuine medium and excellent lady, be held up to ridicule and sarcasm in the same paper that piles up fulsome eulogies on the deceased? What has she done that she should be held up for contempt in Bundy's memorial paper. She has done nothing but defend herself from the brutish and uncalled-for attacks of the deceased. Single-handed and alone she beat back Col. Bundy's horde of malicious followers, and was vindicated in the lower courts, and still the end is not yet. She is in all respects the peer of Mrs. Bundy; yet she must be belittled, made to appear odious, and still held up as an object whom Col. Bundy assailed, and that, too, in a paper bathed with tears, hoping thereby to exalt him.

But the malicious influence that seems to envelope the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* like a pall of fiendish darkness, and be a part of its very life, could not stop with Mrs. Jennie Moore. Its darts of hate must be sent towards Miss Lizzie Bangs, one of the best mediums living. She who has done more to advance Spiritualism than the *Journal* and all its tribe, has to have her character as a lady held up to ridicule, she being also referred to as one of Bundy's victims.

For Col. Bundy's friends to get up a memorial paper extolling him was strictly legitimate and proper. It is well, perhaps, to bring his virtues to the front and leave the shortcomings of his life in the background. Gotten up with tender regard and kindly sympathy towards all, with no harsh feelings towards any of God's creatures, it would have struck a deep responsive chord everywhere. But when those who control the paper maliciously dragged in the names of mediums who are superior to them from every point of view, and presented them as Col. Bundy's victims, angels shed tears of sadness, while spirit ghouls shouted with joy! Shame on the malign influence that prompted the mentioning of prominent mediums, in order to degrade them and thereby exalt Col. Bundy's life and character, and shame on the whole tribe who permitted such a breach of common decency, and made such an insult to the living! Read the following in reference to the grand work being done by one of Mr. Bundy's victims, Lizzie Bangs:

TO THE EDITOR:—In pursuing my investigations in the science of communion with the unseen world I recently visited the wonderful slate-writing medium, Miss Lizzie Bangs, of your city, and applied a test, the result of which will, I think, interest those of your readers who can understand and accept the theory that communion is in this manner a possibility and a truth, and may set some of those who cannot to thinking and possibly to investigating for themselves. After receiving many replies to questions of my own to spirit friends after the manner of Miss Bang's methods, I held against a set of black folding school-slates brought there by myself and privately marked, a question sealed in an envelope and unknown to me to whom addressed or its nature. After sitting a few moments and distinctly hearing the writing, the medium, who was holding one side of the slate with me, said: "They are done writing." On opening I saw them well filled. It then remained to be proved whether my test was successful or a failure. The question in this instance was written by a friend of myself and wife on a recent visit to us. She is not a Spiritualist and knows nothing of the philosophy it teaches, beyond what she may have acquired in our conversations on this visit. I requested she write a question to some spirit friend, and I would under conditions above described try to obtain for her a reply. I agreed to not read the reply, and consequently when I saw the writing I instantly closed the slates and sent them to the lady, together with her question, as yet the seal unbroken. Visiting her recently, she showed me her question and the slate message. It was signed by her husband, who passed away in March, and was an answer to her question; and this in the absence of the person asking the question, and its contents unknown to myself. In this lies the interest and something new to me in my investigations so far. True the husband of this lady in life was a very dear friend of mine, but the slate-letter was not addressed to myself, but to "My dear wife." As I understand this reply it came through the influence contained in the envelope, in part and in part through my own personality, for at the same sitting I tried the same test in a question similarly prepared by another lady and received no reply.

I have not yet learned the nature of this last question or to whom addressed, but have reason to believe to a person whom in life I did not know. I will record a communication, however, which I received while holding the last question, that may aid those who cannot understand why they cannot always get what they want, and to some it offers encouragement to continue investigations of this kind if they would obtain

the highest and most satisfactory results: "DEAR SON FRANK:—We meet once more by a means that sometimes seems an impossibility, and which is to us so brief and imperfect that we cannot help but yearn for more. But all things are not permitted with the spirit. We are limited, as you are limited, and many times cannot make perfect the means of communication any more than you yourself can command these results. Nature is all wise and perfect in her laws which, if consulted, will always work in one perfect harmony. Confidence and faith create harmony, and this creates the sensitive channel of communion between the two worlds, as you almost surely will find in all your investigations of the beautiful philosophy. Fraud and deceit come in to mar your confidence and joy in all workings of life, but back of all is the light of certainty and truth, and as your loved ones are ever watching you from the spirit side of life, so will they speak to you of the right, and as you converse and desire come into your home midst. Good by. JOHN."

Across the slate diagonally was written my father's full name in life, and along the edge a love message from our spirit child, signed by her; both names and my own identity unknown to the medium. This communication came on the inside of one of the two slates while being held by myself and the medium above the table in daylight, the writing distinctly heard and done in less time than I could write twenty words. I brought the slate away and have it now. I submit these communications and the facts concerning them in the full belief that they were written by spirit hands and by no other. I would not insult my own intelligence by for a moment entertaining any other thought.

One year ago I knew nothing of this science and was as strong in my condemnation of the thought as any of my well-meaning friends are to-day, who when I advance the result of my investigations try to solve the problem by the old arguments used against this grand truth. They will never find any solution until investigation or conviction coming through the rapid advancement of modern thought in the world brings home to them the fact that communion with their loved ones is possible not only through independent slate-writing, but through the many other means of communication now open and well-known facts to those who understand and accept this beautiful philosophy.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

Alpha and Omega, who writes the above, is a gentleman who has an exceptionally brilliant intellect. For reasons best known to himself he doesn't wish his name made known to the general public. Any one, however, who wishes to write to him to confirm the truthfulness of the above communication, can have his name and post office address.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the only Spiritualist paper published in the United States that makes any pretense of coming to the rescue of mediums when improperly assailed. And we venture to say that not one of them has thought of defending Col. Bundy's victims mentioned in the Memorial edition. They have great respect for the dead—but the living—let them be held up as victims of cruelty and vindictiveness.

A Short Sermon.

Some people appear to believe that in giving full reign to their passions they are enjoying liberty. Are they unable to see that they are thus binding themselves to the worst form of slavery? Unless you are able to exercise complete self-control you are a slave to a greater or less extent. The glorious names of Love and Liberty have so often been used as a shield for unbridled license as to make all lovers of truth weary and sad at heart. Think you, O ye mistaken ones, that in giving way to your weaknesses you can avoid the results by giving them exalted names? The innocent child who places its fingers on the red hot stove, and the helpless paralytic who accidentally falls into the fire, all suffer from the scorching heat as if they had knowingly and wilfully so injured themselves. And any action that debases the spirit or weakens the physical body will have its effect even though it be done in ignorance.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and it applies with especial force to all who wish to become brighter, stronger and purer. As thought is either the forerunner or the companion of action, strive to place an effective guard upon it if you would be safe.

The Exposers of Spiritualism.

There are traveling trinkets all over the country who are making capital among church members by denouncing Spiritualism as a fraud and pretending to expose all mediums. We cannot give up our space to pay any attention to these mountebanks. They are simply barnacles on the Ship of Progress, such as cling and harass any reformatory movements. They are liars and swindlers—lying about Spiritualism and swindling people without returning any equivalent. Their challenge to do anything a medium can is vain boasting, and will never be adhered to when a trial comes. Pay no attention to such impostors and vain boasters; by all means do not patronize them in order to see their silly tricks.

SENT FREE! SENT FREE!!

We have a large number of extra copies containing the remarkable story by Hudson Tuttle. The first four numbers will be sent free to every new subscriber, whether for three months or one year. These four papers contain, besides the story by Mr. Tuttle, many exceedingly valuable articles, some of which are equal in merit to articles that appear in leading magazines. Thus you see that each trial subscriber will get seventeen papers for 25 cents, which will be worth to him at least \$1. Please call your neighbor's attention to it. This offer will only remain good so long as this notice appears.

