

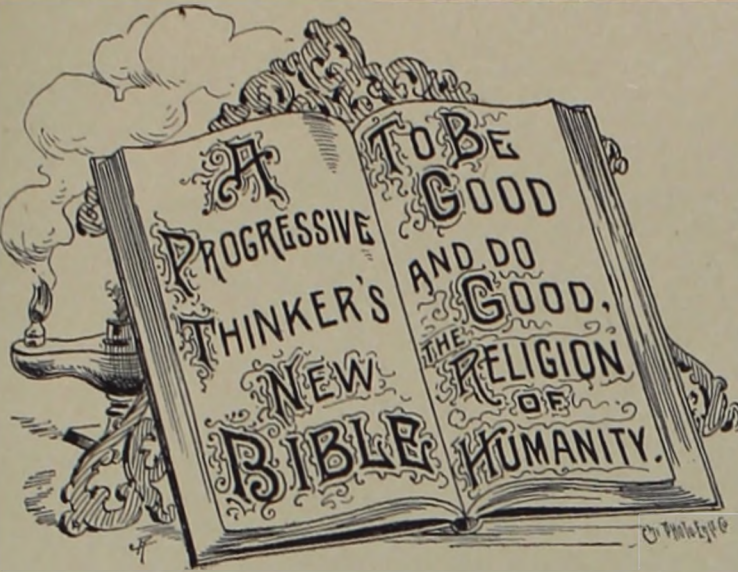
The PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

VOL. 5.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.

NO. 146



OUR NEW BIBLE.

It Contains Divine Lessons.

A MODERN SAVIOR.

He Must Have a Place in the New Bible.

TWENTY-ONE PERSONS RESCUED FROM THE WAVES BY ALEX. LABRE—CONGRESS AND THE LIFE-SAVING BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION BESTOWED HONORS ON HIM—ONLY THIRTEEN WHEN HE MADE HIS FIRST RESCUE—SOME OF HIS OTHER FEATS.

CHAPTER VI.

TO THE EDITOR:—Any one who is acquainted by a kindly spirit, who saves one unfortunate person from sin, misery or misfortune of any kind, has an exalted place in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER'S Bible. The following, gleaned from the New York *Sun*, presents to our admiration an important illustration of self-sacrifice and devotion to the welfare and safety of the unfortunate:

Alexander Labre, a river front hero, died in the tenement 104 Avenue D., New York. He was a humble hero, but did not unsung, for his "skill and humanity," in the words of the official records of his deeds, brought to him the recognition of Congress and the Life-Saving Benevolent Association of New York.

Labre, who was 46 years old, is known to have saved twenty-one persons from drowning. Twice, unaided, he saved three persons from wrecks of ships, and once dived into a ship and rescued a bridal couple who were on their wedding journey.

Alex., as he was called, came to New York at the age of 5, with his father, a French Canadian ship carpenter. His father's employment kept him near the river, and Alex. had become an expert swimmer when he was nine.

"He could dive and swim like a Kana-ka," said an old man yesterday, who remembered the youngster about the shipyards where his father worked. "Many a time I've seen men throw silver coin into the river for Alex. to dive after, and he always came up with the money. He was no more than a lad of 12 when we used to make up swimming matches for him. He was great on swimming under water. There was no one like him at that."

Alex. was thirteen when he saved the life of one of his father's workfellows. There was a Russian man of war building at the foot of Ninth street. Young Labre, as usual, was playing about the shipyard, when he saw a painter knocked out of a boat by the wave of a passing steamer. Alex. broke the lock from a skiff and paddled it out to the drowning man, whom he reached as he was sinking the third time.

"I towed him ashore by the hair of his head," Alex. used to say in telling the story, "and saved his life, but got a licking from the man who owned the skiff I used."

A year or two later a Battery boatman was swimming at the foot of Sixteenth street, while some friends watched him from the wharf. Alex. was watching, too, and suddenly yelled to the man's friends that he was drowning.

"But we can't swim," they cried in despair.

"Well, then, I can," young Labre exclaimed, and jumped in with all his clothes on. He was slightly built, and the boatman was a stout fellow and dragged his rescuer under water several times before Alex. pulled him ashore.

"I don't know which of us was nearest drowned," the boatman said as he walked away.

"I always remembered that boatman saying something to me," Alex. long afterward remarked. "He and the wedding couple were the only ones who ever said a word."

In 1868 a First avenue tailor named O'Brien concluded to take a river bath and selected a very deep spot opposite Jones' wood. He could not swim, which may have been the reason he not only selected a deep place, but undressed on a slippery rock. Of course he fell in, and yelled lustily for help. Several persons heard him, but the first to reach him was Alex. Labre, who had jumped a fence. He pushed the tailor ashore with difficulty, the drowning man making the usual efforts to strangle his rescuer.

That year Alex. performed one of his most notable deeds of "skill and human-

ity." A party of two men and a boy hired a boat to go fishing. They rowed to a point near Blackwell's Island where the water is seventy feet deep and the tide runs seven miles an hour. They cast anchor with only twenty feet of anchor rope. The bow of the boat was dragged down and she began to drift and sink. Alex. Labre was watching them from the shore, and was promptly in a skiff and off to their rescue. The boy was picked up first, and then one of the men. Both had jumped from the sinking boat. The other man was clinging to the boat, and he, too, was landed in Labre's skiff and all three safely put on dry land.

A year or two after this Alex. found employment as a stonecutter, and was soon earning \$4 a day, but he could not keep away from the rivers, and left his good pay to take a job as deck-hand on a Greenpoint ferryboat. One dark night in 1874, as the ferryboat approached the Greenpoint slip Capt. Bryant heard cries for help. He called Labre, who ran forward, jumped ashore before the boat touched, and quickly located the cries in an adjoining slip. He was in the water in a jiffy and soon had on the wharf an old man who had made a mistake in the dark.

His next rescue was the one that attracted state and national attention to his bravery, and secured for him two medals. Just as the ferryboat was leaving her slip on the New York side a young German couple, Edward and Emilie Maller, ran to get aboard. The husband reached the deck first and turned to help his bride on board. But the boat was moving. Just as he took her hand the big paddles of the steamer's wheels turned, and as the boat moved away husband and wife fell into the water. The cries of the passengers brought Alex. Labre to the rescue, and without an instant's hesitation he dived over and swam toward the struggling couple. He caught the woman's dress in one hand and the man's coat collar in the other, and "treading," held both of their heads above water until men from the wharf gave help. The bridal couple thanked their rescuer, and the husband tried to make Alex. take all the money he had.

"It was what they were going on their wedding cruise with," Alex. afterward told his sister, "so I told him to keep it." Alex.'s sister told a *Sun* reporter that her brother met those people years afterward. "Alex.," she said, "was walking along one day, when a man and woman and a little girl passed him. Then the woman turned around and called Alex. She made him try to guess who she was, but he couldn't. 'Don't you know us?' she said. 'We're the people you saved from drowning, and this is our little girl.'"

The Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York, soon after this, gave to Alexander a big silver medal, inscribed:

"Presented to Alex. Labre, by whose skill and humanity Edward Maller and wife were rescued from drowning in the East River at the foot of Tenth street, New York, Feb. 28, 1875."

The United States Life Saving Service, in its report to Secretary of the Treasury Sherman, in 1879, mentions its gift of a gold medal to Alex. Labre. Congress requested the Hon. S. S. Cox to act for it in presenting the medal to Alex. The presentation was announced to take place in Cooper Union hall, and hundreds of Alex.'s friends and Congressmen Cox were on hand, but Alex. was not.

"Alex. could not go," his brother Fred said to a *Sun* reporter. "You see, he could not leave his job on the ferry."

"He could leave his job well enough," remarked his sister, "but he didn't want to. He told me at the time that he hadn't the nerve to stand up in a hall and have a congressman say things to him."

But Congressman Cox made the speech and sent the medal to Alex. The ferry company gave him a new suit of clothes after he saved the German couple.

"Alex. didn't wear the clothes for some time," his sister said, "but one Sunday—it was his day off—he put them on. 'Now don't you go near the river,' I said to him, 'or you will be jumping in after some one.' Well, he just laughed, but sure enough he went down to the dock and, of course, there was a woman, Margaret Crawford was her name, drowning in the river. Alex. jumped in and got the woman to some floating piles, but before a boat got to them she fell in again, and before Alex. got her to dry land, why, his clothes were spoiled by the acid and grease on those piles."

In 1878 Alex. went with the employees

of Rodman & Hepburn to a picnic on Staten Island. Returning through the Kills their steamer cut down a skiff in which were two men and a boy. Alex. jumped from the steamer into a small boat towing behind, and had the men and boy out of the water before the excited crowd on the steamer had thought to throw out a life-preserver.

There were other little rescues by this brave, quiet little man, but there is no record of them.

"He would come home sometimes and speak of saving some one from the river," said his sister, "but he never made much talk about it."

For several years Alex. was employed as night watchman for Pile Driver John Munks, and during part of each day he built small boats which he designed himself. He worked hard and supported his sister and her child.

Here was a modern savior—a savior in a high and exalted sense, and whatever his religion, he possessed the elements of true manhood. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was started by those exalted thinkers in spirit-life who wish to recognize some good in every human being, and present examples of true humanitarian heroism, which are worthy of imitation. No other paper has ever taken up the ground, teaching that the main object in life is to do good and be good, and that each one is only responsible for his own shortcomings; and that to point the finger of scorn at any one, instead of having got out to them the tender feelings of love and sympathy, is not only wrong but debasing. The one who never feels kindly and charitable towards the unfortunate lacks some of the elements of true manhood. CHAR I. T.

Is the Story of Camille True?

TO THE EDITOR:—A great number of letters have been sent me, asking if the "Convent of the Sacred Heart" is a true story. The terrible details are so revolting that the kind hearts of the readers could not believe them, and hoped, at least, that the fancy was largely drawn upon. Let me assure all such that "Truth is stranger than fiction," and that had fancy alone been drawn upon, the writer would not have dared to follow. Others have said: "Such things may have occurred in the past; they are not of to-day." I wish this were true, but in the 1,300 convents of the United States, and in the numberless convents of outlying provinces of America and Europe, exactly the same conditions prevail as centuries ago, and for precisely the same purposes.

Now similar inquiries begin to be made of "Camille." "Is it a true story?" and already sharp criticisms are privately made, and some literary friends regard some of the situations abrupt and characters overdrawn.

To all these inquiries and criticisms I here make reply, for it is impossible to give each, individual attention. The incidents of the story are all drawn from actual occurrences, and the characters are real.

During a visit in the West I became acquainted with the Moran family and their sad history. It is not unique, but is that of thousands. "The Continental Rubber Company" is another name for an Eastern company whose heartlessness and extortions have been reported at length by the daily press. To the criticism that such an abortion as Godolphus is simply impossible, I reply: "Facts are stubborn things," and Godolphus sat for his portrait, and in the ranks of plethoric wealth and shoddydom such caricatures of humanity are not rare. I would the tale were not true; that there were no monopolists; that their pitiless, remorseless grasplings; that there were no slavery of endless, unrequited toil; but oh! pitying heaven! it is all too true! There is not only one Moran; the title deeds to the great prairies of the West, the most productive land on the face of the earth, are overburdened with mortgages, which devour faster than labor can create. There is not only one Camille; in New York City alone there are 100,000, and the added lists of the great cities reach into millions. Dare we state the black libel on the Christian conscience of this age, after eighteen centuries of culture? The man who in his vulgarity "damned the people," had a daily income from railroads built by that people, and extorted from them by processes of law, equal to the wages of 100,000 workers!

Although the grouping of the characters has been such as moulded them into the plot of the story, it is not a fiction, but a life-history, and a far higher object has been kept in view than the writing of a pleasing story.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

A singular freak may be observed east of Ashburnham, Mass. Persons have dug down under a tree and found but one root underneath, but it has two kinds of foliage, that of a pine and that of an oak, which may be distinctly seen from a distance. In the fall of the year burrs fall on one side and acorns on the other.

M. Maxim Lecomte is about to introduce a bill into the French Senate providing a maximum penalty and a year's imprisonment and a fine of 2,000 francs for engaging in a duel. If the duelist shall have killed his man, the maximum penalty will be three years' imprisonment and 10,000 francs fine.

Put a buzzard in a pen about six feet square and open at the top and it is as much a prisoner as though it were shut up in a box. This is because buzzards always begin their flight by taking a short run, and they either cannot or will not attempt to fly unless they can do so.

IMPORTANT FACTS.

Something You Should Know

Roman Catholic Miracles.

BY PROF. GEO. P. RUDDOLPH, PH. D., EX-PIEST.

According to Romish theology a miracle means "an effect whose cause is hidden to us." The cause may be natural or supernatural: in the first case the effect is called miraculous, and in the second case it is a prodigy, or a real miracle. St. Thomas, the great angelic doctor who died in 1274, defines a miracle: "A tangible deed which is divinely done, outside the order of nature."

Miracles are divided as to their substance, the subject and mode. There are miracles above nature, outside of nature and against nature. A miracle above nature is explained by Romish theology as one in which the effect absolutely exceeds the law of nature; for instance, the resuscitation of a dead person. A miracle outside of nature is such a one which is produced in a way in which it could not be produced by nature; for instance, the healing of Naaman in the river Jordan. A miracle is against nature when the effect is produced while the contrary disposition remains in the object; for instance, the sun standing still or going backwards, by command of Joshua and Isaiah. (From the Jesuit Schouppé, Dogmat. Theol. tract II, chapt. II, vol. I.)

A prophecy is the foretelling of anything before it happens or takes place; this is called a miracle when it cannot be foreseen by any natural cause. Magic is explained by the same theology as: "The art to perform prodigies which, although not absolutely supernatural, nevertheless exceed the power of man, and are produced by the Devil, by a formal pact with the Devil." There are two kinds of magic, white and black. White magic is also called natural or artificial, and is known as the art of the prestidigitators. Black magic is the one defined above, and can be performed by the devil only. To this class of miracles belongs all witchcraft, with which the Dark Ages have been teeming.

The history of the human race presents a continuous production of miracles, prophecies and magic, and volumes have been written on this subject. Some people claim that miracles did happen in former ages, but not in our time. It is not my intention to give a scientific essay on miracles. This art of Romanism, or the practices of the Roman Catholic church, and for this reason I can only speak of miracles from the Roman Catholic standpoint, or of miracles that are claimed by the Catholic church by virtue of her divine institution as the only true church of God. As a matter of course, other churches cannot perform miracles, because God has nothing to do with them.

It is wrong to suppose that there are no more miracles performed in our time. The Catholic church performs them every day of the year. The greatest miracle on earth is that so many millions of people of all ages and of all nations have been, and still are, held under bondage by this huge religious fraud called Romanism, and this great one-man-power, which has been established by that most arrogant, haughty, proud and corrupt pontifical tyrant, pope Gregory VII., who ruled the church and all Europe for twelve years, 1073-85, and to-day, after eight centuries of papal arrogance, Romanism still claims two hundred millions of subjects. The greatest miracle against nature is that the enlightened nations of to-day still submit to the degrading tenets of the darkest superstition and idolatry, and allow themselves to be led by a triple-crowned Punctinello upon a pontifical throne, who claims to be God's sole agent and representative on earth. Education, progress and enlightenment seem to have but little effect upon the minds of people who still hope to gain an eternal salvation by the sacrifice of their reason to the theological definitions of papal councils, and are in dread of an eternal damnation as a punishment for their non-compliance with the whims and fancies of a hypocritical priesthood.

When we once understand the fundamental principle of Romanism we can readily see the necessity of so many "means of salvation." It is an undeniable point of Romish theology that "the end justifies the means." Jesuit theologians have challenged the heretics and infidels of the world to prove that any Jesuit ever taught this principle. Money has been deposited in banks as a bait to any one who would venture to prove that any Jesuit ever taught this doctrine. This very bait is a Jesuitical scheme by which the world is deceived, and as no one steps up to demand the money for the proof, the people are told that as no one has ever proved the assertion, the Jesuits never taught that "the end justifies the means." But the Jesuits are not only teaching this doctrine, they also practice it. All Romanism practices this Jesuitical doctrine. No theologian teaches it in these words; but the meaning of what they teach is the same as that expressed by the above words. Here is one of their equivocal expressions:

"Qui tenetur ad finem, tenetur et ad mediam"—he who is bound to attain the end is also bound to employ the means. This and similar expressions can be found in every book of so-called moral theology; principally in the official text book of Catholic seminaries, by the Jesuit, Prof. J. P. Gury, Ratisbon edi-

tion of 1862, as I have it before me, and used it when I was instructed in Romish theology. The end is the glory of the Pope of Rome, and the advancement of the "holy" Roman Catholic church, and to accomplish this end, anything and everything is justifiable, from the softest conventional society lie to the foulest and blackest murder and assassination.

The great miracle is that the world has stood this hypocritical power in the State for nineteen centuries, and that this religious fraud is not only supported but even defended by our present generation, after a history of nineteen centuries of fraud, corruption and deception.

Romanism teaches that all so-called miracles and miraculous deeds are permitted by God for the purpose of proving the veracity of the "holy" Roman Catholic church. She teaches that all Catholic saints had the power to perform miracles, and if any one outside the pale of the "holy" immaculate church ever performed such miraculous deeds, then the church claims that the Devil was doing these deeds, in order to deceive the people. Electricity and animal magnetism, and the science of nature, are found at the bottom of the greater part of miracles; others are simply faith-cures, but in these we find again that animal magnetism plays the most prominent role.

The church of Rome tells us in the legendary or lives of the saints, that St. Philip Neri at one time had performed so many miracles that the pope put an injunction on his power. The great saint had to obey the pope. One day, as he was walking through the city of Rome, he discovered some men at work on the roof of a building. At the moment St. Philip was passing in front of that building one of the men slipped and fell from the roof. The saint saw the man in his fall, and remembering the pope's injunction on his propensity to perform miracles, he raised his hand and commanded the falling man to wait until he could obtain the pope's permission to perform the necessary miracle, in order to let him reach the ground without hurting himself. St. Philip rushed to the pope's office and explained the case to his holiness, and prostrating himself on his knees he implored his holiness to grant him permission to let the poor man down by means of the miracle. The pope is reported to have smiled at the cunning of St. Philip, and graciously accorded the privilege to finish the miracle, which, he said, had already been performed, in anticipation of the pope's permission.

St. Philip hurried back to the scene of the accident, and finding the man suspended in mid-air, without any support, commanded him to descend by permission of the holy father, the pope.

All this, and thousands of similar cases, are recorded in Roman Catholic books, which are published "by permission of the superiors," and are read by the faithful with great devotion and veneration for the great saints of Romanism, who possess such supernatural powers.

This miraculous suspension in mid-air and the man's harmless fall, or rather, descent to the ground, may be true in every particular; yet, one thing is sure: the pope's permission had nothing to do with the miracle. The man who fell from the roof may have possessed the faculty to suspend the laws of gravitation; he may have struck a scaffold, or other obstruction, from which he was relieved by others. The passing of St. Philip Neri at the moment of the fall was merely accidental. St. Philip may, however, have been possessor of the power to suspend the laws of gravitation in others by his will power, which he concentrated on the falling man. Whether this power lay in the man who fell or in St. Philip Neri is immaterial; the same effects have been produced at other places by parties who were neither priests nor Catholics, and the miracle is simply "the effect of a cause which is hidden to us." The science of these miracles is not understood, but there is nothing uncommon about it. With the aid of a few hundred pounds of steam man can propel a whole railroad train at a great speed, or raise a balloon weighing thousands of pounds. How can that breath of steam propel the train and raise the balloon? Is this not a miracle? Yet this is a daily occurrence in our sight, and so no one calls it a miracle in our days. Had this been done in olden times by some pious Catholic saint the "holy" church would undoubtedly have thanked the Lord for having bestowed such a power on her saints; and she would have declared it an invention of the Devil if it had been performed by some heretic in past centuries, say one or two centuries ago.

Two thousand years ago there were many miracles performed; at the time of early Christianity the power of miracles was still possessed by many. The Christian church calls them saints. In later centuries, in the middle ages and down to our own century those who possessed such powers were called wizards and witches. They were burnt at the stake. Their miracles were not understood by the ignorant people; the priests attributed them to the power of the devil, and the poor victims were executed on the altar of superstition. In our own days miracles are very frequent. The superstitious laws of the sacerdotal power look upon them with suspicion, while the enlightened people try to investigate them so as to understand the laws that govern them.

The miracles of the past do not differ from those of our days. Our prestidigitators, magicians, trance and healing mediums perform the same deeds to day as the prophets and magicians of two and three thousand years ago; and our

(CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.)

SPIRIT PHENOMENA.

Things Seen Beyond the Confines of Our Horizon.

Mysteries of Psychic Science.

AN AWAKENING TO THE IMPORTANCE OF MAGNETISM, HYPNOTISM, THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE, CLAIRVOYANCE AND KINDRED SUBJECTS—IN THE REALM OF PSYCHO-PHYSIOLOGICAL RESEARCH—FUTURE STATE.

TO THE EDITOR:—From an editorial in the San Francisco (Cal.) *Examiner*, and from such articles as the one concerning Saint Teresa Urrea, which appeared a few Sundays ago, it is evident that the *Examiner* is not a "Silurian" upon any matter of general public interest, and that it does not fear the scoffing of those who are prejudiced against things transcending the narrow horizon of their experience. The "Age of Reason" has dawned at last, and there is nothing occult, or what some are disposed to term uncanny, that wide-awake journalists and philosophers consider too sacred or too recondite to discuss *pro et contra*.

As there is at present a great awakening of all progressive minds in regard to what is called psychic, or spiritual science, all over the civilized world, I deem it proper, with your permission, to give the readers of the *Examiner* and THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER a few ideas upon some aspects of this important subject. Not only are many of the old popular magazines, like the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Forum*, to which Professor James contributed the article to which the *Examiner* alluded, occasionally printing articles on this theme, but the *Arena*, of recent birth in our modern Athens, whence have issued so many Yankee notions, that have set the outside barbarians agog, has had several distinguished contributors who have told of more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in materialistic philosophy. The present month a new star of science has appeared in our orbit, the *Psychical Review*, a journal of psychical science and organ of the American Psychical Society. This quarterly gives promise of great interest and value, as it proposes to deal thoroughly and fearlessly with the world-wide phenomena of modern Spiritualism and cognate subjects. From these and other sources it may be seen that professors in our leading colleges, ministers in most popular churches and renowned scientists at large are coming tardily to the front to discuss facts that have been well-known and understood by many millions of untitled but intelligent people for a third of the present century.

PSYCHO-PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

Fundamental to all psychic science must be a knowledge of the laws and functions of the human mind and body. Man, we now know, is essentially a spirit with a physical covering or body. The inner man, or spirit, is the real man. Psychic science confirms St. Paul's teaching of our triune constitution of body, soul and spirit. He said: "There is a natural (physical) body and there is a spiritual body." Both coexist, for the verb is, is in the present tense, and science teaches that the spiritual body, or what physiologists term the vital force, or nerve aura, or magnetism, as the mesmerists call it, is the life and moving force that controls the physical body, every portion of which it permeates.

The spiritual body, then, is the connecting link, so to speak, between the mind or spirit and the physical body. The brain is the headquarters of the mind or spirit. From the brain runs to every portion of the body the nervous system—a complex arrangement of telegraphic wires, which are charged with the vital force, just as common telegraphic wires are with electricity. The back brain, from which most of the nerves issue, is, to all intents and purposes, a dynamo or battery that charges the nerves with the electro-magnetism which operates all the functions and motions of the body. When these wires are all in order and sufficiently charged with the vital force in a pure state the body is healthy; but when there is any interruption of its circulation, or it is deficient in quality or quantity, there is a derangement of bodily functions, and disease begins.

This nerve aura, like all the nutritive elements that make up the body and keep it in repair, is secreted by the brain cells from the blood and is but a transmutation or change of the physical forces contained in food, air and water. This force is the vehicle or medium through which the mind acts upon the body and controls it telegraphically. That is, the motions or impulses of will vibrate through it, as motion is conveyed through electric currents in telegraphing. The organic machinery of the body is propelled by the back brain dynamo, through which the spirit acts mainly independent of will in producing the ordinary functions of animal life.

This smattering of psycho-physiological science is necessary to understand what is to follow as psychic science.

