

# The Progressive Thinker

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

VOL. I.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 15, 1890.

NO. 12.

## The Progressive Thinker's Rostrum.

To be Occupied by Eminent Divines, Scientists, Philosophers and Teachers.

AN INTELLECTUAL FEAST FOR THE READERS OF THIS PAPER.

A Department that Would Prove an Attraction in any of the Leading Magazines of the World.

### PEOPLE'S CHURCH.

#### THE CONTINUITY OF LIFE.

Cogent Reasons Given Why It is Continuous.

An Address by the Rev. H. W. Thomas

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an abode not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—II Cor. 5:1.

The faith of man in the natural was never so firmly established as it is to-day. And never before was man's knowledge of the natural so extended and accurate. It follows, therefore, that in the natural, at least, knowledge and faith are not antagonistic, but mutually supportive; that the more one knows, the more will he believe. Such a fact is both suggestive and hopeful. It says that the final foundations of truth are secure; and that when these are reached knowledge and belief will not be contradictory in the realm of the higher natural, or of religion.

But this larger faith in nature was not reached in a day, but has come within the last few centuries of man's life on earth. Nor could such a faith come before the knowledge of natural law had prepared the way and made it possible. And in this preparation the pagan gods of the sea and the earth and in the air had to give place before a few simple natural laws. And not only these, but the theories of the creation and of the earth and the sun, held by the Church, had to be swept aside to make room for the new astronomy. In the conflict Galileo was imprisoned, and his books condemned, and poor Bruno was burned at the stake. But the faith of fact triumphed at last, as it ever will, over the faith of authority.

It is a singular fact, that just at the time when faith in the natural is the greatest, faith in the old conception of the supernatural should be the least. The explanation is, that man finding the natural order to be so universal, and so continuous, cannot so easily believe in any violent infractions of that order. The more he believes in the natural, the harder is it for him to believe in the unnatural. And as in the larger liberty of the present the faith of authority, if it contradicts reason, counts for nothing with intelligent minds; our age is beginning to ask if there is not a place in the great natural order for religion. And if the truths of religions are not, after all, a part of that order. And if it be found that this is true, and that the lower and the higher natural are but the upper and the under sides of the same thing, or of the large whole, then religion will take its place in the world of the higher natural; and knowledge and faith will not antagonize, but supplement on the other in religion, as in the knowledge of nature. Then the more one knows of nature, the more will he believe in religion. That we are on our way to this, and approaching it rapidly, is my firm conviction.

In a former discourse we sought to show that man being microcosmic in his nature, or uniting in himself something of all the lower and the higher, it is possible for him to pass through successive births or unfoldings along the lines of intellect and spirit to the conscious realization of the life of God. But does this wonderful being reach in this life the ultimate limit of his possibilities, or is there something in his nature that is a prophecy of another and greater birth into a still higher state of being? Is death the end or the beginning? Is man to be carried over and beyond the last dreaded change—that stress-point of supposed danger called death?

The great religions of the world with one accord answer yes. The Brahman, the Buddhist, the Confucian, the Jewish, and Christian religions all believe in some form of a continued existence. It is an almost necessary postulate of religion; and it is scarcely less of every high form of philosophy. But will that form of knowledge called science, that has given man such unbounded faith in the natural, cut off faith in the continuity of his own existence? The more man knows of nature, the more he believes in the natural. But must this law be reversed so that the more he knows of himself as a part of this natural, the less will he believe in his own possibilities? It may be confessed that in some quarters doubt has arisen. But this phase of the subject is almost new in the present science of the world, and the tendencies seem now to be almost wholly in the direction of a greater faith.

All the objections or difficulties from a scientific standpoint may be reduced to one: how can we believe in a continued existence?

and that one is not found in science proper, but in a theory. All scientists recognize the two states of existence known as the mineral world and the world of life. Between these there is a sharp, differentiating line. In the mineral world the crystal is the unit; in the life world the cell is the unit. Minerals exist in simple and compounds, in gases, liquids and solids, and as such they are destitute of life. They appear as crystals, but not as cells, and in cell structures or organisms. And so well is this understood that any and every scientist coming to a fossil, or any form revealing the cell structure will say without hesitation, that was the work of life.

Now, the bottom question is this: How did the mineral world become the life world? How did the crystal become the cell? How did the inorganic become the organic? The material school of scientists are quite willing to admit the eternity of the mineral world, and to endow it with the potencies of life, but they are not so willing to admit the eternity of life. And hence they assume that somehow the life world arose out of the mineral world, the organic out of the inorganic. And hence they make life a result of an organism, and not the organism the result of life, and upon this hypothesis they argue that when the organism that produced the life is dissolved the life itself ceases to exist. And this is the one and only real difficulty they urge against the continuity of man's existence.

And if we admit this theory of the origin of life, the conclusion at first thought seems to be warranted. But let us look at the theory itself. It cannot claim to be more than a theory, for it is not a verified fact that has found universal acceptance. These scientists have not told us how the inorganic becomes the organic, how the dead crystal becomes the living cell. At this crucial point they confess their utter ignorance, and not knowing the facts, resort to other theories to support their first theory, and the difficulties increase with the ever-increasing complexities of living organisms. The perfection and manifold uses of these organisms are such as to reveal a continuous order and method. Each organism is built up from innumerable physiological units, each in its place, and performing its work on to the thought of the thinker and the prayer of the saint.

But how do these elements of units find their places? Whence came the typical tendency in plants and animals? Is it in a plan outside of these units, or is it in the units themselves, so that each one knows just where to go to find its place in plant or animal? Herbert Spencer boldly faces the difficulty, and puts the power in the units to arrange themselves. He says: "We are obliged to recognize in these units powers of arranging themselves in the forms of organisms to which they belong." He calls this power an "intrinsic aptitude" in the separate atoms to find their places in the different organs of the various organisms to which they belong, and concludes by saying that "it seems difficult to conclude that this can be so; but we find that it is so." It would be entirely correct to say that we find that these units do take their proper places, but it is assuming the very point at issue to say that they do this from an "intrinsic aptitude" inherent in the units themselves, for that creates the larger difficulty of conceiving of the very molecules that combine to make the physiological units not only alive, but sentiently intelligent, and waiting to take their places in living organisms before the organisms are formed.

When we subject such a theory to close analysis it can mean nothing less than this: That each of these separate units has the "intrinsic aptitude" to seek not alone the kind of an organism to which it belongs, but the special part of that organism, and not only this, but that altogether they make up its form, its feeling, its instinct, its reason. To put the thought in concrete form, and to see it working, let us suppose that a dog is to be made. The dog exists in these atoms before he is made, but he has not been put together. And now the time comes, and all these countless billions of physiological units rush for their places. It takes millions of them for the tail, and other millions for the legs and body, and heart, and lungs, and head, and eyes, and brain. But the tail units go to the tail, and the head units to the head, and so on, and each by its own "intrinsic aptitude." We must credit these units with a marvelous intelligence and faithfulness to find their right places and proportions to make up the perfect animal as we see him. Suppose they got mixed, and the tail units got into the head, and the head units into the tail. A crowd of these units said, we will go together and make a Sullivan; and another crowd said, we will make a Mitchell; and

then the Sullivan and Mitchell units said, we will challenge each other for a fight. And other atoms went together to form farmers and lawyers, and doctors; and some others said they would try to make a preacher; and I wonder whether I own them, or they own me.

Somehow, things do get together, and the creation is a vast scene of order. I am not saying that these theories are not correct; my work is not in the laboratory, but in the field of thought, and hence I am not entitled to speak as a scientist; but I have the right to place the theories and deductions of scientists under the tests of philosophy. And now, admitting the mineralistic theories that the organic arose out of the inorganic, which I do not, or the special-aptitude theory of Spencer, let us ask how these theories affect the doctrine of the continuity of being? The life-world is a fact. It exists all the way from the amoeba and the mollusk up to the thinking brain of man. If it came from the inorganic, then it must come now, potentially at least, have been in the inorganic; for there cannot come out of a thing that which is not in it. How life came or what it is, science does not profess to know; but the material school claims that it is the result of an organism, and hence cannot survive its producing cause.

But we have seen that Mr. Spencer's theory credits the separate units of the organism with an "intrinsic aptitude" before the organism existed; and if they had the sentient instinct—the life and knowledge necessary to thus unite, does the fact of dissolution take that away? May they not recombine in some higher life? The Bains and Maudsleys tell us that "Shakespeare existed in the sun." If the sun had the power to produce a world, and the conditions of life, and a Shakespeare and a Newton, who could turn around and weigh and measure the sun, does it follow that when the little watch-tower of flesh and blood in which the astronomer lived should return to dust, that he must perish? These scientists see the conditions under which life appears, and they assume that the conditions are the causes; and then argue that the results must perish with the causes. Science demands facts, not assumptions; and in logic, a presumption, built upon a presumption, cannot be stronger than the one upon which it rests.

Herbert Spencer's theory of life logically leaves no place for death. It makes the very universe instinct with life. Everything is alive; the earth, the air, the seas palpitate with molecular forms of life hurrying into physiological units, and then waiting at the door of generations, to appear in larger organisms. And if, as Maudsley and Bain tell us, the organic arose out of the inorganic, that is, if the lesser had the power to produce the greater, why may not the greater go on and produce a still greater? If the sun produced Shakespeare, it produced something greater than itself, for not all the mighty storms that rage upon the bosom of that burning world, are so great as the storms that sweep over the human breast. Man knows the sun; but the sun does not know man.

Granting then, the assumed position of materialism, that life is the result of organism, it does not follow that the life itself may not survive the dissolution of the organism. There are many instances in nature when life drops the lower form, and rises to the higher. The common gad-fly deposits its egg in the water. It drops to the bottom and hatches in the mud, and there lives for nearly a year as a voracious insect, feeding upon mollusks and little insects; and then it climbs out upon some stalk, and in a few hours the outer body or shell dries and cracks under the heat of the sun, and the head and thorax are exposed, and in a few hours more the soft wings are hardened and strengthened, and it flies away to live in the world of air. Down in the water it had gills and breathed like a fish; now it lives in the air. It has risen out of a lower into a higher world. Place it back in that lower condition, and it could not live at all.

And the child lives before birth under conditions that would destroy life a moment after birth. In the first state it is shut up from the air and immersed in water. It "must be born of water," must have its first life under such conditions, and then "must be born of the spirit," must emerge into the spirit, the breathing or atmospheric conditions of life, when the body is united to its larger world by breathing—by a kind of atmospheric umbilicus that is a condition of bodily existence; and the lungs or pulses of breathing keep time with the beating of the heart until this bond of union is severed, and the grosser bodily organism is dropped, and the real being passes out into a still finer world—into a "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

And there is even in the lower forms of life a strange prescience or foreseeing, and making provision for the changes into the coming new conditions of existence. The bird prepares her nest long before the young birds appear. She foresees their coming. And animals seek out secluded retreats of safety for their young. And the silkworm foresees and makes provision in advance for its new becoming. When hatched from the egg, the worm shows no disposition to leave the litter until it reaches a certain development. Then it becomes uneasy, moves its head in all directions, and crawls about till a place is found to establish its cocoon, throws out the supporting threads, and then folding itself upon its back in the shape of a horse-shoe, works for some seventy hours weaving about itself a thousand yards of

silk fiber. In this little "tomb-cradle," woven by itself, it awaits its transformation, and in a few weeks comes forth a double-winged moth. This second form of life is brief, but it has prescience of nothing beyond, and makes no further provision.

Man knows that it is but a question of a few years at most when his "earthly house" must be dissolved, and hence he provides a grave—a cemetery where the dead bodies of all may be buried. Two cities thus grow up side by side; one for the living, one for the dead. But man does not feel that his being will end with the grave. He has both an instinctive and a rational prescience that he is to live on in some other state. This instinctive prescience is common to the race. In some form it exists among all nations and tribes. It is the vision, the voice of the inner consciousness. It is organic, and no doubt can ever wholly blind that vision or hush that voice. It is the inner self asserting its identity, saying: "I shall live on; I am superior to change." And to this is joined the rational prescience. Reason perceives that the end of a rational existence is not reached in the few years of life in a perishing body. Physiology can explain why the body grows old. But can any one explain to himself why he should cease to be? Why should one at the end of three score years drop out of existence? Is it because the body is worn out? But nature has provided half a dozen bodies already, and is she too poor to provide another? Nature provided a body from which to be born; can she not provide another, "an house not made with hands," for the spirit? There is no reason why one should cease to exist after so few years of life. If he have done wrong, he should live on that he may undo that wrong; if he have done right, he should be permitted to continue doing right.

The body may be getting old, but the reason says I am young. All the lines of truth upon which I began go on. I have just started on my journey; do not stop me because my poor body has to be left. I can walk without these tired feet, and see without these failing eyes. And love says I am not ready to die, to cease to be; I have just begun to live. It is not the form alone of mother, or wife, or child that I love, but the life, the spirit within the form. And love says I have not ceased to love those called dead; they must be somewhere, and let me live on, if only to love; let me fly away and be with them. And love says I have learned to love beauty, and truth, and right, and God; let me go where they are seen as they are in all my glory.

The trouble with man in this sense-life is that his vision rests too often upon the material side of the universe; and this is the necessity almost of the physical sciences. But scientists are just beginning to realize that they are upon the borders of a vast unseen universe. Heat, light, electricity, magnetism are resolving themselves into the immaterial and retreating into the invisible. Worlds are lying within worlds all about us, "stellar and nervous forces are correlated," and the immaterial foundation upon which the universe rests is at last a pure principle. We are coming to see that literally there is no death, that all is life, that God is life, that life comes forth to vitalize dust for a time—to build bodies, to grow forests—and then give these forms back to dust again, to form other bodies, but that life itself does not die. Life always has been, and hence always will be. The cradle has its yesterday, and the grave has its to-morrow.

