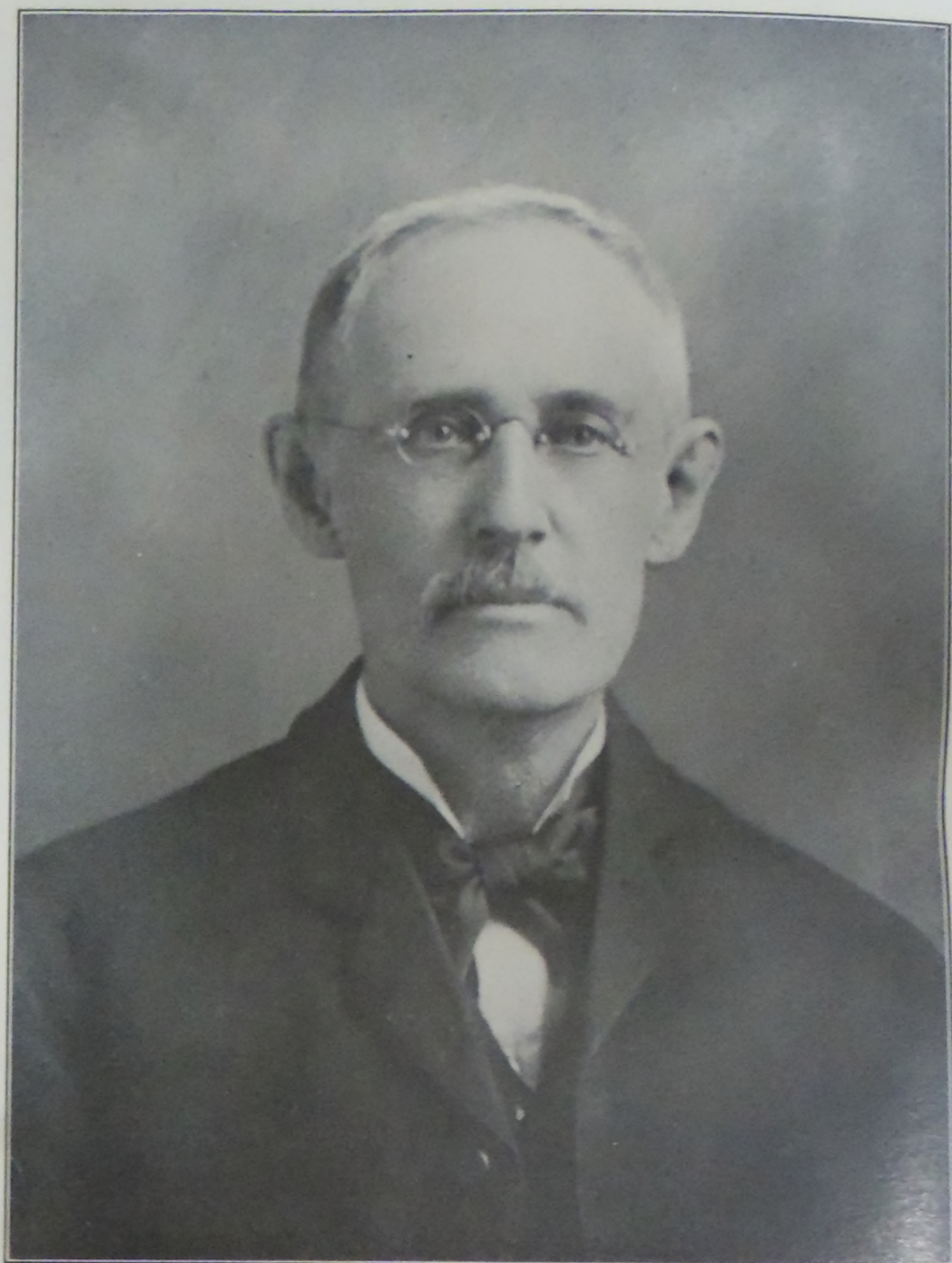


In Memoriam



John R. Francis

In Memoriam

In Memory of John R. Francis

"SUNSET AND EVENING STAR,
AND ONE CLEAR CALL FOR ME!
AND MAY THERE BE NO MOAN-
ING OF THE BAR,
WHEN I PUT OUT TO SEA."

—Tennyson.

July 18, 1832

March 2, 1910

A LIFE SIMPLE, MODEST, HOME-LOVING; A MIND ALERT, JUDICIAL, READY TO ADOPT AND ADVOCATE FORCEFULLY AND FEARLESSLY ANY NEW IDEA THAT MIGHT WORK FOR THE BETTERMENT OF HUMANITY; A HEART TENDER, SYMPATHETIC, PULSATING FOR THE DOWN-TRODDEN AND THE DESTITUTE; A COURAGE THAT NEVER FALTERED IN THE CONTEST WAGED BETWEEN HONESTY AND DISHONESTY, BETWEEN TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD. OUR SIMPLE HOME WAS OPEN ALWAYS TO THOSE WHO HAD AUGHT TO SAY THAT APPEALED TO HIS SENSE OF RIGHT. THE TURBANED MISSIONARY FROM INDIA PRESENTING THE TRUTHS OF HIS RELIGION, THE BLACK-GOWNED PHILOSOPHER FROM ENGLAND INVESTIGATING SCIENTIFIC OR PSYCHIC PHENOMENA, THE NEW ENGLAND MATRON PLEADING FOR WIDER USEFULNESS FOR HER SEX; ALL WERE WELCOME. HE ONLY ASKED TO BE ASSURED THAT THEY WERE SINCERE.

FOR MORE THAN A QUARTER OF A CENTURY IT WAS MY PRIVILEGE TO GIVE TO HIM SUCH HUMBLE ASSISTANCE AS I MIGHT IN THIS LIFE-WORK. TOGETHER WE DISCUSSED THE MANY PLANS THAT CAME TO HIS FERTILE BRAIN, TOGETHER WE WROUGHT FOR THE SUCCESS OF THOSE PLANS. NOW THAT HE HAS ENTERED UPON A WIDER FIELD OF EFFORT, I AM GRATEFUL THAT I FOR SO MANY YEARS WAS ABLE TO LIGHTEN HIS BURDEN; AND IT IS WITH FEELINGS OF HEARTFELT THANKFULNESS THAT I AM ABLE TO RECORD THE MANY KINDLY TRIBUTES OF THOSE WHO LOVED AND LABORED WITH HIM.

Mrs. Francis.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

John R. Francis, son of John and Nancy Francis, was born at New Hope, Cayuga County, New York, July 18th, 1832. His father was a blacksmith. His mother, to whom he has paid tender tribute in some of his earlier writings, died when he was about six years of age. He was compelled, when quite young, to go out from the paternal home to seek a livelihood. At the age of seventeen he was teaching school near his home; later he was tutor in the family of the owner of a large plantation in Virginia. Thence he went to Kansas, where he taught school. He failed to secure the school a second term on account of his religious belief, he being a Universalist at that time. He then secured a position in a printing office, and at the end of a year had entire control of the paper. This he often spoke of as the turning point in his life, for from that time to the end he was in newspaper work.

He then founded a paper of his own, the Quindaro Tribune, which, after a brief existence, removed to Olathe, Kansas, and appeared as the Olathe Mirror, Mr. Francis remaining as editor and proprietor. This paper, on account of its vigorous anti-slavery policy, attracted the attention of Quantrell's band of Border Ruffians. They came over from Missouri, captured the editor and partially destroyed the Mirror office. After escaping from them he raised a company of cavalry, with which he served to the close of the war of the rebellion, being upon the staff of General McKean.

After the war he was elected chief clerk of the House of Representatives in the first Kansas Legislature; subsequently was for two years secretary of the Senate.

Cold and meagre are the outlines that have come to us of that rugged pioneer life in the new west. He lived beyond the allotted time of man, and those who could speak of the struggles and aspirations of those early years have passed on before him. He himself purposed writing the story, but life was busy and the time never came. Yet, though the shadows are deep and the distance great, we can discern that he was studious, energetic, courageous, fearless, impetuous, even to the verge of rashness, in his young manhood. We can see also that those characteristics softened somewhat of their asperities in maturer years, gave to him the power to battle for the truth as he saw it, throughout the remainder of his life.

In the year 1869 he came to Chicago, where he was connected with the Religio-Philosophical Journal up to the time of founding his own paper, The Progressive Thinker, in 1889. From that time his life has been known to the lovers of free thought and untrammelled speech throughout the continent.

In the year 1887 he married Louisa Carrie Marriott, of Wheaton, Ill.

As one who, through the ties of relationship, for many years was familiar with his home and at various times was a member of his household, I may be allowed to speak of that home. Upon entering, one seemed to be in a library. There were books in every room and in every available place. Everything that touched in any way upon the border-line between the known and the unknown, between the material and spiritual world appealed to him. Here were the books of all the principal religions of the world, the works of geologists and astronomers, students of archaeology and ethnology, of the great biologists and philosophers, besides several hundred volumes upon the occult sciences. Many of the latter were rare, and secured after that patient effort known only to the book-lover. But not all of these were read as we are accustomed to read. He would glance through a volume, turning half a dozen pages at a time, marking here and there a thought that was new or aptly expressed, and then the book was laid aside. But it was

not forgotten. Sooner or later that thought, distilled and re-crystallized, would be given to the readers of his paper.

During the latter years of his life he followed closely the discoveries of science in the uses of radium, electricity and wireless telegraphy. It was his idea that "We are on the brink of still more marvelous discoveries, one of them a means of communicating by one of these or some yet unknown agency, with those who have passed on to spirit-life, as readily and certainly as we now communicate with a friend on board an ocean liner."

He was a student also of electro-therapeutics, and his own room was well provided with modern electrical devices.

Another characteristic that impressed those who knew his home life was his devotion to Mrs. Francis, and his entire confidence in her ability to act in his stead in any matter entrusted to her. Thus it came about that she often was his representative upon public occasions, as she was usually in the entertainment of his friends in their home. And she was ever his invaluable assistant in all that pertained to the detail work of a busy publishing house.

Mr. Francis was vigorous to the last. He had been suffering with a severe cold for a few days and then apparently grew better, and insisted upon attending to business as usual. Going out on a very cold day, he took a chill, which was the forerunner of pleuro pneumonia, and passed to spirit life on Wednesday, March 2, after an illness of only five days, during which he bore his sufferings with infinite patience. Not once did he murmur, but instead watched with solicitude the dear ones who were caring for him, for fear that his illness should cause them undue anxiety.

Up to the last afternoon, he kept in close touch with the printing office, and gave directions about the coming issue. His tender care for Mrs. Francis, during his illness was touching. He felt the extra burden that was upon her, and feared she might overdo, and often he would ask, "How is Carrie?" if she was away from the room for a little while.

Almost the last words he spoke expressed his devotion to the companion of his life and of his work.