MAGNETIC HEALING.

Healing by the laying on of hands, so termed in the Bible, is simply the impartation of the force described in the foregoing, by induction from the healer, who must possess it in abundance.

(CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.)

SPIRIT LIFE.

A Conference with Spiritual Beings.

Written Through the Hand of an Eminent Ex-Judge.

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

The essays are from different spirits, but no names were given, for the reason that as they relate to morals and conduct of life they should be esteemed for their own merits alone, and not by the eclat of the source from which they emanate. To each essay is subjoined the individual experience of some other spirit 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 sundry scenes, modes of life and occupation have a realistic air that cannot fail to deeply affect the spirit and aid it in its efforts to be worthy of that glorious abode.

Source of Human Life.

[This and the two following papers are upon the source of human life and its continuance after death. There will not be an illustration until these three communications are published on account of their length.]

The world is full of theories respecting the source of life and its continuance after death. We propose to elucidate these theories in a few papers by proofs of our own experience in both worlds. The first breath of a human being is drawn from the material that surrounds him. The air is taken into the lungs, and respired again to whence it came, and the action is symbolical of his condition, for there is no way he can live except by a constant repetition of this wonderful process. The air carries a vital force to his lungs, and it is then thrown forth again to mingle with the atmosphere of which it was a part, to become a portion of its original constitution. In the meanwhile, however, it has become loaded with a deadly miasma, which is no longer able to support life, and new drafts are constantly needed to supply the never-ceasing calls of respiration. Thus the human being is supported from moment to moment by the exercise of his own internal economy, brought into contact with the external forces that surround him. When the system begins to vibrate under the influence of this action, the various members enter upon their work, and the result is what we call life. How this phenomenon is produced has been the theme of discussion and investigation for many ages, and various theories have been presented to account for its appearance, but none has proved satisfactory, and the problem is still a matter for the learned to discuss and the ignorant to wonder at, either in mute silence or in total disbelief. A rational theory of life is regarded as a great discovery yet to be made, and some of the first philosophers have given the question up as hopeless of any solution, and have relegated it to the unknowable as beyond the reach of human sagacity, and, therefore, investigation is useless, and will lead only to a waste of time.

We are not quite of that opinion, for we believe that if our inquiries were conducted in view of man's relation to the spirit-life, we will find that it is a proper subject for scrutiny, and that the mystery is resolvable by the light to be obtained from the world where life becomes immortal. We are aware that our scientific friends would look upon this proposition with scorn. They know nothing of any world but this, and refuse to receive any assistance outside of it. No man in his senses would refuse help that might be offered him in any of his studies or researches; but when this offer comes from one's own friends, who are in a condition to give the most satisfactory explanations, it seems strange indeed that it is not most gratefully accepted.

We propose, nevertheless, to tender our services, and if not appreciated, we can at least reach many minds that are not too learned to admit the truth. There is no class more likely to receive it and to understand it.

We now come to the question of life, how it is produced, and how it is continued after the death of the body. In the first place we know that life is not produced without some cause. Now, what cause is adequate to its production, for it must be admitted that every effect must have a sufficient cause? Life is not a mere unsubstantial idea, but an entity of the very highest order; perhaps of all the phenomena we witness it is the greatest and the most wonderful, and just in the same proportion must be the cause which forms it, and the wisdom which preserves it. To say that it came by chance would be to say that the most elaborate construction that has ever fallen under our observation was designed and fashioned without a designer, and that the most complicated arrangements of parts to produce an harmonious whole was perfected without a pattern; and yet those who adopt this theory refuse to consider the claims of any higher power than the force that resides in blind and refractory matter.

The most ancient philosophers were of the opinion that life came from a fortunate combination of atoms that were thrown together by natural forces, and by action and reaction produced a principle of sensation that ultimately developed life itself. This theory is again revived by material philosophy, and seems to be adopted as the foundation of evolution.

There are several other modes of accounting for life, as that the original principle of the universe is subject to many methods of action; that in time there was a period when man did not exist, and the whole earth was destitute of any living creature. The first forms of life were what we should now call monsters, and these were gradually succeeded by more perfect forms until something in the human shape was developed. Then came man, by

evolution, in the gradual growth of animal life. The first form was not very human, and did not appear much above the other brutes. He advanced step by step, gradually acquiring knowledge and intelligence. This plan of humanity has only one thing to commend it, and that is the skill and science with which it has been elaborated. It appears to have a fascination for its advocates, who are fond of tracing the various steps of our progress from the forms of animal life to that of man, and they collect around it great varieties of the different species in natural history to show the links that bind all animated nature in close relationship. The ethnologist takes great pleasure in following the traces from one tribe of men to another, and finally of assuming man's appearance upon earth at different points in order to account for the variety of men and the distinctions which differentiate them from each other, but he seldom undertakes to account for the origin of human life itself. That is a question that baffles his skill and wisdom. The Christian undertakes to solve the difficulty by Genesis, and succeeds only because no one feels at liberty to dispute his authority without denying the divine record, and when this is done there is little chance of a disinterested hearing. The Indian tribes have their own way of accounting for human life. The Delawares think that a bear was their grandfather, and other tribes have equally grotesque explanations; and many of our modern evolutions have ideas not much in advance of these savages, since they think the orang outang and similar creatures were our progenitors. The Chinese have some peculiar notions on this subject, according to which mankind were created by some unknown deity, who thoughtlessly undertook to make a likeness of himself to be king up in his abode, but the production not pleasing him, he breathed a divine spark into it, giving it life and motion, and placed it upon the earth as a dwelling place. The Japanese are perhaps the only people who believe in the creation of man by a power that comes from the lowest of the celestial heavens, where the inhabitants, becoming dissatisfied with their condition, besought the Supreme Ruler to translate them somewhere else, and he, listening to their prayers, formed the earth and gave it to them as an inheritance, upon condition that they would never again trouble him with their complaints. The savage tribes of Africa are very far from having any particular theory upon the subject, but they generally believe that the stars were formerly possessed by men, who lived there in a state of great happiness, but becoming very wicked they were turned black and sent down to another world. There they remained for a long time, and were finally transported to this one, and placed near the sun so that they could have the benefit of basking in his rays.

Some of the old legends of the Norsemen describe their forefathers as having descended from the intercourse of a goddess with a man who ruled in one of the heavenly bodies, and she, in order to hide her offspring from his cruelty, brought to them the land that was just then emerging from the sea, and settled them where their descendants still lived. But it would be impossible to explain all the systems that have been adopted to account for human life.

(To be Continued.)

The New Camp in the Northwest.

TO THE EDITOR:—The new camp ground of the Northwest coast is at last fairly underheadway. The preliminary opening August 14th was fairly eclipsed yesterday by the real opening in the presence of more than 1,000 people, many of whom for the first time in their lives heard the doctrines of the Spiritual philosophy explained instead of the creedal dogmas of orthodox religion.

The new ground, with its gay attire of flags and variegated tents, presents a striking contrast to the funeral ideas of death, which have held the world so long in darkness. Life-size portraits of Washington, Lincoln and Grant adorn the front of the rostrum, imbedded in mottoes appropriate to such. Washington has, "In God we trust;" Lincoln, "Charity to all," while Grant declares, "Let us have peace." A circle of colors in the shape of the flags of all nations float over the auditorium, while a United States flag at the entrance to the grove proclaims, "Welcome all," to those who come under its protection.

The camp looks like the work of a magic power, for only a few weeks ago it was but a mass of forest and tangled shrubbery. To-day it is resplendent with beauty and spiritual power. A large portrait of one of Wells Anderson's ancient spirits hangs on the rear of the speaker's stand, as if to symbolize the fact that the Magi were again on earth, standing behind this new movement to popularize spiritual truth.

The lectures by Prof. Buddington so far have been upon "The Light of All Nations," and "Jesus in the Light of Spiritual Science." As most of his audience were either church people or agnostics, these subjects were chosen with reference to the occasion. Each of them are pronounced to be among the best ever heard from the Spiritual rostrum.

Capt. Winget followed the lecture with experiments in hypnotism, and Mrs. Georgia Cooley and Mrs. A. J. Smith gave platform tests that were a new feature of interest to the audience. Mrs. Cooley's tests were all pronounced to be correct, and most of Mrs. Smith's. Next Sunday there will be two services instead of one, as heretofore, and the meeting may continue until September 11th, instead of closing, as first contemplated, September 4th.

I would not forget to mention that the Kelso band has contributed much to the interest with their fine music, and that Mrs. Dr. Lamson is at the head of the vocal department. She is a fine singer, and duly appreciated. Mr. and Mrs. Brockway, of Abolition, Washington, are on the grounds, with their son Charles, who is a fine cornetist, and contributes to the good cheer of the camp. Mr. and Mrs.

Cooley, of Portland, Oregon, are among the stand-bys who can be depended upon every time. The pavilion is completed, and occupied every evening with some entertainment for the public.

The Necessity of Cremation.

Old earth is a vast charnel-house. Physical being is but constant death, by which the ebb and flow we name life manifests itself. In our most vigorous moments we are constantly dying. The more vigorous and active we are, the greater and more intense is the balancing death. In no moment of our whole existence, from the drawing of our first breath in earth-life, are all the atoms of our bodies alive. We are constantly carrying with us the dead excreta, which encumbers and dulls the force of the spirit's movements. On the contrary, the atoms of the spirit are, every single one, constantly alive, and herein is the difference between the spiritual and the physical existence.

All higher life sustains itself on the impulse of the lower forms of existence. The vegetable seizes hold upon the earth, the air, the water, and the fire, for its growth and perfection. The beast uses the vegetable life vitality to sustain his strength, and hold his place in the great struggle for life. Then man, choosing from all forms of existence, uses whatever at the time may best please his palate, whether within the sea, the air or on the earth.

Why should this be? Why are our esthetic sentiments shocked by this apparent disregard of all amenities, and by the cruelties that attend the preparation of either vegetable, fish or flesh for the table? Does not this unavoidable accompaniment suggest the idea that we have attributed to the physical far too much capacity for suffering? The doctrine of the ancient Magi was: "The fixed became loose, and the struggle to return to its former fixed condition we have named life." Force was diffused throughout the boundless, and in its efforts to return thither whence it had come, the course was one of convergence from point to point. Concentration commences in the vegetable, is still further advanced in the beast, and yet more in man's physical body, where it passes from the physical upon the spiritual plane. May we not infer, then, that all the loose will become fixed by still further concentration upon the physical plane? Is it not a logical conclusion that all this transference from one plane to another is in natural sequence of assimilation? Is it not probable as the physical conscious atoms come together in alignment so the spiritual atoms come together, seeking constantly for the fixedness that constitutes perception of the union with the one towards which all growth and unfolding tend?

If we are right in these thoughts, then that which is of the least consequence in all the scale of life must be a dead physical body.

It is one of the many anomalies of our present civilization that once having finished with the body, we try to help its physical inertness to do the utmost damage, and be as disagreeable as possible to its surroundings. We bury this mass of fetid and total death where its percolations can corrupt our water courses, and its gaseous emanations rising into the air enfeeble polarity and depress vibration. No malicious hate could seek for any more deadly or devilish device against its enemy than to have his body buried where the rising effluvia would make terrible both the days and nights.

Why people will persist in polluting the earth by burial in it is as much a mystery as why the city of Chicago is willing to drink out of its slop-bucket, Lake Michigan.

Then suppose it is true, as is maintained by some, that the spirit is held as guardian of its body until such time as it resolves itself by smothered combustion into ashes, why should we hold the spirit thus waiting for years in the slow burning of decomposition? What a horrid punishment it receives. Is there any torment known that can equal it?

It is strange that so many objections are urged to cremation, which at once transforms the festering foulness into the clear whiteness of ashes. Then, by scattering the little remnant of fleshly weakness to the four winds of heaven, that which came from the elements can return thereto. In addition to these reasons, the enormous cost of burial would seem to make the use of a crematory in all our large cities indispensable.

Let us see if we can imagine how the crematories of the future will look: On a square, amid trees and flowers, stands a large stone building a story and a half high, solid and strong in all its outlines; within, a chapel, amply seated and lighted through stained-glass windows. The furnishings are a reading desk, an organ and a raised dais. To this building, in all reverence and solemnity, come the long funeral trains bearing the dead. As gently and tenderly as now, the casket is borne to the dais; the eulogy is pronounced; the sonorous notes of the organ utter their voice as the last farewells are said; the sinking dais enfolds the vanishing receptacle of the body. In absolute silence the remains become invisible, and pass on into the vortex of the seven times heated furnace, and returns a handful of incinerated ashes. The quickly liberated spirit goes on.

What objection can be urged against this except custom? It has everything in its favor—decency, cleanliness, health and economy. Against it is only the custom of our forefathers, who imitated the animals who dig a hole and bury their prey therein.

W. P. PHELON, M. D.

In the German artillery they have tried a three-legged ladder of steel tubing for enabling the captain of a battery to survey the enemy and direct the fire. The ladder is erected in a wagon, and the officer climbs to the top with his field glasses to reconnoiter.

International exhibitions are in progress in Stockholm, Munich, Sceneyngen, Vienna and Genoa, besides the Paris exposition for feminine arts and the demonstrations at Palos and Huelva. Last week Bulgaria opened a national exposition at Philippolis.

Haslett Park, Mich.

Sunday morning dawned brightly, finding many teams already on the grounds from miles and miles around. Over three thousand people passed through the gates, and over four thousand people were on the grounds—by far the largest crowd that ever met at Haslett Park Camp. The grove and surroundings fairly swarmed with people, the pavilion accommodating but a small portion of them, though seating many hundred. Mr. Edgar W. Emerson gave us a grand address and many tests, all of which were fully recognized Tuesday afternoon there took place the solemnizing of the first Spiritualist marriage ceremony ever held on the grounds of Haslett Park; the contracting parties were Mrs. Effie Wilson and Mr. Wm. Post, both of Flint, Mich., two of the leading singers of the choir. The ceremony was beautiful, and performed by Mr. G. H. Brooks, chairman of our meeting, a regularly ordained Spiritualist minister. He was ably assisted by Miss A. E. Sheets, of Grand Lodge, Mich., who in a few beautifully expressed inspired words, invoked spiritual blessings upon the young couple, and the aid of the angel loved ones in their journey through life. A number of handsome presents were given by friends on the grounds.

Wednesday morning a meeting of the pioneer Spiritualists of Pine Lake campmeeting was held, and the minutes of the last ten years (since the camp first organized with only about thirty people on the ground until now when it is attended by thousands) were read and approved. The report was very interesting, showing the changes and hardships, as well as the grand and rapid progress it has made. This meeting was followed by a conference meeting that was very interesting to all.

At the closing day of the session there were from two to three thousand people on the ground, and all was quiet and harmonious. Mrs. Nickerson Warne gave us several grand lectures while here last week. Mediums of all phases were with us except independent slate writing. Jas. Riley, of Marcellus, the materializing medium, gave quite a number of grand seances, and many friends from the spirit side were recognized. Bert Woodworth, of Meadville, Pa., was with us. Wednesday afternoon Dr. U. D. Thomas, of Grand Rapids, spoke most ably from subjects given by the audience.

On account of ill health and fatigue Mrs. Shepard Lillie did not reach camp until Thursday afternoon, but gave us two grand lectures Friday and Saturday afternoon.

Sunday morning, Aug. 28th, the sun rose clear and bright over our dear old Park again, and by 10 A. M. every corner of our beautiful grove was filled to its utmost capacity. Dr. U. D. Thomas occupied the rostrum in the forenoon, and Mrs. Lillie in the afternoon, who gave a grand lecture and some wonderful tests. Dr. Stanley, magnetic healer and inspirational speaker, gave public tests from the rostrum. He was with us during the entire camp.

Memorial Day was observed with appropriate decoration and song service. "Speed Away" was rendered in an acceptable manner by the Quartette, Mr. Dewey, Mr. Post, Miss Wilson and Mrs. Holton, followed by the beautiful song, "I Stand on Memory's Golden Shore." Mrs. Lora Holton singing the solo, assisted by the Quartette, in an impressive manner. Miss A. E. Sheets gave the opening address. Her inspiration was grand, and while she poured her soul-entrancing, magnetic words out to us, she seemed to be transformed into a veritable angel in human form, and has proved herself the most enchanting of speakers during our campmeeting.

Our campmeeting this year was a success spiritually and financially. May the good angels guard and guide all till another year rolls round, and if we cannot meet again on this side, may we so live that we will be able to meet each other in the summer land.

JERRY BRICKER.

Lake Brady, Ohio.

I wish to express a few words of commendation and encouragement to the managers of the Lake Brady Association of Spiritualists, which was inaugurated on the 24th of July. Every detail has been attended to; the best talent engaged for the season, and it seems, in many respects, like a camp of many years' standing. I hope that our friends in northern Ohio will extend to this association a little material aid, and thus make it one of the most delightful summer retreats in northern Ohio. Having been present three Sundays, and spent over two weeks there, I speak that which I know, and testify to that which I have seen. Mr. B. F. Lee, Mantua, Ohio, will give all needed information to friends desiring to cooperate in this glorious enterprise.

Aug. 23, 1892. O. H. MATHEWS.
New Philadelphia, O.

New Mexico is enjoying the first rainy season it has had for four years.

The Bank of England requires sixty folio ledgers for its daily accounts.

A New Jersey minister has struck because the congregation owes him money and refuses to pay him.

Richmond, Ind., has an organization known as the "1827 Society," composed entirely of persons born in 1827.

A clothes washing contest was a novel attraction at a colored church picnic at Westminster, Md., recently.

DEMANDS OF ALL PROGRESSIVE MINDS
MAGNANIMITY AND ALTRUISM
JESUS AND THE MEDIUMS, OR CHRIST
and mediumship. By Moses Hall. A pamphlet well worth reading. Price 10 cents.
OUTSIDE THE GATES; AND OTHER
tales and sketches. By a band of spirit intelligence, through the mediumship of Mary Theresa Shumaker. An excellent work. Price 10 cents.
POEMS OF PROGRESS, BY LIZZIE DOTEN.
They are really valuable. Price \$1.00.

Peter McGuire, or Nature and Grace.

It has always been thought a most critical case. When a man was possessed of more nature than grace, For theology teaches that man from the first Was a sinner by nature and justly accursed; And "Salvation by Grace" was the wonderful plan Which God had invented to save erring man; 'Twas the only atonement he knew how to make To annul the effects of his own sad mistake.

Now, this was the doctrine of good Parson Brown, Who preached not long since in a small country town.

He was zealous, and earnest, and could so excel, In describing the tortures of sinners in hell, That a famous revival commenced in the place, And hundreds of souls found "Salvation by Grace."

But he felt that he had not attained his desire Till he had converted one Peter McGuire.

This man was a blacksmith, frank, fearless and bold, With great brawny sinews like Vulcan of old.

He had little respect for what ministers preach, And sometimes was very profane in his speech. His opinions were founded in clear common sense, And he spoke as he thought, though he oft gave offense;

But whatever wanting, in whole or in part, He was sound and all right when you came to his heart.

One day the good parson, with pious intent, To the smithy of Peter most hopefully went, And there, while the hammer industriously swung, He preached, and he prayed, and exhorted and sung.

And warned and entreated poor Peter to fly From the pit of destruction before he should die; And to wash himself clean from the world's sinful strife, In the blood of the lamb and the river of life.

Well, and what would you now be inclined to expect

Was the probable issue and likely effect? Why, he "swore like a pirate," and what do you think?

From a little black bottle took something to drink!

And he said, "I will not mention the blood of the lamb, But as for that river, it ain't worth a ———!"

Then pausing, as if to restrain his rude force, He quietly added, "a mill dam, of course."

Quick out of the smithy the minister fled, As if a big bombshell had burst near his head; And as he continued to haste on his way, He was too much excited to sing or to pray; But he thought how that some were elected by grace,

As heirs of the kingdom made sure of their place,

While others were doomed to the pains of hell-fire, And if e'er there was one such, 'twas Peter McGuire.

That night when the storm-king was riding on high,

And the red shafts of the lightning gleamed bright through the sky,

The church of the village, the "Temple of God," Was struck for the want of a good lightning-rod;

And swiftly descending, the element dire Set the minister's house, close beside it, on fire,

While he peacefully slumbered, with never a fear Of the terrible work of destruction so near.

There were Mary, and Hannah, and Tommy, and Joe,

All sweetly asleep in the bedroom below, While their father was near with their mother at rest.

(Like the wife of John Rogers "with one at the breast")

But Alice, the eldest, a gentle young dove, Was asleep all alone in the room just above; And when the wild cry of the rescuer came, She only was left to the pitiless flame.

The fond mother counted her treasures of love, When lo! one was missing. "Oh, Father above! How madly she shrieked in her agony wild, "My Alice! my Alice! O, save my dear child!"

Then down on his knees fell the parson and prayed

That the terrible wrath of the Lord might be stayed.

Said Peter McGuire: "Prayer is good in its place,

But then it don't suit this particular case."

He turned down the sleeves of his red flannel shirt,

To shield his great arms all besmudged with dirt; Then into the billows of smoke and of fire, Not pausing an instant, dashed Peter McGuire.

O, that terrible moment of anxious suspense! How breathless their watching, their fear how intense!

And their great joy, which was freely expressed, When Peter appeared with the child on his breast.

A shout rent the air when the darling he laid In the arms of her mother so pale and dismayed; And as Alice looked up and most gratefully smiled, He bowed down his head and he wept like a child.

O, those tears of brave manhood that rained o'er his face, Showed the true grace of nature, and the nature of grace!

'Twas a manifest token, a visible sign, Of the indwelling life of the spirit divine.

Consider such natures, and then, if you can, Preach of "total depravity" innate in man; Talk of blasphemy! why, 'tis profanity wild To say that the Father thus cursed his own child!

Go learn of the stars and the dew-spangled sod, That all things rejoice in the goodness of God; That each thing created is good in its place, And nature is but the expression of grace.

—From "Poems of Progress," published by request of D. A. McNab.

Sunapee (N. H.) Camp Notes.

TO THE EDITOR:—Another week draws to a close at Sunapee Camp. The meetings during that time have been well attended, and the speaking and other platform work good. The conference meetings have been interesting and profitable. The National Developing Circle have also done a good work. The principal speakers during the past week were Mrs. Carrie Twing, Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, Dr. Richardson and Dr. Geo. A. Fuller. Among the mediums at present with us are W. R. Colby, state-writer; Mrs. E. R. Morgan, Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. Howe, of Boston. At the business meeting of the association Eben Cobb, of Boston, was re-elected President and Treasurer; Jane D. Churchill, of Cambridge, Mass., Secretary.

JANE D. CHURCHILL.

The Isle of Guernsey exacts a tax from all aliens.

A Brooklyn actress named Brown spells her name Broughne.

WAS IT A DREAM?

In the city of Bedford, England, near the old jail in which Bunyan wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress," stands an old-fashioned rock cottage. In this cottage lived two sisters, Mary and Jane, and their brother Robert, about twelve years old. Their father had been instantly killed in St. Aban's Abbey by a falling timber on the day that Robert was born. In about two years after they buried their dear mother. After this the girls, who were twin sisters 16 years of age, supported themselves by dressmaking, and Robert was kept in school.

On the 24th of December, 1881, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the writer of this story, hungry and tired, knocked at the cottage door. It was opened by Robert, who said, with tears in his eyes: "I am glad that you have come; sister Jane is very ill with a fever, and has been asking for you all day." I hurried up stairs and found Mary sitting by the bedside of her sister. In a few minutes Jane asked for a drink of water; after taking it she said, with a smile: "I am better now. I shall be up to-morrow and help get a nice Christmas dinner. Let me sleep, Mary." Then looking me in the face, said: "You are very pale; Robert will go downstairs with you and pour out a cup of tea and get you a piece of cake."

I followed Robert down stairs, but just as I was taking the chair he offered, I fell. The next thing I knew I was sitting on a stone step of an old cathedral, in full possession of all my faculties, but feeling quite strange. On looking up I saw my father, who had been dead ten years, walking towards me. When he had come within about a dozen steps he spoke my name, and said, "Come." I tried to rise but was unable. He repeated the one word "come" with a little more earnestness; then I found it quite easy to do his bidding. But I noticed on reaching him that my feet had made no marks on the newly fallen snow. My father said:

"As I am now on a visit from Aleyone, I have come to give you an introduction to Mr. Dunn, the father of the two girls you love so well." I replied, Mr. Dunn is dead. "Yes," continued my father, "so am I and you. Mr. and Mrs. Dunn are very nice people, and they have invited us to take dinner with them to-day. You will be able to spend a day or two with us, and then return in time to attend your funeral."

