

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

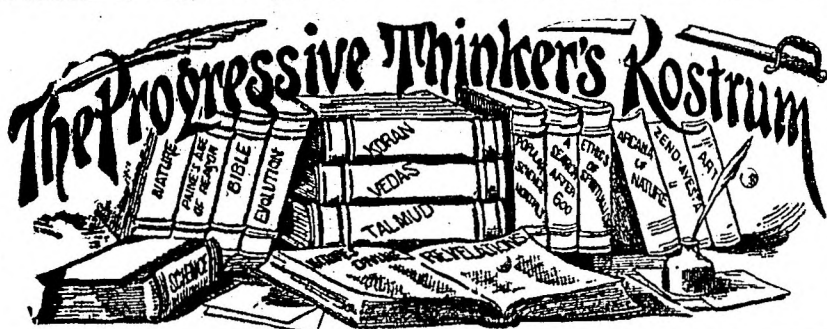
SCIENCE, MORALITY, THE BIBLE OF SUPPLEMENT, THE FUTURE BY AN EXALTED

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

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RELIGION! RELIGION!

The Humanitarian Element In It.

An Address Delivered BY M. W. CHUNN, Ph.D.,

Pastor of Unity Churches, Liverpool, Minn., and Rock Rapids, Iowa.

One hundred and sixty-four years before the Christian era there was acted on the Roman stage the play entitled "The Self-Tormentor." This play was composed by Terence, the famous comic poet, or rather, we should say the play was an adaptation of one composed by the Greek poet Menander, the father of the Athenian new comedy, who flourished about a century and a half before Terence. In the prologue to the "Self-Tormentor" Terence tells his audience from what source the play was derived. The play opens with a scene between Chremes and Menodemus. The son of Menodemus had displeased him, and the father in anger had driven his son from home. Menodemus afterwards relented because of this harsh treatment toward his son of which he had been guilty. In order to punish himself for his harshness toward his son he labors in the field day after day, from early morning till late evening. In this opening scene of the play Chremes remonstrates with Menodemus because of the latter's constant and useless toil. Menodemus is annoyed on account of this meddling of Chremes, and he asks, "What is your leisure, Chremes, from your own affairs, that you can attend to those of others—those which do not concern you?" Chremes, in answer to Chremes, to Menodemus' impatient query is the grandest passage in the writings of Terence, if not in the writings of any classical author. The answer of Chremes is: "I am a man, and nothing that concerns mankind do I deem a matter of indifference to myself." It is said that when these words were spoken on the Roman stage the audience which filled the theater broke forth in loud applause. Even a person in that vast amphitheater felt the truth of the beautiful sentiment: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

The famous line of Terence won the admiration of philologists in ancient and modern times. Cicero in the first book of his "Offices" refers to this passage in Terence in the following language: "To concern ourselves in other people's affairs is a delicate matter. Yet Chremes, a character in Terence, thinks that there is nothing which has a relation to mankind in which he has not a concern."

Augustine, bishop of Hippo, had the grand thought of Terence in mind when he wrote: "Every man is most closely connected with his every fellowman, nor should any distance of relationship enter into consideration when there is a common nature." And finally, it was the beautiful thought in Terence that inspired these lines in Cowper's "Task":

"I think, articulate, I laugh and weep, And exercise all functions of a man, How, then, should I and any man that lives Be strangers to each other?"

I quoted this noble line of Terence, making a slightly different translation: "I am a man, and nothing that concerns mankind do I consider foreign to myself," at the very close of my address to the Knights of Pythias, that was delivered here last June. I sent a copy of the printed address to an evangelist friend of mine in Minnesota. He had heard that address well remember that it was ethical from beginning to end, and contained nothing to which a person could take offense on theological grounds. But this friend of mine having been baptized in infancy with water and with that perverse spirit of evangelicalism which blinds one's eyes from beholding good in anything not labeled "evangelical," did take serious exception to the Knights of Pythias address. Among other objections, this friend wrote that I could have selected a passage from the "Inspired Bible" as appropriate as this line from a heathen poet, to leave with the Knights of Pythias. The lady did not object to the sentiment in the line from Terence; she objected rather to the pedigree of the line. It is of heathen, and not of Jewish or Christian origin. Evangelicalism has always been the faithful friend of aristocracy. It is considered to-day a serious breach of etiquette for an evangelist minister to take a text from any book save the Bible. Now, I wish to say that I challenge this friend of mine, or any other admirer of the Bible, to find, with or without the aid of Cruden's Concordance, a passage in the Bible, from Genesis to Revelations, that breathes as much of the spirit of universal benevolence and disregard of self as this noble line from Terence. I do not believe that if I had searched until

today, with all the evangelical scholars of the land at my beck and call, I could have found a more appropriate passage than the line from Terence which I requested the Knights of Pythias to engrave on the tablets of their hearts. And let us remember that this sentiment of universal brotherhood was uttered by a pagan author, and applauded by a pagan audience more than a century and a half before the Christian era. Where, then, is the proud claim that Jesus of Nazareth taught the world anything new with his gospel of the brotherhood of mankind?

In continuing the discussion of our subject, "The Humanitarian Element in Religion," the fundamental proposition I wish to emphasize to-day is: We ought to allow nothing to stand between us and our duty to all mankind. We must set up no other kingdom within the kingdom of humanity. It is a fundamental principle of our American Constitution that the allegiance of all citizens to the national government takes precedence of their allegiance to any other authority. No State government is sovereign power, but is subordinate to the national government. It is a fundamental principle of the religion of humanity that all other claims made upon men must yield to the claims of the divine brotherhood. We cannot hearken for a moment to any gospel which has a narrower message to offer to the world than the noble sentiment of Terence. We cannot pledge our loyalty to any church that is not designed to be a church for all mankind. We cannot strive to enter a heaven that shall not give its gates open day and night forever and forever so that all mankind may at last enter therein. Professor Philip Schaff, the distinguished Christian scholar who has recently passed away, has, on the title-page of his Church History, given us a new adaptation of Terence's noble line: "I am a man, and nothing that concerns mankind do I deem a matter of indifference to myself."

Prof. Schaff substitutes Christian for man and Christianity for mankind. His adaptation runs: "I am a Christian, and nothing that concerns Christianity do I deem a matter of indifference to myself." Prof. Schaff has stripped the line of all its strength and beauty. A line that breathes the spirit of love for all mankind is narrowed until it breathes the spirit of love for only a religious sect. The old Roman theater, filled with all grades of humanity, from the rabble on the street to the nobles of the commonwealth, rang with applause when the actor exclaimed: "I am a man, and nothing that concerns mankind do I deem a matter of indifference to myself." What audience, collected from the rabble and from the nobility, would break forth with applause on hearing the sentiment that Prof. Schaff expresses on the title-page of his Church History? The actor in this latter role might lay his hand upon his heart, raise his eyes to heaven and exclaim, with all the power of natural eloquence: "I am a Christian, and nothing that concerns Christianity do I deem a matter of indifference to myself." But his words would have no power to thrill the hearts of his listeners and move them to applause. The sentiment of Terence is as broad as humanity, and when uttered by the most commonplace speaker, it thrills the hearts of men. The sentiment of Prof. Schaff is as narrow as sectarianism, and when uttered even by the most gifted orator, it fails to stir men's blood. We could make any number of adaptations of the beautiful lines of Terence. The Mohammedan might adapt the line to the title-page of his "Church History" the words: "I am a Mohammedan, and nothing that concerns Mohammedanism do I deem a matter of indifference to myself." The advocates of all the other religious sects could give their adaptation of the line. And the believer in predestination could bring up the rear with his adaptation of the much-abused line: "I am one of the elect, and nothing that concerns the elect do I deem a matter of indifference to myself."

I am sometimes asked if I am a Christian. My answer to such a question is: "No! I am not a Christian. I used to be a Christian, but a year or two ago I experienced a change of heart, and now I am a man. I stripped off the straight-jacket of sectarianism in order to clothe myself in the more becoming robe of humanitarianism."

And, my friends, I wish to say here to-day that my religion is not something less, but something more than Christianity or any other revealed and exclusive code of dogma. Whatever moral precepts Christianity sets forth I gladly accept and endeavor to practice. I will make the same acknowledgment regarding every other so-called revealed religion. Morality is the common property of all religions. Christianity can make no exclusive claim to the moral code. Both Judaism, the reputed mother of Christianity, and Christianity itself are exclusive sects. Could arrogance go much farther than this: "When the Most High gave to the

nations their inheritance," when He separated the children of men, He set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel." In such language does Moses proclaim to the Israelites that they are the chosen people of God. The founder of Christianity is reported as saying to the Syrophenician woman who requested him to cast out a demon from her daughter: "Let the children first be filled, for it is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs." In the eyes of Jesus the Jews are the children, while the Gentiles are the dogs. It is true Jesus at last yields to the prayer of the Gentile woman, but not until she humiliates herself to the dust. "Yea, Lord, even the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs," is the acknowledgment the Syrophenician woman has to make before her request is granted.

Why should I wish to adorn myself with the name of a sect that, by its claim to have in its inspired bible the revealed will of God, and in its founder the only genuine Son of God, virtually declares that all other of the world's religions are false, or at least are of less value than its own? I shall not swear allegiance to no kind of sectarianism, be it Jewish, Mohammedan, or Christian sectarianism. Christianity pitches its tent, but it shuts out more truth than it shuts in. At a little distance from the Christian tent the Mohammedans pitch their tent. Yonder is the Jewish tent. Each of these sects would shut in all the truth. But each of these sects shuts out more truth than it shuts in. I shall seek refuge in none of these sectarian tents. I prefer to stand outside, shut in by nothing save by the bounds that shut in all mankind. I miss the faces of many of my friends of other days. I listen in vain for their benediction: "God speed you in your work." Friendships that were once supposed to be lifelong are broken. To these friends of old I am not an infidel? Am I not in their eyes one who has denied the Lord who bought that has wandered from the fold and is in danger of perishing in the mountains? Well, it meant death for me to remain within the Christian tent. It meant death from suffocation. It meant death from burning, wasting, agonizing fever. God knows, if there be a conscious God, that I could stand the torture no longer. If I must die, then let me die with my limbs all free, and not bound fast with the fetters of traditionalism. If I must die, then let me die with my lungs breathing in the pure atmosphere of truth, and not the foul miasma of theological dogma. If I must die, then let me die with my vision bounded by nothing save by the horizon beyond me and the stars above me. I beseech you, dear friends of old days, not to send out your shepherds to search for me and take me back to the fold. Come, toll, hand-ship, loss of friends and loved ones—anything rather than an abode in the tent of sectarianism. But you are mistaken, my dear friends of old days, if you think I am lost and perishing from cold and hunger in the wilderness. I am indeed lost to Christianity, but what is Christianity's loss is humanity's gain. My nature is fuller of the milk of human kindness than it ever was before. There is more love in the Gentile's Paul than in the Jew's Paul. I know as well as I know that I breathe, that if there is a life beyond the grave, heaven will be my portion there—not the heaven that is won for us by the merits of another, but the heaven that is won by every man who lives in obedience to the moral law and at peace with his brother man.

We are told that Christianity was first offered to the Jews; but they refused to accept it, and so as a last resort it was offered to the Gentiles. Paul gives us several intimations to this effect. In the thirteenth chapter of Acts Paul is made to say to the Jews: "It was necessary that the word of God should first be spoken to you. Seeing you thrust it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of eternal life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles." And so the Gentiles were honored with a second-hand gift—with the gospel the Jews had rejected with scorn. Nor do I propose to do what would excite the Gentiles—the dogs, as Jesus calls them—have received if the Jews—the children—had seen fit to accept Christianity. This conception of Christianity, which is the true conception indeed, as a cast-off Jewish garb that was offered to the Gentiles, has always been revolting to me, even from childhood. I do not propose to get down on my hands and knees like a dog and eat the crumbs that fall from any man's table. Neither do I propose to eat the food that is thrown to me as to a dog after the children of the household have refused to touch it. I believe the humblest Gentile in the world is as much a child of God as the haughtiest Jew. I do not propose to wear the badge of a sect whose founder first offered the gift of salvation to the Jewish children, and then, for fear the gift, on account of the refusal of the Jews, should fall to the Gentiles, I shall wear the badge of humanitarianism, but not the badge of Judaism, or of Mohammedism, or of Christianity.

It remains for us to consider our subject, "The Humanitarian Element in Religion," from the political standpoint. Just as the world religiously considered is divided into sects, so it is, politically considered, divided into nations. The religious divisions of the world might be described as follows: the political divisions of the world must endure. Christians, Mohammedans, Buddhists and the advocates of the other historic religions might lay aside their dogmas and their spirit of intolerance, and unite to form the one great church of all mankind. The day that shall mark the organization of such a church will also mark the dawning of the millennium. But it will never be desirable to unite all the nations of the world under one great government. What attitude ought one nation of the earth to take towards the other nations of the earth? Shall it take the attitude of friendship, or the attitude of hostility? the attitude of brother, or the attitude of stranger? Shall each nation regard itself as the center around which all the other nations ought to revolve, or shall each nation regard itself as only a part of the great whole of humanity? The nations of the earth have too often given the wrong answer to these important questions.

Ancient Rome not only had the honor of being the birthplace of a poet who proclaimed the gospel of universal benevolence in the noble passage already quoted several times in this address, but she had the dishonor of being the birthplace of a statesman who hated everything not labeled "Roman." On the shores of Africa, a few days' sail from Rome, was Carthage, the only formidable rival of Rome. Two long and hard-fought wars had been waged between the rival cities, and Carthage, although worsted in the conflicts, remained still a rival to Rome. Cato, the Elder, could not endure the existence of Rome's fair rival that stood just across the Mediterranean Sea. Proud Carthage must be leveled with the dust, and then Cato could die in peace. And so on whatever subject Cato spoke in the Roman Senate he always ended his speech with the words: "In my opinion Carthage must be destroyed." An act of self-defense on the part of Carthage against the encroachments of a people friendly to Rome gave the Romans the pretext they desired for declaring war against their hated rival. In the year 146 B. C., three years after the death of Cato, Carthage was burned to the ground, her citizens sold into slavery, and the ruins of the proud city became a thing of the past. The student of history could cite scores, if not hundreds, of such examples of nations taking the attitude of hostility towards other nations when they should have taken the attitude of friendship. For every poet with the sentiment of Terence a nation produces, it produces its statesman with the sentiment of Cato. In my earlier life how many times I remember listening to the words of the British statesman, Lord Palmerston, in the style of "We whipped the British once, and we can whip them again!" Such broad-spread harangues do far more harm than good to youthful listeners. They sow the seeds of hatred and hostility in the minds of the American youth. The Fourth of July is the anniversary of the birth of a nation that was founded upon the principles of the divine right of the people versus the divine right of kings, and day by day we are reminded of this, until America shall cease to exist as a nation. But the Fourth of July is an occasion on which to give vent to one's spleen against the British, and to stir up the spirit of war that ought to be left sleeping in its grave, is a day unworthy of honor and observance in America. There is not a vestige of hatred in my heart towards the England of the nineteenth century, because of the wrong England's policy in the eighteenth century did to America. I still love and honor England as our mother, although she has at times acted the part of an unnatural mother.

Memorial day, as an anniversary, observed in honor of those brave and loyal men who gave their lives on the battlefield and within prison walls in order to preserve the American Union one and inseparable, is a day that will always be kept green in the memory of every citizen of our land. But if Memorial Day shall ever be diverted from its proper use, and made a day on which shall be fought with the weapons of shallow and vindictive oratory the battles that were fought more than a quarter of a century ago, with shot and shell, then every true citizen of our land will turn regretfully aside from the observance of Memorial Day. The Union will come to mean the memory of one of America's greatest military commanders, General Grant, who, when the cause had been won for which the Union fought, dismissed the vanquished armies to their homes—not as enemies, for the war was over, but as brothers and fellow-citizens, for the white-robed angel of peace had come once more to dwell within the land. The book that did more than any other volume ever written to bring the nations of the world to their senses regarding their obligations to one another was Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," published in 1776. In his "Wealth of Nations" Adam Smith demonstrated that the prosperity of one nation does not depend upon the lack of prosperity of other nations. Nations, instead of being the jealous rivals and enemies of one another, ought to be the sympathizers and friends of one another.

The lesson that Adam Smith cast into the jump of humanity has been working for more than a century, but the lump has not yet been entirely leavened. France and Germany are ready to fly at each other's throats and fight until the bitter end. In every quarter of the globe we hear of wars, or rumors of wars. The boundaries of nations are still made the boundaries of human brotherhoods. Each nation of the world in its own eyes is still the center around which all the other nations of the world ought to revolve. I yield to no one in my love for America, and in

my loyalty to the Stars and Stripes. Why should I not love America, the land in which I was born and educated; the land in which my paternal and maternal ancestors for more than a century and a half have lived and died? Why should I not be loyal to the stars and stripes, the flag that in 1776 waved over a land that declared itself free from the tyranny of an English king; the flag that for more than a quarter of a century has been waving over a race of freedmen whose wrongs the lovers of that flag marched into the very jaws of death in order to right; the flag which before another quarter of a century passes by, I trust shall wave over a land of free women as well as over a land of free men? But with all my love for America, and with all my loyalty to the stars and stripes, I do not regard America as the center round which all the other nations of the world must revolve. America is great, but the world is greater than America. In larger letters than I write the word "America" I write the word "world."

A young German sails from his fatherland to make his home with us. We welcome him as a brother, as we ought to do. This young German leaves a natural brother in the fatherland. This second brother, too, would like to come to us. But he is the stay and support of an aged father and mother. He has assisted his brother to emigrate to America. He himself must remain in the fatherland. Is not the German who remains in the fatherland as much our brother as the German who sails across the Atlantic to our shores? Is the Atlantic so cold and deep and cruel that it buries brotherly love beneath its waves? The religion of humanity answers "No." Oh, Thomas Paine, thou whom Christians delight to dishonor, thou concerning whom the saints of the church consider it a service to their god to lie, thou whom the evangelical church has cursed and reviled above all other men, thou didst strike the keynote of humanitarianism in thy noble words: "The world is my country, to do good is my religion." As one who has read thy works and been baptized with thy spirit, I shall never preach a narrower political creed than "The world is my country." I shall never preach a less noble gospel than "To do good is my religion." I will quote here two other passages that are in harmony with the noble sentiments expressed by Thomas Paine. The first of these quotations is from Kingsley's Alton Locke: "We were all brothers, because we had one work, and one hope and one All-Father." The second quotation is from the Sanskrit: "Is he of my country or a stranger? Such is the calculation of the narrow-minded. The earth itself is the family of the noble-hearted."

