

JUNO, OR THE NEW WOMAN.

INSPIRED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WRITTEN BY

CARLYLE PETERSILEA.

... AUTHOR OF ...

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

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

"Gustave Galeria had disappeared. I learned that he had abandoned you; and as you had already been disowned by your parents and repudiated generally by society, you had adopted the stage and were fast becoming famous as an actress.

Many years have passed on since that time, but I have kept somewhat posted as to your whereabouts. I knew you went to America, and I have lately heard of your return and becoming reinstated in your old home.

"I am dying at last, from a shattered constitution—shattered at first by the terrible blow dealt me by Galeria. I think, at that time you had never seen my little son, whose mother, the much lamented Lady Fitzgerald, had died some years previous to my acquaintance with you. My love for you, together with my shattered health, have kept me from a second marriage, and my son will now succeed to my estate and title; for, with this act of justice my life will probably go out. But I must return to the subject which has been the real cause of this confession and restitution—the ghost!

"I am tormented day and night by the ghost of my former rival, Gustave Galeria. Day nor night he seldom leaves me.

"Restore to my wife and child their good name; he is ever repeating in my ears. 'Make them restitution, you vile deceiver! Do you think to deceive a spirit? That were impossible.

"You have been the cause of robbing my innocent and long-suffering wife of her husband and his protecting care; my child of her father, and both of their good name.

"Many have believed that Juno was your daughter and not mine—that she had not the right to call me father. You base villain! Restore to my child her rightful parentage. I will never leave you until you do. If you come to this life, where I already am, before you do so, I will torture you beyond the so-called damned!

"And thus I am tortured day and night. His accusing eyes are ever fixed in stern menace upon me; his threatening finger ever pointing at me. He often gives me a heavy blow, which shatters me still more, and I shake for hours as with an ague-fit. Relief, I have none. The doctors simply say it is all the effect of disease and a disordered mind; but, I know better; and I herein solemnly assert that I am constantly tormented by the ghost, or spirit, of your departed husband, and my adversary, Gustave Galeria.

"A few words more and I have done.

"There has never been much in common between me and my son. In no way does he resemble me. He has been what we have called strange, from his birth; and he alone, of all my household, has seen or discerned this ghost. He has inherited second sight from his mother. He sees the spirit and talks with it, and the shade talks to me through his lips; and while he is thus talking I can see the two personalities—the ghost standing back of my son, as he is seated at my bedside, with its shadowy hand resting on his head, and as the hand is slightly pressed upon his head, it appears to close his eyes and simultaneously a flow of words issue from his lips as if the shade were thus talking audibly. My son constantly watches over me with tender care. He influences me to right the wrongs that I may have committed in youth. He says he will live for no other purpose but to make peace between those whom I have wronged and my guilty self; and, almost with my last breath, I humbly implore your forgiveness. Lord Fitzgerald, of Gerald."

CHAPTER XXVII.

An Underground Retreat.

Juno had listened to this with bated breath and wondering eyes. She took up the miniature and look of hair. Oh! how beautiful her mother had been; how beautiful she still was; how true, how pure, how good. How much she had suffered. All mystery connected with her unhappy life was now clear as the noonday sun. She kissed her mother fondly. She smoothed her now faded hair, that was once so lustrous and bright, and she knew that a third person was there with them, although invisible to their mortal sight. Yes, her father was there, joyful that he could at last aid his wife and child in the right direction.

The deceived cannot always remain deceived; sooner or later truth rises triumphant, and deception and error sink back into their dark and loathsome caverns.

Marjery had a few weeks' respite and then the priest, Antone, arrived at Dunraven once more. Lord and Lady O'Donnell had decided that unless Marjery confessed and made her peace with God, as they supposed, they would resort to the severest measures; and under any circumstances, to the convent she must go; if not willingly, then by force.

Preparations had already been made to accompany Father Antone back to Notre Dame. Both Lord and Lady O'Donnell would go with the confessor and Marjery, to see their daughter safe within the walls of the convent; and as soon as she had taken the veil, her dowry, which was very large, would be handed over to the hierarchy. Thus the everlasting welfare of their daughter would be assured—so they sincerely believed.

The wily priest had brought all this about. Lady O'Donnell, naturally being exceedingly religious, he had for years worked upon her mind to bring about the results he most desired. Money and power was the one thing needful for the church, and nothing must be left undone to secure it.

So long as the church received a large yearly revenue from all the wealthy families within her jurisdiction, she remained apparently quiet; but such quietude was only apparent; carefully, shrewdly and secretly, every advantage was taken.

If Arthur O'Donnell had remained a devout Catholic and a large yearly revenue could have been expected of him on coming into his inheritance, all would apparently have been well; but when there was no hope of such being the case, then the priest secretly worked upon the minds of his parents to disinherit and banish him.

If Marjery should take the veil, then all that would have been hers went to the church, and she, poor girl, would become the prey of the priests, commencing with the most holy, most reverend Father Antone. Even if Clarence were not to die, it would be an easy matter to dispose of him; and both Lord and Lady O'Donnell had promised, when they departed this life, to give all their vast possessions to the Romish Church.

Lady O'Donnell's mind was already somewhat unhinged, especially on religious subjects and ceremonies. Lord O'Donnell drank a great deal of wine; and often that which was much stronger. He might drop off with gout, or apoplexy, at almost any unexpected moment. And thus matters stood at the manse.

The morning which Marjery had so long dreaded, at last came; and with it Father Antone. On the morrow

she would be taken to the convent. She had pleaded with her father and mother to no purpose; and to-day was her last day of grace.

She utterly refused to see the priest. She sent word that if she must be taken to the convent, it mattered little about her seeing or confessing to Father Antone on this her last day at home; and so he allowed it to pass over for the nonce, as a cat allows the poor little mouse she has in her power to have its liberty for moments at a time, that she may fix her teeth and claws the more firmly the next time she springs.

Poor, little, helpless mouse! She saw but one way to escape from the clutches of her captor; and that way through the gate eternal. But could she, after all, be the means of her lover's taking his own life? This thought began to weigh heavily upon her. Why had she not seen it in its proper light before? To cause her Dennis Morgan to take his own life would be no better than murder. She was transfixed with amazement. But for her, he would never think of suicide. The longer she thought about it the less inclined she felt to go forth to meet him that evening as usual; for if they jumped from the cliff, it must be done this very night, as soon as darkness settled down.

Life was very sweet to the gentle Marjery. Why was it not possible to escape some other way? To go away with Dennis was entirely out of the question. The thought came to her to crawl away all alone by herself and hide where no one could find her—to disappear, as it were, from off the face of the earth. But where could she conceal herself?

So she sat for a long time, with her head leaning thoughtfully upon her hands. All at once the angelic lady became visible to her inner sight.

"Marjery," she said, "go to Clarence, and through his lips I will tell you what to do."

So she arose and went to her brother. She had already spent the most of the day by his side and had hidden him good-night; but she had not made known to him her intention of finding a watery grave; but, now, bursting into tears, she opened her whole heart to the child.

"Oh! Clarence, darling, tell me what to do?" she sobbed. "Perhaps the angelic lady will become visible to you and talk to me?"

"Sister," said the sweet child, "I can see the lady now, and she says it can all be arranged very easily."

"Oh! How, darling Clarence? Tell me how?"

"We have the only key to the room in the tower."

"O, dear little brother! They would search the tower and I should at once be discovered."

Then Clarence's eyes closed and the invisible lady began to talk.

"Marjery," she said, "there is an underground retreat connected with the old ruin. It was once used as a place of concealment for monks. The old tower was once a stronghold of defense and concealment for the early Christians against the Roman conquerors. The Christians in those early days were hounded to their death, as they have since hounded all heretics. Do you not call to mind the arch just to the right of the entrance to your room in the tower?"

"Yes!" breathlessly exclaimed Marjery.

"Well, go into the arch, turn to your left and pass around the stone pillar until you come to an exceedingly small, dark opening in the wall, which the pillar effectually conceals; in fact it looks like nothing more than the unfinished portion of the pillar which is supposed never to be seen. The opening will barely admit your form, slight as it is, for the old monks were very austere in their habits and so thin of form that they could scarcely be called more than the shadows of men. Enter this opening and after devious windings you will come to a good-sized passage-way. You must be sure to take a lamp with you, for the way is very dark. After you have gone on for quite a distance, you will enter a large underground room. This can be made comfortable for you, and within this retreat you will never be discovered if you use proper caution."

"But how am I to live? I surely cannot starve."

"There is no one in the kitchen at this present time," answered the lady, through the lips of Clarence. "Go and pack a basket with all the food which you can conveniently carry. Clarence will be wheeled to the room in the tower every day, at his desire, and you can spend every night within that room, which is already fitted up so cozily with every imaginable comfort; and as soon as the search for you is fairly over, you can remain within that room every day, as well, for no one but Clarence will possess a key to it. When your basket of food is exhausted, Clarence and myself, his invisible guide, will find ways to provide you with more."

"Shall I tell Dennis Morgan of all this?" asked Marjery.

"There is no good reason why you should not; but great care must be taken that he is not watched and through his visits your retreat discovered; at least we will venture it."

Marjery kissed her brother rapturously, and then went to the kitchen and packed all the food she could conveniently carry, and as the sun went down she stole forth, as usual, and reached the tower unobserved.

Dennis awaited her, a sorrowful, despairing look on his noble face. He did not wish to die. He was surprised at Marjery's bright, cheerful, almost joyful appearance; but she did not wait to be questioned.

"Dennis! Dennis!" she cried. "The banshee has saved both our lives! Come with me and let us at once explore."

She lighted the lamp, which was full of oil; then she said:

"This old tower holds a safe place of retreat. Let us find it at once."