As we walked along many beautiful sights in nature attracted my attention. The sweet warblings of the many feathered songsters filled me with delight, and the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells told me that it was a time of great rejoicing.

We soon reached a beautiful little cottage surrounded by evergreens. Over the front door of the cottage I read the sign, "J. P. Dunn, Contractor and Builder." The door was opened by a fine looking man, whom my father introduced as Mr. Dunn. We were led into a beautiful parlor. In this parlor was a small boy painting a beautiful picture of Solomon's Temple and a young lady playing on the piano.

Mr. Dunn expressed his pleasure at meeting me, and said he would talk with me farther after eating dinner. At this instant a lady came in and announced dinner. On being introduced she threw her arms about my neck and wept aloud for joy. Then recovering herself, she said: "My dear children; not one of them must die in old England; you will return and see them safe to Utah."

In the dining-room I met a few old friends and made some new acquaintances. We sat around a large table well filled with vegetables of different kinds, and nice brown Graham gems. After enjoying ourselves some time in eating and pleasant conversation, fruits, nuts and wine were brought in, but no meat was served. It may be of interest to know that death improves all our senses, especially taste and sight. After allowing a few minutes for dinner to digest, most of the company engaged in games or parlor amusements, and Mr. Dunn and I retired to the library. As soon as we were alone he said:

"By your consent we will go this evening and impress my daughter Jane with what Mrs. Dunn and I wish her to know. Behind one of the bricks in their fireplace is an iron pot containing fifty English sovereigns that I saved while on earth. I wish my children to have it now so that they may emigrate to Utah. We will start when the clock strikes seven."

We spent the afternoon in visiting public buildings, parks and the city water works. Just as the clock struck seven we were at the ticket office of the Great Northern. This line is furnished with American cars and runs parallel with the road built by the English on terra firma. Three minutes' ride brought us to our destination. We saw hundreds of well-dressed people on the cars; most of them were engaged in earnest conversation. In walking through the smoke-car I saw but two persons. One was Benedict Arnold, mending an old flag; the other an Indian chief, reading the life of General Custer.

After leaving the cars Mr. Dunn told me that the fever had been given to Jane by his request in order that she might be more easily impressed by us. By this time we were in the cottage with his children. I saw my body on a narrow bed, and Mary and Robert sitting near the fire crying. I put my hand on Mary's shoulder, and said: "Don't cry, I am all right. There is money for you behind one of the bricks." She did not notice me. Mr. Dunn said, with a smile: "She neither sees nor hears you. Mortals are not sensitive to thought waves only under certain conditions. Follow me and do as I do." We went upstairs and found Jane asleep; we knelt down at the side of her bed, and wished that she might see the money in a dream. When I looked up Mr. Dunn had vanished; I went downstairs to find him, but he was not there. The room grew dark; then a gleam of light

came. Robert spoke, and said: "The tea is ready; take a cup and you will feel better." I rubbed my eyes, drank the tea, and ate a small piece of cake. Then I lay on the lounge and tried to sleep, but all that I had seen and heard I dreamed over again.

In the morning Jane was up, and said she felt quite well. I asked her if her father had saved money to emigrate with before he died. She said: "Yes; and last night I dreamed that I found it in this room." I took up a large iron poker and slightly tapped on a few bricks until I found one that gave a hollow sound. It was but a few moments work to remove it. A small iron pot was next taken out. In it we found fifty sovereigns and a small piece of slate, upon which was written: "Emigration money. J. P. Dunn." The joy that followed cannot be described.

But little remains to be told. An X-mas dinner was provided. Just as we were sitting down to the table my companion, F. H. S., of Brigham City, joined us, and never before had I seen so small a man eat so much plum-pudding at one meal.

On the 21st of June, 1882, Mary, Jane and Robert set sail from Liverpool to New York in the Nevada.

Robert is now a conductor on the U. P.; Mary lives in Salt Lake City, the loved wife of a prosperous farmer; Jane is the wife of a well-to-do merchant, in Logan, and the mother of two bright little girls. I was one of a select number of friends invited to take Christmas dinner with her and her devoted husband on Friday, Dec. 25, 1891.

Now, when I am hungry, if my mind reverts to my Christmas dinners of the past, or looks forward to a prospective one in the future, I am satisfied. Does this prove that hunger, like some Christmas stories I have read, may be the product of the imagination?

W. H. APPERLEY.

Brain or Soul.

REFLECTIONS IN REFERENCE TO THEM.

The clock strikes twelve; I am engaged in business; I have not commenced yet, but I have just thought out my course; but how is this? The clock strikes one; well, never mind. I stop to consider; what shall I do with this demurrer? The clock actually strikes three! I shove back paper, return pen to holder; I am lost in reverie. What are these thoughts that obtrude themselves upon me? Why is it that for the last three hours I have not been aware of my physical existence, and yet have been keenly alive, thinking and doing? Let me reflect! Is it possible that the psychic jewel in man's composition called mind, is a mere external expression of the crude corpus? My thoughts take this trend. Life, I think, is a resultant of the sum of molecular energy. I have no authority behind which I can dodge when I say this, but I have great faith in it. Each atom is endowed with special force and motion. If I view this force when confined to a portion of the physical structure, I may speak of it as sensation; but when I view the resultant potency of this special creation of atomic relation, I find reflection, comparison, judgment. Whence these manifestations of the higher order of intelligence? When I try to conceive of the properties of these single atoms clairvoyantly and abstractly, I learn nothing of self-sentience; I find no trace of intelligence. There has then appeared in the equation (a certain segregation of atoms imbued with life; equal life plus intelligence). Now, when each side of an equation consists of additive quantities only, we shall not expect a foreign factor, or quantity, to obtain in the sum total. Whence, then, this new manifestation called intelligence? I then reflect again, and assume for the purpose of my reflection that the mental results from the physical. While my mind is busy, I may forget food, and thus become emaciated. Why should the resultant have the power to affect its creator thus? By abstaining from food the physical becomes starved and finally decays. Why this control of the mental over its master? The mesmeric subject is made to use the mental fluently while the physical slumbers in the background. Here the slave sits enthroned, while the creator may not awaken to consciousness even though a limb be severed. It is possible for parents of inferior intellectuality to have children of superior minds; still, there was intelligence in the first member of the equation, and we are not surprised to find this phenomenon in the result. But whence the intelligence where only inanimate, or (worse still) unthinking atoms were concerned?

Fichte, Tyndall, Huxley and others have vainly sought to show that life could result from dead, inert matter. How much less, then, life plus intelligence. A congregated mass of inanimate matter produces, in time, an element (intellect) which in turn becomes commander-in-chief of its maker! The mind works, plans and reflects, while the physical bears it about in its strong frame as do the slaves bear the Sultan in his chair. It commands and the physical obeys. When the physical demands luxuries to gratify a sensual appetite, the mental puts it upon allowance. When I was a boy a physical body carried me wherever I elected to go; I thought, then, as a boy. Now not an atom of that physical remains. I have one now which may be the fifth or sixth since that time. Yet I remember what I thought as I wore each body. Who, then, am I? Who is the real ego? I infer that the intellectual man is the real man. As the child lived before physical birth and remembers not that life, so have I ever lived oblivious of the details of a previous existence. As I quit the physical, oceans and continents will fade from my view. The blue arches above will unfold to my intellectual sight. Anew I shall hear the breakers' softened tones, that washed the shores of a forgotten life. I shall then be assured that the soul may enjoy an unbroken eternity of bliss.

B. R. ANDERSON.

Concordia, Kans.



BROTHER JONATHAN'S SOLILOQUY. — Yes, I am interested in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Its patriotism is worthy of great commendation. Its exposure of the general trend of the Catholic Octopus is timely, and was badly needed. It is indeed a paper for the times, and which every Spiritualist should support. From the start it has had its varied attractions, which have proved of great utility to its readers. Indeed, the one who doesn't read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, must, as a natural consequence, be left in the rear; and even now there is "something in the air," gradually evolving, that will interest all.

In the language of another, "time is flying; America is started. Rome says the idea of a new continent was conceived in her brain, and the clock strikes one. She gathers in the Vatican her cardinals and archbishops, and the clock strikes two. She gathers not only pope, cardinals, and archbishops, but her bishops and priests, who, with their servants, work out useful schemes to be tried in the new continent, and the clock strikes three. Plans broaden and ramify into the seas. Missionaries from the Roman world land on our shores, and the clock strikes four. The heaven begins to work in the meal, eyes are being blinded by the magnificent displays and the clock strikes

five. Rich music of classical authors charms the ear, and they try their dark, cunning arts on unsuspecting Protestants, and the clock strikes six. The time is half gone. Now Rome looks for new fields, and plans new marches that she may entrap the remnant, and the clock strikes seven. Gradually for twenty or thirty years she gains a foothold in the political arena, and the clock strikes eight. Through the centuries she grows bolder, she is coming to the front, and the clock strikes nine. She adds boldness to boldness, and fearlessness to fearlessness, and the clock strikes ten! Only two more hours in which we can lie still and slumber. O, think on the heritage of our fathers and awake! The clock strikes eleven! Strong arms are being bound around us, the future is filled with most momentous interest, and the clock—God grant it may not strike twelve until we are freed in liberty's power!"

And THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is one of the great agents to redeem the world from Rome and superstition. But of this more anon. I only wish to say that there is "something in the air," and I think THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER man will catch on to it in due time, and his readers will have an opportunity to see this "something in the air" crystallize for his winter campaign.

Death-week in Rural Russia.

Some very curious ceremonies are observed by the peasants of rural Russia, on the breaking up of the ice toward the end of March. The breaking is supposed to be due to the water-spirit, who, waking hungry and angry after his winter's sleep, bursts the ice and sends the flocks drifting, drives the fish from their haunts, and causes the streams to overflow. Previous to this the peasants prepare a sacrifice as the beginning of their "death-week" celebration, to be offered to the spirit. They combine to buy a young horse, which must be purchased, not given, each contributing an equal amount. The horse having been sumptuously fed for three days, is taken on the fourth day at midnight, decorated, conducted by all the villagers in a body, tied, weighted, and plunged through a hole in the ice. In some districts fat, in others a horse's head, is thrown in instead of a living horse. A sacrifice is then made to the house spirit. A fat black pig is killed and cut into as many pieces as there are residents of the village, of which each resident receives one and buries it under the doorstep at the entrance to his house. The principal ceremony of the season is that of driving out death. All the villagers bring old clothes, rags, straw, sticks, and other stuff of the kind, from which a dummy figure representing an old woman is made, and painted as hideously as possible, to represent death—death being a woman in Slavic mythology. The figure is perched on a long pole and carried by a peasant dressed in what are left of the rags, etc., who is accompanied by a procession of the people provided with everything with which they can make a noise. The dummy is carried to the nearest river or stream, and cast into the water, or sometimes only dunked, and then thrown upon the nearest piece of vacant ground, or sometimes cast into the territory of a neighboring village, when a quarrel is likely to arise. On returning to the village more noisy instruments are collected, and the men, women and children run around to drive out the evil spirits death is supposed to have left behind. The faster the people go, and the more noise they make, the more effectually the place is supposed to be cleared, and the greater will be the blessings of the coming season. To make all sure, the villagers camp out for the night, to wait for the hour when the gates of heaven are supposed to be opened, and special blessings asked for are granted. All the trees are said to bear golden fruits at that instant, and whoever is lucky enough to grasp them just then can keep them as his own. Unhappily, the people are always too wearied with the day's work and drinking to be alert enough to seize the exact moment.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

There are 800 bathhouses in Tokio, Japan, in which a bath can be had for 1 cent.

Spiritualism Needed.

THE GREAT WANT OF VERACITY.

Herbert Spencer, in *Popular Science Monthly* for August, makes some extraordinary statements in reference to the great want of veracity. He says that "complete truthfulness is one of the rarest of virtues. Even those who regard themselves as absolutely truthful are daily guilty of over-statements and under-statements. Exaggeration is almost universal. The perpetual use of the word 'very,' where the occasion does not call for it, shows how widely diffused and confirmed is the habit of misrepresentation. And this habit sometimes goes along with the loudest denunciations of falsehood. After much vehement talk about the 'veracities,' will come utterly unvarnished accounts of things and people—accounts made unvarnished by the use of emphatic words where ordinary words alone are warranted; pictures of which the outlines are correct but the lights and shades and colors are doubly and trebly as strong as they should be."

"Here, among the countless deviations of statement from fact, we are concerned only with those in which form is wrong as well as color—those in which the statement is not merely a perversion of the fact, but practically an inversion of it. Chiefly, too, we have to deal with cases in which personal interests of one or other kind are the prompters to falsehood—now the desire to inflict injury as by false witness; now the desire to gain a material advantage; now the desire to escape a punishment or other threatened evil; now the desire to get favor by saying that which pleases. For in mankind at large the love of truth for truth's sake, irrespective of ends, is but little exemplified."

I sincerely believe that did Spiritualism and its grand truths have full possession of the hearts of the people then, no one would have reason to complain that complete truthfulness is one of the rarest of virtues. That deception is almost universal does not speak well for the nineteenth century civilization.

JUS TICE.

"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.

"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.

Uncle Sam has 8,955,812 dwellings.

Letter from Q. W. Kates.

TO THE EDITOR:—Wife and self have found so much good cheer in Northern Ohio, that we feel it best to publicly express our thanks. It is evident that this section of our fair land is destined to rival the spiritual centres where the public flock to receive spirit communion and to learn the laws of life.

There are now three camp-meeting associations in Ohio, and next year there may be four or five. At the Mantua Station Camp we found a beautiful place, an earnest people and a good prospect for growth and prosperity. The camp-meeting was full of interest. Every possible courtesy was extended to each medium and every visitor. A more harmonious and spiritual meeting we never attended. All the people seemed to vie in amiability and pleasure-making. At the meetings all endeavored to assist. Brother Danforth is a genial and excellent president. He makes good conditions for a speaker or medium.

Prof. D. M. King is the organizer and manager. He has done a good work in this locality.

On Sunday, August 21st, Mrs. Kates and self held two meetings on the lawn of Brother E. Hawley, near Newton Falls, Ohio. We were very agreeably surprised to see a large turnout of people. Nearly five hundred persons were present. Good feeling existed, and our work seemed to produce good results.

The Mahoning Valley Association were in charge, and voted to become an auxiliary to the National Religious and Spiritual Association.

Our few days of visit with the family of Brother Hawley proved to be a bright time to last in our memory. Their hospitality was of the generous home kind that sweetens the life of a Spiritual missionary. All the friends in Northern Ohio seemed to be filled with generous impulse and kindness. On the Western Reserve there is a great work being done, and much promise for future good.

Tuesday, August 23d, we visited Lake Brady Camp, and found it a marvelous institution for a first-year effort. The place and the lake are certainly attractive, and the management exceedingly liberal. They cordially invited us to speak at the conference, and also called upon Mrs. Kates after the afternoon lecture, by Mrs. Sheehan, to give tests, which were appreciated.

From thence we went to the Ashley Camp, and found it well located, but in the condition of a new enterprise. The campers all live in tents, and the meetings are held in a large tent. The prospects are fair for a good meeting. Lyman C. Howe preceded us and by his sterling merit has left an indelible impress. Brother Howe is one of the workers on our platform who puts his soul in all he does and stands before the world an unchallenged man of spiritual worth. He thinks his work is nearly done, but it has but just begun. An earth-life is only the commencement of personal labor. But Brother Howe is likely to stay on earth awhile longer, and his words of wisdom should be heard by all who desire to unfold the pure, good and true.

The tests by Mrs. Kates here are, as usual, accurate and fully recognized. They are mostly given to strangers. While she was under control of "Fleetfoot," a gentleman and wife from Knox county arrived, and were almost immediately addressed, and his life read with great accuracy. All descriptions, including a horse and dog, that had gone to horse and dog heaven, were so perfect that the gentleman marveled much thereof.

Our lectures are well received, and the audiences fair-sized. Mrs. Sheehan has just arrived, and with her added forces we hope to storm the citadel of error and ignorance, and build the temple of truth and knowledge. The camp will hold until September 5th.

G. W. KATES.

The Mahoning Valley Spiritualist Association.

The Mahoning Valley Spiritualist Association held a meeting in the beautiful grove at E. Hawley's residence on Sunday, Aug. 21st, 1892, and notwithstanding the fact that the notices were out only about four days, and that the Disciples were holding a grove meeting only four miles away, yet the fact that Bro. Kates and wife were to be present drew an audience of about four hundred persons, all of whom were attentive listeners, eager to hear the words of wisdom, truth, and flow of eloquence that issued from the lips of the speakers. While the tests were being given by Mrs. Kates almost breathless silence reigned, every one eager to receive, if possible, some evidence of the continued existence of their loved ones that are no longer visible to the physical eye. The tests were given in such an unmistakable manner that the parties for whom they were intended could not help but recognize their correctness.

About ten days have passed, and every word we have heard concerning the meeting has been in praise of the addresses and the genuineness of the tests. Many were present who for the first time heard the truths of our grand philosophy, and we have been asked to try and secure the services of these grand workers again in the near future if possible. The Society will hold a meeting Sunday, Oct. 11th, at the residence of B. O. Barber, at which time it is expected D. M. King, of Mantua, will be with us, and then let the project started at last meeting be fully discussed and carried to completion.

Palmira, Ohio. A. L. REICHARD.

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

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

A man of science in Germany maintains that it is from meteors that all our diamonds come.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Published every Saturday at No. 40 Loomis Street.

J. R. Francis, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at Chicago Postoffice as Second-class matter.

Terms of Subscription.

The PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be furnished until further notice, at the following terms, invariably in advance:

One year	Five dollars
Six months	Three dollars
Three months	One dollar
Single copy	Five cents

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

CLUBS: IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

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

Take Notice.

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

If you do not receive your paper promptly, write to us and errors in address will be promptly corrected, and missing numbers supplied gratis.

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

A Bountiful Harvest for 25 Cents.

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

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.



A SPIRITUALIST?

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

DOWN ON FORTUNE-TELLERS.

Jennie Hagan Jackson Scores Some of the Mediums—Closing Days at Lily Dale.

The last conference took up the question of a protective society for mediums. Some unique ideas were advanced. A portly old man of generous heart and honest face who has been nicknamed Mr. Gullible, through his ability to swallow some pretty transparent counterfeits as tests, felt called upon to defend the much-criticized Indian pow-wows. "They were held," he said, "so that young mediums could be inoculated with spirit magnetism."

The exact time it took for the creation has at last been definitely ascertained. A conference speaker has figured it out. He states that each of the six days contained exactly 2,562,000 years, according to our present reckoning of time.

One man announced himself as a candidate for the prospective society who did not claim to be in rapport with angels, but thought himself to be a pretty good medium for the transaction of real estate business. Fearless Jennie Hagan Jackson spoke on Thursday afternoon upon "The Punch and Judy of Spiritism." She handled her subject without gloves, to the discomfiture of a few and the delight of many. She said: "There are a class of spiritists that do not care to progress. They are perfectly content to sit for hours in order to hear Tom Jones spell out his name with raps. That is all right. But after seeing it done 1,100 times, why not try something else? Why not try to learn something about the philosophy that produces the phenomena? Then there is the same satisfied content among a certain class of mediums. They have no higher ambition than to make a table tip or strum vile music on a tambourine. They cater to an ignorant class, who are content if their friends simply kiss and pat them and say: 'I'm so glad to see you. Do come again.' I rather the spiritists would try to be 'Explore and find out how this is done.' The trouble is, mediums start out before they are ripe for their work, and it is their best friend who puts them back where they belong. What shall I say of those professed mediums who have no mediumistic gifts whatever, but enact a Punch and Judy farce to lure the dollars from deluded victims? They are the Judases who are hampering spiritism. Then there are the Oriental fortune-tellers. I have had them come to me and say: 'My Oriental guides can tell you your past life and give you business advice for the future.' I always say: 'My past I know. The future will bring success or failure according as I work and earn it.' I have had people say to me of the pow-wows in the woods: 'If that's spiritism I don't want any more of it.' Neither do I, but that is not spiritism, nor is it common sense. It is simply Punch-and-Judyism. When people say to me: 'Are you a medium?' I always feel inclined to say: 'Yes, but I'm not a fool.' I want these Punch and Judy with their tawdry and smattering tricks driven from the field. They are dragging it down. We want the eternal truth. Spiritism has it. But it cannot float this mass of froth and rubbish. Let us get rid of them. There is no punishment too severe to be meted out to these tricksters. They are bringing our honest mediums into disrepute. If I believe in a hell for these human souls it would be for these. Spiritism is too sacred to be traded in.

Let us hold fast to that which is good and repudiate the evil."

The above is from the Buffalo Express, it being a report of Mrs. Jennie Hagan Jackson's address at Lily Dale. The gifted speaker gives expression to some cogent thoughts, and expresses them fearlessly. That there are so-called crude manifestations connected with Spiritism no one has a doubt; but the lady fails to get down to foundation principles. Imperfection is a part of humanity, an integral part thereof, and in one sense a part of its basic structure. You can not at once banish or hold in abeyance the spirit manifestations connected with the Voodooes of the South. As long as there are Voodooes, black or white, crude spirit manifestations will occur. They belong to a separate, distinct plane, and will there remain until elevated to a higher state. The Punch and Judy of Spiritism can be found in every city, and by no method on earth can it be eliminated only by gradual growth and development. Berating it, scolding it and condemning it, will accomplish nothing whatever, the so-called crudeness will still remain. But this aspect of the case is not disheartening in the least. If certain conditions and manifestations are crude, and not positively evil, they may answer a well-defined purpose on the plane where they exist. As the beautiful blossom comes up out of the debris of your back yards, so out of the crude conditions of Spiritism there come those angels of light that are doing so much to illuminate the world.

Spirit manifestations exist on different planes. The Punch and Judy part of it, whether genuine or utterly false, is the legitimate result of our present civilization. The Indian pow-wows constitute a lever, perhaps, whereby better conditions can be attained; the simple rap is still heard in our midst, and the work it is accomplishing is great indeed. In no sense can it be said to be "low." The highest and grandest spirits use it, as well as the lowest. That gifted medium, Mrs. Ada Foye, makes the simple rap a grand reformatory agent to illuminate the world. Who is doing a better or more effective work than she is?

Mrs. Jackson must get down to foundation principles. There would be no Punch and Judy performances in our ranks if there were no conditions to produce them. She grows vituperative in her denunciation of them, but devises no method whatever to change the conditions from which they originate, and without which they could not exist. The world has got to face crudeness in everything; it is everywhere! Every church has its vile sinner, and every government its base defaulter. There are hundreds of criminals among ministers of the gospel, and in our large cities thousands of dollars are wasted or stolen by the "honored" officials. It is the sheerest nonsense to suppose that under present conditions Spiritism will not partake of the general imperfection existing. We look for a certain degree of crudeness in Spiritism; it will remain until the conditions that produce it gradually change. Mrs. Jackson should bring her splendid talents to bear in so changing conditions that every unpleasant aspect of our cause will assume a different state. But whatever Mrs. Jackson may say, Spiritism, hampered and burdened though it be in many respects, is the grandest philosophy and religion in the world.

Mrs. Jackson should bear in mind that the so-called crude manifestations may in many instances be stepping-stones to a higher plane, to higher phases and grander realizations. A knowledge of the crude may beget a taste and aspiration for something grander and higher. The Indian pow-wows answer a specific purpose, and are prophecies of a brighter dawn. Again, there is a certain amount of crudeness in every human being. If no crudeness existed within a person the material conditions of earth would be too coarse and too unresponsive to sustain such a person, and death would follow. One of the ancient Saurians could not live a minute on this earth at the present time, nor could a human being of to-day survive an hour if placed back in the earliest conditions of primeval man. Mrs. Jackson must realize this fact, and, reasoning therefrom, use her splendid talents to improve the conditions which impregnate our present civilization. What we say in these comments also applies to our worthy brother, J. W. Dennis, whose article appears in another column, and who seems, like Mrs. Jackson, to be in a pessimistic condition. Calm yourselves, my good sister and brother, for Spiritism stands at the head of all reformatory movements.