"Carrie, you look tired; go to bed and rest. You will have a hard day to-morrow." In a short time he fell peacefully asleep, and soon the tired heart that had throbbed so long for the cause of humanity, ceased to beat.

His best known works are, "A Search After God," and three volumes of "The Encyclopedia of Death and Life in the Spirit World."

W. S. MOFFATT, M. D.

Wheaton, Illinois.



JOHN R. FRANCIS
At the age of 70

Transition Services of John R. Francis.

Rev. Cora L. V. Richmond, Pastor of the Church of the
Soul, and Dr. George B. Warne, President of the
National Spiritualists' Association,
Officiating.

The transition services of John R. Francis were held at his late residence, 106 Loomis street, 12,30, March 4, 1910. The home was crowded with those who came to pay a last tribute of affection to the one who rested in the flower-covered casket, many beautiful tokens being sent by societies and friends.

After appropriate singing by the Lexington Quartette, Mrs. Lizzie A. Field approached the casket and laying upon it a token, remarked:

In grateful memory of Comrade Francis, who offered his life that this flag might wave forever, we, the ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of his comrades, do reverently and lovingly place this upon his breast.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond then spoke as follows,

"In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

"See that they vex not the spirit with unseemly mourning, dear Cato, for when the body lieth there the spirit is set free, and you must not mar its great deliverance by unseemly grief."

"And when thou enterest into the house from whence the spirit is liberated," said one in Arabia, "remember to praise the Infinite Allah, who hath given human birth and who giveth that larger birth of death."

John R. Francis has invited you to his human habita-

tion to-day by the token of a larger birth than that which ushered him into existence seventy-eight years ago.

During all this busy life he has seen less of you than he will see this day, for from early manhood he has taken up the burden of an active life, the wand of labor, and the burden he has laid down at this hour.

We have come hither to mourn with those who mourn, to rejoice with the spirit that rejoiceth, and we are glad in this privilege to have known and loved this man.

Into the mortal home the messenger of God's love has entered, taking from our midst our beloved friend and friend of humanity, our co-worker. Unless it were a man who held the office of the executive of the United States, or some important public office, there is no one perhaps who could have been missed from out the world as greatly as our friend, Mr. Francis. A larger number of people at this hour are wondering what they will do without him, what we will all do without him; and the shock has been such that thousands of eyes are dimmed with tears because of loss, personal loss, and of sympathy for the household and the one who, though bereft, is not repining, as those without comfort in this hour of human grief.

As representing the religion and philosophy to which his later life was devoted, representing the country for which in early life he struggled on the frontier with pen, and raising a regiment for the war between the North and the South for the preservation of the Union, it does seem that the country needs the life that is gone; and we know the cause for which he stood has no such other life. Valliant heroes there are, able workers with pen and tongue, but this man's life stood out by itself.

He was not only a devoted friend, he was not only steadfast and true in every relation in life, but from the time that he was a young man in New York state, hearing the cry of the West and rushing to Kansas to help form that public opinion that should result in making Kansas a free instead of a slave state, assisted in urging on the conflict when war became inevitable and finally shared the great rejoicing when the Union was preserved. Later in Chicago entering this field of spiritual endeavor as the assistant editor of one of the papers devoted to

this subject, he became imbued with the knowledge of this great work, and it was more than thirty years ago; the one standing before you has known him in that capacity thirty-three years, and he was then standing behind the editor and sending out the printed sheets that were to give publication to this great truth.

He was then dreaming the dream that afterward came true, when he carved, as if out of the solid rock, a place for his journal and made it the one organ of the Spiritual movement of this country. It was as if the truth had said to him, "You are the man." And behind the seemingly modest doors of his personal outward life, his retiring disposition, there was this Herculean strength, this great Roman spirit, this power of doing and battling.

He was not an aggressive man personally. No great pioneers are; no great warriors are; but he loved the Truth so well, and he knew so well whereof he testified, that he was willing to overcome all obstacles that stood in the way. Where others in the pioneer newspapership of this Cause—the Banner of Light, the Religio-Philosophical Journal that he helped to make, had not scaled the full height, he saw the way to do it, and he became at once the inspired means of performing that work, as well as the inspiration of thousands. He saw that the intellectual progress of the world and the great spiritual enlightenment required that this work should be borne forward not only with fearlessness and the integrity that were at his command, but also with the ability. Some one commenting on his success in that respect said, "Well, but Mr. Francis was a born newspaper man."

He knew what people required. He knew that they needed to know what was going on in the world in connection with this movement. That the movement has received in the last twenty-five years its greatest impetus in this country from the work that he performed, no one will deny. We all have our part and place; we all have our work to do; but voices are lost upon the atmosphere in which the words are spoken; truths go into the hearts of people, but the public press is what gives the voice permanency and gives Truth to the world, and he gave this. In giving it he gave his life.

We all remember when he made a home for his sister and niece, and for others that needed a resting place, and thought, "Oh, well, he is devoted to his work and he will not marry;" but when there came, twenty-four years ago into his heart and home his companion, we said: "Well, the woman who shares the work of the worker, the woman who knows how to fit herself into his work, the woman who is like the atmosphere, a solvent, a fluid; the woman who can adapt herself to a thing that is already in existence, must be as great as the thing itself;" and when the mild-mannered and rather diffident consort came and deprecatingly said she did not understand the work and was afraid she could not do it, we all said she could, and she has.

Flowing around this great, splendid image of our cause was the solvent of this cementing love, the solvent of her work, the solvent that came between him and the outer world and that helped more than any can tell all the years, all the nights and days of toil, all the earnest endeavor. And so when we came into their habitation and saw them together we knew how it would be, that these two lives would make a complete strength, that their two forces would make a complete power, and it has been so.

How few knew Mr. Francis personally; that is, face to face! They felt him mind to mind, and spirit to spirit. Once in a while he would run out to our house and stay a few hours. Once in a while he would make a little visit, but very few people knew him as a visitor. It was through the wonderful sheet that came every week, unfailingly, that people knew him personally; and he said, "I do not take vacations." There was no time for him to take vacations. Others could get away, others could be spared, others would have different fields of labor and ministry, but his work was here, and you always knew that he was here. Even as you knew him as a friend, the one place that you occupied in his esteem and friendship was always yours. The one standard of life was always there, the one degree of integrity and honor.

He said once to the speaker standing before you, "I am old-fashioned; I believe in the old-fashioned kind of

integrity and honor, and faithfulness and fidelity;" and any man having business with him would see he was strictly and absolutely honest, without flaw in his integrity. And this old-fashioned virtue stood him in great stead, for it enabled him to weather many a financial storm that frailer craft could not have weathered; it enabled him to bear forward his repute and the great respect with which all the world looked toward him.

Dear friends, he held this position a long time. He went steadily forward with this work, and when to-day you pause asking, "What shall we do without this facile pen? What shall we do without this comprehensive mind—no detail too small, no plan too large for him to grasp," we say in return, "How long have we a right to insist that people shall keep on working? How long have we a right to say, "We cannot spare them yet?" Sometimes the silent messenger comes in childhood, and the mother says, "Oh, these are but buds;" sometimes to a maiden, and you say, "They are just entering upon life and love;" sometimes to the middle-aged, and you say, "We cannot spare them yet;" but here, pausing in the midst of his busy career, laying down the burdens, as it were, but yesterday, and talking cheerfully about going out in the springtime with the one who is before you, less than a week ago, still have we a right to say that he could not go? Have we a right to say when the summons came, that he could not go? The "vacation" that he did not take when in active life and strength and even when he needed it many times, is his by right to command; and the Infinite Love and the Divine Wisdom and overarching heavens say: "When one has completed his work well, it cannot be your province to say he must not go."

Mourning as we must with those who weep for the bodily presence, missing him as we must in the accustomed places and fraternal conversation, ever faithful, missing him as this great enterprise will, still do we know that the summons having come, he was ready. There was no repining; there was no reluctance. Unafraid of that great change that would usher him into the next step of life, he would only think, perhaps, of the hardship and the struggle and the labor of those who

are left behind. But as comrades upon the battlefield close up the ranks when one falls, and take up again the work and press forward; as workers in any great cause when one must go (even the leader), find some one to lead them on to still higher victory, so, dear friends, who are his aids in this work, you who are a part of that work of The Progressive Thinker, you must rally around her upon whose womanly shoulders now must fall the burden of this great endeavor. Not only shall we sustain her with our sympathy and each worker who aided him, but help and strengthen; and with a larger knowledge that somehow set free from the human body, somehow freed from the great stress and strain of keeping that body in repair—for he regarded it as a choice machine with which he was to do his work—there will be a greater power, a larger adaptability, a more perfect strength that can come out of his new found life.

Why, it would seem as though one could hear the rejoicing of the spirit, for the body, perfectly as it seemed to fulfill his work, was still a barrier and it required all his care and time when freed from his other strenuous work to keep it in condition to perform its part. Now the spirit is so much greater than the body, and the activity of the mind is so much less hampered; and if people have open windows of the soul, if they have larger vision and more faith and intuition, this truth that is in the heart and in the larger habitation of the temple into which he has entered will more and more inspire them.

It seemed as though on entering this house to-day those who had welcomed him said: "See that you do not mourn, for this life has earned its rest from the physical care, its rest from the material bondage, and one should be glad if one is set free from that which has been for some time perhaps a labor and an oppression; but if one is willing to serve, how glad we are to have them serve. When one is willing to go on with work, how glad we are to have them go on; but when one must go higher, then the strength and the grace and the love and the beauty should be the larger incentive to those who are left in that work which is to follow.

The son of one of the great reformers and workers in this country was asked by one who was passing from mortal life, "What shall I say to your father when I see him?" "Tell him I am continuing at his work," the son said, "and am trying to go on with it as he would do." So let us, dear friends, comrades and helpers, let us take up this work; let him feel that we are not shrinking from it nor faltering; let him feel that we are enlisted for this great struggle; let him feel that it is a matter of our mortal life, and when some here who were pioneers with him shall also have gone, the younger and the still younger generations will also keep up the work.

There are those in this room who have helped him with voice and pen, and there are others in different parts of the world who will still aid, and yet the heart cry is, "We shall miss this man in our human habitation, in our material life, in our social consciousness, in that which made up the daily existence. The void and the space in the home will not seem to be filled and the great light we knew will not be here." But when the larger light enters, the smaller human light passes; "when half gods go, the God arrives," and the great light of these infinite presences, these surpassing intelligences, and his more active mind will more than fill the spaces that are void because of his mortal absence.