The poor silkworm builds its own little "tomb-cradle"; and man prepares his grave; but the instinctive and rational prescience tells him to be ready for the new to-morrow, and so deeply does he realize the higher nature of the life beyond that he can build no material cradle or house for that to-morrow; for he intuitively feels that the garments and dwellings over there are "not made with hands," but woven by the finer laws of life; that the garments worn over there are fashioned from the beauty of character and the good deeds of the present world; and that the life lived over there is love. And "we know that if our earthly houses were dissolved, we have an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens"; and we know it because we have life now; we know life because we are alive; life can be known only by living, as reason is known by reason, and love by love. The soul postulates life, and love, and reason, and mercy, and hope, because it has them now, and it sees that the change men call death, cannot touch its real self. This is the vision of the spirit; the vision of self-consciousness inductively prolonged; it is seeing and knowing, as the farmer sees in the spring-time the ripened harvest to be; as the astronomer sees the shadow of the moon creeping upon the face of the sun a hundred years hence.

The darkness that has hung long and low upon the earth is lifting; the day is breaking; the Christ is coming in the full assurance that man is immortal. And O! how the vision enlarges and brightens in the light of the eternal ages. All who have ever lived are living still. Our fathers and mothers, our children and friends gone from us are in the land where they never die; the broken homes of earth will soon be reunited; the new altars of love will be lifted up, and the melodies cut short here will be sung out in the long forever. O! brothers, what good are we doing by the way? How many will meet us at our coming, and say, you helped me in the world below; you was kind when I was sick;

you cared for my orphaned children after I went away. O! who at the beautiful gates will be watching and waiting for you and for me?

#### NOT HERE BUT ARISEN.

BY EMMA BOOD TUTTLE.

[Read at the funeral of Oliver B. Verity, of Ottokree, Ohio, who departed from this life November 9, 1889, aged seventy-four years.]

Give ear, oh, friends! We read the closing chapter, Which ends an earthly life, One of God's noble men, deserving honor Has risen from mortal strife, And won an entrance into realms immortal, Among his angel peers! It is not meet we read this closing chapter, Through floods of falling tears!

His book of life is full of golden pages, Of love and sacrifice; His heart was kindly and his judgment always Wore Mercy's tender guise. His hand was ready if a brother faltered, To lead him toward the right; His head, his heart, his soul were always facing God and his blessed light.

Trusty and true! loyal to every duty Of home, or state, in thought, He always wrought with honor's best endeavor, For those who help besought. So, tenderly, we gather 'round the body, Still seen by mortal eye, Knowing full well a man who lived so nobly, Was well prepared to die.

He looked for death as a releasing angel, Leading him forth to rest Upon Heaven's hills, which rise in dreamy grandeur, Beyond life's rosy west. Here in the casket lies the shard, forsaken—The spirit is not there!—We wait to place it in our mother's bosom With reverent, tender care.

The deathless soul has soared beyond our vision Into the vast unknown. Bid it God speed! nor chain it down by weeping And many a selfish moan. Time bears us onward to that unseen country, The lovely, morning Land, Where only unfaded souls are wont to enter—There shall we clasp his hand!

#### LITTLE MIDDLE MAN.

The Spiritual Union That Existed Between Two Souls.

Not long since I was present at an evening gathering, during which a lady, the widow of a distinguished jurist and federal officer, told me a story concerning a little boy, the son of a remote relative. In common with the others I was very much interested in it, and shall endeavor to reproduce it in print, although it will in this shape, lack the warmth given it by the personality of the woman who narrated it.

In the city of La Crosse, on the Mississippi River, there are many homes of wealth and refinement. Before the railway made its appearance that town for many years was the entrepot and depot of a vast area, and its people, in handling these materials, and in their commerce on the Mississippi, accumulated vast fortunes. Many splendid houses, or rather palaces, were erected from the wealth thus acquired, and at the present time the city is noted for its palatial residences and for a class of residences of established wealth, cultivation and refinement.

In one of the best quarters of the town there is a house of considerable dimensions, constructed of wood, and belonging evidently to a man possessed of fortune and taste. It has the peculiarity of having the chimney on the outside, a style more or less prevalent, and which is often to be commended not only for the economy of space within the house which it permits, but for its architectural adaptation to the harmony of a wooden structure in open spaces.

Some years before this fine house was built there stood on the same site a much humbler building. It was small, but one story in height, much weather-beaten, and was evidently one of the dwellings erected many years ago when the place was younger and less wealthy.

It was a sunny morning, some years ago, when the door of this old house was opened from within by a man, who stood in the doorway and gazed down the street, as if looking for someone. He was an elderly man, with gray beard and hair and a kind face. For a moment or two, as he gazed down the street, there was a slight expression of disappointment on his countenance, and then his eyes suddenly brightened and a smile spread over his lips, and he said in a cheery tone:

"They're coming." Down the street "they" were seen approaching. It was a boy and a dog; the latter a pug, and the other a lad of about five years old, in knickerbockers. The pug trotted at his heels with a phlegmatic air and a pretense of indifference characteristic of its English origin. Its tail had a dandy-like sort of curl, indicating a taint of vanity entirely out of keeping with its short, squat body, its diminutive nose and abbreviated legs.

A long, lean cur, came strolling toward them with an eager look as if anticipating recognition.

"Don't you say anything to him, Jim," said the boy in a childish voice. "He's a naughty dog."

Jim wagged the curl of his tail as if an assurance that he knew his business, and never even glanced at the cur that, with tail hanging between his legs, crouched and twisted about them anxious to make their acquaintance.

\* Polaris, in Chicago Herald.

The little chap had in his hand the half of a brick, which he carried with a care as if it were something precious. As he came along he glanced ahead and saw the old gentleman standing at the door.

"There's gwanna, Jim!" he ejaculated in a voice full of delight. "Hello, gwanna!" and then he started on a run with outstretched arms towards his gwanna, who advanced to meet him down the walk that led to the street.

"Ah, here you are!" said the old gentleman, as he caught the flying boy in his arms and, lifting him up, kissed him with his gray-bearded lips. "And how is my little man, Rosey, this morning, and mamma, and Jim?"

"All wight, gwanna." "What you got there? A piece of brick? Was it to throw at some big dog that was going to bite Jim?"

The boy entered the house, went into an adjoining room where there was a bed, and carefully placed the piece of brick under it, pushed it as far back as he could, then came out and replied:

"It's to build you a new house like papa's. I'm goin' to bring you a bwick ewvy time I come till dere's enough to build a house like mine."

The eyes of the old man grew misty as he heard this remark, and again he caught up the little fellow and strained him to his breast. Meanwhile Jim had selected a sunny spot near the doorstep and seemed to be asleep.

Rosey, the little chap in the knickerbockers and a well fitting suit of blue, was a very handsome child, with a clear, delicate complexion, light hair, sweet blue eyes and a rosebud mouth, over which rippled perpetual good nature. He was a model boy—erect, deep chested, healthy, with well-shaped hands and feet, and affectionate to a remarkable degree. He was a thorough boy, fond of fun, of Jim, but more especially of his gwanna. The two—and I might truthfully add, the three—were prodigious friends, and spent all their spare time in each other's company.

Rosey was the only son of the only daughter of the old gentleman who occupied the weather-stained house. This daughter was the second wife of her husband, whose first wife died, leaving him two boys. After Rosey's birth two little sisters came. Young as he was he looked over the situation; there were two older than he was and two younger.

"I'm the middle man, gwanna," he said one day after he had pondered over the situation, and henceforth as the "Middle Man" he was in the habit of referring to himself.

His father was a man of large wealth, and occupied a costly home, furnished with all possible comforts and luxuries. Somehow the difference in his papa's home and that of gwanna dawned upon him, and resulted in the action detailed on a visit to the latter's residence as just narrated.

From this time forward, each day that little Middle Man visited the gwanna, he brought with him a whole brick or a fragment, as he could find them on the streets, and put them under the bed with the others.

Did the old man disturb this action of the little Middle Man? Did he clear out the rubbish from under the bed and tell the lad that he mustn't bring any more of those dirty bricks? Not so. Each brick was to him as precious as if it been gold, for each was enriched by the touch and the beautiful wish of the boyish favorite. Wifeless, the presence of the lad was a relief to his lonely life, and his warm affections compensated much for his unloved existence.

He in time worshipped the blue-eyed frank, affectionate, sweet-lipped boy, and the latter in turn regarded the other as a grand hero, a wonderful man, who was his playmate and always his loving, considerate friend. The old man told him marvelous stories of what happened to him when a little boy, of Indians and bears he had encountered, of the circuses he had attended, and of the adventures of pioneer life, all reduced to ideas and language suitable for the comprehension of the boy as he sat on gwanna's knee and listened with open eyes and mouth in wonder.

In return Rosey babbed of the new house for grandpa, what Jim had done when a bad boy had sicked a great big dog on him; what the number and color of the kittens presented by the old cat, and all the other events and incidents which came within the horizon of a child's experience.

There was something touching, poetical and beautiful in this intermingling of the gray of age and the rosy hues of childhood. It was a charming picture when the child sat on the old man's knee with his blonde mass of hair mingling with the gray of the other's beard, and the white, pure face nestling against a shoulder overtopped by a rugged and wrinkled visage. It was a bright, fresh flower but whose stem was grafted on a storm-beaten oak.

The old man loved the child better than he had ever loved wife, daughter or his own mother. It was his other life, and any moment he would with gladness have given his own to save that of his prattling grandson.

One day he had the boy in a carriage with him when the horse, a spirited one, frightened at something, started to run away, jerking the reins from the driver's

(Continued on third page.)



## THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

J. R. FRANCIS, Editor and Publisher.  
Published every Saturday at 251 S. Jefferson Street.  
Entered at the Chicago Postoffice as second-class matter.

## ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

An Ongoing Movement Against the Legions of Error.  
In compliance with a plan long maturing, and believing we can be instrumental in doing a grand work for Spiritualism, Liberalism and Free Thought, and also having faith that within one year we can obtain 50,000 circulation, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be offered until further notice, at the following terms invariably in advance:

One year, (a copy to the one getting up the club),	\$1.00
Sixteen weeks (on trial),	\$7.50
Single copy,	35cts

Remit by Postoffice Money Order, Registered Letter or draft on Chicago or New York. Postage stamps will not be received hereafter in payment of subscription. Direct all letters to J. R. Francis, 251 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

## THE AIMS OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

The paramount design is to publish the ablest Lectures, the most profound Essays, the most interesting Sketches, cultivating the reason as well as the emotions, making each subscriber feel that he has partaken of an intellectual feast that will better fit him for the life here and the one hereafter.

Bear this thought in mind: That while THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the cheapest Spiritualist paper in the world, its editor has the laudable ambition to make it the best. The high-priced papers pay nothing for contributions, and it stands to reason that the most eminent minds in the Spiritualist and Free Thought ranks will cheerfully lend their aid and influence in making THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the brightest and best paper for the freethinker in the world. For reference as well as study, its columns will prove of great value.

## A Bountiful Harvest for Twenty-five Cents.

Do you want a more bountiful harvest than we can give you for 25 cents? Just pause and think for a moment what an intellectual feast that small investment will furnish you. The subscription price for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER sixteen weeks is only twenty-five cents! For that amount you obtain thirty-four pages of solid, substantial, soul-elevating and mind-refreshing reading matter, equivalent to a medium-sized book!

## CLUBS: AN IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

As there are thousands who will at first venture only twenty-five cents for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER sixteen weeks, we would suggest to those who receive a sample copy, to solicit several others to unite with them, and thus be able to remit from \$1 to \$10, or even more than the latter sum. A large number of little amounts will make a large sum total, and thus extend the field of our labor and usefulness. The same suggestion will apply in all cases of renewal of subscriptions—solicit others to aid in the good work. You will experience no difficulty whatever in inducing Spiritualists to subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, for not one of them can afford to be without the valuable information imparted therein each week, and at the price of only a trifle over one cent per week.

## A LARGE PUBLISHING HOUSE.

Without soliciting the wealthy to take "stock," or importing any one for gifts; and without any anticipation of any bequest, we propose to establish in this city the largest Spiritualist Publishing House in the world. If One Hundred Thousand Spiritualists will subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, on trial, sixteen weeks for twenty-five cents, and continue even that small contribution, we will have a Publishing House here, of which you may well be proud, inside of five years. Each one who subscribes for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be, as it were, a "brick" in the contemplated structure (don't forget that), and from a spiritual point of view be considered part owner. We believe that ninety-nine out of one hundred who read this, will co-operate with us. The one who will not respond must have the paper free.

□ SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1890.