It is easier to preach than it is to practice the gospel of humanitarianism. We walk along the street and we pass one of those degraded creatures concerning whom the author of Proverbs says: "Her feet go down to death; Her steps take hold on Sheol!" Instinctively we draw as far away as possible from the hem of her garments should brush against us as we are passing by. We see a saloon and we hurry past lest some drunken wretch should stagger against us with his filthy clothing and foul breath. Virtue shrinks from contact with vice. But the woman from whose touch we recoil is a sister; a degraded sister? Yes, but still a sister. The man from whose presence we would turn away is a lost brother? Yes, but still a brother. The circumstances under which he was born and has lived were less favorable to the development of temperance and sobriety than the circumstances under which we were born and have lived. We have a duty to perform towards the lost and degraded classes of humanity. Our duty is not to sink ourselves to the level of these lost and degraded classes, but to lift these lost and degraded classes to our level. As a society, and as individuals we are earnestly striving to do our duty in this regard? Some months ago I gave an address on the subject: "Another Kind of Brotherhood," in which I endeavored to show that there is kinship between us and the lower animals. The lower animals, the horse, the ox, the sheep and the rest are our younger brothers; they are simply lower down on the road of development than we. Some members of the congregation took offense at this address; they would acknowledge no kinship with the dumb animals. Their kinship was with the gods; not with the beasts of the field. On another occasion, I remarked in an address: "The belief that man is a fallen god fills our souls with despair for the future of the race. The belief that man is a wise ape lifts our souls with hope for the future of the race." And what a look of pain and surprise and contempt came over the face of one person in the audience! In imagination I can still see that look; that person I have never seen since in my audience. She probably went home and told her parents that "that infidel preacher" said that a man was no better than a monkey. Did I dream this, or did the circumstance really occur? You must find out for yourselves. It is that haughty nature of man, that "I am holier than thou" spirit inherited from the past which, having made man loth to acknowledge his kinship with his dumb brothers, also makes him loth to come into contact with his unfortunate and degraded human brothers. We do not need to wallow in the gutter in order to lift up a brother man who has fallen into the gutter. We do not need to barter our chastity in order to help a sister who is unchaste; but we do need to lend a helping hand to the fallen

brother. We do need to whisper a message of sympathy into the ear of the degraded sister. We do need to read from our eyes the veil of pride and selfishness which prevents us from beholding in the fallen brother the possibilities of regenerated manhood and in the degraded sister the possibilities of a regenerated womanhood. The noble sentiment of Terence, "I am a man and nothing that concerns mankind do I deem a matter of indifference to myself," is applicable to mankind in all grades and conditions of life. It is applicable to mankind on native or on foreign shores; to mankind in a state of elevation, or in a state of degradation; to mankind in a condition of virtue or in a condition of vice. I have endeavored to preach to you the gospel of humanitarianism. Shall we be found slothful in practicing the gospel of humanitarianism?

SWEET AND SERIOUS.

The Conductor's Little Dead-head Passenger Had Found Her Mother.

One cold, dreary morning, says the *Texas Siftings*, there was a keen northern blowing as the north-bound train pulled out of the San Antonio, Texas, depot. As the train sped on its way the conductor made his usual tour to collect fares. There were not many passengers on board, and in the last car there was but one. A thin, pale, ragged little girl, with a pinched, white face, occupied one of the seats. She was so busy talking to a rag baby that she was oblivious to the kindly-faced conductor, who looked at her with surprise and amusement.

"Where are your folks, sissy? Who came with you to the train?" "Dolly came with me," she replied in a matter-of-fact manner, holding the doll at arm's length and critically examining her toilet.

"What is your name?" "My name is Fanny, but mamma always called me 'Little Pet.'"

"Where is your mamma—in San Antonio?" "I don't know where she is, but me and Dolly are going to find her. Mamma went away."

"When did your mamma go away?" "A long, long time ago. They put mamma in a long box when she was asleep and she went away on the cars, but me and Dolly will find her."

The conductor sat down on the seat opposite to his little dead-head passenger, and by further questions satisfied himself that the child's mother had died and the remains had been taken to some other town for interment.

"But you don't know where your mamma went," he said.

"Me and Dolly will find mamma; she told me so last night."

"But you told me just now that she went away a long time ago."

"I know; but she came back last night. Mamma kissed me, just like she did before she went away. When they put her in the long box," "mamma," the conductor took one of the child's emaciated hands in his own. Her hand was hot, and there was a feverish flush on her wan cheeks.

"You are not well, sissy. I'll send you back to San Antonio to your papa."

The next moment two thin arms went around his neck, and the child was pleading and sobbing.

"Don't send me back. Let me go with you and find my mamma. That woman will beat me again. Don't send me back, and I'll give you my dolly."

The conductor understood it all. The little half-starved waif was running away from some brutal woman, possibly a cruel stepmother. It was only after he had promised not to send her back that she relaxed her hold on his neck. The conductor fixed her up a nice bed with his overcoat and left her happy, chatting with dolly about "mamma," but two tears rolled down her cheeks as he left the car. Several times during the trip he looked into the car and saw his little dead-head passenger sleeping peacefully, hugging dolly to her breast.

At last the north-bound train crossed the long bridge over the Colorado river and halted at the Austin depot. The south-bound train had already arrived, for here it was that the trains met and the passengers got dinner. The conductor hurried to the dining-room, and in a few minutes returned with a cup of coffee and some delicacies for his little friend. Just as he was entering the car he was hailed by the conductor of the south-bound train, who held a telegram in his hand.

"I say, Tom, is there a girl on your train dead-heading her way?"

"Yes, do you want to know?" was the gruff reply.

"Because I've got a telegram here from the girl's father, telling me to bring back a runaway child."

They entered the car where the fugitive was still sleeping.

"Wake up, little one. Here's some coffee for you."

On the little pinched face was a tear and a smile. "Little Pet" had found her mother.—ALEX. SWEET.

SOLDIERS DRILL.

And That, Too, in the Public Schools.

THE WAR SPIRIT—TRAINED FOR WAR—SPIRIT OF MURDER, WAR SPIRIT OF THE PAST—THE RUFFIAN AND BEAST—RANGING WORDS FROM HUDSON TUTTLE.

Says a New York journal: "The cadets drill every Friday evening for one hour. They go through all the movements with the precision of veterans. On Wednesday evening there are squad drills for those lately recruited. For the last month the cadets have been drilling in battalion, and are making great progress in that line. A great many of the cadets, on attaining the age limit, enter the companies of the regiment."

Who are these cadets who drill so admirably and are held up as patterns for emulation? Schoolboys in the schools! Why do they put on uniforms with all the gaud of gilt buttons and braid, and by practice learn to become machines, moving at the word of command!

That they may catch the war spirit and when men grown become soldiers. Why do they practice with guns, swords and bayonets? That they may learn how best to use them in killing those who oppose them. They are trained for war, which is another name for murder. Their training engenders the spirit of murder. Constant exercise with weapons of destruction fosters the desire to use them, and thus the war spirit grows strong.

The introduction of military drill into the schools is a relic of barbarism. This nation has no need of trained soldiers. We have no fear of barbarian invasion. If just, we need have no fear of war with other nations. Trained soldiers are a menace to our liberties; we have no use for them except as we contend among ourselves.

The war spirit is of the past, and should be frowned upon whenever and wherever it intrudes. So far from training our children to strut as soldiers, we ought to teach them that war is a crime against humanity and the glamour and renown of the warrior least desirable. Parents give their children toy pistols, toy guns, swords and drums, soldier caps, and are amused with their relish for rude things. The little four-year-old boy points his pistol and snaps at this one and that, and flourishes his sword as if cutting off flames and heads. When grown up, these actions would send him to jail. The ruffian and beast is cultivated at the expense of the gentleness of love, and human life made cheap in estimation. The child has the interests and desires of the savage, because it begins where the race began and develops into civilized estate. Hence it delights in the trappings and follies of the savage age. To gratify it is to retard its progress, or possibly unchangingly fix its desires in the savage plane.

The object of true education is to evolve the mind of the child to the moral and spiritual as rapidly as growth will allow. Hence objects of that higher life should be given to attract and instruct, and not the bows, arrows, swords and guns of the murderous ages of the past. These have one suggestion, and one only—to use, and their use means suffering. The child, aiming his toy gun at an imaginary bird, has its destruction in his thoughts. He lets fly his tiny arrow at a fancied enemy, or a twittering sparrow, to give them pain. There is not a single relieving feature, or gratification of other than of the brutal faculties.

It would be better if all toys of this description were forbidden by law, if parents cannot be educated to the terrible wrong they inflict on the children by such gifts. Then have no more training soldiers in the public schools, nor as private enterprises. Let children be trained to preserve life, not to take it; to administer to suffering, not to inflict it; to be spiritual, not brutal; civilized, not savage. H. T.

Maj. Geo. Chorpennning.

Passed to a calm and peaceful rest and a happy home "on the other shore," from New York City, April 4, 1894, Maj. George Chorpennning, long a prominent and earnest advocate of the cause of Spiritualism in Washington, D. C., and in this city. He was a firm believer in the glorious communion of spirit friends and the grand fact that there is no death, and thus were his last hours blessed with a peaceful departure and the glad assurance that he would be able to return and care for the dear ones left behind. The funeral services were held at the residence of our kind and noble sister, Mrs. M. E. Williams, 232 West 46th street, and were conducted by Brother Wilson McDonald, assisted by Mrs. M. E. Williams and Mrs. M. L. Wallace, all paying loving and loyal tributes to the worth of our departed brother, who, "though lost to sight," seemed in "our very midst," and "to many of us," as through the Spiritual vision of Mrs. Williams we were made aware of his spirit presence. CORNIE H. SUTER, 319 W. 54th street, New York, N. Y.

THE CLOISTER BEACON OR THE CURSE OF THE CONVENT.

CHAPTER XII.

Isabel Returns to Kirton Manor.

["The Night the Light Went Out"] was a most remarkable story, founded on absolute facts as testified to by a prominent gentleman of this city. We commenced in No. 225 the publication of its companion piece, the scenes being laid in England. It is by Hammond Ellis, of the *Agnes Journal*, London. We are sure it will prove of great interest to our numerous readers. All new yearly or trial subscribers will get "The Night the Light Went Out" free.]

Three days passed ere John, monarch of England, regained his sight; and the craven king, who prayed and wept and vowed reformation in affliction, in health resumed his former tyranny, and proclaimed his will that he, with all his retinue, should straightway depart for Winchester.

Then sank the heart of Isabel within her, for she feared lest Cyrrangon had not read her destiny aright. Nothing, at such late moment, she argued, could prevent one so powerful as John from carrying out his expressed determination that she (Isabel) should accompany the Court to Winchester. The visionary had told her, too, a new trial awaited but its hour to strike, and who should say how soon, or in what form, sorrow would fall?

De Brabancon's fate was still wrapt in mystery; yet not one of the courtiers who thronged the gates of Windeshore inquired into the cause of his disappearance. They deemed his absence to be the consequence of their monarch's will, and prudently forbore remark. Had he not forfeited all claim to their regard in that he had displeased his king? Thus argued such as bestowed a thought upon him; and he whom many present had been proud to call by the name of friend might, for all his comrades cared, languish in a prison cell even till death might release him without one voice being exerted in his cause, without one hand being raised to succor him.

And this occurred in a Christian land, at a time when priests and prelates vaunted the glory of their Church, and boasted its power to save and protect. Vain glory and hypocrisy! If it were asked which of all systems that have yet existed is responsible for most cruelty and injustice, it must be surely answered: The Christian one. If it were asked who of all tyrants has inflicted most wrong—most sullied human purity; whose hands are reddest with the blood of his fellowmen—blood poured forth at the altar's foot beneath the shadow of the mocking crozier—it must be surely answered: The Christian priest! The Christian priesthood has corrupted a beautiful world by preaching its own false doctrines, rather from the throne than from the rostrum and the temple—that Christian priesthood has crushed out the laws of nature, to substitute its own, the laws devised by tyranny and wrong, framed to encompass its own ends, to gratify its own pride, and to ensure its own revenge!

Yet all are not wolves that guard the fold, and there are exceptions to the general rule—men, even among the priesthood, whose merits entitle them to an honorable place in the records of their country. And, in the cause of our heroine, one whose influence had ever been exerted on mercy's side, and whose virtues, no less than his abilities, rendered him an example for his brotherhood, was about to succor the oppressed: for the sympathies of Hubert Fitz-Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury, had been enlisted by an unknown friend in behalf of Isabel and Roland de Brabancon.

But to return to Windeshore. Isabel, well-nigh despairing, was making preparations to attend Queen Eleanor to her litter, when she beheld her uncle, the Abbot, enter the courtyard. Well she knew his errand was to solicit the king to yield her to his care, and again a ray of hope animated her bosom.

Upon Alexander making known his desire to hold converse with the king, an audience, even at the moment preceding John's departure from Windeshore, was granted; for, although he had no real veneration for the Church, the King of England possessed, in common with the times, a degree of superstition which led him to assume an appearance of regard for men and things ecclesiastic—a result of policy rather than forbearance.

"What wouldst thou with us, holy father, now? Make known thy will, I pray thee; albeit methinks the hour we have prepared to set out upon our journey is an ill time for doing so." And the Abbot might have augured, as prophesying failure for his enterprise, the cloud which gathered on the monarch's brow.

"I would, sir," said the priest, "that thou permit my niece, Isabel de Clere, to quit the court, and depart with me for Kirton; the Lady Margaret is in extremis, and would bless her child ere heaven demand her soul."

And indeed it was so. The king had refused to yield Isabel unto her father—had despised the dying request of the Lady Margaret de Clere, who fain would see her child. Little did our heroine dream that such had been the case, even in the sore straits to which she had been driven. That sorrow had been spared her; in her hour of deliverance it was to fall.

"Methinks," continued John, "thy brother doth betray presumption, in that he hath persistently endeavored to change our avowed purpose. Best caution him, good father, that the royal clemency will not brook his too importunate demands."

"Sir, not the Lord of Kirton, but heaven's humble servant, importunes thee now. Consider, the Lady Margaret hath but short time to live, and grant, I pray thee, that her daughter may quit the Court."

"It cannot be," replied the king, decisively. "Thou hast our answer, Abbot; the Lady Isabel must to Winchester with our train." And, haughtily waving his hand, John motioned the Abbot to depart.

"Yet one moment, sire," returned the priest calmly, at the same time drawing a packet from his breast. "Thou hast refused to deliver Isabel de Clere unto her father, the Lord of Kirton; thou hast refused to yield her unto me, her uncle, the humble Abbot of a holy lane; wilt thou resign her to the Primate of all England, who here makes known his wish?" And Alexander, the Abbot, presented to John, the King, the missive which Hubert Fitz-Walter had written.

The monarch was for a moment speechless with rage. In such unsettled times, when he had embarked in a quarrel with Pope Innocent, and had found cause to repent his rashness, he dared not refuse the Primate's demand; besides—and again superstition served to quell his tyrannous nature—might not Hubert Fitz-Walter, invested as he was with more than usual power, through his (the king's) folly in contending with the authority of the Pontiff, might not Hubert Fitz-Walter, if he opposed his will, go so far as to compass his excommunication? All this entered the mind of John as he perused the Archbishop's letter. The probability of the last-mentioned circumstance being effected decided him; for, had he been a firm upholder of the church, he could not have experienced a greater dread than filled his soul at the thought of the "awful curse of Rome." And so he consented to yield Isabel unto her uncle's care, on condition that she should rejoin the Court when his visit to Winchester should end.

Meanwhile the king's retinue had stood apart, wondering what could be the urgent business that thus induced their monarch to grant so long an audience to the Abbot, at a time when his Majesty was on the point of quitting the Castle.

Isabel, wavering between hope and fear, stood from the crowd aloof. She knew, her heart told her, that her uncle's presence was connected in some way with his desire that she should leave the Court. Would she be suffered to do so? Surely, yes; for had not Cyrrangon the Drac said it? But then Cyrrangon had bidden her prepare for a new sorrow: was this new sorrow connected with her home? It must be so, since she had had no opportunity of communicating with the Abbot. What, then, but some terrible misfortune at Kirton could have led him hither—sickness, perhaps death; and the maiden could scarce repress the sighs which arose in her tortured heart as she mentally resolved that, should she reach once more her peaceful home, no earthly power should lure her to the Court again. Better, she meditated, better even the cloister than this terrible abode. "Oh! my sister," she murmured low, "thine, not mine, was the better choice, and thine the purer hope!"

At that moment Alexander advanced, bearing the joyful news that the king had given permission for her to quit the Court. Scarcely realizing the meaning his words conveyed, and almost fainting from the reaction caused by the sudden news, Isabel de Clere was led by the Abbot from the courtyard. As one in a dream she left it; but when she realized she was indeed safe without the Castle walls, safe on her road to Kirton, the heart so overcharged with grief found relief in a flood of tears.

Thus faded Isabel de Clere's ambitious dreams. She, who had imagined the Court to be the centralization of happiness, had found only misery attending it. She, who once believed that only in the gay world could she realize the light and joy of life, bailed gratefully the day which enabled her to renounce it; and she, who had set out with hope for her emblem, ambition for her guiding star, returned, ere one short year had passed away, her childhood fled, the sunshine which should have dawned upon her early womanhood all clouded in night, her dream of love dashed ruthlessly from her, and the visions which her soul had nursed of a land of light and hope had faded for aye!

And the stricken maiden awakened from her dream of glory to find it—a dream indeed!

CHAPTER XIII.

The Primate of All England and the British Faid.

Now that we have placed our heroine in safety, we will leave her for awhile, to inquire the cause which led the Primate to befriending her. Need we say it was the mysterious Cyrrangon who had conveyed to the Primate information of the sore straits in which Isabel de Clere languished? That it was not strange the Archbishop should exert himself in the cause of an unprotected maiden, especially when that maiden was a relative of the Abbot of St. Augustine, the reader will at once divine; but that he should do so at the instigation of Cyrrangon the Briton, a man who openly expressed his scorn of the tenets of the Christian Church, will appear somewhat singular. We will, therefore, in this chapter, endeavor to give some solution of the mystery.

When last we saw the Druid he was on his way to Canterbury. Arrived there, he at an early hour presented himself at the Archbishop's palace, and demanded audience of the Primate, who had, he knew, arrived a few hours before from a conference at Lambeth.

The noble demeanor of the Briton, commanding as it did the respect of the attendants, served to gain him speedy admission; and in short time Cyrrangon the Bard, Cyrrangon the Druid, Cyrrangon the Astrologer, Prophet, and Magician, stood face to face with Hubert Fitz-Walter, Primate of all England.

With calm aspect, and eye that flinched not beneath the stern gaze of the Churchman, Cyrrangon stood the prouder of the twain.