As they wound their way around the pillar, they found the entrance to the underground passage, which they rapidly traversed, at length coming to the large underground room; and here what a sight met their gaze. In the center of the room stood a large oaken table covered by the dust of, perhaps, centuries. A large stone fireplace took up a portion of one side of the cave, or room, and a small iron cauldron had fallen from its rusted crane upon the hearth. Ancient cooking utensils of all kinds were scattered about, together with china and silver plate, blackened by age. Four or five iron bedsteads were arranged against the wall, which had been ceiled around and overhead by oak planks, also the floor was laid in the same planking. The mattresses and coverings of these beds had long since mouldered to dust, yet retaining their form, but vanishing in dust at the slightest touch.

Dennis glanced up the stone chimney and could see light struggling through at the top and he judged that they were somewhere within the bowels of the cliff, the stone chimney appearing to be of considerable length.

"Marjery, darling," he said, "I know a poor old Scotch woman who is not a Catholic, and she will be glad to come here and make this place quite habitable; and I am certain she will never betray us. The search will probably commence soon after breakfast, and if you gain this retreat shortly after daylight, all will be well. Ah! how damp and chilly it is; let us hasten back!"

Dennis' face was now as bright and hopeful as Mar-

jery's. They returned to the cozy apartment within the tower, and shortly after Dennis departed more hopeful than he had been for months.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Forgiven.

Marjery remained within the tower room that night and was as comfortable as she would have been within her own room at the manse, and far happier than she had been since she had become aware that she would be compelled to take the veil. She felt exceedingly loth to quit this comfortable apartment for the underground retreat, and she came to the conclusion that she could watch from the window, concealed by its draperies, until she should see them coming to search the tower.

She breakfasted quite heartily from her basket, and then concealed it behind the pillar just within the entrance to the underground chamber; then she seated herself behind the draperies to await further events.

At breakfast Lord and Lady O'Donnell waited impatiently for Marjery. The priest cast furtive and anxious glances at the door by which she was expected to enter. At length a servant was sent to bid her make haste, as breakfast was waiting. The maid returned, saying that her young mistress was not in her room and that her bed had not been disturbed during the night.

This created great alarm. Immediately all the servants were summoned, but not one had seen or knew aught of Lady Marjery's whereabouts. Thereupon commenced the search. Lady O'Donnell and Antone went directly to the apartments of Clarence; but not a word concerning his sister could be elicited from him, neither would he make confession to the priest.

At length the searching party turned their footsteps in the direction of the tower. Marjery's quick eyes discerned them as soon as they emerged from the little wooden path to the open space about the hill.

Throwing a heavy shawl about her and winding a long lace scarf around her head, she quickly disappeared within the secret passage. She concluded to remain within the passage where she could hear all that was going on—it would be time enough to fly to the secret chamber when the passage should be discovered; but she did not believe that it would be found.

Here she stood with beating heart, while the tower chamber was being searched and all footsteps had at length died away in the distance; then she returned to her comfortable room.

That evening Dennis Morgan came again, and with him the old Scotch woman. They brought with them as much to make the underground chamber comfortable as possible, besides a large basket of edibles.

Once more Marjery's face took on its wonted bright and happy expression. The day passed, but Clarence did not appear. This saddened the young girl somewhat, for she had never been separated from him a day before, since he was born. But poor Clarence was watched. Marjery well defined this, Antone knowing well that the afflicted brother would seek his sister if he knew where she was. But days passed on and still the lad did not make his appearance. He often begged Hugh to wheel him to the tower, but the old servant positively refused to do so, saying that his orders not to do so were imperative.

Antone thought if the young girl were concealed in or about the tower, she would, from sheer starvation, be obliged to leave her retreat. Thus two or three weeks passed by. The old Scotch woman was ever on the alert, and many times, very many times, Marjery had been obliged to retreat to the underground chamber and remain there for considerable periods of time, for old Hugh wandered in and about the place a great deal; thus Father Antone had advised him to do.

But, unknown to all, matters were coming to a crisis at the manse. The strain to Lady O'Donnell's mind had been very severe. Her intense religious zeal had already weakened her intellect, and it came to pass one day that Lord O'Donnell found his wife a raving maniac and was obliged to confine her in a strong room fitted up for the purpose.

The poor gentleman had now no one of his once happy family left him, but the worse than helpless Clarence and the raving maniacal wife. Day by day he sat dejected, or wandered about despairingly. His hair, which until now bore but a few threads of silver, had become as white as the driven snow. He would sit in Clarence's apartments for hours at a time, gazing at the poor deformed boy, murmuring—"All I have left of my once beautiful and happy family!"

"Papa," said Clarence on one of these occasions, "my sweet, darling papa, why will you not forgive and send for my brother Arthur? Do, my father, and let him return and be the heir of Dunraven once more. Why should Dunraven be given to ravenous wolves?"

Lord O'Donnell smiled sadly.

"Why, Clarence, my boy," said he, "you do not call yourself 'ravenous wolves'; do you? You are the heir to Dunraven."

"I am not the heir of Dunraven," replied the child with some spirit. "I shall not live long enough on this earth to become the heir to anything. My portion is to be the higher, or heavenly life," and he pointed upward. Then turning his large blue eyes once more on his father, he went on:

"Do you know, my father, what has ruined our once happy household?"

Lord O'Donnell sighed heavily, bending his gaze toward the floor.

"What has caused my poor mamma's insanity? Has it not been mistaken religious zeal?"

Lord O'Donnell approached his boy, wound his arms tenderly about his neck and kissed the beautiful upturned face; then taking a seat near him he drew the bright head tenderly to his shoulder, and thus they sat, father and son.

"Mistaken religious zeal?" he repeated. "You may be right, boy. Her religion has certainly been the cause of her madness, coupled with the disappearance of your sister Marjery. Clarence, will you not tell papa where Lady Marjery may be found? I feel sure that you alone are in the secret."

"Yes, papa, I alone know where my darling sister is; but I will have my tongue cut out, or be drawn in quarters, before I will tell where she may be found. Father, we can all be happy once more if you will listen to me, your poor, little, helpless boy. What if it were to happen, papa, that I became the most helpful of all the others?"

"Clarence, you cannot restore your mother's reason."

"If mamma were to see us all united again, her mind might be so soothed by the sight, that her reason would assert itself. If you will but promise me that Marjery shall not be sent to the convent, I will tell you where she is. If you will forgive Arthur, the beautiful lady will tell me where he is, and I will write that you have forgiven and reinstated him as your heir. Father, dear father, forgive them both and take them back to your heart; and when I see you all united and happy once more, then the beautiful lady will take me, and I shall be well and strong, and grow in form like other lads; then, father, I will come and show myself to you and you shall see what a large, finely formed young son you have. You will have no cause then to be ashamed of your poor, little, deformed, helpless child."

The old Lord pressed the lad's cheek softly against his own.

"Boy," said he, while the tears fell on the child's pleading, upturned face, "it shall be as you say. Your mother's influence has truly worked us all harm; but she, poor lady, had thought to give all for heaven."

"Papa," said the child, "we need not be unhappy here to gain heaven. If we are all happy here together, we shall not only have heaven here, but it will bring heaven hereafter. If you were to go to that other life, dear papa, and then look back and see that Arthur was poverty-stricken and forlorn—that our beautiful Marjery was

without a home, hiding and skulking away from human sight—could you be happy, or in heaven, or, if you were in a heaven such as Father Antone tells of, could you be happy and your children in misery because you had banished them and given their inheritance to the church?"

"But, Clarence, darling, I intended that you should be the heir."

"Father Antone knows very well that I shall not live to inherit, and then the church would get all—that is—providing they could get Marjery."

"Well," said Lord O'Donnell, "find Marjery for me and all shall be forgiven. I had but thought to please your mother."

"And the priests overpowered my mother's mind, which, I am sure, has not been strong for a number of years."

"No," said Lord O'Donnell, "not since your birth. She fell from her horse shortly before you were born, my son, striking her head on a stone, and lay quite insensible for many hours. She was not again able to leave her room until long after your birth, and—my poor boy—the accident which befell your mother at that time was the real cause of your being the little, helpless lad you are, and have ever been."

"Then, papa, Marjery is forgiven and Arthur reinstated in your affections and his inheritance?"

"Yes, dear Clarence. We will try to be happy once more, as you say. I now see that, after all, you are the real star of my life."

CHAPTER XXIX.

They Meet Again.

The words had scarcely left Lord O'Donnell's lips when the footman entered with a note addressed to Lord O'Donnell. On opening it that gentleman read:

"Hearing of my mother's lamentable state, I have ventured to come home without your consent. I must see my poor mother once more. Arthur O'Donnell."

Clarence's face glowed with delight. "Tell my brother to come here at once," he exclaimed with childish eagerness, and presently Arthur entered the room.

Lord O'Donnell arose and faced his son. Arthur started back at sight of his father's white hair; and then threw his arms about him.

"Father! O, my father," he sobbed, "am I forgiven?"

"Wholly forgiven," said Lord O'Donnell, in a sad voice, "if, indeed, there is anything to forgive. I begin to think that the tenets of the Romish church have led your mother and myself in the wrong direction. Our first duty should have been to make our children happy and their home a heaven. Home should have been to them a paradise which they would not willingly leave."

Arthur embraced Clarence, calling him a sweet angel of light, and when he raised his head, his eyes caught sight of a girlish form, timidly entering the room. "Marjery! Marjery!" and she was folded in a brother's arms.

"O, Arthur! Arthur!" She could say no more for the choking sensation in her throat and the blinding tears.

"Marjery, my daughter, forgive your erring father, for I have erred," said the low sad voice of her father, and the daughter sank on the breast of the father who would have given her to the Romish church and, all unknowingly, to be the victim of unscrupulous priests; but, by openly rebelling, Lady Marjery was saved from the fate which has overtaken many of the world's beautiful virgins, their substance also being devoured by hungry wolves in priestly garb.

But Lady O'Donnell never recovered her reason. A few months more and her body was placed within the vaults of her ancestors, her spirit went forth to become wiser and happier and to find that she had been mistaken about the future life.

