



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

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## INDIVIDUAL STEPS OF SPIRITUAL GROWTH

A Discourse Given Through Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Washington, D. C., October 16, 1898.

Step by step, ever step by step we walk life's way. We cannot leap at once to the highest heights; but each morning brings the lesson of each day, and step by step to conquer pain and strife.

Not all at once does the glorious orb, the sun, mount to the zenith and the noonday here, but first it is the faint gray light and then one triumph is won; at last the full-orbed splendor appears and the gray morning gives place to gold, and a new triumph the old world overtakes, for lo! its full kingdom doth ope!

The same is true, dear friends, with spiritual growth. Many people consider that mere knowledge of the facts of existence here and hereafter constitutes spiritual growth. Of course the knowledge of the fact is important; but it is the use of life that makes up the value both of human existence and of the states beyond.

Even so a great many Spiritualists have thought that the one essential thing is to know that there is a future life; that there is not death with the death of the body. This is a most important thing to know; it is the one primal factor connected with the knowledge of future immortality, but it is not all. When people think that, because they know of a future state they need do nothing more, that there is nothing to overcome; and because they have been relieved from the tortures of a burning hell and the fear of a personal Satan, that there is then nothing to conquer, they are very much mistaken.

### WHAT IS LIFE?

Life on earth is not simply a fact which the scientists would have you believe; it is not simply an aggregation of atomic and molecular vibrations; life is not a mere matter of chemistry, but it is a matter of individual unfoldment. Whatever are the steps of each individual life for the unfoldment must be taken; those steps must be taken; they cannot be evaded, nor avoided, nor circumvented, nor can you go beneath them, around them or above them; there must be steady upward growth.

Of course it is not the province of this morning's discourse to give the reasons why many lives begin, apparently, in earthly existence with greater advantages and opportunities, or begin where others seem to leave off; that belongs to another realm of the subject.

But taking human life as we find it in the average, normal condition, as it appears in human personalities, there is to be found this one salient point: It seems as though the discipline and experience that is the hardest for each to bear is that which comes to each one; it is that which comes to each one.

Of course if there were no overruling intelligence or law in the universe this would be difficult to understand. So we hear a person say, "I do not know why I should be called upon to suffer in this particular way." Or "There is so and so, who seems to have a very easy time and leads a sort of butterfly kind of life; he has no care, and prosperity comes to him." But you do not see his inner nature, you do not understand what trials he may have, or what lack of real inner experience. If there is a superficial life, it may be superficially happy, and then may be apparently sunny; but if, ultimately, a shadow comes to that life, then there seems to have been no preparation.

### NEED OF EXPERIENCE.

We assure you from the study of spiritual principles and laws in both realms of existence, that we do not think any individual suffers or has an experience that is not needed. We do not use a harsher phrase, because it is not true; that each individual has what he or she deserves; no one deserves, apparently, worse than one has, and a great many deserve better than that which comes to them. But each one undoubtedly does receive that which is needed; the need is that which is answered; not the desire, not the wish, but the need. So we must conclude that the moral universe is governed by just as absolute and beautiful laws as the material universe, and we must conclude that there is no chance in the moral or spiritual realm any more than there is in the material realm.

When the agnostic says to you: "Oh, if I had been God, I would have made every human being happy;" then you may ask of Natural Law: Why do you not make all sunshine? Why do you not make all calm? Why do you have clouds and storms? Under your dominion of natural law, if it is necessary to have shadows in nature, if action and reaction are necessary in the forces of physical life, if storms are the inevitable consequence of certain conditions of the physical atmosphere, that must be purified, if lightning and thunder and violent forces or manifestations of nature are necessary; then why are not the sorrow and discipline of human experience as the result of passion necessary for the purification of the moral atmosphere?

If the universe is dominated by law, of which, when compared to the whole, every part is related to the whole; and all parts are equal to the whole; then in the moral realm, we also contend, that every part is related to the whole, and that there are no mistakes in the arrangement of the moral forces of the universe.

### THE SHADOWS OF LIFE.

The shadows of life are the results of conditions that are existent and need to be overcome by the individual effort, and that individual effort being neces-

sary, it is a process of growth and unfoldment. These shadows, temptations and passions are in the human life for the manifestation of a certain kind of energy with which they are to be dominated and overcome.

For instance, if it is a destructive element, of course, if you let it loose, uncontrolled, there will be great seeming disaster, but in one of these states, especially one of a cold morning-like this, some of our earthly friends would find it an exceedingly comfortable companion. That kind of destructive force which is in human nature, that when let loose produces war, rapine, ruin and lawlessness is, when governed, the energy and force that controls the material world around, and gives to man the dominating influence over winds and waves, and other elements with which he is surrounded. The energy of that boy of yours, which, of course, sometimes seems so destructive around the household and with the furniture, and with which it seems so hard to cope, is that which in later years will give him power over affairs, make him perhaps governor of the state or of the nation, or if the sad necessity of war comes, make him a great warrior through dominating that energy by wisdom and the guidance of the sense of duty. A child that has no energy or force of that kind, of that which impinges on the domain of destructiveness, rarely in later years can take a very active part in the affairs of the world.

Now the duty of parent and child, both, is to govern that element of, so-called, destructiveness, until it becomes the energy of guiding, governing, and controlling or conquering in the lifetime every other passion, as it is called, of human nature. That which runs to lawlessness in appetite is simply a quality of nature unguided; a child very frequently does not seem to know when to stop eating; but possibly if the parents were careful enough the child would only eat that which it requires. There sometimes seem to be inherited appetites, but if these appetites are curbed and tempered to moderation they will very soon be under control. We do not think there is any necessity of "hereditary" tendencies dominating, any more than hereditary tendencies in other directions.

OVERCOMING ENVIRONMENTS.

A great many people seem to think they must die of consumption if their parents or their grandparents have had consumption. But the truth is, every individual life has a dominating influence of its own. That force is the individual consciousness, ego. Every life has a specific purpose.

But many say: "Our steps of spiritual growth are often retarded by others." People come to us and say: "Well, I could advance more spiritually if I had different surroundings." Do you think so? Are not your surroundings for you? Do you not have to adapt yourself to them? Sometimes, however, the greatest obstacles in their surroundings come largely from within; but if they are such that you cannot adjust yourselves to them or conquer them, then they are for you to overcome in another way.

A genius is not less a genius because of the surroundings. Daniel Webster was born in his state; he was the son of other men who were had but small attainments; his surroundings were precisely like those of hundreds of others, but it was not in him to remain subject to those surroundings. When a Whittier and Longfellow were assisting at the plow or picking up stones to build stone walls on New England farms, do you suppose their environments of surroundings prevented for one moment their poetic fire, aspiration and love, of humanity? Those surroundings were there to be overcome. If one is not a genius, then one must overcome in other ways, or be overcome.

We once heard a gentleman who had attained quite a position in the affairs of the nation say that the principal discouraging of his youth was life was picking up stones in a certain field on his father's farm in New England; because, he said: "Every wall we built seemed to increase the number of stones on that field." That was his discipline, and it may have enabled him in later life to take away some of the stones and obstacles from the national field, although there are still plenty there, and they seem to increase, as the stones on the field of his father's farm.

Trials in human life seem to grow. When you think you have overcome them they present themselves again, and again; evidently they are there for you to overcome. Now the thing that New England boy did, was not to stay there always picking up those stones, but to move out West where there were not so many stones, to cultivate a larger farm and at last to enter another field of labor. If you find around you conditions such as cannot be overcome or done away with, then the whole universe is before you, and you, endowed with energy, endowed with thoughts, can press forward to another field of labor, or another field of surroundings.

Mostly it is intended that one shall conquer the elements of dissension and disaffection within; mostly it is intended that one shall discover the best qualities and conditions in their surroundings, especially in their human surroundings.

The earth and the elements are measurably dominated by you, or you get away from them, Daniel Webster said: "New England is a good place to emigrate from." Doubtless had the Puritan Fathers landed upon the prairie of the West, New England would never have been populated, but perhaps that very harshness, very hardihood of

the Puritan race made it possible for this nation to conquer other difficulties, to meet other obstacles.

### SPIRITUAL CONDITIONS.

We have often heard persons say: "If I could only be in an atmosphere of spiritual appreciation and congeniality." But they are not there, and if they are, it is clearly where they are, what is the meaning of it? That they shall create spiritual conditions and congeniality. No congeniality can affect you if you are congenial. The splendor of the sun drives away the night; the glory of the morning drives away the shadows, even from the corners of this room, though it is not admitted in its full brilliancy. That which is positive in the great spiritual universe must dominate that which is negative. Growth is positive, lack of growth is negative. This positive element is that which should dominate.

Now, instead of saying: "Oh, I cannot grow in my present surroundings," let in the sunshine into your own heart. The avenues of spiritual life are not without, but from within. Unfold from within. Radiate upon your own surroundings. Our word for it, it will have its effect in time; even those who do not sympathize with you will learn to respect you if you are true to yourself, true to your own convictions, and those who at first scoff will learn to inquire. We have known a great many instances where this perfect radiation of a spiritual atmosphere and presence has at last conquered the most obdurate opposition, the most obdurate uncongeniality.

A gentleman once came to us and said he did not see how he was going to get along in his domestic relations. "What is the matter?" we said. "Oh, there is inharmonious at home." Who is inharmonious? Well, he thought it was his wife. Are you harmonious? "How can I be, under such circumstances?" But you were once; why not continue the harmony in your own nature, until there is harmony as there once was? He said: "I had not thought of that." "Try," we said. "But," he said, "she does not seem to love me as before." "Do you love her?" Yes, I think I do. "Be sure of it," we said, "go on with your kindness, with your affection, and see what the result will be." It was not a year before all seemed to be adjusted by the light of positive affection, of positive harmony.

The radiation of goodness and kindness has its effect on every household. Most people seem to think it the duty of others to do everything. Do those who have done you better, than you have done others, in life, in society, in all that relates to human life.

### RESPONSIBILITY.

"But," says one, "if the child is disobedient and goes astray; if a great calamity comes through the influence of the life of another; if the child is in mind this fact, the life of the child is only yours as far as the duty of parents is concerned; the child's responsibility belongs to its own life. If it responds to your wish it is a comfort, it is blessed. But you are not responsible for anything except the loving and fulfilling of your duty to your child. If the child is a criminal, or wanders from the household in devious ways, and you have done your best for the child, we think then the responsibility is not with you.

"But it brings sorrow." Yes. Still there must be some selfishness mingled with that sorrow, for you grieve as much over the delinquencies of your neighbor's son? Do his shortcomings affect you? No. Then is it not partly because of the reputation, you think it will bring upon you, upon the family or household? Still the grief that is natural to the parent may afflict your hearts in some degree; but when you feel the absolute consciousness of having fulfilled your duty then you must leave the rest to his destiny and the controlling power of the infinite love and law.

"But," you say, "so many burdens have come into my life because of others." Then if you have helped others to bear their burdens, and have made a greater burden than is necessary of that which has come to you, is it not evident that there is some lesson, some spiritual growth that is needed? If there has been shown to you a great picture of sunshine and cloud, of splendor and shadow, is it not because there is something to be learned, that the background of shadow is there for the light? The steps that are invariably taken in that way are only known to the individual, they are a portion of each individual life and can only be known to the guardian angels and to the Infinite life and love. Those steps, however hard to bear, however devious, however strange, nevertheless are the steps that must be taken individually, until the weakness is overcome, until the shadow is outgrown, until the individual rises to a higher height than to see the shadows.

Have you ever climbed up the Rocky Mountains or the Alps and seen the clouds below and felt like crying out to others to come and see it? If so you understand what we mean by being above the shadows. The clouds that are about you when you are on the plains are the result of moisture rising from the earth, and are not only needed to water the plains but are the result of earth's condition. If you have the courage to climb and can bear the rarefied atmosphere of the high altitude, you are above the clouds; that is, you are in a higher way of life than the "rock in a wrong land." Kings, rulers and people in places of power, whom many are weak enough to envy, often pray for that shadow, and they are often far away from the glamour of the adulation, praise and fawning of their servitors.