## SUBJECTS TO BE CONSIDERED.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be devoted to Spiritualism, Biology, Electro-Psychology (as formulated by the celebrated Dr. Dods), and its differentiations, Mesmerism, Animal Magnetism, and Hypnotism; Somnambulism, natural and self-induced, as presented by the celebrated Dr. Fahnestock; Telepathy; Visions, while awake, in sleep, or in Trance; Psychometry, as ably presented by Professor Buchanan; Cremation, a Spiritual and Sanitary Necessity; Brain Waves, Psychic Waves, or Soul Force; Ethics as a Factor in Religion, and as announced by the Philosopher and Seer, Hudson Tuttle; the Various Stages of Death, in the Transition of the Spirit to the Higher Spheres; the Signs of Death; The Danger of Premature Interment, etc., etc. All these subjects as well as many others equally important will receive careful, critical and comprehensive examination from time to time in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

## AN IMPORTANT FEATURE.

It will be our aim to make THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the leading exponent of all subjects which pertain to the Spiritual Philosophy, directly or indirectly; it will be a receptacle of facts, criticisms and advanced views; an instructor for those seeking light, and a constant incentive to thought even in those who are truly enlightened. In the initial number we shall commence a magazine entitled, *The Journal of Cremation*, giving valuable and interesting data with reference to crematories in the United States and Europe, and which will be a library in itself on this subject, and be invaluable for future reference. It will be the aim to demonstrate that Cremation is a Spiritual and Sanitary necessity. This magazine will be followed in due time by others on special subjects, furnishing valuable information not accessible otherwise to the general reader.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be unique, reconstructive as well as instructive, and will contain the advanced thought of this country and Europe. On trial sixteen weeks for 25 cents.

When you send in your subscriptions, please furnish the names of as many Spiritualists as you can, both at your own place and adjoining towns, to whom we can send sample copies. One clerk is kept constantly busy in surveying the Spiritualistic field and finding those who do not take any Spiritualist paper. Nine out of ten of those who read a sample copy, will desire to become permanent subscribers.

Dr. F. H. Roscoe is lecturing every Sunday evening in Washington, D. C., with such success that he has received very favorable notice from some of the papers.

## A WORD TO SPIRITUALISTS.

## Four Thousand Subscribers

This is No. 12 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and before this issue shall have reached its destinations we shall have 4,000 subscribers on our list. This is a most remarkable demonstration of the liberality and kindly feelings of Spiritualists generally, and for which we feel devoutly thankful. Papers, ranging in age from five years to twenty, have not as large a list, though some of them have thousands of dollars back of them, which should be brought systematically into requisition in order to place them more prominently before the people. But instead of that, the amount so garnered will be kept back, undoubtedly, while every effort will be made to get into the pockets of those who have money. This shows an artful distrust of Spiritualists generally, that is far from being commendable. Instead of hoarding our own private means, and making piteous, baby-like appeals for financial assistance to aid us in an enterprise which is wholly individual in its nature, we brought into requisition every cent we could command, and placed it as the superstructure on which THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER could rest, and grow into a mammoth publishing house, thus demonstrating that we had unbounded confidence in Spiritualists generally, believing that they would respond most cheerfully in subscriptions when they once understood our manifold aims. Our confidence in the noble generosity and kindly feelings of Spiritualists has not been misplaced. They have responded most nobly, and in so doing, not one has been compelled to make any sacrifice; not one has in the least been strained financially.

No denunciations, long, loud and severe, as were heard when the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* Publishing House succumbed to the inevitable, twenty years ago, resulting in great loss and suffering to many, and also when *The Universe*, *Progressive Age* and other Spiritualistic enterprises were compelled to yield to the force of circumstances, have been heard, and never will be heard in connection with the enterprise we have inaugurated. Those who had those failures in charge relied, probably, too much on the Spirit-world, and though scrupulously honest, they neglected ordinary business principles, not realizing that on this material side of life, the law governing business is just as important as connected with any enterprise, as is its relation to the spiritual realms.

In commencing this paper, the law of supply and demand in all its bearings has been fully considered. The relation that a first-class Spiritualist paper, furnished at the lowest possible price, would sustain to the large mass of Spiritualists, was taken into careful, critical and painstaking consideration, and the "law of probability" fully considered. For twelve long years we cuddled this enterprise most carefully in our mind, waiting anxiously for the auspicious moment; for, as we well knew, if the time were inauspicious, that failure would surely follow. Thus we calmly, though at times impatiently, waited for that period in our life when "our star would be in the ascendant," and success absolutely certain. While realizing the potent fact that an accurate knowledge of business principles, as well as a perfect knowledge of the details of our work in hand, was absolutely necessary in order to insure success, we fully realized that there is a higher power that must be consulted, and whose hearty co-operation was absolutely essential. When assured that we would receive the cordial support of kindred spirits in the celestial regions, we knew then that the auspicious moment had arrived. We had unlimited confidence in ourselves—an unbounded assurance that we had not only mastered every detail of the business in which we were about to embark, but felt also that the Spirit-world had as much confidence in us as we had in ourselves. Feeling thus, we have not for a moment faltered—never felt in the least discouraged, and have maintained a cheerful, hopeful feeling throughout, until our subscription list has reached 4,000, larger than that of any other Spiritualist paper in the West.

Spiritualists, for a moment consider what we are doing. Glance at every page of our beautiful paper—nothing to mar its fine typographical appearance. It is furnished to you each week at about 1½ cents per copy—24 columns of choice reading matter. If we charged you six cents therefor—the price of some Spiritualist papers—we could produce at least 90 columns, and that is just exactly what the \$2.50 and \$3 papers should be doing, instead of which, some of them do not publish as much reading matter, exclusive of advertisements, as THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It does not require a great deal of figuring to see clearly what we are aiming at.

We appeal to Spiritualists generally to make our enterprise known. For only 1½ cents per week they can be brought in contact with leading minds of the country, be fed with nutritious mental food, and have their homes illumined with a paper whose only object is to make an impression for good on humanity, regardless of the almighty dollar. It should be known and recognized, that the world cannot be reformed by condemnation, by making artful grimaces, by scraping sewerage to hurl at some poor mortal, or by constantly scolding,—but by gradual growth and reconstruction, showing to humanity generally that it is better to live a life unspotted before all the world, than it is to pander to selfish tastes and passions.

Spiritualists, our work is before you. Let each one consider it his duty to contribute 1½ cents per week (and more, if possible) for our beautiful paper, with its Rostrom occupied by the leading minds of the country. You all can realize that there is no swindle here; there is no effort to get deep in your pockets; there is no call made for bequests; no attempts made to form a joint-stock company, whereby one can be supported at a large salary, at the expense of many; no piteous appeals for help, but a straightforward, cheerful spirit meeting you face to face, and asking you to contribute only a very little in aid of our enterprise. We believe it possible for us to obtain a larger circulation than all other Spiritualist papers combined in the United States, and while our terms are \$1 per year, those who so desire, or who are in the least cramped for means, can renew at 25 cents for 16 weeks, and their subscriptions will be gladly welcomed. Our only aim is to reach the masses of Spiritualists. Our spirit friends seem to constantly impress that thought on our mind, and we are cheerfully working to attain that end, regardless of any desire to make money, and we believe that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will yet have 100,000 on its subscription list.

## Look Out.

Look at the figures on the little tag at the end of your name on the wrapper of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. They have a significant meaning. They tell in plain language the number of the paper at which your subscription expires. If the figures are 16, then at No. 16 of the paper, the time for which you have paid for expires, and you will get only four more numbers of the paper, unless you renew. If the figures are 17, then you will get five more copies. Although our terms are \$1 per year for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, each one who so desires, can renew on the trial terms, and the subscription will be thankfully received. The trial terms will extend throughout the year, 1890. It would be better, however, for each one to send a dollar, as it will save the trouble of renewing so often; but the subscriber must consult his own convenience as to that.

Quarters will come safely if placed in a hole in a card, and paper passed on each side. Not one so fixed and properly directed, has failed to reach this office. Can you not, when renewing, induce your neighbor to join with you, and thus enlarge our list, and strengthen our hands to carry forward a work in which we are engaged? No one can afford to be without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER as it cost only 1½ cents per week, bringing each one in contact with the leading minds of the country. By renewing now, you will not miss a single number.

## Dr. Buchanan and his Journal of Man.

The *Journal of Man* was begun almost a generation ago in Cincinnati when its editor was professor in the Eclectic College of that city, and it proclaimed the most advanced and uncompromising thought of that time. Dr. Buchanan was so far ahead of his age that he had only a small following, but those were devoted disciples. The *Journal* was discontinued after scattering the seeds which have not yet even matured. Three years ago the indefatigable student again revived the *Journal* in Boston. It has for that time been, as he truly says, the "forlorn hope," the soldier at the extreme outpost. The reader and student, and most of his readers are students, will regret that Dr. Buchanan, under the pressure of preparing the works in his favorite science, which have been the dream of his long life, feels compelled to suspend the publication of the *Journal*. They will greatly miss its philosophical summary of passing events, and sound criticism on the affairs of the day. He promises to maintain his connection with his friends through the spiritual press and to leave his great work as a legacy to them.

## The Gospel of Nature.

Dr. M. L. Sherman and Prof. Wm. E. Lyon were two remarkable men—the first as a medium, the other as one of the clearest and most comprehensive thinkers of the age. THE GOSPEL OF NATURE, their combined work, is a book consisting of 480 pages, neatly bound, and has been sold for \$2.00. It treats of "The Soul of Things"; "Intelligence"; "Intellect"; "Discords"; "Progression"; "Justice"; "The Science of Death"; "The Confounding of Language"; "The Spirit Abodes"; "Spirit Biography." It is in many respects a most remarkable book, and will be sold by the owner for 50 cents, postage prepaid, to all who order THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for one year at the same time. The order for the paper will compensate us for the trouble in mailing the book. The gentleman makes this offer so that the volumes he has on his shelves may be instrumental in enlightening the world. He is a philanthropist, and this offer will continue as long as the supply holds out, or until further orders. This book is not offered as a premium, and if any work now published is worth \$2.00, so is the "Gospel of Nature." No one will regret making the purchase.

## Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle.

We take great pleasure in announcing that this gifted lady will occupy THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER's Rostrom, in the regular course, Nov. 22nd. Mrs. Tuttle's poems have charmed thousands, and through them alone she has made a deep impression on the present age. We are sure that she will have something to say to the readers of this paper that will instruct and delight them.



## The Progressive Thinker's Rostrom.

Dr. Thomas's address this week will be found to be deeply interesting. He handles his subject in a masterly manner, and in a way that will excite special attention. Next week Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond will occupy THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER's Rostrom. Her subject will be: "The New Year for the Nation and the World. Does it Pretend Peace or War? From the Present Standpoint of Abraham Lincoln." It is an address that every Spiritualist should read, for it presents an eloquent and comprehensive view of the status of this Nation, and points out the dangers ahead.

## Will not Suffer by Comparison.

Though THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is only twelve weeks old, and furnished 16 weeks at 25 cents, we are not only perfectly willing, but anxious, for critical minds to place it by the side of any of the high-priced Spiritualist papers, and compare their respective merits. There is considerable difference, however, between 1½ cents and 6 cents, which they will readily discern as they compare the contents, and which reflects to the credit of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Our aim is to reach the masses, and it seems as if every Spiritualist, Liberalist and Free Thinker can afford 1½ cents per week in aiding our enterprise. Four thousand already have done so; why not 100,000 follow suit?

## 4,000 Subscribers.

That is the number, and having been gained in twelve weeks, we feel proud of the result. Now, would it be asking too much of each one, to remit twenty-five cents for an additional subscriber? It is but a trifle to you, yet the many quarters we receive aggregate quite a large sum. The valuable contributions that we are publishing each week should be read by every Spiritualist family in the United States. Our subscription should reach 8,000 in the next thirty days. Let each one obtain a single subscriber, and that result will be achieved.

## Sample Copies.

Those who receive a sample copy are requested to examine it carefully, and see its manifold aims. The various contributions would prove an attraction in any of the high-priced magazines. No one can afford to neglect the opportunity now offered to come in contact with the leading minds of the age, at a very small cost. After reading the paper, loan it to your liberal-minded neighbor, and then not only subscribe for it, but solicit others to do so. The address by Dr. Thomas, pastor of the People's Church, is well worth the price of a year's subscription.

## The Quarters.

They will come safely when forwarded for subscription, if only ordinary care is manifested. If pasted between two thin cards the size of the envelope, or placed in a hole in a card and paper pasted on both sides, they will come as safely as a postal note, if the letter is plainly directed. The aim should be to so fix them that they cannot move around in the envelope. We want a million of them during the next thirty days on subscription.

## Take Notice.

Whenever sending in your subscriptions, please send in as many names of Spiritualists as you can bring to mind, to whom we can send sample copies of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. We want only the names of Spiritualists, or those carefully investigating, and who desire to learn the truth.

## A General Survey.

## The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers, Doings, etc.

The *Two Worlds* says: "Never has there been so deep, rapid, and growing interest in the teachings of the angels as now; and an excellent, intelligent, and earnest class of people are becoming believers in direct spirit-return, notwithstanding the tergiversations of some people who profess to be believers, yet do not possess one single spark of spirituality in their compositions. But this class is growing less and less from year to year."

Emma Hardinge-Britten well says: "Before any one attempts to comment on the utterly irreconcilable statements and manifest discrepancies of the book labeled as 'The Word of God,' and up to the last century deemed so infallible that hundreds of martyrs have been done to death for doubting it, commentators should take pains to inform themselves of the true history of its compilation. They will then cease to wonder at its masses of contradictory statement and manifest discrepancies. We have no answer to give to those who ask us to reconcile the irreconcilable, nor comments to make on any bigots who may ask us to believe that God has only revealed himself to mankind through one book, and that a volume which was sealed and unknown to the masses until Martin Luther translated it between four and five hundred years ago! The facts of science—God's true and only bible—prove that man has inhabited this earth, lived, thought, worshiped, and flourished, in various nationalities, for over 100,000 thousand years!—and yet the Jewish Scriptures have only been given in broadcast to the world for less than 500 years."