Dr. Hammond, of Washington, has collected seventy cases which have occurred in that city during the last ten years of men dying suddenly from running after street cars.

Religion As It Is.

The following shows in some respects at least the exact status of the "religious world," while in other respects the truth is held in abeyance. We are indebted to the New York Tribune for these statements as set forth by Hon. R. H. Porter, in his address at Ashbury Park, N. Y. They were, of course, taken from the returns of the eleventh census, and many of the facts given were then made public for the first time. There is, indeed, a picturesque feature about the exhibit of religious growth in this country that will attract the attention even of those least interested in Christianity. There are, for instance, nearly 150 district religious organizations in the United States, the names of many of which are almost identical. Good examples of this are the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, and the Presbyterian Church in the United States. There are also four branches of Reformed Presbyterians with almost the same title. Four denominations call themselves simply Brethren, to distinguish which in the returns it was necessary to attach the Roman numerals I, II, III and IV. There are two churches known as the Reformed Church in America, and the Reformed Church in the United States, popularly distinguished by inserting the words Dutch and German in brackets. Moreover, the tendency to multiply sects is shown in the queer names which some offshoots from the great denominations have adopted. Most people have heard of the Seventh Day Baptists, whose name sufficiently indicates their principal tenet. But how few intelligent citizens there are who have ever heard of the Six Principle Baptists, or the Mudhead Baptists, or the River Brethren, or the Old Two-Seed in Spirit, or the Primitive, the Free-Will, the Original Free-Will, the General, or the General Free-Will! Still again, there are the Orthodox, the Hickites, the Wilburites, and the primitive branches of the Society of Friends. And of Lutherans there are seventeen or eighteen distinct organizations. Even the smaller bodies have many branches, as, for example, the Mennonites, numbering in all about 41,000 communicants, which have twelve branches. To the outside it would seem as though the differences between many of these sects must be infinitesimal; and so, in point of fact, they are. But those who suppose that a union of such bodies is feasible, fail to estimate the strength of denominational pride, or the persistence of ancient denominational feuds. Besides that, many of these bodies are firmly convinced that their creed is the only true statement of Christianity, and therefore the more earnest they are in their belief the less chance there is of their uniting with the other members of their denominational family. As a matter of fact, there is more hope of union between some of the great denominations than between the branches of the same denomination, on the principle that family feuds are always most bitter.

The growth of the churches since 1850, the only year previous to 1890 there were any trustworthy returns, has been remarkable. In the former year, for instance, the number of church edifices was 38,183, while in 1890 it was 142,256, an increase of more than 272 per cent. Of the individual churches, the Roman Catholics show the greatest growth in this respect, the increase being more than 614 per cent. As to the value of church property in 1850, it was \$87,446,371, while in 1890 it was \$631,221,303, an increase of more than 621 per cent. Here again the Roman Catholics lead with an increase of more than 1,178 per cent, the Lutherans following with an increase of more than 1,098 per cent. In the actual number of church edifices the Methodists were first in 1850, and still retain that position, having had in 1890 44,244 church edifices, the Baptists following with 39,412, and the Presbyterians with 12,463. According to the returns, the five principal denominations in 1890 had the following number of communicants: Congregational, 512,771; Lutheran, 1,199,514; Methodist, 4,255,377; Presbyterian, 1,278,815, and Roman Catholic, 6,250,045. The other denominations foot up the total number of communicants to about 20,000,000. In other words, the number of churches has multiplied nearly three times in a trifle more than a generation, and their money value has increased more than sixfold. Not the least interesting fact in this exhibit of growth is the table devoted to the colored denominations, which shows that there are 2,379,100 colored church members, having church edifices valued at \$13,403,329. Altogether, the eleventh census shows a great growth of the churches, though a more careful inspection of the returns will be needed to show whether or not they are keeping pace with the growth of the country.

The result above given will show that the churches have increased in wealth and numbers, yet they are to that extent weaker, inasmuch as a liberal sentiment is leavening them, and changing in all respects their characteristics. The Catholic church, weighted down with superstition, ignorance and an intolerant spirit, has made the least progress, and the least noticeable change is manifested in it. Of course statistics deal with figures, and figures only, as connected with the names of the different sects, and not with radical change in feeling and sentiments. Spiritualists, who have no iron, clod-bound creeds, do not figure in these statistics at all. It, however, has been instrumental in producing the liberal feeling that now prevails.

A Question for Thought.

Does anyone believe the clergy would exhaust so much energy in its efforts to prevent Sunday excursions, picnics, and like diversions from a week of toil, was not their support contingent on the number they allure into the churches on that, to them sacred day? Every sinner brought under their psychological influences becomes a contributor to the fund for the spread of the gospel, otherwise the extension of the art of enchanting, formerly supposed to be the product of demoniacal aid.

Some of the Advantages of the World's Parliament of Religions.

There will undoubtedly be a vast amount of religion—highly-seasoned and diversified—at the World's Fair. There will be a "Sabbath" each day of the week; there will be a "worshipful" feeling on each day, manifested by some one of the diversified religionists. This will be funny to the advanced thinker, and a never-ending source of reflection to him. The proposed religious feature of the Columbian Exposition, the parliament of religions, receives editorial endorsement and description in the New York Observer. Comprehensive as the general programme is in scope, says the Observer, "the most thorough attention is being paid to details, even to the securing of original hymns, which may be sung by the people of the different communions and religions, and the topics chosen for discussion will be of an order to show what light religion has to give upon the great problems of the age, especially the important questions connected with temperance, labor, education, wealth, and poverty. Such are the arrangements made for places of meeting that 30,000 persons can be in session at one time at the various congresses. In this missionary age, when many a zealous heart is wondering how long it will be before we reach the world with the tidings of the cross, we may well rejoice that such an opportunity occurs for bringing the religions of the world into such close and striking contrast on a stage that will be the cynosure of all eyes. The thoughtful minds of every land will give heed to the doings of these congresses; and the strong presentation of the impregnable foundations of theism, and the reasons for man's faith in immortality, will serve to strengthen the world over the forces which are opposed to materialistic philosophy.

"It will be interesting and useful to hear from the leading minds of other religious faiths. They will, no doubt, present their most elevating teachings, and seek to win favor for them. At the same time, while endeavoring to create a favorable impression of their own faiths, they will no doubt pay a respectful and indeed deeply interested attention to the doctrines of Christianity, as these latter are succinctly, clearly, and tersely set forth by the most able minds of Christendom. We know well that Christianity will hold its own in any such congress. We believe that the result will be a vast amount of diligent comparing and contrasting on the part of these representatives of the non-Christian faiths, with what result we do not hesitate to suggest. Dr. Barrows tells us that it is his personal conviction that the parliament of religions, in connection with the whole series of religious congresses, will bring into glorious conspicuity the supreme power and attractiveness of the cross of Christ. While as Christians we earnestly seek from our brothers beyond the sea a frank and full presentation of their sincere beliefs, which is only possible in an atmosphere of confidence, mutual respect and affection, we shall speak from our hearts those truths which have come to us from the words and the life of the Son of God. Believing that Christianity is not only the complement of all other religions, filling out what is imperfect in them, and correcting what is erroneous, but is also a direct, miraculous revelation, centering in a divine Redeemer, they who hold this faith will have the opportunity to proclaim it as never before. The religion whose distinctive features are incarnation, regeneration and atonement, flings its loving challenge to the world, and has no fears!"

We suggest that Hon. A. B. French appear in this religious body and represent Spiritualism. An orator who has no superior on any rostrum, or in any pulpit on this earth, he will be a grand representative of Spiritualism, and will startle those who have been accustomed to think in a religious groove. He will charm them with his eloquence, and the poetic grandeur of his ideas, and he will assail all religions in a manner that will not be offensive, but will tend to carry conviction. Mr. French is always prepared for any occasion, and any emergency where an address is in order.