A strange contrast they presented as they met together in the archiepiscopal abode: the representative of a priesthood whose power, long since departed, had left scarce a trace of its past mystic rites, except a few stones commemorating, like gigantic monuments, the temples raised in years so long gone by that the date of erection has faded tradition; and the Churchman, whose power at its height, reigned like a monarch on his consecrated throne, and swayed all England with the symbols of his faith, the mitre, and the cross. The Druid broke the silence, and calmly and forcibly related unto his noble listener the story of Roland de Brabancon's arrest and Isabel's despair, at the same time entreating for them the Archbishop's protection.

"And what is Isabel de Clere to thee that thou shouldst constitute thyself her defender?" asked the Primate. "Methinks, and if the Lord of Kirton's daughter is in jeopardy, she hath still friends who hold both the power and the will to save her."

"Not when he that persecuteth her wearth a crown, my Lord. The golden scepter can repel all aid but thine, who only art beyond its power. In the Lady Isabel de Clere I see a maid oppressed, whose father rendered me; when I was helpless, the hospitality of his manor; and I would fain, now fate affords me opportunity, repay an act of kindness. My Lord, for the honor of the Church which thou upholdest, let me not plead in vain the cause of injured innocence."

"Enough," rejoined the Archbishop; "our interest in the family of De Clere is great, and we will succor the maiden. The Abbot of St. Augustine shall at once set out for Windeshore, there to make known unto the king our wish that he shall yield the Lady Isabel unto her uncle's care. For the knight we must reject thy intercession; for aught we know, he may have transgressed the law, and though our monarch may have incurred the displeasure of Holy Church, she yet will not dispute the right he holds to rule his subjects, and to uphold his own as well as his country's dignity."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Invisible One.

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

"Three?" Four! but the eldest you have not seen; She left this country where we abide, One year when the willows were blushing green And the wild-flowers peeped from the south hillside.

It was—more than a round decade ago! Why, yes! now I reckon it to a day, It is thirteen years, when hepaticos blow, Since the little maiden went away.

"Where?" Up to a safer land than this: There are wiser guides for their little souls In that fair country. We mortals miss Our aims so often—our dream-built goals, We think to reach them to demi-gods, And sweet Madonna, like Mary's self, By some mischance we may make them clods; Or common devils for earthly peit.

"These three are comely?" Indeed they are. As well-limbed children as oft are seen, Glynna, dark and boyish, Emmet fair, And Madge, she is tallest, in between. The other sister they have not seen, So the face of the angel-child must be To their young fancies a heavenly queen Half veiled in a shining mystery.

They see her chair and her old time toys; They know her earth name was Emma Clair.

But the thoughts about her of girl and boy Are vague as hazy dawn in air. Her liquid eyes and her dainty hair, Her flower-like fingers—ah! well-a-day!—She keeps her winsomeness over there And my four will meet, face to face, some day.

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FROM MATTIE E. HULL.

She is at San Jose, California.

TO THE EDITOR:—I was urged, when we left our recent fields of labor, to report through the columns of your widely-circulated journal, as soon as we had reached the "Land of the Setting Sun," and fairly launched into the work. I know how you are crowded for space, and that more attractive pens than mine are necessarily confined to close quarters when making records for your wideawake "THINKER," and I will try to be modest in my demands, though much might be told.

I desire to date my notes previous to the starting on our journey, which was in all respects, a most delightful one. I want to say that the "good speeds," and dear words, expressed over and over again, filled our souls with thankfulness, and courage, when we left the Hoosier State, where our labors were confined for so many weeks. Dear friends, many times we have sent you our kindest thoughts, and would make you feel that your sympathy and encouragement have been helps to us in more ways than we can express.

We reached our destination Sunday A. M., April 1st, and considering that we had been nearly five days on the train, we were in excellent condition. We were met, on our arrival, by Dr. Dobson and family. These friends were once co-workers with us in the East, and we did not feel "like orphans thousands of miles from home" (as we had on some former occasions) when they extended the hand of welcome, and made us feel we were among old friends.

We had just time to wash, dress, and eat our dinner, before it was time to go to meeting. I thought, as our Moses started out in his work, in two hours from the time we reached our field of labor, that the Christians who had reported he had been "stricken by death," would see a lively corpse, if they entered the beautiful hall where the Spiritualists congregate from Sunday to Sunday.

Much might be said concerning the work here, the demands of the Spiritualists, etc., but I will not approach on your time or space. Suffice it to say, that the work opens gloriously, and we trust may have a genuine revival during the two months of our stay in this beautiful city. We were greeted by a fine audience in the afternoon, and at night more were out than could be comfortably seated in the hall. We were accorded a most cordial reception, and we are sanguine of success, as far as the meetings are concerned.

We are the guests of the Dobson family while here. Dr. Dobson is responsible for our work in this city at the present time. He is called in your journal "a marvelous man," and if your readers were in his home twenty-four hours, they would think he was rightly named. We knew him when he was in Iowa; he had an immense practice, but it has increased since he came to California, until, as his books show, he has thirty thousand patients, and every part of the world is represented on his list. There is not a harder worker in our ranks than Dr. Dobson; he is generous with his means; not only has he assisted in many ways those of his own faith, who needed help, but irrespective of creed and belief, he has extended aid without stint to those who have been needy, and in many instances he has given to those who sought to injure him. Through "good and evil report" he has pursued the even tenor of his way, apparently caring as little for praise as censure.

Mrs. Dobson, whose name has frequently appeared in your journal, is a faithful worker in the cause. She is a fine impressionable medium, and in a quiet way is doing a vast amount of good. She will be heard from in the future, in regard to a plan she is contemplating in connection with a mediums' home. I believe I have not seen a Spiritualist since my arrival that has not made reference to the THINKER. You must have an immense list of Californians among your subscribers. We see its bright face wherever we go, and it always seems, though we had met an old friend.

I must draw to a close, but before I drop my pen, I desire to thank our friends, wherever they are, for their messages (will answer as I have time), and say we will serve the cause to the best of our ability. Mr. Hull seems fully restored, and with renewed interest, if possible, were consecrate and rededicate ourselves to the great work before us.

Wishing you, Brother Francis, continual success, and that your readers may each and all become progressive in their thinking, I am as ever

MATTIE E. HULL.

230 North Sixth street, San Jose, Cal.

E. V. Wilson.

TO THE EDITOR:—The appeal made by Brother E. V. Wilson, of Jamestown, N. Y., in behalf of Mrs. E. V. Wilson, should be met with a hearty response. I wrote Brother Sprague to follow up his appeal with a request to our platform speakers to give a talk on the life and work of E. V. Wilson, the proceeds to go to Mrs. Wilson from such a benefit. An evening with E. V. Wilson would be spent most profitably in an intellectual way. Such a treat would not only be enjoyed by Spiritualists but would prove educational to the investigator. Such speakers as Willard J. Hull, Moses Hull, Lyman C. Howe and hosts of others throughout the country, besides our brilliant array of talent among the ladies, such as Helen Stuart Richings, Dr. Ada Sheehan, Mrs. DeWolf, Mrs. Zadie Kates, Mrs. Lillie, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and others, to volunteer their services for this grand undertaking, which should be encouraged by the Spiritualistic press. Mediums are not forgotten in this noble work; let those who can, hold a seance for this purpose and remit the amount to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, through which the sums received, and from whom, will be acknowledged. Let the movement be inaugurated at once, and entered into with an enthusiasm leading to success.

Dayton, O. GEO. C. STOLL.

A Wonderful Healer.

TO THE EDITOR:—There is great excitement in this historical and unique city over the apparently miraculous cures of Pedro Jaramillo, a so-called Mexican agent, whose wonderful healing power has created quite a stir among our citizens, and not only the Mexican population, but many Americans of high standing. He is commonly called "Don Pedro" and is probably between fifty-five and sixty years of age. He was born in Guadalajara, Mexico, has resided in Star county a number of years and has been in the city of San Antonio for several weeks. His dwelling is a small and very dilapidated hut located on El Paso street, about one mile from the center of the city. The door is the only opening and ropes are stretched from it making a passage sixty or seventy feet long, through which the afflicted pass. The street is crowded with vehicles, and a solid stream of hacks, wagons, carriages and pedestrians continually goes back and forth. There are from one hundred to two hundred always in the passage leading to the door. All kinds of ailments are represented in the line, some blind, some crippled, some crazy, and others afflicted with chronic diseases, and the solemnity which prevails shows that all are imbued with implicit faith in his power. Many not being able to see him the first day remain in line all night, sleeping on the cold ground. He administers to the Americans in the morning, and the Mexicans in the afternoon, and spends the night visiting those who are unable to come to him. He makes no charge whatever, and attends to the poorest beggar even more promptly than the banker, and indignantly refuses money when offered him. He hardly takes time to eat or sleep, spending about twenty hours out of the twenty-four in this grand, charitable work. He never gives medicine, and does not often shake hands, but tells you to do some simple thing, as eat three apples the three succeeding days, drink a glass of hot (or cold) water every day for five days, a peacan each day of the week until a specified time, etc. He emphatically says, when asked about his power: "It is God's work, not mine."

He has effected complete cures of very bad cases among the best known citizens in San Antonio, and is considered by all his patients as a phenomenon. Within the last three days he has administered to 962 afflicted people—409 Americans and 553 Mexicans—by actual count, and he averages about 300 per day. He says he will make a tour of Santa Rosa Hospital next week, and promises to restore to health every afflicted person there.

His home is at Paisano, Star county, Texas, and he will prescribe free to every afflicted person sending a self-addressed envelope, symptoms to be written in Spanish, absolutely free. He claims to heal as effectively this way as by an interview.

The cures may be attributed to faith, imagination or spirit power, but they are wonderful indeed, and the highest reward must surely be his in the world to come for his grand work.

R. S. TAYLOR.

San Antonio, Texas.

A Benefit Seance.

TO THE EDITOR:—On the evening of April 3rd, the controls of Prof. Charles W. Steward and wife tendered a seance for the benefit of Mrs. Mary E. Wilson, widow of E. V. Wilson, well-known to all Spiritualists either in the capacity of a medium during his earthly life, or as a control or guide since his advent into the Spiritual existence.

While the financial results are not as large as it was hoped they would be, the spiritual manifestations were all and more than expected, and all present were much pleased and benefited by the evening's entertainment.

Among the many spirit friends participating in the demonstrations were E. V. Wilson, Robert Dale Owen, James A. Garfield and Daniel Steward, father of the medium. This last named spirit was during forty years of his earthly life a shouting Methodist class-leader, and having learned better, he is now doing all in his power to prevent others from following in his footsteps, and takes great delight in answering the questions of honest investigators. The comedy features of the entertainment were supplied by Grey Eagle, who is about the wittiest Indian spirit that ever manifested at a seance; and Pat, a galvanized Irishman, the two last named being controls of Mrs. Steward. Of course the entire seance was under the supervision of Johnny Cummings, the principal control of Prof. Steward. Anyone who has attended a seance given by Prof. Steward will remember Johnny Cummings and his method of conducting a circle: "No foolishness and no fortune-telling."

The spirit friends of E. V. Wilson have taken a deep interest in the affairs of his family, and are anxious to assist them in their time of need; and they earnestly request all kindly disposed mediums throughout the country to hold seances for their benefit. Surely no man ever did more for the cause of Spiritualism than E. V. Wilson, and there is not a denizen of the Spirit-world who is more earnest in his endeavors to enlighten the mortal mind regarding the truth of the Spiritual philosophy. All true Spiritualists should be willing to render assistance to the loved ones whom he was obliged to leave poorly supplied with worldly wealth.

G. L. S.

Denver, Col.

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What I Saw "Over There."

I read last night of those who went
Up to the gate, and which was sent
To rest in fire, or freeze in cold,
And which had crown and harp of gold.
And when I laid my puzzled head
Upon my pillow, something said:
"Reverse the glass; now change the scene
And show what is not might have been."
Then darkness changed to glowing light,
And this strange vision met my sight:
There came another aged pair,
She with pale cheek and snow-white hair;
No fraud or humbug disguised her,
But faded his hair and whiskers were;
And there, as here, the man ahead,
With lordly air his good wife led;
He thought—"I'm sure to tell the truth—
Gabriel would like a dashing youth.
His voice was very harsh and loud,
As, hurrying onward through the crowd,
In haste to gain the golden crown,
And with the ransomed sit him down.
His patient wife, with faltering step,
Behind her lord and master crept;
And not a whisper stirred the air
From the "weak woman" following there.
Not even when, with tone of pride,
He said—"Just pausing by its side:
"Why don't the angels move that gate?
You know I never like to wait
When I am tired; give me a chair—
And, Susan Jane, you stand right there!"
None offered him the seat desired;
Nor seemed to care if he was tired.
A space he paused; then tried again
The shining entrance to attain;
He spoke once more, but not so loud—
His manner was a bit less proud.
His lordliness seemed all in vain;
Then spoke he thus, in tone of pain:
"Pray let me pass—I long to rest
With the redeemed on Jesus' breast."
"What did you do? Now tell me straight,
Before you pass this pearly gate,
What did you do?" St. Peter cries.
The man looked up in great surprise,
"Now, good St. Peter, let me in;
While on the earth I did no sin;
I led my family through the world,
Even when Satan's darts were hurled,
I went to church, and sang, and prayed,
And with the holy brethren stayed:
I never missed one sermon time,
And took the pastor home to dine;
I stood a pillar in the church,
Nor soiled my soul with labor's smirch.
Who kept me? why, my worldly wife
And six good children; all my strife
Was over means to save the soul,
And how their lives I might control;
And in my closet every day
Six hours, for them, I'd kneel and pray.
Yes; once I asked my wife to go
With me to church, but it was so
That one of us at home must stay—
Was it not best that I should pray?
Women should be silent; be St. Paul
Gave us that lesson once for all.
My family lacked not for food,
But oftentimes, for want of wood
My wife would go—"twas no expense—
And pull the bark from off the fence.
I'm sure it was no more than right
For her to keep my linen white.
I prayed for her at gospel feast,
And never missed the very least
Of all the church commands to do.
Now, good St. Peter, let me through—
And lest the angels do not know
Just how I like to have things go,
Let Susan Jane come in; she'll work—
She never yet was called a shirk;
And she can show them just the way
I like my Sunday dinner. Say,
You will let Susan Jane go, too?
She's not religious, it is true,
But I've been such a pious man,
And lived as any elder can,
Prayed, shouted, sung, exhorted, talked;
Along the "ragged edge" I've walked;
I know I'm perfect; let me in,
And give the crown I worked to win."

St. Peter stood without a word
All through the long harangue, nor stirred;
But spoke in tone as hard as fate:
"You've testified, alas, too late!
Joining the church will never do.
The work it needs to take you through
Was left undone: by words alone
The harp and crown were never won;
You never gave the hungry bread,
Nor made the orphan smile," he said;
"You never dried the mourner's tear;
We do not want such Christians here."
Then called an usher from the throng,
And bade him: "Take that man along,
And as you go, direct him well
Along the road that leads to Hell—
We do not want him; go, I say,
And quickly show him on the way."
So, looking neither left nor right,
He started off, as well he might.
The patient woman started too—
"Stop!" cried St. Peter; "That won't do!
Just go within—you need not wait,"
As open swung the pearly gate.
On entering there, she found a rest,
And heavenly peace within her breast;
The starry crown, the harp of gold
Was hers while "endless ages" rolled,
For those who labor win the prize—
That "heavenly mansion" in the skies.

UOL SEVI.

The Progressive Thinker.

Published weekly at No. 40 Loomis street,
Chicago, Ill. Every Spiritualist should have
this paper. Every advanced thinker should
subscribe for it; in fact the whole world
would be greatly improved if it could be
read by each family circle. Terms ONE DOL-
LAR per year. Sent three months for 25c.

Rights of Man, by Thomas Paine. Com-
prising an answer to Burke's attack on the
French Revolution, and giving Paine's ideas
on government. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cts.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

To Those American Citizens Who Think Wisely and Think Well.

There are many sides to cliques, clans and creeds, but in our government there should be but one side, and that should be the true spirit of universal manifestation without regard to individual position.

Intellectual liberty is always freighted with universal love, as it is the highest gift from God bestowed on mortals, and, as our government is of the divine or diffusion spirit, so our religion and our politics should be based on a universal scale of administration, and as the offspring of mental freedom is the parent of this government, it is easy to discern why we read on so many standards that "Taxation without representation is tyranny," and "Opposition to tyranny is obedience to God."

Let us test the true metal of our citizens by the constitutional right to adjust the mistakes that are made and many suffer under, by allowing individual interests to destroy the perpetuation of equal taxation of all property in our country by corporations, either religious or otherwise.

We ask that equal taxation be levied on all property owned by any individual or corporation, and thereby greatly lessen the burdens of the individual, sharing equally in the benefits of taxation, and enable the government, by the surplus received on property not now taxed, to increase our internal improvements by governmental work and to give employment to the populations that all governments are throwing upon us, and to help to save our cities from the flood-tide of idlers and criminals.

As our religious teachers and political aspirants loudly proclaim their love to humanity, let us ask them to join in this universal movement. If they are sincere and really desire to benefit the universal condition of society, let them show their zeal by insisting that all property be taxed in unison with the spirit of this government, and that selfish individual interests shall cease to exist, for the time will soon come when individual interests must be turned into universal equality. We could but notice, in the recent growth of the city through annexation, the effort of some of our officers to divide our city into wards, the individual effort to monopolize and to hold certain portions of the city subject to corporations regardless of the interest and wishes of the masses of the people in such localities, and this, too, after the lapse of years of teachings of the righting of all wrongs by the ballot.

The intrigues of individual interest in the political parties must cease; they should have only the universal good of our people at heart, using their best judgment, free from political intrigue and individual aspirations, with the true spirit of '76 firmly imbedded in the mentality of every official servant who occupies a position where the interests of the people are involved. With these there should be but one interest made manifest, and that interest the universal interest of every citizen within our land, in the perpetuation of a purer administration, which shall stand above all sordid clans, cliques, rings and creeds.

America, in its childhood, possessing the germs, when once executed in its fullness, will unfold the highest and best conditions for every individual who may be fortunate enough to become a citizen of these United States.

Let us move upon our political rights. Let us be above the individual power of those who would buy and sell the votes of our brothers for individual purposes, looking only to the interests of our country; that interest should be to remove intrigue in whatever place it may be manifest, which would take away free thought, free speech and individual liberty.

As citizens obeying and loving the beauties embodied in our constitution, let our motto be—America and liberty forever.

RUFUS H. BARTLETT, M. D.

Bishop A. Beals at Milwaukee.

