

The PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

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ORGANIZATION.

The Views of the Berlin Heights Seer.

It has been regarded a misfortune that Spiritualists have not organized into a compact body, for the purpose of extending their belief, but on the contrary stand alone, each for himself, receiving little support from others. This may be both curse and praise. Organization, if not based on wise principles, and having noble purposes, may be a curse and blight, instead of a help to progress. The religious sects are examples of the blasting influence of fixed and unbending creeds, which put the expanding mind in a straight-jacket which it cannot cast off. The individual should be allowed freedom of growth in the direction of all his normal faculties.

You may have a forest of tall trees that mutually support each other. They are slender in trunk, and the skeleton branches are forced high in the air in their struggle for the sunlight. As a forest they are beautiful, but as single trees, cramped and distorted. If you wanted a perfect tree; if you were a painter, and wished to transfer to canvas an ideal tree, oak or maple or spruce, you would not select one of these. You would go to the mountain side where an acorn had a century ago been dropped, and thrown its roots down into the soil among rocky fragments toward the heart of the mountain, and its stem upward, seeking the air and light. Without support, but without hindrance from surrounding companions, it thrust out its arms, as it thrust its roots downward, splitting the rocks as they penetrated the crevices and seams. The mountain clouds wrapped it in a mantle, the winter snows heaped the icy drifts above it, the fingers of the hail tore its green leaves, and the fierce winds twisted its branches. The summers came to this hardy mountain child, and the clouds gave it drink, and the dews moistened its parched leaves, and it grew higher and broader with each returning year, and after every storm had spent its fury it took new life, and for every limb torn away two budded forth, and when the lightning rived through its side, it healed with a scar that gave it new beauty. It grew in hardship and trial and constant battle a hundred years, and now look at it, projected on the clean sky, the mountain peaks and shadows, an emblem of strength, endurance, self-reliance, perfect after its kind, with a breadth of shade for the birds, who nest and sing their songs of love in its branches, for the wild bee, wandering home with its stores, and the eagle, vaulting among the clouds, may rest his weary pinions on its crest.

This is true of the tree, that for its most complete development it requires space to stand alone. Of human beings it is true only to a degree. They are social, and demand reciprocal support, and are intimately co-related. The greatest pleasure of having and doing—of attainment in any direction—results from the benefits which may be conferred on others. The illustration is true in the sphere of growth in the direction of all the personal qualities which should expand in individuality, and misleads when applied to man's social life. Spiritualists are Spiritualists because they dare to stand alone, and isolated from the masses. That is the first step, a long step, but a necessary one, to escape from the rut of old beliefs. Had they at once organized, with a statement of doctrines (another name for a creed), before this time there would have been crystallization along certain lines of thought, the isolation of a narrow sect, with trained teachers, and the atrophy preceding decay.

The organization which has thus far existed is in the spirit-world, and the leaders have been invisible ones. The movement has come from the ocean of the unseen, like a mighty tide, tending with irresistible current, whitherward, no mortal could tell, borne on its wave. The tendency has been to infuse all sects with the leaven of the new ideas of God, spirit and the physical world, and crush out the hard lines of distinction between them. In doing so, there has been intense individualization, and neglect of the organization from which the past has suffered as well as gained.

Disintegration; the breaking of old idols; the clearing of the grounds, have been first essentials, and these have been accomplished. Thousands and millions stand emancipated from the bondage which has weighed like an incubus on their spirits. They rejoice with the delight of the fresh inspiration. They wish to stand alone, nor feel the thrall imposed by any sect or order. They have been under a master, like school-boys, have escaped, and life has a new joy, sweet as the fresh juice of the purple grape. The very thought of again submitting to the limitations of organization to them is unbearable. They have felt and know the galling burden and the hurt of sectarian chains.

Wait. After a time comes loneliness. It is not meet for man to be alone, to isolate himself, and selfishly stand aloof from his fellows. He begins to feel the chords of affection and friendship grow tense, and desires to be brought again in relation with others of kindred thought. Oftentimes this becomes so strong that he returns to the fold he left, willing to submit to the creed, in order to enjoy the social life, and "have a home."

It is well known that a vast number stand on the borders of this condition, awaiting

some movement to which they may become attached; some movement which, while it leaves them free as individuals, will give them the social and intellectual life they crave.

The time is fully ripe for action, and it is only to be seen if a scheme can be introduced which shall meet the essential requirements.

The organizations thus far have been patterned after the old forms. The tonic of the new life has been poured into the old goat-skin bottles, and they have been found wanting. The camp meetings have even fallen behind those of the churches. The local organizations have been little more than lecture committees, and having no coherence, ceased with the course of lectures they maintained. The Progressive Lyceum is the most worthy and successful, yet it lacks in universal applicability.

An organization, to live and grow, must be founded on some issue, and have a purpose. The sectarian churches have for their object the saving of the souls of their members.

Spiritualists cannot have that object, for they do not believe they are lost. It is safe to say that any organization which imitates the old methods, even under new and delusive names, will be of short duration.

The organic, or, better, *Associative* movement of Spiritualism, if it ever gains strength and influence, must rest on the home, or select circle. If circles, such were widely established, for the purpose of culture and investigation, something like the Chautauqua Circle could be inaugurated, which would unite all in the pursuit of spiritual and intellectual achievements, with lectures and fixed course of studies, and a yearly meeting for examination and the delights of social intercourse, it would be the foundation of a vast organic movement, which would grow in the direction of its needs, always meeting the requirements made upon it.

Spiritualism is the science of life, here and hereafter. This science, which reaches from the physical world to the infinite intelligence, is as yet an unknown realm, the threshold of which has scarcely been passed.

Spiritualists have this science, and the necessities of intellectual, spiritual and social culture in common. Here they can unite with all those of liberal thought. They can on this ground found an association for study and investigation in all and every direction. The rules of that association may be few and simple, subject to the growth which will result by the success of the movement. Should an association spring from this foundation, it would have the vitality of the freshest life, and be completely emancipated from old and worn out forms and observances.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

AN EVENING WITH ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

While the writer was in Boston, recently, he spent a delightful evening with the Poughkeepsie seer. It was Monday afternoon, the time set apart for the seer and his wife to receive their friends socially. It was 5 P. M. when I rang the door-bell, which was answered in person by the host, who greeted me cordially and kindly, although we met on this occasion for the first time; but I recognized him instantly by his portrait. I introduced myself, and he bid me follow him up stairs, where his wife stood in the hall, ready to greet me; I was then ushered into an elegantly-furnished parlor, where seated, we all entered freely into familiar converse. This home of Brother Davis is on Nonquit street, Dorchester, which is a beautiful suburb of Boston. They live here in elegant simplicity of life, without servants, or other members of the family, save man and wife; and their lives seem to be running smoothly "down the grooves of time."