A Suggestion for Legislation.

Should not every parochial school, nunnery, convent, monastery and church be subject to frequent examinations by Boards of Visitors appointed expressly for that purpose? And should not such institutions be required to furnish a monthly or quarterly report of every inmate of such school or institution, with name, age, place of residence, parents, etc.? And should not such Board of Visitors have full authority to compel the attendance of every pupil, teacher, head of such school, etc., to appear before them and testify touching any fact pertaining to the conduct of the school, nunnery, convent, etc.? Are prisons, designated schools, under church patronage any more liable to be exempt from bad management than are insane asylums where such intolerable wrongs are constantly practiced? These Boards of Visitors should enter such institutions when least expected, and should thoroughly examine every closet, recess, retreat and private apartment, and have sufficient guards for their protection.

A Well-Magnetized Dollar.

J. M. Telles, of California, writes: "I am a Castilian, and a convert made by that great apostle, A. J. Davis, 35 years ago. The enclosed dollar was sent to me by him, therefore it must be well magnetized, and I thought I would invest it in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER." Thus the good works of the great seer, Mr. Davis, are made manifest. All along his life lines may be found good deeds, a kindly spirit, and a fervent desire to elevate mankind to a higher plane. He has done much which the world should be thankful for.

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Workers, Doings, Etc.

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

The First Society of Spiritualists will resume its services at Washington Hall, Washington Boulevard and Ogden Ave., Sunday, September 4. Services conducted by the pastor, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. At 10:45 A. M. an opportunity will be given for the answering of questions. Strangers especially are cordially invited to avail themselves of this privilege. Any questions bearing on spiritual topics are fully answered by the guides of Mrs. Richmond. Lecture in the evening at 7:45. All are welcome.

E. S. Manville, a young man of pleasing address, is now located at 4009 Washington Boulevard, west of 40th street. He is a spirit artist, and claims to get splendid results. Give him a trial.

Mrs. H. L. Bigelow, of San Jose, Cal., writes flatteringly of their circle or meeting. There was music by Brother McMeekin, and an address by Sister McMeekin. Mrs. Hendee followed. Others described clairvoyantly what they saw, and gave psychometric readings. Mrs. Bigelow concludes thus: "Brother McMeekin is a teacher of instrumental music, and ever and anon the beautiful chords of the Otter harp would vibrate, as if touched by unseen fingers. The friends all joined in singing 'Shall We Gather at the River?' after which, with many a handshake and good-bye the friends took their departure, counting the hours well spent in such a company."

The *Carrier Dove*, of San Francisco, Cal., says: "Mrs. Allie Livingstone, who has long been known in San Francisco as a spirit artist, is about to leave for Chicago, where she and her husband expect to remain a year or two. We recently had a private sitting with Mrs. Livingstone, and the manifestations were very wonderful and convincing. During the sitting several instruments were played upon by spirit hands. A guitar lying on the floor was lifted as high as the table and played upon at the same time; yet no visible hand touched the instrument. The gas would be turned on full blaze and then lowered without either the medium or the writer having moved from their seats. Hands touched us very palpably, and the heavy oak table at which we sat danced about as lightly as a feather in a breeze. The very air seemed alive and palpitating. The medium was entranced and delivered very beautiful and encouraging messages from different spirit friends. One, from the dear mother, was particularly sweet, and characteristic of her beautiful, hopeful, trusting nature. Such seasons of spiritual refreshment are wonderfully strengthening and encouraging to those who find life not all a flower-strewn way, but feel the sting of thorns more frequent than they sense the perfume of roses."

This medium is now located in Chicago, at 2324 Cottage Grove Ave., Flat 5, where she will be glad to receive visitors and honest investigators. She seems like a perfect lady.

G. G. W. Van Horn was in the city last week on his way to the Liberal (Mo.) camp-meeting.

Bishop A. Beals speaks at Louisville, Ky., during the month of September. He can be addressed there for further engagements. Good reports come from Mr. Beal's various fields of labor. He is doing a good work.

M. F. Hammond, late of the East, has opened meetings at Bricklayer's Hall, 93 S. Peoria street; Sunday meetings at 7:30. Mr. Hammond is a trance and test medium, and capable of doing a most excellent work. He resides at 362 W. Madison street.

U. J. Flegley writes: "The writings of Moses Hull charm me, which I can not say of any other writer, living or dead. His writings have done a vast amount of good in the world, especially 'The Question Settled,' and 'The Contract.' Moses Hull does not build himself up at the expense of others; and along with him goes Mattie, a little body but a great big soul, patiently teaching humanity to be humanized. What Moses Hull has passed the beyond he can joyfully say, 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith.'"

Oscar A. Edgerly, having concluded his engagements with the Eastern camps, will on Sunday, September 4, commence a two months' engagement with the Progressive Spiritual Society of St. Paul, Minn. His engagements, as made for 1893, are as follows: March, Buffalo, N. Y.; April, Baltimore, Md.; May, Pittsburg, Pa. Would like to make engagements for January and February with Western societies. Permanent address, 277 Decatur street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Somerset Spiritual camp-meeting at Hayden Lake, Madison, Me., opens September 7, and closes on the 11th.

The Chicago Secular Union opens its free Sunday evening lecture course on Sunday evening, September 4, at Lincoln hall, 68 Adams street. Horace C. Bennett will speak. Subject: "Is this a Secular or a Christian Government?" Public invited.

Mrs. Jennie Moore arrived home last week from the Clinton camp-meeting, where she held several successful seances. She also went to Maquoketa, where she dedicated a seance-room in the house of Mayor Harve. She now has an engagement at Springfield, Ill., where she will remain until the 10th, and the following Sunday evening will hold a seance at her own home in this city.

Examination of the human skin with the most powerful microscopes reveals the fact that it is covered with minute scales, overlapping each other exactly like those of a fish.

An automatically-working match machine has recently been invented, having a capacity of 10,000 sticks a day, which it arranges over a vat where the heads are put on.

WIRE-L.

While Under
Materialized Form.
Appear.

To THE EDITOR:—I take pleasure in sending you this clipping from the San Jose (Cal.) Evening News, referring to the mediumship of Mrs. E. M. Gilman, a medium of Oakland. I think it is worthy of being read by the many readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

San Jose, Cal.

E. J. JOHNSON.

EXPERIMENTS WITH A WIRE CAGE.

The believers in Spiritualism in San Jose, and a number of those who have heretofore been very skeptical on the subject, have recently been much mystified by the manifestations of Mrs. Gilman, a medium from Oakland. She is what is known as a materializing medium, as through her departed relatives and friends are able not only to make themselves visible to the eye, but they can also resume their bodily shape and substance so as to be able to shake hands and converse with those who have not yet gone over to the usually silent majority.

Many unbelievers scoff at these claims, and declare that it is the medium herself who assumes different shapes and appears in various costumes, thereby personating different spirits. Mrs. Gilman, in order to prove that she does not resort to any such trickery, which beyond doubt is practiced by some fraudulent mediums, has devised a scheme which makes it seemingly impossible for her to represent in person any of the forms of various ages and sizes that come forth from the cabinet during one of her seances.

The medium has had made especially for the purpose a wire cage into which she is locked by a committee chosen from the audience before the manifestations begin. The key is taken in charge by anyone who may desire it, and to make sure that the lock is not tampered with, a seal is placed over the keyhole. Mechanics who are familiar with metal-working are also at liberty at any time to examine the cage in order to satisfy themselves as to whether or not there is any chance for a person to get in or out of the contrivance other than by the door.