Oh, let us pay tribute here. Let these blossoms attest to the loving memory of the hour. Let every heart remember the deeds of loving kindness that he never published to the world, that no one ever knew; no long list of charities or endowments with his name attached, but personal attention to those who needed it. Many a heart here present can testify to these deeds of loving kindness. Many a life has been uplifted from its burdens by his readiness to aid. And though he scorned falsehood as he would scorn the most unworthy thing on earth, that which is true in our sublime philosophy ever had in him its ready and most devoted sustainer. Those who are the instruments for its communication were also sustained and strengthened by him; and when this great knowledge uplifted him into this surpassing position he knew that

from that hour death had lost its terror, the grave was swallowed up in victory, and to comfort other hearts, to enlist in the Cause those who were true and intelligent aids was his desire and work.

He could have wandered off into poetic fields and sentimental paths of literature; he could have spent many hours dreaming with his pen; but no, he must be at the helm; he must guide this little bark that he had launched; he must extend its influence far and wide; he must make these thousands and thousands of people happy every week, and that was his mission.

As a star that guides the mariner on the wave such a life is a great strength; as the guerdon of hope to those who are faltering it is a great aid, and as a beacon light along the troublous shore he led the way, and as some who, faltering and discouraged, were prone to come to him with their discouragement and complaints he would uplift and strengthen them.

Dear workers, let us not say, "We have lost a friend." Dear writers with the pen, who helped him, we must not say, "Our strength is gone;" and, dear friends, one and all, we must say, "God speed to him who has arisen from this house of clay in his greater and new-found work, for there is always larger life and larger work in that next step of existence."

Dr. Barrows, presiding at the great Parliament of Religions held in the Columbian Exposition, said, "I have no doubt that all the wise and good of this and other nations are bending above us at this hour and impelling us to the highest that is in us for this Congress." And so let us remember in all our convocations that he who could not often be with us in bodily presence is now better able to be with us in spirit; that the larger world and the less difficult means of transportation and passing, that the power of thought wherever the spirit has work to do will enable him to be a part of all this work. As he was here, so is he now, with a greater and more perfect activity, with a larger and more perfect strength, with a sublime comradeship born of the spirit and with the light of that truth that he never faltered in advocating and that he bore forward to the end.

Dear friends, if we talked for many days we could only voice the nobility of his life, the exalted and single-mindedness of his friendship, the power of his love of integrity, his advocacy and sterling regard for truth, his appreciation of every helper, and, dear friends, his desire to thank all who aided him in his last hour and in the other hours when the stress of work was upon him, in their wish to minister in any way possible; and to remind you that when at last you also shall cross the barrier between the two worlds he, with your loved ones, will meet you with the strong glad hand of that fellowship ever extended here.

Let not this loved household think that they are left alone. Let not the dear adopted daughters feel that they are bereft, and, oh, let not her who has walked by his side, who has helped to bear these burdens, who has uplifted and strengthened him from discouragement, who has been as a solvent, as the atmosphere, as a cooling fountain of pure water, let her not feel that she is lacking, because of his promotion. Let us be to her a sustaining strength, an uplifting power, and even as the poet laureate wrote of the Queen:

"May the love of all her sons encompass her,
The love of all her daughters cherish her,
The love of all her people make her glad
Until God's love shall place her at his side again."

Dr. George B. Warne's Tribute:

Death during the opening months of 1910 has levied costly tribute upon the ranks of American Spiritualism. Scarcely seven weeks ago its hosts stood as mourners beside the bier of Andrew Jackson Davis in Massachusetts. To-day, we, who as an honor-guard gather about this peaceful casket, already feel the incoming of the widening waves of sorrow and of sympathy over this event.

A mighty champion for all that was best and truest in Spiritualism has fallen. A devoted believer in, and a generous supporter of, our National Spiritualists' Association in every line of its endeavor has entered into rest from mortal activities. I rise at this moment to offer on

behalf of my fellow officials of that body, as well as for its state and local auxiliaries, a tribute of sincere appreciation of the work and worth of our translated brother, and words of tenderest sympathy for these newly stricken hearts.

Our brother lived a life of purpose. Let us note that when he was born into the world his work was born with him; and happy was his struggle because he found his mission and his place. He lived no aimless existence. Where the finger of conviction pointed he followed. It may be said most truthfully that he vitalized into reality the spirit of the old words:

"I live for the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I may do."

He was a man of courage. It makes great difference what course a man follows when he is slandered and defamed. Weak men are crushed by detraction, but the brave hold on and succeed.

"Fling out the lie into the crowd,
Let gossips vouch that it is true,
And innocence may buy her shroud
While guilt walks forth in garments new."

Sometimes misunderstood, many times deliberately misrepresented, he knew that he was continually the target for the diablery of all the would-be demons of black art. He knew that at all times his enemies were gnashing their teeth in rage while they wished and prayed for his death, because of his allegiance to the cause of truth. He never wavered in the struggle for a purified Spiritualism. He dared all, endured all, risked personal assault and injury and chanced financial failure for the sake of the Cause of which he was the champion. May the spirit of justice say of him to-day, and say it from ocean to ocean, "He never turned his back but marched breast forward."

He was a reformer by temperament and from necessity. Justice to humanity was more to him than personal consequences. Ah, we wonder how we would be

stirred to-day could there drift in upon our ear the echoes of that discussion in long gone days between this friend and General James H. Lane of "Bleeding Kansas." Small wonder that at the threshold of manhood his voice and pen were for the freedom of the slave; a little later his endeavor for the preservation of our nation indivisible; and still later he pleaded for a release from the religious errors of the centuries; but his mightiest struggle was for a mediumship so safe, sane and natural that all humanity would accept it.

Those who stood near to him know that he was largely mediumistic. The misunderstood trances of his childhood may be said to have cost him the shelter of home and sent him forth to make his own way in the world. Visions in his later years more than once shaped his personal and business matters. He realized in his inner self the reality of mediumship; and yet he was assailed as the enemy of mediumship; he who could tell more of its real essence than personal enemies ever dared to dream!

Let us remember, my friends, that at a time in the history of Spiritualism when it cost something to take a stand against the trickery and deception that sought to overwhelm the truth, our brother was alert at the post of duty, and he never flinched in the midst of the opposition that came upon him.

In business he was keen in foresight, comprehensive in grasp, clear in judgment, daring in undertaking, attentive to detail and successful in outcome.

He was a manly, modest man. He sought to bury his personality from the public eye. He courted no applause from the multitude. Conscience was his guide and principles his aim.

Home was his temple divine; its joys his sacred service. Help of the deserving needy was to him an unparaded delight. His human mistakes were those of the head and not of the heart.

Soon we shall realize more clearly than at this moment, that the fraternal hand-clasps, beaming welcome of the eyes and cordial words of greeting will never again come from him to us, as in the days of old, for the body through which they found expression is now tenantless.

its doors and windows forever barred. Soon we shall return it to mother earth, its particles made ready for re-appearance in nature's ceaseless laboratory of universal resurrection.

Standing in the presence of this silent form may we catch each for himself and herself the lesson that it speaks unmistakably to us. He has builded the home into which he has gone by the loving efforts that he put forth while in our midst.

In these moments that wonderful prayer of Canon Wilberforce, of the Church of England, as he stood beside the coffin of his friend, presses upon my memory, and I believe that each heart here will join in its petition:

"Vouchsafe him light and rest, peace and refreshment, joy and consolation. May he find sweet employment in the spacious fields of eternity. May he be permitted to come to these loving hearts as guide and guard; may a sense of his nearness, to the degree that it is permitted by nature's eternal laws, be with them."

Just as the spirit was unmooring from earth and the realization of the vision that awaited him was coming in it seemed to stamp its impress in the smile that rested upon his features. Let us feel, my friends, that for him who has gone we may know that a continuous and greater field of usefulness awaits, and may we all join in asking that the peace of perfect truth, that the knowledge that never doubts shall be and abide with each one of this loving circle of relatives as they stay yet a little longer.

"Heroic spirit! take your rest;
Ye are richer; we are poorer;
Yet because ye have been with us,
Life is manlier, heaven surer."

After the rendition by the quartette of "Sleep, Beloved," Mrs. Richmond offered an invocation.

Tributes From Friends and Co-Workers.

Mrs. Mary T. Longley, Washington, D. C.

All who are good are great; all who are unselfish workers in any cause that makes for human comfort and progress, are good. The world has many such; some are unknown outside their home circle and neighborhood, others are in the public arena of reform movements.

Though we know that all such are only transported to wider fields and nobler states of consciousness when they pass from earth, yet it ever comes with a shock to our hearts—the tidings of their transition as we realize what the physical loss—the sense of vacancy and emptiness—will mean to the mortals who have been accustomed to lean upon them for help and guidance—mental and spiritual, I fear we are apt to think more lightly of the glory of their exaltation than of the personal loss we have sustained.

Private word came to our home, from a friend who was passing through Chicago on March 2 that the great and the good man—Spiritualist, seer, philanthropist, editor—John R. Francis, had passed from earth. The news came to us with a conviction of its verity and yet we could not accept it till the confirmation came in its announcement through the columns of our valued paper. It was a shock; our hearts cried out against it, even though our heads recognized the fact that the fullness of years were his and that inevitably, it could not have been delayed so very long. He was a good man; gentle, kindly, lovable; a worker for humanity, loyal to Truth as he perceived it; a hater of shams and a lover of justice. Even those who sometimes differed from him in his sentiment and method—if they really knew him—will concede that he was a good and, hence, an unselfish man. He was a great man, for he lived the good within him. His outward deeds gave testimony to this; they were not paraded before men, but were silent and sweet; a good man and a great one, because he toadled to no one and was fearless in his advocacy of justice and right as they appealed to him. No wonder that we are all grieved and shocked at his passing, for we have felt that he should be spared for many years of active and useful humanitarian work. We know that this sort of work will con-

tinue to be his in the higher realms; that already he is busy with thought and influence, in company with his wise helpers and guides formulating plans and shaping movements for the betterment of mankind, in connection with the beloved Progressive Thinker, and in other lines, and this knowledge softens the edge of our grief and gives a golden lining to the cloud of mortal bereavement.

Brother Francis was a seer—his clear sight was of the spirit and had prophetic vision; he inwardly saw and felt the trend of conditions and the purpose of quickening forces in the spiritual and mental fields of human thought and action and he lived to see some of his predictions fulfilled; others in the line of development. He was inspirational and had the power of spiritual telepathic touch and communion with the other world; hence, a medium and a sensitive, and always in his work of more than a generation a Spiritualist.

Our brother has gone home; he understood the character of that higher life, its states of human consciousness and planes of activity; he will be no stranger there; wide fields are open to his exploration; beautiful homes are for his welcome occupancy; great schools await his entrance; grand intellects are already associating with him; loving hearts are adding to his happiness and joy; we need not mourn for him—our sorrow is reserved for, and given in tender sympathy and love to the dear companion left here to go on with the noble work; she will miss the earthly presence and the genial word, but we are thankful that she knows the angels are with her, and that he, the loved and loving consort and co-worker, is with her in helpful guidance and devoted ministration, and that all is well.