TO THE EDITOR:—I find the spiritual cause here in a healthy and flourishing condition, under the efficient direction of Brother Nick, whose zeal and earnestness is a power in itself, and would insure any cause of less importance than Spiritualism a degree of success not otherwise given. He and his good wife are a host in themselves, and give a healthful impetus to the cause that lacks the assistance; and their hospitable home, of which I am a guest, is a haven of repose to the pilgrim and stranger that comes within their gates. Much of the present success of the cause here is directly due to the earnest work of Brother Nick, and to his judgment and tact in securing proper speakers and mediums to serve them on their platform; and he has won the right to the position he occupies as leader. The forty-sixth anniversary held here Saturday and Sunday was a grand success, and reflects great credit on the officers of the society for giving so fine a programme. The social and dance Saturday evening was attended by a large company of old and young, and the banquet served was a great credit to the ladies of the society. Brother Rothermel, the celebrated phenomenal medium, is here and doing a good work, convincing the skeptic and satisfying the doubter; and his presence on my platform as a clairvoyant medium is a great assistance in my work here. The factions that have sprung up here since the First Society was organized have done very little injury to the First Society, and will no doubt be an incentive to more zealous work among both parties, and a final coming together in good fellowship as one society; for these brothers and sisters in the spiritual cause have no just reason to work in opposition to each other, but rather to learn to bear and forbear with each other, and to hold up the banner of fraternal sympathy and good will to all the world as the new religion of man.

Let us, as Spiritualists, learn to practice charity and toleration, and to remember that the greatest of these is charity.

BISHOP A. BEALS.

The Northwestern Spiritualists' Association at Twin City Park.

The camp grounds of the Northwestern Spiritualists' Association is situated near the State Fair Grounds adjoining Como Park, between the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn. It lies within one half mile of Lake Como, and has a gently rolling surface covered with beautiful shade trees, and is an inviting spot to spend a month for pleasure and profit. The camp for 1894 will be in session the full month of July.

The talent engaged for this occasion stand high as representatives of Liberalism and pure Spiritualism. The Hon. L. V. Moulton, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is engaged for the full month. He will officiate in the capacity of chairman of the meeting and deliver an occasional address upon the higher teachings of Spiritualism.

Below is a copy of the letter accepting engagement.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., April 5, 1894.
I have set aside the entire month of July as engaged for the coming camp of the Northwestern Association, and I will make all necessary arrangements to be with you. I will, also, do all in my power to make the meeting a success, and further the progress of a cause that I believe contains the elements of a saving force in society, through which only can we avoid reverting backward toward barbarism in the near future.

Very respectfully,

L. V. MOULTON.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Willard J. Hull, Helen Stuart-Richings, J. Olegg Wright, Dr. Adah Sheehan and Oscar A. Edgerly are engaged as speakers.

Edgar W. Emerson, of Manchester, N. H., and F. Corden White, of Chicago, Ill., will occupy the platform as test mediums. William A. Mansfield, the gentleman, scholar and slate medium, will be with us the full month. Elsie Reynolds, of San Francisco, Cal., and Bessie Aspinwall, of Minneapolis, will be in attendance as materializing mediums.

Hugh R. Moore, possessed of rare gifts as a medium, is engaged for the month. A Campbell, the medium through whose organism fine works of art are produced, in a letter says: "I am engaged at Cassadaga for the full time of their camp, but as you are earlier, I will try and spend the month with you."

Prof. A. B. Severance, of Milwaukee, who as a psychometrist is so well and favorably known, will be with us to interest the people in the line of progress as he represents it. We also announce Prof. W. M. Lockwood for a course of scientific lectures. One prominent in the work says he is one of the ablest representatives and exponents of the highest phase of Spiritualism. Home talent from both cities, which is varied, will assist in the mediumistic work.

A chorus of four voices, accompanied by instrumental music, will be furnished by the well and favorably known Professor Paul Zumbach, of St. Paul, who has been engaged for the month.

In behalf of the committee and those chosen to superintend the management of the camp, a cordial invitation is extended to the mediums of the Northwest to meet with us and help to advance the cause of truth, for it is the universal feeling from all interested that in each and every case nothing will be left undone to make this occasion one of importance to the cause of Spiritualism.

The Twin Cities contain a population of four hundred thousand, wide-awake and progressive people, large numbers being in sympathy with the liberal and spiritual thought, and it only remains to be properly presented to gain the confidence of a larger class of followers.

The new location is a desirable one for this purpose; the grounds are owned by one who is interested in the progress of the cause, and they can be secured as a permanent home for the Spiritualists of the Northwest. The buildings and tent floors belonging to the Association have been moved from the Merrimac Island to this new location, and operations will soon be begun putting the ground in readiness for the coming camp. Located as we are between the two cities, with the talent we have engaged, and the interest manifested in this direction, it will secure a large attendance. All interested in the cause of human progress should improve the present opportunity and spend the month at Twin City Park.

Any inquiries upon the matter will be cheerfully responded to by communicating with R. U. D. Evans, recording secretary, 674 Edmund street, St. Paul, or N. C. Westerfield, corresponding secretary, 319 New York Life Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Complete circulars and programs will be issued at an early date, giving full information in regard to all matters pertaining to the camp, and forwarded to all parties whose names we have on our list.

WM. E. WHEELLOCK, President, Northwestern Spiritualists Association.

Dr. J. M. Temple's Wonderful Tests.

TO THE EDITOR:—It was my good fortune to be present with the St. Louis Spiritualists' Society at Howard's hall, last Sunday, and to listen to Dr. J. M. Temple's most wonderful tests, and I must say they were as good as I have ever heard given from the spiritual platform. He was a perfect stranger in this city, and could not possibly have known any person in the hall, yet he gave tests for about half an hour, and every one of them was recognized, as he personated the spirits and gave their full names and descriptions. Dr. Temple has now opened up parlors at 2326 Olive street, where he holds test séances twice a week. I have been to one of those séances, and everybody in the room got a most remarkable test, though some of them were very skeptical—they have to acknowledge the truth when they get it in such a positive way as Dr. Temple always gives it. He has also formed a circle of sensitives and is developing

them into mediums. Dr. Temple is well liked here, as he is a good medium and also a man of good habits and pleasant disposition.

They have a very fine society here. Mrs. Carrie Twing is filling this month's engagement with very good results. She is a fine speaker and a very good medium, and is very well liked here by the people and the Spiritualist Society of St. Louis.

C. H. JELLSSETT.

A Ripe Life.

John Otis Bently of North Milton, Saratoga county, N. Y., passed to eternal youth and life on Sunday, April 8th, from his old home on the farm where he was born ninety-nine years, five months and eleven days ago. His father purchased the land from the Indians and cleared it and built a log house, in which he lived, but which was torn down and a better house erected in which the son was born. This was in time deserted for a larger and better one, and now the son who so nearly saw his century close has left the worn-out house of his body for "one eternal in the heavens."

He had seen wonderful changes in the surrounding country. Working at one time as a carpenter he helped to build the first hotel at Saratoga Springs. Always ready to catch the most advanced thought of the day, he became one of the earliest converts to modern Spiritualism, and for over forty years its light had been in his path, brightening all his clouds of sorrow. His wife and seven daughters had gone before him to the Summerland, and but one child, a son (who bears his father's name), remains in the old home, made sacred by so many memories.

Although he had lived so long on earth he had never grown old in spirit. He had the keenest interest in progressive ideas and all affairs of the day. He voted at the last presidential election. He lived his Spiritualism in a life peaceful, clean and true, and the memory of it, left with those who knew him, is infinitely better than the costliest monument that could be erected.

He will be greatly missed, for, with his activity and happy spirit, he was always welcomed and welcomed. Even the children will miss the dear great-grandfather who loved them and sympathized with them in everything, who was always ready to sing them songs, and tell them stories of the past, which all seemed so vivid to him. The funeral was conducted by the writer in fulfillment of a promise made many years ago; but his life was better than sermon or poem can be.

HELEN TEMPLE BRIGHAM.

The Arena.

The May Arena closes the ninth volume of this leader among the progressive and reformative reviews of the English-speaking world. The table of contents is very strong and inviting to those interested in live questions and advanced thought. Among the important social and economic problems discussed and ably handled in a brave and fundamental manner, characteristic of this review, are "The First Steps in the Land Question," by Louis F. Post, the eminent Single-Tax leader; "The Philosophy of Mutualism," by Professor Frank Parsons, of the Boston University Law School; "Emergency Measures for Maintaining Self-Respected Manhood," by the editor of the Arena. "The Saloon Evil" is also discussed in a symposium. One of the strongest papers on heredity that has appeared in recent years is found in this issue from the pen of Helen M. Gardner. Rev. M. J. Savage appears in a very thoughtful paper on "The Religion of Lowell's Poems," a fine portrait of Lowell appears as a frontispiece. Dr. James G. Cooke contributes a striking paper on "The Power of the Mind in the Cure of Diseases." A strong feature of this number is a brief character sketch by Stephen Crane, entitled "An Ominous Baby." Stinton Jarvis' series of brilliant papers on "The Ascent of Life" closes with this issue.

The Arena has made steady progress, its circulation having increased during the past year, and it has necessarily been enlarged to one hundred and forty-four pages. There is, also, in addition to this, the book reviews, which cover over twenty pages, making in all a magazine of over one hundred and sixty pages. The steady increase in circulation of this \$5 magazine during a period of unprecedented financial depression shows how deep-rooted and far-reaching is the unrest and social discontent; for this review has steadfastly given audience to the views of the social reformers of the various schools of thought.

Hasket Park Camp-Meeting.

Opens July 25, closes August 27. Speakers will appear on the rostrum in the following order: Mrs. A. L. Robinson, Lyman C. Howe, Mrs. H. S. Lake, Hon. A. B. French, Woman's Day, Mrs. Emily B. Ketchum, Mrs. May Stockings Knapp, Mrs. E. Stranger, D. P. Dewey, Edgar W. Emerson, Mrs. A. E. Sheets, Mrs. Julia M. Walton, Mrs. Minnie Carpenter, Hon. L. V. Moulton and Oscar W. Edgerly. "Dr. A. B. Spiney will give during camp several lectures, some of which will be illustrated. Wm. A. Mansfield will be present during the first two weeks. James A. Riley and other fine mediums have promised to be with us. Miss Clair Tuttle will conduct the literary entertainments.

EFFIE F. JOSSELYN, Corresponding Sec., Hasket Park Association.

Helen Harlow's Vow, or Self Justice. By Lois Waisbrooker. Price reduced from \$1.50 to \$1.00.

The Spiritual Birth. The Spiritualistic ideas of Death, Heaven and Hell. By Moses Hull. Price 10 cents.

"God in the Constitution." By Robert G. Ingersoll. One of the best papers Colonel Ingersoll ever wrote. In paper cover, with likeness of author. Price 10 cents; twelve copies for \$1.00. For sale at this office.

THE TWO CHILD SPIRITS.

They Brought Father Walters to the Bedside of a Dying Man.

The death this week of the Rev. Father Walters (says a Washington telegram to the Philadelphia Times), recalls not only his connection with the famous Surratt trial, but brings to mind the strange phenomenon of a visitation from a supernatural world, in which he was the principal actor.

Probably no point has ever been so much debated as the possibility of a spirit's return from the other world. And most stories of this kind usually come by a roundabout way that makes it impossible to trace the evidence. The following incident was told by Father Walters as his own experience, to a fellow-priest, who is now living in a Virginia town.

One stormy dark night Father Walters had retired, when, possibly about 2 o'clock, there came a violent pull at the bell. At the sound he sprang up, and opening the window, glanced at the doorstep below. There stood two children—a boy of about 11 and a girl a few years younger. Both were thinly clad and their dress plainly showed that they belonged to parents who had small share of this world's goods.

"What do you want?" asked the priest of his small visitors.

"Our father is dying and wants you to come to him immediately," one replied. "We will show you the way."

In a few moments the priest was dressed and, opening the door, stepped out in the street where the two children were waiting. It was cold and the sharp wind seemed to pierce the thin garments of the pair, but without a word they set out, the priest following closely behind. After a long walk through lonely streets and dreary alleys they turned up a lane and stopped before a tall, rickety tenement house, that stood with only a single taper gleaming from a garret window. The boy opened the door but did not enter.

"My father's door is the first at the top of the house," he explained as the priest stepped within. "You will see a light shining through the keyhole, and cannot miss it."

Stumbling up the dark stair from floor to floor, the priest groped his way toward a faint line of light that showed above like a tiny thread in the darkness. And not a sound, save his footfalls, broke the solemn stillness. At last he reached the top floor and opened the door from whose keyhole the light appeared.

Here a piteous sight met his eyes. The room, which was bare of any furniture save a broken chair and a ragged pallet, was dimly lighted by a candle stuck in a bottle. Its feeble ray danced in the dark corners and threw grotesque shadows on the livid man beneath the rugs.

"Who are you?" demanded the man in a low voice as the priest entered the room.

"I am a priest—you sent for me a few moments ago," Father Walters replied.

"You are mistaken," the man whispered; "I did not send for you—I have no one to send—I am alone—dying alone."

"That is strange," replied the priest; "for two children, a boy and a girl, came to my house, told me their father was dying and showed me the way."

"Two children," gasped the man as he almost sprang upright. "What—what did they look like?"

In a few words the priest described their appearance, and as he did so the man covered his face with his skeleton fingers. Slowly the tears trickled through and sobbings convulsed his frame.

"They were my children," he cried at last. "My poor, dead children," and he fell back on his pillow almost exhausted.

When his strength had somewhat returned he told Father Walters his story. How, after the death of his wife he had taken to drink, how the children had been neglected and had finally been laid by their mother's side, how he had sunk lower and lower till now he lay dying a drunkard's death. He had prayed for a priest, but there was no one to send for him.

"They were my two dead children who came for you, father," he said with a broken voice. "My poor children were sent by heaven to bring you to their dying father." And the repentant sinner received the last offices of his church.

This story is vouched for by a gentleman whose veracity cannot be doubted, and, while it seems a fiction, really took place in prosaic, everyday Washington. It illustrates the important fact that Spiritualism is common to all classes of people, and to all churches.

TRUE GRIT.

Perfect Motherhood, or Mabel Raymond's Resolve. By Lois Waisbrooker. Dedicated to Woman everywhere, that children may cease to be accursed. Price reduced to \$1.

The Rationale of Mesmerism. By A. P. Sinnett. Considered theoretically, philosophically, and theosophically. Price \$1.25.

Hypnotism; its Facts, Theories and Related Phenomena, etc. By Carl Sextus. A very interesting presentation of a most interesting subject, by a practical hypnotist. Cloth \$2.

All About Devils. By Moses Hull. It traces the history of the theological idea of devils. Shows much research. Paper, 15 cents.

The Spiritual Alps and How We Ascend Them. By Moses Hull. A beautiful essay in the line of refined spiritual thought and progression. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cts.

A Sex Revolution, by Louis Waisbrooker. Radical ideas. Paper, 25 cents.

The Contrast: Evangelicalism and Spiritualism Compared. By Moses Hull. A trenchant presentation of the subject. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.

A CAREFUL COMPARISON

Biblical and Modern Spiritualism.

By MOSES HULL.

Author of "The Contrast," "Which," "Letters to Misses Grant," "Both Sides," "That Terrible Question," "The Bible and Modern Spiritualism," etc., etc.

This book is what its title indicates—"The Question Settled." A careful Comparison of Biblical and Modern Spirit—ism. We give below only a partial list of the contents:—Chapter I.—The Bible and Modern Spiritualism. Chapter II.—The Bible and Modern Spiritualism. Chapter III.—The Bible and Modern Spiritualism. Chapter IV.—The Bible and Modern Spiritualism. Chapter V.—The Bible and Modern Spiritualism. Chapter VI.—The Bible and Modern Spiritualism. Chapter VII.—The Bible and Modern Spiritualism. Chapter VIII.—The Bible and Modern Spiritualism. Chapter IX.—The Bible and Modern Spiritualism. Chapter X.—The Bible and Modern Spiritualism. Chapter XI.—The Bible and Modern Spiritualism. Chapter XII.—The Bible and Modern Spiritualism. Chapter XIII.—The Bible and Modern Spiritualism. Chapter XIV.—The Bible and Modern Spiritualism. Chapter XV.—The Bible and Modern Spiritualism. Chapter XVI.—The Bible and Modern Spiritualism. Chapter XVII.—The Bible and Modern Spiritualism. 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THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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SATURDAY, APRIL 21 1894

What God?

A very earnest orthodox friend, in answer to the question: "What God do you want in the Constitution?" responded: "The God of the Bible, of course." Our friend seemed ignorant of the fact that there are many gods in the Bible, so we insisted he should select the one which would meet the needs of the church at this time. Is it the imbecile God who is reported to have made man, then "repented" of his task, and who swept away by a universal flood all but one family, because they displeased him? Is it he who tired of his labors in making a world, had to rest to recover from his fatigue? Is it he who became angered at Sodom and Gomorrah, and destroyed the cities and all their inhabitants, save righteous Lot, and he a drunken, incestuous "scavenger"? Is it he who rivaled the Egyptian astrologer, turned the rivers into blood, the dust into lice, filled the land with frogs, and slaughtered all the first-born, because he had hardened their hearts and would not let his people go; then reversed his own laws, opened a passageway through the Red Sea for them to escape, and drowned all who pursued? Is it he whom it took forty days to write the ten commandments, and who detained Moses all that long time in the wilderness while engaged in the task? A universe in six days; two tablets of stone in forty days. The latter must have been an inferior god. Possibly it is he who told Moses to "Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor," slaughtering "that day about three thousand men," because Aaron had made a molten calf which God feared would become his rival? This same God, Ex. 22:29, required not only the "liquors" as offerings to him, but "the first-born of thy sons shalt thou give unto me." Moses and Aaron and seventy-two others paid a visit to "the God of Israel," and "they saw God, and did eat and drink" with him. Ex. 24, 9 to 12. Would our friend want a god of this sort in the Constitution? One of a convivial character, who was intimate with Moses, the murderer?

Infidel Charged with Blasphemy.

LEXINGTON, KY.—The Rev. E. L. Southgate has served notice on Charles C. Moore, the noted infidel and editor of the Blue Grass Blade, that a suit will be filed against him in the circuit court for blasphemy.—New Item.
It is very evident that the fools are not all dead. The Boston Investigator, the oldest and ablest infidel paper in the world, was established in 1831, by Abner Kneeland, who was prosecuted, convicted and imprisoned for blasphemy; the offense, he had said: "The Universalists believe in a God which I do not." All the Liberal papers in America and the world have sprung into being, and probably owe much of their success to the persecution which followed the enunciation of a simple opinion by ex-Rev. Abner Kneeland. And not one of them hesitates to repudiate not only the God of the Universalists, but any other God fashioned by man in his own image.
A few years ago C. B. Reynolds, another ex-clergyman, who had done some thinking on his own account, was persecuted for blasphemy in New Jersey, but Christianity gained no new laurels in consequence. The great speech of Col. Ingersoll, on the trial of that case, has become a text-book on the subject of blasphemy. Mr. Reynolds, however, the God of the Liberals in the State of Washington, was spared on by his persecutors, and has made, in co-operation with others, the new State the most liberal of any in the American Union. Persecution for opinion's sake, or for the expression of an honest thought, has never retarded the advance of a great truth.