Bro. Davis has his "Magic Staff" printed in large letters, and placed in a beautiful frame, hanging on the wall, which reads, "Under all circumstances, maintain an even mind." Two other visitors came during the evening, and we were served with an excellent supper by Sister Davis, and then more social intercourse. Bro. Davis talks freely of his past life and literary achievements, and seems cheerful and light-hearted. They sang a beautiful song, while Sister Davis played an accompaniment on the guitar. The subjects discussed were Spiritualism, astronomy, philosophy, and many other more common topics, and Bro. Davis has more force and energy in his voice than I expected to find, and his health seems to be good for a man of his age, being about 63, while the grey predominates in his full beard and long hair. He says the facility with which he can enter the "superior condition" increases with use and age. He is now devoting his energies to the healing of those who are sick in body and soul. By the use of his clairvoyant powers he is able to see the condition of the internal organs, thus making a correct diagnosis, and prescribing the proper remedies. He has set apart three days of every week to meet his patients, and has all he can attend to.

It seems to me now that Bro. Davis's earlier works did more to awaken the world to a realization of spiritual existence than did those of any other since, coming as they did, while the shadows were yet thick, in the early dawn of spiritual knowledge. And his remarkable development and career in early life as a seer and author, without

even a completed common-school education; and especially the unusual manner in which his "Revelations" were produced, are all still fresh in the minds of the older Spiritualists of the country, and it is not improbable that his books will have more readers in the next century than in this. Monteno, Ill. O. W. BARNARD.

SAVE YOUR SOUL, SAVE YOUR SOUL.

I am sick of the preacher's only strain,
Save your soul, save your soul, save your soul,
I am tired of hearing forever and aye
The same old song from the pulpit roll.

It seems to me like a selfish cry,
This telling a man that the only thing
Of any importance here below
Is saving himself from a future sting.

Far nobler, far better, it seems to me,
To tell a man to save his soul, save his soul,
To send him up and down through the world
Seeking and saving his fallen brother.

To put him off from the beaten track,
To rescue the sinner from sin and death,
To teach and to tell to the captives bound,
The beauty and glory of virtue's name.

To rescue the starving from sin and death,
To rescue the sinner from sin and death,
To preach the gospel of present helps
To the weary one on the shores of time.

To seek out those whom the world forgets,
To plant a flower on a nameless grave,
To hide the erring one in the heart,
And strengthen it with a purpose brave.

To do to the little ones of God
The things which he does to the great,
To walk the world with a purpose grand,
And with eye on the final good, to wait.

If a man does this, I dare affirm
That he can do to the world all care
About going to heaven, and give his whole time
To the work of getting his neighbor there.
—Alice Carey.

BEYOND DEATH.

A Dayton Boy's Spirit Travels Through the Land Beyond.

TO THE EDITOR: I mail you a Dayton, Ohio, News, of Feb. 20th. See the article marked "Beyond Death." It happened at my residence, and is absolutely true. Dayton, Ohio. J. T. COX.

The News upon two former occasions spoke of the spirit sensations claimed to be taking place in Dayton; how by seances, trumpet manifestations, etc., the Spiritualists here were adding to their flock of believers. So far had they progressed in this direction that the Catholic churches took the matter in hand, the priests making a personal investigation and preaching sermons on the subject. Five of them attended a so-called manifestation of the "wonderful truth," and told their congregations what their impressions were.

However, the seances have been going on at stated intervals, just the same, and new faces are seen in the circle at each sitting. Some of the leading and best known people of the city have attended these gatherings, which are always held in private houses, and some of them have gone to a second and third sitting. Some of the elite society ladies have been present at these manifestations, and the medical as well as the legal professions have been represented, and the use of names in this connection would prove the very greatest of sensations.

All the foregoing is only alluded to by way of an introductory, and is a simple statement of facts, demonstrating to what an extent certain people have been carried away by this Spiritualistic tide that seems to have struck Dayton, and to prepare the reader for the sensational sequel to follow, which reached a reporter through one of the select who was present.

It is nothing more than that a Dayton boy's spirit left his body for eight hours while it made a flying visit through the land beyond the grave.

During this time he—that is, his earthly person was, it is claimed, to all intents and purposes—dead!

It was supplied with a spirit, but not his own. It was that of a man, a relative of the medium's, who years ago was murdered by being shot in the back, and he, through the influence of the medium, and as it is claimed, on behalf of the truth, suffers death a second time!

The name of the Dayton lad whose spirit was so favored as to take a trip through spirit land, is Hugh Moore, and the name of the gentleman who was shot in the back, and was so obliging as to have his spirit return to this mundane sphere, was Joseph Holliday.

The Spiritualists were notified at a trumpet seance held in a residence on West Third street, by Horace Mann, or rather his spirit, to have Hugh on hand the next day, and the spirits would put him in a trance and take his spirit from his body on a tour through the other world. Accordingly, the next day he was laid on a lounge in the same residence where the seance was held before. This was at nine o'clock in the morning, and the News reporter's informant says:

"He at once was violently agitated, as though in the throes of death, and we had a corpse for eight hours. We covered his body with a white sheet, and kept his eyes covered with a cloth wet in warm water, while occasionally we put a spoonful of cold water in his mouth."

"His spirit left his body, did it, and he still was alive?" brought forth this explanation:

"The spirit who held life in the body till Moore's return was Joseph Holliday, the medium's uncle. He was shot in the back and killed some years ago, and in

taking on earthly conditions he suffered death over again. So intense did he suffer that the promised probable entrancement of two or three days had to stop at the end of eight hours. We were promised that Moore's spirit, if it could be done, should and would talk to us through the trumpet, for which we were to sit in the evening. To fulfill this promise, Mr. Moore, after being compelled to return to his body before night, when he was very feeble, rested for three hours, when he was again entranced, and his spirit came and talked and sang through the trumpet a half or three-quarters hour. He recollects everything most vividly. His description of his visit through the spirit lands far exceeded in interest the wildest dreams that ever issued from any poet's brain. The lovely homes, the walls of which were of diamonds constantly vibrating; the floors of velvety moss; the music halls; college halls of Horace Mann; the fruit and flower gardens; homes for children; homes of the poets and Free Thinkers, and the good and true of all orders, were shown him. The brilliance and loveliness of their homes and resorts can't be described by me. He also was taken to the regions of the rudimental—those who worshiped gold and pomp—whose thoughts and lives here were vicious and adverse to self-growth and purity. These were quarreling as here in darkness; were trying to impart misery to all around, and succeeded. They were in dense darkness. All in time, however, may and will emerge into the light."