We grieve in unison with all who will miss the uttered speech, the friendly smile and generous aid of the good man and great; we grieve for ourselves, here in this humble home; he was our personal friend—he is so still—his letters to us were ever genial, the spirit of fraternal affection and warm friendliness; his last two to me were dated respectively Jan. 25 and Feb. 4—such a little while before he went, and were full of the thought and hope of life and active work. Both of these letters concluded with the words, "Always glad to hear from you" pleasing assurance to our souls and now more than doubly precious to our hearts.

His friendship leaves a beautiful memory and influence in our lives. We are proud to have held it, glad to retain it, and conscious that it extends to us from beyond the veil and will draw us into his circle of associates and friends when we too cross to the "Golden Shore."

J. M. Peebles, M.D., Los Angeles Cal.

Scarcely had the bell of time ceased to toll at the transition of Andrew Jackson Davis, when another towering cedar in the waving intertwining forests of life; when another brave, sturdy hero has laid his mortal armor down; another great moral worker, long contending for that God-given fact, the present-day manifestations of spirits and the blessed ministry of angels, has thrown aside his fleshy mantle of mortality and gone up to that brighter sphere where the cold, shivering touch of death is unknown—gone to greet and joyously mingle with the dearly loved ones gone before.

It is recorded that Jesus wept. But I do not weep for friend John R. Francis. How can I weep when I know that death is his gain; but I am human enough, sympathetic enough to weep with his most worthy companion, Mrs. Francis, with his relatives, with his many personal friends, and with the thousands upon thousands of The Progressive Thinker patrons who each week looked to this stirring independent Spiritualist journal as eagerly as do the flowers for the rain, or do the birds for the morning's sunshine.

It was my privilege to have known him personally for nearly sixty years. When I was pastor of the Universalist church in Kelloggsville, N. Y., he was a frequent attendant—a genial, social, stirring lad—a studious youth, with an early pressing tendency towards the occult. Everybody admired him for his kindly nature, his good habits, his energy and his persistent reading of liberal literature.

Well do I remember when Professor Kent came to our little city to give five lectures in my church upon Mesmer and Mesmerism. At these lectures, young Francis was always seen occupying one of the front seats, and further, youth as he was, he called my attention to "Nature's Divine Revelations," by A. J. Davis, a copy of which was owned by the neighboring Bishop Partelo. Reading portions of this book constituted the entering wedge, and was to me a primary eye-opener. Further investigations convinced me of the grand reality of an intercommunion of the worlds visible and invisible, faith becoming knowledge, and hope, confidence in immortality.

In journalism, Friend Francis was a living example of Thomas Carlyle's words, "Know thy work and do it." He found his work and in his hands it proved a grand success. He has been for many years a swordless leader, a mighty tower of strength in this colossal movement of Modern Spiritualism.

And in this great uplifting fact of spirit intonations, spirit voices and spirit messages, combined with the log-

ical and beautiful principles of the Harmonial Philosophy, our hearts ever beat as one. And now that his mortal brilliant brain is chilled, now that his busy hand is stilled in death, it is more than pleasing to me to look back for more than half a century of confidence and friendship, and to think that never a vicious thought nor an angry word passed between us. Truly was this a long, a very long chain of friendship with not a link severed. Such friendships, alive with the cause of Truth, are as abiding as the stars. Over them, death has no power. My friend, John R. Francis, is not dead, but risen—risen to chant with unnumbered millions the song, "Oh, grave, where is thy victory?"

A BRAVE MAN.

Our friend, Francis, had no dread of death. Earnestly for two generations he labored in behalf of mental liberty and, of course, against superstitions. He was liberal in thought. We belonged to different schools; but who can say that his school was less liberal than mine? I cannot.

A few weeks ago it was my intention to write an article for The Progressive Thinker entitled "Spiritualism is Liberalism." Now its editor has obeyed the great law of change, written upon all visible things.

"As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more,
So nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings, one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay—
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends
The what we know."

Brother Francis could say with the poet: "All conviction should be valiant;" and with John Milton: "Let truth and error grapple. Whoever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter."

This is why he could, as editor, and man, say with another: "To make men free. It is with me the dearest purpose of my heart, to make men free."

Pentwater, Mich.

W. F. JAMIESON.

A. M. Griffen, Chicago, Illinois.

If there ever was a man in the world who had a mission, that man was John R. Francis; and he was as conscious of that mission as though it had been portrayed to him in letters of light emblazoned on the sky. Not that he knew from the beginning the full extent of his work in the fields of Spiritualism, but that he knew that his work was to be the establishment and maintenance of an organ that should express the highest and best there was in Spiritualism for the enlightenment of mankind, to the end that it should be accepted of all men.

It was my good fortune, early in the seventies to become acquainted with Brother Francis. He was then assistant editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, whose owner and editor, S. S. Jones, attracted by articles Mr. Francis had written for his journal while in Kansas—notably his "Search After God"—hastened to call him to his aid in the conduct of the paper. In those early days Brother Francis and the writer were thrown much together by the pursuit of similar occupations,—he as a writer and reporter for the Religio-Philosophical Journal, and the writer as reporter for the Banner of Light, and occasionally for some of the secular Sunday papers of Chicago. We thus together reported lectures of various speakers upon the Spiritual rostrum, notably those of our dear sister, Cora L. V. Richmond.

Brother Francis, largely endowed with intuition and spiritual insight, rapidly acquired knowledge of the different phases of Spiritual mediumship. Its philosophy and purport he knew and understood from the beginning. It was his practice in early days in writing editorials for the Journal to refer to Spiritualism as "The Philosophy of Life;" thus recognizing the comprehensive nature of the great truth as he saw it. During Mr. Jones' management of the Journal, Brother Francis did a large share of the editorial work of the paper, and, recognizing in the writer a faculty which he valued, he also solicited and obtained articles from him in aid of the work.

More than once during Brother Francis' career, before the founding of The Progressive Thinker, was Spiritualism put to the test in the trial of its mediums; and his pen was always wielded in advocacy of the genuine and in denunciation of the false. His love of truth was so great, and his hatred of falsehood so intense, that while he defended the true and genuine with vigor and effect, he no less effectively denounced the false and the bogus. No man could be more righteously indignant than he when he believed that the fair name and fame of Spiritualism was being besmirched and travestied by hypocritical pretenders and base imitators.

Francis was a man of convictions, which neither friend

nor foe could turn him from. If he had one feeling more dominant than another it was the desire that Spiritualism should be made so universal that it should lose all semblance of a sect and in its purified form become the possession of mankind under such guise or name as pleased it best. Spirit return was to him the fundamental truth, which ramified the religions of the ages and was the common heritage of the race, impressing itself upon the thought of the world in varied ways, as by mediumistic prodigies, haunted houses, visions and voices, trances and spectral appearances among all nations and peoples of the earth. And yet, there was a rational philosophy for which he stood and which he labored to promulgate. Francis was a poet, a philosopher, a scientist, a moralist and a divine—though he bore not the title of "reverend." He had a way of his own, a uniqueness of thought and expression, and the charm of his style as a writer was irresistible, while his logic was convincing.

To this man among men, it was not the clothes that made the man. By a subtle vision all too rare, he looked not at the exterior, but he read the very soul. And so he was seldom deceived. Men's failings are too frequent and numerous not to be revealed to such a vision; and, being an honest man, perceiving the ulterior purposes and motives of men, he said, this man or that man is a pretender, a falsifier, one not worthy to stand as the representative of this high-born truth of mine and yours. Hence it was that he had enemies. The knave, the charlatan and the liar are always the enemy of the man who knows them.

Since the founding of The Progressive Thinker—I remember the event well—the life of J. R. Francis has been written on countless pages, for it is in that journal that he has written his life, expressed his hopes and fears, impressed his joys and sorrows, and given to the world the best that was in him; for he never was a shuffler or a hypocrite. Outspoken, genuine, loyal and true, the truth that was in him found vent and expression in every line and letter, in every word and act which took form and being because he lived, loved, thought and wrought.

If I were to write the epitaph of this great worker in the cause of a true and pure Spiritualism, it would be this:

Let none but those who love the truth pause here,
Nor on this hallowed ground let fall a tear;
For he who lieth 'neath this sacred sod
Loved only truth, and man and God.

Address by W. J. Colville on Sunday, March 13, in Flynn's Hall, Washington, D. C.

We have just been called upon to bid farewell to all that was earthly of a truly brilliant and influential journalist, one who for many years has held a singularly prominent place among purveyors and publishers of standard literature. As editor of *The Progressive Thinker*, which he founded, he has consistently followed an editorial policy marked by unswerving adherence to his uttermost convictions of right. Fearlessly and uncompromisingly from the beginning to the end of his long and arduous journalistic career, this ardent champion of advancing liberal thought has never hesitated to voice unpopular as well as popular convictions, and though his own opinions on many subjects were remarkably pronounced, it was always his admirable policy to give all sides an equal hearing in his columns. At the ripe, though not great age of seventy-eight years John R. Francis has passed into that spiritual state of existence in which he had long taken a deep and fervent interest.

His views on spiritual questions were truly eclectic, for though an old-time Spiritualist, many were the articles by prominent Theosophists published in his paper, and kindly and sympathetic were the editorial comments passed upon them. In some respects this earnest man appeared excessively iconoclastic, but in other matters he was actually conservative, and it seems impossible that one in his public representative position could have acted more fairly than he to the many widely divergent phases of thought which sought admission to his columns. The very title, "*Progressive Thinker*," suggests a singularly wide field of expression which no single movement, Spiritualistic or other can define. Party organs have their well-defined limitations which their titles indicate, but a progressive thinker, if true to the name, must of necessity outgrow limitations, and constantly extend a hospitable welcome to new and strange ideas; not necessarily endorsing them, but giving them an opportunity to speak for themselves in type, and make their own way in the world according to their intrinsic merits.

As a Spiritualist our translated brother was always a loyal friend to whatever he conceived to be genuine mediumship, but if he thought he detected fraudulent practices masquerading under cover of assumed mediumship he condemned them vigorously. Such a course inevitably aroused ardent controversy, for public as well as private opinion is often widely divided as to the genuineness or spuriousness of curious phenomena. Like all other human entities not yet infallible in judgment, our faithful editor may sometimes have made mistakes, but

no one who really knew his character could for an instant doubt that he was resolved to defend truth and oppose error to the very utmost of his ability.

The reading public is indeed deeply indebted to this noble worker in the cause of mental emancipation and spiritual enlightenment, for quite a library of excellent, and in some instances very rare, volumes which have been circulated broadcast at merely nominal prices. Many of these books contain gems of thought culled from the most illuminated writers of all periods of modern history. The "Encyclopedia of Death" is a literature in itself, and these great books, sent forth in connection with the weekly newspaper, have, to our positive knowledge, given unbounded comfort as well as enlightenment to many almost heart-broken mourners who, before they studied those splendid treatises on life immortal, had no gleam of light to illumine their darkness when beloved friends had crossed the mystic river.