### SPIRITUAL UNFOLDMENT.

Certain spiritual heights are the result of this conquest; not only spiritual unfoldment, but of the correct understanding of the knowledge that comes. Spiritualism offers: First, the fact of a future existence; those minds who do not know by intuition, and then offers the vast realm of spiritual unfoldment, its methods, its relation to human life. Whatever relates to spirit or spiritual unfoldment may be known here as well as beyond. Not what relates to the conditions beyond the change called death, excepting by those who have experienced that change; that knowledge must come necessarily from them. But the states of present spiritual growth, to the end of overcoming earthly conditions, of dominating individual appetites and passions, of overcoming the shadows that seem to beset and beset one's way, of understanding the lesson and meaning of life, to the end of knowing that the purposes of life are spiritual, that the individual is complex in his construction, that the physical body must ultimately go back to the dust, and that, therefore, the ultimate end and spiritual purpose of life is the enlightenment of the spirit on all matters that pertain to the spirit and to the triumph of the spirit over physical conditions. This is, of course, the end and aim of human life.

People delve, and dig, and sow, and reap, build houses and tear them down, and make physical existence the sum total of life; learning at the end, that the only treasures that pass beyond this life and enable one to enjoy the earthly state perfectly are spiritual and not material.

There are great many men who are exceedingly prosperous materially who are, nevertheless, exceedingly religious, though they may not be very spiritual. We mean by religious, that which dominates in the usual Christian churches. Many people accept the theory of salvation and press forward to win it for themselves and for others; at the same time they are also dominated by the energy to win success in material ways, yet in possessing these requisites there may not be essential spiritual growth. There may be, sometimes, great love of humanity, and that love of humanity constitutes spiritual growth, because it is forgetfulness of self. We know of some millionaires, multi-millionaires, who also possess a great amount of religious energy, and a great amount of apparent love for humanity. There is not only that dominant energy that makes them succeed in material affairs, but there is that which extends over a broad humanitarian plain, and which makes them see that there is something else than mere material affairs. We do not offer these as exemplars, but simply as illustrations of certain kinds of energy that are frequently associated together, and that dominate men of affairs.

George Peabody was one of those men to whom wealth came easily, and also one who considered himself a steward in the hands of a higher power for doing good. He made no extensive display of his good works, but arranged them so that people did not feel themselves by him. He has often been referred to this man because he was a genius in the direction of knowing that men of affairs in earthly life are but subject to some higher motive, some higher principle, than mere material success. If this thought was dominant both in lovely lives and those who are called more exalted; if people who are not wealthy did not envy the wealthy, those who have the gold of making or aggregating wealth would dispense it wisely; the world would exhibit then those states of spiritual growth to which we refer.

The large majority of people who are in indigent circumstances or who lack wealth, and must toil for their daily bread are, perhaps, striving with their conditions and rebelling against them instead of considering that in many ways they are blessed. There is nothing more corrosive of all the human passions, excepting fear—fear is the most debasing and more or less destructive of human happiness, than this envious of worldly success. One of the great conquests, or steps of spiritual growth, is to dominate that which covets the possessions of others; to dominate that which corrodes the life and wears away useful endeavor. This is a great triumph.

### A CONTRAST.

How do you do it? By the knowledge that the highest and best possessions are those of the spirit. You may enter the house of a millionaire, and if he does not know that the spirit is life, when the child of his heart has passed out of human life, and the casket lies there holding the lifeless form, he would give all his earthly possessions for the restoration of physical existence of the life of that child; in many instances he would give one-third of his possessions to know that that child lives. But he has not the steps of knowledge by which to know that life exists beyond the death of the body.

You may enter the cottage of a laborer and find there the body of his child. He is calm and tranquil; there are flowers on the door, there is a cheerful expression on the faces of his wife and children. They have been taught self-control, and they know that the body lying there was but the habitation of the spirit, which lives as a portion of their household and abides in their presence.

Which household is the richer of the two? With whom would you change places, if at all? There can be but one answer: Men and women go hunting the whole world over for happiness (which lies at their doors), hunting in every clime and in every land for the treasures and knowledge that are within, and oftentimes go seeking for comfort and consolation at external shrines, when the light of the spirit is ready and willing to eliminate the shadows of their dwellings.

But human lives are illumined in the shadows, that their eyes may become accustomed to the light; they are girded around with obstacles that they may conquer them and gain strength. Oh, you hearts that are weary, perhaps because you will not lift the load or burden of life from within! Oh, you eyes that are filled with tears because your hearts are not attuned to the

within and above, look to the glad sunshine that pleads out to you from the clear morning air and the wonderful skies above you with the sun's blazing light by day and stars by night; while the pleading millions of voices look to you for strength and comfort, and to the mute messengers of administration bending above and around you!

What is the matter that you are out of harmony with this glad and wonderful universe; that you cannot sing the song of freedom and the song of the stars, that you cannot rejoice in the night and in the day? What is it? Ah! It is the lack of unfoldment from within! You have not taken this next step. You may seek to evade or avoid it; but press forward and take that step, and another, and another, and another, and lo! the height is there and the victory is won.

## A HOME CIRCLE.

Delightful Seance at Home.

To the Editor:—We would be pleased with a little space again in the columns of The Progressive Thinker, which we so much welcome in our home every week with its varied news and views of able writers on the beautiful philosophy we so much love. No doubt some of the readers are interested in the phenomena of Spiritualism just as much as we are, notwithstanding the fact that some think we should outgrow it, and consider it only milk for the babes. We think, however, that the ever-recurring rap, rap, rap or message, in whatever shape or form, should ever be welcomed as if from angel loved ones. As demonstrations of the philosophy we so much love, therefore, allow us to say a few words about the seance at our home last Thanksgiving day.

On that day we invited friends of ours to come and spend the day with us, and they suggested that they take friends who are mediums, along, and have a home seance, which we have often spoken of but never had, as we were fifteen miles out of the city. We were pleased with the proposition, although the mediums they intended to take along were entire strangers to us; but our friends had learned to think very highly of them, and rightly so, for so did we when the day was over. The mediums were Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, 233 34th street, Chicago. After satisfying the mortal mind and the dining-room table with the empty dishes, we proceeded to clean the room, and closing the doors leading to other rooms, we formed a circle and joined hands around the dining-room table, the mediums included; no cabinet, no curtains, no paraphernalia of any kind, no trance, everything normal. A small music box, a vase of fresh roses, a trumpet, a paper tablet and a slate and pencil were on the table.

To begin with, the music box was lifted at once and floated about in the room over our heads, playing all the time, being wound up by spirit power; likewise the trumpet conveying messages of love, and music as on a flute. The flowers in the vase were distributed, the ladies' hair receiving the most attention. Handkerchiefs were taken from one another and our eyes were wiped as by mortal hands. Forms and faces and lights we saw floating before our eyes; tender touches we felt on our faces and hands. The mystical rap was there, with its intelligence. This lasted for about two hours, pausing twice in that time. There was no hostile influence, a nice bright day and everything harmonious we think had something to do with the fine results we obtained.

When in your own home like this, all doubt and criticisms as to genuineness are out of question, and when mediums like Mr. and Mrs. Arnold conduct seances like this at our home, they can not help but inspire faith and trust, and create good conditions. Yes, we long for more seances like this, with instruments like Mr. and Mrs. Arnold to convince the doubting mind, of the spirit world around us. Blessed privilege to be able to demonstrate to mortals the immortal, the life beyond, the home over there.

H. P. KELLER.

Norwood Park, Ill.

### DAY AND NIGHT.

The day lies warm and still  
Or yonder wooded hill:  
The noon-day softly dies  
In Paradise.

Rich colors manifold  
With molten streaks of gold;  
In lakes of azure mist  
Rise isles of amethyst.

The day floats down the West,  
Tranquilly at rest,  
And rudely sweet and strong  
Echoes the harvest song.

The shadows soft and dim,  
Muted in resplendent hymn,  
In solemn thankfulness:  
Night comes to soothe and bless.

And from eve's departing rim  
Of the horizon dim  
Rises the harvest moon replete  
Brooding o'er her sheaves of wheat.

Stare beam forth with holy light,  
In the soft and still night,  
While the incense in the air  
Whispers God is everywhere.

To my dear ones in the East,  
Hold I in my anxious breast,  
From this land of the West,  
Parting words of peace and rest.

BISHOP A. BEALS.

Sumnerland, Cal.

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## PENCIL SKETCHES.

Moses Hull Writes of His Work.

Tempus fugit! The first mail this morning brings me three letters complaining that "we do not hear from you through The Progressive Thinker as often as formerly." The fact is, I do not get the time to hardly answer my private correspondence. I would like to report every week but there are not hours enough in the day nor days enough in the week to do all that must be done. "The harvest is indeed great, but the laborers are few." I must not carry any part of my report back of the present month (November) or even this paper will be too long.

The very first day of this month found me in Cedar Vale, Kansas, nearly fifteen hundred miles south-west of this place, to debate with Rev. T. J. Popplewell, of Independence, Mo. We had an eight session debate, each session lasted two hours, making sixteen hours in all.

It is refreshing to meet one in debate who is a gentleman in all that word implies. Such was and such is Mr. Popplewell. There was not one slanderous word, or one mean insinuation uttered in all his sixteen speeches of thirty minutes each.

While I have met opponents who were many times much more than the twentieth century than is this man, he is much more than an ordinary debater. In ability he is many laps ahead of Eld. Covert. In honor, decency and gentlemanliness the two names should hardly be mentioned in the same century. If there were any ill feelings engendered in the audience during the debate, I did not find out about them.

The admittance to the debate was free, which is always a mistake. I generally overflows any hall obtainable, and many come just for fun, or as some would go to see a dog-fight. Such have little interest in either side of the question; but they make a noise, and they crowd out some one who would like to purchase a ticket and a seat and sit quietly and hear the whole debate. I generally went to this hall from ten to thirty minutes before time to begin. In the evenings especially I always found a crowd reaching down close to the bottom of the stairs.

Well, the debate was a good one, and it is safe to say that truth lost no ground in the contest. My friends were all eminently satisfied, they said, the time and money were both well expended. I spoke twice after, to relate to large and as deeply interested audiences as ever assembled anywhere.

The First Spiritual Church in Buffalo is prospering as well as could be wished for. I still have no reason to complain; my salary thus far has never been one hour behind time. Once it reached me a week in advance.

Our church and congregation will compare in intelligence and honor with any audience in the city. We have at least a dozen members who are worth more than their weight in gold. They strive with all their might to know what is their duty, and then do it. I became pastor here with many misgivings. I felt that I had wandered so long that I was fit for nothing else but a wandering vagabond; but I like being settled. No one can do effective up-building work in any other way. A speaker should be one with his people. He should be interested in something more than to deliver his lectures and take his salary. He should be interested more in the place where he is settled than it is possible for him to be elsewhere, except on the condition that he is settled some other place. In fact, no one should settle unless he is willing to become one with his people. Those who cannot settle on such terms should buckle down to hard spiritual and intellectual labor until they prepare themselves to do pastoral duty. The people want to see that the pastor is not with them merely for his salary, but that he feels the burden of his work, and is all the time looking out for the good of the people, and then they will generally second any move he will make for the progress of the work.

It has been my custom for the greater part of my life to try to help somebody on Thanksgiving Day. This year, at one of our meetings early in October, when the time came for the invocation, I said: "Instead of praying for the audience, I want to pray to you." I then spoke of the hundreds of poor in our city who very seldom found an oasis in the desert of this life. I tried to show them the things that we could be thankful for. I then told them of one thing that would make me more thankful than anything else that I could think of, and that would be to see the members of this church roast from fifteen to twenty-five turkeys, and get plenty of other good and wholesome food and throw its doors open and feed the poor—not the worthy poor, but the poor without regard to what their lives or characters had been—the widows and orphans. Besides that I wanted them to give them a good entertainment at night; all to be as free as heaven's air is to those who need it. I wanted the meanness of the mean, and the lowest of the low to be made as free and given as good a seat and as well-filled a plate as would be given to the mayor of the city were he one of our guests. Let us make them thankful.

Nothing further was said. At night the president and several other members of the church came to me and said, "Brother Hull, will you please repeat that prayer to-night?" I did, and the result was that we got up a union Thanksgiving for the church at the Temple, at 1 o'clock—a dinner that all enjoyed. We issued over two hundred tickets to the poor to come in between two and four o'clock; those tickets we put into the hands of policemen and school teachers and others who knew where to leave them. The tickets invited the holder to dinner and the entertainment. Well, 115 of them came in with tickets in their hands—poor children, women and men. A good warm and clean meal was provided for each one. It would have done you good

to see them eat. I heard that one woman and six children were there who had had nothing to eat save what they could gather out of swill barrels for two days. All were invited to remain for the entertainment. Most of them accepted the invitation.

Our women and some of our men went into the temple kitchen and worked like beavers all day. Some of them began as early as 9 o'clock in the morning and some of them were still at work when I left at ten in the evening.