CAMILLE.

Nearly all the first few numbers of this remarkable story by Hudson Tuttle have been exhausted, and we can no longer furnish them free to new subscribers, as heretofore announced. The demand for them has been larger than we expected. Very great interest in the story has been manifested.

Mrs. A. E. Sheets, of Grand Lodge, Mich., will speak at a grove meeting to be held at Butler, Branch county, Mich., September 11th.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey are now in Iowa, making their headquarters at Webster City, where they can be addressed. Mail sent to them will be forwarded to them; they have just arrived from the camp. They intend to rest a few days and then fill engagements before returning home to Grand Rapids, Mich.

Something About the Plague.

If the arousing of general expectation, and the decrying by universal consent, will bring the cholera to us, then it is already here, in effect. It is said: Once upon a time, a traveler met the plague going into Bagdad.

"What are you doing here?" he said. "I am going into the city, to kill 1,000 people."

Some time after the traveler was again brought face to face with the dread messenger.

"But you killed 10,000," he said. "Oh, no. I killed but 1,000. Fear killed the rest."

This is true of all epidemics and plagues. The negative condition, the feeling of helplessness; the idea that medical science offers no sure remedy, continually impels everybody to the studying of symptoms, and the feeling of themselves, to see if they have by chance overlooked the slightest beginning of the entrance of contagion. If found, it is at once enlarged upon with the greatest alacrity, and pushed forward to its fatal fruition.

There is no question but that the newspapers of America are responsible for the ravages of la grippe. Without the furore they aroused, by their minute accounts of its coming, and of the actions of people who supposed they had it, the sufferers would never have thought of naming their indisposition anything more than a slight cold, or an influenza, at the worst.

The orthodox Christian, who has a reserved seat by the great white throne, picked out for him by his murdered Jesus, and a consuming hell, into which he can chuck all his enemies, as he would pitch his cast-off boots and shoes into the stove, ought to be pleased that the plague is coming, for it will only furnish him a lightning express to the "worlds fairer than day," to say nothing of keeping the poor man out of the World's Fair, and everybody else, for that matter, on Sunday and every other day. It would be a just judgment from the orthodox God, because the church and the saloon men had thus conspired to rob the poor man. But really the Christian ought not to be afraid to meet his Jesus now—had he? He ought to be glad to go. But is he? History does not prove it; on the contrary, a more craven, cringing and cowardly set than the modern Christian is very hard to find. Anything for life. They are bound up in the joys and pleasures of the present dream of existence. They fight the plague, and kill themselves by their fear of dying. It is a pity; but the greatest pity is, that it is true.

While Spiritualists may show some signs of human weakness, they are not cowards about the hereafter. Believing fully in the doctrines they teach, the glory of the future is a palpable reality. Living as they do, in the constant presence of those who have passed beyond the veil, they are eager to go; glad to lay aside all physical impediment, and thus rejoice those they have loved in the past, and are so glad to meet again.

They have no fear of the unseen, for with them to live is but the widening of the boundless expanse of knowledge, where the invisible becomes visible and the unknown becomes known; and to die means the reunion with all the dear ones who have gone before. Standing by the river of death, we have held clingly in our arms their mortal forms, while their brave spirits pressing forward into the awful stillness of the great silence have boldly plunged into the Lethæan stream, whose waters are perpetually fed by mortal tears.

No true Spiritualist can fear the plague, nor its very worst consequences, for if life is a joy death must be gain.

Let us then bear ourselves bravely, willing to undergo our lot, wherever we may be and whatever may happen. Is not the experience of all, who know the dear ones on the unseen shore watch and beckon and wait?

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold is flushing river and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the fapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit-land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully greet with the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me."

The Camp-Meeting Clown.

It is a disgrace to the name of Christian, when Christian men and women employ and listen to the vulgarity of such a man as Sam Jones. That they make him the attraction of their camp-meetings is still more reprehensible. His style is that of the circus clown, although no clown would dare utter on the sawdust ring such vulgarity. Here is a specimen of what passes for preaching, and receives \$150 per day:

"An old lady said to me: 'Brother Jones, you use more foolishness than any other preacher I ever heard,' and I asked her what foolishness is, and she said she didn't exactly know, and I told her it was the stuff I used to rub on fools."

"If some of your business men had the small-pox, their religion would not catch it."

He scored mothers for letting their girls go with low-necked dresses, saying that if the Lord ever intended a girl to go bareheaded he would have covered her neck with hair or feathers.

Some dudes had threatened to kill him. "Why, I'd just spit on him and drowned him, unless he could swim."

Thus, day after day, he vents a mixture of vulgarity, illingergate, bad grammar, and slush, at an ostensibly religious meeting, and better men are silent. The leaders of the church ought to know that despite the crowds who thoughtlessly laugh, the influence of such a man is unmitigatedly bad, and brings the very name of religion into contempt.

"New Thought" for September.

It comes forth looking fresh and vigorous, and is worthy of a place in every family. Published monthly by Moses Hull. Price \$1 per year. Address him at No. 38 Chicago Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

The Cleveland (Ohio) Progressive Lyceum reopens after its summer vacation on Sunday, August 4, in Royal League Hall (Case building) at 10:45 A. M.

The Roman Confessional-Box a Hot-Bed of Sin.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has repeatedly exposed the corruption of the Roman Catholic Confessional-Box. It is a sinkhole of iniquity where the breath of purity does not exist. Now comes a dispatch from Montreal, Quebec, to the daily press, setting forth that the scandal caused by the doings of Father Guithot, the Sulpician priest, is the talk of the city. The French Canadians are greatly excited over the discovery of the priest's misdoings, and so bitter is the feeling that there is little doubt that if he ever shows his face here again he will be summarily dealt with. The greatest sympathy is felt for the husband, who, until the discovery was made, was entirely unsuspecting of anything being wrong. As a spiritual adviser of several of the leading French ladies in Montreal, Father Guithot enjoyed free entrance in the wealthiest families. He is of fine presence, with a magnetic manner. The discovery of his liaison with the woman in question was quite accidental. One day while the husband was at home alone he came across an opened letter in the priest's handwriting addressed to his wife. His curiosity being aroused, he read it carefully and was thunderstruck at the scandalous character of its contents. He then made a search of his wife's private desk, and found more than 100 letters from the priest. The correspondence was of the most scandalous character. In it were mentioned the names of several other leading French women. The correspondence was illustrated by free hand drawings of an unmentionable character. The husband at once took drastic measures, and the wife is now sojourning in a convent in bitter repentance. Fortunately there are no children to share her disgrace. The husband told some of his friends, and the story leaked out. When it became known several prominent citizens waited upon the Directors of the Seminary of Ste. Sulpice and told them that the priest had better be prevented from returning to the city. Father Guithot left the city about the end of June for a trip to France and was expected to return last week on the steamer La Touraine. It is believed that he has been warned not to return to Montreal and is now in New York. He is 40 years old. Previous to coming to Montreal, about ten years ago, he was connected with the Order of Ste. Sulpice in Paris. He is highly connected in France, and is reputed to be wealthy. It is believed that the priest contemplated an elopement with the woman, as one of the last letters sent by him was from Havre. In this letter he told the woman that he could not live without her, and suggested that she should go to New York.

No doubt one-half of the female portion of his audience in Montreal has felt the pernicious influence of his poisonous, pestilential breath. The confessional-box in the Catholic Church is only a hot-bed of licentiousness.

The Warring Sects.

One of the most peculiar features of all systems of religion is the spirit of persecution which characterizes those who leave an old organization for a new one. Modern research clearly establishes the fact that the so-called Jewish system was but the extension of Persian and Egyptian thought over Judea. And yet every reader of the Old Testament must notice that the Hebrew prophets and psalmists were always the most vigorous in expression when denouncing the idols of those nations who were the parents of their own gods. No terms of invective were too severe when mentioning the gods Moses, David, and Solomon worshiped.

When Christians sloughed off from Judaism the new sect forgot all their bitter hate of the Persian and Assyrian systems of religion and made their direct assaults upon their immediate parents, the Jews; and this strife they have kept up for, lo, eighteen hundred years.

When the Protestant sects came out of Catholicism, then the war was waged with Catholics. For three hundred years the fight has been going on between the mother church and her seceding daughters.

The Czar of Russia, at the head of the Greek church, evinces a determination to remove every Jew from his empire. Late advices from Catholic countries of Europe show that a systematic movement is on foot in several provinces to retire the Jew from their respective countries. All sorts of falsehoods are revived against these people, the object being to arouse oldtime hate.

The Methodists were originally an offshoot of Episcopalianism, so these new lights for a long time directed their heaviest artillery at the mother Church of England.

This idea might be followed into all the newer sects, but it is unnecessary. The principle once stated revives in memory a world of facts in corroboration of our main statement.

The Bible.

The whole Bible was printed in Massachusetts branch of the Algonquin languages, and in the Cree. Nearly the whole in the Chippewa and Micmac, and portions in a number of others. The devoted missionaries gave their lives to the study of these languages and the translation of the Bible into them. The translations remain, but the Indian tribes for whom they were prepared have utterly perished from the face of the earth. They disappeared almost as suddenly as the deer and the wolf. People of the wilderness, they could not withstand the contact with the white race. The translated Bible was probably as unintelligible to the savages as the untranslated, and could not save them from the effects of rum, and the nameless diseases of civilization.

Camp-Meeting at Summe-land, Cal.

William B. Morris informs us that the camp-meeting at Summe-land will commence September 11 and continue until October 2. It will no doubt be a success under the efficient management of those interested.

Jerry Brooker sends us about fifty subscribers from the Hallett Park camp-meeting. Thanks, many, for this manifestation. We expect to have 2,000 subscribers in Michigan at no distant day. It is nearing that point.

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Work, 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.

W. F. Peck will lecture in St. Louis, Mo., during September. He can be addressed for engagements at 1461 Clinton St.

Miss Delia Admuns, who was written of by Mr. C. H. Manville in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of July 23, should be addressed at Helena, Mont., box 1214, as that is her home. She was only visiting Great Falls. The many who have written her must have patience, as it will take time to attend to all the letters. She is working as hard as her strength will permit.

F. Corden White, trance medium, sittings daily. Seances Tuesday and Friday evenings at 524 West Madison street.

Mrs. J. A. Chesver writes: "I have just closed a private sitting with Dr. Mary A. Charter, of Boston, Mass., at her office here, and desire to say I never had as good a one in my life. I was perfectly satisfied with all she and her spirit controls said to me. I came with sadness in my heart to this place. This woman, one of the oldest mediums in the country and a hard worker (so I am told) has given me more joy at this interview than I have received for many a long month."

Mrs. Ada Foye, the remarkable test medium, has the following engagements: September, Grand Rapids, Mich.; October, Cincinnati, Ohio; November and December, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Foye's permanent address is box 517, Chicago, Ill., where she can be addressed for engagements.

G. W. Kates and wife will speak in Defiance, Ohio, during September. At the Ober Union meeting, Geauga Co., October 1 and 2; Mantua, O., October 5 to 9; Darrowville, O., October 10 to 17. Balance of month to be placed in Ohio. Address per route.

Speaking of the Lake Brady Camp-meeting, L. N. Pope, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "Lake Brady is a grand success, and all visitors are delighted with the place and the people visiting there, as well as the inhabitants around the Lake."

Will C. Hodge, Secretary of the Clinton camp-meeting and L. P. Wheelock, Treasurer, writes to us as follows in reference to Mr. and Mrs. F. Corden White: "We regard them as very worthy in every way and we can heartily recommend them to the spiritualistic public. Mr. White is one of the most reliable mediums we have had upon the grounds of Mt. Pleasant Park, and is a number one platform test medium." Mr. White is a platform medium and can be addressed for engagements at 524 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Lora Holton, inspirational musician and test medium, would like to make engagements with societies for the fall and winter, after September 15, to give platform tests and hold parlor musical and test seances. She performs upon the piano, organ, banjo, guitar, and auto-harp. Terms reasonable. Address her at Kalamazoo, Mich., box 1. She closed her engagement with the Hallett Park Association the 28th of August as Director of Music. She goes from Hallett Park to Durand, Flint and La Peer, to hold meetings and seances, and then to Detroit. She expects to be in Chicago about October 1.

S. M. Seeley, of Sterling, Ill., writes: "In publishing my note from Clinton camp-meeting, giving my message on the slate from John C. Bundy, it should read: 'I now see the terrible mistake I made by fighting them as I did.' You have it 'frightening them.' We were paralyzed to see very plainly Mr. Bundy at two different times fully materialized at Mrs. Aber's, also at Mrs. Moore's, in bust form. We all recognized him. He said he was sorry for his persecution of Mrs. Moore, and would do all he could to atone for it."

Wm. E. E. Kates, Secretary of Dayton, Ohio, writes: "At the regular meeting of the Dayton Progressive Alliance in August the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: President, John H. Wheeler; Vice-President, Mrs. D. Ralston; Secretary, Wm. E. E. Kates; Treasurer, O. Lawrence. It was resolved to commence public meetings again on Sunday, September 4, in the Knights of Honor Hall, 110 E. Third street. Owing to our lack of means we have no lecturers engaged, but will have to depend entirely upon home talent. During the past season our meetings were very successful, having the pleasure of listening to Willard J. Hull, Ada Foye and Helen Stewart Richings upon week-day engagements. We hope by constant and determined effort to build up a first-class society in Dayton."

Mrs. Effie F. Josselyn writes: "The annual meeting of the Hallett Park Association occurred on the 27th ult., and resulted in the election of the following officers: James H. White, President; Dr. A. B. Spinney, Vice-President; Dr. A. W. Edson, Secretary and manager; James H. White, Treasurer. Two new members were elected on the board of directors, namely Mrs. H. S. Titus, of Detroit, and Mrs. S. B. Emmons, of Mendon. Mrs. Josselyn, of Grand Rapids, was appointed assistant secretary. Mrs. Ada Foye speaks in Grand Rapids during September, for the Progressive Spiritualist Society."

A. H. Dailey, of New York, has been elected President of the Lake Pleasant camp-meeting. Dr. Joseph Beals has formerly occupied the position, and if any man could place the camp in a first-class condition, he could. According to Mr. Dailey's circular letter, more money is needed at once.

Mrs. F. W. Toedt writes: "Our new hall at Hamburg, Iowa, was occupied for the first time by John E. Remsburg, an advocate of free thought, who delivered an address here on the 13th ult. to a good audience, who seemed to appreciate his defense of Thomas Paine. Our formal opening and dedication will take place on the 15th of September, when Edgar W. Emerson will occupy

the platform, and his guides will dedicate the hall to the use of the angel world and the uplifting of humanity. Our platform will be so broad that none will be excluded from it, and all will be entitled to a hearing. Free thought and free speech will go hand-in-hand with spiritual truth, and we hope at the end of a year to be able to report great progress. Mr. Emerson will also speak here twice on Sunday, the 18th of September, and give tests from the platform at each service. Last year when he was with us in September he gave during three services over ninety names, with dates and circumstances that made them conclusive proof of immortality, and those who attended last year are anxiously waiting his return, that they may again communicate with their arisen friends. Success to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Edgar S. Manville, Spirit Photographer, Chicago, writes: "I can take Spirit pictures from lock of hair or photograph, and persons living at a distance or who do not wish to sit for a picture themselves can write to us, enclosing a lock of hair or photograph, with two dollars, and receive prompt reply."

An aged veteran residing at Arena, Wis., writes: "Enclosed you will find 25 cents in silver, to renew my subscription. Bear in mind, I have past my ninety-third birthday anniversary. According to the laws of nature I may pass away at any moment. Such is life; we are here to-day and gone to-morrow. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is decidedly the best spiritual paper I ever read."

Dr. Bell Kenyon, of Peoria, Ill., Corresponding Secretary, writes: "The P. A. met in business session Aug. 28th, and arranged to open their hall to the public the last Sunday in September. Mrs. L. H. Elsworth was invited to give the opening address. Good singing has also been promised. The society desire that mediums passing this way should write for dates, etc., as they intend giving the public their best in all phases that can be obtained. Address all letters to me in care of P. O. Box 29."

Omer writes from Lake Brady camp-meeting: "The camp was a great success, both spiritually and financially. Great praise was extended to Mrs. Kibby and Frank T. Ripley. August 28 Mrs. Lake lectured before an audience of 5,000, followed by that excellent test medium, Frank T. Ripley, of Boston, to whom the management of the camp gives great praise."

"The Spiritual Evangelist," a collection of hymns and songs to be used in public and private spiritual services. With introductory circular, setting forth the basic principles of Spiritualism and system of organization. G. F. Perkins, author and compiler, 27 N. Ada street, Chicago, Ill. Single copies, 15 cents; \$10 per hundred. For sale by the author, or at this office. "The Spiritual Evangelist" will meet the wants of many.

Mrs. M. A. Graves, clairvoyant, has returned from Lake Brady camp-meeting, and is now open to give private sittings at her home, Room 47, 345 Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Speaking of the close of the Clinton camp-meeting, that indefatigable worker, Will C. Hodge, writes: "We are having the grandest kind of a wind-up, with Willard J. Hull and Edgar Emerson as attractions. They are both perfectly immense."

Blood! Blood!!

"Why did God command the priests of old to strike the knife into the kid, the goat, and the pigeon, and the bullock, and the lamb? It was so that when the blood rushed out from these animals on the floor of the ancient tabernacle the people should be compelled to think of the coming carnage of the Son of God. No blood, no atonement!—Talmage."

Such drivel about blood indicates the ravings of a lunatic, instead of the intelligence of the present century. It is sad enough to recall the age of slaughter, when animal life was sacrificed in such ghastly profusion to appease the wrath of an angry God; and still worse when that life was human, for we know that this infernal custom prevailed among the Jews, as it did in Phoenicia, Carthage, and probably with all the semi-barbarous nations bordering on the Mediterranean. The church sets up the horrible claim that Jesus, the only son of the Almighty Father, was the last offering which he accepted.

"The World is a Liar!"

The pessimist is a person who complains of everything being for the worst. He takes an unfavorable view of nature; the present state of things only tends to evil; instead of trying to make a paradise of earth he peoples it with demons. He builds castles in another state of being and fills them with his fancies. He points with pleasure to his mansions in the skies as the real, and throws a sombre shadow over everything relating to the present life.

Talmage, the sensational Brooklyn preacher, during one of his discourses got off the following: "I tell you the world is a liar. It does not keep its promises. It is a cheat, and it fleeces everything it can put its hands on. It is a bogus world. It is a six-thousand-year-old swindle!" Is the world benefited by such teaching?

Letter from a Newspaper Man.

TO THE EDITOR:—Having had during my life of nearly 40 years a wide and varied experience in connection with newspaper work, and I can truly say, without any intention of flattering you, that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER meets the wants, needs and tastes of Liberals and Spiritualists more completely than any other paper issued in the United States. You certainly deserve great praise for your care in the neatness of its make-up, and in the promptness of its delivery. Cordially,
Philadelphia, Pa. E. M. JONES.

Passed away from earth life, Aug. 2nd, Mrs. E. B. Hiller, aged 67. For the last four years she was a resident of Los Angeles, formerly of Galveston, Texas. For thirty years she had been a Spiritualist; and her spirit friends comforted her in her illness, through her own clairvoyant and clairaudient gifts. Services were conducted by Mrs. Mary P. Morrill, assisted by Mr. Bolleau, after which the body was cremated. She came to me that evening and desired me to say to all Spiritualists that cremation was a great benefit to the spirit, freeing it from all earthly conditions.

Mrs. Mary Morrill.



PHENOMENAL.

Through the Mediumship of Mr. Geo. Cole.

TO THE EDITOR:—The beautiful and brilliant communication on "The Moral Attitude of Spiritualism," by Anna M. M. Stroud, was written through the process of independent spirit-writing. This spirit is an active worker in earth-life affairs, and has been living some thirty years on the spirit side of life. The medium in describing the visiting spirit, said: "Here is a very large woman; weighs, I should think, 200 pounds. She has a full, intellectual forehead and commanding presence. She has dark hair and eyes, wears a dark alpaca dress, no ornaments."

The Henry Ward Beecher and Charles O'Connor communications were spoken, the medium repeating word for word the exact language of each speaker. Mr. Beecher expresses his regret that the limited time set by Carrie Miller has prevented him from speaking more fully. In this connection I should state that there is nothing arbitrary as to the time placed at the disposal of the communicating spirits, either those who write or those who speak. The time limit is the exhaustion of the mediumistic forces, and the controlling spirit gives notice when the limit is reached. It sometimes, though not often, happens that Mr. Cole is obliged to leave the seance room and go out into the open air to recover from his weakness and exhaustion. On other occasions I have found that on account of atmospheric and other disturbing conditions, not a word (except from the controlling spirit) would be spoken or written, and the seance would have to be postponed to another day.

Charles O'Connor was one of New York City's greatest lawyers, and passed to the spirit side of life some fifteen years ago. Mr. O'Connor was a man of original mind, indomitable will, and held a comprehensive grasp of all subjects that interested him. CHAS. R. MILLER. Brooklyn, N. Y., 2421 Atlantic ave.

THE MORAL ATTITUDE OF SPIRITUALISM.

Life, the spirit of existence, is endowed with two distinct phases, namely: the mortal and the immortal. The spirit, in a virtual sense, never changes; its mortal condition, though influenced and governed by vice and crime, social preferment and pious surroundings, remains the same, though its true nature and essential principle may be clouded and hidden by the vicissitudes of the mortal mission it has come among earth scenes to perform.

Mortals who walk the earth, engrossed with the cares of this phase of existence, that build up to-day what is to be demolished to-morrow, have but little thought of the vital principle of life within them, and upon which their every act and every thought depends; but persistently and blindly pursue a course that strews the scene with shattered fortunes, broken hearts and crumbling monuments.

It is true that cathedrals and places of public worship are designed to furnish a retreat for the world, and weary, where their spirits may burst their enveloping shrouds and shine forth as bright lights from the darkness and corruption of earth-life surroundings. But alas! these cathedrals and churches are so impregnated with princely caste and worldly grandeur that spirits of men are more deeply enveloped in the pall of bigotry and more securely concealed behind the wall of an emulative ambition.

There are, indeed, mortals, few in number comparatively speaking, who have wearied of the pomp and grandeur of nineteenth century religion and the pride and supercilious bearing of its proselytes, who have come out in the world to seek a more practical knowledge of immortality; who have banded together and are known as Spiritualists; and lastly who seek that knowledge from relatives and friends, who have preceded them from mortal life. At spiritual conferences they hear from those relatives and friends; at spiritual circles their life and presence are made manifest; before the materializing cabinet they appear in spiritual form, and so develop the shrouds of theology, that they gleam as a cluster of bright gems, which scintillate with those pure, immortal rays which, though they may be hidden, can never be destroyed.

The phase of mortal life is brief—three-score and ten years, more or less—and time has developed such social, political and religious systems, the spirit in its mortal phase may be said to be confined in the prison cells of worldly ambition, to be the slave of pomp and pride and the puppet of public opinion.

This is the condition of the phase of the spirit in mortal life, as viewed from a spiritual standpoint; and it is the mission of every manifesting spirit to teach mortals by precept and practical demonstration, that there is a higher and more pure phase of existence, where there are elements more exalted than worldly ambition, virtues more pure and chaste than pomp and pride, and considerations more important than public opinion.

These are the lessons taught by every spiritual manifestation and they should be the text books of every earthly being in his journey through mortal life.

The immortal phase of existence is the heritage of every earthly being, it is the phase whose resplendent brightness, shines upon mortal souls, and warms into life hopes and aspirations for the celestial—hopes for the reunion of sundered relatives and friends—hopes that departed dear ones may again be clasped in the embrace of an undying affection.

By the side of the infirmed mausoleum

at the foot of the towering shaft, by the side of the lone, unfrequented grave, spiritual life is present and awaiting the visits of mortal flowers, with fragrant memorial flowers, to impress them that they lie not beneath, but dwell in those celestial abodes where peace, happiness and love are the rewards for the trials and sufferings of mortal existence.

ANNA M. STROUD.

SPIRITUALISM THE FUNDAMENTAL EDUCATOR OF MANKIND.