When humanity reads the true Bible—God's works; worships at the true shrine—practical good; and realizes that the only way in which man can serve his God is through God's creation, we shall not have a Bible that needs revision, explanation, or reconciliation—every place will be a church, and every good deed, word, or thought, an act of worship. Spirit mediums on the platform frequently refer to the Bible—as they would to apt and familiar figures of speech; and doubtless it was in that sense that the reference to the transfiguration noticed by our correspondent was made. It is lawful to gather up beautiful figures of speech (especially when they refer to eternal principles) from any and every book. It only becomes absurd and impious when the atomic sand-grain of being, man, pretends to bind up the revelations of the Infinite and Eternal One—the Alpha and Omega of the universe—in a book, manufactured by cunning priests in a comparatively modern period of the earth's history."

DISOLVED.—The American Psychic Research Society, which five years ago was announced as having organized in Boston, for the purpose of investigating Spiritualism, under the name of haunted houses, dreams, hallucinations, and such euphonious titles, has, after five years' gushing struggle and the expenditure of \$3,500, unanimously dissolved like a thin wisp of cloud, into nothingness. There is left of it an adjunct to the English Society, whatever that may be. It has pre-eminently shown how not to do it, and really has accomplished nothing. Why not organize a society for the actual, scientific investigation of Spiritualism?

Perhaps no one sentence ever called forth more bitter criticism from the religious press, than that by Hudson Tuttle: "The older an idea, the greater the probability that it is false." Yet those who read his defense will say, with Dr. Buchanan, "that it ought to be loudly repeated in every church and college."

C. Newell, of Portland, Oregon, writes: "Why is it that we must pass from a state of unconsciousness during our hours of sleep and rest, to become refreshed? Why not rest in a dark room and retain our consciousness? I am told that a stout, healthy man will in a short time become insane, if kept awake and not allowed to become unconscious. My idea is that our real or spiritual body requires rest the same as our physical bodies, and to secure that, we must pass into an unconscious condition." Will some one answer?

The Peoples' Spiritual Society, Banner Hall, 93 South Peoria St., met at 2:30 p. m., Feb. 2nd. G. L. S. Jenifer presided. Mrs. A. L. Pennell, of Boston, addressed the meeting on the "Truth of Spiritualism," after which she gave some very good tests. Mrs. Dewolf followed, in which she portrayed the truth of Spiritualism in very elegant and convincing language. Mrs. Dr. Warrell led the audience to look into the truth which is so strange to all thinking people. Mrs. DeKnevet gave several good tests. Mr. Talman, the musical director, and his sister, rendered that beautiful song, "O Morning Land," with grand effect. Prof. G. G. W. Van Horn certainly does give some extraordinary readings, and astonished some of those skeptics who come to scoff, with his powers of mediumship.

All first-class mediums who intend visiting Vicksburg camp-meeting, and wish their name placed upon the camp meeting bills, please correspond with W. S. Wandell, President of the Association, Vicksburg, Mich. The camp will commence Aug. 8th, and close Sept. 1st.

The celebrated Dr. Johnson, the great cancer doctor and magnetic healer, of Memphis, Tenn., is stopping with W. S. Wandell, of Vicksburg, Mich., for a few days. He intends visiting Chicago in the near future, to relieve those who are suffering from any ailment, simply by the laying on of his hands.

Lyman C. Howe is speaking at the Spiritual Temple, Boston, Mass., the Sundays of February, and will answer calls for week evenings at places accessible from Boston. He speaks in Cleveland, Ohio, the Sundays of March, and in Washington, D. C., in April. He is yet unengaged for May. First call, first serve.

J. Frank Baxter lectures at Willimantic, Ct., for February, and Helen Stuart Richards at Norwich.

Will love ever predominate sufficiently to forget our troubles and forgive those who differ with us? Will Spiritualists ever permit the spirit-world to "run" Spiritualism, and guide them in matters pertaining to the cause? As long as they do not, there will be no organization. That much we can safely prophesy.—*The Better Way*.

Dr. Dean Clark says: "In my humble opinion, far too much power is attributed to thought by so-called 'metaphysical healers,' who ignore the vital force of magnetism, which conveys all the mental or spiritual power the healer possesses."

"It was not the thoughts of the Boston bigots which murdered Theodore Parker, for they had long been centered upon and against him, but it was the poisonous magnetic currents which they, combined with kindred malevolent spirits, poured out upon him on that special occasion, or at least, this was the vehicle of their wrath."

## THE ARENA FOR FEBRUARY.

The February *Arena* fully maintains the bright promise of the preceding issues and in many respects surpasses them. This is noticeably the case in the uniform strength and ability of the contributions, as well as the rich variety of timely subjects treated. The opening paper is a poetical composition by the well-known poet, novelist, and critic, Edgar Fawcett, entitled, "In the Year Ten Thousand." It is an imaginary conversation between two citizens of the great city of Manhattan, once New York. It is a bold and brilliant picture of what the world might be compared to what it is, and those who will not agree with the agnostic sentiment of the poet cannot fail to enjoy its thought-provoking quality. Richard Hodgson, LL. D., who has been secretary of the American Society of Psychical Research since its organization, contributes a remarkably able paper on the Living and the Dead. Mr. Hodgson's broad culture, and the scientific quality of his mind, gives great value as well as interest to his paper. N. P. Gilman, the editor of the

*Literary World*, and author of one of the ablest works on "Profit Sharing," follows Mr. Hodgson with a thoughtful contribution on "Industrial Partnership," which presents another view of the wage question. This is one of the series of papers appearing in *The Arena* on the social problem. James T. Bixby, Ph. D., D. D., writes on "Robert Browning's Message to the Nineteenth Century." Mr. Bixby is without question one of the most delightful magazine writers of the day, and in this timely paper every lover of the great poet who has so recently left us will find a genuine treat. The scholarly and accomplished Shakespearian actress, Helena Modjeska, contributes a most charming paper, giving reminiscences of debuts in Bochnia, her native home, and Warsaw. The exquisite grace and delicate refinement that is so characteristic of Modjeska's acting is everywhere present in this paper. A magnificent full-page photograph of Madame Modjeska from a recent photograph accompanies this paper. General Clinton B. Fisk, the last prohibition candidate for the presidency, reviews Henry George in an able and thought-inspiring paper. A photograph of Gen. Fisk forms the frontispiece of this issue of *The Arena*. H. H. Gardner, whose masterly discussion with Dr. Wm. A. Hammond in the *Popular Science Monthly* provoked such widespread attention, contributes a paper of great value to this issue of *The Arena* on "The Immortal Influence of Women in Literature." Thos. B. Preston reviews Cardinal Gibbon's late work in an able manner, pointing out its fallacies in a broad spirit of frankness and justice. W. H. H. Murray's beautiful Indian legend "Mamelons" is concluded in this issue; accompanying it is a beautiful full-page photograph from a drawing by Hamilton Gibson, illustrating one scene in "Mamelons." Taken as a whole, the February *Arena* fully maintains the high character and noble purpose outlined by the editor in his prospectus. Price per year, \$5; single copy 50 cents. Address all communications to *The Arena Publishing Co.*, Pierce Building Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

Written for *The Progressive Thinker*.

## REVISION.

After the New York Presbytery had spent two weeks discussing the proposed revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith, Dr. Thomas made it the occasion of an excellent sermon, in which he said that in one sense it only concerned Presbyterians and they would have to settle this matter amongst themselves. The advance guard of the Presbyterian Church had only reached the brink of the river which many others had crossed long ago. Then he took a retrospective view of the doctrines usually called Calvinistic, which they wished to modify, and showed that they did not originate with John Calvin but with St. Augustine in the fifth century, and were in accord with the imperfect character of that man. They were taken up by Calvin also because in accord with his hard nature. Dr. Thomas then spoke of the desire for external authority in religion which Catholicism vested in the pope, and Protestantism vested in the Bible, both of which, if judged by their fruits, were a failure: as the burning of Servetus by Calvin was as bad as the burning of Bruno by the pope.

"Now our world," said the preacher, "has only in our day entered upon that great era in which the rational and moral consciousness of the world is to be the conscience, the Kingdom of God is to be the throne of reason, and justice is to be the criterion of truth and right. Inspiration and revelation are continuous. God spoke to the Jewish people, but not alone to them, but to the Buddhists and Zoroastrians and the great thinkers of the Greeks. The old idea of external authority was that man lay beneath it crushed, doomed, his reason unreliable, his will powerless; he could do nothing, only wait for some one to come to him. But now he begins to see what it is to be a man, to have reason and conscience. These great ideas are revolutionizing all the social forces of this age. That is the philosophy of the tremendous movements of our time. Like the tide it is lifting all the ships and all the masts that bear the flags of humanity. It may be unconscious, but it is taking up the old theologies, pushing them down like icebergs in the warm seas, melting them away that they can be distributed in the waters and take up the milder doctrine of love. It is this great light that is revealing the horribleness and blackness of the old doctrine of wrath and is making our time-honored Presbyterian church of its own self ask for a Gospel of love and a Gospel of hope."

And now comes the Chicago Presbytery and puts itself on record as in favor of revision. The five now contested points of doctrine were adopted by the Westminster conference in the middle of the seventeenth century. These are: First, reprobation; second, damnation of infants; third, damnation of the entire heathen world; fourth, Roman Catholics are idolaters; fifth, the pope is anti-Christ. Besides revising these points the Presbytery asks that God's love for the world be given fuller and more definite expression.

This is remarkable, considering the fact that the love of God unfolded through the reason and consciousness of man is the great central point emphasized by Dr. Thomas and all other genuine reformers, as the moving power in this age of transition. It shows that this conservative church, which has contented itself with one confession of faith unchanged for 250 years, is now ashamed that it has given so little expression to this greatest of all spiritual graces—Love—and we have charity enough to believe that it is not from outside pressure, but from their own inward conviction, as there are few if any among them as hard-hearted as Calvin who could condemn the innocent and think that God could foreordain the unborn child to eternal damnation. We honestly believe that Spiritualism is in the front rank of this great movement, and has done more to revolutionize conventional religion than any other second cause; but the great cause that made it possible for spirits to commune with mortals is moving this honored Christian church to become more Christ-like, and so it shall be according to Dr. Thomas' text, "When that which is perfect is come then that which is imperfect shall be done away." R. Newell.



## LITTLE MIDDLE MAN.

(Continued from 1st page.)

Without a moment's hesitation he picked up the child, held him until a favorable location presented itself and then reaching out, dropped Rosey, who struck on his feet and fell, but picked himself up unhurt. The old man meanwhile sat calmly back in his seat, perfectly resigned to the outcome, reconciled to whatever might happen, now that Rosey was safe. The horse soon after was stopped by a truck across the street, the owner found himself unharmed.

## V.

It was December. Christmas was approaching, and when gwampa and Rosey met there was much chat as to Santa Claus and what he would bring them both, including, of course, something for Jim—a nice collar, at the very least. One day Rosey failed to appear.

"It might be the cold or the storm," the old man thought, for a storm was raging, and then he comforted himself by thinking that the deep snow which prevented the appearance of the little Middle Man would afford them a grand opportunity for sleigh-rides, skating, snow-balling and the building of snow houses and men.

He had that day to go to Chicago on imperative business. It was all right; it would fill up the time while the storm lasted, and Rosey was absent. He would be back in a couple of days, then the storm would be over, and what high old fun Rosey and he would have in the snow banks! What jolly coasting down the bluffs!

Of course he called to say good-by to his boy on the way to the train. To his surprise he learned that Rosey had been very sick all the night before, but was now much better.

He went direct to the room of his little favorite. The Middle Man was sitting up in bed playing with some toys and greeted gwampa with effusiveness. In his white nightdress he looked like a cherub—one that has been a little ill. The blue in his eyes faded, his cheeks had a touch of scarlet, and there was a trace of pallor in the pure white of his complexion. Dark spaces were beneath his eyes, his mouth was a little pinched and there was a white look about his lips. But he greeted gwampa bravely.

"Hello, gwampa! See how it snows. Won't we have fun in the snow!"

"He is looking bad!" the old gentleman said in an aside to the mother after he had kissed his favorite and was holding his hand. "And his hand is quite hot, too."

"Yes, he had a bad night, but the worst is over. He is ever so much better, and will be all right to-morrow."

"If anything happens, and there is a change for the worse, telegraph me at once to the Tremont House, in Chicago."

"Good-by, little man, he said, as he kissed the white mouth. "I'm going to Chicago, and I'll see Santa Claus when I'm there and tell him what a nice, good little boy you are, and I tell you, he'll bring you lots of things."

The blue eyes expanded with a species of wondrous delight, and a joyous, expectant smile played upon the pinched lips.

"Good-by, gwampa." The old man left with a heavy feeling at his heart.

## VI.

On the sleeper he passed a weary night. Visions of evil aspect thronged about his couch and stirred his soul with apprehensions of he knew not what.

He dismounted from the train in the depot at half past 7 in the morning, and as he did so his eyes were flooded with innumerable colors; he lost consciousness, and fell on the platform. He was carried into a waiting room where in a little time he recovered and was sent in a carriage to the Tremont House. His faint was something that astonished him, as he had never before experienced anything of the kind. He attributed it to his restless night, and went out to attend to the business which brought him to the city. It was in the afternoon when he returned to the hotel.

"Any telegrams for me?" he asked. "I think there is," the clerk answered, as he deliberately ran over a bundle of them. "Yes, here is one."

The old man took it, and opened it with trembling fingers. His brain whirled, and his vision grew dim. For a moment or two, he could not separate the words which ran together in a black mass. At length he made it out. It was dated the same day that La Crosse, 9 a. m., and was as follows: "Roosevelt died of diphtheria at 7:30 this morning," and was signed by the mother of the boy.