Lord O'Donnell placed no further barriers between Dennis Morgan and his daughter. They were soon united, and Lady Marjery received her dowry from her father's hands.

Clarence lived long enough to kiss Marjery's little daughter, a joy and blessing to all, and then peacefully closed his beautiful eyes on earth to open them in heaven and join his mother and the beautiful lady who had guarded his earthly life. Lord O'Donnell lived on for many years, a patient, affectionate, but rather sad-eyed gentleman—lived on to be the loved and loving grandfather of Arthur's children; and of Arthur's future wife we shall have more to say anon. Of course, Arthur was considered an apostate from the church of Rome, and many persecutions were heaped on his head; but he allowed no priest to come near Dunraven. If any of his servants wished to go to the confessional, they might, but they must go to the confessor, for none were allowed to intrude within or without the manse.

Marjery was also cured by the priests and branded as a heretic, but her loving Dennis and her sweet children were far more to her than all the father confessors in the world; moreover, she had no faith in the teachings of the church.

Lord O'Donnell now said very little on the subject of religion; but one morning at breakfast, not long after Lady O'Donnell's death, he declared that he had seen her spirit form standing by his bedside, that she had spoken to him, saying that Arthur, Clarence and Marjery were right and she and Father Antone were wrong; that she had not found the other life as she expected, but more in accordance with her children's views, and said she, "I can never rest or be happy until I have made you all aware of that fact. Through the performance of this duty must I find my way to happiness."

Raphael Scoris became somewhat better and his father decided to take him abroad. Grace, also, longed to get away from the spot where her hopes had become blighted. She had lost all desire to become President of the United States.

"O, how much better it will be," she said, to herself, "to marry a Lord, and thus become My Lady. Father has already settled a couple of million on me, which his creditors cannot touch under any circumstances."

"Now, I am not going to Europe with Raphael and father alone. I shall call on Ethel directly; and Mrs. Alstead and Ethel must go with me. I need a chaperone, badly, and Mrs. Alstead is just the person; besides, Ethel will be to me as a sister."

"Poor Raphael! I don't think Ethel would care to marry him now, even if he were to get well. Well, I really cannot blame her. I doubt very much if Raphael ever does get entirely well."

Grace hastened to call on the Alsteads, and it was soon arranged to her complete satisfaction. Mrs. Alstead had long desired to go back to her native land.

"Grace," she said, "our millions will do much in England. I shall, for awhile, at least, remain in London with Ethel, and you will not care to travel with Raphael and your father, so you will stay with us."

"Yes, that would suit me much better. Father says he shall not cease to travel while there is hope that brother may be benefited thereby. Yes, I would rather stay in London than anywhere else."

A couple of months thereafter saw Mrs. Alstead, Grace and Ethel established in London. They preferred at first, to take an elegant suite of rooms in a grand hotel near Piccadilly, and Mr. Scoris and Raphael went roaming over the entire European continent. The demented young man could not remain any length of time in one place. If by any means he were allowed to do so, the monster was sure to make himself visible; but while he was whirling from one place to another he seemed to retain his senses better.

At last they found themselves in Ireland; and here, as they were wandering around an old tower, they met Arthur O'Donnell face to face.

Arthur invited them to the manse and to dinner. Mr. Scoris gladly accepted the invitation, being entirely ignorant of the unpleasant relation which his son sustained toward Juno and Arthur. In fact, Arthur did not fully

understand the affair himself, consequently treated the young man with great civility.

Mr. Scoris informed Arthur of Raphael's misfortune, and Arthur expressed great commiseration, speaking of the sad calamity which had overtaken his own mother.

Lord O'Donnell and Mr. Scoris soon became great friends and Arthur's manner now being as gay, careless and bonhomie as ever, had a soothing effect on Raphael's nervous, excitable disposition, and the young men could often be seen strolling together over the estates of Dunraven.

Mr. Scoris was already weary of traveling, and as Raphael was so much better in Arthur's company, he decided to remain in Ireland for an indefinite period.

Mrs. Alstead, together with her daughter and Grace were soon induced to join them; when, however, of Mrs. Alstead, Mr. Scoris senior and Mrs. Alstead were united in marriage and Arthur lay siege to the heart of Ethel and gained it. She had never loved Raphael, but while she supposed Arthur to be her poor actor, she had felt a flutter of the heart whenever he was near.

The manse was exceedingly spacious and roomy with a large suite of servants, and Lord O'Donnell was determined to keep his guests with him as long as possible. All this occurred previous to Marjery's marriage.

CHAPTER XXX.

Arthur and Ethel, and Marjery and Dennis were now affianced, but no one as yet had sought the hand of the when, strange to relate, Lord O'Donnell asked her to become My Lady O'Donnell.

She cared very little, as far as love was concerned, for Lord O'Donnell, personally, but to become My Lady was now the height of her desire. The old Lord had not much love to give. Her superlative beauty, which now was in full bloom once more, pleased him. Her millions, added to the immense estate of Dunraven, rendered them all extremely wealthy, and the preparations for a fitting marriage were progressing. The marriages were to take place about or near the holidays, and it was now late in autumn, some three years after the opening of our story.

While Grace, Ethel and Marjery were all making glad preparations for their weddings, we will return to Mrs. Galeria and Juno.

All unworthy fathers do not possess do not possess, worthy fathers do not possess, worthy fathers do not possess. It often happens that a very worthy man is the father of a most unworthy son, and an unworthy man the father of a very worthy son, and this had been the case with Lord Fitzgerald, for a better, more gifted or worthy son never represented an unworthy sire; and this son was an unspoken spiritualist, a gifted medium between the living and the so-called dead; his soul was large and grand in the extreme. He had remained single, thus far, never having seen a young lady whom he thought would agree with his views of life and the hereafter; but when his eyes rested on Juno's lovely, spiritual face, his soul leaped forth to meet hers, and he was so excited that he soon filled his breast; and Juno's eyes rested on his noble, manly face and form, and she heard the grand and truthful sentiments expressed through his lips, her heart leaped forth for joy.

At last her eyes rested upon her own—the other part of her very self. Each recognized the other their complement, and it seemed to them both as though they had always known each other.

Mrs. Galeria was well pleased. Already Fitzgerald seemed to her a son in the true sense of the word.

The young couple were already affianced and the approaching holidays were set for the nuptials.

It was now late in autumn, but many of the days were still exceedingly warm and pleasant. It was on one of these pleasant mornings that we find the young lord and Juno floating lazily upon the lake, in the stately little row-boat belonging to the castle.

"Juno," said Fitzgerald, "I would like to

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1899.

WORTH READING.

"The Teachings of Jesus not Adapted to Modern Civilization," is the expressive title of a rich booklet of 44 pages, from the pen of Dr. G. W. Brown, of Rockford, Ill. The Doctor has published his "Researches in Oriental History," wherein he made a fruitless search to find a historic Jesus. He placed a copy of the book in the hands of an educated Liberal clergyman, who read it, and reported:

"I admit the evidence is not very convincing that there was a real Jesus; but his character, as given in the Gospels, is worthy of emulation. Man is so constituted he needs something of a model, even if it is an ideal one; and Jesus, as he is described by his biographers, is a type of all that is noble in humanity."

It was in reply to this statement the pamphlet was written. As the period has gone by when our idols may not be criticized, it is well to read this work, and determine for one's self whether the author's positions are sustained. The Progressive Thinker has sold many hundreds of them, and is just in receipt of a fresh lot, which will be mailed to any address for 15 cents. Several persons have written that they should be read by the million. One hundred copies in Colorado bought one hundred copies for gratuitous distribution, whilst scores, mostly ladies, have bought them by the dozen to give to their friends. In quantities of a dozen or more they will be mailed at one-third off from the regular price. Send in your orders to this office.

SHUN THE CHURCH.

Rev. W. R. Harper, President of the Chicago University, told a practical truth in his discourse on the 18th inst., at the evening service:

"It is apparent in these days that the masses of laboring men rather shun the church than go to it for the succor they look for in religion."

The "laboring men," whom President Harper mentioned, are thinkers, as well as toilers. They are the inventors of the day, and the Patent Office at Washington is filled with the exhibits of their skill. Edison and Tesla belong to this class.

When the clergy shall cease to discourse about angry Gods; of three Gods being only one God; that one of these Gods was born of a virgin, but was the father of himself nevertheless; when they shall cease to identify the book of God with the word of God; when they shall cease to write by very ignorant priests; when they shall eliminate the fall of our first parents, total depravity, vicarious sacrifice, atonement by the death of an innocent person; an endless hell to glut the wrath of Omnipotence, and shall admit that these devilish devices of priestcraft were but instruments of tyranny to bring money from the hands of the toiler, then they will have taken the first essential step towards getting the laborer to enter a church. Till then the laborers should avoid these insults to high heaven as pest houses, where re-vamped Paganism is taught.

SCOLDING MISSIONARIES.

It is reported that Emperor William gave the missionaries at Jerusalem a first-class scolding while in the sacred city. He said:

"I am not surprised that Christianity remains unpopular in the Orient, and that Mohammedanism, with its fallacious teachings, still holds sway. How can it be otherwise when you clergymen are everlastingly quarrelling over dogmatic questions, neglecting to teach true Christian charity, and a pure life in emulation of Jesus Christ. I admonish every one of you to repent of your life of callous indifference and cold, formal worship. . . . I want you that unless you do this you will exert but little influence on the Mohammedans, and will blight the hopes of those who sent you here."

Is there a case on record wherein a Mohammedan, with his belief in one God, has been converted to a belief in the orthodox trinity?

CONCEALING INIQUITY.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph B. Kerr, of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York, who was discovered by a church committee under compromising circumstances, has been quietly dropped from the church and no statement made by the trustees.—News Item.

Constantine is reported to have said:

"If I were to discover a bishop in the very act of adultery, I would throw my cloak over him, to prevent an exposure to the detriment of the church."

The Presbyterians of New York were doubtless guided in their action by the suggestive action of the Roman emperor.