It made my heart swell with gratitude to see a revival of that kind of religion. Beside the 115 who came in with tickets several came without them. As we had plenty of provisions such were treated as well as the others. It is safe to say the temple was at least half full of people all day, night. Notwithstanding the crowd, if spoken, I have not heard of it.

Some of the readers of The Progressive Thinker know that I am teaching a Bible class through the mail, by aid of typewriter and mimeograph. My class now numbers over one hundred, scattered all over the continent. From last I am convinced that I was led by a higher power to institute this class, and I am giving as a kind of foundation; others talk of doing the same thing. I hope they will have lessons enough mimeographed to take a large number of students. I have as yet only issued the first series of five lessons. Attending and working at the National Convention, spending two weeks in papers, conducting a large correspondence, doing pastoral work, preaching three times a week, and occasionally lecturing, has left me little time for work on the lessons.

Besides all this, within the last week I have written and put into the hands of the printer a thirty-six page pamphlet. A few years ago I wrote and printed two thousand copies of a small tract entitled "The Devil and the Advent against Spiritualism." The edition was soon exhausted and more have been called for from that day to this. I paid no attention to the call until I found Adventists distributing their tracts against Spiritualism at the door of three of the halls where I lectured. Besides that, they had another that they were handing out, equally as assumptuous and vile. The thought occurred that the Adventists and their devil had waked up, and it was time that Spiritualists were awake. Hence this new pamphlet. In this I give the devil and the Adventists both their due. I hope Spiritualists will now every where send to The Progressive Thinker or to me, and get a supply of these pamphlets and circulate them as an antidote to Adventism and their devil. The price is ten cents each, or three for 25 cents.

Moses Hull.

Buffalo, N. Y.

### State of Washington.

The State Spiritualists' Association of Washington, met in Tacoma, the 16th and 17th of November, with a marked increase in the delegates and voting members, twenty-four being present in June, and forty-three casting their ballots in November. Incorporation under the state laws, adopting constitution and by-laws, declaration of principles, and election of officers for the coming year, was the order of business.

Evening sessions were devoted to inspirational and phenomenal work. The declaration of principles and resolutions were as follows:

We believe in the infinite spirit and intelligence called God, and the immortality of every human being. We believe that every human being is a divine germ capable of infinite unfoldment. We recognize the universal brotherhood of man.

We assert that a continued life is proven by present revelations of post-mortem intercommunication between the mortal and spiritual spheres. We believe in love, purity and fidelity as the spirit of religion, and justice as the highest moral law.

Provision for a continued better civilization, moral purity, social evolution and religious freedom, recognize in Spiritualism the science of life and the religion of humanity; insist that no property shall be exempt from taxation because owned by any religious sect; demand that no legislation shall be enacted that seeks the union of church and state; protest against the use of public funds for the support of sectarian schools; desire that the rights of day laws shall restrict no special day tests against all laws tending to restrict the free exercise of spiritual mediumship and of magnetic healing; oppose all base use of mediumship and deprecate the sensational display thereof; mediums should be properly protected by a generous compensation for their time and talents; discriminate between household mediumship and tricky imitation, and in supporting and defending mediums demand that they be true representatives of the claims for which they stand and keep a clear line of distinction between mediumship and fortune-telling, and all phenomena on which are predicated claims of demonstration should be as certain, well authenticated and unimpeachable as the data of any other science.

Following are the officers for the coming year: Mrs. Lillian S. Nagell, president, Tacoma; Mrs. Nina Gifford, first vice-president, Seattle; Dr. George Castaldi, second vice-president, Seattle; Mrs. Esther Thomas, S. M. secretary, Seattle; Mrs. E. S. McCall, treasurer, Tacoma; P. C. Mills, Edmonds; George E. Knowlton, Tacoma; J. Marion Gale, Tacoma; Dr. R. L. Chase, Edmonds; William M. King, Centralla, trustees. The State Spiritualists' Association of Washington sends you greeting.

ESTHER THOMAS, S. M.

Seattle, Wash.



# JUNO, OR THE NEW WOMAN.

INSPIRED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WRITTEN BY

CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

... AUTHOR OF ...

"The Discovers Country," "Mary Anne Carew, Wife, Mother, Spirit, Angel," "Philip Carlisle, a Romance," "Oceanides," a Psychic Novel, Etc.

## CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"Oh, yes, Clarence, of course."  
"Now I hear them talking, and our own brother Arthur calls the elder lady Aunt Clara; and he speaks to the young girl, calling her Juno. Marjery, I know who they are now, for mamma often talks to us about them; they are our own Aunt Clara, and Juno, the cousin whom we have never seen. Oh! Marjery, they are all three coming here to Ireland. Arnt' you glad, dear sister?"  
"Oh, Clarence! Clarence! How strange you talk. I don't think Arthur will ever come home again since father has turned him out of doors, and made you the heir of Dunraven."

The boy laughed a silvery peal.  
"Me, the heir of Dunraven?" he echoed. "A pretty heir I am, to be sure. Sister, whatever could I do with so much land, and hundreds of people as my tenants?" and the child essayed to lift his nearly helpless arms, and they dropped back powerless, having raised them but a few inches. The child laughed again, more merrily than before.

"Sweet Marjery," said he, "a beautiful lady is standing here by my side—a bright, majestic lady—and her voice sounds like that little purling brook just back of the old tower; and she says:

"Clarence, your brother is coming back. You will be heir no longer. It was nice to play at it for a little time, but houses and lands like these you will not want. You will sail away from here, my pretty boy, but not on a lumbering boat, like that yonder. You will sail away, little one, on wings of light, to a land more beautiful even than Ireland, where these helpless arms will become strong and well-shaped; where these useless limbs will bear you up as lightly as a feather; where this bowed back will be as straight as an arrow; where this bright head can be turned from side to side, as gracefully as that of your sister's, and on as fair a neck."

The boy's eyes were closed, and an angelic smile hovered about his sweet lips.

"Sister, she says that I shall be the heir to heavenly joys."

Tears were by this time rolling down Marjery's cheeks, and the old man, who had been tenderly wheeling the boy, wiped his eyes on his sleeve.

"Oh, Master Clarence!" he said, "we canna spare thee—we canna spare thee, sweet lad. Nevertheless, the Holy Virgin's will must be done, for it be she who talks to thee, me darling boy. She loves thee, as we all canna help ourselves to do the same."

Clarence shook his head.  
"No," said he, "it is not the Holy Virgin, but the spirit of a lady, who says she loves me, and will become a mother to me in that bright land where I am shortly to go. Marjery, dear, I see this beautiful lady much of the time, and, sister, if this lady can be here with me now, when she is like those who are called dead, and is not the Holy Virgin, why may I not be with you, when I am like those who are called dead? Wouldn't you like to see me, Marjery, when I shall be tall and beautiful and straight, like brother Arthur?"

Marjery, with sobs and tears, tenderly caressed and kissed him.

"O, Clarence, darling," she cried, "you are as beautiful as an angel to me now. I cannot part from you, my sweet pet. It is just fancies you have, that is all. You will live and become the heir to all this vast estate—live to love me and make me happy. You are all the brother I have now, Clarence. Arthur is not our brother any more, so papa says."

"Well, if a hundred papas say so, I will not believe it," said the child with great earnestness. "Nothing can hinder Arthur from being our brother; and according to the laws of our land, he is the rightful heir of Dunraven. Even if I were to live, and he did not come home for many years, he should still be the heir of Dunraven. I would seek him all over the earth, until I found him, and I would then bring him home, sister dear, and he should be my honored elder brother. But why did papa disinheritor Arthur? Why is my brother a wanderer on the face of the earth?"

"Clarence, Clarence! Papa has forbidden us to talk of Arthur."

"Papa has no right to say we shall not talk of our brother; and I am determined to talk of him; and I must know why papa is angry with him."

"Well," said Marjery, "if you insist on knowing, I must tell you, even at the risk of papa's displeasure. He is under the anathema of Father Antone. He scorns and repudiates the confessional, and says he will not confess or lay bare his soul to any man. He will not attend mass, nor kneel at any service, within the church at any time. He denies our blessed Lord and Savior. He laughs derisively about the Holy Mother of God, our Blessed Virgin Mary. Oh, he is very, very dreadful! Not fit, so papa says, to live among decent people—not really fit to live at all. Papa says that Satan has gotten full possession of him, and as the wicked one cannot be driven out of him, he must be driven forth to live among swine and wild beasts. That is the way, you know, they all live in America. Papa says that Satan has taken Arthur to live in America for that purpose."

Clarence was gazing at his sister, with large, surprised eyes, a sorrowful puzzled expression sweeping over his face.

"Does the devil live in Arthur all the time?" he asked.  
"Hush, hush, child!" said the old man, with a scared expression. "The devil is seeking, at all times, whom he may devour, and he has found a willin' ne'er-do-weel in Arthur."

"How dare you say to me that my brother never does well, old man?" exclaimed Clarence, with flushing cheeks. "My dear Arthur, who has loved us all so much, who has been kind and good to everyone, even to you. What right have you to call him a ne'er-do-weel? Did he not give you a hundred pounds when you were ill and helpless with that pain in your back? Has he not been the kindest of masters to you all, and is he not the best of brothers to Marjery and me? What wrong has he ever done to anyone? You are a thankless old man, and I have a mind that you shall not wreck me."

"Oh, Master Clarence, forgive me! I shall speak no more."  
"That is right," said the child. "You may not speak more about Arthur; and whatever Marjery and I may say, you are to hold your peace. If I am the present heir of Dunraven, I have a right to know why I have usurped my brother. Then it is because he will not confess to the priest—because he will not or cannot, believe in the Savior and the holiness of the Virgin Mary? Then, if he does not, and cannot believe, I will not confess, and do not believe."

"Oh, Clarence! Clarence!" cried Marjery, covering her streaming eyes with her hands. "Then father will disown and disinheritor you! O, my poor, darling, little, sweet, afflicted brother! What will become of you? What will become of you?"

"Marjery, dear, I shall go and live with that beautiful

angel lady. I have asked her many times, in secret, for what reason should I tell all my thoughts to Antone? At confession I was obliged to tell him all about the angel lady, and what she said to me. He said I was to drive such thoughts away—that it was the wicked one trying to deceive me and lead my soul down to hell as he had already done by my brother; and when I said that I was not deceived—that my brother was good and not wicked, he called me an ill-shapen spawn of the evil one. Marjery, I think my brother is right, and Antone and our father wrong. I will never confess to Antone again, and I shall ask the angel lady all about the Savior and the Holy Virgin. The lady is in that other world; she must know all about it."

The old man groaned and shook his head dolefully at Marjery. That young lady looked interested, but frightened.

"Clarence, darling," she said, "you are not well; and being ill, and not just like other people, you imagine all this about the beautiful angel lady; but, sweet brother, you must confess to the priest, for he alone can shrive you. Unless we do this, dear brother, we are in great danger, and may never reach heaven."

"And will Arthur never reach heaven?" asked the boy.  
Marjery covered her face with her hands, and the old man groaned again most dolefully, shaking his head the while as though it were hung on a swivel.

"If Arthur cannot enter heaven," continued Clarence, "nothing shall ever force me inside the gates until he is with me. I will go down to that hell which you tell me of, and ask for an interview with that devil; then I will beg him to allow me to see my brother; and if Arthur must stay there, I will stay also. O, I can't understand it at all. First they say that Satan is with Arthur. How can he leave his abode to live with Arthur, and yet keep all the others in that dreadful place? I should think they would all get out and run away, in his absence."

## CHAPTER XVII.

Father Antone.

"Now, Marjery, I see the beautiful lady again," and the boy's troubled eyes closed. "She is laughing, and she says: 'My dear pretty boy, it is all false. Your brother is good; far better than Antone, and much more intelligent. Satan has nothing to do with him; besides, there is no such being as Satan. All such ideas are superstitious nonsense. You need not confess to Antone; such confession is of no use whatever. He had far better confess some of his sins to you and others, who confess to him.' Now," said the boy, as he opened his eyes, "I shall brave my father's displeasure, and I will never be shriven by Antone again."

The sun was now lying low, and as Clarence seemed fatigued, Marjery proposed they go to the house at once, which they did, and the boy was taken from his chair and laid upon a dainty couch within his own chamber, to rest and sleep after the exertion of the chair ride on the beach.

Marjery went to her own room, to dress for dinner.

Father Antone usually dined at the manse on this day, for the monastery to which he belonged was nearly twenty miles away. He not only dined at Dunraven, but remained over night, for the family of Lord O'Donnell must be shriven, and the servants afterward. This required time. He usually arrived at Dunraven about ten in the morning, and departed the next morning about the same time.