Welcome.

Prof. Edwin Johnson, of London, England, writes he is in receipt of a specimen copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and is much interested in the paper. The Professor is a voluminous author, and one of the ablest scholars of Europe. He is an ex-clergyman, and if we mistake not, was for long years a Professor in one of the allied colleges of Oxford University. We shall gladly welcome him to a place in these columns, as will all of our readers. Our only regret is the paper has not yet reached that circulation which will justify compensation to correspondents. Duty done is our present high reward.

Pious Frauds.

Sake's translation of the Koran into English uses the terms Jesus and Jesus Christ several times, but Prof. Johnson says the terms do not occur in the Arabic. They were additions made by the early translators to make appear that which does not exist in fact. Why all these inimitable frauds, which seem to have had their rise after the Crusades?

Practical Common Sense.

It is rarely we meet an article in the secular press, particularly if that press is under the management of a Congregationalist, which so unqualifiedly meets our approval; as the following, clipped from the editorial columns of a late issue of the daily Record of this city, favoring church taxation. It covers the entire question, and should make a circuit of every press in the country. We quote, headline and all, and endorse each word:

"TAXATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY.

"The question of taxing church property is again the subject of discussion. The present movement seems to be carried on and encouraged by some Protestant churches. It is alleged, with how much accuracy cannot be said, that four-fifths of the Protestants in this country are in favor of church property bearing its just proportion of the burdens of supporting the government, and it is true that very many declare that the church ought not to be a pensioner on the state.

"Every state and territory in the union gives churches some exemption, most of them without any regard to values, while some tax those worth more than a specified sum. About one-third of the states exempt parsonages belonging to churches as well. Church edifices and land alone, exclusive of parsonages, colleges and the like, are valued at \$600,000,100, and it is probable this would be at least doubled to include all other church property. It is safe to put the value of church property in the United States at \$1,311,273,000. It is a question which seriously disturbs ministers and laymen alike whether an element of society that is so rich ought to ask any exemption from the burdens that fall alike on rich and poor, especially when the churches receive all the benefits of government that the humblest citizen can claim.

"It may be said that one of the worst obstacles the church has recently had to contend with is the favoritism which it has received from the state. A poor man likely to lose his home for nonpayment of taxes, is justly aggrieved that the costly church near him shares no part of the burden which the state imposes on him, and the wars and disturbances that have been caused by large accumulations of church wealth in other countries show how intense this feeling may be. Confiscation of this property by the state has been sometimes the only way of ending the strife.

"The feeling is becoming very general inside of the church itself that, as a matter of business, it would be better for the church to pay taxes on its property than to permit it to remain exempt, and that it is unwise to permit an institution of such high character to be to any extent a public pauper or pensioner and not assume duties and responsibilities which it regards as essential in a good, honest citizen. Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's is a command that many believe is evaded when exemption from taxation is asked or received.

"Many of the strongest defenders of the church in this country heartily favor the taxation of church property. The one exemption that could be reasonably asked is for hospitals that are supported by charity for alleviating human misery and suffering without compensation. Public charities are not sectarian organizations, and although they may be supported by a set they are for all sufferers regardless of religious belief.

"It may be, as is urged, that taxation of church property would put a check upon such extravagance in building fine church edifices and would prove to be a barrier against church debts, which are often a greater burden than any amount of taxation that could legally be assessed against church holdings."

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SOMETHING NEW.

A New Heaven and a New Earth.

Lucid Thoughts for the Readers of The Progressive Thinker.

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THE CREATIVE POWER—HAPPINESS—HEAVEN THE AFTER-BIRTH—CREATION AND LAW—MAGNETISM.

"A NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH."

It is a great pity in one respect (says Col. R. T. Van Horn, in the Kansas City Journal) that the spiritual aspirations in man should ever have been trammelled by dogma. There is nothing so material, utterly, as the dogmatic concept of the creative power and its work. Its earth has always been a mere place of slag, and its heaven as material as an ordinary society. Happiness in this world is only attained by what is regarded as sin, and the beatitude of the hereafter is realized in an eternity of ascension to another. Ourselves must be crucified in this life and ignored in the next. Is that a rational ideal? How can any happiness come, save as it is felt? What is happiness, anyhow, but the harmonious relation of ourselves to our environment? Comfort, of body consists in health and the balance of bodily conditions with the elements surrounding it. Content of mind comes from the same balance in what we call moral relations. And these constitute perfect living, or happiness. If life is continuous, the like conditions on the new plane of existence is the only rational heaven we can conceive of. Or, in other words, the life hereafter is but a continuation of this one as to personality and its demands. Aside from the sustenance of the physical life, real happiness here is through increasing knowledge. And that is the pursuit of immortality.

This state attained here in this life is the measure of what we call civilization, and when fully attained gives us a new earth, and of necessity a new heaven—for heaven is the after-birth of earth. To attain the one we must pass through the other. There is only one way to anything great or small in organic life, and that is growth. "Creation" is not, in the thing of organic life, a matter of will, but a law. To "be" embraces the all of being, from the unseen potency to the seen organism and the again unseen but developed individuality. It is the temporary organism that is what we call mortal—not the living self. The house is not the tenant—rather is the body the man. So much to get the mind in the right channel of thinking.

We have been asked many questions in regard to the content of the tributory motor mentioned last Sunday, but we gave then in brief all that has yet come under our reading as to its details. We have to get out of the old ruts of thought before we can grasp the idea of such an invention. It is a revolution in physics.

The whole science of our age rests primarily on the theory of gravity, and the hypothesis of vibration, like many other modern discoveries, is not reconcilable with it. Science orthodox, like its dogmatic sister, is well up to that form of knowledge that made the griststone a dinner for the cow, and always knew a thing after somebody shows it, but still gravity as taught in the books is receiving almost as many irreverent shocks as dogma itself.

The fact is, the planet is alive in a sense that science has not recognized heretofore, and it bids fair to minimize the vibratory theory by trying to make it work in the old gravity lines of thinking, while it is essentially revolutionary. It treats the wonderful discoveries of Tesla in the same way, and for a hundred years it has done the same thing with mesmerism—and is still doing so under its new name of hypnotism. Vibration seems to be the primary form of motion, or original atomic activity, hence the amazing results of its power when it can be invoked. It is like magnetic force, but little understood, because looked at through the old gravity lenses.

For now nearly half a century the world has had before it the palpable demonstration that the so-called law of gravity is not the absolute force, yet it is not recognized. Newton saw the apple fall, and he at once recognized a fact that upset the old idea of things. Now if at this day he saw the apple rise, his great mind would recognize another force unknown before. Or he might, by observation and experiment, come to hold the hypothesis, as some advanced minds now do, that both were true, both but the expression of the one force, which, by the fall and the rise of the apple, told simply of the change in the direction of force.

Here is another fact: Men now with almost unvarying correctness predict weather changes and earthquake periods of activity. They do not do so on the old theory of volcanic action on the one hand, or the ancient meteorology of Halley and Loomis on the other, but from electrical or what we might call atmospheric conditions. That is the hypothesis on which their calculations are based, and as the happening of an eclipse or a transit proves the correctness of the theory of astronomers, so the happening of what their calculations foretell proves the correctness of their premises. Here, then, is a new departure altogether—and we are on the eve of the discovery of an entirely new earth—this new earth consisting of a new way of reading its phenomena and its laws. There is nothing new but newer thought.

And now let us read the familiar thing we call magnetism in its new, larger sense: A magnet seems to attract iron to it, to hold it when in contact and to move it with more or less activity as the distance varies. Hence we say the magnet attracts. From the very same evidence—sight—we say the sun rises and sets. Is the one any more a fact for that reason than the other? There are two things only in the universe—positive and negative—force and substance. We call them sometimes matter and space, ether and substance, and again spiritual and material. Whatever they may be called, there are but two. Matter of itself is inert, negative or receptive. Necessarily it is so because it is the medium for objective expression. It may be a sun, a planet, a plant or a man—it is the same—the objective of the unseen.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

This force, or this unseen, this positive, this intelligence, as we also term it, is not not objectively or through the senses, but is itself the law. How does it form organisms, or the objective of thought? Remember that a sun is as much a life organism as a man, and is but part of The All. The discovery of this method is knowledge or science. The highest concept known to our knowledge has been the law or theory of gravity. Advanced investigation and observation has tested the insufficiency of this hypothesis to account for all that is known to be, just as the nebular hypothesis, based upon it, has failed to explain planetary formation, wholly. What does explain them more fully? The newer concept is the theory of the vortex.

We see the earth has an atmosphere—a part of it—not a jacket. We have tested the same fact as to every organism that exists on the earth. We also find that from the planet to the raindrop everything tends to the globular form. How can this be without a force external driving this negative element together—condensing it, as we term it? And this external force is for convenience called the vortex. We see it everywhere, in the continental sweep of the cyclone or in the smaller but seemingly infinite power of the tornado. The vortex is but a more pronounced illustration of this vortex force—for if its power was internal, its activity would not be intermittent. And if the theory of gravity was a law, there could be no intermittent planetary activity, but the force would be constant and the result equilibrium, or death. It is to the fact that what we call planetary force is not constant that we owe the seasons and all the variety of organic life upon it. And this variable force, this planetary force could only come from an external force.

There being but the two known things, the ether and substance, this vortex must be the ether in motion—for motion is life itself. Take a drop of water on a dusty floor. Some force must not only round the drop of water, but must cause the dust to adhere to it. What is it but this vortex force? To prove it, take a piece of cloth and touch the drop of water and it instantly disappears in the cloth. Why? You have broken the vortex, but the external force drives the water into the cloth till it finds the conditions that arrest it or dissipate it. This, again, is called polarity—but we will not follow that branch of the subject. This is the law of all form throughout the universe, call it gravity, vortex, creation, or what you may. The poet was scientifically right when he said the same power formed the planet that did the dewdrop. There is no inherent force in matter, as we know. When it ceases to be objective it ceases to be matter in the sense that it enters into form—for space in its primal sense is one—that is, world substance in solution. It would make thought expression much clearer were we to use the term matter for the visible and substance for its invisible condition. The subtle thing we call ether is the element that in motion forms the vortex—it drives substance together and condenses it into suns, worlds and all forms of life upon them. It is this vortex motion or action that forms the raindrop, the snowflake, that gives the seeming life to the magnet. Sun vortex carries the planets in its sub-vortex, the moon floats in a vortex subordinate to that of the earth, and all organic life is but the result of like force in degree. By this hypothesis we get a simple but comprehensive idea of what we call force—that it is external to all form, and when it is broken form dissipates. So, were the vortex of our earth to be broken, the water drop of water on the dusty floor, instantly disappear.

We have been tempted into this rather parenthetical line of mention, because most of our difficulties in scientific thinking come from the old concepts as to the nature of force and its varied phenomena. This new theory of vibration is not understandable by the old hypotheses, and we must look for it along new lines of exploration. Even the atom has been discovered, and a reading for the newer facts discovered. Atoms cannot be what the etymology of the word calls for. Microscopic life tells us this will not answer. Atoms must have both circulation of force and polarity or they could not give us the basis of all form, the crystal. The crystalline first visible result of atomic combination, or the primal vortexial force. Thus we find the potential still beyond—that we stop at by saying it is intelligence or spirit. But this day, or one to be broken, we have a new text, best of all hypotheses, allows facts to harmonize with it. Vibration seems to bring us nearer to this primal force. To say it is powerful enough to vaporize the human body if brought to bear upon it is but saying it is strong enough to break the vortex within which the human ego has entrenched itself, and like a drop of water it would disappear. These wonderful things exalt our conceptions to what we are and why we are. Such a force and like forces have been strong enough to break the vortex of the dogmatic hell has been broken and it is gone from the mental vision of intelligent mankind, or rather from our Occidental mentality—for it is a child of our infantile conceptions as a race. Then again, the discussion of these problems gives us better aspirations, and these lead to independence of thought and bring us into the atmosphere of mental and spiritual freedom—the highest condition of the human soul. It is these conditions, now fast dawning upon the race, that constitute the new heaven and the new earth.

R. T. VAN HORN.

The Emperor of Japan.

The emperor of Japan wishes the world to understand that his religious views are as broad as they make them. He has called for an exhibition of all the different religions taught in his empire. Priests and ministers of all sects are invited to attend, and to conduct such services as will best present their religious form of worship to the public. This is doubtless a direct outcome of the parliament of religions at Chicago last summer in connection with the Columbian exposition. Such a proposition, coming from the head of a government often classed among the pagans, and certainly not a Christian government, is most significant.

Dream not that helm and harness are

signs of valor true. Peace hath higher tests of manhood than battles ever knew.—Whittier.

JESUS OR CAESAR.

Another Step to Be Taken by Civilization.

A MIGHTY CRISIS—THE CRUST OF CHARITY—THE THREAT OF VIOLENCE—THE POLICY OF JESUS AND THAT OF CAESAR.

A late number of the Arena contains a very excellent, closely-printed, twelve-page paper, by that valiant, energetic advocate of justice, B. O. Flower, the editor, in which he says:

"Europe and America are facing one of those mighty crises which are attended by the shattering of old-time ideals and the downfall of conditions which humanity has outgrown. 'The awakened thought due to the pressure of poverty felt by the most industrious and sober on the one hand, and the general intelligence resulting from popular education on the other, has called forth a condition which it is idle for conventionalists to imagine can be overcome by the threat of violence or the crust of charity. The world has come to a point where another step will be taken by civilization. 'There are two ways of meeting the grave problems which confront us. One may be characterized as the policy of Caesar, the other the method of Jesus. One finds expression in the iron heel of brute force and in the reasonless fury of the savage and the wild beast. The other displays a profound understanding of the human soul, and is the expression of a wise appreciation of the eternal verities of right and wrong and their consequences. 'These two methods are explained, and it is shown that the Caesarian method predominates in the rapid multiplication of armories and awakening of the savage war spirit by the military drilling of school children; the invention of such deadly weapons as the police-gun for the express purpose of mowing down our own people by the police, etc. He looks on the policy of pur government as a menace to honest industry, and leading to anarchy, revolution and bloodshed; whereas the method of Jesus, if properly carried out, would arouse and quicken the conscience of the people and justice would inevitably follow. 'The black pall of slavery once hung over our fair country, but humanity outgrew it and it had to go. Had the Jesus method been adopted, slavery could have been abolished without bloodshed; but the obstinacy of the secular power rendered the Caesarian method unavoidable, and freedom cost thousands of lives and millions of money, besides great demoralization; all of which could have been avoided by pursuing the moral and spiritual method. So it will be now. This great crisis is upon us and cannot be evaded, because it is in the direct line of evolution and progress and must be met. Therefore let us not stop to quarrel about trifles, but go forward. Mr. Flower says:

"The time has come for all friends of high thinking and true living to strike hands. The victory will come as sure as right is right, but where? That is the question for us to answer. Every man, woman and child has a mission, a work to perform. There are many who can influence other lives, and duty demands that each individual exert his or her utmost power from this moment for concerted action in the interest of justice and human brotherhood. 'Give us your hand, Brother Flower. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is with you in everything that is for the good of humanity.

Terrible Results of a Revival Meeting in Indiana.

An Associated Press report said: "John and Charlie Scott, of Harrodsburg, Indiana, and a Miss Huffman, of Illinois, are conducting a series of meetings in Putnam county, which are producing wonderful and terrible results. They operate by prayer and the laying on of hands; their victims are said to go into trances and stay that way for a long spell, until it is not uncommon to see eight or ten laid out in seats for hours at a time. Tuesday a committee of justices of the peace was held on one case which is very pitiable and is the direct result of this strange miracle working. Marcus Leucus, a prosperous farmer, has gone violently insane, the direct result of his religious oracles. Six men are required to keep him in bed and he won't wear any clothes. He followed a star Friday night all night in the hope of catching the same, and only gave up the chase in daylight, when it disappeared. His favorite theme is the Bible, and he constantly states 'He never had so much fun with Jesus Christ in all his life.' The poor fellow was taken to the Indianapolis insane hospital. In the name of religion such things are tolerated and encouraged, the churches, headed by their ministers, giving assistance. There should be a law to prevent such outrageous preaching and prostitution of mesmeric action, which fills our asylums for the insane with patients of the most hopeless class, and brings ruin and despair. The revival preaching, with its lurid rhetoric and exciting themes and illustrations, is as reprehensible as the most rampant anarchy, and should be held directly responsible for its results. It has its home with the ignorant, for the educated give it only a pitying smile. There is one peculiarity about revivals worthy of note, and that is that they flourish best in hard times—in seasons of want and suffering; cold weather is also an essential. They are unknown in summer. Given the degree of destitution and of cold and the temperature of the revival may be calculated, which will be as the multiplication of these two factors into each other—plus the number of assistant preachers.

The melancholy of old age has

a divine tenderness in it which only the sad experiences of life can lend a human soul.—O. W. Holmes.

A Lesson to Spiritualists—Words from Mr. Ehrhardt.

The exposure of the mediumistic (so-called) fraud Harry Clifton—who, it seems, had several other names as well—has had the effect to call out a number of communications concerning him and the best methods of forestalling such characters and of properly recognizing and protecting genuine mediums.

It is evident that the ordinary method of putting "mediums" before the public, the ordinary ways of testing their gifts and powers—the ordinary ways of testing their tests—are viciously loose and defective. The case of this unmitigated trickster, Clifton, is in point. Here was a fellow without a shadow of genuine mediumship, genuine only as a fraud, who for months posed as a great medium, and whose "splendid materializations" were "recognized," and publicly and privately certified to by numbers of people of general good character and intelligence, whom he, aided by confederates, had made to see and "recognize" their sons, and daughters, brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, and cousins, grandfathers, grandmothers, etc., etc. They paid their dollars and got their money's worth in materialized forms of their uncles and aunts and all the rest of them—a la "Pinafore."

It seems ridiculously ridiculous! We sympathize with the good, honest, confiding people who were "condemned" into accepting Clifton's bogus spirit forms as genuine; they were too trusting—and that is not a sin; they were not keen and exactly rigid in applying test conditions, and the result is unpleasant. The denouement should be a valuable lesson to Spiritualists and investigators. It is well that there should now be suggestions and considerations of proper methods to investigate and establish the mediumship of those who pose before the public as mediums. One of our correspondents, Mr. E. S. Ehrhardt, writes, anent the Clifton matter:

"I have it from good authority that an oath-bound college for the teaching of fraudulent mediums is in existence and flourishing in California." If this be true—and it is not unlikely, since graduates like Clifton can "make money" out of it—it behooves Spiritualists to be watchful, on their guard to prevent fraud and deception and to cut short the career of the rascals who in the sacred name of Spiritualism attempt to practice imposition on the public. Our cause, the cause of the loved ones and friends, who, as we know, do come to us and manifest their presence and prove their identity in many ways—this cause is too sacred, and too important in its nature, to be used as a trickster's device to line his pockets at the expense of a defrauded public. There is, and should be, no person who so thoroughly hates and detests fraud in Spiritualism as a genuine Spiritualist.