REASON THE BEST ARBITER.

That person's education must be very superficial who has learned to read, but has not acquired the art of thinking—has no ability to reason from cause to effect, and determine for his own satisfaction whether a statement is true or false. The child properly reared places implicit trust in the expressed opinion of his parents; but the time will come when it will be necessary for that child to form opinions of his own independent of those who gave him being. Like the athlete training his muscles to action, the more the brain is employed, if not to exhaustion, the more vigorous it becomes, and the better qualified to determine the great problems it is required to solve, and the greater is the probability it will do so correctly. Mathematics is taught in the higher schools principally because it trains the mind and enables it to master difficult and abstruse problems, and fits a person to engage in long and connected thought.

There is one problem of momentous importance, which has not received that attention from thinkers it merits, because it pertains to a sacred subject, and may be, partly, because an opinion was acquired in childhood. Discussion has been tabooed, first, because it is the supposed province of the priesthood to settle the question; and, second, because the facts were understood to be concluded by the statement of a professedly infallible Bible, the production of divine inspiration. But the time has come when the brave thinker dares to invade the sanctuary, defy the priest and his book, and reason for himself. No book is too sacred to be exempt from such a person's investigation, and will not escape his criticism if he finds it incompatible with natural law.

A question asked by the writer of his favorite preacher half a century ago is as pertinent now as then. Did the crucified and dead Jesus rise from the tomb clothed with flesh, then, after tarrying for a time with his disciples, allowing himself to be handled, to demonstrate his materiality, eating, drinking, walking and conversing, giving them instructions and making sundry promises, then arise from the earth in the common apparel and pass up to heaven in the full sight of many and take his seat at the right hand of his Father?

If it was a deception and only a make-believe body ascended while a real genuine spirit made the ascension, and took that seat, what became of the dear Lord's body?

And if the real flesh and bones of the dead but resurrected God did enter heaven, as the Gospels allege, then are not the "soul-sleepers," they who believe in a general resurrection of the body at the final wind up, right after all?

Christian Spiritualists who put full trust in the Bible in these matters, must be embarrassed when they try to reconcile the modern teaching with the Bible narration.

There was a vacant tomb, so far as Jesus was concerned. A careful critic makes the statement that victims on the cross usually survived some six days, dying finally from starvation and thirst. But the blessed Jesus is represented to have given up the ghost in a few hours, and was laid in the tomb the evening of his execution.

On the morning of the third day he was reported missing. Next he appears suddenly in the midst of his disciples and proves his materiality.

There are those who believe there was such a person as Jesus, and who take stock in the Gospels, who deny that Jesus died. They say it was a case of suspended animation; that the whole narration bears out that opinion; that during one of the three nights, while the guard's attention was diverted, he was taken charge of by his friends, removed to another locality, probably to his own mountain fastnesses in Galilee, while his disciples gave out the story of his floating away to heaven, which at that time was supposed to be just above the clouds.

A SIGNAL FAILURE.

The Progressive Thinker notes with pleasure that the officers of the government, from President down to all his subordinates in the newly acquired provinces, have denied aid to the religious orders in Cuba and Porto Rico. The Attorney General says:

"The relation between the Catholic Church in Cuba will be exactly the same as between the Catholic Church and Illinois. . . . There has never been any other understanding, intention or expression, either in Cuba, Porto Rico or the Philippines."

The priests have importuned aid, but they have been met at all points with a firm denial.

It is stated as a fact that the clergy of Porto Rico were so troublesome, because of their demands and threats, that the military governor assured them if they did not submit to the new order of things he would expel the last man of them from the island.

During the American revolution a similar movement occurred. But the fathers of the Republic determined to divorce religion and government. They carried out this idea so far as purposely and deliberately to leave God out of the Constitution. The clergy rebelled then. Many of them left the country, and returned to England, but enough were left to engage in all manner of plots to attempt their rehabilitation in power. And their persons have continued the unprofitable agitation.

CHEERS FOR FORT SCOTT.

The City Council of Fort Scott, Kansas, have a pending ordinance prohibiting every manner of work on Sunday, from book-binders to ministers preaching for pay. The barbers asked for an ordinance closing all shops of their trade on Sunday. Aid. Davenport evidently thought "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," and went the hair clippers still better.

If it is wrong for a barber to shave for hire on Sunday, is it not equally culpable for preachers to labor for hire? Many a time have we heard the domineer in his pulpit, turning his parishioners for arrears of dues, and announce, "Jesus declared, 'Thelaborer is worthy of his hire,'" urging this as a reason why he should be paid, thereby conceding he was on an equal footing with others who toil for pay.

THE IMPENDING RELIGIOUS REVOLUTION.

When before in the history of the world has there been such an advance all along the line toward religious freedom? Catholics with their infallible Pope, and Protestantism with its infallible Bible are alike in the throes of revolution. They deceive themselves who do not note these facts.

As political revolutions have their origin with the people, so the religious upheavals originate with the laymen. Political demagogues watch the changes in public sentiment, and adapt themselves to the views of their constituents. So, many of the clergy feel the popular pulse and adapt their pulpiter utterances to accommodate the enlarged views from whom they draw their support.

But there is another class of thinkers who must be taken into account. Honest and conscientious, enlarged knowledge has broadened their conceptions of the Divine character, and they do not hesitate to announce their convictions to the world. Such seems to be the case with Rev. Dr. J. H. Rhyland, late rector of St. Mark's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York. Under the head of "Christian Rationalism," the Doctor makes an earnest plea for the rights of scholarship in the interpretation of the Bible. Says another, in referring to and quoting him:

"Dr. Rhyland begins with the proposition that men shall be suffered to think freely, and freely to assert the conclusions they may reach concerning religion. . . . Take away all dictatorial authority affecting religious beliefs, and all the evidence upon which these beliefs profess to rest would remain to us, begetting conviction in all men capable of appreciating the evidence, and leading to a general convergence of opinions and feelings sufficient to satisfy all reasonable requirements as to a unity of faith."

"Men should be permitted to think freely and know the mind of God as best they can, whether it is written in books, or on rocks, or in the constitution and intuitions of the human soul; and the sooner our religious guides begin to suffer such seeking to go on without hindrance, the better it will be for the cause they represent."

Says the popular public journal from which we quote:

"The church is chiefly responsible for Infidels. The superstitious and impostures of the Romish church have begotten such men as Voltaire; while Protestant preachers have been doing the same thing in their assertions that even the Bible is 'inspired,' and all equally inspired, and therefore of divine, unvarying and everlasting authority. We have simply to open the Bible and take whatever we find there, and esteem it divine. There is the story of the apple and the serpent, the woman turned to a pillar of salt, the account of the wholesale slaughter of the innocents, and the treacherous murder of Simeon, the legend of the ass and the white, 'The Free-Thinker' takes all these and turns them as weapons on the preacher; all because authority does not discriminate, does not sift the chaff of the book from the wheat."

Free thinkers for centuries have pointed to these errors in the Bible, to which Dr. Rhyland refers. They have urged as a consequence the book was not of God; but churchmen retorted with the cry of Infidel! Persecution followed. Then the whole book was repudiated in self-defense.

When the church shall concede the truth, that the Bible is of priestly origin, and like other books from human hands is filled with errors, discrepancies, statements, improbable legends, having many good things in it collected from the wisdom of the ages, no more the inspiration of God than any other production of human genius, then we can all stand together on a common plane. But this concluding of all investigation with "Thus saith the Lord," will generate what the church is pleased to term Infidels as fast as men learn to think, and have independence of character to formulate an honest opinion.

Rev. Dr. Rhyland is only one of a multitude of scholars who all agree that the Bible must be interpreted as other books are interpreted, and must stand or fall on its own merits, not on its pretended divine origin.

A Noble Woman Passed to Higher Life.

We were deeply pained to learn of the sudden death of Mrs. B. B. Hill, of Philadelphia, Pa. She was a most excellent medium, a philanthropist by nature and in acts, and devoted to the cause of Spiritualism. She will be missed by her many devoted friends all over the United States. Harrison D. Barrett, who happened to be present at the time of the sad event writes:

To the Editor:—It grieves me to announce to you the sudden transition of our mutual friend, Mrs. B. B. Hill, who entered spirit life Dec. 25, at 6 p. m., from fatty degeneration of the brain. She had a light touch of the grippe, but was apparently entirely over it, and was cheerfully attending to some little household duties on the very day of her departure. She became somewhat weary and laid down for a few moments' rest. She went to sleep and never awoke. Her eyes upon the scenes of this life again. Her age was 64 years, 10 months.

She had many friends and no enemies. Hers was a generous nature and no needy soul ever called upon her in vain. She was speaking of you in terms of warmest friendship only a few hours prior to her departure. She has gone, and we have one more friend in the higher life.

The funeral services were held Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 1 p. m. W. J. Colville delivered the leading address, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wallis and myself.

The stricken family asks to be remembered.

HARRISON D. BARRETT.

A SCHOLAR'S DECLARATION.

"The great scholars and critics are sifting the chaff out of wheat in the Bible, while the preachers and the Sunday-school teachers continue to teach without any heed to new discoveries and the weight of new evidence. The consequence is, the church will have to confront an appalling and well nigh overwhelming army of Infidels. . . . Sayings or sentiments that have come down to us from ignorant and superstitious ages shall not be counted divine and eternally true. . . . The eyes upon the scenes of this life again. Her age was 64 years, 10 months."

EXPRESSIVE.

Gen. Shafter is reported to have said of the Cubans:

"Why, those people are no more fit for self-government than gunpowder is for a horse."

IN THE MORNING.

BY LILIAN WHITING.

"And with the dawn these angel faces smile
That I have loved long since and lost awhile."

In the quiet hush of morning
Ere the sunlight glories fall
In their rose and gold of radiance
Gleaming on my chamber wall—
Ere the day, so duty-laden,
Comes to meet me, all untried,
Glide angelic forms around me
Who from earth have turned aside.