Lord O'Donnell, together with his lady, was completely under the dominating power of the Roman Catholic church, and anything partaking of heresy in his servants or children, would be visited with condign punishment.

Antone had prevailed upon Lord and Lady O'Donnell to allow Marjery to take the veil and she was expected soon to enter the convent of Notre Dame. The sweet girl herself did not wish to become a nun. Although she revered the religion of her fathers, and was by nature somewhat devout, still the world held untold charms for her; and, above all else, she had a lover; but this was a secret which she as yet had never divulged to anyone—no, not even her brother Clarence had divined it. Arthur, previous to his banishment, had looked a little suspiciously upon young Dennis Morgan.

Arthur would have favored Morgan's suit, if the young couple had confided in him. Dennis was well born, although at the present time his family were in rather reduced circumstances. His father, Sir Sidney Morgan, and his gifted and admirable mother, were well aware of their son's attachment to the gentle Lady Marjery, of which they highly approved, at the same time being fearful that his attentions to the daughter would not be acceptable to Lord and Lady O'Donnell.

The fact that the family were in reduced circumstances, and worse than all, Mrs. Morgan had once been a governess, previous to her marriage, was enough to prejudice Lord O'Donnell against the family; and certainly young Dennis' suit for the hand of his daughter would meet with nothing but the bitterest opposition from him. Under such circumstances, however, Marjery would not willingly take the veil. Her mother had implored, her father commanded, but all to no purpose; she would not consent to enter the convent.

Lord and Lady O'Donnell were in their private sitting-room, conversing earnestly together.

"Katherine," said Lord O'Donnell, with a frown, "we have little comfort with our children. Our eldest has become a vile heretic, our daughter refuses to take the veil of perpetual chastity; and now a greater sorrow is in store for us. Our son Clarence is showing heretical tendencies. Old Hugh tells me that our child is talking in a very strange manner; and that he heard him this very day, while on the beach, say that he would never confess to Father Antone again. Now, what is to be done, my lady? The holy father, as you know, is here for the purpose of shriving us all; and I have learned through him, the reason of our daughter's unwillingness to enter the convent. In her confession to the holy father, she has been obliged to admit that she is in love."

"In love?" exclaimed Lady Katherine, holding up both hands. "In love? Our Marjery in love? and, pray, with whom?"

"Yes; he obliged her to reveal the name of the young man; and, as if our afflictions were not too heavy to be borne already, she must add to them by being in love with one far beneath her in station—none other than Dennis Morgan."

"O, woe betide us!" wailed Lady Katherine. "Dennis Morgan! And his mother once a governess! My Lord, there is but one way left for us. Marjery must take the veil. O! would that I had obeyed my father and taken it myself. It would have been far better than to have brought such unnatural and disobedient children into the world, with what to feed Satan's maw. O! woe—woe betides us! But what has come over Clarence? He has always been sweet and obedient, although not as devout as one could wish."

"His mind, it seems, is becoming as distorted as his

body. Hugh says his head is filled with wicked, selfish fancies. He is constantly talking of some sort of a banshee, and he says the banshee denies the Savior and the Holy Mother of God, and scornfully laughs at the sign of the cross. The child, no doubt, is verging toward an innocent."

"O! Holy Mother of God!" prayed Lady O'Donnell, sinking on her knees and crossing herself devoutly. "My poor boy becoming crazed, or an imbecile? O, well, my lord, the banshee will take our poor deformed boy, no doubt. May the Holy Virgin rest his soul! We shall soon be childless. Arthur banished, Marjery a bride of heaven, and Clarence the victim of a banshee; then who shall be left to the lands of Dunraven?"

"Let the Holy Mother Church become the heir of Dunraven," said Lord O'Donnell, with great solemnity. "If our children prove unworthy, let us give all that we possess to the Holy Catholic church, that our souls may rest in the peace of God forevermore."

"Amen! Amen!" coincided Lady O'Donnell.  
Dinner was now announced, and they descended to the large and elegantly appointed dining-hall. Father Antone and Marjery were already there awaiting them.

The priest, like all of his class, was clean shaven, with closely cropped hair, closely buttoned black coat and vest, a simple line of white collar showing around the neck. He was spare of form, rather tall and well built; his manner was polite, grave, smooth and suave; his conversation slow, and very guarded. He looked and appeared a chaste and holy man—all but his eyes. Ah! a wily serpent lurked within them, concealed by his apparently frank gaze. Whenever his eyes rested upon Marjery's face, or her glance met his fully, she experienced a creeping, crawling sensation throughout all her flesh; she could not have said why; and many times she imagined them to be the shining eyes of a snake, with the elongated body and tail, together with its poisonous sting, hiding from sight within his brain. Marjery scarcely ever looked at him, avoiding his gaze whenever it was possible.

"Holy Father, have you shriven my son Clarence, yet?" asked Lord O'Donnell.

The priest raised his eyes with impressive solemnity.

"I was with your son, my lord, a half hour since, but he utterly refused confession, and would not partake of the wafer; however, I managed to sprinkle him with holy water; and the frankincense and myrrh are still smoking within his apartments."

"What can the child mean?" asked Lady O'Donnell, with a troubled sigh. "Did he say anything to you, holy father, about a banshee being near him, with whom he held conversation?"

"The boy did not; but old Hugh told me something of the kind."

"Did you speak to the child about it, holy father?" asked Lord O'Donnell.

"I did the same," answered Father Antone.

"And what was his reply?"

"He said he had nothing to do with a banshee—that he had never seen a fairy, nor spoken to one."

"The dear child!" exclaimed Lady O'Donnell. "Then it is all false about the banshee?"

The priest shook his head dubiously.

"I fear not, my lady," he replied. "The young lord insists that a beautiful lady, as he calls the troublesome thing, is with him most of the time; he also says that he is to accompany her shortly into another world."

Marjery gave the priest a quick glance. The serpent within his eyes made a little spring toward her; but, bethinking himself, coiled closely down again, with watchful, shining eyes.

"Oh, it is all one and the same," asserted Lord O'Donnell. "A banshee can take on the appearance of a beautiful lady, or any other form it may choose, for its fateful purpose."

"Holy father, are you able, do you think, to exorcise the baleful imp, and set our son free?"

"My lady, I have already done what I could. If he should still be troubled, I shall think it advisable to call a convent of his brethren, and together we may be able to accomplish that which, singly, I may fail to do."

"Do so, holy father; do so, by all means. But if you should one and all fail, as in the case of our eldest son, Arthur, what then?" asked the anxious mother.

"The only thing left to us, in that event"—with another furtive glance at Marjery—said the holy father, "would be to pray his soul through purgatory as quickly as possible."

"But father, we hope that Clarence may live to become the heir of Dunraven."

The serpent shot itself out toward Marjery once more. "Unless we can rid your son of the banshee, he is doomed—doomed!" deeply and solemnly rang the voice of the priest.

Lord O'Donnell's brow corrugated, and his face flushed at the words of the priest. Lady O'Donnell sobbed, with her handkerchief to her eyes; but to the astonishment of all, Marjery raised her head laughingly, and looked Father Antone straight in the eyes. The serpent quailed and shrank farther and farther within its hiding place, and a greenish veil seemed to fall down over its eyes.

"Doomed? My sweet, angelic Clarence, doomed? Doomed to what, pray?" asked the girl, with an unusual fire in her eyes.

"We cannot disinheritor him," said Lady O'Donnell, "as we have done Arthur. It would never do to turn him forth upon the world, in his worse than helpless condition."

The priest slowly assented. "But I will answer Lady Marjery's question. The boy is doomed to death; and his soul to purgatory, if we cannot exorcise the banshee. Is it not well known to all Irishmen, that if the Holy church cannot dislodge a banshee, the one whom it troubles is doomed, without hope of escape? But Lord, and my Lady O'Donnell, we shall bring all the rites of the Holy Mother church to bear on Lord Clarence's case. Therefore, let not hope depart from you."

"Lady Marjery," asked her father, "does Clarence talk to you of the banshee?"

"My brother says nothing of a banshee to me," answered Marjery, "neither can I believe there is anything of the kind near him; if, indeed, there is such a creature as a banshee. I think, papa dear, that it is childish to believe in fancies. You and mamma have often said as much yourselves; you told me only the other day, papa, and Clarence was with us and heard what you said, that it was childish to believe in fancies."

"Yes," replied Lord O'Donnell, "in the general acceptance of the term, I think there is no truth; but a banshee is an entirely different thing."

"Then," said Marjery, "may I be allowed to ask Father Antone what a banshee may be, if not a fairy?"

The serpent in the holy father's eyes twinkled with insidious cunning.

"A banshee, my fair Lady Marjery, is an evil spirit, trying to obtain possession of a soul, generally a youthful one, for which purpose it takes on any appearance it likes best, for the sake of accomplishing its object. Sometimes it appears in the guise of a lovely fairy; at others, the shade of some relative, friend, or playmate of the person thus seeking it. I presume the evil one, and the holy father crossed himself devoutly, "may put on almost any form he pleases, except that of Our Lady, the Saints, or the Savior of mankind."

"I thought you said at first, most reverend father, that it was an evil spirit. You did not say it was Satan; and I understand a spirit to be that of some departed human being. If so, why must it necessarily be evil? Are there not many good spirits as well as evil?"

Marjery gave the priest rather a withering look as she asked these questions.

"Good spirits do not spend their time in tormenting the living. Their beatific life in heaven, and their attitude of adoration toward the Infinite Father, does not allow of their leaving the presence of the Most High, for any purpose whatsoever. It is only the unhappy souls in purgatory who go roaming about over the earth, seeking

listening ears wherein to pour their deceitful tales," and the serpent within the reverend father's eyes wore a very deceitful expression, and then lurked backward into the dark chambers of his brain.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Marjery Must Take the Veil.

"My brother," said Marjery, "is as near an angel now as it is possible for a soul to be. His poor little emaciated body scarcely holds his spirit down. It really seems, at times, as though his head alone held his soul to earth. I am many years older than my brother, and I do not remember of his ever committing any sins whatever. His nature is so pure and angelic that he has never been known even to speak a cross or fretful word. What sins he ever could have committed that he needs to confess, I am at a loss to comprehend."

"In Adam's fall, we sinned all," and the serpent within the eyes of the priest thrust his sharp, poisonous dagger into sight.

"Why should my poor little brother suffer for the sins which Adam committed? Adam was a strong man, better able to bear the consequences of his own sins. It seems to me very unjust that Clarence should help to bear Adam's burdens—sins which were committed thousands of years ago; if, indeed, the eating of an apple was a sin at all. My brother and I have eaten many, very many, and no one ever told us we were committing sin by doing so; in fact, mamma and the doctor both advised the eating of apples for our health. All these things which you tell us, are so mystifying and contradictory that I sometimes feel like fully taking Arthur's part; and my mind now will think the same thoughts he has so often expressed."

The priest's eyes, together with Lord and Lady O'Donnell's, were turned upon Marjery in surprise and anger.

"Lady Marjery," said her father sternly, "you forget yourself. Your mind has been poisoned by your brother Arthur. Really," he continued, turning to Father Antone, "Arthur should have been sent away long before he was, that my other children might not have been contaminated."

"You recollect, my lord," replied the priest, "that I advised it some years before you consented to do so; I advised it as soon as I found that Satan had fast hold of him, and could not be dislodged." The serpent's eyes, within the priest's shone with malign subtlety.

"Would that we had listened to you, holy father," sobbed Lady O'Donnell. "In consequence of our disobedience, I fear all our children will be lost."

"Marjery," said Lord O'Donnell, with much severity, "your foolish and wicked words have forced me to a decision. My mind has wavered a little concerning you; for which I humbly beg Our Lady's pardon. Holy father, shrive me of this sin. Lady O'Donnell and myself have hesitated somewhat to give our only daughter to be a Bride of Heaven. We will hesitate no longer. We perceive most plainly that if we do, she will soon become the bride of Satan. We must save her, at least, from so horrible a fate."

The serpent's eyes twinkled, but the priest's eyelids drooped over them, to conceal their triumphant eagerness. "But, my poor Clarence! holy father; he is but an innocent. Surely Our Merciful Lady will forgive the unmeaning talk of such an one as he."

"We will do penance, and intercede for him, ourselves," answered the holy father. "Besides, hundreds of masses shall be said for the purging of his soul; and then put our trust in the Savior."