He Proved Too Much.

About the only live issue engaging the ministerial mind is intemperance, unless it be the Quixotic effort to "put God into the Constitution." Lately a preacher thought to make a strong point by showing that intemperance was a prolific cause of insanity. He consulted Dr. Tobey, Superintendent of the Toledo Asylum for the Insane, expecting to make a sensational sermon on the facts thus gathered. He never gave that sermon, for he found that religion, not intemperance, was the most prolific cause of mental derangement. Too much whiskey or beer is bad; but too much religion of the orthodox kind is worse; as the raving maniacs of the worst wards testify.

If Spiritualism sent one-tenth the number to the asylum it would be suppressed by law, and justly, too. The only alleviating circumstance in the preaching of such awful doctrines as are retailed every Sunday from tens of thousands of pulpits is that they are not believed. If they were, every church-member would become a maniac. The preachers do not believe; the laity do not believe. The intelligence of the age repudiates and condemns all these abhorrent dogmas of the past.

False.

"The age of democracy must be an age of religion," said Archbishop Ireland, in a late address to the Royal Legion of New York. And why? Because: "A denial of a living God annihilates conscience, breaks down the barriers to sensuality, sows broadcast the seeds of moral death, and is fatal to liberty and to social order."

Tut, tut, your eminence. The statistics of crime tell a different tale. They who repudiate our triple-headed God do not fill our prisons with criminals, nor are these criminals stretched on the gallows. Every man who pays his own debts, and has no Jesus to settle his scores, avoids wrongdoing, and practices good deeds through the pleasure it gives him; not from fear of an angry God, or a fiery hell. Your nonsense about a belief in God being a factor in deeds of virtue has filled the world with hypocrites, robbed the masses of their hard-earned resources, populated our prisons with hardened criminals, and every gibbet bears the fruit of your teaching, and brands it a lie.

A Literary Revolution.

The librarian of the Chicago Public Library makes the revelation that a wonderful change has been made during the last few months in the character of the reading matter sought after by our people, as shown by the books drawn from the library. Works of fiction, which heretofore were enormous, have given place to the most substantial treatises on art, science, chemistry, physics, language and the higher classics. This new incentive for practical knowledge is traced to the great Exposition; and its influence on the popular mind, it is believed, will increase as the years go on. All hail the dawn of a brighter day.

HYPNOTIC MYSTERY.

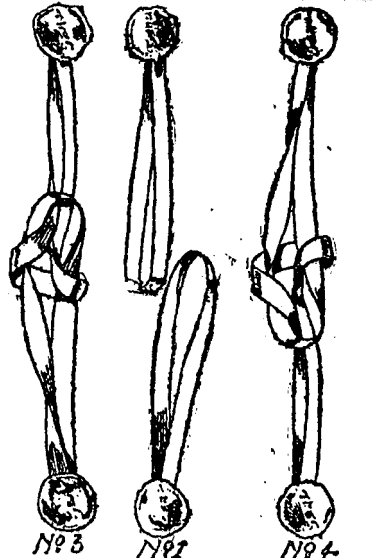
Through, or the Fourth Dimension of Space.

HINDOOS AND OCCULTISM.

Will Power as an Overcomer Extraordinary.

Indian Jugglers Familiar with the Higher Branches of Physics—Curious Feats.

"These things, O Asclepius, will appear to be true if thou understandest them, but if thou understandest them not, incredible. For to understand is to believe, but not to believe is not to understand.—The Divine Pyramider. Nearly every American or European traveler who returns after a sojourn in Hindostan adds new and numberless mysteries to the already long list of marvels concerning the weird and wonderful performances in magic given by native conjurers for the delectation of visitors, and, incidentally, the silver rupees that are liberally showered upon them, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. The maximum percentage of travelers, however, who visit the cities in



British India, are generally content to witness these so-called sleight-of-hand exhibitions—though in reality a most remarkable phase of natural philosophy—as merely amusing, and without seeking a solution for the seeming impossibilities.

This lack of desire to investigate in some predominates in others having a more scientific penchant, and to this latter class is due the credit of making or at least attempting an investigation; however, it is admitted that owing to their varying theories, it is difficult to determine their real measure of success.

THE HINDOO JUGGLERS.

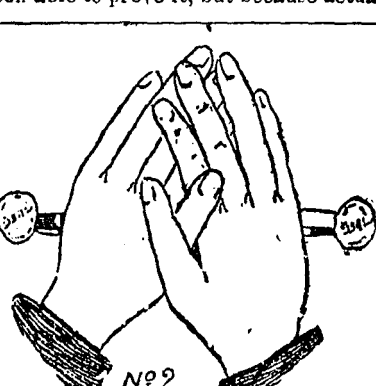
During a recent visit to Hyderabad, a town about six hundred miles east of Bombay, an accident occurred to one of our party, and ample opportunity presented itself for making observations of those clever fellows.

It is not my intention to repeat useless descriptions of the manifestations; on the contrary, it is so familiar that their exploits are sufficiently familiar to render this unnecessary. Taking it for granted that such is the case, we will endeavor to analyze without delay the effect and subsequently discover the cause that on witnessing the first performance stamps it as being impenetrable.

After carefully deducting the results obtained by personal experiments with these so-called jugglers, my former impression is substantiated in the belief that they are gifted with a knowledge of a higher branch of physics than the world is ready to believe or give them credit for.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION A POWERFUL FACTOR.

That the fourth dimension of space is within the limits of human possibilities is an undisputed fact; not simply because the higher mathematics have been able to prove it, but because actual



experiments have been unable to refute it; and as the scientist "loves to read nature in the language of experiment," the result is that some of the most eminent philosophers have come to regard the fourth dimension of space as an important factor in solving many of the most abstruse problems that find no explanation in natural philosophy dealing with but three dimensions.

This fourth dimension has been aptly termed "thought," and is more or less a combination of the other three—length, breadth and thickness. To enable the uninitiated to more readily comprehend the theorem of the fourth dimension, it will be necessary to begin by imagining an animate object whose material body completely fills the cross section of a glass tube, yet it is empowered to move freely to and fro the length of the tube at will; thus it would be a four-dimensional being, capable of moving in length only, and would therefore have no other knowledge of space.

A CAPITAL ILLUSTRATION.

To illustrate the second dimension, let us suppose the glass tube to be twice the breadth of the animate being, but that its thickness still remains the same as the living object within it; two dimensions are then at its disposal, i.e., length and breadth. If we suppose that the living being within the tube is gifted with the power of reasoning, then it would be a safe proposition to assume that it might conclude that since it could move with freedom in two dimensions, why might there not be a third? To discover the third would mean that it must escape from its environment, that now limits it to move in the two di-

dimensions. And thus it is with man, who, gifted with a clear perception of three dimensions of space, deduces from that knowledge a hypothesis of another, or fourth, and possibly a fifth dimension. Having clearly demonstrated these fundamental truths, let us resolve into the first principles or elements the fourth dimension of space—throughout.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AND HYPNOTISM.

When beginning the study of natural philosophy, the first truth impressed upon the mind is that no two material things can occupy the same space at the same time, and as we advance in the science we learn that all substances are composed of atoms, molecules, and masses as regards the division of matter. The former being too small and the latter too large for the purpose under consideration, our attention will be directed to the molecules and the peculiar force that causes these minute particles to attract one another.

The molecules of any substance are congealed to be of a uniform size and are so small as to be undetectable to the eye even when aided by the most powerful microscope; their extreme minuteness will be better understood when it is known that it requires 80,000,000,000 molecules to make a single drop of water.

Appealing again to the imagination, we will suppose that a drop of water has been magnified until it assumes a proportion equal in size to the earth, then each molecule in the drop would attain a bulk nearly as large as a baseball.

A PRACTICAL EXPERIMENT.

Notwithstanding the immense number of molecules contained in a single drop of water, they do not occupy all the space included in the circumference of the drop, but are widely separated from each other to such an extent as to exceed a distance greater than their own diameter. To more clearly illustrate the spaces that separate these molecules, Avery has said that if a drop of water could be magnified until the molecules were as large as worlds, the spaces between the molecules would be as great as the spaces between the planets. A practical experiment to illustrate the spaces really existing can be performed in the following manner: A mass of sugar as large as a drop of water may be combined with it without enlarging the external circumference of the liquid. The sugar is dissolved. These, unlike molecules, are held together by adhesion. The above simple operation illustrates partially the great principle of the fourth dimension of space.

If the little mass of sugar could be forced entirely through the drop of water without enlarging its external circumference in any way, then the fourth dimension of space is fully illustrated, for this is precisely what happens when two bodies (liquid or solid) pass each other as individual molecules. This dissolving of one substance through another cannot be consummated until the barriers of a remarkable force are decomposed.

COHESION A PHASE OF ELECTRICAL FORCE.

Exceptions exist to this rule, as when a piece of cloth passes through a liquid, but as cohesion, which is probably a phase of electrical force—finds no resistance in the fluid, they immediately retract one another, as at the beginning. This is a natural phenomenon, and therefore exists no comment, but to cause two solids to pass through each other requires another force to react on cohesion. Taking the most common experiment performed by fourth dimensional beings to elucidate this higher degree of science, we will refer to figure 1. Two leather bands, twelve inches in length and a quarter of an inch wide, are fastened by any one to a table and marked with a private seal. The fourth dimensional beings' hands are now covered over the bands for an interval of two or three minutes, and on being removed, are found knotted, as in figure 3. The three ordinary dimensions of space are overcome by the physical forces, actuated by the mind; the power of the mind alone can overcome the fourth dimension, or, rather, the cohesion attracting the molecules.

Why are the hands employed to conceal the operations? Simply as a conductor of the will power to the place of action, just as a pipe is employed to convey steam from the boiler to the engine, or a wire to conduct the electricity current from its source of excitation thence to where it is consumed.

While the method of revealing the objects is thus given, adopted, yet this is not always the case, for the phenomenon is frequently produced without any covering whatsoever. See figure 4.

WILL POWER OVERCOMES COHESION.

It is a delightful but strange sensation to see two pieces of leather or other substance literally dissolve one through the other, and it can only be likened to the dissolving views of the stereoscope.

Though the property of the mind over cohesion and matter is without doubt a gift of nature, it is possible to cultivate it to a considerable extent. The Hindus are the most generally favored race in this respect, but several Europeans and Americans have achieved this fourth dimension of space or possessed it innately.

Mme. Blavatsky, the late theosophic priestess, is generally supposed to have known the nature of the fourth dimension of space and to have used it extensively illustrating her theories of the new religion. Henry Slade, the American Spiritualist, was also considered an expert in the utilization of the fourth dimension, if Prof. Zollner of Berlin, considered an authority. Washington Irving Bishop, the late celebrated mind-reader, performed some physical experiments that could not certainly have found an explanation in our modern natural philosophies.

MME. BLAVATSKY STUDIED IN INDIA.

That the Hindus are exceedingly clever palmers in sleight-of-hand and that they follow the routine of practice common to all conjurers, I am aware of; but when their deceptions are partially grasped by the observers, then do they resort to a higher and almost unknown branch of physics.

It may be interesting to note that Mme. Blavatsky was a student for years in India and other Oriental countries.

Whether Henry Slade actually possessed this marvelous but thoroughly scientific property of space or not is beyond my dictum to say, for it was not my good fortune to witness the experi-

ments that he was pleased to state were produced by spirit aid and power.

To disbelieve the real existence of the fourth dimension of space is to contradict the direct logical deductions of such scientific authorities as Gauss, Newton, Faraday, and Kent; the latter once made the following statement:

"If it is possible that there be developments of other dimensions in space, it is also very probable that God has somewhere produced them, for His works have all the grandeur and variety that can possibly be comprised."
—ARCHIE B. COLLINS, in *Inter Ocean*.

The Brotherhood of Man.

Diogenes, the cynic,
One day was seen alone,
Absorbed in meditation,
And in each hand a bone;
And as with piercing vision
He both did closely scan,
He learned the old, old lesson—
The brotherhood of man.

One bone was that of Cyrus,
The warrior of renown;
The other was a beggar's,
Used to misfortune's frown;
No difference he discovered
In texture or in plan;
They taught the same great lesson!
The brotherhood of man.

No matter what the station,
The poverty or pelf,
Each one upon God's footstool
Possesses in himself
A something 'neath the surface,
Let it be white or tan,
That makes of him a member
Of the brotherhood of man.

He may be French or German,
Or ignorant Hotentot,
Or Chinaman or Negro.
It really matters not
For in their mortal members
There runs and ever runs
The same red tide that flows
Thro' the brotherhood of man.

One may be rich as Dives,
With good in plentiful store;
The other poor as Lazarus,
All helpless at his door;
They have a common father,
Let him deny who can;
Belong to one great family—
The brotherhood of man.

Then let this truth eternal
Sink deeply in thy soul,
That every human being
Is part of one great whole;
And be he king or peasant,
Or queen or courtesan,
They all have lot in common
In the brotherhood of man.

My dearest friends and brothers,
We're each and all one;
In being and in life;
To help a needy mortal
We all are under ban;
Let us be worthy members
Of the brotherhood of man.
—J. M. CAVANESS in *Inter Ocean*.

Good Words for "Lycium Guide."

Alfred Kitson, one of the leaders in the Lycium movement in England has the following appreciative notice in the *Lycium Banner*:

"The new 'Lycium Guide,' by Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle, is an excellent book. It is arranged on the lines of her previous work, and may be said to be an amplification of it. There are new plates of the calisthenics, illustrating the various motions; and also a new department added, under the title of 'The Band of Mercy,' whose pledge is in harmony with the first rule in our excellent GOLDEN GROUP. There are some splendid pieces in it, both selected and from the gifted compiler's pen. No doubt it will fill a long-felt want in America. I hope it will give new life to the cause.

Mr. Lew Gleason, for a long time conductor of the Cleveland Lycium, and thoroughly informed in Lycium work, writes:

The *Lycium Guide* is the right thing in the right place, and I do not see how it could be possibly improved. I only wish that every child of spiritualistic parentage could be studying its beautiful lessons every Sunday.

Miss Marie Sprague, the talented young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague, who have been meeting with such marked success as speakers and mediums, says:

"The *Lycium Guide* is most admirable. It ought to be put into the hands of the children of every Spiritualist, and Christian, too, for that matter."

Several of the more influential Lyciums have already supplied themselves with the Guide and report a remarkable awakening of interest since the introduction.

An Unfortunate Man and a Fortunate Spirit.

"THESE SHALL GO INTO OUTER DARKNESS."

Many readers will remember Tom (alias Buff) Higgins, who was executed for murder on the 23d of March. Higgins died brave because ignorance made him reckless; but when he found himself a living spirit in darkness from which he could not extricate himself, then he began to realize his condition and call for help. He saw the lights which emanate from spiritual mediums, and his third attempt to reach them brought him to two young ladies who are quietly cultivating their spiritual gifts in the privacy of their happy home, as thousands of others are doing all over the world, where the enemies of human progress and emancipation cannot interfere with the silent work of the Angel-world.

This being their first experience of the kind, they were naturally frightened at the appearance of a murderer; but he assured them that though he had been an unfortunate man, he was not wicked, and would not harm them, but he wanted them to help him out of darkness.

The officers of these kind-hearted mediums had the desired effect, and opened the way for ministering spirits to come to his assistance, and amongst them was his mother, whose untimely death was, in a great measure, the occasion of his misfortune; and he went away with her, happy in the prospect of progressing in Spiritville and light under the guidance of her mother-love. He was a fortunate spirit.



THE SPIRITUALISTIC FIELD-WORKERS, DOINGS, ETC.

Remember, everyone, that on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movement of lectures 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 explaining 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" of the glorious work being done.

J. J. Hughes writes from Salt Lake City: "Dr. Waite and son are here, and seem to be doing a good business. The doctors lecture to crowded halls, and hundreds have been turned away for want of room, and the hall is one of the largest in the city."

S. Butler writes that the meetings at Weiber hall, 433 Pearl street, Cleveland, Ohio, every Sunday afternoon, are very interesting. All are free to express their opinions on the subject of Spiritualism, so there is variety, and as variety is said to be the spice of life, it often becomes quite spicy there.

The St. Paul Spiritual Alliance, which had the services of Mrs. Mary C. Lyman for six months, passed resolutions expressive of their high appreciation of her character and work, and recommending her to the favorable consideration of all spiritual societies. Mrs. Lyman is now holding meetings in Chicago, at Henshel's Academy, 517 West Madison street.

"White Rose" writes: "Helen Stuart Richings, the brilliant inspirational lecturer, wishes me to say to her many friends and the societies that wish her services that she has about recovered from her severe attack of nervous prostration, and that she has been, on account of her prolonged illness, unable to answer the many letters she has received, and wishes me to express her thanks for all cordial sympathies extended to her. She cannot, by her own efforts, make any engagements for societies until September. She will fulfill her engagements, however, with and at camp-meetings. All societies that wish her services during the season of 1894-1895 may address her at Minneapolis, Minn."

G. Slater writes: "Dr. A. W. S. Rothwell, who has been lecturing for the First Society of Spiritualists of Milwaukee for the month of March, and holding successful seances for physical manifestations, and materializing, is still with us doing a good work. He can be addressed at the post office, General Delivery, for this month, after which, at Chicago, Ill., until further notice."

Mrs. Oliver Peters writes that Mrs. Emma Nutt, of Philadelphia, is doing a grand and noble work for our cause in Milwaukee, and has awakened much interest throughout the city.

Joseph Meives writes that years ago, when he was a materialist, he had several apparitions. On one occasion, while living in Arkansas, his mother, who had just died in Germany, appeared to him, and several other times, when absent from home, he had presentiments of trouble in his family, at the exact time when it existed. Mrs. Meives says Sheboygan, Wisconsin, has nearly 22,000 inhabitants, and he thinks a good lecturer and medium could do a great work there. For further information address Joseph Meives, box 125, Sheboygan, Wis.

Geo. W. Aldrich writes that Ithaca, Mich., has a population of about 2,000 and would like a visit from a Spiritualist speaker.

Mrs. Kate Wagner writes that Mrs. I. M. Sloper, San Francisco, is a medium who, although she works quietly, is doing much good for the cause, especially among those who are still in the churches. She is also a fine psychometric reader.