In the silence of the dawning
I can see their faces fair,
And their robes of snowy whiteness
And the gleam of shining hair;
I can hear them murmur softly
As they bend my pillow o'er,—
I can catch the distant music
Wafted from an unseen shore.

One who in her life's fair morning
Turned her from the busy way,
Glad to greet the golden dawning
In the land of Perfect Day,—
Ah, her hands were folded whitely!
From her clasp the lilies fell!
Yet she comes—in radiant beauty
Of her strange new life to tell.

Intimations throng upon us
By these presences unseen,
Of that spirit-world which lieth
Nearer than we often dream,
And the days take on new meanings:
Finer forces seem to rise;
Life, transfigured, gains new vision;
Sees the gleam of fairer skies.

[From the collection: "From Dreamland Sent."]

ON THE THRESHOLD
OF THE TWO WORLDS

Lilian Whiting, in "The Coming Age."

"Behold! I make all things new."

One not unfrequently hears the remark made by a person whose quality of life and thought is held in well-merited esteem, that he regards all psychic phenomena as "very fascinating," but he is "afraid" to have anything to do with them. And again, the point is made by another that, while undoubtedly there are channels of communication between the seen and the unseen, yet any use of these opportunities is demoralizing, and should be avoided by those who aim to hold life amenable to the nobler standards. Now, if these two objections were offered by ignorance and incompetence they might, perhaps, be relegated to general oblivion. This is not the case. They are stated by men and women of eminence, not less in moral and uplifting influences than in intellectual power—the very persons with whom the discipline of the larger revelation and divine life longs to be closely associated, and enabled to enjoy all the associated and beautiful influence of that association. No one, I take it, of those who have distinctly "tasted" the truth in mind, and even in those early days such men and women as Horace Greeley, Judge Edmunds, Alice and Phoebe Carey, Epes Sargent, Mrs. Browning, and many others that might be named, were drawn to investigate. In 1853 Mrs. Browning wrote in a letter to Isa Blagden—her dearest friend in Florence, and the lady under whose care Kate Field, as a young girl, was placed—as follows:

"Profane or not, I am resolved on getting as near to the spirit question as I can, and I don't believe in the least risk of profanity, seeing that whatever is must be permitted, and that the contemplation of whatever is must be permitted also, where the intentions are pure and reverent. I can discern no more danger in psychology than in mineralogy, only intensely a greater interest. As to the spirits, I care less about what they are capable of communicating than of the fact of their being communication."

Again, in a later letter to Miss Blagden, she says, still pursuing the subject: "If I am right, you will none of you be able to disbelieve much longer; a new law or a new development of law is making way everywhere. Imposture is absolutely out of the question, to speak generally; and unless you explain the phenomena by a personality unconsciously projected (which required explanation of itself), you must admit the spirit theory."

And again, writing (in 1856) from Rome to Mr. Westwood, she says: "Every fact is a word of God, and it is illogical to say, 'I will look away from that because it will do me harm.' Why be afraid of the truth? God is in the truth and he is called also love. The evil results of certain experiences of this class result mainly from the superstitious and distorted views held by most people concerning the spiritual world. We have to learn, we in the body, that death does not teach all things. Death is simply an accident. Foolish Jack Smith, who died on Monday as on Tuesday still foolish Jack Smith. If people who on Monday scorned his opinions prudently, will on Tuesday receive his least words as oracles, they very naturally go mad or at least do something as foolish as their inspirer is."

And to Miss Mitford, in October of 1854, she writes:

"For my own part, I have been long convinced that what we call death is a mere incident in life."

Tennyson has left numerous records of his conviction regarding the wider view of the Seen and the Unseen in private letters as well as in his poems.

At all events, these latter-day manifestations of a power of which both the Old and New Testaments are full incited plenty of agitated controversy, and naturally led to much fraud, pretension and nonsense. Sir William Crookes, one of the most celebrated scientists, was one of the first—perhaps the first of scientific men—to approach the subject as a serious study some thirty years ago. He became absolutely convinced of the possible reality of the phenomena; and this year, in his annual address as president of the British Association of Scientists at Bristol, England, on the evening of September 7, Dr. Crookes, after dwelling upon scientific discoveries and triumphs, said:

"These, then, are some of the subjects, weighty and far-reaching, on which my own attention has been chiefly concentrated. Upon one of interest I have not yet touched—to me the weightiest and the farthest-reaching ray, of telephonic conversation over thousands of miles of space, or of wireless telegraphy as successfully initiated by Tesla and Marconi. A little over half a century ago crude and curious intimations from the Unseen (then the Unknown) began through the Fox Sisters. The attention of the civilized world was gradually attracted to these, and even in those early days such men and women as Horace Greeley, Judge Edmunds, Alice and Phoebe Carey, Epes Sargent, Mrs. Browning, and many others that might be named, were drawn to investigate. In 1853 Mrs. Browning wrote in a letter to Isa Blagden—her dearest friend in Florence, and the lady under whose care Kate Field, as a young girl, was placed—as follows:

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"These, then, are some of the subjects, weighty and far-reaching, on which my own attention has been chiefly concentrated. Upon one of interest I have not yet touched—to me the weightiest and the farthest-reaching

ing of all. No incident in my scientific career is more widely known than the part I took many years ago in certain psychic researches. Thirty years have passed since I published an account of experiments tending to show that outside a scientific knowledge there exists a force exercised by intelligence differing from the ordinary intelligence common to mortals. This fact in my life is, of course, well understood by those who honored me with the invitation to become your collaborator. Perhaps among my audience some may feel anxious as to whether I shall speak out or be silent. I elect to speak, although briefly. To enter at length on a still debatable subject would be unduly to insist on a topic which—as Wallace, Long and Barrett have already shown—though not unfitted for discussion at these meetings, does not enlist the interest of a majority of my scientific brethren. To ignore the subject would be an act of cowardice—an act of cowardice I feel no temptation to commit. To stop short in my research that bids fair to widen the gates of knowledge, to recoil for fear of difficulty or adverse criticism, is to bring reproach on the science. Thus, I am obliged for the investigator to do but to go straight on—to follow the light wherever it may lead, even though it should at times resemble a will-o'-the-wisp. I have nothing to retract. I adhere to my already published statements. Indeed, I might add much thereto. I regret only a certain timidity which, no doubt partly militated against my acceptance by the scientific world. My own knowledge at that time scarcely extended beyond the fact that certain phenomena new to science had assuredly occurred, and were attested by my own sober senses, and better still by automatic record. I was like some two-dimensional being who might stand at the singular point of a surface and thus find himself in infinitesimal and inexplicable contact with a plane of existence not his own. I think I see a little farther now. I have glimpses of something like coherence among the strange elusive phenomena—something like continuity between those unexplained forces, already known. This advance is largely due to the labor of another association of which I have also the honor this year to be president—the Society for Psychical Research. And, were I now introducing for the first time these inquiries to the world of science, I would choose a starting-point from that of old. It would be well to begin by telepathy with the fundamental law, as I believe it to be, that thoughts and images may be transferred from one mind to another without the agency of the recognized organs of sense—that knowledge may enter the human mind without being communicated in any hitherto known and recognized way."

A rather interesting corroborative of the belief in the intimate connection of the Seen and the Unseen worlds comes in an unexpected way from the experience of a noted French physician, Dr. Mouthin. A member of the Faculté de Paris, and as a magnetic physician of eminence built up a great practice. His attention was attracted by the fact that out of every hundred patients whom he sent into the magnetic state, a large proportion "live, for the time being, in the spiritual life, seeing what takes place in the beyond and being able to furnish a tolerably clear notion, though not altogether exact, regarding it. The sleeper beholds more or less distinctly, according to his capabilities," says Dr. Mouthin. "All do not perceive with the same precision; but all understand, and even in attributing the same thing with regard to the existence of the soul."

Dr. Mouthin explains this by saying that, as a consequence of the magnetized condition, "the spirit of the subject becomes more or less disengaged from its terrestrial bedrock." For it must be borne in mind that one does not in some mysterious manner acquire a spiritual body by dying, but that we are here and now spiritual beings in spiritual bodies which are temporarily clothed upon with the physical covering as the fit instrument by which the spiritual being may relate himself to the physical world, and as the fitting instrument by means of which he may express himself in the world. A variety of causes, as, for example, the effect of certain drugs, or the effect of magnetic and hypnotic treatment, partially disengages the ethereal from the spiritual body, relapses the interpenetration, and thus enables the individual, for the time being, to come into conscious use of clairvoyant and clairaudient powers. For the physical body limits the powers of the spirit, does not produce them.

"The body would thus be," says Kant, "not the cause of our thinking, but merely the restrictive thereof, and, although essential to a sensuous and animal consciousness, it may be regarded as an impediment of our pure spiritual life."

Prof. William James, of Harvard University, who is justly claimed in two hemispheres to be the greatest living psychologist, has given, in his little book called "Human Immortality," a luminous view when he says:

"Suppose, for example, that the whole universe of material things—the furniture of earth and choir of heaven—should turn out to be but a mere surface, and that behind it hid and keeping back the world of genuine realities. Such a supposition is foreign neither to common sense nor to philosophy. Common sense believes in realities behind the veil, even too superstitiously, and idealistic philosophy declares the whole world of natural experience, as we get it, to be but a mere mask, sheltering or refracting the real world. The veil is the sole reality, into those millions of finite streams of consciousness known to us as our individual selves."