The medium while in San Jose during the last few weeks, has, under these very strict test conditions, given some seemingly highly successful seances. In her apartments at the Westminster House, on First street, over the Post Office, most of these strange manifestations have been produced, but it seems to be a matter of indifference to her where she holds forth, so that she does not have an opportunity to fix up any trap doors and other contrivances, the presence of which is always suspected by the skeptical on this subject.

Police Officer Jones, and others in this city, have been present at some of Mrs. Gilman's recent seances, and they declare that it is simply wonderful how many forms come from the small cabinet, in which there is seemingly little room for anything besides the cage in which the medium is securely locked. The cabinet consists simply of a curtain stretched across a corner of the room, to which there is no access except through a solid wall, floor or ceiling, and yet there issues from the folds of the curtain troupes of forms of all ages and sizes. On the evening that Officer Jones saw the manifestations more than twenty materialized forms appeared, and many present recognized, conversed and shook hands with their departed friends and relatives.

Last Sunday evening, in Champion Hall, at the regular meeting of the Spiritualist Lyceum, Mrs. Gilman gave one of her seances before a large audience. The committee appointed sealed the lock on the cage with a post, age stamp, and they were afterwards thoroughly convinced that the lock was not tampered with, and that in consequence Mrs. Gilman did not personate any of the forms that came forth from the cabinet. There was also no means for anyone to gain access to it except from the audience, but as all were in plain sight this was impossible, especially as everyone was on the lookout for an attempted fraud of that kind. Under these strict conditions, with every possible precaution taken to prevent fraud, a large number of materialized spirits came forth, and many Spiritualists, who heretofore rejected the doctrine of re-substantiation, were convinced that their departed friends are able, through mediums, not only to make themselves visible, but also to resume their bodily substance as in life.

Growing Old.

It does, indeed, to me seem strange,
Since in myself I feel no change,
That in the friends whose love I hold,
I see a something day by day,
That daily plainer seems to say,
The friends you love are growing old.

A deepening of the lines of care,
A tiny wrinkle here and there,
I see a silencing of the gold,
A shadow underneath the brows
Besprinkled now with powdered snows,
Where clustered dusky locks of old.

With sober gladness they rejoice,
More mellow grown each merry voice,
Each smile less bright, less cold;
Still cherished friends as ever we,
Hand clasped hand more tenderly
As days go by and we grow old.

As we grow old! ah, this is strange!
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—Andross and Saltcoats Herald.

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

BESTRATION.

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A Tribute to an Active Worker.

The following lines were given impromptu through the mediumship of Mrs. Lillian L. Wood, of Topeka, Kansas, at the close of Bishop Reals' Sunday lecture at Delphos, Kansas, as a tribute to his public work as a speaker on the Spiritual platform:

Sweet singer of heavenly psalms,
Thy lips are attuned to the touch of a master hand
As thou dost tenderly voice the songs of the Spirit-land;

And, as the Muse dost thee inspire,
Forth from thy throat the anthem swells;
Then, like some hidden fire,
Thy thought leaps out like lambent flames, filling
all the air around

With one grand, glorious, harmonious sound,
Whilst angels hush their whisperings that they
may hear

The glorious music of the bright spheres
As voiced through lips of mortal man.

Oh! thou loved prophet, over thee
Holds sway a bard of olden times,
Who would unto the people again sing songs
Whose wondrous sweetness are like the chimes
Of some old monastery bell
When his sad tones cleft the air at eventide,
Whilst each listening monk, in his cell,
Devoutly crossed himself, saying:
"He doth all things well."

God grant thy earth-life may be long,
So thou mayest voice in song
The messages of love they ever bring
As the songs of the Summer-land
Thou dost sweetly sing.

Important Resolutions.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted at the regular meeting of the Northwestern Spiritualist Association July 24, 1892:

Whereas, we learn from THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and other sources, that certain persons are using all their influence and power to prevent camp-meeting committees and Spiritualist societies from employing as speaker Moses Hull, and whereas, we learn that the Haslett Park Camp-meeting Committee has twice failed to keep its engagement with Moses Hull, on account of the actions and statements of these persons and whereas, our acquaintance with said Moses Hull, which, with many of us, extends over a number of years, proves him to be a gentleman in every sense of the word, as well as one of the most able workers on the Spiritual rostrum; therefore,

Resolved, That we deprecate the actions of these persons and papers in their nefarious work, and feel sorry for committees who will allow themselves to be influenced by the jealousies and spite of those determined to injure a fellow worker.

Resolved, That we heartily endorse the article in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of July 23d, signed "Divine Wright," and recommend Moses Hull to Spiritual societies as one of the most able and eloquent speakers on our platform.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the Spiritual press for publication.

W. H. BACH, Secretary.

To Whom This May Concern,

Greeting: Whereas, some months ago there came into my possession certain defamatory circulars purporting to have emanated from one Frederick Y. C. Hill, of Montreal, that seriously reflected upon the life and character of Robert H. Kneeshaw, and traduced his good reputation, his occupation being that of an inspirational platform speaker, and who is now located at Saratoga Springs, Saratoga county, N. Y., some of which circulars I parted with (without intending to injure Mr. Kneeshaw, either in his reputation or business), and Mr. Kneeshaw claims injury came therefrom to him—both to his character and business. After investigating the charges made in said circulars against said Kneeshaw, I desire to unhesitatingly state that I am fully convinced that each and every one of said charges so made are, and were, false and untrue, and have no foundation in fact; and I do hereby apologize to Mr. Kneeshaw for any injury I may have caused him by my connection with this unfortunate affair, and commend him to the confidence of all who may have occasion to require his services.

B. BURLARD.

The Delphos (Kan.) Camp-Meeting.

To THE EDITOR:—The camp-meeting of Delphos, Kansas, was a success, and the attendance at the lectures was large, and composed of an intelligent class of thinkers. Great credit is due the president, Mr. N. Blanchard, whose genial bearing and courtesy to all on the grounds makes him generally respected. The secretary and man-of-all-work, Mr. I. N. Richardson, is the right kind of a man, and earnest in his efforts to make the association a success, and he should be credited with a great share of the honors. The ladies were solicitous for the comfort of the friends on the grounds and the stranger that came within their gates. The choir rendered some excellent music during the meetings, and assisted to render that harmony which is so requisite to a perfect inspiration for a speaker.

I speak at Louisville, Ky., during the month of September, where I can be addressed.

BISHOP A. BEALS.

Take Note.

I want to ask a question. I have noticed ever since the first copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER came out this fact: About nine-tenths of the contributors (I mean the ones who write the heavy articles) are strangers to the Spiritual press of America. Now my question is this: Where under heavens were these intelligent people before the birth of the "baby"? They must have been born at the same time—a kind of job lot—to go hand-in-hand. I have been a Spiritualist nearly thirty-five years, and I never saw the names signed to the lectures in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER in any other paper.

S. L. ROGERS.

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

Sunapee Notes.

August 16th and 17th were Ladies' Aid Fair days. The pavilion was prettily dressed, and the tables did credit to the noble efforts of the ladies. The fair closed with an entertainment on the evening of the 17th, including in its programme still another exhibition of stereopticon views. Thursday, 18th, Mrs. E. B. Craddock gave a fine lecture, taking by request "Nationalism" as the subject. In the evening the usual social dance occurred. The National Developing Circle also met, with large attendance. Messages were given by raps, and hands materialized; strong developing power was also present. W. R. Colby, who is stopping on the grounds, is giving some wonderful tests in the slate writing phenomena.

Friday, 19th.—Mrs. Juliette Yeaw gave one of her good lectures to-day. A conference meeting of great interest in the evening closed the services of the day.