It was at this precise hour that he had been seized by insensibility at the depot. This coincidence is not a bit of romance; it is an actual fact, as can be proved by living witnesses. It is quite within the limits of the possible that some occult lines of communication existed between the two.

## VII.

Some months later the old and time-worn homestead in which the old man lived was removed, and in its place was erected the spacious wooden structure with the chimney on the outside, as described in the opening of this article.

There is nothing of special importance about this house save that, on the chimney, a few feet above the ground, is a row of bricks running horizontally across which are irregular in their sizes, some being whole, some only a half or three-quarters in length. In these bricks are cut letters which form the words "Roosevelt McCord."

They are the bricks which the little middle man gathered so laboriously and placed under the bed of the old homestead for the purpose of "building gwampa a nice house like papa's."

And Jim? For months after he moped and pined and resolutely confined himself to a room in which were gathered the playthings of little Roosevelt. He allowed no strange hand to touch any of them, and was, and may be still, often seen reclining with his chin resting on one of the picture books once the property of his lost comrade.

YES, for 25 cents the PROGRESSIVE THINKER will not only give you sixteen weeks. Its Rostrum alone will prove an attractive feature.

ON TRIAL, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is only 25 cents for sixteen weeks, or \$1 per year. For that amount you get the best thoughts of the ablest writers in the United States and Europe, and also aid us in establishing in Chicago the largest Spiritualist Publishing House in the world.

After Mr. Evans (the slate-writing medium) had left Brisbane for Melbourne, and notwithstanding he had given a most satisfactory demonstration of independent slate-writing before the Society of Psychical Research of Brisbane, a fakir broke out in the local papers, claiming to expose the medium's method of obtaining the writing as a trick of jugglery. Upon his return to Sidney from Melbourne, Mr. Evans went back to Brisbane, hired a hall, and gave a free seance, all at his own expense. He challenged his accusers to come forward and make their charges true. It is enough to say that he put them all to rout by producing the writing upon slates in the hands of sharp-eyed skeptics, and under conditions where jugglery was simply impossible.—*Golden Gate.*

YOU who refuse to subscribe for the PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be left in the rear. Your neighbor, who takes it, will be brought in contact with the spirit of the age, its leading minds, while you are in the dark as to what is going on.

## THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

## Experiences With a Venerable Old Lady

As Goethe watched his finely-formed companion sporting in the water bathing, he admired his naked form, and declared that although he could describe landscapes, cities, mountains, and everything else in nature in glowing terms, he was totally unable to describe the human form. If this greatest word painter and thinker was so incompetent to describe the physical body, how much more difficult is it for the clairvoyant to describe the spiritual body, or the real body of a human being. The child has all the attributes of a full grown person. Its soul is as complete and fully formed as when it is an aged person tottering to the grave. The gray hairs and wrinkled brow of the aged can be seen even in the spirit of the child. The fine, round lineaments of the child can be clearly depicted in the body of the aged one's spirit. But the clearest vision I ever had, and most remarkable experience of my life, happened one afternoon, when I called to see a sweet old lady, whom I had always loved and admired for her amiability and evenness of temper. I was informed that Aunt Polly was very unwell, in her room, and that I had better not disturb her. I had always been a welcome visitor in her old-fashioned, cheerful apartments. The old-fashioned clock ticked away the interesting hours rapidly as she used to recount to me the history of past events. Indian stories to me were always fresh, no matter how often she recounted them.

After much persuasion, however, I was admitted, but not alone, as usual. I had not seen Aunt Polly for a long time, but she at once recognized me, and seemed overjoyed that I had come once more to see her. Her tongue rattled along a little faster than usual. The daughter, who was near me, whispered not to pay any attention to her, as her mind was badly affected.

Aunt Polly went over many incidents of her younger days, and I occasionally said a few words, as I could get an opportunity. I soon became slightly entranced, and oh! how lovely she looked. I knew she had been a very beautiful soul, and even then her countenance was bright and attractive. What was incoherent to the other listeners, to me was perfectly clear. Her spiritual vision was partly opened, and she could look back into her childhood for a few moments, and then return to her physical senses, and be unable to see with her spiritual vision. With much wonder did I watch this interchange of conditions, while the other witnesses were uneasy at what they surmised were incoherent remarks.

She would be talking to her spirit friends of long years ago, and these same loving friends would try to talk with her. My spiritual vision was not quite clear enough to distinguish these friends hovering so lovingly around; but I knew they were near, and in anxious consultation. The interview closed by my being aroused and requested to retire. Then I was informed that Aunt Polly was very bad that day; but to me she had appeared most beautiful. In a few days I was told that she had been found dead in her bed in the morning.

The spirit friends were truly preparing for her demise at the time I last visited her; but I am not able to describe them. I felt their presence, and I saw her spirit in the spirit world conversing with them. I cannot describe her beautiful spirit! Words are unable to convey even the remotest idea of the beauty, form or substance of it! Her sharp, wrinkled features became luminous. Pale blue phosphorescent forms seemed to form a halo around her person. Her fingers became sharper and clearer. Her nose, chin and ears seemed to be transparent. A clear white luminous light shone on them, and they were edged with lily white. Their lines came out distinct and clear, and her features and form seemed more alive or active than ever before, and I could almost see the outline of an old-fashioned lady's cap. She cast her eyes, when she was talking incoherently, partly upward, and when talking rationally, she cast them in the ordinary direction.

My next clairvoyant glimpse was some years afterwards. The subject was an elderly man who had been at one time very talented and wealthy. He had moved in the highest circles, and no one knew his irregularities or debaucheries. It was the day before his death. I stepped into his room, and approached his bed. He greeted me cordially but nervously. In his pain he threw off most of his bedding, and I saw his emaciated form, pale and death-like. My spiritual eyes were opened for a moment. Oh! what a horrible sight! He was pitted and marked all over with purple spots, most loathsome and foul. My vision closed, and I looked again, and his hands and bare feet appeared pale and white, as at first. I was surprised to see that there were no spots or discolorations, such as I had seen a moment before, clairvoyantly. The next day this

old man passed away into the spirit world, where he could not hide his shortcomings from the sharp, clear eyes of spiritual friends. I leave others to draw impressions, and profit by these visions. Truly, we are fearfully and wonderfully made.

Z. T. GRIFFEN.

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.

## JIM'S KIDS.

Jim was a fisherman—up on the hill. Over the beach lived he and his wife. In a little house—you kin see it still—An' their two fair boys; upon my life You never seen two likelier kids.

In spite o' their antics an' tricks an' noise, Than them two boys!

Jim would go out in his boat on the sea—Just as the rest on us fishermen did—And when he come back at night he'd be Up to his eyes in the surf each kid. A beek'nin' an' cheerin' to fisherman Jim—He'd hear 'em, you bet, above the roar Of the waves on the shore.

But one night Jim came sailin' home, And the little kids weren't on the sands—Jim kinder wondered they hadn't come, And a tremblin' took hold o' his knees and hands, And he learnt the worst up on the hill. In the little house, an' he bowed his head—The fever," they said.

'Twas an awful time for fisherman Jim, With them darlin' dyin' afore his eyes—They kept a callin' an' beek'nin' him, For they kind o' wandered in mind—their cries Were about the waves an' fisherman Jim. An' the little boat a-sailin' for shore—Till they spoke no more.

Well, fisherman Jim lived on and on, And his hair grew white and the wrinkles came, But he never smiled, and his heart seemed gone, And he never was heard to speak the name Of the little kids who were buried there. Up on the hill in sight o' the sea, Under a willow tree.

One night they came and told me to haste To the house on the hill, for Jim was sick, And they said I had no time to waste. For the little was abin' powerful like, An' he seemed to be wand'rin' and crazy like, An' a seein' sights he oughtn't to see—An' he'd called for me.

And fisherman Jim sez he to me, "It's my last, last cruise you understand—I'm a-sailin' a dark and dreadful sea, But off on the further shore, on the sand, Are the kids, who a-sailin' and callin' my name. Jess as they did—ah, mate, you know—In the long ago."

No, sir; he wasn't afraid to die, For all that night he seemed to see His little boys of the years gone by, And to hear sweet voices forgot by me; An' just as the mornin' sun come up— "They're holdin' me by the hands!" he cried—An' so he died.

—Eugene Field.

## FRUITS AND HOW TO USE THEM.

The author, Mrs. Hester M. Poole, is well known as one of the leading and most successful teachers of the best portion of Christian Science and Metaphysics. We do not know as we are justified in speaking of her lectures even in this modified manner, for she has never been either a Christian Scientist or Metaphysician, although she has taken lecture courses under the most eminent professors of both of these systems. She has graduated a thorough eclectic, and her school of philosophy is essentially her own. She entitles her instructions "Physical and Ethical Culture and the Mental Cure."

Mr. Poole is also known by the remarkable book, published some years ago, "Beyond the Sunrise." With such antecedents, one would scarcely expect a book on the preparation of foods, even of fruit foods, from her pen; yet there is consistency here, for if the purity of the physical body is essential to the purity of the spirit, then good cooking, the proper and scientific preparation of food, becomes the first office of religion. A well cooked meal to the hungry is worth countless prayers, and it becomes a sin to eat indigestible compounds which give dyspepsia.

There are countless "Cook Books," but the most cursory examination will show that they are almost exclusively confined to preparation of "fish, flesh and fowl," cake recipes, pastry, pickles, etc. Fruits are secondary. The present volume is unique in conception and execution. It interferes with the field of no other book; but what the author has not gathered about the preparation of all kinds of fruits is not worth the mention. The book is exhaustive, and leaves little to be wished for, and is an indispensable companion to the common cook book. It is surprising how many rare and appetizing dishes may be made from the common fruits. If the diet of Americans was more largely of the fruits, of which there is such an abundance, there would be less need of medicines and a far higher average of health and length of life.

\*FRUITS AND HOW TO USE THEM.—A practical manual for housekeepers, containing nearly seven hundred recipes for the wholesome preparation of foreign and domestic fruits. 248 pages. By Hester M. Poole. New York: Fowler & Wells.

## JEHOVAH.

BY M. H. PENNINGLY.

That "Father of all, who in every age And every clime has been adored By saint, by savage and by sage," Was their Jehovah Jove, their Lord.

That Father was the Spirit-world, Which to its own returned again, That spirit power that comes to bless And free the world from sin and stain.

The angel-world around its own, With love divine watch while here sleep, Who loves their own while here on earth, Their faithful, tireless vigils keep.

The atmosphere over every land Is filled with spirits strong and grand, Now rings their words from heaven above—Love is of God, for God is Love.

SPIRITUALISTS, awake! We are determined to present you the best thoughts of the age. One department—"The Progressive Thinker's Rostrum"—will bring you in contact with leading minds, at a cost of only 15 cents per week. No one can afford to be without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

One-and-One-Half Cents!—That expresses it within a very small fraction—the price of each copy of our beautiful paper. It is a new deal! a new departure! an enterprise that portends much to Spiritualism! You are not asked to take stock; you are not importuned for gifts or bequests; all you are asked to contribute weekly is one cent and a fraction—16 weeks for 25 cents! Get up a club at once. We believe it possible to obtain at no distant day 100,000 trial subscribers, and then "The Tiger Step of Theocratic Despotism" can be thwarted.

## THE SPIRITUAL AS THE GUIDE OF LIFE.

BY MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

[Continued from last week.]

Spiritual power, then, is a power, exerts itself despite the failings, faults, and perplexities of life, and overarches the darkness of intermediate ages by divine archways of triumph, archways that are formed of human heroism, of prophecy, of that divine purpose that some lives take on and must of necessity yield the harvest of, unto man. Saints and heroes in moral warfare are undoubtedly in existence for this purpose; that these arches may not be lost; that the piers upon which they are erected may not be sunk too low beneath the surface, and that mankind may be strengthened by ever recurrent periods of spiritual power when this discord, strife and contention will be overcome by the spirit of truth.

I ask your attention to this, since it is somewhat under discussion before your minds in the great world of thought, in that which abides in the hearts of men. If life be an intellectual proposition merely, if the standard of human excellence shall be governed merely by logic and by inspiration, then every martyr has been a fool, every philosopher an idiot, every prophet an imbecile or a lunatic, and the Messiahs of the world rank impostors who sought to give mankind that which they knew to be false.

If, on the other hand, it is true that an abiding spiritual principle prevails, that the universe is fraught and filled with powers that you cannot perceive because your eyes are dim, and those powers are like the light in the atmosphere which cannot be discerned except by contact with opaque bodies or by its removal—like the atmosphere itself which can not be discovered but only known to exist by its pervading presence, then—

if this be true—that the spiritual life and fervor does abide; that the triumph of seer and saint is something more than an *ignis fatuus* to lead you on to certain destruction; that spirituality and inspiration are powers that belong to a man's real nature; that the superstructure of life is higher, broader and deeper than the earth and than man's mere physical body, and that that life has its foundation and fastness in the earth only for a time, while its superior source is in the spiritual center, the very soul of man; then it must needs be that after a time this spiritual power will clear away the external incubus that arises from contact with the earth and will make the life of a man a fitting expression of the spirit that is within, will make the human being the shrine and altar and temple intended by the Divine Creator, that divinely creative principle that seeks the perfection of each impulse of existence in the lower orders of existence, the perfection of its kind; in the higher order, the perfection of its kind; in man either the mockery of a sublime apex that is without purpose or the perfection of that being that abides in immortality.