The careful and intelligent work of the Society for Psychical Research—largely due to the indefatigable and noble personal devotion of its secretary, Dr. Edmund Hodgson, and the constantly increasing testimony of men and women whose word has weight, have combined to produce a great modification, if not transformation, of the general attitude of thought. Such men and women as Bishop Potter, Rev. Dr. E. Winchester Donald, Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, Rev. Samuel R. May, Rev. Dr. Wm. Minot, Dr. Savage, Canon C. Johnstone, Rev. Dr. Wm. D. Howells, Rev. John Page Hopps, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Lucinda H. Stone, Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, Thomas Sargeant and Lilla Cabot Perry, Mrs. Edwin P. Whipple, B. F. and Sara A. Underwood, and a host of others whose names represent the best scientific and moral life of the day, have been the first—perhaps the first of scientific men—to approach the subject as a serious study some thirty years ago. He became absolutely convinced of the possible reality of the phenomena; and this year, in his annual address as president of the British Association of Scientists at Bristol, England, on the evening of September 7, Dr. Crookes, after dwelling upon scientific discoveries and triumphs, said:

"These, then, are some of the subjects, weighty and far-reaching, on which my own attention has been chiefly concentrated. Upon one of interest I have not yet touched—to me the weightiest and the farthest-reaching

uplifted, strengthened, and ennobled the consciousness that it is enacted in the presence of the Unseen. The 'cloud of witness' is no myth, but a vital factor in the day's experience.

Mr. Cranch, the poet, intimates the one great truth regarding the life to come, as the entrance on a more real and more positive condition, when he says:

"We are spirits clad in veils,
Man by man was never seen,
All our deep communion fades
To remove the shadowy screen."

Why, that event which we call death is the beginning of life, the entrance upon the more positive, the larger, the more significant phase of living. This part of life is preparatory, experimental; it is like the rehearsal before the play, the tuning of the instruments before the symphony. We are not living, but preparing to live. Not that this part of life is unimportant, or a 'vale of tears,' or a period of time to be endured as may be careless as to its great opportunities. What kind of preparation for the university would be that preparatory school whose pupils were idle and aimless?

Now, if we may live in close touch with that Unseen world of higher forces, higher laws, and greater significance, which permeates our own and is interwoven with this state like warp and woof; if we can intelligently recognize its currents of energy and relate our own lives to them; if we may have friendships and companionships among those of our friends who are seen; if we may understand something of the nature of that life to which we are all speeding on—is it not the most valuable advantage possible? If it be not "dangerous" to associate with our friend who was here yesterday, can it be when he has gone tomorrow? As to the companionship or the communication with the unseen being "demoralizing," is it not on the same ground as with any social relations? Does it not rest with ourselves as to whether our social life, our affections, shall be demoralizing or uplifting? The entrance to the life beyond is not by violent revolution, but by gentle evolution.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

It Is Greatly Stirred Over Recent Events.

PROMINENT PERSONS IN DETROIT POINTED OUT WHO CON-ORAL THEIR FAITH—DR. BURROWS HAS A COMMUNICATION FROM FARMER NICHOLS, WHO TOLD JUST HOW HE WAS MURDERED.

The Spiritualists of Detroit are determined to be known to the public as they are not, and they are not to be counted by the "fakes" mediums and frauds, who are continually being exposed, says the Journal. This announcement was made from the platform of Dr. C. W. Burrows' Spiritualist meeting last night through the medium of Ed. Grece. The names of all the prominent Spiritualists are to be made public. Numbers were made public last night and more are to be announced in the future. The list includes ministers, prominent business men, politicians, lawyers, physicians, newspaper men and well-known citizens in all walks of life.

Mr. Grece prefaced his enumeration of Spiritualists with a short resume of Spiritualism. The truth, he said, should be told. There was no higher religion than the truth. The preachers didn't tell the truth for fear of losing their congregations and salaries; neither did the lawyers nor physicians for the same reason. All had to earn bread and cloth themselves. Stern necessity forced them to compromise with truth.

"They don't tell the truth," said Mr. Grece, "but I will. I hate a coward. I can understand how a man may be a coward physically, and I don't speak in that sense. I mean the cowards who will not face the world in their beliefs. There are numbers of men in this city who attend Spiritualist seances and conferences to get consolation of soul, who ought to be willing to say, 'I stand by the faith that is in me, regardless of what the world will say.' These same men believe in Spiritualism, yet attend elegant and aristocratic churches and sit in costly pews while all the time they are contributing their money towards the support of Spiritualism."

"All religions of the world seek to carry humankind over the Stygian stream called death. They all call for immortality of the soul. What are we? I am talking and you are listening. What is it that is talking, and what is listening? Is it the eyes, the nose, the mouth? No. There is something inside that lives and moves; a soul that is in all things. That soul is God."

"The difference between the religionists," continued Mr. Grece, "and the Spiritualists is that the religionists affirm the immortality of the soul by faith, and the Spiritualists by demonstration. Where is the heaven of the Bible? The Christian heaven is somewhere. We can't find it with the telescope. They say there is a hell. We have some deep wells, but we have not found it yet. We Spiritualists teach the people that Othello's occupation is gone."

Mr. Grece went into a long discourse of Prof. Crooks' belief in Spiritualism. He read from the Professor's addresses at scientists' conventions, showing that Prof. Crooks in his scientific researches has discovered an outside intelligence of things which communicated differently than the human family. He quoted Crooks as saying that he must bear witness to that which he had found, regardless of all criticism.

"There are a great many," said Mr. Grece, "who are Spiritualists and do not admit it, and there are others who are investigators and are ashamed to have it known. But there are a few men who are well-known Spiritualists and who are not afraid."

Here Mr. Grece read a list of the names of many well-known men who, he said, were believers in Spiritualism.

"There is a certain Baptist minister, too, who has been to all the Spiritualist mediums in the city. He never preaches a sermon but he goes to a medium and asks him to tell him what he thinks of the sermon, and whether he had better preach it. If the medium tells him when and what to say; tells him how many converts he will make; and what raise of salary he will get, he surely should be known as one of the faith." Mr. Grece gave the minister's name, but said he did not know where he lived.

"There are mediums in this hall who have been called into service by Baptists, at circles where none but Baptists were present."

"What I blame these men for is that they have not the bravery, boldness and honesty to acknowledge before the public the truth. What a force it would give the Spiritualist cause if all knew that these men were helping the faith, and giving their money towards its support. What hurts Spiritualism more than anything else is the cowardice of those who will not acknowledge their belief to the world."

"There are newspaper people, too, who are Spiritualists, though they account for it to themselves on the Hudsonian theory."

At this point Mr. Grece read another list of names and continued: "If edium attaches to Spiritualism all should share it. If Spiritualism has done anything for these men they should acknowledge it. I want to see the cause of investigation go on, and I want every one to do his part. Above all, try all things, and hold fast to what is good. If any professed mediums are found to be frauds, let the law take its course." (Applause.)

Dr. C. W. Burrows closed the meeting with this statement: "To-day in Detroit there are several mediums who have received distinct and specific communications from the spirit of Farmer Nichols, giving definite particulars of his death, and naming those who participated in the taking of his life. The Ascher trial was a farce in light of the possibilities of the knowledge that could be communicated if the spirit world is listened to. I cannot mention names. That wouldn't be permitted. But I will tell you how a second person assisted the prime mover in this murder. The people say that the murderer is not located. The jury has said so. A writing medium secured details of the crime. They are these: 'The murderer prepared and planned the crime for mercenary purposes. A certain accomplice went to the head of the island in a boat and gathered stones and weights, for every part of the deed had been planned. After he had gathered them the boat came ashore and there the victim was struck by the accomplice. It was then tied with the wires and put in the boat blood trickling into the bottom of the boat. The blood was caused by the cutting of the wires into his limbs, and not by any blow. When the boat was again out in the water the two men threw the body overboard, one taking him by the head and one by the feet. Thus we can account for the circumstances and deficiencies existing in the theory that the murder was committed by one man, and that it was impossible for one man to

throw the body overboard from an ordinary sized boat. 'Upon interrogating the spirit as to the puzzling circumstances of the stopping of his watch at two o'clock, which has had such an important bearing in the case, he said that he only carried the watch as a matter of form; that he never wound it up. The spirit described the character and figures of those who accomplished the deed, and also said that he was conscious when he was thrown into the boat. I could occupy an hour telling you of the communications.'"

"In two weeks from now Mr. Grece will detail further names of Spiritualists of the city and give astounding details of the crime. I will tell of marvelous communications I have received since the death of my wife, Mrs. Burrows."

SAW HIS MOTHER.

Little Child Is Clairvoyant.

To the Editor:—In this town lives Richard Marston, a blacksmith and wagon-maker. Several years ago he married a Mexican woman, who died of pneumonia July 2, 1898, after five days' sickness, leaving a baby boy about eighteen months of age. After the child's birth until her sickness, the mother had entire care of the child. Just before her death, she called for the child and gave him a mother's good-bye and blessing. As the child was of such tender age, the father, unable to properly care for him at home, placed him with a worthy family that he might receive the necessary care and attention, often visiting him, taking candy, cakes, etc.

Within the past two months his father and the people caring for him have, at sundry times, noticed him while playing by himself on the floor, start, look up in apparent wonder and surprise toward some vacant portion of the room, get on his feet, run towards vacancy, laughing all the time, talking and calling "mamma," "mamma," as though seeing and talking to his mother, holding up his hands as if expecting to be taken up into her arms; then, finding nothing substantial, stop, look up, surprised, and grieved, sit down and cry.

A few days ago the child was given some ginger snaps. After a little, taking one in his hand, he looked and went forward as though calling upon and talking to his mother and asking her to take it, and seemed greatly grieved when she did not take it. His father and family caring for him became concerned at the strange and unaccountable behavior of the child, fearing that his mind was affected, and the father called in and consulted an eminent and liberal minded physician, who, after examining the child and listening to facts stated above, told the father to have no fear, as the child's mind was all right—that he, the physician, believed that the child did see his mother's materialized spirit—invisible to others.

The foregoing statements are true in all respects, and being a subscriber for and a careful reader of The Progressive Thinker, I thought the facts stated might be of interest to other readers, and I also desired the comments of the editor or others interested, explaining the actions of the child. E. I. C. Silver City, N. M.

Mrs. Kayner in Watseka, Ill.