Saturday, 20th, was Veterans' Day at Sunapee. Some members of the Union from Boston were expected, but were unavoidably detained. The opening address was by Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, who spoke in the interest of the Veteran Spiritualist Union, as did other members who were present. At the close of the meeting several new members were enrolled. In the evening the entertainment was in order; the programme was varied and enjoyable. The solos by Mr. Bullington and Miss Hattie Bailey, to piano, guitar and zither accompaniment, were pleasingly rendered, and the readings by Mrs. Kate Pope and Miss Lottie Corey finely given. The arrival on the late boat of Mr. Al. Gains, a gentleman of color, added much to the enjoyment of the evening, and his jokes were got off in true minstrel style, and caused much merriment.

Sunday, August 21st, the exercises opened with singing and the reading of an original poem, by Mrs. Kate Pope, entitled "My Ship." Mrs. Yeaw then gave the invocation, and afterwards the lecture, the subject of which took the form of this question: "Is Spiritualism True?" A band concert of nearly two hours' duration was given at the close of the morning service. Mrs. Carrie Twing held a test seance at 1 P. M., at which many convincing and comforting messages from unseen loved ones were given to their friends in the mortal. The afternoon services were opened with a solo by Mrs. Bullington. Mrs. Carrie Twing, who was to give the afternoon lecture, read a poem entitled, "Compensation." The auditorium was filled to its utmost capacity with a quiet and attentive audience, and not a sound disturbed the speaker as she enunciated the truths and teachings of Spiritualism. At the close of the lecture, Mr. F. W. Fletcher, on invitation of the chairman, gave a short but interesting address. In the evening Dr. Wheeler, of Leominster, gave a lecture in the pavilion on the "Scientific Evidence of Immortality."

More people have been on the grounds than at any other time during the meeting. The grove was more than full at both services, and the utmost order and quiet prevailed, and we feel that this has been a red-letter day at Sunapee camp.

JANE D. CHURCHILL.

Lake Brady, Ohio, Camp-Meeting.

To THE EDITOR:—The camp-meeting at this place is a pronounced success. Large numbers of visitors are coming and going daily. The location is exceedingly picturesque, the water good and the lake a charming sheet, upon which many may be seen seeking rest and recreation. The Northwestern Band, of Akron, Ohio, under the very competent leadership of Mr. George L. Humphrey, has won the universal approval of the campers, both for the quality of their music and their gentlemanly deportment.

It is the general desire of the people that they shall return next season.

Mr. J. W. Dennis, of Buffalo, who has done excellent work for the new association, has left for his home, greatly to the regret of his many friends.

Dr. J. C. Street fills the chairmanship very acceptably, and has much interested many persons with his private classes.

The lectures for the past week have been delivered by Lyman C. Howe, Mrs. Adah Sheehan, Mrs. H. S. Lake and W. J. Colville. Mr. Howe carries with him an exceedingly inspiring and spiritually helpful presence and inspiration.

Mrs. Sheehan gave an address on Sunday morning with an agreeable effect, and was well received. There was a large audience in attendance. Mrs. Lake spoke with great vigor in the afternoon, and the discourse was pronounced one of the very finest she has ever given. She was followed by Mr. Colville, with his usual fluent comprehensiveness, and clear exposition of spiritual law.

Mr. Frank Ripley, of Boston, and Mrs. A. E. Kibbie, of Cincinnati, have been with us during the entire time. Mr. Ripley's tests are readily given, and as readily recognized.

Mrs. Kibbie has made a large number of friends by her straightforward and womanly ways, and the accuracy of the communications which she gives daily from the platform.

There are quite a number of mediums on the grounds, who are doing considerable business in a private way. Mr. Barnes and Mrs. Moss are perhaps the more prominent.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates, of Philadelphia, active and earnest workers, are paying a brief visit to this camp on their way to other fields of labor.

The president of the association, Mr. Benj. F. Lee, and his able co-workers, are sparing no efforts for the happiness and comfort of their guests.

Next season a new hotel is to be built, and as the grounds consist of 240 acres of beautiful wood, water and plain, there will be ample room for extensive cottage building and camping. The middle Western States will find this resort accessible and interesting, and we may reasonably expect extensive operations next season.

It is the design of the management to de-

vote the camp to the highest spiritual unfoldment and expression, and to make it truly a means for conferring benefit upon all who seek its advantages.

ENIGMA.

A Free Rostrum at Haslett Park.

To THE EDITOR:—When I was at your office on July 2d, I did not give you any explanation about the Haslett Park and the Hull and Lily matter, for the reason I was trying at that time to bring about a final settlement thereof, so nothing of the kind should ever occur again. Last Sunday, at a Board Meeting of all the officers, I presented a letter which was accepted and signed by many members of the board; also a resolution, which makes the rostrum forever free. This letter and resolution is, I presume, in the hands of Moses Hull before this time. This I have accomplished that justice may be done all parties, and our camp-meetings in the future be free from all such unpleasantness. I have asked the board to publish the proceedings of last Sunday's meeting, yet they may not. The article on this matter in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is my idea.

A. B. SPINNEY.

Detroit, Mich.

The Vicksburg (Mich.) Camp.

To THE EDITOR:—I have spent a few days at the Vicksburg camp, and had a most enjoyable time. Mrs. Woodruff was the speaker, and her lectures were simply grand. Mr. Kelley, the materializing medium, was present, and is holding seances which are highly satisfactory. Spirit forms appear and are recognized.

Mrs. Denmore, of South Bend, Indiana, one of the most wonderful mediums of the age, was present. Her readings were first-class. Other prominent mediums were coming in on Sunday, and will remain until the close, the 28th of August. Ample accommodations are furnished, meals and lodging at moderate prices, and those desiring hotel accommodations can find three good hotels in the town, one mile from the camp. Carriages are running at intervals of every thirty minutes. Go out and enjoy yourselves as cheap as you can stay at home. Vicksburg is on the line of the Chicago and Indiana Railroad and Grand Trunk.

C. L. CLARK.

Grove-Meeting at Lake Harriet, Minn.

Sunday, August 13th, there was a small but very satisfactory camp in the grove at Lake Harriet. Another will be held next Sunday, and they may be kept up as long as the warm weather lasts. Many of the public services have been discontinued during the heated term, but we hope they may soon be resumed. The Society of Spiritual Research, which was organized less than a year ago in South Minneapolis, is in a very thriving condition, under the ministrations of Mrs. Lowell, of Anoka.

Mrs. Jacobs, who has established quite a reputation as a platform test medium, has returned from the camp at Clinton, Ia. George H. Beal, lately developed, has given some remarkable tests in psychometry, and shown wonderful healing powers. There are a great many developing, and our old mediums are doing good work.

L. S. M.

Worse Reading Than That.

To THE EDITOR:—I was much amused with the account in No. 140 of that divine reading the "one hundred dollar" chapter to his congregation. I could point to worse reading than that from the same "sacred book," but laying obscenity aside, I would like to ask those who find fault with the untruthfulness of mediums, how they know that "the Lord does not put lying spirits into their mouths as he did into the mouths of all his prophets?" (See 1st Kings, 22d chapter, 18th to 24th verses; also 2d Chronicles, 18th chapter, 17th to 21st verses.) We surely have some truthful mediums to-day, which is an improvement on Bible times, for it seems they were all liars then. Take courage, mediums; perhaps another century may purify the atmosphere from Bundyism and many other isms of the present day.

H. N. GRAVES.

The Liberal (Mo.) Camp.

To THE EDITOR:—The second annual encampment of Spiritualists, at Liberal, Mo., opened August 20th, with the promise of success in every department. Large additions have been made since last year to the permanent improvement of the grounds and buildings and a larger attendance provided for. Mrs. Anna Orvis, who so charmed and delighted the people here last year, and the great and good Dr. J. R. Buchanan, are the speakers to date, with Lyman C. Howe, Willard J. Hull, Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson, Hon. A. B. French, and others, to come. Every phase of mediumship will be represented. The spirit of harmony and good will pervades the camp.

J. N. B.

A Message Purporting to Come from John C. Bundy.