The gentleman grew quite eloquent in his description of what Moore's spirit saw, far more so than this humble reporter would indicate, and when the reporter smiled, he gave the names of others that were present. There were nine in all, several of whom are well-known people.

"What was the object in this visit of Moore's spirit beyond the veil of death?" innocently asked the reporter.

"To encourage and instruct us in our work," was the prompt answer.

He predicted that a great storm of "truth and light" would soon pass over Dayton, and when told by the reporter that he was going to write up what he had told him, he remarked:

"You may; we do not object, and the next time we have an important seance we will let you know, and you can send a reporter to see for himself."

WHERE IS HIS SPIRIT?

TO THE EDITOR:—The telegraph announces that John Jacob Astor, the head of the Astor family, one of the richest men in America, if not the richest, died of heart failure at four o'clock, Feb. 22, at his residence, No. 338 Fifth Ave., corner Third St., this city. His death was comparatively sudden and until the afternoon of Feb. 21, none of his family thought it likely to occur soon. During the early part of this winter Mr. Astor went to Europe for a few months' rest, and with the idea that a sojourn abroad would benefit his health, which had suffered somewhat from close application to his multifarious affairs of business. He returned from Europe about New Year's. He was then suffering from the effect of an attack of the grip, which he had contracted in London. It was a long time before he recovered his usual health and strength, and it was only a few weeks ago that he resumed his business duties. Then for a short time promenaders on Broadway were refreshed in the early forenoon and again in the early afternoon with the familiar spectacle of his erect and robust figure proceeding at a rapid pace to or from his downtown office in Wall street. But the improvement in the physical condition of the many-time millionaire was only apparent. Despite the seeming alertness and vigor of his movements when on the street he was really not in the best of health. Friday morning Mr. Astor arose at his usual hour, but he was not feeling well and said he would not go out. After partaking of the noonday meal he seemed slightly better, but in a few minutes complained of feeling bad and then sank gasping for breath into the chair. Word of his condition was at once conveyed to Dr. Asch, who hastened to Mr. Astor's assistance and did all that medical science could offer for his relief.

"It was, however," says Dr. Asch this evening, "a hopeless case from the start. My patient was suffering from angina pectoris, and owing to his weakened condition, due to the malady which he contracted in Europe, was unable to rally from the attack. I did all that I could in the case. I ordered stimulants liberally, and by that means prolonged Mr. Astor's life, but that was all I could do. He died of heart failure."

When Mr. Astor expired there were present at his bedside only his son, William Waldorf Astor; Miss Gibbs, the sister of John Jacob Astor's deceased wife; Dr. Asch, the nurse, and a servant. The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church, of which Mr. Astor was for many years a vestryman, visited the house about midnight and administered spiritual consolation to the dying man. Mr. Astor was conscious almost from the time of the fatal seizure until his death. He recognized those who stood about him and spoke to them on several occasions. He quietly submitted to the inevitable. The end came peacefully, and the millionaire passed to his final account as easily as a tired child dropping to sleep. Mr. Astor was sixty-seven years old.

Now in the spirit sphere of life, he can realize fully that he did not do his whole duty while on earth, hence his spirit must be badly dwarfed. Possessed of such immense wealth he had it in his power to do an immense amount of good, but the record don't show that he was very comprehensive in his philanthropic actions. He had a leverage which, if rightly used, would have been of lasting benefit to the world; failing in that respect his spirit must in like proportion suffer. In the supernal realms he is undoubtedly the commonest sort of a man, and he has got an important lesson to learn before he can advance. J. H. CECIL.

DANGER SIGNALS.

The School Question in New Jersey

The following, from the *Tribune*, furnishes an extraordinary "danger signal," that it would be well for Americans to carefully consider. *The Tribune* says:

"The action of Mr. Doane, the Prothonotary Apostolic who recently notified the parishioners of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Newark, N. J., that they must take their children out of the public schools and send them to the parochial, under penalty of excommunication and denial of absolution, has not only caused a commotion among Catholic parents in that community, who have generally refused to obey the order, because they regard the public schools as vastly superior to those of their church, and because, as Americans, they have the right to educate their children as they think best, but it has also aroused such indignation on the part of the authorities that the State Board of Education will move in the matter of securing an amendment to the State Constitution, so that Roman Catholic citizens may have the same privileges as others in the matter of educating their children. In an interview with Mr. F. X. Schoonmaker, a member of the State Board, that gentleman thus states the reasons for this movement to a correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*:

"There is considerable prejudice among some regarding my proposed solution of the parochial school question, but only among those who do not understand my plan. I hold that Roman Catholics are coerced into the compulsory sending of their children to the parochial schools, and into abstaining altogether from public-school patronage. The Pope does not approve of sending children to public schools, because in them neither the spiritual nor the temporal sovereignty of the pope is taught, while in the parochial schools the doctrine instilled into the pupils' minds is full of papal sovereignty, spiritual and temporal. From this mighty foreign potentate comes the edict, 'Send none of your children to any but the parochial schools,' and the edict is obeyed. To my own personal knowledge, there are many Roman Catholics who believe the public schools vastly superior to the schools of their own church. There is better grading, a broader and more careful selection of teachers with regard to their especial fitness to impart information, more thorough general instruction. They would like to avail themselves of the public school advantages, but they dare not. The results would be portentous of evil to their souls."