In the hands of the lifelong companion, who was her husband's tireless co-operator in all his literary undertakings, The Progressive Thinker must go on progressing. It is surely both reasonable and appropriate in this connection to add that from his present station in the spiritual universe our arisen brother can and will continue, in some measure, to inspire and guide the enterprise in which he took so deep an interest for so many years, and to which he gave his best energies untiringly through good report and ill, till the angel of transition touched him lovingly and said: "The time has now come for you to work with us who have laid aside our mortal robes and are vested in garments which grow not weary in the using."

J. L. Regan, of the Regan Printing House, Chicago, Who
Was in Continual Business Relations With Mr.
Francis for Many Years.

Allow me to extend my heartfelt sympathy to you in the loss of your brilliant and distinguished life companion. Words can at best be only words in time of sorrow, but the belief of my departed friend, who now is inhabiting the unseen world, was that we live in thoughts and can at will touch and influence each other's heart by manifesting the desire so to do. Let me point to this cherished consolation.

Mr. Francis has left the material world to enter upon spiritual eternity, and I regard it as a precious experience to have had the opportunity of knowing him so long and having the benefit of the examples which the nobility of his nature and mental equipment conferred upon all who knew him in life.

Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, National Lyceum Superintendent,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

"Friendship of all other ties doth bind the heart,
But faith in friendship is the noblest part."

For many years it has been my privilege to know Mr. Francis in his own home, surrounded by his family, and realize what his friendship meant.

Each year has added something to the store of golden memories that I have treasured up regarding his life and his aspirations. Many people knew him through his paper, which with unerring care, he launched forth in answer to a call from the beyond, and through twenty years and four months he edited.

Before me lies the number of *The Progressive Thinker*, marked 1059. How hard it is to realize that the hand that distributed the articles for that number was cold and still before it had gone to press.

And those last days will never be forgotten. Not a moment did he falter; only the afternoon before he went to his last sleep, he gave directions for the coming issue. His patient bearing gave hope that he would rally.

When it was near midnight, I said, "Good night, Mr. Francis," and he smiled, and said, "I would be all right if it was not for this pain. You are so good to me. Every one is so kind to me." "Why should we not be kind, Mr. Francis?" I answered. "You are always so kind to us. Good night. You will be better in the morning." So I left him, and he was better in the morning, for two hours later he heard the call of the angel whose silent tread was scarcely noticed, and our friend was borne to the realm of souls to rest from the burden of the day.

For twenty years, he had stood at the helm of *The Progressive Thinker* and through his ministrations not less than twenty million readers have been guided in the paths of light through his efforts to spread the truth.

A mighty leader has fallen. A brave, generous heart has ceased to beat.

The memory of his mother was the inspiration of his work. Only a few realized his devotion to that memory, and when on Christmas day, 1908, I read a manuscript that was written by Mr. Francis on March 31, 1856, I found recorded his ideal of a mother's love, and he writes the following sentiments speaking of her:

"The death of my mother made an impression on my mind which can never be effaced. Perhaps she is my guardian spirit, and can now read what her son is writing. There is something beautiful in the thought that we have over us the fostering care of a mother even after the earthly presence is no longer known." Then speaking of

her last hours, Mr. Francis wrote: "The last words she said to me, the last sentence she uttered filled my mind with unutterable emotions. She called me to her bedside, and kindly asked me, 'My son, do you love me?' Sobbs choked my utterance for awhile, but I distinctly answered her, 'Yes.' Certainly I loved that mother, and I still love her. She is now in heaven. 'Do you love me?' Those words still tingle in my ears; they cause many a bitter tear; they cause many a sad reflection. Yes, I love her for she was good. She gave to my mind its earliest impressions. She inspired my youthful mind with holy aspirations, and I cannot help loving her. Then she faded away, she drooped like a tender flower and was carried to her last home. Angels in heaven rejoiced as she was carried to the great cathedral of God.

"Never will I dishonor her name by associating with the depraved or by betraying the confidence which others may put in me."

Those who know Mr. Francis know how well he kept the pledge written so long ago. Because he loved his mother so well, he had a kindly feeling for all who were deprived of a mother's tender care.

We shall miss him as the days go on, but what are words when one would attempt to express the emotions of the soul, which go out to the "lady of the kindly heart," who is trying bravely to carry on the work he loved so well. To her we say: Angels guard and guide you, until the time of glad reunion comes.

And who shall say that the beloved mother was not waiting for him, when his spirit took flight, and that the smile which rested on his features was not the smile with which he greeted her in the land where all is love as she whispered "Good morning."

Charles Dawbarn, San Leandro, California.

I was startled to hear that my good brother Francis has taken advantage of his being a year older than I am to cross the line before me. Not long since he wrote, telling me of the various electric instruments by which he was coaxing Father Death to let him live on for a century. He advised me to do the same, but evidently himself changed his spirit intention.

I envy all who get safely across without senile decrepitude, but, believe me, I can sympathize deeply with you in your mortal bereavement, as well as in the responsibility now thrown upon you in caring for the paper which was your husband's pride

Dr. T. Wilkins, President of the Illinois State Spiritualists' Association.

Somehow I feel like saying: "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

He was our Father in many senses of the word. He had the same feeling for those with and around him as though all belonged to his family, and so we did and do. Every member of The Progressive Thinker family has ever looked upon J. R. Francis as his or her guardian mortal, and now who knows but that he will be the guardian spirit of those who are still at the helm, at the wheel, and in all other departments. His whole duty, his all of mortal life, was with his family and his paper.

A more devoted man to his work cannot be possible, and it was even to the sacrifice of his life in the form that he held himself down to the arduous tasks he assumed in the management of The Progressive Thinker. For recreation, rest and the air he often took a ride to a near-by park, in summer, all by himself, but such a thing as a real vacation was unknown to him.

For almost eighteen years have I been near this good man, and in all that time we had but few and no great differences. He was earnest, and a nervous man, and oft expressed an earnest and decided wish regarding office matters, but not to scold or grind down those who were in his employ. He simply wanted things done as he planned, and would always say, "If they are not right no one but myself will be to blame."

We miss him in the mechanical department as much as they do in the business office. We miss him in his nook, all scattered over with copy that he must look over and select, and that often threatened to overwhelm him in his anxiety to select wisely and well from the great volume of matter that poured in upon him every day, and we often wondered how a nervous and sensitive man like Mr. Francis could bear up under the weight of such a burden; but he seemed to have good command of his work and although not possessed of so rugged a physique as many other men, and often racked with rheumatic pain, he would work, often when everyone thought he should have rested and recuperated.

I am reciting these incidents as one who has been at his elbow for many years, and who can scarcely feel that he has gone to another sphere of activity, for, do we not hear his footstep on the stair, and do we not expect him in at any moment with a great handful of copy for us? Do we not sense him in the same old places—around the stove, around the forms, "pasting up" for the "make up?" Do we not know he is with us as of yore, though out of

his mortal form, and getting his bearings among old and true friends gone before? Do we not wish him an easy flight and an agreeable field of action over there?

I am truly glad to have been so closely associated with Mr. Francis in this great work as I have, and have no regrets to register. It has been a great schooling for me in the work that I love, and he has been a great teacher, by his words, by his life and by his fatherly advice, and I can truly say I have no higher tribute to pay than that he always did what he thought was right and for the best welfare of all concerned in the cause, and lived in the thought of realizing the height of his ambition, and will live immortal upon the earth in the works he has left behind. Adieu, my brother, but not a long farewell.

Daniel W. Hull, Olympia, Washington.

I can't tell when I have been so shocked as I was by the report of the transition of J. R. Francis. It seemed to me it could not—it must not be. I am slowly recovering from a four weeks' sickness, in which there was considerable doubt as to the result, and somehow I had expected that Brother Francis would be left after I should have gone, but I am here yet. I feel that I could be spared more easily than he could, and somewhat regret that it had not been me instead of him.

My acquaintance with Brother Francis dates back to somewhere about 1871 or 1872, some thirty-eight or thirty-nine years. I used to meet him often in the old Religio-Philosophical Journal office, and always enjoyed my visits and social intercourse with him. It seemed to me that none could know him but to love him.

He has done a great work; and the greatest, the most important has been cleaning the Augean stables of the filth and debris accumulated through fraud in our ranks.

Our comrades are falling one by one. Only a few of the old veterans left, and, oh, how dear they all seem to me. Soon, very soon, Brothers Peebles, Howe, Hudson Tuttle and his dear companion, Sister Emma Rood Tuttle, Sister Cora L. V. Richmond, and dear Sisters Watson and Johnson who have ceased to be active in the field, with Brother A. B. French and myself will be called home. How near and dear to my heart those old comrades seem, and how we shall rejoice to meet in that higher and better world, where the storms of persecution and the epithets and false accusations of those early days will be felt no more.

May the presence of your angel companion ever be near you, and assist you over all the rough ways of your future life.

My fr
tween life
letter rec
assured u
strength
Thinker
good han
received
taken up
Yet may
he can sa
is finished

He ha
he cannot
held in
him as r
comfort
tinues an
taken up
Since
Journal
When he
closer to
word of
ests of e

Like
quick in
Truth as
likes, w
haps no

He v
truth, a
of his vi
not be h
from we
ful ener
It has
moveme
pose.

And
tion! H
loss of
have all
gleams
sun is a

I re
respond
quent o
in whic

Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

My friend and brother has passed the gateway between life and death, and gained the great reality. In a letter received only a day or two before his illness, he assured us of his great good health, and he thought his strength would allow him to manage The Progressive Thinker for two years longer, and then placing it in good hands he intended to retire. The next word we received was that he had laid down the burden, to be taken up by others. I regret his dream was not realized. Yet may it be as well, for no one reaches the point where he can say, "I am ready. The whole and complete work is finished."

He has not deserted his post. He will remain, yet he cannot assert that positive, controlling influence he held in this life. It would be sad, indeed to think of him as removed from the field of his labor. The great comfort in our bereavement is the belief that he continues and will be a guardian helper to those who have taken up his task.

Since the establishment of the Religio-Philosophical Journal we have been united in closest bonds of fraternity. When he started The Progressive Thinker we were drawn closer together. In all these years we have never had one word of misunderstanding, and were devoted to the interests of each other.

Like all sensitives, and he was of the best, he was quick in judgment, and determined in maintaining the Truth as revealed to him. He had positive likes and dislikes, which were always proved well grounded, and perhaps no one ever was more correctly guided by intuition.

He was as zealous as ardent for his conception of the truth, and willingly made sacrifice for the maintenance of his views. He abhorred shams and frauds, and could not be bribed into silence. The Progressive Thinker has from week to week mirrored his great purpose, his tactful energy, his comprehension of the demands of the hour. It has been the bond which has unitized the Spiritual movement. His life has been given to the one great purpose.