In 1899, E. V. Wilson, the noted Spiritualist lecturer and test medium, came to Watseka and delivered four lectures, each lecture followed by quite a number of tests given to persons indiscriminately among the audience. Some of them were very remarkable indeed, and nearly all that were given were recognized. His meetings produced a good and lasting effect and many are here now who well remember those meetings.

On Friday, December 15, Mrs. Isa Wilson Kayner, a daughter of E. V. Wilson, came here and has given several lectures, each one followed by tests given to persons in the audience, by which she has proved herself to be "a chip from the old block." Her audiences have been necessarily small, as there are not Spiritualists enough here to own a hall and no hall or place of meeting to be had but the Opera House, and that is too expensive. The meetings therefore were held at private residences. Mrs. Kayner held the undivided attention of her audiences from start to finish, and although the meetings were held until a late hour, the people were very reluctant to leave. Her tests were generally very remarkable and convincing and readily recognized. There have been a Spiritualist thirty-three years, have witnessed tests given in public and private by many of our best mediums, but I have never witnessed anything in that line to equal those given by Mrs. Kayner Sunday night, December 18, and those to whom they were given will hold them in memory so long as life shall last. Mrs. Kayner's work here will never be forgotten. She has been a help to all who have met her, and it is hoped and expected that she will return here soon to complete the work so well begun. Watseka, Ill. ASA B. ROFF.

Santa Claus Is Denounced.

The Baptist primary workers for Sunday-schools at the South Baptist church, Milwaukee, recently "knocked" poor old Santa Claus. Miss Ellen Griffith led a discussion on the question whether Santa Claus should be allowed to come into church and take part in entertainments in person, whether he should be allowed to enter the home, whether he should be allowed to be at all.

There were some who said that the old man should be forever banished. They argued that he was a delusion and likely to become a snare. They claimed that if children were taught that there was a Santa Claus and believed in him firmly, they would lose confidence in their parents and in all things that the parents had taught them when the awakening time came.

They declared that no untruths should be told to the children. The majority of those who took part in the discussion stood right by the old fellow. He is a myth, but he is such a delightful myth. He is the embodiment of all that is good, and happy, and generous, and thoughtful, and loving. Children will understand that when they grow older, and want to see and hear and feel that Santa Claus from her they would have deprived her of a great part of the pleasures of her childhood. She for one was going to teach her children as she had been taught. It was agreed on both sides, however, that the deception, if kept up after the children are old enough to doubt the existence of the mythical old Santa.

"Mahomet, His Birth, Character and Doctrine." By Edward Gibbon. This is No. 6 of the Library of Liberal Classics. It is conceded to be historically correct, and so exact and perfect in every detail as to be practically beyond the reach of adverse criticism. Price, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

BIBLE PROPHETS AND PREDICTIONS

Critically Examined and Compared with Modern Mediums and Messages.

MOSES HULL ARTICLE NUMBER SIX.

This morning's mail brings me a copy of The Union Signal, a paper of over 100,000 circulation. The paper contains a marked editorial attempting to put the Bible prophets and predictions true by the fulfillment of its prophecies. It refers particularly to Deut. 28. This is the one chapter nearly always quoted to prove prophecy divine. The argument is presented that this chapter has been fulfilled in the Jews. But it is a mistake; it has not been fulfilled. Verses 64-68 are always referred to as pointed predictions which have met a fulfillment. The Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even unto the other; and there thou shalt serve other Gods, which neither thou nor thy fathers have known, even wood and stone. And among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest; but the Lord shall give thee a troubling of heart, and falling thee a troubling of mind; and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have no assurance of thy life. In the morning thou shalt say, would God it were even! and at even thou shalt say, would God it were morning! for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see. And the Lord shall bring thee into Egypt again with ships, by the way whereof I spake unto thee, thou shalt see it no more again; and there ye shall be sold unto your enemies for bondmen and bondwomen, and no man shall buy you."

THE PROPHECY NOT FULFILLED. Many things in this prophecy have never been fulfilled. While the Hebrews have been scattered partially, as is here predicted; and as any sagacious statesman could have foretold would have been the result of a certain course of conduct on their part, it is not true that when scattered among the nations they served other gods which neither they nor their fathers had known. No threats, no punishment, no terror has been able to compel the Hebrews to bow down and worship gods of wood and stone. This has been thoroughly tried on hundreds of occasions. Death in a furnace heated "one seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated" was threatened and tried in the plain of Babel, and from that day until within the present century it has been tried in vain to make the Hebrews recognize some other deity beside their Yahweh, but the efforts have always failed to accomplish the desired results, as did those of the great Nebuchadnezzar. Dr. Adam Clarke has testified that from the time the Jews were taken to Babylon down to this day, no threats, no punishments, no bribes nor rewards have been able to force nor lead the Jews into the worship of other gods than the God of their fathers.

That the Lord scattered them among all nations from one end of the earth to the other is not true. That they have not generally settled down and gone into agricultural pursuits is very generally true. They have been a trading people, trade has been their occupation, where they could make a dollar. They have been the money-lenders—the money sharks of the world. The reason of this has been that they have always tried to keep their wealth in as small a compass as possible so that they could at any time obey the summons to return to their own land at the call of their Messiah, or his agent. That the Jews were ever sold into Egypt I think is not true. Many of them lived in Egypt from the days of the Babylonian captivity until some time after the opening of the Christian Era, but they did not live there as slaves but as citizens. They had their own forms of worship, and under Ptolemy Philadelphus their own scriptures were translated from their lost Hebrew language into the Greek language. Thus the Jews have been more than any other to prove the fulfillment of prophecy was not fulfilled.

OTHER PROPHECIES NOT FULFILLED. I will now examine prophecies in the Old Testament supposed to have been fulfilled in the new. The writer of the book of Matthew, or rather the second century monk who interpolated many things into the book of Matthew, was greater and wilder on finding and making the fulfillment of prophecy than any other writer before William Miller and the Adventists. He generally quotes prophecy wrong, and always interprets it wrong. In Matt. 1:22, he says:

"Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." The anxiety to have a "God with us," as many heathen nations had done, was the father to this wildest of all wild interpretations of prophecy. In order to understand the prophecy which this writer misrepresents, it will be necessary to briefly examine a part of the 7th chapter of Isaiah.

It will be found that when Ahaz was king of Judah, Rezin the Syrian king, and Pekin, the son of the king of Israel, went up to Jerusalem to make war on Ahaz. These two powers had confederated together, and they would do it; so the Lord sent his prophet Isaiah to him with a prophecy that these confederates would fail. Isaiah went to him, and in verse 4, said, "Take heed and be quiet, fear not, neither be faint hearted," then he added in verses 7-9, "Thus saith the Lord God, it shall not stand, neither shall it come to pass. For the head of Syria is Damascus, and the head of Damascus is Rezin; and within three-score and five years shall Ephraim be broken that he be not a people. And the head of Samaria is Remaliah's son. If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established."

After making this prophecy of the failure of the confederacy, he says, "Within three score and five years shall Ephraim be broken that he be not a people." He asks Ahaz to ask for a sign that this prediction is true. This Ahaz refused to do; he would not tempt the Lord. Then the prophet says: "Hear ye now, O house of David; is it a small thing for you to weary men, but will ye weary my God also? Therefore the Lord the Lord himself shall give you a sign, behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel. Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil and choose the good. For before the child shall know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land that thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of both her kings." Verses 13-16. It is plain that the child was to be born as a

sign that Ahaz was to conquer, and that within thirty-five years the king of kingdoms that were to war against him should not exist. Now I would like to be informed how the birth of Jesus, which occurred seven hundred years after this battle, could be a sign to Ahaz that he would conquer in his life-pending fight, and that within thirty-five years the land against which he fought should be forsaken of both her kings. On this point Thomas Paine said:

"It would have been mockery and insulting nonsense for Isaiah to have assured Ahaz as a sign that these two kings should not prevail against him, that a child should be born seven hundred years after his death; and that, before the child was born, should know to refuse the evil and choose the good, he Ahaz, should be delivered from the danger he was immediately threatened with."—Age of Reason, p. 162. (To be Continued.)

Signs of the Public Cause.

A weekly glance at the speakers' notation in the spiritualist world will lead one to suppose that the field of labor is not very prolific. Most of the speakers have spare time and are solidifying engagements, and the tried and true are the ones mostly in need. Why is this? Having asked for such engagements, I reply, "The local societies are seeking cheap talent," and the home markets are getting to be better supplied with local speakers who do not tax the treasury. With all of this the support from individuals has lessened until the local societies cannot pay living prices. There has also been very heavy taxation to support some organized forms of effort, and the local cause has suffered therefrom. Several capable workers have lately said they must soon seek other avenues to earn a livelihood. This is not the glowing picture. But, the number of Spiritualists has rapidly increased. The trend of the spiritual cause and philosophy is in the ascendancy, but organic union and support is in the decline. Surely, we have some improper means employed in the propaganda.

The States and National Associations may be placing the public work into a few hands—and some have said so—and thus centralizing the forces. The number of Spiritualists has rapidly increased. The trend of the spiritual cause and philosophy is in the ascendancy, but organic union and support is in the decline. Surely, we have some improper means employed in the propaganda.

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January is a good month to resolve to do a greater work than ever for truth. AN OLD WORKER.

Christmas at Berkley Hall, Boston.

It was my pleasure and privilege to spend the greater part of Christmas day in Berkley Hall, attending the Children's Lyceum, entertainment and dinner, and listening to the instructive lecture to the evening by Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood. A pretty sight it was to see the little ones in the various exercises of recitations, readings, singing, marching with flags, and to behold them gathered around a tastefully decorated table partaking of the delicacies of the Christmas season. A general festive time was indulged in by young and old. The dinner was one hundred members, and is ably led by J. B. Hatch, Jr., and his estimable wife.

The lecture of the evening was on a different line of thought than that usually followed by Prof. Lockwood, and showed his deep research into the fundamental principles of our government. The subject was, "What is a Citizen and What is Citizenship?" He quoted Aristotle's definition of a citizen as one who had the right to vote in every department of government, not to be represented but to have a voice himself.