You have to choose in small as well as in larger things. You would not commit murder; that is a crime. Would you do any act of injustice to your fellow being? Not knowingly. You might do it in anger; you might ignorantly. A word is often as a dagger; a single remark slays many happy hours; and the contact with your fellow beings, in daily life, arouses continually the selfish attributes of the physical being, while only in calmer moments of meditation and retirement are the spiritual attributes aroused.

You will go out of this building probably in the full possession of the thought that the Golden Rule is the highest, is the best, and is the guidance or should be, of every human life. How will it be to-morrow? Will the spirit accompany you to the counting-house, the street, the various places of business? Will the selfish crop out in your dealings with your brother man? Will you deceive? Will you equivocate? Will you in any degree rob your soul of its rightful representation either in your countenance, your action, your word, or your being? And if you will not, then will you be excluded from contact with daily life, and will men call you an enthusiast, and will you feel the condemnation of the social tide that turns upon you, and will you then be a hero?

I put these questions forcibly, not with any idea or hope that they may be fully carried out to-morrow; but with the idea and hope that every impulse of the spirit toward their fulfillment is just so much vantage ground, and that by continual efforts in that direction the world will continually overcome what it considers an intellectual necessity to do wrong, a necessity to do so as a matter of policy, a necessity to violate conscience, the higher rules of being, for purposes that belong to material life; a perpetual compromise between the Golden Rule and the commercial success of the country, a perpetual compromise between the Golden Rule and your success in business. I say, if each one of you makes an effort to-morrow, and that effort is followed by another on the succeeding day or week, there will come a time when as man or as woman you will rise superior to the intellectual policy of the present hour and will become one of those, at least, who believe in the spiritual elevation of man by spiritual methods.

Now, I do not deny that every human being has the right to food and clothing. I do not deny that under equal laws and equal distribution of law, every man has equal right to a voice in the government; I do not deny that in business or in the pursuit of happiness every man has equal rights and privileges; but I do declare that all the legislation which the world has ever seen, and all that it may see, will never strike the root of the evils of injustice and of man's violation of the laws of right toward his fellow man, until it is a spiritual as well as an intellectual proposition that the Golden Rule is possible.

You have escaped from the tyranny of kings, but you are subservient to the tyranny of individual ambition. You have escaped from the wrongs of physical persecution and from the contumely, and condemnation of church organization and powers which hold men, men's lives and their consciences in their keeping, but you have not escaped from the dominion of those social arbitrary laws that constitute at once the guillotine and executor in many instances of modern

life, nor have you escaped from the steady undercurrent of intellectual crime that has sprung up in high places in the very heart and citadel of religion as the very reaction of this intellectual proposition. If you have escaped from the tyranny of kings the individual murderer stalks abroad. If you have escaped from the labor of slavery and the bondage and servitude as vassals to a controlling power, you are under the dominion and tyranny of a fear lest the midnight robber or assassin shall enter your dwelling, and in this Christian land with the Golden Rule paraded before you night and day you are afraid of your lives and your property. I do not mean that there is a pervading terror in the community, but you are liable at any time to these occurrences. If the Golden Rule were a spiritual, instead of an intellectual proposition, it could not have been so. Tyrants would have received their own and there would have been no terror among those who followed the Golden Rule.

## 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. They will prove veritable encyclopedias on the subjects treated. Spiritualists, Free Thinkers, physicians, ministers of the gospel, and progressive minds generally will find them of great value for reference.

## WHY CREMATION IS DESIRABLE.

A gentleman of Chicago, who is deeply interested in the subject of cremation, gives several cogent reasons why it should be universally adopted. He says:

"A man buried his wife in a churchyard in a small city. A new cemetery was started, and he thought he would change the remains. When the coffin was taken up it was discovered that part of it was eaten away by muskrats, and two muskrats were in the coffin at the time."

"A man from the village of Zumbrota, Minn., says that when he opened the grave of his child to transfer the remains to another resting-place, he found the body nearly eaten up by gophers. His wife fainted dead away at the horrible sight."

"A man named Mitchell says he was present in Philadelphia when the grave of a soldier was opened. The body had been embalmed. When the pressure of earth had been taken off the casket the gases contained therein caused it to explode, scattering the poor remains all over the graveyard."

In Kansas, near Leavenworth, lately, some boys were chasing a couple of foxes, with a dog. One of the foxes being hard pressed, dropped a bunch of bones he had been carrying, which was proved to be the head of a child from a vault in a graveyard four miles away. The foxes had made a nest in the vault, and three young ones were found in the coffin."

"A gentleman says that the body of his father had been buried in Missouri, at some place near the Iron Mountain railroad, for about two years. Wishing to take the remains to St. Louis, he had the grave opened, and he found the body in such a state of decomposition that it could not be touched. He could not hire negroes to move it or stay near it. One negro who looked at the body was taken ill with symptoms of spotted fever, which was the disease that proved fatal to the corpse buried there."

## CREMATION REQUIRED.

It is said that Sir Henry Thompson, reinforced by nearly one thousand medical and statistical authorities, has proved the fearful consequences of the injudicious management and occasional digging up of graveyards. They point to alleged poisoning of wells near graveyards, to local epidemics where graveyards have been disturbed, to recurring visitations of yellow fever in New Orleans, traced to burial grounds, to the much larger death-rate in that part of London, near a cemetery, in which a million people are buried, than elsewhere, and to many other extremely unpleasant things, the recital of which makes their meetings very trying to all participants, except the most enthusiastic advocates of cremation.

## DIFFICULTIES IN CREMATION OVERCOME.

It has been claimed that the great difficulty in cremation is to decompose and reduce to ashes tissues containing 75 per cent of water. M. Lissagarry, of Paris, overcomes this difficulty by exposing the body, first of all, to the action of superheated steam, which chars the tissues and enables them to burn easily in an ordinary, simple furnace, at a much less cost of fuel, and without the least unpleasantness. Another difficulty was the escape by a chimney of a certain quantity of organic particles not entirely burnt, which makes their presence known by a peculiar burnt odor. The remedy which has been applied in this case is to place in the chimney a grating, over which is kept burning a sufficient quantity of coke. The organic matters which had resisted the first combustion, succumb to the second.

## WHY CREMATION IS A NECESSITY.

"There is no one subject," says a writer of the Boston *Commonwealth*, "which more concerns the living than the disposition of the dead. Burial grounds, which formerly seemed remote and wholly out of the way, are now in the very heart of population. We have five in Boston, associated with our earliest recollections, which must eventually be expropriated, and every vestige purified. They are all in proximity to public buildings and a dense mass of humanity. Tombs under churches were not only common, but considered a very sacred custom; even now those intended as memorials often inclose the forms of the donors. As a rule, the habit will never be repeated; some change from our present methods of sepulchre and the after treatment of the departed is inevitable. What that will be remains to be seen; it takes time for the revival of an old or the introduction of a new idea. Cremation now engages the attention of thinkers, and sooner or later will bear fruit."

## CREMATION IN ROME.

A new crematory has been erected in Camp Varano. A correspondent of the New Orleans *Times Democrat* speaks of this new building and the Italian process, as follows: "In Rome the body, enveloped in a specially made shroud, rests on an iron frame above a fire of wood and coal, and it is believed that no other method of crema-

tion is so simple, and at the same time so cheap and so unobjectionable. The new crematory is a handsome building, in the Egyptian style, and consists of three chambers, two of which are above ground. In one of these latter the actual incineration takes place, and in the other is kept a register for the preservation of full particulars for every corpse that is burned. Beneath these rooms is a spacious vault, in which on shelves are ranged ornamental urns of porcelain, bronze and silver, to contain the ashes of the dead."



## OUR ROSTRUM.

## A NEW FEATURE INTRODUCED IN THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

## A Rare Intellectual Feast in Store.

## Our Readers Brought in Contact with the Leading Minds of the Country.

We take especial pleasure in stating that we have made arrangements whereby we can bring the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER in contact with the leading minds of the age, through the instrumentality of a series of addresses, sermons or essays on subjects of great interest to every reflective mind. The phenomenal success of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and the hearty good will and enthusiasm with which it has been received, make it a fit receptacle for the best thoughts, and an excellent agent for the enlightenment of the world on subjects of paramount importance.

It was inaugurated after several impressive visions by the editor, wherein its future usefulness and policy were foreshadowed, and he has never for a moment doubted but what he would fully realize every promise made by the celestial visitants. In compliance with their request, this lecture course has been projected, and we believe it will be enthusiastically received by the reading public and be instrumental in doing a great work. Our only object in living is to do good. With that object in view we commenced THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER; with that object in view we placed its subscription price so low that its editor could never become wealthy therefrom; with that object in view we have been enabled to bring to the front leading minds, who will present their well matured thoughts to go forth as messengers of light.

The next on the list, February 22, is  
**MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.**

March 1,

**J. E. WOODHEAD.**

March 15,

**DR CHARLES W. HIDDEN.**

March 29,

**DR. J. K. BAILEY.**

April 12,

**DR C. W. BROWN.**

April 26,

**DR ADAM MILLER.**

May 10,

**PROF ALEX. WILDER.**

May 24,

**LYMAN C. HOWE.**

June 7,

**MRS CORA L. V. RICHMOND.**

June 21, the

**REV. SAMUEL WATSON.**

July 5

**HUDSON TUTTLE.**

July 19,

**A. M. GRIFFEN.**

August 2,

**REV. T. W. WOODROW.**

August 16,

**J. O. BARRETT.**

August 30,

**HON. SIDNEY DEAN.**

September 13,

**J. D. BUCK, M. D.**

September 27,

**WILLIS F. WHITEHEAD**

October 11,

**PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN.**

October 25,

**A. B. FRENCH.**

November 8,

**ELDER GILES B. AVERY.**



## THE HOME CIRCLE FRATERNITY

## The Evolution of a New Religion.

## THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL.

## She Has a Vision of Her Spirit Mother.

## I.

Alas! how many human hearts in which the sunshine of joy, gladness and happiness never penetrate, shedding an exhilarating influence that imparts a foretaste of heaven. The world-to-day is in a transition state—just emerging from the dark and pestilential clouds of barbarism. Here and there, like an oasis in the desert, you can discern one who is truly enlightened, and whose soul is expanded with generosity and goodness, from all of whose acts of life there is radiated an angelic influence that speaks of God and heaven. The abject barbarian can be found in all large cities; his brutish, savage nature is only held in abeyance by the strong and vigorous hand of the law. Left free to act, his low instinct would bloom with every element of the savage, and no crime would be too hideous for him to commit. Of course with such a state of affairs as now exists in every department of life, there must be a certain amount of misery in the world, and even that misery causes in some respects the latent emotions of humanity to well up in goodness, animating the finer feelings and bringing them to the surface like a flower on the overhanging branches of the tree; like the golden wheat on the fragile straw; and like the little shoot from the heart of an acorn.

## II.

We are not absolutely certain that a divine lesson can not be read from every incident or act of life. The little girl, who on one occasion quietly, timidly, and seemingly reluctantly, entered the hotel with a basket of flowers on her arm to solicit patronage from wealthy nobles, was a brilliant spark from the workshop of God, although being reared in abject poverty. She seemed tired and careworn, and as she passed quietly along she noticed a vacant chair, got into it, leaned back wearily, and exhausted nature closed her eyes gently in sleep. Gazing upon her in that cold, bleak, dismal fall evening, one never saw a grander or more beautiful picture. The sweetness of her soul rendered her face divinely radiant, and the pencil or brush of the artist could not picture more of the angel than was manifested in that solitary chair. Quietly raising her head, one present, a member of the Home Circle Fraternity, adjusted an overcoat that he had, under her drooping head, that she would experience no uneasiness while quietly sleeping. Then putting the basket in her lap, he placed a dollar bill therein, and of each one who passed that way he solicited contributions, until he had collected for the little waif over \$10. While doing so he carefully watched the expression of her countenance, and at times it seemed illuminated with a light divine, as if the smile of an angel was benignly resting thereon, or as if baptized with a cheerful thought direct from God, or as if animated with the sight of a cheerful scene in dreamland.

While she was lying there he saw her raise her arms, and sweetly lip, "Mamma!" and saw the motions of her lips as if kissing a phantom form, and then she was the picture of exquisite loveliness. Finally he awoke her, pointed to her treasure, and finding out where she lived, he ordered a carriage, jumped into it with her, and soon arrived at her dilapidated home. Her mother and father were dead; she was living with a poor, decrepit, heart-broken grandmother, who had seen better days, and who as he noisily approached the door was kneeling in prayer. It was couched in simple language, but full of sympathy and love for her dear child whom she was compelled to send forth to peddle flowers, to aid in earning for each a crust of bread. When she ceased her plaintive supplication to God, a prayer as divinely inspired as any ever uttered, the strange visitor knocked at the door, and led in the little girl, who with one jump was in her grandmother's arms, and throwing her tiny arms around her neck and almost smothering her with her kisses and caresses, she said: "I saw mamma at the hotel; my dear, dear mamma; she kissed me, talked to me, and placed in my basket this money—all this money—every cent of it; my own dear mamma placed it in this basket and told me to bring it to you with this gentleman."

He then told the grandmother all the circumstances of the case; how the weary child fell asleep, and that he just to amuse himself at first and then in deep sympathy, had collected for her this money; and that while engaged in this errand of mercy she seemed to be dreaming—at times reaching out her arms and liping, "Mamma," and apparently kissing her. Concluding the narrative, the old lady knelt in prayer, the little girl kneeling by her side, and then she calmly invoked God and the angels to bless those who had taken such an interest in her grandchild, and for a time this member of the Home Circle Fraternity felt as if in God's own Temple; as if angels were listening; as if the good and pure in spirit life were breathing the divine atmosphere of this lowly home, and flooding it with their benign influence. Rising from her knees she took his hand, and with tear-stained eyes bore it to her lips, and then bidding her good-by he left this home of sorrow, where there was one continual struggle to live.

