





Written for The Progressive Thinker.

THAT EDUCATIONAL PROJECT.

You voice an enterprise of merit when you suggest that reform should establish an educational center at our national capital, to guard the religious rights of our people from the blinding encroachments of a national school which Catholicism is planting there.

What reform is now demanding is a concert of action that will unite the progressive systems of the hour into one fraternal bond of co-operation.

To elicit comment and to hasten an amalgamation of systems into a general educational union, we will summarize a plan that has gained the sanction of eminent minds in aggressive work.

The National University of Science, or occult sciences, can easily be chartered by Congress, and opened at Washington by reformers, or at some other desirable place, or a summer resort.

Reformers must originate and not look to systems of the past for their common methods. Past institutions are neither to rule nor come into institutions of the New Era.

It is thought that there are now nearly or quite one dozen systems worthy of a special department in such an institution, and surely there are more than twelve systems, or occult sciences, worthy of cultivation in the departments that are to be established.

A good understanding of all these systems can be obtained by a thorough acquaintance with the leading works published in each. It is proposed to adopt the works of the best authors as the text books.

In this way reform will secure co-operation from all these systems. Each science or system will be in the corporation, but the friends at large, and the professor in each department must meet success with their efforts and merits will ensure.

The said authors and publishers are cultivating these systems to-day, through their works, by advertisements, by circulars and helps. They will be invited to come into the alliance and pursue the same methods, the earnings to be mutual.

The general opposition from other schools, from theology and medical ranks, will be its unpaid yet greatest advertisement. While it would make a good use of the secular and independent press, it would publish a magazine in which would be a department representing each department operated in the compact.

The Ecclectic department will receive the customary fees for graduating M.D.'s. From the Theological and Spiritual-Therapeutic departments, degrees and diplomas will issue to Spiritual speakers and to Spiritual healers.

ficient income will be realized to sustain them. Traveling speakers can establish many branches or agencies. These speakers, and thousands of helpers, would be amply compensated in every state or nation where they obtain students to take the courses absent.

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\* Love \* Country, \* Liberty \* of \* Conscience, \* and \* Loyalty \* to \* the \* Constitution. \*



ROME VS. REASON.

THE POPE AND HIS POLITICS.

Last week we said that "the dogma of temporal power over the entire face of earth is the next article of faith that will be launched by Rome."

ROME, JAN. 15.—The pope has issued an encyclical that sets forth the principles which shall guide Catholics in their relations toward the State.

Those of our readers who have read the articles so far of this series, are amply able to intelligently comprehend the full meaning of the above. Catholics "must obey the State when such a course does not entail disobedience to the divine laws."

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We continue the testimony of Sylvester Wegener, which is both interesting and instructive.

"During the middle ages monks were very numerous, and even after the reformation, continued so in those countries not embracing the doctrines of the reformers. They obtained many privileges; yes, some had the right of ruling princes. At that period, nearly all the training in literature, science, art, and the preaching of the gospel was entirely under their control."

"Many historians charge them with crimes of the most abominable character, as drunkenness, immoralities with the nuns, mixing of poisons for criminal purposes, idolizing of blessed statues and pictures, sodomitic sin, and the most absurd superstitions."

"The territory granted to the monks was settled by peasants who became entirely subject to the landlords, and so it happened that the jurisdiction over people belonging to some monasteries became very important."

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ex-Romanist next week. WILLIS F. WHITEHEAD.

INGERSOLL'S SCINTILLATIONS.

Only a little while ago a couple of ladies were riding together from a revival in a carriage late at night, and one said to the other, as they rode along: "I am going to say something that will shock you, and I beg of you never to tell it to anybody else."

THEY DON'T BELIEVE IT. Now, I have been talking a great deal about the orthodox religion; and, after having delivered a lecture, I would meet some good, religious person and he would say to me: "You don't tell it as we believe it."

But I find that I get the creed very nearly right. To-day there was put into my hands the new Congregational creed! I have just read it, and I thought I would call your attention to it, to find whether the church has made any advance; to find whether it has been affected by the light of science; to find whether the sun of knowledge has risen in the heavens in vain; whether they are still the children of intellectual darkness; whether they still consider it necessary for you to believe something that you by no possibility can understand in order to be a winged angel forever.