"To obviate this difficulty the amendment to the Constitution, proposed by the State Board of Education, is intended to prevent coercion. It gives all parents 'the right to exercise their liberty of conscience and of judgment by making it unlawful for any power, foreign or local, to use dictation or coercion to enforce attendance at any particular school, or to compel absence from the public or any other schools; in other words, to reinforce the law which already makes education compulsory, by leaving parents free to choose the schools at which their children should be educated. As will be seen, this does not interfere with the right of parents to send their children to parochial schools if they so wish, but at the same time it gives them the right to send them to the public schools if they so choose, and that right cannot be traversed by orders from any one. As has been said already, the order promulgated by the church authorities is a *brutum fulmen* so far as large numbers of the Catholics are concerned, who do not propose to have their temporal or political rights abridged by the church, but such an amendment as the one proposed will come to the relief of those who would like to send their children to the public schools but dare not. It would give them free liberty of judgment and make coercion illegal. For such an amendment as this the church authorities have only themselves to blame. They cannot expect the American people are going to stand by and see their public-school system attacked without making a strenuous and enthusiastic defence of it. The church is unwise to force the issue, for if there is one institution dearer than another to Americans it is the public school. There can be no compromise on this point. If the struggle is precipitated the church will go to the wall, and in that struggle will be found numerous Roman Catholics fighting for the schools and for their political rights."

Spiritualists, consider these danger signals. The exposure of some trifling trickster in the spiritual phenomena, is as nothing compared with them.

JUS TICE.

EXPERIMENTS IN HYPNOTISM.

TO THE EDITOR:

Experiences in Hypnotism are always interesting. According to *The Tribune*, some highly-interesting experiments in hypnotism were made before a select private party at No. 470 Wabash avenue one evening last week by Carl Sixtus, a Dane who is trying to introduce hypnotism as an aid to medical science in a manner in which it has been used for some time in Europe, especially in France. The theory is simple. While in the hypnotic state the patient is given a suggestion, which he retains, unconsciously, after he awakes. The impression having been made upon his nervous system by a strong will power, not of his own, it remains with him. Sixtus had a man present named Andrew Scott, a workman, whom he was treating for nervousness. He placed the patient in the hypnotic state, and said to him: "A week from to-day you will feel splendid. You will not feel nervous at all any more." After repeating this several times he awakened the patient.

The extraordinary and hitherto unexplained strength of suggestions given to a subject in the hypnotic state was illustrated by several experiments. A man named Hans Jurgensen was told in the hypnotic state to pick up a silver dollar from a table and return it to its owner, who had placed it there unseen by the subject.

The subject got up, picked up the coin, and returned it to the owner, whom he found without any error and insisted on giving him the coin in spite of the man's pretext that he was not the owner. The subject did not know who the owner was, but Dr. Sixtus, who controlled him did.

A *Tribune* reporter agreed on an experiment with a lawyer who was present, none of the party being in the secret. An intelligent young man, who is in the insurance business, was hypnotized and Dr. Sixtus placed him under the control of the lawyer, who gave his instructions. "Two minutes after you wake up," he said to the subject, "you will pick up a little roll of twine that lies on the table, and unravel it, and tie it to a baggage check which has the number 100 on it, and is at the other end of the room." This check was in the reporter's pocket. After the subject awoke from the hypnotic state he was engaged in conversation. Dr. Sixtus did not know what instructions had been given. Exactly two minutes after he awoke the subject rose from his seat, picked up the string, unraveled it, and after playing with it, walked across the room to where the reporter stood. He commenced to handle some of the things on a bureau, looking curiously at the reporter all the time. He was evidently nonplussed. If he was to follow his inclination, he said he would have to make free with some of the things on the bureau. But he did not. He stood for a while, until the lawyer called to him to turn around. When his back was turned the reporter placed the check on the bureau. Shortly after the subject turned around again. He saw the check and, without a word, picked it up, tied the string to it, and returned to his seat, evidently much relieved.

The same subject, when in the hypnotic state, was told by Sixtus that three and a half minutes after he awoke he would be unable to see the *Tribune* reporter, and would ask for him. The persons in the room would tell him the reporter was sitting in the armchair next to the lounge on which the subject sat, but they would be fooling him, for it was a big dog on the chair. After waking up, at the expiration of three and a half minutes, the subject being then fully conscious, asked: "What has become of the *Tribune* reporter? I was just talking to him a second ago. I wanted to see him." Some one pointed to the armchair where the reporter was sitting. The subject looked at the chair and said: "Doctor, when did you bring your dog down?" The reporter rose from his chair and started toward the subject, who moved back, as if afraid, and left the lounge. "Where did you come from?" asked the subject, recognizing him.

Sixtus exhibited the usual hypnotic tests of stiffening the arms and limbs of his subject, putting him in a cataleptic state, making the man eat a potato for an apple, and relishing it, or smell a bottle of ammonia as if it was the most delicious perfume. By suggestion he caused his subject to have a cramp in his hand five minutes after awaking from the hypnotic state, the man being then perfectly conscious, and remembering nothing of the suggestion given him when he was in the hypnotic condition.

If you receive a sample copy, it is intended to do missionary work, and with your co-operation it will do it most effectually. After reading it, send it to a Spiritualist and request him to tell all his Spiritualist friends that *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* is being published in Chicago, and that they should subscribe for it. Let each one who hears the good news, spread it far and wide, and it will not be long before we have 100,000 subscribers.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 8 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 iconoclastic, 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.

Bishop A. Beals has been engaged by the St. Paul Society till June 1st. Address him, 240 Arundel St., St. Paul, Minn. A friend speaks in high terms of his lectures.

What is Truth?

"The Lick telescope," says the *Home Journal*, "has revealed a marvelous structure in the celebrated Ring Nebula in the constellation of Lyra. Here is Professor Holden's account of it: 'This bright nebula has been looked at by every amateur and professional astronomer, by every large and small telescope in the world. Sir John Herschel describes it as a ring, and figures a small star following it. Lord Rosse, with his six-foot reflector, gave five small stars outside of it and none inside. Mr. Lassell, with his four-foot reflector, figures it with thirteen faint stars in an oval outside and one inside the ring. A first look at this nebula with the thirty-six-inch telescope showed a great variety of new detail, and a careful examination has disclosed to us not only the single star inside, but likewise eleven others inside the inner oval or projected on the bright nebulosity between the outer and the inner ovals. Not only this, but it is obvious that the plan on which this nebula is built is that of a series of ellipses or ovals. There is first the ring of faint stars outside the nebula; then the outer and inner bounding ovals of the nebulosity; next a ring of faint stars around the edges of the interior ring, and finally a number of stars critically situated on the various parts of the nebulosity and outer oval. The object is entirely a new one in its appearance and its suggestions as seen here.' One cannot read this description without recognizing the strong probability that there is an intimate connection between the nebulous ovals and the rings of stars. Here then it seems we behold a corner of the universe where the great work of creation is now actually in progress. Here in this cosmic workshop of Lyra are scattered raw materials and finished solar bodies; rows of suns ablaze with pristine light and masses of unformed vapor, in whose bosom the carbon atoms may be floating which shall assume forms of beauty and life."