## III.

Thus it is that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives. There is sorrow, poverty, wretchedness, despair, and suffering in thousands of homes. Sometimes laziness makes it so; sometimes intemperance; sometimes meanness, and sometimes misfortune; but whatever the cause, the kind hand, generous heart and philanthropic spirit should endeavor to remove the same, and so adjust the windows thereof that the sunshine of happiness may illuminate the same. It is said that on one occasion a Montreal clergyman, in seeking to discover why his church was not sweet and dusted, learned that the woman whose work it had been, had died from actual destitution.

It was one time told that the congregation of a fashionable New York church energetically discussed the question of "ought we to visit her." A large majority of the members, it is reported, inclining to the negative. The "her" in the case was the mother of their pastor, a woman of irreproachable moral character and unobtrusive manners. Although no fault could be found with her manners or her morals, she had in the past been guilty of that which determines a society of Christians to withhold from her the ordinary courtesies of social life. Her offense was that in former days, in order to support herself and a family of children, she pursued the calling of a washerwoman, and a people who worshipped a Son of a Carpenter refused to extend social recognition to a worthy woman who by the faithful performance of lowly duties has aided her son to attain his present honorable position.

## IV.

On this terrestrial sphere there is suffering, commotion and strife where least expected, and one-half of the world knows not how the other half lives; but by and by the curtain will be raised, dark places will be illuminated, the life of each one will become an open book, and then each noble-hearted person will consider it a sacred duty to know exactly how others live, that he may be able to alleviate their sorrows and afflictions. Until that time, struggles, strife and bitter contentions will exist, and peace, quietness and good will only be manifested in isolated places like an oasis in an arid plain. He who don't care how others live; who don't feel interested in their welfare, and who don't try to enlighten those in darkness, is not, nor can he be an honored member of the Home Circle Fraternity. You can only approach God, approach the pure and good in spirit life, by assisting some one less fortunate than yourself, and by degrees trying to bring each one on to a higher plane of life. Without living such a life, you can never enter the Kingdom of Heaven, but must reside on the very lowest plane of spirit-life; there is no other alternative. He who lives for self alone will gravitate to a plane in spirit life as devoid of beauty as his own soul.

## THE GRAND REALITY!

## Experiences in Spirit Life of a Celebrated Dramatist.

"The Grand Reality," being experiences in spirit life of a celebrated dramatist, received through a trance medium and edited by Hugh Junior Brown, author of "The Holy Truth," "Rational Christianity," "The Conflict Between Authority and Reason," "The Religion of the Future," etc.

(Continued from last week.)

## LECTURE IX.

The last scene where I left you was in the garden, where I pictured to you the monument of the cross which I beheld. Tonight I shall relate to you the various descriptions and classes of spirits whom I met there.

From the monument I then beheld we passed towards what might be termed the border of the garden, which was enclosed by no common material; for the fence consisted of the most precious substances, and the whole of it was entwined by flowers. Strolling to one of the fountains I there saw what appeared to be crestfallen spirits—spirits who were evidently suffering under some great depression. Stepping up to them I inquired the reason, when I found that they were experiencing a feeling of isolation. This, I ascertained, was on account of their not being long in the sphere; the customs of which can only be mastered by those who have had sufficient experience to give them confidence. I also found here people who had suffered from those crimes which your world is so severe upon, those who have been outcasts, and thrown aside by their brothers and sisters, but whose sufferings have been entailed not through willful acts of their own. I also found other classes of spirits, viz., infants who had not breathed the balmy air of earth. They also are brought here. We shall examine them one by one. (I shall here consider the former of these two groups.) I asked them what position in life they had held. They seemed by the outward influence that surrounded them as if they did not belong to the sphere they were in. Ne'er shall I forget the story of one, which brought tears to my eyes. I felt a sympathy for these unfriended spirits, who had been left upon earth without a hand to guide them, and where cruel man had ensnared them in his toils to administer to his selfish pleasures. My feelings being drawn towards them from having learned their piteous history, I became desirous of being of service to them, for I was inclined to show them a road that they could more clearly understand. While conducting them along the path by which I had recently advanced, they caught a glimpse of what I told you before, viz., the cross—upon which they fell down, but by an influence I cannot explain, they were immediately compelled to arise from the recumbent posture. "This, my sisters," I said, "is not the faith that will give you the natural rest and spiritual quietness which you are seeking. It is not in these emblems of the past, nor is it in these vast heights which you behold, nor even in these monuments and buildings that you will find comfort for your spirit. It must be alone by a cleansing and purifying process that comfort will be gained. I could show you the path to the higher intelligences, but you are not yet prepared to soar to those brighter realms." I felt a longing—an inward feeling—to try and help them on, but some mysterious influence prevented me. No sooner had this feeling passed from me than I was possessed by some power which seemed to lift me from the place where I was standing, and I beheld two forms which were gaudy and look at. They wafted over and through the frames of my former companions streams of pure magnetic feeling, from which the latter appeared to gather strength. But the imploring glances, the upturned eyes of supplication, and the face

quivering with an emotion past description, the form being so agitated that it could not elevate itself in such a presence, seemed to indicate the influence of the cross upon them. The harmony that surrounded them seemed to contrast so strongly with their own feelings that they almost threw themselves down in the intensity of their grief for what they had done. "Arise," said a bright sister in a gentle tone, "Arise! Thou art not the dark false traitress which man has pronounced thee. It is the surroundings in which thou hast mixed that have contaminated thee. I will show you that you are not all you have been painted, and that in your souls are brighter spots than ever you thought of. I will tear away that corroding feeling which seems to shock you with its recollection. You are lost, my children, in this beautiful scenery; the place is not yet for you. They who brought you here did so in order that you might see, black as you are represented upon earth—painted in all the horrible colors in which man has enshrouded thee—that thou art not past cleansing. Here you were brought in order that you might see yourselves inwardly as well as outwardly, and also to show you that the happiness which you now perceive is enjoyed here will be shared in by you if you choose to follow the paths and precepts I will now mark out for you." Then, by a pass, the two bright forms I alluded to seemed to throw a darkness over them, and led them forth. I cried, "Sisters, take them not away! but take me, who degraded my being while upon earth; I, who stood in the halls of gladness while these were pining in the hells of darkness; I, who have been tied to the appetites, and have done those things that I ought to have left undone." They turned and said, "No, friend! you must look to yourself; the color of the aura around you is not yet pure; when it is then you may try and bring forward such as these, but they must now be taken into another sphere." They then passed from my vision, and I felt a loneliness come over me.

As I was proceeding farther I saw six spirits who were walking arm in arm, and I heard biblical, or bible teachings, spoken of, and I immediately thought that I might be allowed the opportunity of drinking some of the waters of knowledge, as they seemed to be speaking of a subject I wished to be enlightened upon. I was drawn immediately under their influence, which, however, did not seem to suit me. I heard them then speak of the Bible. Among them I found there were some who had helped arrange it and placed in it things which best suited their own individual purposes. I observed one who, with a merry, twinkling eye, appeared to forget that he had left behind so many false impressions created by that book. I looked upon him and asked him how he could enjoy his future existence while so many were making their lives miserable, and their existence a dull cloud, through nothing else than the superstitious teaching he had left on earth. I was drawn nearer to him, but he seemed to move away in an attempt to avoid me. I said to him, "I pray you talk to me. I have thirsted long to know something of this ancient religion, whether it is true as portrayed in the Bible?" "Ah! friend," he said, "I will tell you something concerning the Bible, but before doing so I will lead you to another place. I will take you to what is termed the ancient synagogue. It is, by earthly measurement of distance, very many miles away, but it will amply repay you for your journey." We then came to an understanding that I should meet him after the lapse of a certain period of time, which here we do not compute in the same way as you do on earth.

Let us now consider the other group to which I made reference. After parting with the one whom I described as having a merry, twinkling eye, I passed on and came to what seemed a house, to and from which there was a constant traffic of spirits, bearing substances which, although only partially concealed by a transparent covering, I was unable to ascertain the nature of. An influence that kept me from approaching closely apparently surrounded each. As I was thinking and studying, whilst leaning against one of the finest monuments in statuary you could possibly behold, there approached me a female form, whose locks were silver, and whose form, though beautiful, bore what appeared traces of age upon it. I noticed that the garments she wore seemed to be woven in one piece. I timidly addressed her in these words: "Friend, lady! Be thou queen, or fairy, or angel, I wish to know what is behind that outward show. What is this building, how long has it stood and how long did it take to build? Its height seems greater than any edifice I have yet beheld. Tell me, I pray thee, what is its meaning?" "This," she replied, "is the place built of old by the spirits who once dwelt here. It is to this place, friend, where these innocent beings are brought who pass away prematurely, whether through natural or through selfish causes, from the planet on which you once lived, before they breathed its balmy air of life. Naught is wasted; these innocents are brought here. A quiver swept over me in a moment. With all the insight into natural laws which I had enjoyed upon earth, there was one thing I had failed to perceive—yes, in my searching for the "Philosopher's stone" there was one thing I had always placed out of my earthly and spiritual mind, viz., the possibility of finding out the truth of this in the hereafter. I launched forth. "Oh! Deity—Mysterious Being! Naught is lost in Thy all-powerful hands. Through Thine infinite wisdom, all the purposes of man's spiritual existence are accomplished. Born upon earth, he is sooner or later transferred away to other worlds. But why is he lost to earthly glow? Let me learn how it can be that nature never loses, but always gains." A smile came o'er my bright companion's countenance, and then she said: "Night succeeds unto day—day follows night; naught is lost. Dear brother, everything here, and everything below, enjoys an existence; but wait, for I have not yet satisfied you. See the planets that once yet did behold upon earth; wait until you reach another sphere, and there you will become in harmony with many beings whose superior refinements you little dream of at present; and you will also meet beings from other planets more bright and glorious than the one on which you lived, and from others which have not reached so high a stage of

progression." I then wished to watch the process of all this transference of substance, but my bright companion soon stopped my curiosity, and told me that another time I should be gifted with the penetration I desired. Suddenly perceiving that there were many spirits coming, I retired. I thought that modestly, like the flowers that close at sunset with you, dwell in that house or quiet inclosure to and from which there was such constant traffic. Oh! man, think of this, and respect one another—cultivate the beautiful gift of modesty.

(To be continued.)

SPIRITUALISTS, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER'S ROSTERUM will bring to you from time to time the advanced thought of the age. Just think, our paper only twenty-five cents for sixteen weeks, and yet this department equal in all respects to the same amount of space in any of the high-priced magazines.

## HUSBAND AND WIFE.

She came to the room where her husband seemed taking a peaceful rest.

With his old hands clasped together in slumber on his breast.

And she knelt down by the bedside, and laid her poor, old head

Close down by his, on the pillow, and whispered to the dead:

"It's only a little while, Daniel, since you died, but, dear to me, it seems like years since you told me

It had grown so dark to see, And asked me to come and kiss you, And hold you by the hand,

And you started out on your journey To find a Better Land.

"Have you found it? Tell me, Daniel, speak to your poor, old wife. Why should we two be parted?

In the last days of our life! Oh! if they'd take me, too, dear, I want to lay by your side, For there's nothing left to live for

Since my good man has died.

"You do not answer me, Daniel, I can't be that you know. That your old wife's talking to you, Dying has changed you so.

There seems such a distance between us; Oh, Daniel, it breaks my heart To think you've left me behind you, And we are so far apart.

"I've brought the old Bible, Daniel, You gave me when we were wed; Never a day since our marriage

But there's been a chapter read. In times of peace and gladness, And times of tears and pain, We've read it together, Daniel, As we never will read it again.

"You've no need of it now, dear heart, But where else shall I find The comfort and strength that's needed

By the old heart left behind. Do you remember, Daniel, When our first little baby died, How you read it, after the funeral, And I sat at your feet and cried?

"I remember the chapter, Daniel, It was where the Savior said, 'Blessed are they who sorrow'

For they shall be comforted.' Oh, my arms and my heart seemed empty, I missed the baby so, Have you found the little one, Daniel? Tell me, I want to know."

"Oh, go to the dear Lord, Daniel, And ask Him to let me come; Tell Him your old wife's lonely, And long to follow you home.

I want to be with you, Daniel, I want to hold fast to your hand, Tell the dear Lord about it, And He will understand."

—Eben E. Rexford.

## ONE DEPARTMENT ALONE OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

—Will be more than worth the price of subscription. Just think, for only 15 cents per week you can have the paper visit you regularly.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

## SPIRITUALISM IN NEW YORK CITY.

To THE EDITOR:—There is, perhaps, no place on the American continent where clearer or more conclusive evidence is furnished of the truths of Spiritualism, of spiritual communications and of materialization, than in the city of New York; yet there is probably no place on the continent where greater hostility to Spiritualism and spiritual phenomena is manifested. The zeal and animosity of its enemies seem to be increased by the proofs of the genuineness of the manifestations, and the clearer and more conclusive the proofs the greater the opposition and enmity, and what seems stranger than anything else is that the greatest opposition comes from Spiritualists themselves, or those claiming to be Spiritualists, and who positively know that Spiritualism is true. We see evidence of this every day in their denunciation of the most active workers and supporters of Spiritualism, and in the encouragement they give, or try to give, to fraud-hunters who are so active in their efforts to prove all mediumship to be fraud, all phenomenal evidence to be untrue. The case of Henry J. Newton in his controversy with John C. Bundy is a fair illustration of this. It certainly will not be disputed by anybody who knows anything about the facts, that there is no one in the city of New York, nor within five hundred miles of that city, who has done, or who is doing now, more for the cause of Spiritualism than Mr. Newton; no one who has devoted more time, or who has given more money to advance the cause than he. The First Spiritual Society, of which he is President, is kept up and supported almost entirely by him. No one has ever been heard to question his honesty or the purity of his motives in what he is doing to prove and make known to the world the truths of Spiritualism; nor will any one question his intellectual capacity or scientific ability or knowledge. Naturally skeptical and careful in his investigations he has, at test seances where I have attended, required the medium to submit to the most rigid tests, making fraud absolutely impossible. At a series of test seances he required Mrs. Wells as a medium to submit to the most severe and rigid tests, and having received, as others of us did, at those seances positive proof of the genuineness of the manifestations, and particularly of materialization, he defended her when she was charged with being a vile swindler and producing these manifestations by means of trick cabinets and confederates.