To THE EDITOR:—In sitting for a slate-writing message this afternoon, I received the enclosed message from John C. Bundy. The double slates, filled with water, lying on the floor, my foot resting on one end of the slate and Mrs. Aber's foot on the other end. I recognize the writing as that of Mr. Bundy.

T. M. SEELY.

THE MESSAGE:

MR. SEELY:—I wish you to apologize to the mediums for me. I now see the terrible mistake I made by frightening them as I did. It was the damnable Catholic force which made me do it. I am now with you for progression and the Spiritualistic movement.

Yours,

JOHN C. BUNDY.

"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.

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- WHITE MAGIC TAUGHT IN "THREE** evenings." A book of 211 pages

A Mistake Corrected.

TO THE EDITOR:—In picking up a back number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER recently, I read (in a communication from Ben. F. Graves, of Pennsville, Fay county, Indiana) these words: "Is it not a curious coincidence that the Friends, who were persecutors at Salem, Mass., in the days of Roger Williams, should, over a half-century afterwards, at Pennsville, be the inaugurators and leaders in Spiritualism and liberal views?" In the first place there was no coincidence; rather the contrary. The Friends were never persecutors, and from their individual make-up would not know how to go about that sort of business. They were persecuted at Salem in the days of Rogers Williams, even unto death; not half a century ago, but 250 years ago, soon after they took their rise in England. As an organized body, they were, probably, the first to promulgate and inculcate liberal views in religious as well as in practical life generally. In speaking of that persecution in the days of Rogers Williams, I was simply repeating the expression of your correspondent. Of course Roger Williams did not persecute anybody. The Friends' religious views and daily life were a protest against the corruption, superstition and hypocrisy of the Court of Charles the Second, and which corruption extended to the people. The very corruption of the times gave rise to the society in the shape of an organized protest. They were levelers, and went to the extent of refusing to take off their hats in the presence of the king and queen in a determination not to bow to man. They were not cranky, as we say nowadays, but were among the clear-headed and sensible people of the time, who went from persecution to persecution, from prison to the gallows, rather than renounce their principles and give up their determination to reform the wickedness of the daily life of the people at that time through their (the Friends') personal example of rectitude and sobriety of living. I have great respect for a so-called crank, for the world only moves through him. While "there is nothing new under the sun" in the realms of individual thought, the Friends were foremost in giving (through preaching and writing) their religious views as forerunners of what is modern Unitarianism and its corollary doctrines. When I say Friends, I mean the original ones—the "followers of the light," and don't include all who are called Quakers by the outside world. I am aware that a large body switched off in 1828, and embraced so-called Orthodoxy. I was brought up in the Quaker church, though I was never strictly consistent in my views and conduct, yet cannot get past a recognition of the truth of their views generally, and am, consequently, sensitive to a misrepresentation of them. I was never a subscriber to any written creed, not even to my own views, because to-morrow I might see differently. I was always a believer in progress, hence am a subscriber to, and an admirer of, your paper, for the independence of its expressions.

Keokuk, Iowa. S. W. TUCKER.

The Clinton Camp-Meeting.

THE NOTED MEDIUMS AND SPIRITUALISTS IN ATTENDANCE.

I have just arrived in Chicago from Mt. Pleasant Camp, Iowa. I am now en route for the Liberal (Mo.) camp which is now in session. The list of mediums I met at Clinton are as follows: Mrs. Jennie Moore, of Chicago, who had met with great success in her remarkable materializing seances. She was a popular favorite, and has done a great work. She has just returned. Mrs. Mabel Aber, of Kansas City, Mo., as a materializing and slate-writing medium, gave unmistakable evidences of her powers. Her slate messages (written under water) that appeared in blue pencil, and the spirit forms in seances, were of a remarkable character. Mrs. W. L. Thompson, of Keokuk, Iowa, gave proof of her powers as a materializer. C. E. Winans met with continual success in his seances in materialization and slate-writing. F. N. Foster, spirit photo artist, won scores of golden opinions in his pictures and their recognitions by the sitters. He has vindicated his mediumship to all opponents, and the blessings of many will follow him. Jennie Moore and several of her friends, in group, had her cottage photographed, with her cabinet. When the negative, by Mr. Foster, was developed, the face of Charley Murphy appeared at the aperture, which, to say the least, was very convincing, and a remarkable and pleasing test of materialization by this noted spirit. This photo will be sought after by all the friends. Judge Rosecrans, uncle of General Rosecrans, appeared with his smiling face. George Sherwood (and wife), of Dubuque, Iowa, an ex-minister, interested all. Mr. Roff and wife, connected with the noted Waseka wonder; Dr. B. F. Poole, the medium-defender and pebble-spectacle man, and many other mediums, including A. F. Ackerly, as physical medium, with the writer of this sketch, each gave universal satisfaction at the camp, and still the good work goes on to the glory of our noble cause of truth.

Chicago, Ill. G. G. W. VAN HORN.

Seconds Mr. Jacobs.

TO THE EDITOR:—I wish to express myself heartily in accord with the suggestions of F. D. Jacobs, in No. 142 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, on the subject of "A Spiritual Song-book," and as one who would like to see the good work of making such a song-book a tangible thing. Go on to a finish; I shall be glad to do the little that I feel able to present to do by placing my name on record for five copies of the same.

LEROY N. WALLING.

Additional Notes from Lake Brady, Ohio.

TO THE EDITOR:—We have just closed a very interesting and successful week at our camp. Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson was on the rostrum of the amphitheatre on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons. She has lost none of her former fire, and is gradually rounding out into a clear reasoner and forcible speaker.

Lyman C. Howe spoke Sunday, Wednesday and Friday. As a deep trance inspirational speaker we need make no comments, but as we listened to him from time to time at Lake Brady, we felt as though he was getting nearer and nearer the sources of all truth. Lyman C. Howe brings peace, good-will and harmony into all camps, and many regrets are expressed when he departs.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, on Saturday afternoon, gave us one of her peculiar inspirational addresses. That she is original says but little of what she really is as a public speaker. Many subjects were presented to her, and all were treated in a manner that interested and pleased her auditors.

Subjects for the conferences were announced from day to day, and were discussed with much animation by the campers. The subjects for the past week were: "Transfiguration," "Personation," "Hypnotism and the Trance Spiritual Compared," "The Ancient Spook, or Ghost, and the Modern Spirit Compared," "The Witches of Antiquity and of Salem, and the Modern Medium and Etherealization; its Relation to Materialization." It is surprising to witness the amount of thought displayed in discussing these various subjects. Advertising the subject matter of the conferences gives all an opportunity of study and reflection, and as we are not all inspirational speakers, nearly everyone can come prepared to participate in the exercises.

Our chairman, Dr. J. C. Street, of Boston, as affable and interesting as ever, has done much to make the opening of our camp a success. The mediums have done good work, besides satisfying the curious phenomenal investigator. Many have declared themselves believers in the new philosophy after visiting the seance-rooms. Mr. H. Chase, from Cleveland, a medium of varied phases, has done some wonderful work at this camp. Locked slates have been written upon by departed friends; photographs taken upon which appeared forms unknown to any in the camp except to the sitters; portraits of people have come between the slates, and much more of a nature to set the most skeptical thinking.

Charles Barnes, the trumpet medium, has done a fine business, and has made many friends, who believe in his sincerity, and many members of Humphrey's Band believe that they have heard from their departed friends.

Mrs. Effie Moss, Mr. John Randall and Mrs. Kemp have been giving materializing seances to the satisfaction of the many who have attended. I should be glad to mention many other good mediums who have been aiding the good work at our camp, but want of time interposes. To-day Mrs. Tillie V. Cook, a trance medium of Cleveland, came into camp, and immediately found good work to do.