This is an occasion upon which I am pleased to manifest, as I feel assured that what I may say may contribute to the evidence of a life which I now experience. From that life I now return filled with solemnity of facts which have accumulated since the sphere upon which we exist was first created. The principal fact, however, in the vast category is immortality, coeval with time, and extensive with unending space. This immortality is so little understood in mortal life that it seems more as a vague chimera, an ethereal consideration, than a sublime, palpable, inevitable fact—so inevitable, indeed, that the very gaze projected through the eye pupil cannot fail to discern its evidence, if the understanding will simply admit of recognition.

It is this immortality which I represent on this occasion, and though known among you in memory as a mortal man of distinct embodiment, characteristic features, appropriate manner and custom, whose body lies interred upon the hillside of Greenwood, yet am I that identical individual, with the same thoughts, feelings and disposition, only etherealized and purified, with a body similar to that by which I was known among men; that body is immortal, indestructible, and consequently spiritual. My identity remains; I am the same Henry Ward Beecher I was in Plymouth church, and always will be, only existing under different conditions.

This is not peculiar to me; on the contrary, it is a phase every mortal must enjoy. It is a heritage predestined, and beyond the most lofty aspirations of the most imaginative ambition. Therefore I come on this occasion with glad tidings of great joy to all people, and trust egotism, dogmatism, or prejudice will not shut up the hearts of men against the tidings which should elevate and make them better people.

There have been volumes written upon the subject I am at present discussing, but as far as I can understand, there is a failure of conviction from the wants of practical demonstration of the truth, which exists in and around you every mortal day of your lives.

The inference from this is very plain; those who cannot be taught by language should be taught by symbol; where the truth cannot be reached by the sense of sight it should be reached through the sense of touch; ocular and aural demonstrations are within the reach of every one. The seance-room and the materializing cabinet are the great instructors for that class of mortals, and if the latter will but cast aside the effects of their teachings and assertions and prepare themselves to see light which shines for all, I will guarantee that Spiritualism will be the *sine qua non* to earthly happiness; that the prison doors will be thrown open, that the criminal courts will be abolished, that peculation and dishonesty will be only matters for memory; and that finally, mortals will lead more pure, upright and happy lives, and be nearer what God intended they should be.

Spiritualism, therefore, will be the fundamental educator of mankind. The mortal world will be far different from what you find it to-day. Departed spirits will not only be able to manifest through media, but they will be enabled to come down among you collectively and walk the streets of your cities much the same as they walked the streets of Jerusalem 2,000 years ago.

Good friends, that will indeed be a millennium to mortals. Relatives and friends whose graves, perhaps, had been forgotten, will then be enabled to stand before you in their spiritual bodies in the streets and clasp your hand.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

I am well aware that from a judicial standpoint in mortal life there would not be sufficient material evidence to prove the manifestation I am now making. From a standpoint, however, of fact, above philosophical, religious and political opposition, I claim that nothing could be better evidenced of mortal life than a manifestation by a departed spirit. As one, I presume to come here on this occasion to give my evidence of a truth that is as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and as inevitable as the day that succeeds the night.

It would, perhaps, be pedantic to discuss a fact which all must sooner or later realize upon a basis founded upon judicial law; therefore, I will depart from an argument which will be influenced more or less by a legal standard, and rise upon a plane not only spiritual, but beautiful in inception and happy in its attainment.

Therefore, as a departed spirit, ignoring past earth-life experience, and professing earth-life association, I address you.

Life of itself is but one entity; it never had a beginning and can never have an end; it is coeval with cycles of ages. The rock-capped mountain cannot speak more eloquently of its antiquity than life. Though to a mortal it is an indivisible, invisible, incomprehensible quantity, yet it flourishes, and has flourished cycles of ages after the rock-capped mountains have crumbled and fallen in the valleys beneath, leaving not a vestige of their former adamantine grandeur behind.

Life has, however, two phases, as applied to the *genus homo*—the spiritual and the mortal; the latter at long intervals of brief duration, the former forever and ever. But in any phase of existence, life never loses that characteristic

entity which is a synonym of time. Though I am here, a spirit, invisible in person to most every mortal, I no less live and have my being. I speak and think, and express the very emotions peculiar to my present status, much the same as I expressed myself as a mortal. The only difference which affects my being, and that favorably, is the unlimited scope of opportunity, which is the gift of every spirit.

Good friends, believe me, when I assure you that I also, as well as all other spirits—the Alpha and Omega of mortal life—was before I was a mortal. I am now a spirit, and what may be inconceivable to many, is the fact that I am actuated by the same motives that I was thousands of years ago.

And though in mortal life, as I have before intimated, I had existed at regular intervals of time, and though of different families, of different names, different animal properties and tastes, yet I am to-day the same identical person I have been created, and shall ever remain so. What applies to me is applicable to every existent spirit or mortal. Though climate, continent and worlds may change, the individuality of life never changes. Hence in this manifestation I but perform a mission that I have performed on many previous occasions, and expect always to be endowed with the same power which characterizes either an intelligent spirit or mortal.

This, then, is the sum of all life, which is ever present, and never absent. It permeates, dominates, and controls all inferior objects; it fashions matter, makes worlds, erects temples, beautifies mortal existence, and lifts society from the savage state, and places it upon a plane of civilization.

This domination is not among mortals; it is above and beyond them. It comes from the spiritual world, and through the instrumentality of mortal men, it makes so glorious the different worlds that they glitter with the light of knowledge and ornamentation, as they revolve in measured harmony through the endless realms of space.

My side of life, therefore, is the eternal, unchanging phase of existence, which, though, for brief and unimportant periods, it may take up the mortal phase, yet our friend, Charles R. Miller, is the same individual identity he has ever been, and ever will be. This, perhaps will illustrate to the mortal world the fact to which I alluded at the opening of this address. And dear friends, I can assure you that all other facts from mortal considerations are subsidiary thereto.

Keep before your minds ever, that you have come from where I am; that you have come from thence many times before and must return, and come many times again; that your earth-life, though filled with sorrow and anguish, embittered by disappointment and misfortune—remember that as compared to your other phase of existence your earth-life years are but fleeting moments; and though from unhappy surroundings, want of opportunities, diseased, aged or infirm mortal body, your spirit never ages, but lives on, as it has ever lived, flourishing as a "green bay tree," and will soon be surrounded with those countless opportunities, the absence of which limit your present sphere of usefulness, mayhap to a nation, a State, a city, or a small community.

Your spiritual friends, some of whom, perhaps, you may remember as decrepit and infirm with age in their last days of earth-life, are now glorying in full and splendid vigor of mature manhood, which has not been developed, but has been created, and can never deteriorate thereafter. Can you realize this? That which arrested your attention and excited your pity, was not your friend; it was but his mortal body, which he laid aside, to be forgotten and lost in the dust of coming ages.

In conclusion, allow me to admonish you not to endeavor to ignore your real existence, and set up a petty ism for priests and ministers to subsist upon, but throw off the shackles which have enslaved you, and see the grand and glorious existence of eternal ages personified in your friends, whom you had been led to believe had died and were lost forever.

CHARLES O'CONNOR, LL. D.

At the new home for fresh air children at Ridgewood, N. J., the rector of Christ church of that village was addressing the children. He told them how sin tended to mar all that was good, and held before them the illustration of the blossom in its blight and the young fruit in its disfigurement caused by the worm that seized upon them before they matured. "So sin enters the heart and defiles it," he said. Then, after a moment, added: "Now, boys, what is sin?" "Worms!" came back the answer from his juvenile audience.

A Captain Blondell at Oxford, Ala., offered \$25 to anyone who would get into a boat and allow it to be blown up with dynamite, so that Blondell might show his life-saving methods. A young man named Neely accepted the offer, and was blown about forty feet into the air unhurt, but on his return to the water's surface he alighted on the fragments of the wreck and received a fractured leg and other injuries.

Oregon was a name formerly given to an imaginary river of the west. Cover, an American traveler, mentions it in 1863. In describing the river, he evidently confounded it with the Missouri, but the name was finally applied to the present State of that name.

A vessel has been designed in England, which contains some quite novel features. It is a double-ended craft, to steam either way, and ram with either end. It is also to be fitted with supplemental rudders.

Investigation of raindrops leads to the conclusion that some of the large drops must be more or less hollow, as they fall when striking to wet the whole surface enclosed within the ground.

As compared with gas illumination, the advantages of electricity on health is the result of two things: In the first place, the electric light does not draw on the oxygen, and in the second place, it gives off no noxious gases.

Tests recently made at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., show that aluminum has no very marked influence upon the magnetic conductivity of cast iron, but slightly decreases its permeability.

The strawberry plant seems to possess an amount of intelligence. It will invariably run its shoots in the direction of ground which contains a maximum amount of nutriment, and will never grow its runners towards a barren or sandy spot.

IMPORTANT FACTS.

Continued from First Page.

scientific men of to-day produce effects that surpass any Old or New Testamental miracles. They are known and understood as the result of scientific researches. Everything that exists is the product of circumstances concentrating upon it; it may be a miracle in the eyes of superstition, but in the eyes of science it is simply the effect of existing causes and laws of nature.

Most of the so-called miracles of Romanism are only imaginary. They exist in the minds of visionary people; they are the result of superstition. The following is an illustration:

"A most remarkable miracle happened at Waldueren (Germany) in the year 1330. A priest named Otto, during the celebration of his mass, accidentally upset the chalice after the consecration, and the Sacred Blood was spilt upon the corporal (a linen cloth). All at once there appeared upon the corporal the figure of Jesus Christ hanging on the cross, and around it twelve figures of the sacred head crowned with thorns and disfigured with blood. The priest was frightened almost to death and endeavored to conceal the accident by hiding the corporal in the altar. When this priest was lying on his death-bed his agony was unusually great and horrifying. Thinking that his great sufferings were caused on account of his having concealed the corporal, he called for a priest, to whom he made his confession, asking him to look for the corporal, and giving him permission to reveal the miraculous fact. The corporal was found and forwarded to the pope, Urban V. (1362-70) who confirmed the miracle as being authentic. This event is well known throughout Germany." (From "The Blessed Eucharist," by Rev. Michael Mueller, pages 353, 354.)

The alleged miraculous corporal is still preserved in a "holy" shrine at the church of Waldueren, which has become a famous pilgrimage on account of the above miracle, so-called. Thousands of superstitious people flock to this old rag every year, and the priests make money out of it. The substance of the miracle is this: Priest Otto was a strong believer in the transubstantiation; that is, he firmly believed that he had changed the little water and the wine into the real body and blood of Jesus Christ in the mass. By some accident he upset the chalice and spilt the wine. This was to him a sacrilegious deed; he was horrified and scared at the idea that he had spilt the consecrated wine, which, according to his theology, was now the real blood of Jesus Christ. In his fright he saw what his theology made him believe. His imagination was stronger than his reason, and he saw Jesus Christ, saw the blood on the corporal. This was the effect of his superstition. On his death-bed he confessed what he supposed to be a crime, and told his confessor that he had seen Jesus Christ on the corporal in the blood. The corporal was found, the story was related to the pope, and he put the corporal in a frame with a glass cover and sent it back to Waldueren with the seal of his pontifical authority. Neither the priest who found the corporal nor the pope ever saw anything on that rag; but the dying man's deposition was good, and they made capital out of it.

I remember the time when I spilt the "sacred blood" out of the chalice in the "holy mass" at one occasion; but I did not see blood on the corporal, nor did Jesus Christ appear to me. My theology taught me the same doctrine as that of priest Otto in 1330. The difference between him and me was that he was superstitious and I was not.

The largest number of Roman Catholic miracles are faith-cures. In early Christianity and at the time of Christ and the apostles faith-cures were very frequent. Some of them were magnetic cures, produced by imparting animal magnetism to the sick person. Any healing medium of to-day can produce the same cures. The faith-cures of our day can be produced without the use of "holy water of Lourdes," without blessed candles, scapulars, agnus dei amulets, rosaries or any other blessed trinkets of sacerdotal hocus-pocus. Faith-cures can be produced without believing in any Roman Catholic or other orthodox or heterodox church, creed or religion. The "faith" part of the cure is the firm belief in the cure, and this belief or determination of the mind has such an effect upon the body as to produce the cure which medical treatment failed to achieve. That necessary belief, faith or determination of the mind must be imparted to some by outward influences because they are lacking in the necessary amount of will power. Thus religious worship, pilgrimages, "holy" shrines, "holy" missions, revivals or protracted meetings, singing, shouting, dancing, jumping and all such outward religious demonstrations have a tendency to relieve the mind and to effect the cure of some bodily ailment. In this way most of the faith-cures are produced, and there is absolutely no miracle about them. In many cases the religious excitement entirely deranges the minds of people and permanently unbalances their reason. Religious excitement and religious fanaticism, produced at holy missions, in the confession-box, at revivals and camp-meetings have sent more crazy people to lunatic asylums than all the liquor trade in the land. Romish converts are filled with women who have been led astray by religious frenzy; many nuns have gone crazy and died in obscurity, while others who were affected in a milder degree, recovered to find themselves imprisoned in a nunnery, and bound to live and die there by the perpetual vow of obedience.

The Romish church has been guilty of great frauds in so-called miracles; the rapacity of the Romish clergy makes use of any scheme for the purpose of filling their coffers, and for the advancement of the holy mother church, and the end justifies the means. Stigmata, or the imprint of the five "holy" stigmata, have been quite frequent among Romish saints. The most famous case in Romish church history is the stigmatization of St. Francis Bernardone, of Assisi, in Italy, on Sept. 17, 1223, which is solemnized every year in the holy mass, as well as in the priest's breviary of that date. St. Francis was born in 1182. He was a good-for-nothing boy, who grew up in idleness and ignorance. He squandered all he had, even the goods from his father's store, and for this he was disinherited. He left home and tramped through the country with a number of chums of his ilk, begging and stealing. After a stage of lawlessness, which he had contracted by his idleness and filth, he

experienced religion, and then devoted his life to the service of the church. He became a great professional beggar for the church (and is now the special patron saint of church fairs in this country), and he was the first who preached in the language of the people, instead of preaching in Latin, as had been the custom.

He was the founder of the Franciscan order of monks. He lived three years after the stigmatization. He was one of the dirtiest, filthiest saints that Romanism ever produced, but nevertheless he is a canonized saint, and is highly venerated by all Catholics, especially by the Franciscan monks and nuns. Besides the monks and nuns of St. Francis, who live in monasteries and convents, there is a third order of St. Francis, which any pious Catholic, male or female, may join without giving up family relations.

St. Francis is known in the Romish calendar by the euphonious name "The seraphic St. Francis," not because cleanliness is nearest kin to godliness, but because "the dirtier and filthier, the greater the Romish saint." Every Catholic who prays to the stigmata of St. Francis in a Franciscan church, chapel, monastery or convent, on the second of August, can gain a plenary indulgence; which means a free pass to heaven, without stopping off at purgatory station to have his wings burnt off.

In the present century, the best-known stigmatized saints of Romanism were Maria Taighi and Maria Moerl. Their case was the same as that of the latest saint, Madam Stuckenborg, of St. Louis, Mo.

I presume the great theologian, Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, and his priests, are still investigating the case. It was very prudent that the Bishop excluded all outsiders, even physicians. There are so many magicians, mesmerists and mediums in this country to-day, who might have broken the spell if they had been admitted to see the stigmatized saint.

The Bishop's Latin report of his investigation will not revolutionize the world. Some heretical physicians of Paris have been just a little too previous, and have spoiled the mysticism of Romish stigmatizations. The secrets of demography are now known to science, thanks to the scientific researches and experiments of Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz.

The Romish church says: "Mirabilia Deus in sanctis suis," "The Lord is wonderful in his saints; but Romish saints with the stigmata are only victims of sacerdotal magicians."

Send Madam Stuckenborg to the World's Fair at Chicago, as the latest specimen of Romish superstition and fraud.

Clyde, Ohio.

SPIRIT PHENOMENA.

Continued from First Page.

dance or be a mediumistic conductor of it from higher powers.

This gift of healing, like all other spiritual gifts exercised by Jesus and his apostles, and promised to all true believers without limitation of time (see Mark 17:18, Acts 11:39), is revived to-day, and has been exercised by hundreds during the last half century. Probably in all cases where this power is very marked the natural psychic force of the healer is reinforced by divine power.

The case of Saint Teresa Urrea, which has created so much interest of late, is clearly explainable by the theory of spiritual mediumship. It has been exactly paralleled by Dr. J. R. Newton, Dr. Byrant, and hundreds of other healing mediums of lesser note. About a year ago a company of six Spiritualists from the Topolobampo colony in Mexico, headed by Dr. Schelhouse, formerly of San Francisco, visited Saint Teresa at her home, and they reported that she is simply a spirit medium and that she and her family so understand it.

Some of the wisecracks who have just awoke from a Rip Van Winkle sleep to investigate what Mesmer taught in 1778 and Puysegur extended in 1784, what Megendie, Fouquier and several other members of the French Academy of Medicine reported on in 1831, admitting the most important phenomena, as also did Cuvier, Gall, Spurzheim, Hahnemann, Sir William Hamilton, Dr. Ashburner and many other celebrated men of their day, now scout the idea of what Mesmer called magnetism being used to produce the hypnotic state, as it is now called.

THE THEORY OF HYPNOTISM.

But the experiments and experiences of these scientists, of Dr. Kerner in Germany, Dr. Eisdale in India, of the celebrated Arago in France, Professor J. R. Buchanan and a hundred more in America, confirm the writer's opinion that suggestion alone does not induce this condition of mental abstraction or insulation as we would term it.

All sensitive feel the magnetic sphere or force that emanates from a more positive person, often without being in contact, and sometimes when out of sight. The true theory, I believe, is this: By will-power acting through his magnetism, or psychic force if you please, the hypnotizer blends his force with that of the subject and overpowers his or her mental force, causing the mind of the subject to lose hold upon the nerves of special sense (seeing, hearing, etc.) and thus becomes unconscious of environment, or, to use technical terms, to fall into a state of catalepsy or trance. In other words, the magnetism of the hypnotizer charges the optic, auditory and other nerves of his subject, thus insulating the latter's mind from them, and thereby the operator takes control.

Thought transference here comes in by simple telepathy, or the vibration of the magnetism which connects one brain with another.

For the present purpose I will define thought to be a mode of motion of mind. When one mind is in rapport, that is magnetically connected with another mind, as in hypnotism, the motion of the active will vibrates telegraphically to the passive one instantly and easily, and thus we have two souls with but a single thought, if not two hearts that beat as one.

The hypnotic state is not indispensable to mind-reading. Indeed, it is of frequent occurrence between sympathetic persons in a normal state, and sometimes occurs at remote distances, but in all instances the two psychic spheres must touch and blend to form the proper connection.

THE SILENT EXCHANGE OF THOUGHT.

The quality of this force, or magnetism of different persons, differs as much

as their temperaments; hence only those can come into telepathic sympathy that have an affinity of magnetism. A coarse quality will not vibrate as rapidly as a fine one, any more than the bass string of an instrument will vibrate as rapidly as the E string. It is well known that when one of two strings of the same size and tension is struck the other will be made to vibrate in unison if near by. In a similar manner the nerve aura of two persons will synchronously blend in pulsation, and thus a sympathy of feeling and a silent exchange of thought may telepathically occur.

Thus very briefly, and necessarily imperfectly, avoiding scientific technicality as far as possible, have I given my theory of some of the most obvious occult phenomena now challenging public investigation. It may not be altogether correct, but none other have I seen that gives so simple and rational a solution of the facts. And, furthermore, it furnishes an easily working key that will aid in unlocking much of the spiritual phenomena of this and all past ages.

More than twenty years ago Alfred R. Wallace, F. R. S., said of them: "They have been tested and examined by skeptics of every grade of incredulity, men in every way qualified to detect imposture or to discover natural causes—trained physicians, medical men, lawyers and men of business—but in every case the investigators have either retired baffled or become converts." Mr. Wallace sums up an able defense of Spiritualism, in which he has quoted the testimony of many of the other foremost scientists of Europe and America, as well as that of many sleight-of-hand performers, who acknowledge their inability to produce it or account for it by saying: "My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do not require further confirmation. They are proved quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences."

SPIRITUALISM A SCIENCE.

Inasmuch, then, as Spiritualism is an acknowledged science by many of the greatest savants of this age, such as Crookes, Varley, Flammarion, Zollner, Uriel, Webber, Bouterf, Heur, Mages and scores more, and since there is to be a congress of spiritual scientists at the coming World's Fair, it is not creditable to the intelligence of any one to either ignore it or pronounce a judgment without a thorough investigation. As an accepted science we will endeavor to show some of its phenomena are produced in accord with the known laws of mind and matter.

Before doing so it is necessary to give some idea to those who do not understand the spiritual philosophy of what a spirit is.

It has been shown that within this gross physical body of ours there is a spiritual body as St. Paul affirmed. That body, as was shown, is sublimated or ethereal matter, transformed to psychic or magnetic force, perhaps. Within the brain portion of this spirit body may be found our real ego from which as the *primum mobile* all our energies start. What has been termed death is the birth of the spiritual body and its inmost ego, from out the physical form, as the butterfly comes forth from its chrysalis.

Since all the energy and intelligence we as mortals possess pertained to the inner body and its inmost spirit essence or ego, it follows that birth from the mortal form destroys nothing but the former relation of matter and spirit. We still will have an etherealized material body, the exact counterpart of our discarded mortal form, minus its deformities. Malformations and decrepitudes of old age do not appear in the more perfect spirit body. Children grow there as here to maturity, which is nature's perfect type. This much to preface an explanation of the manifestation of decarnated spirits.

When we leave the mortal form we, as spirits, lose our connection, or at least our former relations to the material world; hence a broken link must be re-established for manifestation to those still encased in gross matter. This reconnection is made through persons called mediums. These are persons who have a quality or quantity, or both, of psychic force or magnetism which will blend with that of the spirits to form a telepathic connection, as in mind-reading and hypnotism, between two or more persons in the flesh.

The law of relationship and method of control is precisely the same in both instances. Spirits hypnotize mediums, thus putting them in a trance, as before explained; then telegraph their thoughts through them as conductors to their mortal friends. In the trance state, the mind of the medium is insulated from the nerves of special sense, and hence his or her unconsciousness, and the controlling spirit has the same intimate connection with his subject as has the early hypnotizer.

FUNCTIONS OF A MEDIUM.

Impressional or inspired mediums are those whose psychic force is of so fine a quality as to readily unite and vibrate with that of spirits, so that it is not necessary to take complete control, as in the trance. In the inspired state, the brain of the medium is psychologically quickened by being charged by the psychic force of one or more spirits, while the medium retains consciousness and gives the thought of the spirits, as telegraphed by them. In this state, it will be readily understood, the thought of the medium is liable to mix, more or less, with that of the spirit, and thus many mistakes occur in the communication. It is rare that spirits find a medium with just the quality of psychic force that will blend and vibrate with their own. Hence people who wish to investigate often have to try several mediums before they find one suited to their spirit friends. It by no means follows, as ignorant and hasty people often assert, that the medium is a fraud because they fail to get any, or but a very mixed communication from the spirits sought.

In most cases mediums have a familiar spirit, who gives the message, as the earthly telegrapher does, for the one who desires to send it. But though this familiar may be able to get good control, he or she may not get the thought clearly from the spirit who desires to send it, for spirits are in very different conditions, and cannot always freely communicate with one another.

Many mortals are very careless and bungling in communicating with one another, and make many mistakes. Death in no way changes the mental characteristics of anybody. Is it at all strange, then, that there are often mistakes in spirit communications, especially when we consider what a

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

Notes and Tests from a Veteran Spiritualist.

TO THE EDITOR:—Brother John Kinney, of Washington, D. C., has struck a lead in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of 7th inst., which, in miners' parlance, may pan out if followed up advantageously to our cause. He claims, substantially, that every fact established by such rules of evidence as are enforced by our courts of law should be a "finger-board" for the guidance of others, however much it may conflict with our traditions or the orthodoxies of past ages or the present.

These (the orthodoxies) teach that at so-called death the soul of man, that is, his individualized selfhood, his moral and mental personality, pass (invisibly to us) to heaven, or a place they call hell, there to remain an indefinite time, when they will be recalled to the "general judgment," after the resurrection of the body, the credal believer having been so purified at death as to be a fit subject to associate with the "spirits of just men made perfect," while the unbeliever's body will burn, as Spurgeon said, "asbestos-like, unconsumed; his veins being roads on which the track of pain will travel, and his nerves strings for the devil to play upon everlastingly his diabolical tunes of hell's unutterable lament."