Here we have different reports from different astronomers with reference to certain appearances in the heavens. They disagree. In their critical observations they arrive at different results. They do not see alike. While people do not see the external world in their immediate vicinity through the instrumentality of a telescope, they do see it through imperfect eyes, and brains differently organized, and of different sizes, hence they generally differ widely in opinion. As astronomers differ in their reports with reference to the physical heavens, which they can see, how about those reports of distinguished ministers of the gospel about the heaven which they can not see, and where God is supposed to dwell? Is it possible that they present even a modicum of truth to their congregations about the things invisible, and where located they know not? Is it not gross impertinence on their part to assume to understand the nature, government, characteristics and topography of a locality they have never visited and never seen, and only heard of through the statements of a book abounding in gross errors, and of doubtful origin? Such assumptions on their part is the quintessence of absurdity, and one can only wonder why such ignorance in this nineteenth century, and, too, when their benighted minds could be illuminated by critically examining the contents of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. The opportunity is presented to them to have their false opinions eradicated, and their minds enlightened by the grand truths presented therein; but they are so steeped in bigotry, and so dependent on the contributions of their parishioners for a living, that they fear the truth, and would not receive it even if presented by Jesus himself.

Spiritualists have a clearer and more accurate conception of the topography of heaven—the spirit-world—its inhabitants, scenery, system of government, ethics and religion, than any other class of people. Their spirit friends, with whom they are in daily communication, enlighten them on this important matter; and although our language is inadequate to make a detailed description, yet in a general way Spiritualists know something of the future home to which all humanity is tending.

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 18, then at No. 18 of the paper, the time for which you have paid for expires, and you will get only three more numbers of the paper, unless you renew. If the figures are 19, then you will get four more copies; if 20, 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. While we shall most cheerfully welcome all trial subscriptions, the dollar subscriptions are more strengthening to us in our efforts to present a first-class Spiritualist paper.

Quarters will come safely if placed in a hole in a card, and paper pasted 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 costs only 14 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.

VOICES OF THE PEOPLE.

They are Expressed in Favor of The Progressive Thinker.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER continues to win golden opinions from all quarters. We have not space for only a few selected at random. But all these kind words are appreciated by us, those not published as well as those that are.

Mrs. H. H. Fuller writes: "I have the privilege of sending you one trial subscription for your grand paper, which to me is food and drink; food for the hungry, and a well of living water for the thirsty. It fills a long felt want. I think you have reached the hearts of the people."

Mrs. E. C. Mills, of Omro, Wis., writes: "I see that my sixteen weeks have expired, and I never enjoyed sixteen weeks of good, substantial reading better. I feel that I cannot do without the company of my fair-faced and intelligent visitor. I enclose \$1 as an inducement for it to continue its visits."

Virginia Rowe, of Jackson, Mich., writes: "I thank you much for the sample copy of your wideawake paper. I am a trance and clairvoyant medium. I received an impression, which seems to come from a powerful band of spirits, that you will be successful in your editorial work, and that the paper as a whole will more than answer all your expectations. The spirits who are back of the enterprise are intelligent, benevolent and powerful."

Mrs. D. M. Lowell writes: "I am much interested in 'Rome vs. Reason.' You can't sound the alarm too loud or long, in my opinion."

F. W. Shaw, of Princeton, Mo., writes: "I am much pleased with the general tone of the paper, and earnestly hope that you may receive not only the encouragement but the financial support of all who are interested in the dissemination of reliable spiritualistic literature."

Mrs. A. M. Parker, of West Concord, Vt., writes: "May God and the good angels help and strengthen you in your effort to lift erring humanity from the old rut."

Mrs. Jennie M. Atwood, of Lynn, Mass., writes: "A friend sent me THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and I have enjoyed reading it more than any other paper I have seen for some time."

E. P. Thorndyke, of San Bernardino, Cal., writes: "I like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, first, because it is a new departure from the old methods, and unlike all other papers devoted to Spiritualism, rises grandly above mere commercial value. I predict for you success, and bid you good speed in your enterprise."

James Cowley, of Liberal, Mo., writes: "We say to you frankly that we like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Geo. Fone, of Titusville, Pa., suggests an excellent plan: "I sent you twenty-five cents the other day, and I have been thinking what a good thing it would be if all who can possibly afford it, would send two quarters so we could have one copy for ourselves and one to hand to some one else. Who knows the amount of good it may do, and it will aid you in the good work you are so earnestly trying to do. I enclose you twenty-five cents, and hope all who can will follow suite."

D. H. Bradt, of North Hannibal, N. Y., writes: "I will tell you why I send for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for a year now. My dear wife, who passed to spirit-land May 25, 1888, comes to me every Tuesday evening and writes to me through my hand. She wrote: 'I want you to send for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for a year; it is very good.' I am now over seventy-eight years old. We lived together over fifty-three years. Last March I was asking her some questions. She answered them, and then wrote: 'I want you to stop chewing tobacco.' I have not tasted a particle of the stuff since. Remember, I commenced chewing the filthy weed when I was three years old, and had used it seventy-four years."

Thomas Buckman, of Newburg, Oregon, writes: "I have received two sample copies of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and I like the tone of the paper very well. I hope you may have grand success in the undertaking. The world needs the light."

Samuel E. Latta, of Friendship, N. Y., writes: "I am much pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Mrs. J. Rogers, of Brattleboro, Vt., writes: "Many thanks to you, Brother Francis, for sending me a specimen copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. We think it is a gem in the spiritual firmament, and will do a mighty work."

S. E. Price, of Clinton, Mo., writes: "I am in receipt of a sample copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and am well pleased with its contents."

C. S. Lamb, of Morey, Mich., writes: "May God and the angels bless you. I have been a worker in this section for the last eight years, and when the weather permits will do all I can to circulate your paper."

B. B. Parsons, of Waterloo, Iowa, writes: "Having received a copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, I like it very much. I have taken the *Journal* ever since it was started by Bro. Jones. I was one of the friends of Mr. Jones all through. We have the paper now, but I like the style of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER better."