Mrs. Kibbe, of Cincinnati, and Frank T. Ripley, of Boston, as platform test mediums, have met with much success. Mrs. H. S. Lake, who was detained in our camp by illness, has consented to talk to our people to-morrow, Sunday, when we shall also hear from W. J. Colville and Mrs. Adah Sheehan. In the programme for next week we find the names of Mrs. H. S. Lake, of Boston; W. J. Colville, of Boston; Mrs. Adah Sheehan, of Cincinnati; Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, of Ravenna; Hon. Sidney Dean, of Cincinnati; Frank T. Ripley, of Boston, and Mrs. Kibbe, of Cincinnati, and Dr. J. C. Street, of Boston. You see from this that two names—W. J. Colville and Mrs. H. S. Lake—have been added to the original programme.

The hotel, the cottages and the tents have all been fully occupied since the first day of our opening, all of which goes to show that there are not too many places in our country where the truth-seeker, the investigator and the Spiritualist may pass a few days in silent communion with his own soul, and the souls of his departed dear ones.

AUXILIARY.

Queen City Park Camp-Meeting Association, Burlington, Vt.

The attendance at the services at Queen City Park, August 21st, was exceedingly large. Rev. Frank Healy spoke in the morning, taking for his subject "Universalism, Unitarianism and Spiritualism," after which F. A. Wiggin, of Boston, gave tests from the platform. Mrs. Emma Paul, of Morrisville, delivered an address at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, which was attentively listened to. Mr. Wiggin followed again with tests. Dr. Smith, president of the association, presided at both meetings.

In conversation with a Free Press reporter the doctor said there were twice as many people at the park now as there ever had been in former years. Among the guests at the hotel are Dr. and Mrs. Dumont C. Dake, of New York. Dr. Dake likes the place so well that he has induced no less than eleven of his friends to come here also for their outings. Landlord Webb had 102 guests last week, every room in the house being taken.—Free Press.

Pure butter may contain ten per cent of water. Caterpillars a foot long are common in parts of Australia.

Morgan County, Missouri, it is said, furnishes the best fire-brick clay in the world.

A gas engine has been made in England that makes 540 revolutions in a minute.

Canada will make a remarkable display of her mineral resources at the World's Fair.

It is now claimed that M. Pasteur is working on a means for cure of epilepsy, and that he has every hope of success.

There has been a clever little arrangement patented for correcting the tendency some babies' ears have to stand out.

The Soul's Aspirations and Glories of the Skies.

BY CHARLES P. CROCKER.

Among all those brilliants that blaze and sparkle in heaven's royal crown, I most admire the sun. My eye always kindles with rapture as it drinks in its glorious beams. I have seen this king of day just as the last star has faded from out the heavens, parting the gray curtains of morning and casting the pencils of its golden light, first upon the over-arching sky, then over the earth until the streamlets caught its glance and leaped and sparkled as if rejoicing in its gorgeous beams, and soon the mists began to rise from the margin of river, brook and lake, to crown in purple glory the brow of hill and mountain, or float in beauty away to the unseen portals of paradise; and as intently I watched their silent ascension, my spirit seemed to go up with them until the curtain of distance hid them from view, when I would awake as if from a charmed spell to find my soul filled with passionate longings to leave the earth sphere, and soar in peerless freedom to the fount of sunshine—and from thence sweep through the sylvan glades of Jehovah's starry islands into the awful profundities of further space, where the music of harmony revolves in matchless sweetness among myriads of stellar clusters and astral zones. Surely man within whom the mathematics of matter are ensphered, is immortal, else why this intense longing to climb the royal arch, to probe the unknown, and scan those mystic realms where light is made. The sun shines, the stars scintillate, the moon in her serene glory comes forth and drops her silvery plumes above mortal life, but we do not precisely know wherefore they thus brighten and bless human existence; we are met ever and anon face to face by some startling problem which demands solution. And man, impelled by the force of the indwelling and infinite principle, endeavors to get into sublime communion with the everlasting spirit of nature. He seeks an explanation of all things. The soul, filled with magnificent possibilities, essays to interpret the world. Human reason makes a sublime effort to coalesce with the infinite reason in matter. And while systems robed in the glory of God, sail like golden galleons the upper deep, and point with shimmering prow from the unfathomed azure toward some mystery yet unsolved, so will the star of reason continue to move with increasing brightness and velocity, nearer and still nearer to the grand deific brain of the universe; enthralled with the prophecy of a more glorious expansion, exultation and freedom, the aspiring, thirsty soul crosses the mystic frontier and steps into the Eden of eternity, where it can continue its sublime soarings amid forms of untold splendor toward the everlasting throne, grasping the majesty of immortal hope and filled with the ambrosia of celestial life, expand with the bloom of its inward energies.

Fredonia, N. Y.

A Phantom Team with Two Ladies.

TO THE EDITOR:—Some interesting facts concerning apparitions have recently come to my knowledge, and as several can vouch for the absolute truthfulness of them, I thought they might be of interest to your readers. Some years ago Mr. K., his daughter, niece and nephew attended Christmas eve exercises at a church a few miles from their residence. About ten or eleven o'clock, when returning, and a short distance from their house, they saw a team approaching, with two ladies and a gentleman in the sleigh. As the snow was very deep travelers were obliged to pass where tracks had been previously made. When within twenty rods of the approaching sleigh Mr. K. came to one of these passing places, and, halting there, called to the parties ahead to drive on. As Mr. K. stopped so also did the other team. After waiting a moment and hearing no response he called the second time, and seeing they did not advance he drove on. Simultaneously the other team started. When they met, which was at a place where there was only one track, and deep snow on either side, Mr. K. and nephew got out to hold up their sleigh, fearing it might turn. As the other team came opposite, their sleigh tipped over, turning all out. Silently they arose and re-entered their sleigh and drove on. It was a bright moonlight night, and four people distinctly saw this, and the only apparently strange thing about the meeting was the perfect silence of the parties who were overturned; nothing remarkable had been observed before that.

After starting on Mr. K. and party looked back to see the condition of the others, but to their astonishment, team, sleigh and people had all vanished; no signs of anyone were to be seen. There was no way of accounting for their sudden disappearance, and as Spiritualism was unknown to them, they were greatly mystified. The following morning Mr. K. returned to the place of meeting to see if there were any tracks whereby the sleigh could be traced. There were none to be seen—only on the side where he himself had driven out of the road, the other side being perfectly smooth.

It seems strange even in this day of wonderful manifestations, and certainly very unusual.

Mrs. C. G. ELLIOTT.

Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, whom the queen has knighted, was born in Brooklyn forty-three years ago.

The news that comes from Buffalo that Edwin Gould can "munch a hunk" of hard bread with satisfaction indicates that in appetite he is a chip of the old block. We shall hear soon that Edwin has gobbled a railroad.

The recent investiture of Archbishop Vaughan with the pallium is the first ceremony of the kind that has taken place in England since Queen Mary's time; Archbishop Manning and Wiseman having been invested at Rome.

In deploring the decadence of conversation in London drawing-rooms, Henry Labouchere says: "But what can be expected of a generation whose three national infatuations during the past twelve years have been the fifteen puzzle, Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay, and the game of golf!"

No—Don't Study Grammar.

TO THE EDITOR:—It is often wisely remarked that we should not "fool away our time studying grammar." Now daily as I glean the mysteries of our language from the newspapers, I am convinced of the sageness of this remark. If anyone is anxious to know what inspires these remarks, let him or her know for himself or herself that he or she has seen for herself or himself; that he or she has often to double up pronouns when he or she is in doubt what gender to use. This awkwardness is all brought about by studying our grammars, which compel us to use these words differently. Now, suppose that instead of perusing such fine writers as Prof. Lowz or Dr. Bowcarmin, we should study these silly grammars, just see where we would be. I will quote from a few just to exhibit their folly. Kerl, page 82, says:

" * * * The masculine pronoun is sometimes preferred to the feminine, or used for both; ex.—every person should try to improve his mind." Wrong: "Almost everybody has their faults." (Correct to—his faults.) Now how much nicer to follow the professor or doctor and say: " * * * has his or her faults, etc."