And yet how weak are my words of praise or appreciation! How weak my attempt to console my feelings at the loss of him on this side! Yet we who began together have all nearly reached the goal, and begin to catch the gleams of the twilight of the new day! On this life the sun is setting.

I rejoice that his always helpful companion bravely responds to the call made upon her. Nothing more eloquent or touching could be written than the brief editorial in which she announces her intention to go on. She is

capable, earnest, zealous, and able to be guided by the master spirit, who has passed the veil of shadows. Be with us, brother, in helpfulness, until that reunion which knows no separation.

A Great Battleship Appeared.

My Dear Mrs. Francis: I esteem it a privilege to add my tribute to the memorial paper in memory of my friend, Mr. Francis. It would require many such papers to give space to all that could be written by those who knew him personally, and those who learned to appreciate him through the columns of his valuable paper.

My acquaintance with him began over thirty years ago, when I first started in my work of mediumship. My first interview with him was impressed upon my memory, from the fact that no desire was expressed by him in regard to the future as to personal happiness, but a great cry of his soul for light to be shown him how to best work for humanity by spreading the glad tidings that the bridge had been built between the two worlds through the light of Spiritualism.

His prayer was answered by a great battleship appearing bearing the name of Truth, calling for a captain to command it. He responded to the call, sending aloft the flag "Progressive Thinker" to float in the breeze. All honor to this flag, for right well has it filled its mission that is far from ended, not even lowered by the transition of the captain of the ship to a new and higher life of work. A battleship does not convey the idea of peace, so well he knew the voyage would be a stormy one—that the waves of opposition would, mountain high, dash over the deck—that the atmosphere would often be filled with the fog of abuse and criticism; but he also knew that he carried the compass of Faith that the right would prevail, so he sailed on searching for the pirate ships of Wrong Doing, sinking some and crippling others. It requires a level brain to be a true Spiritualist, such as he was, for there are many problems to solve that the light of mortal vision refuses to furnish the key to be strong to work on searching for the wheat amid the chaff. I feel sure that one of the joys of his new life will be finding the keys to mysteries that saddened his spirit, one of which was why the gift of mediumship came to persons without principle, when so desirable that the channels of the beautiful belief should be always pure and true. All will know words were not needed to tell of his love and devotion to his home and family, of his rare appreciation of his companion as a helper in his life; of his many unknown charities; of his kind consideration

of true mediumship; of all workers in the field. Let us not hold his spirit earth-bound by useless regret for his loss, but rejoice that he was found at his post with his lamp trimmed and burning before age could assert its claim. He will move on in the ranks of the workers gone before while in our memory he will ever hold his place.

ELLA M. DOLE, Chicago.

B. B. Hill, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

I was with Brother Francis frequently during his last illness, and on the night of his transition was with him until 12 p. m. He seemed about the same as he had been for several days. Before leaving him for the night, I took his hand and said, "Good night," to which he responded. In the morning, however, I received the sad message that our dear friend and brother had finished his course on earth.

It had not even been suspected that he was so near the border line between the other world and this. In his last hours his face wore a pleasant smile and seemed to feel cheerful as I left him. It is possible that without realizing it, he began to feel the impress of the life and home over there.

In the passing away of Brother Francis, a large space is left, which cannot readily be filled, if it ever can be filled. He was in the class of those who made the world better for having lived in it, and did not fear to proclaim what he believed, or what he knew to be true, whether it accorded with popular favor or otherwise.

The Progressive Thinker, of which he has been the able editor and manager for many years, has done a great and good work for mankind. The progressive rays from its columns have pierced through the dark clouds of error, and let in the sunlight of truth to redeem the world from the effects of error and false teachings. This was the life work of Brother Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Humphrey, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

It was not our good fortune to know Mr. Francis, but we had the deepest respect and reverence for him through our knowledge of the glorious work he was doing to uplift humanity, and we feel what a deep loss all have sustained in his being taken so soon.

Mrs. A. Monthan Tattersfield, Tucson, Arizona.

I am greatly indebted to him—his paper was to me a revelation; in the darkest hour of sorrow it came to soothe an aching heart, to dispel the mists of doubt which encircled a soul on the verge of despair.

of true mediumship; of all workers in the field. Let us not hold his spirit earth-bound by useless regret for his loss, but rejoice that he was found at his post with his lamp trimmed and burning before age could assert its claim. He will move on in the ranks of the workers gone before while in our memory he will ever hold his place.

ELLA M. DOLE, Chicago.

B B. Hill, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

I was with Brother Francis frequently during his last illness, and on the night of his transition was with him until 12 p. m. He seemed about the same as he had been for several days. Before leaving him for the night, I took his hand and said, "Good night," to which he responded. In the morning, however, I received the sad message that our dear friend and brother had finished his course on earth.

It had not even been suspected that he was so near the border line between the other world and this. In his last hours his face wore a pleasant smile and seemed to feel cheerful as I left him. It is possible that without realizing it, he began to feel the impress of the life and home over there.

In the passing away of Brother Francis, a large space is left, which cannot readily be filled, if it ever can be filled. He was in the class of those who made the world better for having lived in it, and did not fear to proclaim what he believed, or what he knew to be true, whether it accorded with popular favor or otherwise.

The Progressive Thinker, of which he has been the able editor and manager for many years, has done a great and good work for mankind. The progressive rays from its columns have pierced through the dark clouds of error, and let in the sunlight of truth to redeem the world from the effects of error and false teachings. This was the life work of Brother Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Humphrey, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

It was not our good fortune to know Mr. Francis, but we had the deepest respect and reverence for him through our knowledge of the glorious work he was doing to uplift humanity, and we feel what a deep loss all have sustained in his being taken so soon.

Mrs. A. Monthan Tattersfield, Tucson, Arizona.

I am greatly indebted to him—his paper was to me a revelation; in the darkest hour of sorrow it came to soothe an aching heart, to dispel the mists of doubt which encircled a soul on the verge of despair.

Printology, Publishers' Trade Journal, Chicago, Illinois.

In the death of John R. Francis, for more than a score of years editor of The Progressive Thinker, a notable factor in the dissemination of higher thought and a landmark in the promotion of the psychic cult in Chicago has entered into rest.

Mr. Francis' life was one devoted to creating ideas and he used the lever of the press for almost a half century in arousing and stimulating conceptions by which mankind might be emancipated from the enthrallment of superstition.

In the early 60's he lived in Kansas and the first legislature of the Sunflower state made him the chief clerk of the General Assembly. In 1869 Mr. Francis came to Chicago and became editor-in-chief of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, a paper that took high rank in the world of Spiritualism, he holding the position for eight years. Recognizing a broader field he founded The Progressive Thinker, which he conducted with great success until his death. The deceased was born at New Hope, N. Y., and was in his seventy-eighth year.

Mr. Francis in his life represented the highest type of character, he encouraged everything that was wholesome and was implacable in his opposition to everything that savored of tyranny and oppression. His sympathy for his fellowmen knew no limit and his hand was always outstretched to the struggling. His writings demonstrated a broadness which nothing but a long life of tremendous activity could supply and he found life's opportunities the means of making the world better than when he began the career which he so highly adorned. His articles were models of rhetoric and force and he could turn his ripe faculties to a subject of profound importance with a facility of touch that was truly marvelous.

The period in which he lived was to him a time of tremendous development, and he saw an advance in thought, science and invention which he regarded as a privilege to be a participant in and this made him an eager soldier to use his extraordinary endowments to place reasoning on a higher plane of usefulness to mankind in general.

To have known John R. Francis was almost a liberal education in itself, for he had a mind stored to repletion with useful knowledge and his power of analyzing men and motives gave him a grasp of a subject that made victories almost assured when he entered the combat to oppose a well intrenched wrong or to overcome even the armor of long-established custom.

Editor Francis had a familiarity with history that gave him a power which few writers of the present day are possessed of and he made involved subjects so clear to

his i
aries
mal
can
prin
lives
of e
mus
est
ques

I
pher
deat
cult
port
but
quir
tivity
The
niece

Geor

is s
devo
into
serv
reac
laid
men

to b
yet
for
conc
gain
thel
heal

visi
the

loss

his reading contingent that they, in turn, became missionaries in a cause where otherwise they might have remained indifferent and without a purpose. When men can enlist others in a movement by the force of the printed page that musters out established wrong their lives certainly accomplish something for the higher plane of existence, and to the facile pen of John R. Francis must be accorded a large share in the widespread interest by advanced scholars to investigation into various questions of mental and psychic phenomena.

Mr. Francis lived in the lofty and stimulating atmosphere of advanced thought and comprehension and his death leaves a void in a charmed circle that will be difficult to fill. His oldest friends were his staunchest supporters and co-operators and it has been vouchsafed to but few men to help the doubting and encourage the inquiring mind to the extent which was the scene of activity of John R. Francis' honorable life of endeavor. The deceased leaves a widow, adopted daughter and niece to mourn his departure.—Printology.

George W. Kates, Secretary N. S. A., Washington, D. C.

His work has been grand and noble; and his reward is sure. The whole cause of Spiritualism will miss his devoted energies; but we shall trust his work will fall into good hands and The Progressive Thinker be preserved to the world. Its grand mission has not yet reached its completion; but the foundation is so well laid that I trust it will continue and be ever a monument to his memory and labors.

Thomas Grimshaw, St. Louis, Mo.

Another noble worker in our Cause has been called to his reward. How we shall miss his physical presence; yet I am firmly convinced he will continue his good work for truth and progress, from just behind the veil. Let us console ourselves with the thought that our loss is his gain. May all those who loved Brother Francis manifest their love by doing their level best to keep alive and healthy his child, The Progressive Thinker.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, Buffalo, N. Y.

We all feel a personal loss in the passing to the invisibles of Brother Francis, and I ask to be written among the admirers of his bravely done work.

H. F. Arnold, Chicago, Illinois.

The cause of Spiritualism has sustained an irreparable loss in the transition of Mr. Francis.

**Hon. Charles R. Schirm, Vice-President N. S. A.,
Baltimore, Md.**

I have just learned of the transition of Mr. Francis to spirit life and it has occurred to me that the splendid fight which he fought, the splendid work which he has done and the splendid results which he has achieved, would bring to him in that other life bounteous blessings, that peace which passeth all understanding, and great strength to progress.

Parish B. Ladd, Alameda, Cal.

Although I have never been able to adopt Spiritualism, John R. Francis' friendship for me never faltered. He was a devoted champion of unbounded liberty; he, like Thomas Paine, was ever the friend of the oppressed. He was born a fearless champion of truth, a violent hater of deception, an enemy to all frauds, a true friend to humanity, a close companion to his friends. As a Spiritualist he never hesitated to oppose the charlatan.