B. A. Cleveland, of Ottumwa, Iowa, writes: "I hope you will succeed in obtaining 100,000 subscribers. I am satisfied your paper will fill a long felt want. Keep clear of hair-splitting contributors who like to spin their spider-web theories in regard to that which is past finding out. Let every one tell us what he knows and what he has seen of the (to us) future. After all that has been said, the question, 'Does man live after death?' is the question that requires an answer by the intelligent multitude."

A General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers, Doings, etc.

Ashbel G. Smith writes as follows from Painesville, Ohio: "Mr. Edgar W. Emerson made us a very pleasant call of a few hours on his way to Buffalo last week. The project to build up a Central Bureau at Washington strikes me as not only feasible, but a necessity, and I hope to hear its further discussion. The enemies of religious freedom are already pre-empting every inch of vantage ground, and, so to speak, are hedging in the Goddess of Liberty, with the avowed object of her ultimate capture and spoliation. It is, as I see it, not only 'the tiger step of Theocratic Despotism' which we discern in the Romish camps, but their Protestant accessories as well, who are to be watched, who, while professing loyalty to Republican ideas, equal rights for all, when practical application is made, they flinch and fall into the very net the designing old Mother has prepared for them. I shall be pleased to see the elaboration of this excellent idea, and am, for one, ready to help in the work of organizing branches, and I feel it can be done, and without much delay or cost. I have no fear for the outcome except attacks of dry rot upon unorganized timber."

W. S. Wood, regarding his brother Levi's belief in God, noted in last *PROGRESSIVE THINKER*, that he could "see as much of God in the most loathsome reptile as in a full-blown rose; in the Johnstown calamity as much as in a bountiful crop of wheat," etc., says he has not the least doubt whatever, that Levi is right; and in the swim with the myths—sight-seeing majority. And further, that if they would all hound their eyes and look out into blank space, they would see just as much of 'Him' there also. It reminds Brother W. S. of the fellows that were straining their mental nerves making violent kicks at nothing, and hitting it with every kick."

W. S. Warn writes: "I had an experience at a materializing séance at the Bangs sisters last July, in which, although a perfect stranger to every one in the room, and also to every one in the city, being a resident of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, I recognized a loved daughter, who passed over in 1873. She talked with me, and told me of her mother, who was sick at the time in Michigan."

We have received of J. D. Payne a number of songs on the topics of the day. They will be furnished by the author at 15 cents per copy, or \$1 per hundred. Address J. D. Payne, Marietta, Ohio.

A brother who omits his name from his letter—we presume thoughtlessly—writes to us speaking approvingly of W. W. Aber, of Springfield, Kansas. Mr. Pratt, a prominent Spiritualist there, regards him as a most extraordinary medium.

WHAT SPIRITUALISTS BELIEVE.—There is correct in saying that a superstitious belief in a hereafter makes the poor contented with injustice. Instance: An old lady whom I visited in a miserable garret said: "Don't worry about this old house; I've a mansion in the skies." My reply was: "Though there has been a dozen mansions in the skies, that is no reason there should be cheated out of the mansion there has justly earned on this earth." The new Spiritualistic philosophy shows that we must of necessity, labor with all our energies for the social and industrial reconstruction of society. We believe that decarnated intelligences are dependent upon form for the instrumentalities of life, and that our future home is right here, hence, that we have to suffer the wrongs growing out of false or inadequate society conditions, after decarnation, as well as previous to that change; that we have no heaven anywhere only as we make it here, both for souls in the body and out of the body; therefore, that we are more anxious to right the wrongs of society than we could be if we believed the grave ended all. We who are yet in the form must live in health and harmony in order to become true instrumentalities for the perfect co-operation of the angel world.—SADA BAILY FOWLER in 20 Century.

We are glad to add to our list of subscribers Mrs. Hester M. Pool, of Metuchen, N. J. She is a prominent author, and a contributor to leading magazines, and of course, appreciates a good thing when she sees it.

Lyman C. Howe, who has been lecturing in Boston, says: "The First Spiritual Temple of Boston is a splendid structure, and within its walls the spirit of justice and generosity prevails. A sweet atmosphere welcomes the inspirations, and the audiences are of a high quality, capable of appreciating the best. Mr. Ayer is a pillar of moral strength, and gives to all an air of generous toleration, without any surrender of his own convictions and purposes." During March Mr. Howe will lecture in Cleveland, Ohio, and during April, at Washington, D. C.

Ashbel G. Smith, of Painesville, Ohio, writes: "I hand you herewith the result of a few hours' work, 10 names. Mrs. R. S. Lilly made a telling funeral address upon the occasion of the burial of Augustus Pepon, on the 22d ult. He was 89 years of age, and for many years a Spiritualist. E. W. Emerson was a guest at my house last week, and I notice a growing inquiry after things spiritual."

Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., will very soon start on a lecturing trip that will take him as far as Van Buren, Ark. Parties desiring his services should address him at Lookout Mt., Tenn.

"Beauty Lives with Kindness." Every one should read carefully the article on that subject, it is replete with truths that should

be impressed on every mind. It has the angelic spirit throughout. The old should read it; the young should read it; in fact, everybody should read it, and profit thereby.

J. J. Morse, a prominent lecturer, and well known in this country, is our authorized agent for securing subscriptions for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER in England. His post office address is as follows: 16, Stanley St., Fairfield, Liverpool, England.

In February, 1876, Professor Meyer, of Halle, was sent for by one of his pupils, a medical student, who lay dangerously ill. The patient told him that he should certainly die, having had a warning dream to that effect. "I wrote it down," he added, "the morning after it happened, and laid it in a drawer, of which this is the key; when I am gone read it over." On the 4th of March the student died. Professor Meyer opened the drawer of the writing desk, in which he found this narration: "I thought I was walking in the church-yard of Halle, and admiring the number of excellent epitaphs which are cut on the gravestones there. Passing from one to another, I was struck by a plain tombstone, of which I went to read the inscription. With surprise I found upon it my fore-names and surname, and that I died on the 4th of March. With progressive anxiety I tried to read the date of the year; but I thought there was moss over the fourth cipher of 187—. I picked up a stone to scrape the figures clean, and just as I began to distinguish a 6, with a fearful palpitation I awoke."