J. M. Kennedy writes concerning a "Prof. Storrs' exposure of Spiritualism," at Marysville, Ohio, and the account thereof by the *Marysville Tribune*, which was not so much an exposure of Spiritualism as it was the editor's exposure of his own ignorance. Prof. Storrs simply gave a sleight-of-hand performance, aided by his wife, so-called. He did not even attempt to explain any spiritualistic phenomena.

Mrs. C. Scott, medium, has removed from New York to 2440 N. 17th street, Philadelphia, Pa., where she will give private sittings.

P. Galvin writes that he is open to engagements at the end of this month; would like to lecture in the East or West. "I've had a kindly reception from our brothers here in New Orleans, and the attention during my lectures has been more than good. The officers are all now but Brother Brodie, the secretary, and an upward move seems to be the motto of the present year. Mediums can't ask for a better place than New Orleans. Brother Corden White did some remarkable work here. He is a wonder in the way of giving tests. He should be kept on the move, his circuit being the whole of the United States."

One of the most unfortunate things an orthodox minister or layman can do for his beloved faith and church is to undertake with pen or voice to demolish Spiritualism. It has been attempted times innumerable by Baltimore and other reckless and ignorant or conscienceless demagogues and calumniators—and invariably with injurious results to their own side of the case. This experience has recently been repeated at Jamestown, N. Y. The Jamestown Sun has recently published several trenchant articles in which Mrs. Clara Watson not merely defends Spiritualism and Liberalism, but carries the war into the enemies' camp, spiking their guns, or turning them upon themselves.

In good style and tone she presents facts and arguments which are not merely a defense of her cause but an exposure of the weakness of her opponents' position. The discussion, as managed by Mrs. Watson, cannot fail to set people to thinking, and be productive of good.

Our thanks are especially due to R. F. Baldwin for a large club of subscribers from Cranville, N. Y. He is an enthusiastic Spiritualist and an earnest worker for the cause.

The address of Joseph King, the materializing medium, is as follows: Pipestone, Mich. He can be addressed there for engagements.

Will C. Hodges, whose lectures are always well received, and who can interest any audience, will answer calls to lecture. He can be addressed at 722 Parker avenue, Beloit, Wis.

W. S. Collins writes: "New Orleans is at present in want of a first-class materializing medium—one who can afford proof to skeptics. I am sure he would do well here. The city is full of trances mediums."

J. F. Howard writes from LeMars, Ia.: "We have Brother L. Kuyler with us, and on last Sunday he gave us quite a talk on 'Spiritualism,' and followed with some of the grandest tests I ever had the pleasure of listening to. The hall was crowded. He will lecture again next Sunday. I can say any society needing a test medium will find Brother Kuyler among the best. Address him in my care."

A. H. Buckman, secretary, writes from Portland, Oregon: "Spiritualism is flourishing in this city to such an extent that a society has been organized, which meets in Grand Army hall Sunday evenings. Several meetings have been held, with good attendance. It is the object of this society to be, as its name signifies: Progressive Spiritual Society. Prof. Huyland, the lecturer, is one of the most eloquent orators of day, and a radical Spiritualist. Mrs. Baxter Reynolds, one of Portland's most popular mediums, gives tests which are hard to stop to quarrel with one another about opinions. Let every camp association declare and maintain a free platform. It is an insult to any speaker whose guides have some radical thoughts to utter, to be shut off by the management. How are we to progress if we never hear new ideas expressed? Comrades Davis and Hutchinson logically state practical pointers. During the winter we had several lectures by Allen P. Brown, State Lecturer for Northwestern Spiritualist Association. Mr. Brown is always welcomed a second time and is kept quite busy. Any subject from the audience is immediately taken up by his guides and expounded in sincerity of purpose, and he invites kindly criticism. I hope the grip of wisdom which our spirit friends hold over all will avert the bloody storm clouds which threaten us."

Mrs. Elizabeth Stronger, formerly of Muskegon, Mich., desires to say to the public that she has removed to 3721 Lake avenue, Chicago.

Mrs. Lora H. Hursen's camp engagements as musician and medium are: August 4th to 10th, Devil's Lake, Mich. (Pleasant Grove Association); August 10th to September 2nd, Vicksburg, Mich. The rest of the camp season is open for engagements. Permanent address, Vicksburg, Mich., box 109. Mrs. Hursen is said to be a musical medium of rare gifts.

Mrs. E. M. Goldworthy writes from Port Dodge, Iowa: "Mr. and Mrs. Aspinwall, of Minneapolis, Minn., are with us and giving good satisfaction. The opera house was filled last Sunday night to hear what Mrs. Aspinwall had to say in regard to Spiritualism. The materializing seances are good and well attended."

C. J. Swain expresses himself as follows: "As a Spiritualist I am opposed to mixing sleight-of-hand, etc., into a spiritual seance, and am in favor of arresting all exhibitors that advertise more than they perform. I am against trickery, wherever found; and Spiritualists should not allow those of their own ranks to bring us to shame. Mr. and Mrs. Eddy were here last Tuesday, and gave an entertainment in the opera house. They did exhibit one-fourth of what they advertised and attempted to expose Slade. They did not exhibit one-fourth as much as Slade, and their attempt was a miserable failure."

Dr. Juliet H. Severance, who has been performing efficient work at Jacksonville, Florida, during the winter, expects to return to her home in this city the first of May or sooner.

W. I. Barnett writes that Dr. A. A. Wait and son Harry are at Salt Lake City; the doctor is giving some excellent lectures, and Harry gives fine tests. Other mediums are doing some good work. There is great need of organization.

Dr. Lewis Freedman, healer and clairvoyant, is now located at 213 East 89th street, N. Y., where he can be consulted.

Mrs. E. W. Buehhead, a resident of San Jose, Cal., was in the city last week, having just returned from a visit to friends in Iowa. Mrs. B. is a leading Spiritualist, and devoted to the cause. She and Mrs. Nickless—the latter having done some excellent work here as lecturer and medium—will return to California the last of this month.

Mrs. Kate Blade, the well-known independent state-writing medium, will give seances daily—except Saturday—at her home 53 Thirty-third street.

A friend writes: "A great deal of interest is being manifested in South Chicago in the cause of Spiritualism, and we feel that this fall will find us with a large and flourishing society. Through the efforts of two earnest workers, we have had with us during the past few months, such able speakers as Dr. G. W. Carpenter, Prof. Lockwood, Mrs. Nickless, Mrs. Trudell, F. Corden, White, and others. Mrs. Hanson, Mrs. Ireland, Mrs. Hughes and many more have helped with their different phases of mediumship."

J. W. Westerfield, President of the State Association, writes: "The Spiritualists of Indiana will hold their fourth annual camp-meeting on their grounds, at Chesterfield, near Anderson, commencing July 19th 1894, continuing until August 15th. Lecturers and mediums of national reputation have been engaged. The speakers are: Mrs. Colby Luther, J. Clegg Wright, Lyman C. Howe and E. W. Sprague, speaker and test medium. We expect this to eclipse all previous meetings on our grounds, in every particular. Our grounds have been improved, and we hope to see several new cottages on the grounds this year. Materializing mediums and mediums of all phases have promised to be with us this year."

Geo. L. Sopris, of Denver, Col., writes: "Inclosed find money order for \$10, being the financial results of a seance given by the controls of Prof. and Mrs. Chas. W. Steward, of this city, for the benefit of Mrs. E. V. Wilson, of Chicago."

The excellent workers, E. W. Sprague and wife, are open for engagements for May and June. Address them at Newland and Forest avenues, Jamestown, N. Y.

That "doctors" of the regular persuasion ought to be protected, by stringent medical laws, is made manifest by a case mentioned by D. H. Ropp, of Otego, Mich. Ropp was recently hired to take care of a man whom, as Mr. Ropp says, "one of our very smart and precise doctors was tending." The "doctor" called it a bad case of scarlet fever, but after Mr. Ropp and several others had been exposed and taken down, it was found to be a case of small-pox, being called on, was found sick with various ailments, and he became very angry and claimed it was merely chicken-pox. And this doctor has been practicing (?) more than thirty years! In this instance his practice has cost the town nearly \$1,800, besides two deaths, etc. Verily, should not such regular medical practitioners be protected by law against quacks?

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Mrs. E. M. Goldworthy writes from Port Dodge, Iowa: "Mr. and Mrs. Aspinwall, of Minneapolis, Minn., are with us and giving good satisfaction. The opera house was filled last Sunday night to hear what Mrs. Aspinwall had to say in regard to Spiritualism. The materializing seances are good and well attended."

C. J. Swain expresses himself as follows: "As a Spiritualist I am opposed to mixing sleight-of-hand, etc., into a spiritual seance, and am in favor of arresting all exhibitors that advertise more than they perform. I am against trickery, wherever found; and Spiritualists should not allow those of their own ranks to bring us to shame. Mr. and Mrs. Eddy were here last Tuesday, and gave an entertainment in the opera house. They did exhibit one-fourth of what they advertised and attempted to expose Slade. They did not exhibit one-fourth as much as Slade, and their attempt was a miserable failure."

Dr. Juliet H. Severance, who has been performing efficient work at Jacksonville, Florida, during the winter, expects to return to her home in this city the first of May or sooner.

W. I. Barnett writes that Dr. A. A. Wait and son Harry are at Salt Lake City; the doctor is giving some excellent lectures, and Harry gives fine tests. Other mediums are doing some good work. There is great need of organization.

Dr. Lewis Freedman, healer and clairvoyant, is now located at 213 East 89th street, N. Y., where he can be consulted.

Mrs. E. W. Buehhead, a resident of San Jose, Cal., was in the city last week, having just returned from a visit to friends in Iowa. Mrs. B. is a leading Spiritualist, and devoted to the cause. She and Mrs. Nickless—the latter having done some excellent work here as lecturer and medium—will return to California the last of this month.

Mrs. Kate Blade, the well-known independent state-writing medium, will give seances daily—except Saturday—at her home 53 Thirty-third street.

A friend writes: "A great deal of interest is being manifested in South Chicago in the cause of Spiritualism, and we feel that this fall will find us with a large and flourishing society. Through the efforts of two earnest workers, we have had with us during the past few months, such able speakers as Dr. G. W. Carpenter, Prof. Lockwood, Mrs. Nickless, Mrs. Trudell, F. Corden, White, and others. Mrs. Hanson, Mrs. Ireland, Mrs. Hughes and many more have helped with their different phases of mediumship."

J. W. Westerfield, President of the State Association, writes: "The Spiritualists of Indiana will hold their fourth annual camp-meeting on their grounds, at Chesterfield, near Anderson, commencing July 19th 1894, continuing until August 15th. Lecturers and mediums of national reputation have been engaged. The speakers are: Mrs. Colby Luther, J. Clegg Wright, Lyman C. Howe and E. W. Sprague, speaker and test medium. We expect this to eclipse all previous meetings on our grounds, in every particular. Our grounds have been improved, and we hope to see several new cottages on the grounds this year. Materializing mediums and mediums of all phases have promised to be with us this year."

Geo. L. Sopris, of Denver, Col., writes: "Inclosed find money order for \$10, being the financial results of a seance given by the controls of Prof. and Mrs. Chas. W. Steward, of this city, for the benefit of Mrs. E. V. Wilson, of Chicago."

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Johnny Cumming requests me to say to you as follows: "Tell Mr. Francis to say Mrs. Wilson, when he gives her this money; Johnny Cumming, is willing to do anything in his power to help her, and if at any time she is in need, and will notify my medium, Chas. W. Steward, we will hold a seance for her benefit. We are going to take a short vacation, and from April 20th to May 10th our address will be at 24 South Anderson street, Aurora, Ill. In Denver we are at 2245 Welton street, and I want her to let me know whenever she needs assistance."

J. Pettibone writes: "My wife and I were sitting together the other evening, and the spirit of Wm. L. Booth, of Hillsboro, Texas, came and stated he had been in Spiritworld, but a short time and wished to communicate to his friends in Texas, letting them know that he found things over there just as he expected. He wishes to be remembered to all friends; also wishes his friend H. P. Harrington of Hillsboro, Texas, to take THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and requested me to have him subscribe for it, also all friends. I have granted his request, and I trust he will do as the spirit wishes. We leave for Spokane for two weeks, then will return to Seattle."

Mrs. A. B. Burt, secretary, sends us an account of anniversary doings at Battle Creek, Mich. There was not room for all who came; all denominations, including Catholics and Adventists, were represented. The doings were so spoke grandly and eloquently; Mrs. Lillie Piper gave splendid psychometric readings; Mrs. Jos. Serretier gave platform tests and astonished all present; Miss Jessie Johnson gave a grand exhibition of inspirational song and music; and altogether the occasion was a notable success. There is talk of building a spiritual temple, of which there is a demonstrated need, as crowds have to be turned away on this occasion for want of room.

Charles Carter writes that he takes as much pleasure in sending a new subscriber as he ever took in eating a good meal.

C. P. Howard queries whether the world is better today than it was eighteen hundred years ago; and what the effect would be if Jesus should come to Chicago? Viewing the social and political situation—the strikes, lookouts, labor riots, anarchism; the attitude of the monied class and the conscienceless politicians; and the role enacted by the popular churches, there is no reason to believe that the millennium is near.

A. V. Herman, corresponding secretary, writes that the Spiritualists of Lincoln, Neb., organized some time ago with some forty members, and perfected the organization April 8th, together with the Ladies Aid Society and the Lyceum. The Sunday evening meetings are well attended, having always interesting subjects for discussion. There is material in the city for a large and prosperous society. "It is laughable," he writes, "to hear a poor preacher talking against Spiritualism, yet, if you ask him why he knows about it, he will usually admit that he never investigated it all; and so in regard to other questions of most vital importance—or, if they know anything, they suppress it."

H. S. B. writes from Wawawai, Wash.: We have just started a circle of investigation here—had fine table movements the second sitting. We have two healing and one trance medium and several clairvoyants, not fully developed, of course. We have the promise of materializations inside of a month. If an old gentleman in the neighborhood can arrange things so as to meet with us regularly, he is a Spiritualist of over twenty years standing.

Mrs. L. Hecker writes that Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, of Jamestown, N. Y., gave two lectures at Oil City, Pa., on Sunday April 15th. Their tests were marvelous.

A Campbell, the spirit artist, writes from Salt Lake City that he is on his way East and expects to be in this city on or about the 25th of this month. He intends to spend the summer at Lily Dale, N. Y., where all letters should be addressed to him after May 1st.

Dr. C. T. H. Bepton is open for engagements as an inspirational speaker and psychometric reader. Any society wishing a speaker for Sunday service or funerals can secure his services for his actual expenses only, by notifying him three days in advance. Address 6236 Morgan street, Englewood, Ill.

C.

Following table of contents: 1-Death and the After-Life; 2-Scenes in the Summer-Land; 3-Society in the Summer-Land; 4-Social Centres in the Summer-Land; 5-Winter-Land and Summer-Land; 6-Language and Life in Summer-Land; 7-Material Work for Spiritual Workers; 8-Ultimates in the Summer-Land; 9-Voice from James Victor Wilson. This enlarged edition contains more than double the amount of matter in former editions, and is enriched by a beautiful frontispiece, illustrating the "formation of the Spiritual Body." Clot. 25 cents. Postage 5 cents. For sale at this office

TRULY, WHAT NEXT?

The Writer in Somewhat of a Quandary.

But Struggles to Get Into the Light.

My pen receives a new vigor, and travels over the paper, pushed apparently by the sound waves traveling through my brain, after reading the article on page four of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of March 24th, on the tremendous force to be generated by harmonious sound waves, and entitled: "What Next?" The millennium will not be far off when the fiddle-bow takes the place of brute force.

Imagine the enraged wife giving her husband an unmerciful beating, not with the brush and end of a broom, but with the bow of a fiddle. It would be a mark of the eternal progression of things, then, to see her fiddling the dirt out of the house to pizzicato music.

We can see the engineer of the near future dropping his throttle on an upgrade, and with rigid determination grasping his violin bow, and sawing his train safely over the divide.

We can see man's useful friend, the horse, browsing away his time on the dew-kissed grass, while his once ungrateful master fiddles in the shafts. The tired farmer who, when the plow-handle reaches for his inmost ribs, unhooking his team, and fiddling the obstinate stump into the next county. The amateur musician, just as he has made everybody in the block miserable, "hoist by his own petard." The thought and peace-deceiving young lady pianist who, just as she has filled the parlor with the explosive melody of "Who will care for mother now?" and her mother in the kitchen over a big washing, will be blown into kingdom come by the sudden explosion of the uncontrollable power she has generated.

The soulful cat, whose inner self has made fiddling a possibility, is making night a mockery on the next roof—then who can tell but that a well-directed boot-jack in the hands of some skillful musician may not so play upon the strings of her internal strings, that the concussion may leave a peaceful void in the moonlit air?

I have read, too, the diagrams enclosed by the walls of an article written by a Detroit scientist. I read at the article itself, but I fear I was left in a more hopeless state of bewilderment and chaos than that in which I found myself after reading a nine-fathoms-deep article by the S. P. R. I could understand the diagrams—I have heard of a man who was a private and a walking still, but do not see why our frailties are not enough to know that we exist in a state subject to all the ills that flesh is heir to, without being held up as a gyrating corkscrew?

I am willing to let my subliminal consciousness slide; I can reconcile myself to the possession of a retrocognitive indivisibility. I can bear the brunt of unconscious cerebration, but when I am told that "this same vibratory energy caused figure or form of all life while it was animating the protoplasmic mass by absorption of earth vibratory energy, animated inanimate matter the more energy it absorbed, the more active it became." I am lost!

I had some misgivings when I was told I had descended from a baboon; that was better than having the baboon a descendant of mine; even dust was no despicable ancestor; for philosophy had taught me that

"The Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

and through a subtle process of evolution, "A man might fight with a worm that had fed off a king, and eat of the fish that had fed off that worm; showing how a king might go a progress through the body of a beggar,"—but on what can we build if we believe that, as in diagram four, we are the children of a protoplasmic corkscrew with the delirium tremens?

Anaxagoras was an early expounder of the philosophy of the atom, and its gradual evolution out of the nowhere into here.

Science has done much good for the human race. Science has swept away from the minds of the multitude the cobwebs of bigotry and superstition that held them enmeshed for thousands of years; but how much more good science could have done for humanity at large, had it condescended its tenets in language more easy of comprehension.

We do not think it has worked itself so profoundly it cannot understand itself; but we base our call for simplicity on the universal popularity of a book that has enslaved the minds of men for centuries—the Bible.

The author of the Shakespearean plays was the only writer who was endowed with the power of blowing hot and cold in a breath; who could write profoundly and simply at one and the same time; and hold fast that which is good.