He spoke of the government Solon presided over in Rome 594 B. C., where the people over three years of age had the right to vote directly on all questions appertaining to government, and where all were taxed according to their income. "Our government is now managed," he said, "we are represented in all but one department, hence in reality are only one-quarter of a citizen, and have to abide by the laws others make for us, having no voice whatever in the matter."

He told a little story of a farmer he knew, who had retired from active work and let others manage his land for him. At the end of the year all his crops had been disposed of and he was in debt \$600. He wondered how this could have occurred and asked Mr. Lockwood wherein the fault lay. The reply was that he had been too well represented and others had taken advantage of him. "It is this way with our present government," continued Prof. Lockwood. "We elect representatives in various departments, who sell our liberties to monopolies and place us in debt. We now have the privilege of giving \$3 worth of work for \$1 worth of pay, and as inventions and improvements are made the people are more surely being pressed to the wall and the capitalists owning them till they are virtually slaves instead of freeborn citizens."

The best remedy I know of to correct these evils is a system similar to that of the Initiative and Referendum. I am not speaking to you as a Republican, Democrat, Populist or Socialist, but as one who has the welfare of humanity at heart and one who wants to rescue the people to the real state of affairs now existing, and to have them apply remedies with their ballots, so that their posterity may enjoy the freedom of true citizenship."

In the lecture for next Sunday evening, which will be a continuation of this one, Prof. Lockwood intends to show that genius, or a man and woman's brain power, should be the real value of worth, not the dollar, and that intellect, not mammon, should rule the world. LIDA BRIGGS BROWN, Boston, Mass.

"Edith Bramley's Vision." Vivid description of a Jesuit spirit conclave, together with interesting corroborative testimony. Price 15 cents. For sale at this office.

"The Great Roman Ancestry." By Prof. Geo. F. Ruxton, Ph.D., ex-priest of the Vatican. A sharp and pointed letter to Bishop Hodge. It is good reading, and should be widely distributed, that people may be enlightened concerning the ways and methods of Rome and its priesthood. Price 15c. For sale at this office.

LAKE HELEN CAMP, FLA.

The Southern Cassadaga.

A few words from the southern camp, near Lake Helen, Fla., may interest your readers at a time when thermometers are ranging from ten to thirty degrees below zero in the North.

We are sitting with open doors or on piazzas, dressed as one ordinarily would in a Northern June. The sun is shining, mocking birds sing and the scrub jays and red-birds saucily call for their crumbs whenever they hear the rattle of the breakfast dishes. I have friends who call me a crank because I honestly think this is one of the loveliest and most healthful spots on earth. A general description of the place has been given so many times, that it is superfluous to write anything of that nature, but truly, there is a subtle, psychic charm, a spiritual rest, an atmosphere of healing power, that is not found in other portions of the state of Florida.

Persons who are not "Spiritualist" cranks admit this fact, and already we have located with us several belonging to other religious denominations, who have traveled over different parts of the state and settled in this spot as the most healthful and satisfactory.

The utmost harmony seems to prevail not only in the management, but between all classes of persons on the ground. Can it be that the study and influence of the "Mild Hindoo" philosophy has anything to do with it? We have a class that meets each week and listens to the reading of Raja Yoga, written by Swami Vivekananda and it is surprising what an interest is manifested. Perhaps the Vedantic philosophy may be more attractive to many by associating it with the Hindoo name. We who are Spiritualists know that it is the same truth which has been given many, many times through the inspired lips of mediums and called the "Philosophy of Spiritualism."

It is possible that the universal satisfaction in the new management of the hotel may play its part in the general influence of good-will, that is a notable fact that the fund of good religion is good food. Artemus Ward said truly, "You cannot feed a man on tracts when his stomach is yearning for victuals."

Spiritualist camp grounds, with rare exceptions, are not extraordinary culinary successes, and ours is among the exceptions this season. The Dorn Brothers, from New Hampshire, are installed as managers, and the tables are bountifully supplied with the best northern-cooked food, and the prices are very reasonable.

The outlook for the coming season beginning February 5, 1899, is auspicious, in fact, I think better in many respects than at any previous year. Already a number of families are located in cottages, several in the Apartment House, a large company is expected on the next excursion steamer from the coast, and many from different parts of the north-west will arrive soon after the holidays. A large number of valuable books will soon arrive from the north, which have been donated to the Marion Library. Among the list of donors are the well-known names, Mrs. R. S. Little, Mr. Wilbert Northrup, Mrs. Emily Tillinghast, Mrs. O'Donnell and Mrs. A. L. Pettigill.

Mr. F. Peck will be one of the speakers at the camp this season, is also to have charge of the singing. He will bring his niece from St. Louis as assistant, who is a fine organist and soprano singer.

C. Fannie Allen, Clara Field Conant, and Loe F. Prior are on the list of speakers.

W. W. Wilkins, a test, trance and healing medium from Boston, is located in the Apartment House, he gives excellent medicinal baths, and will remain during the entire season.

Mrs. Nellie Mosher, test medium has been engaged for the platform.

Effie Moss, materializing medium is expected. She will remain during the entire meeting.

The president of the camp, Dr. H. H. Brigham, of Pittsburg, Mass., is detained at his home in the north on account of the illness of Mrs. Brigham.

J. D. Palmer is occupying his pretty cottage which was built last season. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer entertained friends at the hotel on Christmas day, where a royal dinner was served by the Dorn Brothers.

Mr. J. D. Clark, of East Jaffrey, N.H., one of the camp managers, is expected on the next excursion steamer, which leaves New York Jan. 10. It is to Mr. Clark that we are indebted for securing the very efficient hotel managers for this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Eber Bond, of Willoughby, Ohio, occupy the Concanon cottage. Mr. Bond is interested here as being one of the trustees, and is well known by his prominent relation to many different societies in the north.

Mr. S. Hodgkin, of DeLand, Fla., manager of the ground, is to be here soon, and put everything in order for the meeting.

The treasurer, Frank B. Bond, of DeLand, Fla., is one of the busiest of men. He does not honor us with his presence as frequently as we might wish, but he has always stood in the breach when emergencies arose, and none have been more generous.

The best route from the middle and northwestern states and Cincinnati to Lake Helen, is the "Queen and Crescent." It is about one hundred miles shorter, and is very picturesque; one can get a good view of the famous Lookout Mountain at Chattanooga, from the car window. When ready to make your southern trip, see that your ticket reads via Cincinnati "Queen and Crescent" route to Jacksonville, and Florida East Coast R'y to Lake Helen. Special information concerning this route will be given by W. C. Rinearson, Gen. Pass. Agent Q. & C. Route, Cincinnati, Ohio.

I have had Spiritualists say to me, "Why, I didn't know anything about your meeting at Lake Helen. I was in Florida and would have attended had I known." "Do you take The Progressive Thinker, or any other Spiritualist paper?" "Well, no-o. I do not take any Spiritualist paper just now." How do such persons expect to get information concerning the general movement of Spiritualists? If any of your readers know of persons who are too poor to pay a dollar a year for a newspaper, and have money enough to travel in Florida, if they will send me their names and addresses I will send them circulars at once. I shall be pleased to impart any detailed information concerning this place and the coming meeting, if they will address:

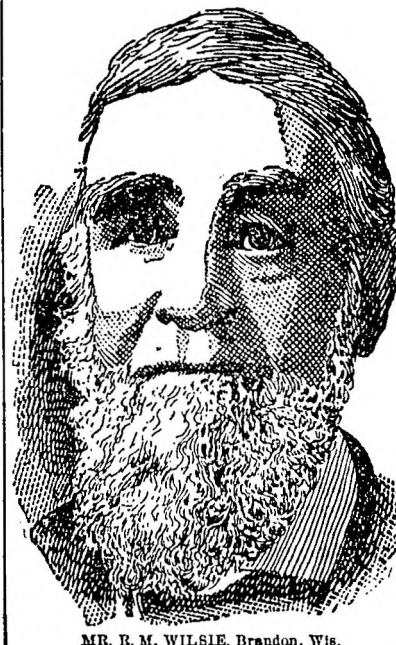
EMMA J. HUFF, Cor Sec'y Spiritualist Camp, Lake Helen Florida.

RUPTURED 20 YEARS.

Wonderful Cure of a Well Known Citizen of Wisconsin.

R. M. Wilsie's Good Fortune in Overcoming His Affliction.

It is a piece of good fortune to relate the fact that there is a cure for rupture. Some people consider that only a surgeon with a knife and needle can bind the broken places together, but the experience of R. M. Wilsie, of Brandon, Wis., completely upsets this theory.



MR. R. M. WILSIE, Brandon, Wis.

There is a doctor in Adams, N. Y., who has discovered a new system of treatment, that not only cures any kind of rupture but also causes the muscles to grow together. Mr. Wilsie heard of it and gave it a test. The results were astonishing. Although at 40 years of age and badly ruptured for more than twenty years, Mr. Wilsie began to mend at once and was perfectly cured in a remarkably short time. Today he is hale and hearty, a fine looking gentleman and completely restored from the slightest trace of rupture. He naturally recommends the system highly. His cure cost him considerable interest among his neighbors many of whom were also ruptured and who have since been cured.

The system of cure is the discovery of Dr. W. S. Rice, one of the best known rupture specialists in the country. He has recently issued an illustrated book on the subject of rupture and sends it free to every one; his object being to disabuse the public mind that rupture cannot be cured. The beauty of his system is the absence of all pain, absolute immunity from danger; no operation of any kind; and not the loss of a minute's time from work. This is a subject well worth inquiring into. Thousands of people have friends who are ruptured and they will do them a life-long service to tell them of this new and marvelous home cure. Send for the book. It is free to all. It fully explains the system of cure and is immensely valuable to all who are ruptured. Write at once to W. S. Rice, 271 L. Main st., Adams, N. Y.

476

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