Mr. Kinney makes plain the spiritual belief that character is not immediately changed by transition, and while he proves that our superstitions may go with us into the Spirit-world, he fails to furnish "finger posts" in proof of his assertion that man tries to live out his belief in all cases in the Spirit-world the same as in this world, and I hold that it is most fortunate for humanity that we have "finger-posts" which point to a higher life, in which credal warfare will cease to clog the wheels of progress, although it may be operative for a less or greater length of time, according to temperament and earth-trained prejudice.

Examples of a convincing character exist, some of which I will give for the benefit of your many readers, and which, with all, is illustrative of the *modus operandi* of spirit communication through test mediums and whose phases may somewhat differ.

Dr. L. H. Bascom, brother of the celebrated Kentucky bishop that Henry Clay said was the most eloquent man in America, was my friend socially, but had no patience with my Spiritual proclivities. He would lose temper by reference to phenomenal facts in such connection.

About one year after his death Mrs. Breed inquired at her public seance, after writing a page automatically, whether anyone present knew a doctor, then in spirit-life, whose initials were G. N. B. After reading the paper, she said to me: "You ought to know, for it is addressed to you." I replied that I didn't know the initials. She then said, emphatically: "I tell you his name is Lewis H. Bascom. He just whispered it in my ear. I signed it wrong." And correcting the mistake, she handed me the writing.

I read: "My dear old friend—I give it up. You were right and I was wrong. I was too stiff-necked, but the smattering knowledge I received from you has been of immense advantage to me here. I already understand my surroundings better than does my brother, the bishop, who came into spirit-life years in advance of me. He is still expecting to see the great white throne, and the city of New Jerusalem."

So far I know I am right, but am not certain that he added, but think he did, "but will never see them." We should be as careful in these reports to tell nothing but the truth as a witness where life is at stake. He (the bishop) had so long and so zealously taught the Methodist belief of future life, that it had become so ingrained that he is still unable (if inclined) to divest himself of it. It is morally certain that Mrs. Breed had never heard of my friend, Dr. Bascom.

Again, at a later seance, the same medium wrote, and looking at the signature inquired: "Does anybody know Charles M. Weber?" No answer. She then addressed the invisible, "Did you live in Los Angeles?"

"No."
"In San Francisco?"
"No."

"Ask," said I, "if he lived in Stockton?"

The little table jumped a foot high and oscillated in the air some seconds, no one touching it.

I took the paper and read: "Dr. Crane, this is my first opportunity to let my friends know that I am not dead. I was conducted here by our mutual friend, Dr. Lewis H. Bascom. He tells me to be particular what I say, as you carry a sharp pen, and may report me."

Considerable more was written expressive of his happiness in finding death only changed the mode of existence, and that for the better.

At one of Sister Ada Foye's numerous public seances, years ago, where hundreds of people were assembled in Charter Oak Hall, San Francisco, she said: "I see in the air, yonder, the name of Dan or Daniel Young, in luminous letters. I feel that he was a preacher. Is your name among these ballots, Mr. Y?" Three raps answered "yes." There were hundreds of them on her table in a promiscuous pile, each closely folded. She grasped a handful and asked: "Is it in these?" One rap. "No." They were laid aside; so with another handful, when a third received three raps. "Yes." These were handed to the committee (at another table), which had been elected to watch for trickery, a very useless measure, by the way, with her, as even our kings of fraud-hunters have, in the main, allowed that estimable lady to escape their cynicism except by occasional undignified insinuations.

The committee taking up the ballots seriatim, inquired: "Mr. Y., is your name on this paper, on this," etc., till about a dozen raps were answered, when three raps responded "yes." That ballot was opened and read for all to hear. Dan Young was the

name I had written, without the prefix, "Rev.," although I had known him as zealous orthodox preacher, a believer in a personal devil, hell and eternal separation in the world to come, of parents and children, of husbands and wives, etc., because of erroneous or disbelief in theological incomprehensibilities; but I never heard him indorse the blasphemous teachings of the Magnus Apollo of Presbyterianism, Jonathan Edwards, that the happiness of the saints would be intensified by witnessing the agonies of even their own children in the orthodox hell, or the still more revolting declaration of Lyman Beecher, that hell "is paved with infants' skulls."

I knew him (Rev. Dan Young) as a very busy man in earth-life, and this led me to inquire whether he had employment in spirit-life. "Yes," he replied, "I am busy in correcting the errors I taught as a preacher of the gospel. When this is accomplished I shall be perfectly happy."

While it is bad policy in Spiritual papers to open their columns for attacks on the fundamental principles of Christianity, I think that incidental allusion like the above to their misinterpretation by cred-makers may lead honest clergymen to inquire whether they in spirit-life, will not find something to do to atone for their sin in claiming that the law, by virtue of which spirit intercourse, like what we now experience, was common in former ages, has been rescinded, before, like my friend, Mr. Young, they can be "perfectly happy."

If they meet St. John, as they will if found worthy, they will be put to the blush when he inquires why they did not duly consider his injunction (1 John, iv) and the lesson on Patmos (Rev. xxii), and also will modern fraud hunters, when they meet genuine mediums and teachers, against whom they have borne false witness and persecuted simply because of disobedience to an authority and whose ambition is to rule or ruin.

I hold that any person who exposes for the good of the cause even one of the but too numerous villains who, like Pollock's hypocrite, "steals the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in," but is careful not to burn the wheat with the chaff, is worthy to rank with all missionaries who labor in the interest of humanity.

St. Helena, Cal. G. B. CRANE.

Universal Song Service.

TO THE EDITOR:—The idea of a universal song service, as published in your issue of July 23d, seems to have struck a responsive chord, and indicated the supply for a great need, which, it is hoped, will result in the publication of a universal song book free from the defects of its predecessors.

The ideas contained in the original article were all endorsed by the second writer on the subject, except that pertaining to the use of old airs. In your issue of August 27th are two articles on the subject, in one of which is made special endorsement of Mr. Jacobs' dissent, thus making a necessity for this additional elaboration in place of the previous bare mention.

It is true, as Mr. Jacobs puts it, that it is in accord with the habit of musical composers to suit their music to words; yet the principle of inspiration, whether in music or in verse, is the same, viz., to imbue the inspired worker with the soul of either, and while in this exaltation to improvise its fitting accompaniment, and I appeal to all writers of verse if their inspiration cannot be moulded by the known melody, as well as vice versa. If, in reply, some will say that they desire a perfect freedom that has no restraint, I will answer that so does also the musical composer or improvisatrice desire freedom from the restraint of words, each at his best rejecting the restraint of the other.

The objection of words not being in accord with the dominant song note, seems to me a point in favor of the song's priority, as no competent verse-writer could make so gross a mistake as to so misplace accented words and syllables. That on the score of associations is scarcely an objection, as with the use of a universal song service the old soon becomes obsolete.

The use of old airs is recommended in view of the fact that excellence is exceptional, and only successive generations occasionally produce that worthy of general use. A melody that has demonstrated its superiority has already furnished for a universal song service one-half the work to be accomplished.

The facts of any age and of every generation are that a very small proportion of the music written is worthy of use, and fails to impress itself deeply so as to live. The attempt to make a universal song service out of new music would render the work liable to failure for the want of such merit as is imperatively necessary for such a collection. The test will be in quality, not in novelty. But whatever method may be used, I hope every reader of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will write Brother F. W. Jacobs, Paw Paw, Mich., the assurance that he or she will buy one of the new books, as this is a practicable method of opening the way for a universal song service.

H. W. BOOZER.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Octopus.

John J. Foote writes: "Mrs. Foote is anti-Catholic, and greedily devours all of your articles in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER which expose the doings of the Jesuits, and give warnings to the American people of the lurking dangers around them. She wishes me to expressly thank you for her, for your fearless honesty in the expression of truths, and truths, too, now so essential for guidance amid the rocks concealed, but which are real and threaten our very existence as a Republic. You liken Popery and Jesuitism to the octopus, and the resemblance is striking; it is complete. If those persons who seem inclined to chide you, as stated in a late PROGRESSIVE THINKER, will turn to the American Cyclopaedia and read the article on the 'Octopus,' and then compare the description and

history there given in regard to the mollusk with the history of the Catholic church, present and past, they will see a striking agreement, and they will see the indications of the great need of the watchfulness of your paper, and the importance of the warnings you give, and thereby become ready for the fight when the time comes for battle, for surely it is approaching."

An Important Claim Criticised.

TO THE EDITOR:—What are the duties of Spiritualists? It is claimed that Spiritualists are the most moral people upon this earth; that there is no other people that so distinctively favor the many reforms which would, if carried out, go very far towards inaugurating the much-talked-about and much to be desired brotherhood of man, eliminating injustice and many of the wrongs which afflict humanity and hinder the onward and upward progress of the race toward conditions of purity and peace.

Is the claim well-founded? Is it true that Spiritualists are what is claimed for them? Are they consistent reformers? It may be said of them that in theory the claim is well-taken, but in comprehensive practice inconsistent and avails but little. Doubtless the great body of Spiritualists individually favor the abolition of capital punishment; the taxing of church property; the abolishing of the saloon; the suppression of lynch law, and the punishing of its leaders; the maintenance of the public schools in their purity; the abolishment of Bible reading in the schools; the entire separation of church and State; against class legislation as in doctors' laws; in favor of the equality of the sexes, morally, socially and politically; the repeal of obnoxious Sunday laws (the aim of which is the restriction of the personal liberties of the people), and opposed to religious opinion being a passport (or otherwise) to social standing; the unjust discrimination of the secular press against Spiritualists, and injustice of the courts practiced upon mediums—all these and many more crying evils, both social and political, which so palpably afflict the people, and especially so Spiritualists, are perpetuated from year to year by the orthodox political and religious world, and yet a remedy for the correction of these wrongs is at the service of Spiritualists, if they would act consistently and grasp the situation, and use the means within their reach; then may they justly lay claim to being what they would be in fact—reformers.

The old political parties continue their strife year after year for the mastery, that the leaders may enjoy the honors and emoluments of office, pandering to what they believe to be the dominant sentiment, that they may be continued in power. Believing the church sentiment is the ruling factor in the land, they hasten to pass any Sunday restriction act asked by this sentiment, however arbitrary it may be, or the closing the gates of the World's Fair on that day at the behest of this bigoted superstitious class, and it is only too apparent that this pernicious influence reaches to an unprecedented degree controls the actions of all State and National Governments, the courts included.

All Spiritualists and Liberals must agree that these stupendous evils which meet them at every turn are too grievous and too galling to submit to with patience. Spiritualists, do you know that you are paying taxes in aid of the perpetuation of this state of things, and that you are taxed to support a church system that is turning heaven and earth to perpetuate their ascendancy in controlling the sentiment of the country? This is true to the extent that the millions of dollars of church property are exempt from taxation. Are you aware that it is next to impossible to get any member of any State Legislature to present a petition (to the honorable body) calling for an act to tax church property, and that you are assisting, by your ballots, in the continuance of this unjust practice?

The old political orthodox parties, assisted by their orthodox religious allies, make nominations. Spiritualists, without a protest or a thought as to the effect, deposit their ballots for one or the other of the parties, and thus aid the onward march of corruption and immorality, and this, too, notwithstanding a noted teacher in Spiritualism, in a lengthy article in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, assumes that if Spiritualists have any general work to do it is better done by individual effort, and thus challenges the advocates of organization. "If Spiritualists have any general work to do, is not that work better done without the machinery of organization than with it," and then proceeds to affirm that as to Church and State, all past history proves it a failure. With this theory we take direct issue. It is an axiom that in all the past, as far back as there is history of man, in all departments in which he is called to act—in government, in religion, in politics, in business, in education, labor and capital, organization has been the watchword, and the sure road to success; and herein lies the remission in duty of Spiritualists.

While it is true that mediums, in their self-sacrificing individual capacity, have done a grand work, proving to mankind the fact of a natural life beyond so-called death, what effect has been accomplished by Spiritualists for the removal of the social, political and religious wrongs which grievously afflict the people of to-day. In organization will be found the remedy. Nearly half a century has passed since the advent of modern Spiritualism, and while it is claimed (and perhaps justly so) that there are from twelve to fifteen millions in the United States who accept its facts, they have no system by which their claim can be verified. Had they a substantial system throughout the United States of local, State, and National organizations, they could very easily exhibit to the political world their ability to hold the balance of power in politics. Could Spiritualists show, through the religious statistics of the country, their numerical strength, the legislator could be easily influenced in favor of much-needed reform. Then would Spiritualists be in a position to demand of the

nominees of the old parties pledges as a guarantee of support at the polls, and which they would not dare violate; nor would Congress have dared to attach the fool proviso to the five-million bill to the World's Fair. Thus are Spiritualists handicapped because of non-organization. M. T. C. FLOWER.
St. Paul, Minn.

"Punch and Judy Show" in Spiritualism.

TO THE EDITOR:—I heard quite an elaborate lecture under the above heading, and for fear that the lecturer had not touched upon all the points to be elaborated, I beg the use of your columns to elaborate a little more in. For instance, is it not a sort of a "Punch and Judy" business for our lecturers to end up a fine lecture with yards of the worst poetry that mortal man ever heard of, and spoil a beautiful theme by garnishing it with twaddle pure and simple; with a string of jingling stuff that contains neither rhyme, rhythm, sense or reason?

Is it not a "Punch and Judy Show" for most of our platform mediums to talk and give a lecture under a supposed spirit control that contains nothing that an ordinary mind can comprehend, and only shows that some crank from the spirit side of life has returned to vent his grandiloquence upon poor, much-abused humanity?

What makes a "Punch and Judy Show" more effective than for an inspired speaker to condemn all business transactions as being conducted upon a rotten and false basis, even while they demand all the dollars that they can get from their hearers, who are business people?

What is more like a "Punch and Judy Show" than for a lecturer to sail aloft into the region of space in spirit-life, and tell the gaping crowd what a pandemonium spirit-life is and that it is a terrible thing to deal with, yet he or she gets twenty-five dollars per show, for talking and teaching such vagaries?

"The Punch and Judy" business is well represented when a lecturer gets upon our platforms and denounces all religion upon the face of the earth, and finishes up by attempting to destroy all the gods in the universe, when most of his hearers are believers in the one true and living God.

What a "Punch and Judy Show" it is, to be sure, for a mediumistic person to deliver a lecture upon humility to-day, in a calico dress, to a few poor people and plain farmers, and their wives and daughters, and next Sunday appear before an audience of thousands, in elaborate silks and satins, furbelows and flounces, and, in spread-eagle style, carry her bearers into the realms of spirit splendor that she nor her audience knows anything about, and cares less for.

Is it not a "Punch and Judy" put-up job for a young speaker of the masculine gender to place fifteen to twenty young women on the platform, and then give the audience of old fathers and mothers a lecture on the manner of courting and selecting wives, while the said old folks sit and grin at the goslin, who is exposing his greenness to the hearers; and while he is telling them how pure and how moral he is, the aforesaid old folks laugh over the little follies and peccadilloes of their youthful days?

What a "Punch and Judy Show" it is for our teachers in the occult mysteries and sciences to teach to a class of people who work every day of their lives in the workshop, or kitchen, or on the farm, of the vagaries, mysticism and hifalutin nonsense of Hindoo theosophy of shells and astral bodies; of Karmas and Logos; of Nirvana and Para Nirvana; of Matamas and divine breaths; of Tutmas and Checktaw, and absolute absorption of lower heavens and higher heavens; of Krishna and Eastern adepts; of Yama and Niyama; of Hierophants and Lamas; of Buddha and Guatama; of Om and Esoteric Buddhism; of Exoteric science and other equally mystic expressions until man's mind is splintered into divine fragments, in the most chaotic confusion.

Really, Mr. Editor, it is like a "Punch and Judy Show" of the worst sort to witness the petty jealousies among our most talented speakers, teachers and mediums, who act like a lot of children playing school.

Those that have passed through the A B C of mediumship and can talk and amuse an audience for a half hour or so, will get upon the platform and condemn the bridge that brought them safely over the river of demonstrative mediumship. One day they tell the most tiresome of tales to an audience about their experience in mediumship in their childhood days, and these experiences are about as tiresome and as tedious as their poetry (so-called), and a deal more stupid.

If Spiritualism is going to make the world better (and I believe it will), we ought to begin in the highest places to eliminate the "Punch and Judy Show" business out of our ranks and off of our platforms as soon as possible. This masquerading before the people ought to be done away with, and common sense be given to the investigating public.

Reform is always in order, and a reform among the teachers of the people would be a good thing to have every day of the week. Taffy, gas, poetic nonsense and twaddle will not add anything to our knowledge of spirit-life. But the true phenomena and the true teaching will accomplish the desired end.

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

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

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.

EXCELLENT BOOKS!

They Are for Sale at This Office.

- ALL ABOUT DEVILS.** BY MOSES HULL. A work you should read. Price 15 cents.
- AGE OF REASON.** BY THOMAS PAINE. A book that all should read. Price 50 cents.
- A FEW PLAIN WORDS REGARDING A CHURCH TAXATION.** It contains valuable statistics. By Richard B. Westbrook. Price 5 cents.
- AN AMERICAN KING AND OTHER STORIES.** By Mrs. M. A. Freeman. These sketches are a most powerful illustration of man's cruelty and injustice to his fellow man. Price 10 cents.
- ANTIQUITY UNVEILED. ANCIENT VOICES** from the spirit realm. Disclosing the most startling revelations, proving Christianity to be of heathen origin. Antiquity Unveiled has 623 pages, a fine engraving of J. M. Roberts, Esq., editor of Mind and Matter. Price \$1.50. Postage 15 cents.
- ARYAN SUN MYTHS.** BY SARAH E. TITCOMB. An explanation of where the religions of our race originated. An interesting and instructive book. Price \$1.25.
- CHRISTIANITY A FICTION. THE ASTRO-NOMICAL AND ASTRALOGICAL ORIGIN OF ALL RELIGIONS.** A poem by Dr. J. H. Mendenhall. Price 50 cents.
- HELEN HARLOW'S VOW, OR SELF-JUSTICE.** By Lois Walbrook. Price \$1.50.
- IMMORTALITY. A POEM IN FIVE CANTOS.** Intended for the light and advice of every sorrowing mind and stricken heart. Price 50 cents.
- MARAL RAYMOND'S RESOLVE.** BY LOIS WALBROOK. Price \$1.50. Mrs. Walbrook's books should be read by every woman in the land.
- MIND READING AND REYALD.** BY WM. A. Hovey. 200 pages, with illustrations of the subjects treated upon. Price \$1.25.
- POEMS.** BY EDITH WILLIS LINN. A volume of sweet outpourings of a gentle nature, who has no thought of the bitter cruelty of earth-life. These are sweet, winsome and restful. Price \$1.00.
- RELIGION.** BY E. D. BABBITT, M. D. IF all could be led to believe in such a religion the world would be a better place than now. Few writers excel Mr. Babbitt in power and disposition to apply the facts of history and science. Price \$1.25. Postage 10 cents.
- STARNOS.** BY DR. DELLA E. DAVIS. A rosary of pearls, culled from the works of Andrew Jackson Davis, intended for the light and advice of every sorrowing mind and stricken heart. Price 50 cents.
- SECRETS FROM THE CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART.** BY HUDSON TUTTLE, author of "Arcana of Nature," "Ethics of Science," "Science of Man," etc. Hudson Tuttle was threatened with death for writing and publishing his "Secrets from the Convent of the Sacred Heart." In THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Post paid anywhere, 50 cents. Paper edition, 25 cents.
- SOLAR BIOLOGY.** BY HIRAM E. BUTLER. A scientific method of delineating character; diagnosing disease; determining mental, physical and business qualifications; establishing creditability, etc., from date of birth. Illustrated with seven plate diagrams and a series of 1000 questions and answers, 1220 to 1900 inclusive. Large 8vo, cloth \$5.00. Postage 20 cents.
- SPIRITUAL HARP. A COLLECTION OF VO-CAL MUSIC** for the choir, congregation and social circles. By J. M. Peckles and J. O. Barrett. E. H. Bailey, Musical Editor. New local care, from a wide field of literature with the most critical selection of songs, hymns and choruses, with the soul of inspiration, embodying the principles and virtues of the spiritual philosophy, set to the most cheerful and popular music, (nearly all original and adapted to all occasions, it is doubtless the most attractive work of the kind ever published. Its beautiful songs, duets and quartets, with piano, organ or melodion accompaniment, will be found both useful in meetings and the social circle. Cloth, \$2.00. Postage 15 cents.
- THE PRIEST, THE WOMAN, AND THE CONFESSIONAL.** By Hudson Tuttle. A stirring account of the diabolism of the Romish priests, worked through the confessional box. Price \$1.00.
- THE CONTRAST.** BY MOSES HULL. A comparison between Evangelicalism and Spiritualism, in the keenest and most easy style of its able and versatile author. To compare him that is sufficient inducement to purchase the book. Price \$1.00.
- LIFE, A NOVEL. IT BEAMS WITH ADVANCED THOUGHT,** and is fascinating. Price 50 cents.
- THE MYTH OF THE GREAT DELUGE.** Something you should have to refer to. By James M. McGinn. Price 15 cents.
- THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.** A manual, with directions for the organization and management of a Lyceum for children. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Something indispensable. Price 50 cents.
- THE SPIRITS' WORK. WHAT I HEARD,** and felt at Cassadaga Lake. By E. L. Snydman. It is a pamphlet that will well pay perusal. Price 15 cents.
- THERAPEUTIC SARCOCOLONY. THE AP-Plication of Sarcocolla, the Science of the Soul, Brain and Body, to the Therapeutic Philosophy and Treatment of Bodily and Mental Diseases by means of Electricity, Nervana, Medicine and Mesmerism, with a Review of Authors on Animal Magnetism and the application of New Instruments for Electro-Therapeutics.** By Joseph Rodes Buchanan, M. D. A perfect mine of rare knowledge. A large work. Price \$5.00.
- THE RELIGION OF MAN.** BY HUDSON TUTTLE. His works are always intensely interesting. Price \$1.50.
- THE WORLD'S SIXTEEN CRUCIFIED SAV-IORS.** By Kersey Graves. You should read it, and be the wiser. Price \$1.50.
- THE QUESTION SETTLED. A CAREFUL** comparison of Biblical and modern Spiritualism. By Moses Hull. An invaluable work. Price \$1.00.
- THE RELIGION OF SPIRITUALISM. ITS** phenomena and philosophy. By Rev. Samuel Watson. This work was written by a modern Savior, a grand and noble man.
- THE SOUL, ITS NATURE, RELATIONS** and expressions in human embodiment. Given through Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, by her guides. A book that everybody who reads who are interested in re-education. Price \$1.00.
- THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF SPIRITUALISM.** By E. S. Sargent. A work of profound research, by one of the ablest men of the age. Price \$1.50; postage 10 cents.
- VIEW OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME.** BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. Highly interesting. Postage 5 cents. Price 75 cents.
- SEERS OF THE AGES, OR SPIRITUALISM** Past and Present. By J. M. Peckles, M. D. A book of 366 pages. It is an encyclopedia of facts; a mine of rare knowledge; a work that should be in the hands of every Spiritualist. Price \$2.00.
- WAYSIDE JOTTINGS, ESSAYS, SKETCHES,** poems and songs; gathered from the highways, by-ways and corners of life. By Mattie K. Hull. It is most excellent. Price \$1.00.
- WHITE MAGIC TAUGHT IN "THREE** SEVENS." A book of 271 pages. By The Phoenix. It is really a very interesting and suggestive work. Price \$1.25.
- WHY SHE BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.** Twelve lectures. By Abby A. Judson. This book should be read by every Spiritualist. Price \$1.00; postage 10 cents.
- WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN A SPIRITUAL-IST?** Or, Curious Revelations from the Life of a Trance Medium. By Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard. This curious book has no precedent in the English language. Its theme is novel, its truth apparent. It has a peculiar bearing upon the most momentous period in our history, regarding the most famous participation of the most noted American. It is based on truth and fact, and therefore will live from this time forth. The publisher has not done, and he stakes his reputation upon the validity of its contents, knowing that it will bear thorough examination, regardless of doctrine or creed or sect. It is a remarkable picture, a page of our history. Give it a deliberate reading. You will be amply repaid. Price \$1.50.
- HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL REVIEW OF** the Sunday question. It is invaluable. By G. W. Brown, M. D. Price 15 cents.
- HOW TO MESMERIZE.** BY PROF. J. W. CADWELL. One of the most successful mesmerists in America. Ancient and modern miracles explained by mesmerism. An invaluable work. Price, paper, 50 cents.
- RESEARCHES IN ORIENTAL HISTORY.** The origin of the Jews, the rise and development of Zoroastrianism and the derivation of Christianity; to which is added: Whence our Aryan Ancestors? By G. W. Brown, M. D. One of the most valuable works ever published. Price \$1.50.
- REAL LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-LAND. GIVEN** inspirationally by Mrs. Maria M. King. You will not become weary while reading this excellent book. Price 75 cents.
- ROMANISM AND THE REPUBLIC.** BY ROBERT ISAAC J. LANSING, M. A. Every patriot should read it. Price \$1.00.
- STUDIES IN THEOLOGY. HISTORICAL** and practical. A manual for the people. By W. T. C. Collins. Price 10 cents.
- SHALL THE BIBLE BE READ IN OUR** public schools? By Richard B. Westbrook. Price 10 cents.
- SELF-CONFESSIONS OF THE BIBLE** 144 Propositions, historical, moral, philosophical and practical. By Wm. Baker Webster, M. D. Price \$1.00. A very suggestive work.
- STATISTICS OF ARTIFICIAL SONNAN** (Latin). Past and present. Price \$1.00.
- SEERS OF THE AGES. ENRICHING SPIRITUAL** work. By Hudson Tuttle. Price \$1.25.
- STUDIES IN PSYCHIC SCIENCE. AN IN-**

TRULY A MYSTERY.