Miss Susie Clark, Cambridge, Mass.

The world of liberal and advanced thought has met with an irreparable loss. I don't see how the Infinite Wisdom thought he could be spared, although his many years of constant activity have certainly richly won the reward of rest and promotion.

George W. Plummer, New York City, N. Y.

I hasten to express my personal regrets and also to convey on behalf of the First Ethical Society of New York City an assurance of its deepest sympathy, a realization of the great loss the cause of Spiritualism has thereby sustained, which will be keenly felt all over the land; and to extend to you and your family the sincere condolences of our society.

W. R. Cooper, Chicago, Illinois.

Two roses have been plucked from one stem and taken to spirit life—that of Andrew Jackson Davis and our brother, J. R. Francis. But their influence will be felt as they breathe on the stem from their spirit home, and cause more beautiful blossoms and conditions to appear. Surely their hearts and thoughts are still with the Cause they loved and worked so hard to promulgate.

J. Osborne Lunt, New York City.

What a wonderful work he did here, which has prepared him for so much beyond.

Wm. Penn Nixon, Many Years Editor Chicago Inter Ocean,
Chicago, Illinois.

From frequent communication with him in business matters, I was drawn into a warm friendship for him, and a high appreciation of his character. I shall miss him greatly.

Mrs. Mattie E. Hull, Whitewater, Wis.

I am sure Mr. Hull has greeted Mr. Francis ere this. We are rejoiced to know that The Progressive Thinker will still be given to the world as a strong support of Spiritualism. I speak not only for myself, but for the faculty and students of the Morris Pratt Institute.

Will J. Erwood, Baltimore, Md.

His sterling integrity and fearless labor in the interest of Spiritualism have earned for him a most honored place among the servers of humanity. Words are inadequate to express what one feels at such a loss.

Mrs. Elizabeth Harlow-Goetz, Philadelphia, Pa.

We know he is better off, but we needed him so much. He was one of the clean, fearless ones who could see both sides and was not afraid to stand the fire of those who could not. Spiritualism has lost one of its most needed workers. But he had served long and faithfully, and had climbed the ladder of life to some of its highest rounds.

Hereward Carrington, New York City, N. Y.

I write to offer you my sincere and heartfelt sympathy in your great loss. Fortunately you, holding the implicit faith, and even knowledge that you do, need not and will not look upon his passing over as so many would.

O. P. Hitchings, Winfield, N. Y.

I had hoped some day to meet face to face the one editor who dared to speak the truth as he saw it, without fear or favor.

George Adkins, Sisseton, South Dakota.

I have been meeting Mr. Francis every week for several years, although I never knew him in the flesh. I became acquainted with the great and beautiful Progressive Thinker from which and from some books by well known Spiritualists, among them Mr. Francis himself, I have learned what little I know about the beautiful philosophy.

May S. Pepper-Vanderbilt, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A personal loss to me as it must be to every loyal worker in the field of Spiritualism. Doubly so to our Cause. A great soul has journeyed on. What a glorious reception must have been his. He has left us a divine heritage in his devotion to Truth, and a sacred legacy in The Progressive Thinker. Every worker and Spiritualist will pledge you their loyal support that it may always be a living memorial to him.

Wm. C. Hodge, San Diego, California.

Every friend of Spiritualism must at this time realize the great power for good that he has been during the many years of arduous and faithful service, devoted to the upliftment of mankind. His passing is not only a loss to his family and immediate friends, but to the thousands of readers of The Progressive Thinker as well, who have recognized in him a most noble and faithful standard-bearer in the Cause.

A. W. Moore, Rochester, New York.

He did more than any other man to vindicate the cause of Spiritualism and rescue it from the clutch of charlatans. He encountered enmities, but won the approval and love of all true Spiritualists, and I may add, the respect of many not in the fold of Spiritualism, but who recognized his noble and honest efforts to place its philosophy upon the high plane to which it belongs.

Mrs. Elizabeth Schauss, Toledo, Ohio.

I want to congratulate him upon his release from the boundaries of earth and rejoice with him in his freedom, for surely his interest will continue and his influence will live after him.

Needs then the eulogy, or the funeral oration;
The name, and the epitaph graved on the stone?
The things he has lived for, are forever his story,
Thus he'll be remembered by what he has done.

O. H. Bagley, Long Beach, California.

I have regarded Brother Francis as one of the most fearless exponents of truth in the present era. He will be missed, and yet felt, for his works will follow him.

Dr. J. C. Batdorff, Grand Rapids, Mich.

I was shocked to hear of his transition. He was one of Nature's noblemen.

Alice L'Hommedieu, Chicago, Illinois.

Such types of manhood the world needs, and it is hard for us all to let them pass on to the next step of progression, but the good he did when with us will live on, and we can all say that life was more beautiful to thousands because we had known him.

T. S. Givan, Louisville, Kentucky.

I was deeply saddened last night on noticing in the dear old Progressive Thinker that Mr. Francis had passed away. We were for years associated together in our labors on the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Since his seventy-seventh birthday he wrote me a kind letter expressing the hope that he would see me next summer. As I am old, too, and in frail health I may meet him soon.

F. Walter Osborne, Bridgewater, Mass.

I had thought him particularly favored in being permitted to remain on this side of life until his work was accomplished. But it seems the angel world has decided differently. I hope and trust that The Progressive Thinker may not suffer by his absence—perhaps he will not be so very much “absent” after all, but will still exercise a directing hand at the helm.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague, Detroit, Mich.

He was a loyal and true friend on all occasions. I am proud to have known him. He loved his work and his paper, and he will still remain with you and assist you in the work of the dear old Progressive Thinker.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Z. Skinner, Walla Walla, Wash.

Only a few days ago we received a letter from Brother Francis, signed by his own hand, in which he stated with pride that The Progressive Thinker was twenty-one years old, and that although he was nearly an octogenarian, he expected to publish the paper for some time yet.

That his influence in its columns will still be felt there is no doubt, although his mortal pilgrimage has ceased.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie, San Francisco, Cal.

He has done a great work. He has been faithful in presentation of Truth and denunciation of error. Mistakes we sometimes felt he made, for who does not, but no one could question his fidelity to his convictions. I feel that Spiritualism has sustained an irreparable loss.

Carl C. Pope, Black River Falls, Wis.

He was one of the grandest specimens of humanity that I ever knew. He was able, tolerant, sympathetic and honest. He was, indeed, a true apostle of Spiritualism. The last of his writings were especially grand.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a Man."

J. S. and Maud Lord Drake Boulder Creek, Cal.

The key to his great success was his fearless honesty and faithful work for the cause he represented. None knew him but to respect and admire him for his ability and loyalty under all the trying circumstances in which his responsible position placed him.

Mrs. C. T. Gunn, Oakland, Cal.

He surely was a faithful worker. How are we to get along without him?

Mary C. Ward, Cleveland, O.

He was always so brave, for right and would not knowingly wrong any living soul. I believe he desired to do that which would redound to the glory of the truth.

Mrs. Abbie E. Sheets, Grand Ledge, Mich.

We have lost one of the world's bravest men, a true educator and champion of free thought.

Prof. W. F. Peck, Los Angeles, Cal.

It is hard to realize that his beloved paper, the offering of his genius and industry, could live to announce the death of its creator. He who made it alive, a living power and force, will still give to it his best thought and vigorous aid from beyond the veil.

Warren J. Smith, Sapula, Okla.

He was a grand old warrior, who stood his ground to the last and died upon his shield.

C. J. Johnson, Pocatello, Idaho.

He was an able exponent of the living thoughts of the age.

W. M. and Nellie Lockwood, Buffalo, N. Y.

Nothing since the passing out of Robert G. Ingersoll has so completely numbed me. I have known Brother Francis about thirty years, a portion of the time quite intimately, and during the last twenty years he has seemed more like a real, true brother of blood relationship than any man I ever knew. The world of progressive thought will miss him and the cause of Spiritualism has lost one of its ablest and foremost advocates.

Mrs. Elizabeth Jaquet, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

J. R. Francis was a true, staunch and strong friend to all mediums, and never did he fail to place them in their rightful sphere as workers in the field in which he so nobly stood for the great and glorious cause of Truth. May those who take up the work he has just laid down be as well loved and respected as was our good brother.

Margaret Gaule Riedinger, New York City, N. Y.

The hearts of all true lovers of justice and genuine Spiritualism cannot help but feel in the removal of Mr. Francis that the world has lost a friend.

J. C. F. Grumbine, Brookline, Mass.

He was indeed a friend and philanthropist, and his devotion to our Cause was but the more extended expression of that exemplary life which was an inspiration in your home.

Carrie Marshall Hinesdale, Fort Worth, Texas.

He has always stood for pure Spiritualism, and I, with thousands of others, have looked to him for help in all matters concerning the good of the Cause we all love.

Dr. R. Greer, Maywood, Illinois.

The influence of his great work as editor of The Progressive Thinker will ever be remembered, but never, perhaps, fully realized. Editor Francis did much to promote and purify the cause of Spiritualism. For that his friends everywhere—in all parts of the globe—did respect, love and admire him! His was a well balanced mind. He was a combination of a scientific mind and an artistic temperament. All life interested him.

H. V. Sweringen, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

But he is not dead; he still lives. This we feel as Spiritualists that we know, positively know.

A. W. Belden, San Diego, California.

Our dear brother had done his work well and an illumination of light had reached his spirit that by far transcends all mortal expressions. His life on the earth plane had filled its destiny, his work has left a marked impression on the present generation that will stand for all time.

Mrs. Emilie Kratz, Los Angeles, Cal.

How blessed to know he has not gone from you. His spirit will be ever near. His deep interest in human kind shall not cease. We shall look forward to his further helpfulness. His desire for the manifestation of pure Spiritualism through human agency was of his very soul and he will yet continue to seek and satisfy our spiritual needs.

Mrs. Catharine McFarlin, President Wisconsin State Spiritualists' Association, Plainview, Minn.

How many hearts throughout the land throbbed with pain when they read last week's Progressive Thinker. Hosts of brothers and sisters will miss him in the worldly sense, but your heart will miss him more.

Geo. W. Lewis, A.M., Rutherford, N. J.

While it had never been my fortune to meet him, yet through our correspondence and business relations as well as by his utterances through the public press, I came to know him as a person endowed with the highest type of manhood, as a man of undaunted courage in the advocacy of right, of justice and of human welfare. All his efforts were in behalf of his fellow-man. He will be mourned and missed by millions of men. But his influence on earth in behalf of humanity is not ended. From his celestial home he will surely be able to exert a beneficent influence upon humanity, and that influence will be felt all through ages, down to the remotest time.

The Sunflower, Hamburg, N. Y.