Another thing may be well to consider in this connection, which is this: All persons who know anything about materialization know that there is such a thing as transfiguration when the medium herself, clothed in materialized drapery and transfigured in appearance, appears, and is indistinguishable from a materialized form. I have seen many such cases, and have often seen Mrs. Wells in that condition and have in her case many times seen instantaneous changes, while I have at such times and at other times seen the medium and the materialized form at the same time, and have seen the materialized forms dematerialize in our presence and in the presence of the medium.

## RECEPTION TO MRS. E. A. WELLS.

On Saturday evening, January 25th, a reception was given Mrs. E. A. Wells, in the nicely appointed parlors at 990 Sixth Avenue, New York, and it was attended by the foremost Spiritualists of the city. It was an overwhelming evidence of the popularity of this justly famous medium, and a crowning endorsement of her genuineness as a test and materializing medium, and Mrs. Wells must have enjoyed a delightful satisfaction in the outcome. There were those present who are seldom seen at the Spiritualist meetings.

The reception was a complete success in every way. When music, singing or recitations did not control individual attention, animated conversations were indulged in all around, and harmony and universal good will reigned uninterruptedly throughout. The music furnished by Mrs. Libbie McCune was of a high order, and Prof. Chas. Florentine was the soul of mirth and good fellowship by his versatility in character representations and humorous impersonations. His singing evinced rounds of applause, which is due "the American baritone," as he has been called by the London press. The Misses Morrison delivered two pretty recitations that were much applauded.

Mr. H. J. Newton was the first speaker, and was greeted with an exclamation of "Hail to the Chief," and applause. He was followed in congratulatory remarks by Lawyer Stephens, Mrs. E. A. Williams, Mrs. H. J. Newton, Mr. Leach and Mr. Denning. Letters were received from Mrs. Milton Rathbun, Mrs. M. E. Wallace, John Franklin Clark, Mrs. Cadwell, C. P. Cocks, Dr. Everett and others, with regrets that they could not be present.

C. P. SYKES.

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

To THE EDITOR:—I arrived here last evening. I gave a talk at Elmira and Waverly, N. Y., en route, and found the cause in good condition—a la grippe. Mrs. Carrie E. Twing had just closed a month's work in Elmira, and reports of her wonderful powers are abundant, and the daily press gave whole column notices, some of them in a vein of reverent seriousness; others in a semi-sarcastic burlesque style—all of which indicates the popular drift. Elmira Spiritualists are still divided, and from a superficial view, it would seem lamentable; but party feeling often arouses working qualities and stimulates growth. If not allowed to trespass too far on the higher ground it serves a valuable purpose; but when personal prejudice cankers the spiritual nature, it is always a bane. Ambition and emulation are important factors of progressive force on the primitive plane, but when carried into the spiritual, they deaden. I spoke for the Spiritual Light Society; but I am no respecter of persons so far as the great work of spiritualization is concerned, and have only good will for all, whether it is always reciprocated or not. This society treated me as well as I could ask, and the atmosphere with which they surrounded me was cordial, generous and sustaining.

In Waverly I always meet with a cordial reception, and feel a spiritual support, as well as social warmth. Dr. C. T. Lyon is a philosopher, and always to be relied on. He thoroughly believes in materialization and penetrates into the realm of causes, and is more likely to render a just judgment than the flippant know-it-alls, who can settle the whole subject in an hour, upon the appearance of a single seance or a single phenomenon, or an assumed exposure. I tortured his good nature with my quizzical doubts; yet I probably believe as much as he, and a little more; for I believe a good medium may also be a cheat, as well as a good mechanic may slight his work and trick his customers; and since deception rules the commercial world and dominates in religion, I think it would be a miracle if mediumship or mediums were an exception.

If seventy-five per cent. of all other commerce is trickery, why should we expect mediums to be an exception to the rule? And because they deceive once, is no proof that all they exhibit is false, any more than one genuine manifestation proves that all that accompanies that medium is unmixt truth. Every seance, and every fact, should be judged upon its own merit, otherwise we rest upon faith like all Christian sects. Henry J. Newton's maxim is: "Any phenomena that admits of two explanations is worthless." Yet who can deny that a large share of physical phenomena (and perhaps, also, mental) as they occur in seances, as usually held, admit of two or more explanations.

But I have drifted too far for this running sketch. The large new hall owned by James R. Stone, in Waverly, has for some years past been under control of the W. C. T. U., and hence not available for Spiritual lectures. Bro. Mott has kindly given the use of his hall to meet the demand. Now the Stone hall is again free to Spiritualists, and is pleasant and convenient, and Bro. Stone generously donates it to spiritual lectures, and usually adorns the hall with a greenback besides. Mrs. Howell, an old worker and healer, has been grappling with la grippe. Mrs. Snyder is a good medium, fine, spiritual, modest and much admired in Waverly. Mrs. Fralick is one of the earnest and faithful, whose mediumship adds to the steady interest, and who never falters in affliction—of which she has a liberal share.

From Waverly I made my way to Mt. Vernon, where I enjoyed a brief visit with those choice souls, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Rathbun and their two manly boys. Rarely do we meet those who exemplify the great truths of Spiritualism so perfectly. Generous in their interpretations of human life, charitable towards all, yet firm in their devotion to truth against all shams and mockery, they enjoy more of life than is possible to selfish souls, bickering, censuring and crucifying each other. In such an atmosphere the shadows of life put on rainbow-hues, and human depravity holds a prophecy of the hidden good.

Here I find THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of February 1, and read with a thrill the sterling words of Dr. Thomas on the public school system, and the Roman opposition thereto. This question is upon us, and Americans should lose no time in uttering their determined protest against all theological meddling with our institutions; and

such protests should be made in a way to be felt at political headquarters. Hands off, gentlemen; we want no priestly tinkering in this government.

LYMAN C. HOWE.  
8 Worcester Square, Boston, Mass., February 2, 1890.

HUNDREDS of different secular papers, with immense circulations, are published for one penny each per copy. We follow suit as nearly as possible, offering THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER on trial sixteen weeks for 25 cents. We ask the 10,000,000 Spiritualists to give it, too, an immense circulation. Our appeal will not be in vain.

## MEDIUMS LOCATED IN CHICAGO.

Mediums, Clairvoyants, Trance.  
Mrs. O. A. Bishop, test, 79 S. Peoria street.  
Mrs. H. S. Blosson, 524 W. Lake street.  
Mrs. Kate Blade, slate writer, 397 W. Harrison street.  
Mrs. Coverdale, 79 Thirty-fifth street.  
Mrs. S. J. Catter, 309 Fulton street.  
Mrs. De Nevet, 87 S. Morgan street.  
Mrs. Hansen, 24 Bishop court.  
Mrs. S. De Wolf, 108 S. Center Avenue.  
Mrs. O. Williams, 108 S. Center Avenue.  
Mrs. Wolf, 615 Fulton street.  
Mrs. Lois Hudson, 62 Page street.  
Prof. G. W. Van Horn, 230 W. Monroe street.  
Mrs. F. E. Eddy, 98 S. Green street.  
Mrs. F. Kingsbury, 2426 Cottage Grove Avenue.  
Bangs Sisters, slate writing, 25½ Walnut street.  
Mrs. M. D. Gage, 47 N. Ashland Avenue.

Healers.  
J. S. Dean, 3704 Cottage Grove Avenue.  
Mrs. Dr. M. A. Mohr, 714 W. Lake street.  
Mrs. Pirle, 1257 W. Madison street.  
Dr. R. Greer, 127 LaSalle street.

## STUDIES IN THE OUTLYING FIELDS

## PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

This work essays to utilize and explain the vast array of facts in its field of research, which hitherto have had no apparent connection, by referring them to a common cause and from them arise the laws and conditions of man's spiritual being. The leading subjects treated are as follows:

Matter, life, mind, spirit. What the senses teach of the world and the doctrine of evolution; Scientific methods of the study of man and its results; What is the sensitive state? Mesmerism, hypnotism, somnambulism; Clairvoyance; Sensitiveness proved by psychometry; Sensitiveness during sleep; Dreams; Sensitiveness induced by disease; Thought transference; Limitations of an intelligent force superior to the actor; Effect of physical conditions on the sensitive; Unconscious sensitivity; Prayer, in the light of sensitiveness and thought transference; Immortality—What the future life must be, granting the preceding facts and conclusions; Mind cure; Christian science, metaphysics—their psychic and physical relations; Personal experience and intelligence from the sphere of light.

It is printed on fine paper, handsomely bound, 232 pages. Sent, post paid, \$1.25.

This work may be called the first attempt to correlate the phenomena usually called occult, and subject them to law. It has received unqualified endorsement from the best thinkers and critics. It is a *made murem* and answers about any question which may arise in the minds of the investigators of Spiritual phenomena. For sale at this office.

## Researches in Oriental History.

BY G. W. BROWN, M. D.

One Vol. 12mo, 407 Pages, Cloth, \$1.50, Postage 12c.

## GENERAL DIVISION:

1. RESEARCHES IN JEWISH HISTORY.
2. RESEARCHES IN ZOROASTRIANISM.
3. DERIVATION OF CHRISTIANITY.
4. WHENCE OUR ARYAN ANCESTORS?

The whole comprises an earnest but fruitless search for a Historical Jesus.

In this volume the Jews are clearly shown not to have been the holy and favored people they claim to have been. The Messiah, also, is traced to the Babylonian Philosopher, 230 years B. C., and his history is outlined, following the waves of emigration, and it is fully developed into Christianity, with a mythical hero, at Alexandria, in Egypt, soon after the commencement of the Christian era.

The book demonstrates that Christianity and its central hero are mythical; that the whole system is based on fraud, falsehood, forgery, and force; and that its rites, ceremonies, dogmas and superstitions are but survivals of so-called paganism. It shows vast research among the records of the past; its facts are mostly gleaned from Christian authority; and no person can read it without instruction and profit, whether he reaches the same conclusion with the author or otherwise.

All orders, accompanied with a remittance, should be addressed to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, 351 S. Jefferson street, Chicago, Ill.

## THE PSYCHOGRAPH

## DIAL PLANCHETTE!

—OR—

This instrument has now been thoroughly tested by numerous investigators, and has proved more satisfactory than the planchette, both in regard to the certainty and correctness of the communications, and as a means of developing mediumship. Many who were not aware of their mediumistic gifts have, after a few sittings, been able to receive astonishing communications from their departed friends.

Capt. D. B. Edwards, Orient, N. Y., writes: "I had communications (by the Psychograph) from many other friends, even from the old settlers whose grave-stones and moss-grown in the old yard. They have been highly satisfactory, and proved to me that Spiritualism is indeed true, and the communications have given me heart the greatest comfort in the severe loss I have had of son, daughter, and their mother." Dr. Eugene A. Crowell, whose writings have made his name familiar to those interested in psychical matters, writes as follows:

"I am much pleased with the Psychograph you sent me, and will thoroughly test it the first opportunity I may have. It is very simple in principle and construction, and I am sure must be far more sensitive to spirit power than the one now in use. I believe it will generally supersede the latter when its superior merits become known."

A. P. Miller, journalist and poet, in an editorial notice of the instrument in his paper, the *Worthington* (Minn.) *Adverser*, says:

"The Psychograph is an improvement upon the planchette, having a dial and letters, with a few words, so that very little 'power' is apparently required to use the communications. We do not hesitate to recommend it to all who care to test the question whether spirits can return and communicate."

Just what investigators want. Home circles want. Price, by mail, free with full directions for use \$1.00. For sale at this office.

MRS. M. E. WILLIAMS.  
MATERIALIZING SEANCES. TUESDAY AT 8 P. M.; Saturday at 2 P. M. 232 W. 46th St., N. Y.

## AN ASTONISHING OFFER.

Send three 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, age, name, sex, one leading symptom, and your disease will be diagnosed free by spirit power. Dr. A. B. Dosson, Maquoketa, Iowa.

## OUR UNCLE AND AUNT.

By AMARALA MARTIN. "It is the result of an interested, thoughtful, sympathetic, intelligent woman's observations, which are certainly presented in a very telling manner."—*Boston Times*. Price, \$1. Address, G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York City; or the author, 518 Center street, Cairo, Ill.

MRS. DR. L. P. KNAPP.  
PSYCHO-METAPHYSICAL HEALER, TRANCE

and test medium, cures all chronic diseases; also cures tobacco, whisky and opium habits; also gives psychoclearing readings. Terms, \$2. Send lock of hair, name, age, sex and two 2-cent stamps. Mrs. Dr. L. P. KNAPP, San Diego, California.

## MELTED PEBBLE SPECTACLES.