QUESTIONING THE CREED.

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We expect that each copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be instrumental in obtaining from one to ten subscribers. Just think, sixteen weeks on trial for twenty-five cents; sixty-four pages of instructive reading, worth its weight in gold, for only that amount.

JOHN CLARKE.\*

He is Visited by His Spirit Mother.

CHAPTER II. AND LAST.

John Clarke never doubted that the spirit presence that had visited him in his lonely shed on Christmas Eve—as described in the first chapter of this narrative—was the real disembodied soul of his precious and most beloved mother. Those who have never experienced the actualities of being in the spirit have no conception of its measureless superiority and deep conviction of truthfulness over all the shadowy presentments of material life and knowledge.

And so John Clarke went straight to the superintendent of the work he was engaged in, just as that functionary was dismissing his employes for their one—Christmas Day—holiday. Doffing his hat, but first calling upon his comrades to stay and hear what he had to say, he told simply, but with the deep earnestness of truth, the interview he had just had with his mother's spirit.

The superintendent, one of the most intelligent and most moved of the party, simply told him to obey the spirit's behest at once, but expressed his deep regret that he had not funds enough in hand to pay the expenses of his railway journey to the nearest station to his home. Thereupon John Clarke's comrades began to ransack their little stores, and from what they could raise amongst them, they contributed enough to pay a railway fare for forty miles.

For twelve long miles, over a rough and toilsome road, John Clarke won his way through the night. He passed over hill and dale, through gullies and uncut roadways, but neither the fatigue of the way nor the weight of the knapsack he carried seemed to affect him.

It was midnight before he reached the nearest station that would carry him towards his home. Fortunately, arriving on the very moment of the departure of a train, he paid from his little store the sum that would take him to within ten miles of home, determining when he had gone thus far, it would be quite easy for him to walk the rest of the way.

The place he had now reached was within three miles of his home, but the road divided off into three several branches, one of which led directly to his little cottage across the hills, the second road led straight to the nearest village to his home, and the third, by a still more circuitous way than either of the others, led to the Presbyterian church, which he was in the habit of attending, the minister's house, and a short distance off, the cottage which he had proposed to his mother to occupy previous to his departure from home.

\*By EMMA HARDING BRITTEN, in Two Worlds.

way, he started, with a new sense of amazement. His mother—yes, his wonderful, beautiful angel-mother—stood in the way, all glorious, glistening with an unknown light, radiant with an unknown glory, yet still his mother; the same as the denizen of the home he had left, the same, yet, oh, how changed! how divine! how entrancing!

As Clarke neared the spot, he saw at a glance why he had been directed thither. Filling up the open space round the church, and stretching away into every nook and corner, even stationed in the lanes and paths that surrounded the place, were crowds of country teams, wagons, carriages of every description, and many saddle horses. All these were tethered or fastened, but no human being occupied them.

As for John Clarke, he knew already; knew by no human means or intelligence, what had called this gathering together—why they were there, and what was going on within the edifice. Mounting the narrow path which skirted the mound on which the church was built, he placed his knapsack on a bench in the little garden plot outside the door, and then making his way resolutely amongst the crowd, he stood in the entrance, and looked upon the extraordinary scene within.

"Yes, friends! I tell you as sure as there is a God in heaven, this woman, this infidel, atheist, and scoffer at heavenly things, has gone straight to burning hell. Even now she is in eternal, fiery torments. She has gone where all infidels and atheists go. She is gone to her master, Satan; and this woman—this Semantha Clarke, is damned; irretrievably, hopelessly, and eternally damned. God himself could not save her!"

"Thee't a liar, and my mother, Semantha Clarke, is in glory!" shouted the voice of the son, now universally recognized by all present, who, with murmurs of sympathy and kindness, fell back on every side to let him pass. Advancing up the aisle, John mounted a bench nearly opposite the coffin, and then, with a clear voice and manly attitude, he said calmly and deliberately: "You all know me, and those that don't, shall know me, from the tale I have to tell, and the witnesses I have left behind."

John Clarke then poured forth at the head of his mother's coffin the first trance address he had ever uttered—but not the last. From that time forth he gave up home, rest, and his usual avocations; tramped the far west hither and thither, from district to district—giving trance addresses; and being further blessed with many gifts of mediumship, holding circles, and, by the most indefatigable labors, bringing into many darkened minds the knowledge of Spiritualism and the realities of the life hereafter.