A Case in a Georgia Court That Turns on the Supernatural.

TENANTS OF A HOUSE KNOCKED ABOUT THE ROOM WITH A BLOODY HAND.

TO THE EDITOR:—I send you this—a genuine ghost story. I am sure it will interest the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. From the account given in the *Pioneer Press*, I learn that the extraordinary manifestations occurred at Quitman, Ga. William Judson, a well-known citizen who resides there, has recently entered suit against Robert Kattmann, another prominent merchant residing there, which suit involves a question perhaps unique in the records of justice in this country and age of enlightenment. The judge and jury will be called upon to decide in all seriousness whether there is such a thing as a ghost, or, at any rate, an evil spirit capable of disturbing living people. For this reason the case will excite extraordinary interest among both Spiritualists and those that refuse all belief in supernatural occurrences, as well as the prominence and character of the parties to the suit.

William Judson is by profession a lawyer and a man of undoubted ability, and has obtained some slight political influence in the community. He declares that he is not of a superstitious turn of mind, and was certainly not a believer in ghosts and such gentry until the commencement of the most singular happenings that constitute the cause of trouble mentioned.

He says that on the 25th of May last he leased from Kattmann a house belonging to the latter, and which he proposed to occupy as a dwelling. Before the business was concluded a friend called on him and asked him if he had ever heard of the many uncanny stories connected with this house, and represented it to be uninhabitable. Judson had heard something of this, but did not place the slightest credence in the reports, and said so, but on going to sign the lease the thing recurred to him and he mentioned it to Kattmann, who became angry to an unwarrantable degree and swore loudly and repeatedly that there was not a word of truth in the matter. He grew even insulting to Judson, who then declined to do business with him, when Kattmann cooled down, and, apologizing to him, the thing was smoothed over, and the two finally laughed about the

GHASTLY REPUTATION OF THE HOUSE, and when Judson took the pen to affix his signature to the lease he jokingly remarked: "Well, remember that I take the house on condition that I am not molested by the ghost," and Kattmann with an oath replied: "If you are, I'll release you from your contract."

The following day Judson moved in with his family, and was settled by evening. It was just at dark that the family sat down to supper, and were all at once startled by the sound of a heavy fall, apparently on the roof of the house. The entire building was shaken by the concussion, and, afraid that the walls were falling, they ran out of the house, but, seeing that nothing alarming followed, Judson returned to it and made a careful examination of the entire interior; then with a ladder mounted to the roof, but could find nothing out of the way. Satisfied that they were in no danger, he recalled his family, and they were in the act of retiring when one of the little boys, a child of seven, who was going to bed in a room at the other end of the house, came running to his parents, screaming that he had been caught and slapped by some one. Mrs. Judson seized the child and saw that one side of his face was covered with blood, and, thinking him seriously wounded fainted away, but her husband examining the boy, found that the blood did not come from any wound on him, but was evidently left by the hand that had struck him. He then ran to the room in which the child had been struck and sought for the assailant, but found no one except the other two boys, who were in bed. They both declared that they had seen no one strike their brother, but that he had been quietly seated on the floor removing his stockings when all at once he gave a scream, and they heard the sound of a violent slap. The little fellow himself says he saw no one near him, but that as he ran through the hall to his parents' room he saw a man just ahead of him going out of the front door. This man he could not describe, except to say that he was dressed in dark clothes. Mrs. Judson was now so thoroughly frightened that she implored her husband to leave the house at once, but, not believing that there was anything supernatural in what had occurred, he prevailed on her to remain, for a time at least.

THE MYSTERIOUS HAND.

Nothing more happened for several days to disturb the family, and the events spoken of were beginning to be forgotten, when Mrs. Judson was awakened one morning soon after dawn by a sudden and violent jerk of her hair. She gave a scream, which aroused her husband, and he sprang out of bed, to receive, as he did so, a blow on the back of the head that stretched him unconscious on the floor. The light in the room was not strong, but was sufficient, Mrs. Judson declares, to show that there was no one but themselves visible in the apartment. Being a very timid woman and beside herself at seeing her husband lying lifeless, as she thought, she ran to the window and called several of the neighbors in. These came and searched the house from garret to cellar, but failed to discover the assailant of Mr. Judson, who soon recovered. Mrs. Judson then refused to stay in the house another hour, and, accordingly, went to visit relatives, while her husband, feeling himself unable to abandon a place for which he had paid a good rent, remained to investigate the causes of the phenomena they had experienced. Well armed, he spent several nights waiting for a recurrence of them, but the invisible occupant seemed to rest content with what he had done,

and at last Mrs. Judson returned home. But her arrival seemed to be the signal for another outbreak, for on the night of her return the family were unable to sleep because of a rumbling, growling noise that seemed to be first in one room and then in another, though not to be located in walls, ceiling or floor, and which was not to be located.

WITNESSES CALLED IN.

Mr. Judson, foreseeing that they could not remain in the house, and being anxious that witnesses should see for themselves the mysterious causes that were rendering the house uninhabitable to him and his family, requested several of his neighbors to pass the night with them. All of these are responsible, intelligent men, and, while reluctant to be drawn into the matter for fear of ridicule, corroborate Judson's account of the noises and disturbances that took place. Being urged to give an opinion as to the causes of these, they admit that they see no explanation of the mystery except on supernatural grounds. A Mr. Lewis says that he himself saw a large, bloody hand move about the room in which he, Mr. Judson and another neighbor were seated, though the hand was visible only to him, for when he spoke of it the others declared that they saw nothing. The hand remained for nearly a quarter of an hour, and seemed to be groping about for something, and was visible on the walls, ceiling and floor. As near as he could judge it was the hand of a man with long snarled fingers with talon-like nails. It was clearly defined and had only a few inches of wrist, ending in a ragged stump, from which the blood was dripping and clinging in horrid clots.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

Mrs. Judson and the children again left the house, but Mr. Judson refused to do so until he found it impossible to remain. This happened the night after his family moved out. A young man named Nugent consented to stay with him, and the two men were seated at the table eating their supper at early dusk when the room filled with something that resembled smoke, but had no odor, but which rendered it so difficult for them to get their breath that they were obliged to rush out into the fresh air. Returning after some minutes they found the floor covered with what looked like pools and rivulets of newly-spilled blood, as if half a dozen men had been killed there in a most violent manner. Nugent's nerve gave way at this and he declined to pass the night in the house, though Judson declared he meant to do so as long as it was possible. He had been alone, he says, about a quarter of an hour, when the building began to shake so that he feared every moment that it would fall about his ears. He then left the house, and as he did so a mocking burst of laughter was shrieked almost in his ears.

THE GENESIS OF THE GHOST.

The house in which these remarkable occurrences are said to have taken place is nearly thirty years old, but has recently been put in repair by Kattmann, in whose family the place has been for a number of years, though it has not been tenanted for a long while. In 1869 it was rented to a man named Matson, who lived alone for some time, when his daughter arrived from the East, where Matson had come from. The girl was very pretty and headstrong, and showed a preference for a young man named Shackelford, who was regarded by Matson with singular hatred. But one morning he announced that his daughter had eloped with her lover; and as the two were seen no more the story was accepted. Matson became a perfect hermit, exchanging only the fewest, most necessary words with any living creature, and one day ended his career by hanging himself to a rafter in the garret, where his body remained undiscovered for nearly two weeks. It is now being said that the old man murdered his daughter and her lover, and that it was remorse that caused him to kill himself.

Kattmann throws ridicule on Judson's story, and says that the happenings witnesses testify to were caused by Judson himself, who, finding from some reason that the place did not suit him, took this method of recovering the money he had paid for the lease. The community is much divided in opinion in the matter, some taking Judson's side, and others sharing the expressed belief of Kattmann. The suit is looked forward to with great eagerness.

St. Paul, Minn. F.

Testimonial Fund for Mrs. H. S. Lake.

The many friends of Mrs. H. S. Lake throughout the country will be glad to learn that a testimonial fund has been started at Lake Brady, as an assurance of our appreciation of her long and faithful service in the cause of reform. She cannot be spared from the public platform, and to encourage and equip her for the work which we feel she is called to perform, we desire to tender a substantial token of our esteem. All sums should be sent to the treasurer of Lake Brady Camp, Dr. Edwin Fowler, No. 1436 Broadway, Cleveland, Ohio. J. R. HAINES.

Photography has determined the cause of the recent glacial avalanche in the Alps. It was hydraulic pressure beneath and behind the glacier, produced by masses of ice falling into connecting water above and at a considerable distance.

It is not generally known that an orange hit in the exact center by a rifle ball will vanish at once from sight. Such, however, is the fact. Shooting it through the center scatters it in such infinitesimal pieces that it is at once lost to sight.

The oldest armchair in the world is the throne once used by Queen Hatafa, who flourished in Egypt 1600 B. C. It is made of ebony, beautifully carved, and is so hardened with age as to appear to be carved from black marble.

Japan is shaken 500 times a year by earthquakes, and has 700 stations erected for observing seismic shocks.

Notes from Cassadaga Camp.

The saying "The best of the wine for the last of the feast" would not be inappropriate as applied to the last week of this camp, though the entire season has been so filled with varied interest and great truths that we are hardly able to draw a just comparison. Woman's Day, Wednesday, Aug. 24th, was, perhaps, the most marked of any during the season. There were from 4,000 to 5,000 people within the gates, and the woods were literally filled with teams and conveyances. There were two long excursion trains from the north and south, besides the regulars, all filled to overflowing. Waving flags, banners, trailing vines and yard upon yard of golden bunting festooned in various devices, decorated every cottage, and every man, woman and child bore the golden badge.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker was the acting chairman of the day, and Mrs. Clara Burwick Colby, of the *Woman's Tribune*, Susan B. Anthony, Rev. Anna Shaw and Mrs. R. S. Lillie, each gave discourses that would have done credit to the United States Senate. Logic, wit, repartee, and choice sentiment were so interwoven and interblended that, although the day was warm and the amphitheatre was packed to its utmost capacity, there being not even standing room left, there was no appearance of impatience, every eye being riveted upon the speakers. The singing and music by the Lillie Lane chorus was fine, and patriotic selections by the Northwestern orchestra were grandly rendered. Mesdames Lillie and Jackson gave a fine poem for the closing, entitled "The woman of the future."

Mrs. Voorhees had prepared a grand treat in the line of pyrotechnics, but the heavy rainfall just at evening prevented, depriving many people from witnessing the grand display, but on Thursday evening it was presented to an enthusiastic crowd, which filled the lawn and hotel porches. These fireworks were donated by Mrs. J. W. Voorhees, of 117 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and the display was fashioned by her husband, Mr. J. W. Voorhees, general manager of the Consolidated Fireworks of America. The design was given inside a pair of closed slates, by a spirit, through the mediumship of Mr. W. A. Mansfield, the renowned slate-writer. The first piece was for the Pansy Whist Club, which has been regularly organized here, with constitution, by-laws and officers, meeting twice a week at 8:30 p. m., at cottages or rooms of its members. Progressive whist, euchre, inexpensive prizes, fun, hilarity and enjoyment being the order of exercises. This pyrotechnic piece displayed the inscription "Pansy Club," and a beautiful sprig of pansies, in illuminated colors. The next piece was for woman's equality, and was a most enchanting device. In each of the two upper corners was an illuminated star, to represent the male and female, with the following inscription between: "Men and women shall shine forth with equal brilliancy in the domestic heaven," and under the stars was the word "EQUALITY," all in illuminated colors. There was also a fine display of other fireworks—bombs, six-pound rockets, flower-pots and whistling rockets that shot above the clouds and illumined the trees with their bright colors. Everybody was delighted, and an enthusiastic vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. Voorhees for the entertainment.

Friday forenoon was the last meeting of the Lyceum under the charge of the charming Miss Clair Tuttle and Mr. Lew Gleason, Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle being here to act at first organizer. All the exercises were first-class, and evinced careful and patient training on the part of the teachers, and great aptitude, responsiveness and intelligence on the part of pupils.

Miss Clair Tuttle read the following letter from her mother, addressed to the children of the Lyceum:

BERLIN HEIGHTS, OHIO, Aug. 23, '92.
MY DEAR CHILDREN:—How I wish I could be with you to hear you on Friday, which will be your last session this year, and to have a good bye kiss. But I can only send out to you my love, and thank you for the honorable manner in which you have acquitted yourselves. You have won golden praise from all who have seen your work, and I again thank you for all you have done. Remember to practice on all you have been taught, and then you can scarcely fail to be healthy in minds and bodies, and will come next year with straighter forms, and brighter roses blooming on your cheeks. You hear your mamma talk a great deal about *airing* things. They *air* the rooms, *air* the beds, *air* clothing, drive you out for an airing, but there is one thing more important than everything else, which they talk the least about, and that is *AIRING THE BLOOD!* "Air the blood!" you exclaim. "How can I do that when it is all concealed in my little silky veins?" I will tell you. It is a work nobody can do for you—your mamma cannot relieve you of it—you must do it yourselves. There is only one way, either, to air the blood, and that is to breathe deep, and use your lungs! That is what your elocution lessons were for, and your calisthenic exercises. That is the prime object. Of course they cause you to read well, and to be graceful also, but these are secondary objects.

Remember your Band of Mercy pledge, and practice upon it the coming year. Since I came from Cassadaga one of our neighbors came very near losing a valuable horse with spinal meningitis. I had seen his owner, a proud young man, driving him, and letting him stand hitched with a very short overcheck, which drew his head into a torturing and unnatural position. I thought I would venture to tell him the cause of the poor animal's illness. I knew it would come when I saw his treatment with the check-torture! I did so, and to my surprise the young man thanked me, and said he thought I was right—that the surgeon had also told him so, and he had taken off the overcheck and should never use it again! The horse is recovering, and will not

suffer any more from his owner's pride and ignorance.

You are going to your homes; you will want to do some little work during the year. If you can, will you not do some little bit of fancy work to bring next year to decorate Library Hall?—a little picture or any trifling thing. Madge has just come from her mamma's house on the hill, and says: "Send my love to all the Lyceum scholars." I send mine, too, and bid you a loving good-bye.

EMMA R. TUTTLE.

Friday afternoon Mr. W. J. Colville gave his closing address. The discourse was replete with lessons of instruction, and we will try to lay it before our readers in the near future.

Saturday morning was the last conference of the season. Subject: "How can we best make use of and profit by what we have learned at Cassadaga, after returning to our homes?" Much excellent thought was put forth by several persons.

In the evening Mr. A. B. French gave an able discourse upon "Why I am a Spiritualist." Mr. W. J. Colville gave a fine valedictory improvisation.

Sunday Mrs. Jennie B. H. Jackson gave the discourse of the forenoon, and Hon. A. B. Richmond in the afternoon, both of which were well received, and which closed the most successful camp that has ever been held at Cassadaga.

GLEASON.



THE DEAR OLD FLAG.

The Love of it a Proof of Loyalty.

True Freemen Everywhere May Safely Gather Beneath its Shining Folds.

The star spangled banner forever shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

TO THE EDITOR:—I desire to ask the attention of the readers of the loyal PROGRESSIVE THINKER to the suggestion made in this article as in every way worthy of the adoption of all loyal citizens. Having served my country three years and a half under its glorious folds, and since then, in a veteran capacity, frequently marched with its gleaming sheen in our ranks, I have no doubt that thousands of my fellow-citizens experience the same feelings that I do every time I look upon this grandly floating symbol of our American freedom.

The sight of that banner always thrills me, and sends my blood pulsing faster through my veins, and a feeling of gratitude passes over my mind as I thank my Creator that I was born in this great nation, this noble land of liberty, and can enjoy so many priceless blessings that few outside of our beloved country can obtain.

The symbolic meaning of the flag in a spiritual sense is worthy of this republic and its citizens. The red stripes signify love and wisdom; the white stripes, purity, innocence; the blue field, truth, honor, loyalty, and the stars, heaven's immortality, eternity. Thus we have the higher spiritual attributes typified in the ensign of this land of freedom. A mixture of love, purity, and wisdom, for the defence of the truth, with the honorable loyalty of our citizens, to be rewarded by immortality in an endless eternity.

The common meaning of the flag is that the thirteen red and white stripes represent the thirteen British Colonies of North America that proclaimed their independence of Great Britain, and ratified that proclamation with the victories of the revolution; the blue field represents the sky, with the stars, which denote the present number of States—a star for each State—there being forty-two stars now.

The star spangled banner is the emblematic symbol of our glorious country, and the free institutions that are the foundations thereof, and as it floats proudly in the breeze, is the visible sign of all that is precious in the blessings we enjoy under the protecting laws that are made to maintain our rights and privileges derived from the liberties we have inherited from the founders of our grand republic.

Gen. John A. Dix said, in 1861: "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!" A sentiment that sent a thrill of patriotic approval all over the loyal sections of the country.

The time is propitious for the raising of liberty poles, and the hoisting of American flags all over our country. The sight of our banner every day, and in each city and town in these United States, would tend greatly to remind the citizen of his duty to his country, and would raise the standard of loyalty to the maximum.

In these days of labor agitation and socialistic discord, when foreign influences are in-

cessantly at work to undermine and overthrow our institutions; when Cahenslyism openly shows its head and talks treason unrebuked; when the church minority demands that our Government shall close the World's Fair on Sunday against the wishes of a vast liberal majority, who can, many of them, visit it on no other day; and when that same church minority attempts to obtain official recognition of the State, upon the statutes and constitution of the country, to the exclusion of all other creeds and opinions, and with the purpose of enforcing such recognition by an attack upon all advanced and liberal thinkers, it is quite time that the patriots of this country throw their glorious colors to the breeze and gathered beneath its starry folds in protection of their rights as American citizens.

The Grand Army of the Republic would be doing their country a most valuable service if they would take up the matter of flag raising, and by their efforts and influence make arrangements in their own cities and towns to obtain the flag and keep it flying every day. They might keep the flag at post headquarters, and with drum and fife and a corporal's guard of veterans (soldiers and civilians), escort the flag back to the post at retreat every day. A comrade could raise it at reveille. It would be a grand supplement to their services in the field—this care and protection of the flag and the institutions it represents. A glorious duty which could be transmitted, when necessity demands it, to that worthy scion of the Grand Army, the Sons of Veterans.

Then, a word to the Patriotic Order of Sons of America, and other kindred orders and societies scattered over the broad face of our beloved country. Here is a work in which you can, by your acts, show your regard for your principles and your loyalty to your country and its flag.

On the 12th of October next will be the 400th anniversary of the discovery of this continent by Christopher Columbus, in 1492. Next year will see the grandest exposition of the ability of man to invent, construct and arrange at the World's Fair, in our great city of Chicago, which will call to our shores the best elements of humanity from every land and clime.

And next year, in psychic circles, will be one of the highest importance as the beginning of a new cycle, which is destined to be an era of light, truth and knowledge, greater in its benefits upon mortal races than any of its predecessors, and which will mark the greatest psychic developments ever known.

There might be brought forward several other reasons for action in this matter at this time, did your space permit it, but the most important have been stated, and are of sufficient weight to call the attention and receive the support and prompt action of every patriotic loyal, citizen in our land of liberty.

Let these words sink deep into your hearts and minds, oh, American freemen, who keep the gates of our liberties against the encroachments of medieval ignorance and treason. Buckle on your belts of action, and rally forth among your neighbors. Get them together and let them subscribe the means to procure the flag and prepare for its being raised and maintained. Organize a special society, if you choose, and, perhaps, that will be a better way to accomplish the purpose. Only let the members of some loyal society take the initiative, and form a nucleus for the formation of a society whose duty should be the care and protection of the flag. As the Banner League of America, or by some similar title, such a society would be doing a grand and valuable service to this land of freedom.

Let earnest action be taken at once in this direction. The accepted time is now, for shortly there will be crowds of people from every nation, passing through our country to the World's Fair, and traveling afterwards all over the land, visiting points of interest, viewing our scenery, and studying our methods, habits and customs as a free people.

What more can we do to show our love for our country and our liberties than to decorate every city, town and village with a handsome flagstaff, and the star spangled glory of our freedom floating grandly from the top.

Every man, woman and child, with love of country in their hearts, are eligible as members of such a patriotic league. Those of any community who antagonize such a movement might be invited to emigrate to a more congenial climate.

And now, my dear Editor, since your grand city of Chicago is destined to be the center of the coming World's Fair, as well as of the commercial, financial and national life, it seems eminently proper that the initial step ought to be taken in your city.

It is a great cause—the protection of our flag as the representative of our rights and liberties against the malicious attacks of treasonable dogmatism and criminal lawlessness, and the defenders of the flag will deserve and receive from futurity the lasting gratitude of a free and enlightened people.

E. N. PICKERING.

Marshalltown, Iowa.

"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

It is now claimed that fast trains are safer than slow ones.

Switzerland has a 900-year-old hotel.

A man in Vermont has an aluminum nose.

PHYSICAL PROOFS OF ANOTHER LIFE. Letters to the Seibert Commission. By Francis J. Lipsett. An illustrated pamphlet. Worth its weight in gold. Price 25 cents.

PSYCHOPATHY, OR SPIRIT HEALING. A series of lectures on the relations of the spirit to its own organism, and the interrelation of human beings with reference to health, disease and healing. By the spirit of Dr. Benjamin B. Babbitt, through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. F. Richmond. A book that every healer, physician and Spiritualist should read. Price \$1.50.

PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE. By Andrew Jackson Davis. A rare work. It possesses great merit. Price \$1.50.



LIZETTE.

CAMILLE.

The People Who Are "Damned."

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER IX.

Down with Wages.

The winter passed and spring came, spring with bud and bloom, fragrance of flowers and odorous leaves, with fresh, soft breezes from the south. But in the Continental Rubber Company's factory breezes not perfume penetrated. The workers suffered not as much from the cold; they were not compelled to wrap as closely, but there was the same clatter of machines, the same gloomy light from the begrimed windows, the same close, foul and feld atmosphere. The inmates knew it was spring, for as they hurried to and from work, they saw the trees were putting forth their leaves, and heard the birds singing in the branches. What was it to them, be it spring, summer, autumn or winter? There was no cessation to their labor. Day in, day out; week in, week out; month in, month out; it was the same wearisome round. It was the more tiresome because their interests were not in it. They were wage-workers; their object was money. Such work is slavery. Labor commanding the heart is noble, and like a creative prayer. Labor in which we are interested is a diversion, a pleasure, and akin to worship. Labor without interest is slavery.