Marjery's face was deeply flushed, and her eyes wore a hunted expression. She looked at the priest with mingled feelings of horror, fear and disgust—looked at him as one looks at a crawling, slimy poisonous snake from which there is no escape. She felt that she was hedged in on all sides, without so much as a loop-hole. To enter a convent and become a nun was to her the death of all earthly hope. The walls of a convent were simply the walls of a prison; the nun's cell, a dungeon—a hopeless grave. She doubted if she would ever behold her father, mother or brothers again. Her very life was centered in the poor little helpless lad. To be torn from him, would be to her worse than death. Her arms had been around him more than half the time since his birth. No one else had ever combed out his long, beautiful, sunny hair, which she had brushed and wound so daintily about her fingers, to which it clung like soft tendrils; and then, as she carefully withdrew them, dozens of long, shining curls lay about his head and shoulders—those poor little shoulders that were so cruelly humped to his ears—those dainty pink and white ears, so like beautiful and fragile sea-shells. Oh, she had held those little cold, claw-like hands within her own, hours and hours every day, to make them a little more lifelike; perhaps it might make them grow a little more like her own soft, perfectly formed, warm ones, filled with living magnetic power; how, every day, she had softly stroked that cruel hump, because the sensation was pleasing and grateful to the afflicted child; how the little silk socks had been removed each day, that the nearly lifeless feet, no larger than those of an infant's a few days old, might be softly chafed, and then kissed lovingly, as a mother fondles, plays with and kisses her baby's rosy toes. Oh, Marjery's heart was bursting with grief and anxiety.

The serpent's eyes watched her, furtively noting each expressive shadow as it flitted over her ingenuous countenance. Although her heart was bursting with grief, at thought of her brother, one glance at the priest turned her grief into anger and repulsion.

Would her life be any more acceptable to God, shut into a nun's cell, where she could do no good to anyone, where she could not even manifest her love and care to her helpless and sorely afflicted brother? Did God require that her father and mother should give up to this living death, their only daughter? Oh, she could not believe a loving and merciful God could or would be so cruel. It seemed to her that the priest was the cause of all her trouble. Why should he particularly care to have her enter the convent? Hundreds of other young girls were never expected to become nuns. A number of young ladies of her acquaintance never even thought of doing so, neither did the priest, or their parents require it. Why should God want her more than these others? Two or three of these young ladies were betrothed and would soon be united to their lovers; and she, Lady Marjery O'Donnell also had a lover. Why could she not be allowed to plight her troth to him? He had already confessed his love to her, and her heart had fluttered like a bird's wings, the lids had drooped over the sweet, shy eyes, the little soft, magnetic hand had trembled in his firm clasp. Ah, she could not hide the truth from herself. Her heart beat a rhythmic response to his ardent love pleadings:

"Marjery, I love you. Be my wife."

No serpent lurked within his eyes, but a bright angel-boy, a veritable cupid, instead. Their glance was as pure and innocent as that of Clarence's. She had even promised to meet him at their trysting place this very evening.

All the foregoing thoughts chased each other rapidly through Marjery's brain. She raised her eyes to her father's face pleadingly, unconsciously clasping her hands together as though in prayer.

"Papa," she said, "I do not wish to become a nun. Let me stay at home with you and mamma, whom I love, and darling Clarence. He needs me more than anybody thinks. I really think, dearest papa, that he will die if I leave him."

(To be Continued.)

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1898.

A YEAR OF GRACE.

Only one more year, then the end! Sinners, do you hear? Rev. T. J. Boyd, an Indianapolis divine, has been studying the "Word of God," as thousands of others have for many centuries, and has made the awful discovery that Nov. 11, 1899, will witness the consummation of all things, and that this earth, with all its homes and people, will go up in smoke.

The faithful servant of God has hit on a good time, at the end of summer and autumn, just as grim old winter with whitened locks is about to commence his icy reign. At that period each year the earth reaches that place in its orbit predicted by an old-time romancer, who said "the stars shall fall from heaven," as a harbinger of the great wind-up. A continuous shower of meteors, such as was witnessed by the writer in Nov. 1833, are good enough "stars" for all practical purposes.

The idea of a universal conflagration to end mundane affairs, was taught by the Egyptians two thousand years before our era. It was borrowed by the Jews resident in Egypt after the Alexandrian conquest, who probably wrote much of what we call the Old Testament, with its predictions of the destruction of the earth by fire. The Pagan priests of Rome, from whom the Christians inherit their faith, taught the same idea, and their successors have been predicting the end by fire ever since they have existed. It is almost a pity the idea cannot be realized, so as to end priestly rule and ruin.

HOW IS THIS?

In the Kansas City Star of Nov. 9, is a three column article in small type, from the pen of "Gath," otherwise P. H. Townsend, wherein he interviewed ex-Senator John Sherman. In the closing paragraph of that interview Mr. Sherman is reported to have said, remarking on his wife's illness and loss of voice:

"Man is a very insignificant creature although he has much pride. Everything we learn shows us that not only is this earth a mere attendant upon a solar system which is probably an inferior one among other solar systems, but the arrogation that to this world came the only Redeemer and Child of Heaven sometimes seems man's own egotism when there are so many other earths and other systems. Charity will allow wide differences of thought on all these questions, and with or without charity man will take up the subject of himself and his physical existence."

That quotation is worthy of preservation, showing how one of the leading minds of America has allowed himself to think on the religious issues of the day. It is only a thought, briefly expressed, but it shows that John Sherman is not orthodox as to a world's Redeemer. Next we shall hear cry of infidel and atheist against the distinguished statesman.

A LITERARY OPINION.

The Literary Guide for November, an English publication, commenting on an article in the Methodist Times, wherein the editor controverted the claim of a late speaker at a banquet that "it is impossible to communicate the Christian religion to India until we are thoroughly conversant with the Hindu mind," remarks:

"Whether the fault lies with the missionaries, or with the Gospel, it is certain the progress made by Christianity in India is extremely slow. The religion of Jesus Christ has no stronger foothold in India than has Mormonism or Buddhism in Great Britain. That India will ultimately become Christian is as absurdly improbable as that Britain will one day vow spiritual allegiance to Jo Smith or Buddha. It is saddening to think of the money and energy which are annually wasted on Christian missions—missions so alien to the spirit of the people to whom they are addressed."

BAD EXAMPLE.

The Rev. Geo. R. Parrish, arrested at the close of a sermon at Marshalltown, Iowa, for a forgery on the Sandwich, Ill. Bank, when his trial came on at Sycamore, Ill., a few days ago, pleaded guilty to the indictment and was sentenced to the Joliet prison for a term of years. In his case Jesus did not wholly pay the debt of his transgression. The pulpit does not always set a good example.

"Arcana of Nature; or the History and Laws of Creation." By Dr. M. E. and T. A. Well-known and most popular treatise. Cloth, \$1. For sale at this office.

The Anti-Spiritualist Movement, as started out with such a flourish of spiritual pyrotechnics, making dire threats against Spiritualism, which was to be speedily pulverized and scattered to the winds, proved an unskillfully handled boomerang to its projectors. It wounded not Spiritualism, but on the contrary wrought damage to its inventors. Indeed, it proved a veritable blessing in disguise, of foe to our cause. Anticipating a fierce attack all along our lines—as indeed was intended—Spiritualists awoke from slumber and prepared to meet the expected onslaught. That the projected war of extermination terminated in an inglorious fiasco, in which "our friend the enemy" was speedily placed "hors du combat," routed and driven from the field, with the loss of ordnance and ammunition, is a matter of history well known to our readers, who witnessed through the Progressive Thinker the Waterloo defeat the Antis suffered at Anderson, Ind. By Moses Hull, their weapons of slander were rendered useless, and their Bible ordinance was captured and turned against themselves. Since that time their efforts have become more and more feeble, as if they felt it were useless to try to continue the warfare.

Apparently from that quarter, the danger has become so minimized that it is scarcely worthy of further thought or apprehension. However, it behooves Spiritualists to stand ever on guard, ever vigilant, ever watchful against false movements, ambushes and surprises. Defeated in one plan of operations, in the open field, the movements against us are now likely to be of the more sinister order of sly municipal and legislative enactments, cunningly worded to hide treacherous antagonistic designs against Spiritualism as represented by mediums, healers, etc. If they can put down the mediums and healers, they will have accomplished a mighty stride toward the end of their mission. They are now likely to be of the more sinister order of sly municipal and legislative enactments, cunningly worded to hide treacherous antagonistic designs against Spiritualism as represented by mediums, healers, etc. If they can put down the mediums and healers, they will have accomplished a mighty stride toward the end of their mission.

Such things have been done, and will be done unless prevented by the efforts of ever-watchful friends of our cause. Spiritualists should, as a matter of safety, closely scan the work of their city councils and the legislatures of their respective states. A little opposition in due time, will save an immense amount of trouble later on. It is easier to kill vicious legislation before it is enacted, than to effect its repeal after it shall have become crystallized into statute law.

Another foe more treacherous and more mischievous than the outspoken Anti-Spiritualist—who, though mistaken, has the virtue of the courage of his convictions—or the sly framer of inquiry by a law, is the disreputable crew who hide themselves in the garb of medium that he may acquire pelf by fraud and deception. The business of these swindlers should be made not only disreputable but unremunerative and dangerous. The garments of Spiritualism should be cleansed from their pollution; and Spiritualists, those who are honest and true, should at heart, should do the cleansing work themselves, and not wait for non-Spiritualists or Anti-Spiritualists to expose the fraud and cast the discredit of the fraud upon Spiritualism. When Spiritualists themselves do the work it removes the discredit from Spiritualism and fixes it where it justly belongs, on the dishonest and treacherous enemies disguised as friends.

And yet again we urge, as the most potent measure of offense and defense against all enemies to our cause, the formation of family circles.

Words cannot tell the amount of good that will result from a general observance of this important measure. While the Anti-Spiritualists and their most efficient allies, the fake mediums, the brazen counterfeiters and pretenders, in all their various roles as materializers, eld omne genos, are working to destroy Spiritualism, let our people everywhere set themselves at the great work of upbuilding our cause, which work can in no other way be done so thoroughly and efficiently as by means of family circles—and these seconded by the dissemination of spiritual literature, and especially the wide-awake spiritual journals, such as The Progressive Thinker.

The family circle, reinforced with good spiritual literature, will prove a stronghold of defense, and a most potent force in carrying our cause onward to complete victory, final and irrevocable.

SUBJECTS FOR THANKSGIVING.

Several clergymen of this city, on the Sunday before Thanksgiving day, ventilated their opinions in their pulpits as to what should be the subject of thanks and how rendered. Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, in All Souls' pulpit, came nearest to expressing the views of The Progressive Thinker, which were reported in the Record:

"Would we give thanks for this last war, let us see from the contagion of battle, turn the hose into the powder chambers of our war vessels, spike our guns and live the peace we profess. Would we give thanks for the nation that we boast of, we must purify it from within. We want a desk for every child in the state in the school sustained by the state. Would we give thanks for our successes in commerce and increase in trade, give to our people postal savings banks to foster their prudence and to protect their mites, give us the 'initiative' and the 'referendum' that will enable the people to demand the right and defeat the wrong legislation at the hands of their representatives. If we would give thanks for the ballot we must purify it. If we would praise the Lord for the triumph of the flag we must make it still more the emblem of equity, save it forever from that moral confusion which mistakes might for right and bigness for greatness."

MR. AND MRS. R. T. VAN HORN.

December 2, Col. R. T. Van Horn and his estimable wife celebrated the 50th anniversary of their marriage, at their rural residence near Kansas City, Mo. We congratulate them on their extended travels in the journey of life, and hope they will see many years yet. The Colonel has been a remarkable figure in politics, in literature, in journalism, in war and various other respects, and he has made a marked impression for the better on the present age. His Sunday Talks in the Journal of Kansas City, were masterpieces, and were widely read and appreciated. His liberalizing influence, to say the least, has been one of the most remarkable men of the present age.

There is valuable information relative to recent archaeological discoveries in Egypt, which ought to be of interest to all Christians, as they are to independent thinkers whose ambition it is to know the truth. It was during the reign of Set II, the pretended exodus of the Jews from Egypt occurred. Instead of being overwhelmed and lost in the Red Sea with his entire army, horses, chariots and horsemen, as described in Exodus 14: "not so much as one remained," says the book, while in pursuit of the fugitive Jews who were making their way on dry land through the sea, a wall of water obedient to Moses' rod, piled up on either hand, that Pharaoh's found nicely embalmment and quietly resting in his inscribed mummy case, where he has reposed undisturbed for 3,400 years.