John Clarke's prophecy concerning his former minister, too, was thoroughly fulfilled. That functionary, like the rest of the congregation at the Widow Clarke's funeral, was deeply moved by the son's strange story and burning eloquence. Like several others of the neighbors, he took much trouble to verify the statements the young man had made.

The impossibility of the tidings of the mother's departure reaching the son by any other means than that above narrated, the solemn attestation of the witnesses at the railway shed, the son's return at such a moment, too, and the lovely character and worth of the noble widow, inclining all who had known her to believe in her glorious life in the hereafter, all tended to make converts alike of the clergyman and his once devoted followers. This was the last the present narrator heard of the strange funeral service over the widow Clarke; but not so of her son.

After glancing over this number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and observing its fine typographical appearance, and the large number of interesting articles, you will certainly want a more extended acquaintance. It will be sent to you sixteen weeks, on trial, for 25 cents.

OUR JOURNAL OF CREMATION.

Cremation a Spiritual and Sanitary Necessity.

NOTE.—Under appropriate headings we propose to publish, from time to time, journals on subjects of deep and abiding interest to spiritualists, as well as to all other classes. Each one will be continued for a time varying from three months to a year.

Although Col. Henry Laurens was cremated near Charleston, S. C., as long ago as 1796, that meritorious example was not followed immediately by many others.

He was the first man in the country who selected that method to dispose of a body entirely worthless only so far as the constituents thereof were returned to the primal fountain whence they originated. Mr. Henry Barry, who lived at Marion, was the next one in this country who was cremated.

Dr. Baron De Palm, a distinguished theosophist, who resided in New York City, was the third person who conscientiously selected incineration as the proper method whereby the demands of nature could be answered the most effectively and expeditiously. His body was reduced to ashes in 1876, at the crematory erected by Dr. Le Moyné at Washington, Pa.

In 1877, at Salt Lake City, Dr. Winslow was cremated, in accordance with the express stipulations of his will. A temporary furnace was built for the purpose.

Bessie Pitman, the devoted wife of Ben Pitman, of stenographic fame, was cremated at the Le Moyné crematory. Since then, Dr. Gross, a distinguished surgeon of Philadelphia, was cremated there.

In memoriam. Within this urn lie the ashes of Samuel David Gross, a master in surgery. His life, which neared the extreme limits of the psalmist, was one unbroken procession of laborious years.

He filled chairs in four medical colleges in as many States of the Union, and added lustre to them all. He recast surgical science, as taught in North America, formulated anew its principles, enlarged its domain, added to its art, and imparted fresh impetus to its study. He composed many books, and among them, a system of surgery, which is read in different tongues wherever the healing art is practiced.

A prominent scientist who was intimately acquainted with Prof. Gross says that he frequently talked of his horror of the grave, and said that he hoped to live to see the day when cremation would be the universal method of disposing of the dead.

CREMATION IN CHICAGO.

I am glad to know that there are many prominent citizens in Chicago who have commenced taking an active interest in cremation. They are fully conversant with the injurious effects arising from inhumation, and they realize the necessity for some other method of disposing of the dead.

It is proposed that the Chicago crematory, when built, shall have three retorts, on a new principle; one for men, one for women, one for children. The building is expected to cost \$25,000. It is to be built for the use of respectable people exclusively, and by that is meant that no malefactors, thieves, or other criminals will be cremated there for scientific or experimental purposes.

The aim is to get the confidence of the public. The retort will be heated on a new principle; by gas-jets acting on the outer walls of retorts built of the finest fire-clay, and the retorts will be manufactured in Chicago. There will be a parlor for the use of the relatives and friends of the deceased, a handsomely-furnished office for the use of the superintendent, and a death-test room supplied with all modern scientific appliances for resuscitation purposes, including the electric test.

After being satisfied that a body is dead, then it will be swathed in a linen cloth saturated with a solution of alum, and placed upon a small, iron-framed bier, having little wheels that fit a railway, carrying it into the retort. But the body will not be put in until the retort has been heated to 2,000° Fahrenheit—a white heat. The retort, being then open to receive the body, by the reception of the cool air, takes on a rosy tinge.