One day as she was specially engaged, determined to add one more to the number of coats she had been making, Camille became conscious that some one was gazing at her. She looked up quickly and saw standing a little way in front of her a most extraordinary young man of perhaps twenty-two years. He was large of body and small of limb, a peculiarity intensified by the style of his garments. His pants were so tight that they suggested the question how he ever put them on, and the sleeves of his short, tiger-colored coat were equally close-fitting. A plush vest, with old-gold embroidery, very short, partially covered his ruffled shirt-front, in which a diamond sparkled underneath a blue velvet tie with enormous ends. His face ought to have been described first, but being of less consequence, was left for the last. It was broad, pink and white, soft, downy, flabby, without strength or muscularity. His nose was round, his eyes large and round; his yellow hair parted in the middle, and his yellow mustache attempted to be ditto. This preposterous being regarded himself as an Apollo. He had an eyeglass at his right eye, which made the left appear weaker and less intelligent. By his side was another being, very like, yet perhaps more allied to the human type. A momentary glance was sufficient, and with crimson cheek she continued her task, but she could not prevent hearing their words, as they continued to stare at her:

"Gad, she's a pretty one—you know. I'll be 'troduced some time; gad, 'troduce myself. Now that's a rich idea. Ha, ha."

"She's not so pretty, Dolp, as the next one. I'll introduce myself there."

"It's pick and take; gad—aw, it's a rum go. Real funny how these working people work! What the devil makes 'em like to hurry so?"

"You'd hurry if you'd anything to do."

"Na-o-aw, it's horrid to hurry; gad, I wouldn't. I notice these working-folks get up early; did you ever notice that fact?"

"Well, yes, they do, I believe, but I never thought of it before. You are original, you are marvelous."

"Original! What is that? Anything bad; now don't insult me. I won't take an insult, I won't be called names."

"I meant it for praise."

"Gad, I thought you put on me. I won't be put on, not even by the governor. There is another thing I've observed; the working people dress horrid. They wear calico; now who ever heard of anybody else wearing calico?"

"It would be funny to see calico worn by our set, wouldn't it?"

"Gad, yes. What do you say; shall I speak to the beauty?"

"Go slow there, Dolp, you'll find yourself lame."

"Let it alone till a better chance! Gad, I will. Let us go to the next."

As they passed to the other end of the room, she saw that they engaged in conversation and indulged in familiarities with girls who seemed not offended by their rudeness. She turned to Marie and asked: "Who are those ruffians?"

"Hush," was the reply, "they are sons of the two principal owners of this factory, and to resent or rebuke them would result in dismissal. Those girls with whom they are now conversing despise them, but if they should complain they would lose their places."

"Is this possible," she exclaimed, "here in Boston, the center of culture and morality?"

"Quite possible, but not half the truth."

"Who is this Dolphus, the least human of the two?"

"That is Godolphus Potts, son of Judge Potts, the principal owner."

"Judge Potts!" exclaimed Camille in

surprise, "I have heard of him; does he often visit the factory?"

"I presume he comes no nearer than the office. He would be soiled in this atmosphere."

Judge Potts was at that time in the luxuriously-furnished office, with his partner, Major Prod, engaged in earnest conversation. Both were leaning back in easy chairs, smoking finest Havanas. Major Prod had been in the army as a contractor, and while the soldiers in the ranks bled and died, he succeeded in the game of grab, and by means of moldy biscuits, rusty meats and worthless blankets, amassed a small fortune, a portion of which he invested in the present business.

"We're carrying a big stock, Major; in fact, we're making more than we are selling," said the Judge, winking his watery eyes.

"Just so, as I said six months ago, production exceeds the demand, and we are paying too high wages."

"Suppose they'll work for less?"

"Of course; what else can they do? We've got 'em right where they ought to be! We can dictate prices. If they strike, let 'em; we have goods enough now to keep our stock good until we can supply their places."

"You see, we make fifty cents profit on a coat now, and if we reduce the price of making five cents, that will be clear gain."

"And a handsome pile it will be at the end of a year—let's see. If a hand makes six coats a day for 300 days, that is 1,800, and five cents saved is ninety dollars! On two hundred hands that's eighteen thousand! that's a big thing! Why didn't you think of it before?"

"Because I am half a fool. I was afraid they would say we were grinding the poor. But I don't care a d—"

The fact is, the working people are better off on low wages. What good does high wages do them? They just waste the more. They'll live on a shilling a day, and they'll use up five dollars. When wages are low they keep their place better, and are more civil."

"Just so," echoed Judge Potts; "just so; we'll do it. From last Monday, coats shall be twenty cents, boys', twelve, and circulars ten. You can send your family to Europe on your half of this gain, and not feel it, Major."

"I'd like to get Mrs. Prod off my hands and feel free for a year or so," replied Prod feelingly.

"God saw fit to remove Mrs. Potts early," responded the Judge lugubriously, "but," he resumed, winking slowly, by way of emphasis, "but I have now, after long waiting, another in view."

"Then you will find extra cash handy. They know how to make it fly."

At this moment they were interrupted by the entrance of the two young bidders we left in the sewing-room.

"Laud, governor, you've some pretty ones, haven't you?" was the introductory question of the foremost.

"Godolphus, you better let the girls alone—working girls, we've had rows enough on that score."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Godolphus, slowly fixing his eye-glass and striking an attitude as he surveyed his father. "Ha! ha! laud, Governor, what's that fellow's name you spoke of with several colored coats. You are like him. Your advice is good, and I'd take it, if you had not so much need of it yourself."

"Godolphus!" imperatively.

"Say," said the precocious youth, turning to his companion, "say, Napa, I never told you how I caught the governor—"

"Godolphus," cried the Judge excitedly, "that will do."

"It pinches like blazes; well, I will tell you, Napa—"

"No, you won't, you scapegrace. If you have no manners I'll teach you. Another word, and I'll cane you!" The Judge was on his feet, and his wrathful manner frightened the babbler into silence.

As a diversion, his companion, whom he had called Napa, but whose name in full was Napoleon Prod, said to his father: "I say, governor, when are you going to give the working people that free excursion you've promised them? They are growling about it, and the other company gave theirs last week."

"Well thought of, Napoleon; we'll attend to it right off. We'll give an excursion, but not a free one."

"Why not, the other company did; had a jolly time."

"It will cost us a hundred dollars for a boat, and will be a dead loss."

"Costs too much," said the Judge, "fosters extravagance in these people. They must learn economy. I have it, Major. We can charter a boat for a hundred, or we'll say expense one hundred and fifty. We have six hundred hands, we'll charge 'em up one dollar apiece on their checks when we settle next Saturday night, that will give us a profit of—well, say, a cool four hundred dollars."

"Oh, the governor," drawled Godolphus, "he is a cute barley-corn."

"To-day is Monday," said the Major, "splendid weather, and we'll have it Thursday."

"Correct," responded the Judge, "you will see to the arrangements."

The pale operatives, famished for fresh air, heard with thankful joy that they were to be given a free excursion to Nahant, and for a day breathe the pure sea air. The next morning the papers stated under flaming headlines, how the public-spirited firm of Potts & Prod would give their employees a free excursion on the splendid steamer, Ocean Belle, to Nahant. They added that the success of these gentlemen in their gigantic rubber factory ought to stimulate the ambition of young men. They furnished employment to nearly a thousand persons, at extraordinarily high wages, and had accumulated a fortune by their energy and business ability. This excursion was of a piece with the open-handed, generous manner they treated their employees, and should be imitated by others. The leading morning journal, in an editorial item, modestly suggested the name of Judge Potts as one pre-eminently appropriate to grace the ticket of the workmen.

for mayor, as he was their best friend. Wonderful men were these who grew rapidly wealthy and were public benefactors at the same time. The people praised and pointed them out as examples to their sons. Ah, how little is known by report of the ways of men! The history of firms that suddenly rise to great influence is almost invariably one of petty extortion and tyranny practiced on their employees. Their wealth is the sum of tears, suffering and deprivation of those who do their work. It passes without argument that if the worker starves while the employer amasses a princely fortune, that

the division of the fruits of labor is unjust. Build your palaces, oh Mammon, from the results of prosperous business; every brick is wet with tears, and the mortar tempered with human blood! We shudder at the black savage who sacrificed the hearts of young girls to temper the mortar of his rude mansion. There are such mansions in all our cities, and they who build and occupy them are regarded as exemplary, although, if the walls had tongues, they would send forth a perpetual wail!

CHAPTER X.

CAN YOU TRUST ME?

The warm sun had melted away the snow and like a billowy sea of green the plains extended from the grove which sheltered the residence of Lizette. The tall, spire-like cottonwoods shook their half-expanded leaves, and flowers sprung up from the turf in places making up brilliant patterns of blending color. Here and there the plowmen were drawing black lines across the landscape, for they had begun the labors of the year, and dotting the emerald slopes where the grass was freshest, the cattle wandered in scattered herds. The day was closing, and the weary plowman unbarned his team, and the herdsmen gathered the cattle preparatory to driving them to the enclosure. As the sun sank in the warm golden splendor of that early spring evening, Lizette slowly walked along the carriage-way leading to the town. She did not hasten, but stopped to gather flowers as though that was her object. "Lizette," called the housekeeper from the open window, "you know that your father gave me strict orders not to allow you to leave the house."

"It is such a splendid evening, it is cruel to keep me confined indoors as he has done for the past month. You will grant me the favor of getting a few flowers, I know?"

"It is cruel, and I'll trust you, though I shall lose my place if he finds it out."

"Oh, do not fear; neither robbers or kidnappers, tramps nor vagabonds will molest me. I'll bring you a bouquet of flowers."

She went forward, glancing slyly at the house until she came to a diverging path into which she gently turned, and walked as rapidly as possible, until she came to the edge of the green. Here she paused and waited. "He has not come! I am early, yet I feared if I delayed I should not have an opportunity to come at all. Hark, somebody is coming from the house! No, it is from the open field and must be him."

Then came the rapid tread of a horse galloping over the turf, and she could distinguish the form of the horseman against the sky. He was soon by her side. "I have kept you waiting, Lizette, which I regret, for it is so much time lost to me."

"Not more than a minute, Fred," she responded, "and I am as miserably tired as you. I cannot be absent more than a half hour and I have a world to say in that time."

"Are you still persecuted, dear Lizette? Does your father insist on your marrying Judge Potts?"

"Yes, and says that unless I go to Boston with him he will disinherit me."

"I suppose he thinks as much of me as ever?"

"So much that if he found you here, I truly believe he would shoot you. He says he would, and has secured arms, which he keeps ready at hand."

"Had I a home or were I established in business, I would this moment place you on my horse and carry you off, as the Romans did their Sabine wives. But you are aware that I love you too well to ask you to accept the wretched lot that is mine."

"It would be exactly what I should desire of you, were it not that I have other plans, which I hope will bring about better results. First, dear Fred, I want you to tell me if you can trust me?"

"Trust you, more perfectly than myself."

"Implicitly?"

"Implicitly, as a devotee his patron saint."

"Well, then, I think I will take the journey, as father desires."

"To Boston, to the house of Potts?"

"He endeavored to speak calmly, but he could not conceal his surprise."

"Oh no, you jealous boy, that I will compromise, and we shall stay at a hotel. Now you have said you trust me, and I am strong in my own resolution. What is Potts to me? Because he happens to reside in that great city, is that a reason why I should not go there when I have from childhood desired to do so? Now Camille attracts me, I want to find the dear girl and bring her home."

"When will you go?"

"I presume in a few days if I say to father I yield. Everything is ready and has been for weeks, trunks packed and twice lunch-baskets filled. I would not consent until I had seen you, and explained to you the motives which influenced me."

"Go by all means. I shall miss you, but Camille will bless your coming; time brings wonderful and unlooked-for changes, and when you return our paths may be less obstructed. Next year, if fortune favors, I shall claim you, whatever your father may say."

"Remember, dear Fred, that I have promised."

There came on the still air an angry call.

"That is father; he does not allow me out of his sight, unless he thinks the housekeeper is on guard! If I wanted to elope, what wretched keepers they were! He is coming this way; good-by, Fred, you must stay."

He kissed her and sprang on his horse, and as it slowly walked away its footsteps gave no sound.

"Lizette! Lizette!" The shout was near and angry. "That housekeeper will go in the morning. Lizette has gone this time, but she has not gained much of a start, and I have some fast horses and will at once pursue. If I catch him, the rascally pauper, I'll make short work of him."

"What is the matter?" asked Lizette, meeting him and speaking in her sweetest tone.

"Hello, here you are. What have you run off for?"

"I have not run away, have I; I am not off the grounds!" she replied with provoking coolness.

"What are you here for, then?" he asked, still boiling with anger.

"I came down the path to obtain a view of the Western sky free from trees, and watch the twilight fade."

"Quite sensible, quite sensible, I'm glad it's no worse. But mark you, if I

had been; had you attempted to elude me, his blood would have stained the road, where I overtook you!"

"That is dreadful talk, father. Then they would have hanged you. I am glad I did not elope."

"Have you had a chance?" asked he, quizzically.

"Oh no, I have not, and I am glad I did not have."

"Why are you so glad, you obstinate child?"

"Because if I had you would have been hanged."

"That is nonsense. It does not seem you have good sense lately. See now what I have done for you—reckon the money I expended on your education, and the trouble I have been to have Judge Potts come to visit you. He is one in a thousand; rich as Caesar, and moves in tip-top society."

"And old enough to be my father. He is older than you."

"All the better. He knows how to treat a wife better than a young, inexperienced loony. Besides, Miss Highflyer, you may understand that I do not consider myself old by any means."

"I've changed my mind, father," said Lizette, lightly.

"For the worse, of course! You are the most aggravating child that ever lived."

"I regret you think so unkindly of me, for as I told you I have changed my mind, and am willing to go with you anywhere you please."

"To Boston?" asked he eagerly, rubbing his hands.

"Even to Boston; more than any place else do I desire to visit that cultured city."

"I knew you would come round, and not break my heart by your obstinacy, and now you have consented, I shall give you no chance to go back on your word. We'll be off to-morrow morning."

"The sooner the more pleasing to me. Our trunks are packed, and really, nothing is in the way of our starting this evening."

"The morning will be soon enough! It's a miraculous change. I don't understand it, but it plays into my hands. You will lose nothing, daughter, by consenting. The finest dresses money can procure shall be yours, and whatever jewels are in style. They shall know that we westerners have the cash, if we haven't the culture."

(To be continued.)

SPIRIT PHENOMENA.

Continued from Fifth Page.

conditions are requisite for them to communicate at all? Mental or spiritual telegraphy is far more subtle and far more difficult than our most perfect methods of communicating, and as we find it very hard to find another who can give our thoughts to a third person correctly, we need not wonder that spirits, who have lost their physical organs of speech, and have silently to impress their thoughts, so often fail.

Clairvoyance means clear-seeing. It is what the Scots call second sight, which discerns clearly objects not visible to ordinary sight-seeing, through opaque substances, at any distance, and in total darkness. I have said that the spiritual body-within is the counterpart or double of our outer one; consequently it has spiritual organs of sight, and it is the opening of these by the quickening influence of the magnetism of either some mortal or spirit, or sometimes by disease, that constitutes a clairvoyant.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND CLAIRAUDIENCE.

The spirit organ of vision, perhaps, perceives the higher vibrations of the same ether which gives physical sight, or there is a more attenuated spirit ether. In either case, the seer perceives spirits and spiritual things, as readily as remote physical objects. This is what may be termed direct or objective clairvoyance. Few at present possess this power. A more common form is the subjective. This latter is induced by a mortal or spirit hypnotizer, who by will-force photographs the object seen by the clairvoyant upon his sensorium or mind.

It is well known that a hypnotizer causes any hallucination in the mind of his subject he pleases. It is really not a hallucination, but a real perception of an image or thought in the operator's mind, which vibrates to that of the seer, as already described.

Short of spiritual manifestations by incarnated spirits, clairvoyance is one of the best scientific proofs of immortality we have. It is a mental function without, or independent of, a material organ, and materialism has never been able to nullify its force.

Clairaudience has the same relation to the organs of hearing that clairvoyance has to sight. It is the opening or quickening of the spiritual ear by the same process. By it the still, small voice of ministering spirits becomes audible. Angel whispers become something more than a poetic fancy. The sound of a voice that is still to ordinary mortals, becomes to the inner ear of the clairaudient as audible as the voice of a mortal water, or as sonorous as that of a mortal orator in his most emphatic utterance, and when it does, we have a first-class test medium, for then our loved ones can not only show themselves, but speak in their own language, and peculiar idiom, by which all may recognize them.

The possession of this power has been demonstrated in this city hundreds of times in the last two years, and any one who doubts it is willfully blind.

DR. DEAN CLARKE.

San Francisco, Cal.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

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

Passed to the higher life, Aug. 12, El Nora wife of Emmet G. Ord, of Santa Cruz, Cal., aged 23 years. The deceased was born in Indiana, and subsequently removed to Santa Barbara, Cal. She was a member of the Methodist church in that city, and a graduate of the high school. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Mrs. M. E. Aldrich, pastor of the Unity Spiritual Society of Santa Cruz, and a large circle of sympathizing friends met to extend their sympathy to her bereaved husband, and show their respect for her many virtues and attractive qualities. She was fully convinced of the fact of spirit return, and knew her loved ones were waiting until her spirit could be released from physical suffering.

W. E. A.

OVER 700 KINDS AND SIZES FROM \$10 TO \$70

THE WORLD'S BEST

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

A Choice Gift
A Grand Family Educator
A Library in Itself
The Standard Authority

NEW FROM COVER TO COVER. Fully Abreast of the Times.

Successor of the authentic "Unabridged." Ten years spent in revising. 100 editors employed, over \$300,000 expended.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

GET THE BEST.

Do not buy reprints of obsolete editions. Send for free pamphlet containing specimen pages and FULL PARTICULARS.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

ONE DOLLAR EVERY HOUR

is easily made by any one of either sex in any part of the country, who is willing to work industriously at the employment which we furnish. We fit you out complete, so you may give the business a trial without expense to yourself. Write and see. H. HALLETT & CO., Box 1750, Portland, Me.

HOW TO BECOME A MEDIUM.

Mr. J. A. Rimes, 114, 15th St., St. Paul, Minn., Ill. will send you a pamphlet, revised, improved and complete; also a sealed letter designating all your phases of mediumship, and a spiritual song book of 52 pages, all for 30 cents.

YES YOU CAN

GET WELL. SEND \$1 FOR A BOTTLE OF ELIXIR OF LIFE. A spirit remedy. Purely vegetable, and Magnetized. Positively restores life. Thousands rejoice over health restored. For blood, liver, and kidney ailments there is no better remedy made. Send for circular. Dr. E. K. Myers, Clinton, Iowa.

LIZZIE KELLEY HARTMAN, BUSINESS MEDIUM AND PLATFORM PSYCHOMETRIST; SITTINGS DAILY. J. F. Hartman, lecturer. We will answer calls. 9 Centre Avenue, near Madison.

WRITE TO DR. J. C. PHILLIPS

For an unparalleled psychometric reading, examination or advice on business matters, enclosing lock of hair, giving age and sex, one dollar and three 2-cent stamps. Satisfaction guaranteed. Clinton, Iowa.

NEW YORK College of Magnetism.

An Institute of Refined Therapeutics, including the Sun Cure, Vital Magnetism, Electricity, Mind Cure, and a higher science of life. Chemical analysis and basic principles developed with their marvelous appliances, and students in three months can take the college course. The college is chartered and confers the degree of D. M., Doctor of Magnetism. It is the only work ever published giving full instruction how to mesmerize, and the connection this science has with Spiritualism. It is promoted by Allen, Parnass and others, who have read it, to be one of the most interesting books ever written. Price, pp. 128 to 200 cents. For sale at all offices.

THE MAGNETIC TRADE MARK CHARMER.

The above is a trade mark which is good for thirty years, for four things, viz: The Charmer used for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, and other ailments. The Charmer is a powerful, used to stimulate and vitalize the excretory organs. A Pile cure, and a Healing Salve for cuts, sores and wounds. There is no better remedy made to make and sell the above articles. No license required. Can be put up at home by any intelligent person. A good living can be made by one taking the course. Send a postcard and addressed envelope for prices and particulars to Deane & Smith, Jasper, Ala.

THE WIDOW OF E. V. WILSON

Will give Psycho-readings upon receipt of picture (to be returned, age, married or single) Terms \$2.00. Write for circular. Send ten cents in silver, with lock of hair and stamp and I will send you a trial reading. Address, Dr. A. Heath, 145 Abbott street, Detroit, Mich.

MALTED PERLE SPECTACLES

Restores lost vision. The spectacles that I send are large eyes, mounted in a fine steel frame, sent by mail in a nice wooden box. State age and how long you have worn glasses. Or send me your address and I will send full directions and illustrated circular. How to be fitted by my new method of clairvoyant sight. Price of spectacles \$1.00. Address, B. F. Poole, Clinton, Iowa, if

ASTRAL MAGNETIC REMEDIES.

The grandest system of spirit-remedies ever given into the hands of man to cure and annihilate all forms of disease.

A full description of this system of medication, also a lecture by Prof. Olney H. Richmond, the celebrated occultist, will be found in the pamphlet, entitled, THE ASTRAL REMEDIES, which is of great interest to all seekers after truth and will be sent to any address on receipt of stamp for postage. Address, L. J. SHAFER, 4018 WASHINGTON BOULEVARD, CHICAGO, ILL.

OUR NEW

76 pages, illustrated. The most complete and up-to-date work on the subject of Spiritualism, ever published. It contains all the latest and most interesting facts and theories of the science of the spirit world. It is a valuable addition to the library of every student of Spiritualism. Price, 25 cents. Address, W. E. A., 145 Abbott street, Detroit, Mich.

DR. R. GREER

THE GIFTED HEALER
MEDICAL COUNSEL \$1.00 127 La Salle Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

HOW TO MESMERIZE.

Full and comprehensive instructions how to mesmerize. Ancient and Modern Miracles by Mesmer. Also a full description of the science of the spirit world. It is a valuable addition to the library of every student of Spiritualism. Price, 25 cents. Address, W. E. A., 145 Abbott street, Detroit, Mich.

PSYCHO-ATHY, OR SPIRIT HEALING.

Being a series of lessons on the relations of the spirit to its own organism, and the interrelations of human beings with reference to health, disease and healing, by the spirit of Dr. Benjamin Rush, through the mediumship of Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond. No physician should be without this book. No magnetic healer should be without it, and no family should be without it. It is a valuable aid to the physician in determining the relation of his patient's spirit to his body, thus enabling him to know what remedies are necessary to perfectly adjust the same to each other. It is the actual magnetic poles and their corresponding nerve centers. To the great reader it will prove an interesting and valuable physical and spiritual health of life, and the influence of food, clothing, and the surrounding conditions and atmosphere upon the human organism. Price (cloth) \$1.50. For sale at all offices.

OUTSIDE THE GATES; AND OTHER

essays and sketches. By a band of spirit intelligences, through the mediumship of Mary Theresa Schlemmer. An excellent work. Price 15 cents.

THE GIORDANO BRUNO, COMPILED FROM THE FREETHINKERS MAGAZINE. Very valuable. Price 15 cents.

DR. R. GREER

THE GIFTED HEALER
MEDICAL COUNSEL \$1.00 127 La Salle Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

HOW TO MESMERIZE.

Full and comprehensive instructions how to mesmerize. Ancient and Modern Miracles by Mesmer. Also a full description of the science of the spirit world. It is a valuable addition to the library of every student of Spiritualism. Price, 25 cents. Address, W. E. A., 145 Abbott street, Detroit, Mich.

PSYCHO-ATHY, OR SPIRIT HEALING.

Being a series of lessons on the relations of the spirit to its own organism, and the interrelations of human beings with reference to health, disease and healing, by the spirit of Dr. Benjamin Rush, through the mediumship of Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond. No physician should be without this book. No magnetic healer should be without it, and no family should be without it. It is a valuable aid to the physician in determining the relation of his patient's spirit to his body, thus enabling him to know what remedies are necessary to perfectly adjust the same to each other. It is the actual magnetic poles and their corresponding nerve centers. To the great reader it will prove an interesting and valuable physical and spiritual health of life, and the influence of food, clothing, and the surrounding conditions and atmosphere upon the human organism. Price (cloth) \$1.50. For