John R. Francis, editor of The Progressive Thinker, passed to spirit life about 2 o'clock a. m., March 2, 1910. He was born at New Hope, N. Y., in 1832, and therefore, was nearly seventy-eight years old. In his early life he was conspicuous in the anti-slavery strife in Kansas. In 1889 he established The Progressive Thinker, to which he has ever since devoted his energies.

Mr. Francis was a genial, kindly man to meet and worked with remarkable energy along the lines he chose.

Arthur F. Nursey, New York City, N. Y.

I was sorry to read the account of Brother Francis' transition to the spirit world, but some marvelous and loving reward will surely be bestowed upon his lofty and benevolent spirit by the seraphs for his noble and uplifting earthly undertaking. All praise to his famous soul beyond. May the good Progressive Thinker live for ages hence, regardless as to earthly conditions.

Harrison D. Barrett, Portland, Oregon.

John R. Francis has educated the masses and set a million souls free from the serfdom of creeds. Truly he has made this world happier and better because of his having lived in it. His work will live after him and the Cause he loved will now have his spiritual blessing to push it forward. He is too active a soul to be content with anything less than uplifting, inspiring work.

A. Bodenheimer, New York City, N. Y.

My most heartfelt sympathy goes out because of the loss of so valiant a man and so fearless a soul. He was a pioneer of the Old Guard in giving Spiritualism to the world in all its manifestations, elevating it to its proper sphere and standing. He was a lion in defending Spirit Return and for Truth and Justice, and like a lamb in dealing with his fellow men.

R. T. VanHorn, Kansas City, Mo.

Sympathy, brotherly feeling and fifty years personal acquaintance and respect go to enhance pleasant memories; you know these were all mutual between Mr. Francis and myself.

Alfred H. Saunders, Editor Moving Picture News, New York City, N. Y.

True Spiritualism has lost, in the flesh, a staunch and sterling help.

Arthur F. Nursey, New York City, N. Y.

I was sorry to read the account of Brother Francis' transition to the spirit world, but some marvelous and loving reward will surely be bestowed upon his lofty and benevolent spirit by the seraphs for his noble and uplifting earthly undertaking. All praise to his famous soul beyond. May the good Progressive Thinker live for ages hence, regardless as to earthly conditions.

Harrison D. Barrett, Portland, Oregon.

John R. Francis has educated the masses and set a million souls free from the serfdom of creeds. Truly he has made this world happier and better because of his having lived in it. His work will live after him and the Cause he loved will now have his spiritual blessing to push it forward. He is too active a soul to be content with anything less than uplifting, inspiring work.

A. Bodenheimer, New York City, N. Y.

My most heartfelt sympathy goes out because of the loss of so valiant a man and so fearless a soul. He was a pioneer of the Old Guard in giving Spiritualism to the world in all its manifestations, elevating it to its proper sphere and standing. He was a lion in defending Spirit Return and for Truth and Justice, and like a lamb in dealing with his fellow men.

R. T. VanHorn, Kansas City, Mo.

Sympathy, brotherly feeling and fifty years personal acquaintance and respect go to enhance pleasant memories; you know these were all mutual between Mr. Francis and myself.

Alfred H. Saunders, Editor Moving Picture News, New York City, N. Y.

True Spiritualism has lost, in the flesh, a staunch and sterling help.

EXTRACTS FROM RESOLUTIONS OF SOCIETIES.

Band of Harmony, Chicago, Illinois.

You will fully realize your husband's ever helpful presence. We know him to be no less a helper of the Church of the Soul, the Band of Harmony, and all humanity, now, in his new-found estate than formerly. He will draw closer and closer to you each day to inspire you in the work in which you and he labored so earnestly together.

State Spiritualists' Association of Minnesota.

The State Spiritualists' Association of Minnesota reaches out in sympathy and in love. J. R. Francis has worked so nobly and unselfishly for many years for the betterment of our Cause and for humanity.

Society for Spirit Healing, Dr. C. A. Burgess, Conductor, Chicago, Illinois.

Resolved, That a great loss has come to the Spiritualists of the United States through the transition of John R. Francis, the founder, publisher and editor of The Progressive Thinker, the avowed champion of free thought in every line and of the rights of all humanity.

Be it further Resolved, That his untiring endeavors, his fearlessness of method and his devotion to a reformed Spiritualism have made him the most influential advocate of our Cause in this country.

Be it further Resolved, That the memory of his singleness of purpose and the heroism of his methods shall be treasured by each and all of us as a greater stimulus to our individual efforts for Spiritualism.

The Church of the Soul, Chicago, Waldo Dennis, Pres.

Whereas, The Church of the Soul has ever had in Mr. Francis a most efficient co-worker, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Church of the Soul place on record its appreciation of Mr. Francis as a strong, steadfast, earnest supporter of Spiritualism, never swerving in his loyalty.

Resolved, That the Church of the Soul especially has prized his able and generous assistance in making possible the publication of the discourses given through its beloved pastor, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, thus giving those wonderful utterances to a larger audience than would otherwise have been possible.

Illinois Sunflower Club, Chicago, Illinois.

Resolved, That the Illinois Sunflower Club of Chicago pays grateful tribute to the value of his faithful and efficient work in the Spiritual field for many years, and expresses its earnest appreciation of his labors for the Cause and for humanity; and,

Resolved, That we strive to emulate his noble example in deeds of charity, in aspirations high and pure, and in determined opposition to all falsities.

Fraternal Order of Spiritualists, Chicago, Illinois.

While we shall sorely lament our loss of his cheerful greetings and able counsel, yet we have the assurance that our loss is his gain, and from the higher spheres his ever active spirit will continue to guide humanity in the paths of truth and knowledge.

Trustees of Plymouth Spiritual Church, Rochester, N. Y.

We recognize gratefully Brother Francis' grand services in the Cause of Truth, and the great loss his transition will be to our movement and to the public, and extend our heartfelt sympathy.

Illinois State Spiritualists' Association.

Spiritualism has lost its best adviser, exponent and friend. His unflagging fealty to the cause has been largely instrumental in the advancement of its truths and principles. He will be with us in spirit to aid and guide in every good and worthy work.

The Chicago Spiritualists' League.

We were materially aided, assisted and encouraged by the timely financial and moral support of Brother J. R. Francis in our endeavors to spread the gospel of Spiritualism and to protect, foster and encourage true mediumship in all of its phases.

Illinois Spiritualists' Lyceums.

Resolved—That we, the Officers, Leaders and Members of the Illinois Spiritualist Lyceums, affiliated with the Illinois State Spiritualists' Association, wish to place on record our appreciation of the life work of Mr. John R. Francis, who has given to us as a motto, the memory gem, which will always be associated with him, and which we shall hand down to those who follow us:

"Never will I dishonor the name of my mother by associating with the vicious and depraved; never will I betray the confidence reposed in me by another."

In addition to the above, tender messages of sympathy have been received from a large number of friends. We regret that we can do no more than give their names and thank them for their kind words:

Mrs. S. J. Ashton, 4756 N. Hermitage avenue, Chicago; Ernst Armberg, Buffalo, N. Y.; Dr. G. A. Bishop, Chicago; Chas. J. Barnes, Warsaw, Ind.; Belle Bush, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.; Mrs. M. C. Bland, Chicago; C. O. Boring, Evanston, Ill.; Mary Porter Born, Chicago; Alice Bateman, Chicago; Geo. H. Brooks, Los Angeles, Cal.; Rose L. Bushnell-Donnelly, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Cora Benton, Toledo, O.; Lucy S. Carroll, Sec., Washington, Pa.; Mrs. M. Creighton, Philadelphia, Pa.; Isa A. Cross, Pasadena, Cal.; Mrs. E. B. Craddock, Concord, N. H.; Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Delestre, Chicago; Waldo Dennis, Chicago; Rosamond C. Dalley, San Diego, Cal.; Hamilton DeGrau, Watervliet, N. Y.; Elizabeth M. F. Denton, Wellesley, Mass.; Mrs. Esther C. Dye, Los Angeles, Cal.; I. C. I. Evans, Washington, D. C.; Laura N. Eldridge, Chicago; Thomas S. Erwin, Naugatuck, Conn.; A. Ferguson, Detroit, Mich.; Albert C. Fisher, New Haven, Conn.; Louise M. Foxcroft, Chicago; Judson T. Francis, New York City; F. Jude Gary, Medicine Hat, Alberta; O. P. Hitchings, Winfield, N. Y.; David Haynes, Portland, Conn.; Dr. Wm. J. Hill, Good Hart, Mich.; Mrs. Emma Snow Hoyt, Battle Creek, Mich.; A. J. King, Hammononton, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. S. Kizer, Decatur, Ill.; Rosa B. La Flesche, Chillico, Okla.; Henrietta Lichtig, Chicago; J. S. Maxwell, Minneapolis, Minn.; Titus Merritt, New York City; C. Rudolph Malmberg, Chicago; Geo. G. C. Minnitt, Grand Haven, Mich.; Mrs. Nettle McCormick, Kansas City, Mo.; Mary A. Price, Buffalo, N. Y.; Helen H. Rich, St. Joseph, Mo.; Mrs. D. Sweny, Chicago; Anita Silvani, Staten Island, N. Y.; Juliet H. Severance, M.D., N. Y. City; Henry W. Smith, Smith's, Mass.; Dr. and Mrs. St. John, Indo-Amer. Book Co., Chicago; Dr. Edgar W. Emerson, Manchester, N. H.; Jessie S. Pettit Flint, Corvallis, Ore.; Mrs. Carrie Stewart, Chicago; Delia J. Swezey, Cross Plains, Ind.; Rev. G. Tabor Thompson, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O.; B. F. Underwood, Quincy, Ill.; Julius Wagner, Pittsburg, Pa.; Geo. W. Walrond, Denver, Col.; Mrs. Nellie Witherell, New Haven, Conn.; L. P. Wheelock, Moline, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Wadsworth, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. Ida G. Wooden,

Chicago; Clara E Wilman, Newman, Cal.; Mrs. Chas. P. Jackson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pope, Cleveland, O.; Mrs. J. S. Starr, Lily Dale, N. Y.; Mrs. D. E. Abrams, Jamaica, B. W. I.; Jas. A Sexton Circle, No. 43, Ladies of the G. A. R., Chicago, Ill.; Alla A. McHenry, Colorado Springs, Col.; Anna L. Gillespie, Naramoba, B. C.; H. A. Budington, Lake Helen, Fla.; Helen L.P. Russeque, Hartford, Ct.; Sara C. Scovell, Galena, Kan.; B. F. Spence, Versailles, Ind.; Mrs. Sara Stone Rockhill, Alliance, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bartscherer, Los Angeles, Cal.; T. S. Mitchell, Chicago; Mary A. White, Chicago; Mrs. Clarisse H. Mullin, Chicago; Religious Scientific Research Society, Toledo, O.; Ed. Lunt, Silverton, Oregon.