The remains of Ramesses II. were found some years ago at Deir el Bahari, with other embalmed kings, to which place they had been removed for preservation during some civil commotion, perhaps when Egypt was invaded by the Persian Cambyses. It was the opinion of Egyptologists for a time that it was under the reign of Ramesses II. that the exodus occurred; but when his remains were found Bibliologists fixed upon Set II, as the Pharaoh of that occasion. Now as Set II, has risen, and speaks to us from his tomb, of course a revised opinion must be formed to meet the emergency, for—

Though the earth was all quaking  
And flaming the sky,  
The Bible must be sustained,  
Else the Church will die.

We quote from the London Times: "As a sequel to his discovery of the tomb of King Thothmes III., at Thebes, Loret, director general of the antiquities department, has discovered and opened the tomb of Amenophis II.,

Prof. Herron has been delivering a course of lectures at Willard Hall, this city, under the head of "Conflict of Christ with Civilization." The burden of his fifth lecture seems designed to prove that the object of "Our Lord's" mission was as much political as religious, and that his crucifixion was not for his "going about healing the sick and preaching the gospel to every creature," but for his disturbing the then existing national order of things.

The domineer was right, if any trust can be placed in the Gospels. Jesus aimed at the destruction of the Roman power, and the rebuilding of the kingdom of David, of which it was proposed he, as a descendant of that king, was to be the head. He is represented as posing as the king of the Jews. His grand demonstration on entering Jerusalem riding on "an ass and its colt," is conclusive evidence of his purpose. To that end he was born, and for that offence against the constituted authorities he was arrested, convicted and crucified, before he had time to consummate his plans, while his executioners, according to the same authority, placed upon his cross the legend: "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews."

It was not a Republic Jesus proposed to found; it was not a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," but it was the revival of the ancient kingdom then usurped by the Romans, and nothing more, else the alleged biographers falsified. But the lecturer did not rest here. He continued:

"The early Christians were tortured, imprisoned, exiled and put to terrible forms of death on the charge of

## Life, Death, Immortality.

Life is the dreamy sleep, and death—miscalled—true life;  
Its shadowed valley, spanned by faith, with light enrive;  
Its waters still, a stream down which we gently glide,  
God's rod and staff our oars, fair angel hands our guide.  
Its garb a mantle, whiter than the snows of earth,  
To robe the soul awaking into glad new birth;  
Its grave an open gate, through whose dark portals we  
Pass on to hope's fruition—immortality.  
—Hannah More Kohans.

a king of the eighteenth dynasty, who reigned some 1,500 years B. C. The find is among the most interesting ever made in Egypt, as, though the jewelry, etc., were pilfered from the tomb probably during the twentieth dynasty, the mummies of Amenophis and of seven other kings are intact. The tomb is entered by a steep inclined gallery, which terminates in a well of some twenty-six feet in depth, and this obstacle surmounted the entrance to the king's sepulchre is reached.

In the first chamber the body of a man is found bound to a richly painted box, his arms and feet tied with cords, a piece of cloth stuffed as a gag into his mouth, and marks of wounds on the breast and head. In the next chamber are laid out the bodies of a man, a woman and a boy. None of the four bodies has been embalmed, but owing to the dryness of the atmosphere they are all in the most complete state of preservation, with the features perfect, and although they evidently met with violent deaths, they have the appearance of being asleep. The hair upon each is luxuriant, and the features resemble to a marked degree those of the fallen of the present day.

The last tomb is a chamber of magnificent proportions in perfect preservation. The roof, which is supported by massive square columns, is painted a deep blue, studded with golden stars, and the walls are entirely covered with paintings, the colors of which are as vivid as if laid on only yesterday. At the end of this chamber, in the tomb of Amenophis II., for whom it was built, and is supposed to have been opened later to receive the mummies of the other kings, probably to save them from violation. The floors of all the chambers are covered with a mass of objects—statues, vases, wooden models of animals, boats, etc., requiring immense care in sorting for removal.

"The whole constitutes one of the most impressive sights that can be imagined. For the first time on record the body of an Egyptian king has been found in the tomb prepared for him, as previously discovered royal mummies had been removed from their tombs and secreted for safety at Deir el Bahari. Possibly this discovery of the bodies of murdered victims in a king's tomb may throw some light upon the vexed question of human sacrifices which now divides Egyptologists."

"The public works ministry has requested M. Loret to remove only the smaller objects and to leave the statues and bodies in their present place. The entrance to the tomb will then be built up until next winter, when iron railings may be placed to prevent injury from touching by visitors, while affording them the unique sight of the lying in state of a king who reigned over 3,400 years ago."

OLDER THAN JUDAISM.

An English author familiar with the sacred writings of Egypt, tells his readers that the tradition of a primeval revelation from God to man is much older than the Jewish and Christian religions. The Akkadians grappled with the same great problems which baffled the Egyptians.

anarchy and Atheism, on the charge of being the destroyers of morals, religion, property and the state."

That the Christians were branded as Atheists, and destroyers of morals is very true. Mosheim says: "The Christians . . . were looked upon as a sort of Atheists; and by the Roman laws, those who were charged with Atheism were declared the pests of human society. But this was not all; the sordid interests of a multitude of lazy and selfish priests were immediately connected with the ruin and oppression of the Christian cause."

But the martyr business was ordered by Prof. Herron. He, doubtless, based his statement on the representations in the Annals of Tacitus, which work is clearly a Christian forgery of the 16th century. Said that learned Christian author, Dodwell, for a time the Camden professor of history in Oxford University, some two centuries ago, who had made a special study of the subject:

"Very few were put to death because they were Christians."

Mosheim says, because of the interpretation of Revelations 17:14, that the church was to suffer ten great calamities, "they endeavored to accommodate the language of history, even against the testimony of those ancient records, from whence alone history can speak with authority." Further on, in sec. 11, chap. 5, part 1 of the first century, in his Ecclesiastical History, Mosheim says, a diligent search was made of the ancient writers, and their books and papers that told of these martyrs, and were answered with the statement that they had been burned, then:

"From the 8th century downwards, several Greek and Latin writers endeavored to make up this loss by compiling, with vast labor, accounts of the lives and actions of the ancient martyrs. But the most of them have given us little else than a series of fables, adorned with profusion of rhetorical flowers, and striking images, as the wisest, even among the Romish doctors, frankly admit. Nor are these records, that pass under the name of martyrology, worthy of superior credit, since they bear the next in their migrations, and papers that told of these martyrs, and were answered with the statement that they had been burned, then:

"It is lamentable that the real martyrs of history, who suffered death because of their religious convictions, were not Christians, but were persons who antagonized Christian dogmas, and they met death at Christian hands, not by millions, as Dodwell stated, but by millions, as the history of the Crusades, and of the Inquisition, and the wars for the spread of Christianity, abundantly attest, and they who maintain to the contrary must be grossly ignorant or vilely false."

WHICH IS CORRECT?

Geo. St. Clair, an English scholar, for ten years lecturer for the Palestine Exploration Fund, and an earnest student in Egyptian mythology, has lately given to the world a volume entitled "Creation Records Discovered in Egypt." He maintains that the legends of the Creation, the Fall of Angels, the Serpent, the Deluge, and the Tower of Babel, with the Confusion of Tongues, had their origin in Egypt, to explain perplexities growing out of their defective system of counting but 300 days to the year. A reviewer of St. Clair's book says: "He possesses ample learning in the realm of Egyptian mythology and history, and he has arranged facts with consistency and clearness."

We apprehend the Egyptian colonists brought those legends with them from the valley of the Euphrates, but their origin was not in their migrations. The Akkadians grappled with the same great problems which baffled the Egyptians.

THE LATIN NATIONS.

The decline of the Latin governments is a subject for discussion among the leading public journals. That France, Italy, Spain and Portugal have all seen their best days, and are far gone in the decrepitude which marks nations, as individuals, there can be no doubt. The cause of this decline is traced to various sources, but the consensus of opinion seems to be they are under the control of Catholicism, while the ruling powers are subordinate to the Pope.

When the civil power of Rome, and the ecclesiastical, were centered in the same person, as was the case from the days of Numa, B. C. 700, down to the period of Constantine, A. D. 325, the civil arm was in the ascendant, and the power was commensurate with civilization. But with the death of that ruler power was gradually usurped by the religious, and Rome declined. Progress one after another were lost. Her conquests ceased to be for civil control, but to build up a mighty hierarchy whose authority was to extend into another life.

The Reformation was the first severe blow to Catholic ambition. Subordinate kingdoms rose in revolt, till finally the Latin nations alone remained. She came near losing France, and would but for Bonaparte with his army who restored to the Pope what was wrested from him by the French Revolution. Liberal thought, now restrained, is a powerful factor in France, which in due time will come to the front again; then woe betide that government which attempts to suppress religious freedom. Italy has already established civil rule in opposition to priestly, but the Pope still retains too much power, and needs curtailing.

Spain and Portugal are the only governments of Europe whose ecclesiastical rule remains unabridged, and they are the worst governments of civilization. Doubtless a revolution will follow in Spain when her contention with America is ended; then it is hoped before the civil strife is over religious freedom, hostile to priestly tyranny, will be established. It is conceded freely, in its various forms, but it has been subordinated to the church by oppressive enactments which have kept the boldest silent. The late expressions of Gen. Weyler must have had a large backing to justify his denunciations of the priestly class.

France and Spain free Portugal will soon fall into line, as will her colonies.

Catholicism has been the curse of the world from its inception. It crushed out the ancient Roman, Grecian and Egyptian civilizations, it retarded progress everywhere, and established ecclesiasticalism on the overturned thrones of prosperous empires. Her priestly eye is turned towards the United States, and she designs to renege in America, with the Holy See ultimately established in Washington, her system of spoliation which for centuries deluged Europe in blood. With that view she is expending a score of millions of dollars in the purchase of real estate in and around that city, and in the building of cathedrals, colleges, convents and monasteries, which will be ready to serve some future Pope when he takes his flight from Rome.

HOW CAN IT BE DONE?

How harmonize the following quotation from Aristotle, born B. C. 384, the tutor of Alexander the Great, and one of the brightest names of antiquity, with the ridiculous claim of the Christian clergy, that Jesus was the parent of the golden rule, and that the moral code was unknown until taught by him? The translation into English was made by Maj. Gen. Forlong, of the British Army:

"Cleanse and purify thy heart, for it is the seat of all sin. Not by worthless ceremonies, prayers, and moanings, But by stern resolve to sin no more—to uphold right And do right. Sacrifice thyself at the shrine of duty. But there are no Forgiving injuries, and acting only towards others. As you would have them behave towards thyself."

According to accepted theology Aristotle was a Pagan philosopher; and Jesus was a God. Both may have borrowed the golden rule from the Chinese Confucius:

"Do unto another what you would he do unto you; And do not that which you would not have done to yourself."

A PRAISEWORTHY ACT.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in National Convention, at St. Paul, by formal vote of 285 to 71, after six hours' discussion, determined on the 14th ult., to abandon the Woman's Temple, its bonds and mortgages, and devote their future to advancing the cause of temperance, which called their organization into being. If it would place itself on a strictly humanitarian platform, drop its "temperance Christian" title, and invite all the world, without regard to creed, to join hands in crushing the demon of intemperance, there would be reason to hope for its final success. True, it is Christians mostly who need reforming, Buddhists, Brahmins and Mohammedans are already total abstainers from the cup that intoxicates.

PRaised, BUT NOT READ.

A clergyman in the "Independent," says: "The Scriptures answer perfectly to Mark Twain's conception of a classic—a book everybody praises and nobody reads."

The time has been when the thoughtless praised the Bible, because they were ignorant of its contents. In the present age it is only the clergy class who are able to garble pearls from its pages, and this is done by detaching them from their false or impure connections.

ANTEDATES CHRISTIANITY.

A learned writer in an English newspaper on the Ethics of the Great Religions, has demonstrated by numerous extracts from Hindooism, Buddhism, and Confucianism that all the moral doctrines of Christianity were taught long centuries before the period ascribed to Jesus. And yet the preachers who continue to preach the falsehoods that the son of a virgin gave us our moral code.

MISLEADING.

The staff correspondent of the Chicago Record, writing from Paris, says: "The French historian, Alfred Duquet, the leading authority on the Franco-Prussian war, has written an important article entitled 'The Queen of Battles,' which will be published in Gaulois to-morrow (Nov. 16). The article is based mainly on the lessons taught by the Spanish-American war. In this article Duquet will say: 'The Spanish-American conflict is a most terrible example of the deadly abandon with which the discoveries of modern science have lent themselves to the purposes of warfare. A few months before hostilities began I dined with an American diplomat, who described the new armaments in the American fleet. Nothing, he said, could resist them. He said the ships of an enemy would be sunk in the beginning of an action, without so much as a scratch being sustained by the American vessels. I listened to him politely, thinking, however, there must be Gascons [great boasters] in America. Yet the destruction of the Spanish fleets at Manila and Santiago changed my opinion of my dinner companion. In a word, the last war made it plain to all thoughtful minds that the queen of battles is no longer the infantry, but the artillery, and that, in fact, the nation possessing the most powerful armament and the most destructive explosive will pulverize her adversary just as the great republic has pulverized Spain.'"