Mrs. Sarrell, Secretary, writes: "The People's Spiritual Society, at No. 93 South Peoria street, met at 2:30 p. m. Mrs. S. E. W. Bishop opened the meeting with the beautiful subject entitled, 'Is Compensation a Certainty?' which was well received by a full house. Mrs. DeWolf followed, with independent slate writing, which created great excitement by the tests given to strangers; all were recognized, and they said they had never seen the medium before. There was one gentleman who said he would bet \$25 she could not get the writing, and when it came, he took a back seat. Tests were given by Mrs. Pennell, of Boston, and Mrs. Dr. Morrell, of New York, and Prof. Van Horn. All were recognized. Brother Longhurst was controlled by Lorenzo Dow, and spoke well. President Jenifer occupied the chair in his usual happy manner."

Peter Thompson, of Ceredo, W. Va., writes: "The people are slowly outgrowing superstition, and as they do so they find more things in heaven and earth than have been dreamed of in their philosophy. The word of God can now be read without a professional interpreter."

Mrs. Huldah Anthony is a subscriber to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and a notable lady. She lives in Rochester, N. Y., and is 82 years of age. She was one of a committee who originally investigated the claims of the Fox Sisters, and found them genuine. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will cheer her declining years.

S. F. Rockhill, of Alliance, Ohio, writes: "Prof. J. W. Kenyon and wife are serving our Society to good acceptance."

Wm. C. Buckingham, of Peconic, N. Y., writes: "I take the liberty in sending you a few words from Dr. Crosby, taken from our county paper, which has the right sentiment, and should be endorsed by every thinking and progressive mind. He says: 'Quite a stir has been caused in educational circles by a speech made by Dr. Howard Crosby before the Presbyterian Union in New York one evening last week. The Union was discussing the extent, if any, to which religion should be taught in the public schools, when Dr. Crosby expressed the opinion that we have been subject to an educational craze, and have got away from the true idea of American institutions. As he viewed it, the entire curriculum in the public schools should be to teach children how to read, to write, to cipher, and to know what the American Constitution is. The Church and not the State, he holds, should teach religion. The schools may properly teach that there are three sins against man, namely, violence, falsehood, and uncleanness, and to teach children that these are wrong will not offend any one. We cannot go any further without teaching religion; but we can go that far without offending anybody in his religion.'"

Lyman C. Howe is engaged to speak at Cleveland, Ohio, during March.

Henry H. Warner, the inspirational trance speaker and test medium, is lecturing during February and March in Attleboro, Mass., and vicinity. He lectures in Haverhill, Mass., April 20th and 27th. Societies and camp-meetings desiring his services for the ensuing season may address him at Box 318, Attleboro, Mass., or F. W. Wright, same address, who is his authorized agent. Mr. Warner is giving good satisfaction as a speaker and test medium.

Mrs. Fox-Kane.

According to Emily B. Ruggles, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in *The Golden Gate*, Mrs. Fox-Kane, who rejected Spiritualism, has again been kindly forgiven by her friends, and is now at work for the Cause. She says:

Mrs. Kane was not advertised to be present at the Conference, but there was the usual large audience who were so well satisfied of the genuineness of the raps, that a contribution of six dollars was given for which she expressed great satisfaction.

Mrs. Kane said it was never intended she should speak from the platform, but she was glad to be among her own people and hoped she would never be led to deny her mediumship again; that she was a member of the "Knights Templar," and never would again yield to even take a glass of wine. Several made arrangements with Mrs. Kane to hold private parlor circles, which will give more satisfaction than in a large hall; although the raps were plainly heard to the farthest corner of the large room. Several gentlemen of the Conference related interviews they had had with the Fox sisters in the early days when they first came to New York, proving their wonderful gifts and power to prophesy. Only one adverse criticism did I hear, as when telling a lady who is somewhat advanced in age (if not in wisdom and love), Margaret Fox is here, she said, "She ought to be rode on a rail and tarred," etc. I turned to attract Mrs. Fox's attention so she would not hear the unkind remark; and if I thought this would

attract her ear or eye when in print, I would refrain from relating it, although it is doubtful if she would grasp the censure intellectually. As it was, she went on her way hopeful and happy with her reception in Brooklyn.

Spirits Repair a Broken Instrument.

Mr. N. Gilbert Leord, now deceased, had been a Spiritualist for many years, being convinced of the truth of Spiritualism by a sister who was a materializing medium many years ago in Pennsylvania. Mr. Leord related some remarkable incidents connected with her mediumship. On one occasion his father invited a young man living in the neighborhood to come and witness the phenomena. They held what is known as a dark circle and after the light was extinguished, an accordion was taken up and floated around over the heads of the sitters, and the curious visitor, suspecting fraud, struck a match while the accordion was yet in the air. The result was that the light and breaking of the circle caused the instrument to come to the floor with such force as to break it in pieces. This stirred the old gentleman's ire, he supposed the instrument was ruined, and he addressed the young man with more force than elegance, saying to him that he had invited him into his house to witness phenomena, to him, as unaccountable as to anybody else, and that he, the young man, had abused the confidence placed in him, and the sooner he made his exit through the hole in the side of his house that the carpenter left, the better it would please him. The young man stood not on the order of his going. After order was perfectly restored again, the timing raps were heard, directing them to form another circle, with which they complied, and in the dark circle the accordion was taken by unseen hands and repaired so effectively that it could not be seen where it was broken.

At the time his sister became a medium, Gilbert N. Leord was living at Rockford, Ill., and his father sent the little girl medium to him there so that he might witness the strange phenomena. After a while the elder Leord passed on to the higher life. Soon after Gilbert made a visit to his father's family in Pennsylvania. His father played the flute, and he said while holding a circle in the evening, he materialized and reached up to the cupboard and took down his flute, and speaking audibly said, "Gilbert, I give this to you." I have these statements and many more remarkable incidents from Mr. Leord.

Benton Harbor, Mich.

A Curious Vision.