Harvey, on page 181 (old fool), says: "There being no pronoun of the third person singular denoting either sex in the English language, the masculine forms, he, his, him, are used in its place. Do not say, 'Each pupil should learn his or her lesson; use his alone.' Should anyone desire to consult me, let him call at my office," even though the invitation should be intended for both sexes. Quackenbos teaches the same on page 204; Swinton on page 294; Parker's Rhetoric, page 88, comments largely on the same thing, and with a like result. I have fourteen English grammars before me, every one of which teaches this use of the pronoun. There is no grammar published showing the other method.

Now the point I make is this: If anyone had not read the compositions of these fine writers, he or she would not know for him or herself how he or she should write a sentence to express his or her meaning.

HOTCH POTCH.

A Prophecy in Relation to War.

TO THE EDITOR:—Sometime about 1866 there was a paper called *The Spirit-world* published in Chicago. From that paper I cut a prophecy which 'claimed to be from Spirit Lincoln. I put it in my scrapbook for future reference, and some eight years ago it was destroyed by fire. The prophecy was in relation to the conflicts of the future, which would culminate in a bloody war in 1893, and that other nations would be mixed in it, against this Government; and the principal battle would be fought on the Southwestern border of the United States.

I thought that perhaps some one of the many readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER may have saved a copy of that prophecy, and if so they might furnish it to you for republication.

P. CHAMBERLIN.

A Singular Case of Forewarning.

TO THE EDITOR:—I take this opportunity of relating a case where a gentleman was evidently forewarned of his coming transition. During the encampment of the National Washington Guard, held at Camp Murray during the latter part of June, Col. Trotter was one day talking over camp matters with several other officers, when he suddenly passed his hand over his eyes, and exclaimed: "Its very, very strange, but it seems to me that that flag is half-mast high!" A few moments later the colonel sank into the arms of one of the officers with an attack of paralysis, from which he never recovered. Six hours later the flag was at half-mast in reality, in token of respect for Col. Trotter.

Aberdeen, Dakota.

Curious Ideas of Heaven.

The ideas of a native Australian concerning a future life are unique, curious and interesting in the extreme, in the opinion of the St. Louis Republic:

A tribe on the Lower Darling formerly believed that death was but a protracted sleep, and that sooner or later there would come an awakening, when all the old habits would be taken up, and favorite pastimes resumed. But, during this sleep, a remarkable transformation was to take place.

The Christian, who has had wings and harps cradled into his make-up during childhood, has no difficulty in believing that at some future time all good people will soar through the ethereal atmosphere of paradise "like swiftest bird on the wing," but what of the poor, deluded Australian's idea?

He believes that the rehabilitated body will be twice the length it was during its former sojourn on earth, and that each end will be supplied with head, feet and arms; in short, that it will not make a whit's difference which end is up.

This curious belief in the conglomeration of the angelic form is only equalled by the belief of one of the tribes of the Aleutian islands, and is very similar, with the exception that this particular tribe of Aleuts believes that each inhabitant of paradise will have a whale's tail and an auk's wings, this in addition to the double form believed in by the Australians. It may be added that Australian angels are without wings, and travel from place to place by continually changing ends; in other words, by turning hand-springs.

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.

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

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

Pieces of iron which can be set up in the form of a rudimentary steam engine were recently found, together with a Latin treatise on steam as a force, in an iron chest dug up near Helsingfors. This extraordinary archeological find is supposed to date from the first half of the twelfth century.

THE BIBLE.

Consideration of Its Merits.

TO THE EDITOR:—I should judge by this time, according to the tenor of this number before me, that you have advanced progressively along the line. Do you consider the Bible "up to the mark" alongside of the other books in your illustration? It would seem, according to this unimportant book, that it was not the gross wickedness of the nations of Canaan that filled the cup, as the xviii chapter of Deuteronomy, from 9th to 14th verses, declares to be of a more abominable. Among the abominations mentioned is necromancy, which means "a consulting with the dead." Have you progressed sufficiently so as to advise your readers to listen to that prophet mentioned in the verses following? It might be by this time you have progressed enough to drop the Bible from the list of those books, for if you will read the 19th verse you must admit this book takes too much on itself, and would not allow of any progress in Spiritualism.

It would seem from the information given in this dusty book that God gave those nations fair and timely warning, and because they would not heed, he gave them up into the hands of demons, who lured them on, not only to their mortal, but as well to their eternal destruction. This book in the New Testament has the audacity to say that God is going to give up Christendom into the power of demons, in order to allure them to eternal destruction. "Because they receive not the love of the truth that they might be saved." Satan will work through one man specially, with all power and signs and lying wonders. This same person, we are told, will make an image of the beast, and have power to give it life, and also to speak, and that as many as would not worship the image of the beast should be killed. Everything seems to be progressing very nicely in that direction, but if you allow the Bible to be too prominent there are some who will surely find it out, and be apt to throw stumbling blocks of warning in the way.

It would seem from the account of the witch of Endor that mediums were in league with familiar spirits or demons, who personated the dead. There may have been a number of them, and the one detailed who was the most familiar with the life of the one sought to be communicated with. In this case God sent Samuel himself, and it seems the woman could not meet with a strange spirit without being frightened. God has been careful to let us know that the sinful life of a human being ends at death, and eternal punishment begins the moment the soul leaves the body, though not the punishment of the lake of fire until after the judgment. How you should place a book that gives the strict unvarnished truth with others that throw dust in the eyes, and pull the wool over them, is incomprehensible. Demons, however, are allowed to continue on their sinful existence. Satan is the prince of the power of the air, it being true that Paul is an inspired writer. He began his career as a serpent in Eden, and winds up at the end as a dragon. He began his career in this world in the serpent, crawling upon his belly, and has progressed to something which requires the utmost stretch of the imagination to picture out. During his 6,000 years of progressiveness, not a single act of goodness has ever redeemed his slimy pathway. He requires no end of money to make his pathway glittering, dazzling, alluring. After getting possession of the churches and changing the simple gospel of God he yells and tawls for money, money, to make the gospel he has introduced a damnable one.

The world having become so highly civilized it will certainly take dragons' powers to draw it into the vortex, and, I suppose, though a bitter pill to swallow, Satan will have to hold the Bible in his hands to aid him in accomplishing his purpose. How mortifying it must be that the book which shows him up so completely he cannot trample under his feet, but is compelled to make use of it.

WILLIAM WEBSTER.

A MOST LIBERAL OFFER.

We have a large number of extra copies containing the remarkable story by Hudson Tuttle. We will send the first four numbers free to every new trial or yearly subscriber. Just think! The trial subscriber will get 17 copies for 25 cents! Those four numbers contain many articles that will compare favorably with those that appear in any of the leading magazines. The four numbers alone are worth more than the 25 cents. This offer is good only as long as this notice appears.

The Queen of Italy, once one of the most beautiful girls in the kingdom, is now one of its handsomest women. She is bright and witty in conversation, and learned, with a leaning toward blue-stockings, but without panderism. She is universally admired and loved by her subjects, and the attachment King Humbert has for is a rare example of conjugal devotion in a royal household.

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.

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

After reading prayers in the house of lords at the opening of parliament the bishop of Ripon crossed over to the house of commons, carrying with him a small black bag. Now, since the dynamite explosion in the house a small bag has been as much an object of suspicion as was the small box the Teutonic expressman brought to the disease-dreading householder. So the bishop and his bag were hustled into an adjacent room by the attendants and carefully examined before they were permitted to proceed further.

In speaking of the solidification of a body by cooling, Prof. Dewar says that water can be made to become solid by the evaporation of a quarter of its weight.