That article is terribly misleading, else President McKinley, and the whole herd of priests and preachers, are mistaken in giving all the victories to God. If it is God who fights our battles and gains our triumphs over the enemy, why the need of soldiers, arms, munitions of war or a navy? Why not call the Chaplains only into service? Let them join in "prayers and praise" to the God of battles, then, as in the great war with Milton's Devil, let Jehovah send forth his son armed with Jupiter's thunderbolts, and let him fly the avenging messengers of heaven, and strike down all opposition! See book of Paradise Lost, 4th paragraph from end. With ten thousand thunders in his right hand, the son sent these before him at the enemy.

"Down their idle weapons dropt O'er shields, and helmets, and helmed heads be rode Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate; Who wish'd the mountains now might be again Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire."

Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd His thunder in mid volley; for he meant Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven."

Such a help as that would deserve thanks, and all would gladly award praise to him who brought the victory; but the Great Ruler, who by the progressive Thinker worships, never interferes that way with mortals. Only the godly historian of Paradise Lost has any knowledge of that great fight in heaven, and he seems to have made heavy drafts on the old poets who told of the war Jupiter waged against the Titans, ending with sending Pluto bound in chains to Tartarus' deadly shade.

INSANITY CAUSED BY RELIGIOUS EXCITEMENT.

The Toledo Bee published an interesting interview with Dr. Toby, of the Toledo State Hospital, Tuesday, on the subject of insanity caused by religious excitement. The interview was called forth by a statement by Dr. Talcott, of Middletown, N. Y., to the effect that "the way of an asylum often lies through a church." In the course of the interview Dr. Toby said:

"You must not, in speaking of this, confound true religious teaching with the frenzy which is sometimes known as religion. Religious teaching, as Christ taught, no matter through what church it comes, is good for children and adults, mentally as well as morally. It is good for any one to be taught to be kind, loving and true. But there are phases of so-called religious teaching that tend to send weak-minded people off their mental balance. For instance, when they are taught that they are half-hung over the abyss of an eternal hell. The doctrines of justice and love and mercy never admitted any reason. Last year we admitted 18 patients whose condition arose from so-called 'religious' causes. We average, I think, from 18 to 20 every year."

"Now do not understand me as saying one word against real religious teaching—that always makes for good. It is fear, terror and emotional excesses that unbalances minds and sends men and women here."

In this connection a few statistics from the yearly record since the opening of the Toledo State Hospital for the insane may be of interest. Of the 1,057 cases in 1888, when the hospital opened, 63 were set down as due to religious causes; in 1889, 25 cases out of 570 admitted; in 1890, 19 out of 367 cases; in 1891, 17 out of 314 cases; in 1892, 28 out of 340 cases; in 1893, 25 out of 341 cases; in 1894, 19 out of 373 cases; in 1895, 14 out of 386 cases; in 1897, 18 cases out of 383 admitted. The proportion for eight years is not quite seven out of every 100 admitted."

AN ADVOCATE OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Lord Macaulay, the English scholar, essayist, historian and statesman, placed himself on record, by writing and publishing:

"For my part I long ago espoused the cause of religious liberty, not because that cause was popular, but because it was just; and I am not disposed to abandon the principles to which I have been true through my whole life in deference to a passing clamor. The day may come, and may come soon, when those who are now loudest in raising the clamor may again be, as they have formerly been, suppliants for justice. When that day arrives I will try to prevent others from oppressing them, as I now try to prevent them from oppressing others. In the meantime I shall contend against their intolerance with the same spirit with which I may hereafter have to contend for their rights."

THE CHURCH OYSTER.

A Peoria man choked to death at a church social Tuesday evening. He unexpectedly found an oyster in his stew. It infuriated him so the brave became tangled in his esophagus with fatal result.—Ex.

Mediumism. A chapter of King, Price 10 cents. "Nature Cure." By Drs. M. E. and R. O. Genger. Excellent for every ailment. Cloth, \$1.50.

A SAD SUICIDE.

One Who Could Not Endure His Sad Condition.

ONE WHO POSSESSED COURAGE OF PURPOSE AND NOBILITY OF CHARACTER, SEES FIT TO END HIS OWN EARTHLY CAREER—HIS LAST LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.

In the city of P—, not far from Chicago, dwells a family who for true sterling worth are respected throughout the city, and for beautiful qualities of character are tenderly loved by their friends. About three years ago a bright, intelligent, lovable little boy, a member of the family, was killed by the electric cars. It was a terrible shock to all, but especially so to the mother; but she bore it with great fortitude, though she was noted for her tender love for her children. Friends and neighbors wondered how she could bear it, saying: "Had it not been for the knowledge of Spiritualism and the hope it gave me, I could not have endured it when dear L. was taken away. The orthodox religion cannot compare with true Spiritualism in hope and comfort. I know my dear boy is often with me, for I often feel his presence."

There were other children, one of them a young man, bright and intelligent, with considerable artistic ability, but afflicted with a disease of the spine. He was a companion to his mother, and many were the talks they had together about the "Beautiful Beyond," and the dear brother who had gone before. The "Progressive Thinker" was a valued paper, and B—, studied it carefully. Always cheerful, kind and thoughtful for all, B—, was tenderly loved. He and a sister were learning photography, and planning for a studio.

Often B—, talked of suicide, giving his opinion of it, yet no one thought that he, the sunny-tempered, bright-faced boy, could be contemplating the taking of his own life, though he always said: "I will not live to be over 21." On the twenty-first anniversary of his birth he was particularly happy, eating a hearty dinner. In the afternoon he bathed, put on his best clothes, did some writing, ate supper and left the house "as happy as though he was going on a visit," his mother wrote me. After a time they became alarmed at his absence, and began searching for him. They found him hanging in the barn. Even before he was taken down to do all he could to save the feelings of his dear ones. He had placed a handkerchief around his neck, had drawn a pillow case over his head and placed the loop over that so that the skin should not be broken. His features were not distorted and he looked very peaceful and happy as he lay in his coffin. In his pocket was found the following:

"To Whom It May Concern:—While in possession of my right mind I have decided to end my earthly existence. My reasons are that I cannot keep pace with the world."

A note was with this, telling his mother what he had written, and adding, "Mother, my last wish is that I be buried just as found. Here is B—'s letter to the mother he loved so well."

"My Dear Mother:—Were I the possessor of the whole world, I would ten thousand times rather give it than cause you this one heartache; but, mother, I can't help it. I am a human being, I can't keep pace with the rest







# HERE IS OUR PREMIUM BOOK.

Everyone has a right to know just what they are getting, even as a premium for a paper that is worth five times the price that is asked for it. This is an exact picture of the cover title of book that is premium for and most in Spiritualist published in. This cut is third of the of the book printed on paper and pages in a but as a pre be furnished to each yearly subscriber for 20 cts. when the order is accompanied by \$1.00 for The Progressive Thinker. The 20 cents will but little more than pay the postage on the book.



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## ..GENERAL SURVEY..

THE SPIRITUALISTIC FIELD—ITS WORKERS, DOINGS, ETC., THE WORLD OVER.

### WRITE PLAINLY.

We would like to impress upon the minds of our correspondents that The Progressive Thinker is set up on a Linotype machine, and must make speed equal to about four compositors. That means rapid work, and it is essential that all copy, to insure insertion in the paper, all other requirements being favorable, should be written with ink on white paper, or with a typewriter, and on only one side of the paper. The editor is not a fairly good penman, please have your communications copied by some one who is, and oblige The Progressive Thinker.

CONTRIBUTORS:—Each contributor is alone responsible for any assertions or statements he may make. The editor allows this freedom of expression, believing that the cause of truth can be best subserved thereby. Many of the sentiments uttered in an article may be diametrically opposed to his belief, yet that is no reason why they should be suppressed. No one person has the whole truth, hence kindly feelings should always be entertained for those who differ from you.

Every item sent to us for publication, should contain the full name and address of the writer. We desire to know the source of every article or item that appears. This rule will be strictly adhered to.

Mrs. Dr. C. Scott, of Chicago, wishes to inform her friends that she has returned to the city and is located at 40 North Francisco street, Francisco Terrace, Flat 18. She has retired from her practice as a physician, but would be glad to see her friends.

F. W. T. writes from Delong, Ind.: "The cause of Spiritualism is making rapid strides in this part of the country; there are so many who are not out-spoken in their faith, but are good Spiritualists just the same."

A. J. Brown writes from Montana: "The books, Art Magic and Ghost Land, received. I have read them and must say that for spiritual truth and understanding, Art Magic is without a rival. Every true Spiritualist ought to have a copy of that book as well as the paper."

Frank T. Ripley, platform test medium, will go East to Ohio, the first week in December. Societies wanting a speaker and test medium will do well to engage Brother Ripley. Terms liberal. He can be engaged in Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, or Pennsylvania while en route. Address all letters to the care of P. O. Box 77, Oxford, Ohio.

Student writes from Cincinnati, O.: "The First Spiritual Church of Cincinnati is holding regular services at Douglas Castle Hall, Sixth and Walnut streets every Sunday evening. Dr. Adah Sheehan Horman is the speaker, and by her dignified presentation of our work is steadily gaining for the intellect earnest investigators from the middle class."

Mrs. J. N. Chapman writes from Norwich, Conn.: "Prof. W. Lockwood, the eminent physicist of Chicago, gave a month's engagement with the Spiritual Union of this city, Sunday, November 27. The course of lectures given were entirely new and full of valuable instruction, presenting his thought in eloquent language. The Professor was the attention of people who seek intellectual food, and are willing to think upon matters of vital import. Mr. E. W. Wallis, of Manchester, England, served the Union the Sundays of October, doing excellent work. He is a trance lecturer, also a very pleasing vocalist. Miss Lizzie Hawley, of Haverhill, Mass., will speak the Sundays of December and January. She is a general favorite with the Norwich people."

G. H. Prentice writes from Lawton, Mich.: "A good many Spiritualists here and are all wide-awake and get out and hear all wide speakers, such as Mrs. Marion Carpenter, of Detroit; Mrs. Robinson, of Port Huron; and Mrs. Jackson, of Grand Rapids. We expect to organize a society here soon, and are buying a nice camp ground, known as Bankston Lake. We are developing some fine mediums and expect to be heard from."

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Will C. Hodge has returned from California, and is again located in Chicago. He is open for engagements with societies in any locality, and invites correspondence with camp managers for the season of 1899. Will answer all calls for materials. Address him at 40 Loomis street.

Mrs. A. E. Sheets writes from 131 Yorkville avenue, Toronto, Canada: "I have been engaged by the Toronto (Canada) Spiritualist Society for the month of December. There is no diminishing of the interest or attendance of Sunday services held in the theater by Mrs. Waite and myself. Address as above."

T. F. McCandless writes from Atlanta, Ga.: "Mr. Williams was developed here in our psychic class, and gives promise of making a fine speaker as well as test medium. His credit he said, he is every inch a man of the highest character, and has not entered the field of Spiritualism for the money there is in it, but to elevate the cause as well as humanity. Mrs. Coleman, our former test medium, still looks after the phenomena part of the work, although she has discontinued giving private sittings. The only work she does is for the organization, declining to receive any compensation whatever for her work. She has endeavored herself to the members of our organization as well as the public, and within the circle of her influence, by her sweetness of disposition and unselfish devotion to the cause."

Hattie D'Amico writes from Minerva, Ohio: "I am in Cleveland, Ohio, last week and did a good work while there."

Paul S. Gillette writes in reference to his advent in Chicago and his meetings: "The Society for Spiritual Union, now holding meetings at 11 North Adams street, in Brantley's Hall, beginning on the 29th inst. Services were opened in the evening at 8 o'clock by Paul S. Gillette in a discourse on 'Inspiration and Its Nature.' Mrs. Annie McD. Gillette (formerly Mrs. Annie Wagner) followed with tests. Many of the old friends of Mrs. Gillette have not known that she is the same who was known to the Spiritualists as Mrs. Annie Wagner. She would be pleased to meet her old friends if they will call at 280 East Third-second street, not earlier than 3 p. m., as the forenoon is occupied away from home. Last Sunday we held services in the evening. The audience seemed to be pleased with what the pastor made a most pleasant meeting, and one that left a beneficial and lasting effect. We hope to see more of the Spiritualists out to meet us at the Sunday evening meeting, as well as in the Thursday evening circle at our residence."