Let us not wish to cast a stone at the learned scientist in Detroit, but I do wish that those who have the welfare of their fellows at heart, who would reach out and enlighten the minds and hearts of the many, would do so through the more open channel of every-day expression.

We should pay all attention to that philosopher who, through years of deep research and patient study, has marked the milestones of progression; we should honor that man or woman whose life-work is to blaze through the forests of ignorance, that road that the ages must follow; but the blazing should be cut at short distances on the body of the tree of knowledge, not at the top, nor underneath the roots, nor at such immense distances that we are lost in attempting to follow the marks.

In the great dramas of life there are too few "Old Homesteads," "Uncle Tom's Cabins" and "Shore Acres"—too many of the kind whose very unsympathetic nature and depth of reasoning makes them not only unpopular with the masses, but evanescent.

The simplest teachings of Zoroaster, Confucius, Mohammed, Apollonius and Jesus will live when the deeper reasonings of metaphysical philosophers shall have been forgotten.

The very simplicity of the writings of Judge Royce mark him as a man of deep thought; a scholar of profound erudition. And I would respectfully submit to those whose learned articles aim at the promulgation of new discov-

eries; whose deeply scientific minds grasp the means that make us better, physically, morally and mentally, that they try to reach us through our hearts, and if they must penetrate the brain to find them, let it be with a more pleasant or comprehensible weapon than a thunderbolt.

I remember a very learned professor who came to our school to lecture on the chemical affinity of light with the ophthalmic nerve. When he had finished, the professors present applauded; the students that had not fallen asleep, made no demonstration. "Now, gentlemen," said the lecturer, "I am ready for any questions you may wish to ask." One of the students arose: "Will you please tell what you have been talking about?"

In reading over the communication of Spirit Sarah E. Butler, given through the mediumship of Geo. W. Cole, I see it is claimed that "historians" confound the two names, Claudius and Appius. Will some one tell me where, and by which historian, or historians he is so confounded? I find no such under. Again, "An spirit could be long in the company of Claudius and not become better." Adhering to the laws of progression, we hope he has changed for the better. But if he is the same wretch that had his pander, Cajus Claudius, follow the innocent Virginia till he drove her father to immolate her on the altar of virtue to save her honor from the hands of a man who was a pander, we pity the spirit who has to keep him company.

There is too much magdalen sentiment wasted over the lives of those whose only redeeming feature, in the eyes of sentimentalists was their worldly position; too many lies are carved on tombstones; and, with all the charity in the range of reason, we want to feel that people are made better by casting aside this garment of flesh, with all its attendant weaknesses; but none of us are stupid enough to believe that, mortality past, we become purified angels:

The thief turned honest merits praise he seldom gets;

While honesty, turned thief, gets pity ill deserved.

Speaking of the above misstatement in regard to Appius Claudius, there are too many of our platform and other mediums who make erroneous statements; whether willfully or ignorantly, that fact remains.

On the other Sunday I heard a prominent medium speak of Victorian Sardonius, a scientist known only as a play-writer, as a scientist of most profound research, more particularly on the subject of hypnotism; and, after an exhibition of mesmeric power by another, the medium first mentioned said: "We know all about this, and we don't want to hear about it; it's old!" and, "We should be careful how we encourage its use in the hands of an ignorant person. Was this not the case with the late Sardonius?"

Yodis and must we banish the sun, moon and stars; the mountains, valleys and streams; and even the writings of antiquity, because they are old? Must we, too, relegate to oblivion the shades of our ancestors?

As to the dangers of hypnotism, electricity—that most dangerous of all known forces, that most life-giving of all fluids—is dangerous, too; yet shall we abandon it because it must needs be experimented with? For surely hair has not yet been harnessed to the car of utility.

That which has been the salvation of the many, has had its birth in the annihilation of the few; and because Anaxagoras met his banishment for asserting that the stars were masses of corruptible matter, should we limit the researches of a Newton or a Herschel?

And right here another thought in connection with mediums: Would it not be better, even if we should resolve ourselves into a little or vast mutual admiration society, to let each one speak of the good and bad he has done—the converts he or she has made—than to hear mediums, Sunday after Sunday, tell of the wonderful manifestations that had taken place through his or her instrumentality?

"That good we do for other's praise, is evil in disguise."

When truly good, 'tis for our own, Not for our neighbor's eye.

"Toot your horn, if you don't sell a clam," may be very good street talk, but soul-communion policy; and the constant tooting of our own horns at spiritual gatherings is, as Dogberry says: "Most intolerable and not to be endured."

Let us reform ourselves, and we will be astonished with what marvelous quickness we will reform the world.

The earnest seeker after truth will not find it in the self-education of business-seeking mediums.

Let the good we do be spoken of even as the evil we do—Never.

Nothing so becomes man or woman as modesty; and if, by the help of the angels, we are really doing good works, let our soldiers rather than ourselves raise our standard.

"Good wine needs no bush." The constant ringing of the church's bell, is no proof of the purity of the religion to be found therein.

Let us be earnest, not rabid seekers after truth. Let us be sincere, not hypocrites, and hold fast that which is good.

Nothing, accept nothing in a spiritual sense, on a moment's spur. "They stumble that run fast." But when once you have the truth, "grapple it to the soul with hooks of steel."

Let no rash, misguided hand wall up the path that leads you near to the angels.

Be firm and unwavering in the cause of truth. Give ear to that celestial whisper which says:

To flicker love, the heavens are filled with stars; constant is he who, lost in the "milky way," can never see but one.

CHAS. NEVINS.

145 West 13th St., New York City.

A Scholar's Opinion.

The New Testament is the chief of monastic books. It cannot be detached from the atmosphere of the monasteries and made to fit our modern life without glaring contempt of the fitness of times and things.—Prof. Edwin Johnson, in "The Rise of Christendom."

Every tree has "reserve buds," which develop at the point where the limb has been cut off.

The earth's lowest body of water is the Caspian Sea, which has been sinking for centuries.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething" softens gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Mr. J. D. Nickerson, of Chicago, died at 82 years. He has given friends testimony of his continued life and work in the new sphere on which he has entered.

A. R. NICKERSON.

Mr. Levi McCain, of Moline, Ill., a zealous Spiritualist, passed to Spirit-life April 3, in the 81st year of his age. He was a regular visitor at Clinton Camp, where he had been favored with many tests of materialization of spirit friends, convincing him beyond all doubt. He was a zealous advocate of this truth he so firmly believed, though often met by the scorn of unbelievers. He was untiring in his energy to cheer others, as he had himself been cheered and comforted. He often conversed with spirit friends in his own home, even up to the last hours of his sickness and death.

Rev. J. C. Grumline, of Geneseo, Ill., delivered an inspirational sermon on the eternality of mind, as a tribute to his memory, at the Unitarian church of this city.

Passed to Spirit-life from her home in Covert, Van Buren County, Mich., Mrs. Edith Moore, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Moore, in the 15th year of her age. Thus has been snatched from the fond embrace of home and friends a life in full bloom. She was known only to her friends, and was a devoted daughter of the bereaved parents, and a large concourse of sympathizing neighbors, by Mrs. Levi Wood, of South Haven, who read the hearer's loving message from the newly-arisen spirit.

Mrs. Sarah A. Drake, a venerable Spiritualist of Bloomington, Ill., has passed to Spirit-life, from the home of her daughter, Mrs. O. S. Weaver, where the funeral services were held on the 9th inst. Mrs. Akers, pastor of the Spiritualist Society, delivered the funeral address to a large number of friends, many of whom had known Mrs. Drake intimately since her coming to Bloomington from Ohio more than thirty years ago, and had loved her for her noble character and sincere devotion.

Passed to Spirit-life, at Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1894, James Fletcher, aged 63 years. Being a member of the Masonic order, he was buried under their ritual. Rev. A. Chase preached the sermon, and Rev. S. A. Parker, of Bethel, offered prayer, and led in the Masonic rites. "Towns" were present, and joined in the impressive service of the occasion.

Passed to Spirit-life, March 28, 1894, at Washington, Yolo Co., Cal., Margaretta, infant daughter of Howard K. and Anna Smith, aged 1 month and 3 days.

At Leonidas, Mich., April 9th, 1894, passed to Spirit-life S. Ferris, in his 62d year. A Spiritualist for thirty years, it was his delight to converse upon the beauties of his belief, on every suitable occasion. Knowing for weeks that his journeying here was nearly over, he waited patiently and cheerfully, being fully convinced that many loved ones waited his coming. The funeral was held at his home, Mr. L. V. Moulton, assisted by Rev. F. M. Aunk, officiated at his obsequies. Mr. Moulton spoke feelingly of the soul's transition and future possibilities; and remarks were made by Mr. Aunk. The services at the grave were conducted by the Masons. Thus has one passed from our midst—but not from memory. LOTTIE BISHOP NICHOLS.

Departed to the higher-life, April 10, Magnus Olson, aged 22 years, at the home of Mrs. Kristina Anderberg, the well known medium in Minneapolis. Mrs. C. D. Pruden delivered the address—a most beautiful description of the higher life and the birth of the spirit into its new home was given through her inspired lips.

Mysteriously Disappear.

Mr. J. W. Van Gorden, of East Liberty, O., is in this city, endeavoring to find his wife and little daughter. Mrs. Van Gorden left home three weeks ago to visit friends at Waukegan, Ill. On the 30th of March, she left Waukegan to visit her cousin, Dr. Kolbs, at Oxford, Ind. On the 3rd of April she wrote to her husband that she was not very well, but that she was going to Muncie, from which place she would return home by Indianapolis, arriving at home by Saturday. Since that time the husband has not heard from his wife or child—a daughter aged 6 years.

The husband is very much concerned about his wife and has telegraphed all around in the hope of finding her. She is a good-looking woman of 45 years. Superintendent Brown, of the Lafayette police force, detailed an officer to assist Mr. Van Gorden in searching through the city for his wife, and after in the evening they found a hackman who said a woman and child, answering the description of Mrs. Van Gorden and daughter, employed him to purchase tickets for herself and daughter for Chicago, and that he had just taken them to Chicago. Mrs. Van Gorden says she is the happiest and most contented character; his wife's health, he says, is delicate, and he fears that her mind may have become temporarily aberrated.

Losing Its Prey.

In these days, when the A. P. A. and other similar organizations are cutting so wide a swath through Romish schemes and hopes, we opine that the Romish schemers who supposed their plans were all working nicely for "the church," must now feel like quoting sadly Bobby Burns's lines:

The best-laid plans of mice and men Gang aft agley.

They see their hopes of Rome's universal rule postponed indefinitely. And it will take more than the help of all the silly Protestant pastors of whatsoever name and hue, to stay the tide that is setting against the methods and aims of the old scarlet hag. A few silly pastors and party-blind editors may be forever cunning, Romish protestants and pretenses, but the people are wiser, and will not be fooled. They are not ready to be Romitized nor to have our free institutions Romanized. So the old Octopus is losing its coveted prey.

A REQUEST

To All Mediums in the United States.

FROM THE NATIONAL SPIRITUALISTS' ASSOCIATION.

It is of especial importance to the entire body of Spiritualists in the United States that they should be informed of the numerous and varied phases of mediumship (so-called "phenomena"). For this reason, in connection with the desire to be fully acquainted with every means of communication and development of the spiritual element of our natures, we are now making an effort to secure a full knowledge of all the different phases that have come to light throughout the world. In addition to making a call upon all mediums to extend their information to all foreign countries, Germany, Holland, England, Scotland, Australia, Africa, Brazil, Belgium, France, India, Italy, Mexico, New Zealand, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Argentine Republic and Ireland.

We have enumerated on our Register of Mediums thus far obtained the following phases, and we wish those who have not yet reported to the National Association at the above number, would do so, giving their full name and address and their development in full. We are collecting this information as rapidly as possible and no medium of any phase should fail to send it at once. It will be of extreme interest to have a full knowledge of every means of communication and of innumerable value to the Spiritualists of the country. Many develop but partially in directions without knowing the important results that would follow if patience and perseverance were exercised, and for lack of these they lose great opportunities that would be instrumental in not only changing the current of their lives, but insure a higher appreciation of their developments and a better knowledge of their own abilities. As our Brother Emerson's guide stated when asked the question on last Sunday: "What are the two greatest sins of the world?" The reply was: "Sin and ignorance." It is in our common-sense and constant exchange of thought and knowledge we more rapidly develop those higher and God-given qualities within us that could not otherwise be realized.

Every medium, and we say this in the fullest sense of the word, will profit by sending to us the information we seek to record for their own benefit and for the world at large; and as it will require but a few moments of time there can be no reasonable excuse for a failure to do so. We are now compiling a history of the progress of the world, and it is now being made up for the enlightenment of mankind.

On the Register we have devoted to a Record of the Mediums and their respective phases, we have the following classification of mediumship:

Clairvoyant, Inspirational, Test, Clairaudient, Trance, Materializing, Trumpet, Photographing, Lecturers, Impressional, Sealed Letters, Drawing, Prophetic, Voices, Healing, Psychometric, Slate-writing, Business, Music, Electrostatic, Psychological, Disembodied Spirit, Materializing.

In connection with the important work contemplated, we shall as soon as we receive the information from all foreign countries, compile the statistics in that direction and publish all that may be of interest to the Spiritualists of America. We have reason to believe that many phases have been developed in other lands which have not yet become manifest in this country, and we note that special localities are more favorably adapted to the development of particular phases that are not demonstrable in other sections. When we have secured a complete response to our call we shall then make a note of the developments applicable to different localities, and this will be a matter of considerable interest to all Spiritualists and investigators.

It is therefore to your advantage and that of the world to act at once in accordance with our suggestion and request, by returning to us such information in the respect as you may be able to impart.

Assisting us to complete the Register of the National Association by furnishing to the undersigned your name, residence, and all phases of mediumship you have thus far developed, and from time to time we will send you such documents as emanate from the National Spiritualists' Association. Act at once. Do not delay. This request is made to you personally.

ROBERT A. DIMMICK, Sec.

510 E Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

GENERAL SURVEY.

CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.

Prof. Lockwood will speak at Bricklayers' hall, corner of 10th and Broadway streets, Sunday April 30th, at 3:30 P. M., subject: "Mesmerism, Mental Science, Christian Science, Dowdism and the Healing Art, Analyzed and Explained by Principles of Molecular-Induction." At 7:30 "From Materialism to a Knowledge of Continual Existence, through an Analysis of Principles of Nature." These two lectures are among the most interesting and instructive, given by Prof. Lockwood.

Chas. J. Barnes, trumpet medium, has been holding successful seances at Muncie, Ind., and goes now to Marion, Ind.

On Thursday of last week Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, in response to a special invitation, addressed a contingent of the "Industrialists" at the headquarters on La Salle street. She was listened to with respectful deference as she spoke tender words of sympathy and admonished them not to jeopardize their cause or sully their flag with violence. That her sentiments were well received was shown by the emphatic appreciative responses given, and by the solicitations for a personal introduction to the speaker.

Mrs. Sarah E. Bromwell, medium, has moved from 782 Fulton street to 1 South Hoyne avenue, near Lake street. Seances Wednesday and Friday evenings.

A. J. Swartz is now at Los Angeles, Cal. He can be addressed at 415 Green street avenue.

Mrs. Isa Wilson Porter will answer calls to give platform tests at camp meetings. She can be addressed at 540 West Van Buren street.

H. D. Barrett, President of the National Association, is spending the month of May in Paris. The last time he will give several lectures in the State of Maine. His lectures in cause is progressing nicely in New York City, and I am greeted by his "phenomena." Mr. Barrett is an "excellent" worker.

J. M. Clarke writes from Nashville, Tenn., to tell of the wonderful mediumship, telegraphic, manifested by Mrs. Charles Figures, and says: "I have had the privilege of two sittings with him, and unhesitatingly say that they could not have been more satisfactory—in broad daylight, with direct answers to every question, and a reliable proof of identity shown in every sense."

Dr. F. P. Bitters writes that he is engaged by Mr. H. H. Fross, of Monon, Ind., to speak for the society at that place, the last Sunday of April and the month of May. He would like engagements for June. Address him Monon, Ind. The doctor is highly spoken of wherever he goes.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodmansee write of visiting Mr. A. Campbell, and of receiving a beautiful oil painting on porcelain, of roses representing their children in Spirit-life, also a message on a slate and portrait on a slate. They mention Mr. Campbell as a fine, truthful medium, through whom they have received much beautiful work in the form of Christmas and New Year's present from their children.

Mrs. Jennie Moore writes from San Francisco, Cal.: "Our grand cause is progressing quite rapidly here. There are at least twenty public meetings here on Sundays, besides all the circles. I have had grand success with my seances, besides taking part in three public meetings. My health has greatly improved. I shall return, the last of this month, to my home, 151 Warren avenue, Chicago."

Mr. and Mrs. John Lindsay will answer calls to lecture. They can be addressed, No. 20 Turner street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

That veteran worker, L. V. Moulton, has the following engagements: June 10th, Texas, Mich.; June 18th and 17th, Orion Lake Camp, Mich.; July, entire month, at the camp of the Northwestern Spiritual Association, as president, at Camp Park, between St. Paul and Minneapolis; August 4th and 5th, Cassadaga, N. Y.; August 13th, annual meeting Michigan State Spiritual Association, Lansing, Mich.; August 18 and 19, Hazzlet Park Camp, Mich.

Chas. Staglin, president of the Religious-Philosophical Society, of Baltimore, Md., writes: "We have with us as our speaker and to medium for April, Oscar A. Edgerly, of Newburyport, Mass. That our society appreciates the work of Mr. Edgerly's guides is manifest by the fact that this is the third month he has served us within a year. As a striking indication of the favor in which he is held by our people, I will say that at the last business meeting of the society, they decided to re-engage him for the month of May, 1895. We find, with Mr. Edgerly on our roster, we can always depend on having practical, concise and instructive lectures, these attributes coupled with a fine ability as a test medium, make him a most valuable public worker in the interest of our cause."

SPECIAL NOTICE ADVERTISEMENTS.

"Peculiar." We often hear it said of men who have made an unusual record by means of their superior intellectual powers that they are "Peculiar." To be peculiar is to be different from everybody else and if they had not been peculiar they would never have been heard of. This principle holds good everywhere. The best piece of machinery ever invented is peculiar, for the simple reason that it is superior. The best medicine ever put on the market has gained the reputation of being peculiar from the fact that it has been found the best. This is why Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiar. It cures when all other preparations have failed. The reason why it cures is that it has true merit and intrinsic virtue. It does not consist of a few cheap drugs put together just as it might happen, to be offered for sale, but it is carefully compounded so as to produce a medicine that will make pure blood and thus not only remove disease, but, if used when the system is sound, and the blood unimpured, will build it up and guard it against disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla, in short, is peculiar because it cures.

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(See ad. in another column.)

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