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N. Y. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, November 29, 30 and December 1. He was greeted by large audiences, and his lectures won the compliments of press and people.

J. R. Rockwell writes: "I retired about 7:30 p. m., and as is my habit, after business closed, I dropped into a passive condition. At this time I lost myself in a measure, being in a semi-conscious state. I seemed to be at Clinton, Iowa, and as I walked along into the bluffs to the west of the city, I came in view of our camp-ground, and I beheld a strange sight. The ground appeared to be covered with a dense circle bordered with timber upon the south, west and north, with a beautiful grove in the center, and as I approached the border, the entire camp appeared to be covered with an immense snowdrift, the yellow leaves were represented by tongues of fire, and as I drew nearer the south side of the flower began to roll up toward the North like a great scroll, and as it did so my spirit went with it, and at the entrance and greeted me with a kiss and embrace, saying: 'Be of good cheer, and I will be with you hereafter. You are the purifier of the ranks of Spiritualism, and very soon she will stand before the world as a bright light shining in the darkness.' Then she vanished from my presence and I regained my normal condition, and I lay there and recalled every detail of the scene, as if it had passed before me, just as recorded here. I felt a thrill of pleasure permeating my whole physical organism that words cannot describe. Thirty-two years ago I spent a month in Clinton, and one day I strolled up on the bluffs where the camp is located, and I recognized the same place in this my second visit, but have never been on the camp-ground in the flesh since the camp was located there."

C. W. Stewart writes from Springfield, Mo.: "Another year has rolled away, and I am again in this city of the Ozarks. We have held several meetings here this month, I doing the speaking and Mrs. Joseph Wilson giving the trance work. I cannot speak too highly of Mr. and Mrs. Polson, either as mediums and workers for Spiritualism, or as genial, true-hearted people. At their seances the investigator may witness most satisfactory phenomena, both physical and mental. Mr. J. M. White is also in Springfield at present, and is doing some good work."

Mrs. L. LeSueur, Chicago, writes: "The Band of Harmony Bazaar, held December 1, afternoon and evening, 608 Handel Hall building, proved a great financial success. We wish to extend to its members, and friends, very many thanks for their hearty co-operation, and liberal donations. The bazaar was taken for the display of a young artist's work, of more than usual ability; another for handsomely dressed dolls of all sorts. The other booths were filled with fancy, useful, and highly ornamental articles. All of them found ready customers. Three corners of the hall was curtained off for tests before help came in. Mrs. Coleman, our clairvoyant, and two palmists; they were kept very busy. We had many offers of help, and only harmony and the best feeling possible prevailed. The proceeds from the supper were more than double the usual amount. The chances on the different articles raised for order for short time, early in the evening, to listen to some recitations and music, which was very much enjoyed. Before closing the few articles left were sold at auction. Receipts of the evening were upwards of eighty-five dollars, and returns not all in. We now have a sum sufficient to enable us to hold a bazaar again. We wish to thank everybody, old folks, young folks, and little folks, for their presence and help."

Wm. N. Current writes from Dun- kirk, Ind.: "I received a copy of your paper and read most of its contents, but fail to see where the progress comes in. It is the same harping on psychic lore that I find in all Spiritual papers. I can talk with the eyes and ears, and you can talk with the eyes and ears. You can trace a man down to the River Styx, and there you have to leave him. You can give and receive tests until doomsday, and still be in the dark circle with trumpet to your mouth trying to make some poor greenhorn believe that it is a message from the spirit world. It is all a fraud. I am sorry so many get robbed of their money by these sharks called mediums. If you can find a medium that can sit by me and talk through a trumpet, trot him out to our place and I will pay expenses, but if he gets off in a dark corner, of course the show will go on. I have proved independent state-writing a fraud. I got off my slate-writer a present of \$50 if he will write between two slates that I put together. I have been among Spiritualists ever since I was a boy. I know what I am talking about. I know off the chances to practice a fraud, and you spoil the whole thing."

Remember that Dr. A. B. Spilney lectures next Sunday evening at 77 Thirty-first street. The hall should be crowded to hear him.

Correspondent writes: "The Progressive Spiritual Church holds its services regularly every Sunday afternoon at Douglas Castle Hall, 40 Randolph street. Our congregation is growing so large that we have hardly seating capacity. Mr. Cordingley cannot be excelled. We have been more than pleased with the kindness many have shown in their interest for our progress. But only one man has attracted attention by his success in the so-called magnetic treatment of diseases. The latter, Dr. Edward Silva, is a British subject from Gibraltar, and resides in the town of San Paulo. If the positive declarations of patients and eye-witnesses be of any worth, it must be conceded that together with numerous failures, various extraordinary cures have coincided with his practice. In his rooms, the present writer saw a case in which in-growing eyelashes were made to

TAKE THEIR NORMAL DIRECTION. It is not easy to determine what agency is operative in the processes of such men as Schlatter, Zouave Jacob, and Dr. Edward Silva. The suave, suggestive action of passes may be readily understood in cases of nervous disorder; but suggestion can hardly explain how passes and magnetized water can be efficient in diseases of the above nature. It is just possible that among the

SERIES OF ETHER VIBRATIONS some may exist of telepathic effect and that such vibrations may be generated by specially endowed organisms. However that may be, the coincidences of cure with the practices of mediums and popular healers will some day attract more careful attention from medical men. It is safe to predict that a not far distant future will witness a more official recognition of psychical therapeutics. There will be less experiment with drugs, and perhaps more belief in the power of the living soul over the body that it inhabits.

It has been seen that in our Rio sittings saints and apostles sometimes append their signatures to

the automatic diagnoses sometimes exceed in their accuracy the possibilities of mere chance hits or of mere inferences unconsciously drawn by the automatist. By far the greater part of the conversions to Spiritualism are due to Spiritual healers.

Mention must also be made of the sittings which are held for the cure of obessions. Manifest, in the opinion of the Kardecist, are caused by adverse spiritual influences; and therefore the supposed obsessing spirits are evoked by the use of the medium, arguments being employed to

INDUCE THEM TO DESIST from their persecutions. Two or three cases of recovery are alleged to have coincided with such sittings. The animosity of the persecutor is always explained as the result of offences received from his victim in previous incarnations.

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From Light, London, Eng. PROF. ALEXANDER ON BRAZILIAN SPIRITISM.

Although Brazilian Kardecism is very orthodox, it is deeply tinged by native superstitions and religious tendencies. Our South American Spiritualists are more emotional than critical. In accepting the new doctrine, they do not always reject their own superstitions. The great majority of them

WERE ROMAN CATHOLICS before they were Spiritists, and thus it happens that saints are often supposed to act as their spiritual directors and to favor them with direct communications. At their meetings a gravely religious tone prevails, and prayers are offered to the assembled spirits of the good; to the Virgin Mary; to the presiding spirit guide. Nevertheless the Kardecists assume towards the church that fostered them a decidedly militant attitude, which is sufficiently noticeable in their publications. This animosity may be partly attributable to the fact that here, as elsewhere, the priests condemn

SPIRITISM AS DIABOLICAL. If there are no pupils in Brazilian seance-rooms, there are at least preachers; for at the meetings a great part of the time is consumed in the reading and exposition of chapters from such works as "The Book of Spirits" and "The Book of the Medium." The phenomena which are afterwards induced are almost exclusively confined to trances, utterances, and automatic writing. Through these, encouragement, warning, or advice is received from the "protector" of the circle, and then begins what is here called "the work of charity." "Spirits" are brought by the "guides" to be educated, to be told that they have already

PASSED THROUGH DEATH, and to be freed from the delusion that they are still among material surroundings. The personalities presented by the mediums may fall into ten or twelve characteristic types, which recur, with slight variations, time and time again. There is the materialist, who comes back with his stock arguments against the existence of the soul; there is the self-murderer, who is still suffering from the subjective agonies of violent death. Sometimes the manifestation is that of a coarse, flippant personage who calls the sitters hard names, or indulges in

STREET-BOY WITTICISMS; sometimes it is that of the vindictive obsessor, who expresses a desire to kill and carry off the medium. Occasionally the somnambule is supposed to be the mouth-piece of a priest or friar, whose knowledge of Latin seems to have been left behind with other worldly vanities. The saint, the apostle, Allan Kardec, the archangel Ismael, who presides over the destinies of Brazil, leave their high positions to paraphrase the familiar teachings of the Sacred Writ and to interpret them according to the doctrines of reincarnation and fluids. It may be added that in conversing with these trance personages an inflated style of address is adopted; verbs and pronouns are used in the second person singular, the effect being similar to that which would be produced by the employment of "ye" or "thou" in English.

Most Kardecists who have the faculty of automatic writing use it occasionally to obtain diagnoses and PRESCRIPTIONS FOR THE SICK. Some of the more successful are in great request and may in the course of a year prescribe for thousands of patients. Their services are generally gratuitous. The name and years of the sufferer are given—nothing more—and, after a moment's trampling, he goes the pencil in a general description of such maladies as are likely, in this climate and at the special season of the year, to affect persons of the sex and age given. The remedies recommended by the pencil are nearly always homeopathic, and, being concrete aids to faith, they are usually very efficacious. Yet in fairness it must be said that there are many cases in healing mediumship which the explanation here suggested does not cover. This phase of Spiritualism presents some remarkable facts. In the hands of the mediums people have been cured whose

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From Light, London, Eng. PROF. ALEXANDER ON BRAZILIAN SPIRITISM.

Although Brazilian Kardecism is very orthodox, it is deeply tinged by native superstitions and religious tendencies. Our South American Spiritualists are more emotional than critical. In accepting the new doctrine, they do not always reject their own superstitions. The great majority of them

WERE ROMAN CATHOLICS before they were Spiritists, and thus it happens that saints are often supposed to act as their spiritual directors and to favor them with direct communications. At their meetings a gravely religious tone prevails, and prayers are offered to the assembled spirits of the good; to the Virgin Mary; to the presiding spirit guide. Nevertheless the Kardecists assume towards the church that fostered them a decidedly militant attitude, which is sufficiently noticeable in their publications. This animosity may be partly attributable to the fact that here, as elsewhere, the priests condemn

SPIRITISM AS DIABOLICAL. If there are no pupils in Brazilian seance-rooms, there are at least preachers; for at the meetings a great part of the time is consumed in the reading and exposition of chapters from such works as "The Book of Spirits" and "The Book of the Medium." The phenomena which are afterwards induced are almost exclusively confined to trances, utterances, and automatic writing. Through these, encouragement, warning, or advice is received from the "protector" of the circle, and then begins what is here called "the work of charity." "Spirits" are brought by the "guides" to be educated, to be told that they have already

PASSED THROUGH DEATH, and to be freed from the delusion that they are still among material surroundings. The personalities presented by the mediums may fall into ten or twelve characteristic types, which recur, with slight variations, time and time again. There is the materialist, who comes back with his stock arguments against the existence of the soul; there is the self-murderer, who is still suffering from the subjective agonies of violent death. Sometimes the manifestation is that of a coarse, flippant personage who calls the sitters hard names, or indulges in

STREET-BOY WITTICISMS; sometimes it is that of the vindictive obsessor, who expresses a desire to kill and carry off the medium. Occasionally the somnambule is supposed to be the mouth-piece of a priest or friar, whose knowledge of Latin seems to have been left behind with other worldly vanities. The saint, the apostle, Allan Kardec, the archangel Ismael, who presides over the destinies of Brazil, leave their high positions to paraphrase the familiar teachings of the Sacred Writ and to interpret them according to the doctrines of reincarnation and fluids. It may be added that in conversing with these trance personages an inflated style of address is adopted; verbs and pronouns are used in the second person singular, the effect being similar to that which would be produced by the employment of "ye" or "thou" in English.

Most Kardecists who have the faculty of automatic writing use it occasionally to obtain diagnoses and PRESCRIPTIONS FOR THE SICK. Some of the more successful are in great request and may in the course of a year prescribe for thousands of patients. Their services are generally gratuitous. The name and years of the sufferer are given—nothing more—and, after a moment's trampling, he goes the pencil in a general description of such maladies as are likely, in this climate and at the special season of the year, to affect persons of the sex and age given. The remedies recommended by the pencil are nearly always homeopathic, and, being concrete aids to faith, they are usually very efficacious. Yet in fairness it must be said that there are many cases in healing mediumship which the explanation here suggested does not cover. This phase of Spiritualism presents some remarkable facts. In the hands of the mediums people have been cured whose

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