Being a reader of your most valuable paper, I was greatly interested in the article under the head of "Telepathic Vision," from the fact that I have had some such experiences. One in particular has ever been something of a mystery to me. I will relate it as briefly as possible. I had called upon some ladies who were at that time nearly strangers to me, as were also their relatives. I simply knew they were church members, and I knew not how much or how little they believed in clairvoyance or the return of loved ones to earth. While there, I saw a lady standing in the room, with water dripping, seemingly, from her garments, and her hair streaming down her back, also dripping wet. They noticed from my manner that I saw something. The daughter spoke and said: "I have heard of you as a clairvoyant, and I think you saw something then, and would you tell us what you saw?" I told them I saw a lady. They asked me to describe her, her dress, etc. I did so, when the daughter exclaimed, "Oh, mother, that is Aunt Sarah," and asked: "Is she dead?" I said: "I think not. From the impression I get, she is yet to be drowned," and asked, "Does she live near water?" They replied that she lived at Hammondspont, near the hotel. I said: "If drowned, you will soon get a telephone from your friends, and I would not get too much excited." No telephone reaching them all the next day, and being still anxious, they went to Hammondspont, and found the aunt well, and unusually cheerful. They told her what I had seen. She laughed at their superstitions, pronounced me a decided humbug; called me a dangerous, unprincipled woman, etc., and said she was that day thinking of coming to make them a short visit, but should now wait a few days. The ladies came home and told me what she said. I said to them: "She will certainly be drowned, and you will never see her again in life," which proved to be true. A stray kitten had been dropped at Aunt Sarah's door a few days after, and proved to be a dirty, unwelcome and troublesome one, and she put it in a bag, with a stone to sink it, and went out on the steamboat dock to drop it in the water very early one morning, and before it was fairly light. When found, she was standing on her feet, and it was supposed that she walked out to the end of a plank, and it tipping up, let her down into the water.

I have often wished that I might know if she thought of that "vile woman" who was such a humbug. Now, when I saw her standing so wet, and looking so sad—what did I see? She was not then even ill, but well and cheerful, as she had not left the form. What did I see?

Danville, N. Y. MRS. MARY OLIN.

The Two Worlds speaks as follows of Joan of Arc: "A movement has been set on foot which seems likely to succeed, to get the French Parliament to declare the anniversary of Joan of Arc's entrance into Orleans a national festive day. The hitch in the way lies in the efforts made by the late Bishop of Orleans to get her canonized. There are many Republicans who now regard her as a symbol of clericalism, notwithstanding the circumstances of her trial and death. Were she merely put forward as a symbol of patriotism, her festive day would be kept with universal enthusiasm. Rich and poor, the Catholics and the Freethinkers, would unite in keeping the anniversary of Joan's victory at Orleans. Its celebration would keep alive the remembrance of a heroic episode in French history."

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 at once, on trial, for 25 cents.

Writes for *The Progressive Thinker*.
THE LESSON OF THE LEAVES.

BY O. W. BARNARD.

From the highlands and the low
Now has gone the Winter's snow—
On the mountain and the plain
Now has felt the Spring-time rain—
Now the valley and the glen
Ring with gladness once again.
Through the forest wide and long
Now is heard the birds of song—
Over the prairie—through the grove
Singing sweetly songs of love—
And the buds so sweet and fair
Now are springing every where,
Seeding forth their balmy breath
From their last year's beds of death—
Myriads now, and myriads more
Soon will deck the landscape o'er,
And the earth be green in green
Like a fairy Summer Queen.

Now the tender leaves appear,
Come to crown the growing year,
And the beauty they express
Fills the world with happiness—
And the uses they employ,
Fill the hearts of all with joy,
And unnumbered blessings bring
From the bright leaves as they cling—
And there's goodness done to all
When the faded leaflets fall—
Shady bowers—beds of ease—
Found beneath the leafy trees—
Shelter from the scorching sun
Where his fiercest work is done—
Shelter from the Winter's blast
Where his icy breath is cast,
Thus forever doing good
To the mighty multitude.

Sweetest music ever made
By the birds beneath their shade—
There their plighted vows are said—
There their tender hearts are wed,
There the thrilling notes they sing
Fondle 'neath their mother's breast—
There they first essay to fly
Where the tender leaves are nigh,
There their joyous matins lay
At the dawning's early rays,
And at evening's twilight hour
Rest beneath their leafy power—
All the lonely night endure
Here from driving winds secure.

And the Fairies in their bowers
Watch and wait the dawning hours,
And when comes the light of day
Sing and dance the hours away,
Resting all the midday through
Where the leaves are bright to view,
Then when evening tints appear,
Come again with sweetest cheer,
For the Sprites and Elfins fair
Chase away the shades of care,
And their home among the leaves
Shine with music Summer eves,
And again when leaves are brown
And are gently rustling down,
In the Autumn of the year
When the air is soft and clear,
Then we hear their merry laugh
As like nectar sweet they quaff,
All the golden beauty there
Floating on the Autumn air;
For the leaves must fall to earth
Or there'll be no Spring-time birth.

And the whisperings of the breeze
Through the leafy host of trees,
Bring a sense of purest love
Like the voices from above,
That descend to mortal ears
Bringing hope, for doubts and fears;
And the tales of life and death
Of the leaves with silent breath,
Come and go forever more,
Rolling to that radiant shore,
Where spirits born of light
Re-ascend this earthly night,
To enjoy the realms of bliss
Earned by duty done in this
Memento, II.

Writes for *The Progressive Thinker*.

THE PROBLEMS OF LIFE AND DEATH.

In answering this question, two others present themselves to be answered first; two questions affecting every living thing, but brought home mostly to the mind of the thoughtful human being.

They are the problems of life and death. Whether the records of the human race have been found, whether carved on stone, written with a reed, scratched with a steel or printed with lightning speed by modern machinery, in one form or another, life, and its successor, death, fill the thoughts and pages of philosophers, statesmen, orators, warriors and historians. Turn to the history of the human race and you will find life and death filling, by far, the most pages. Philosophers have sought to find among the secrets of nature, where life began and from that beginning to deduce the life principle or cause. Theists have attempted to solve the mystery by a theory which is an assumption. That of a being, who, having life gave it; who withdrew life, and it was death,—a self-created God.

Why not have assumed in the first place, a self-created man? They removed the problem from the being known to exist, to the being assumed to exist. If in the beginning that being was, whence came the beginning?

Has man always stood in the light and never seen it? Has nature filled her lamp, trimmed it, and set it burning only to have the imagination of man conceive an improbable solution of her problem? Why not, as thoughtful minds believe, and as those who look beyond the ordinary visible surroundings have by their researches decided, that in the storehouse of the universe there are two forms or classes of matter:—visible or gross, and the invisible; and in the invisible matter two forms: the forms of force; and creative or spirit matter. Air, water in its atomic condition, electricity, uncondensed by the operative action of other forms of matter, and magnetism, much talked of but never seen, may be called the matter or forms of force. Of all forms of matter, creative or spirit matter is the highest. To its operation on all the other forms of matter, subservient to it, may be attributed all life, visible and invisible in the universe.

Mankind, under the supervision and control of ignorant or designing men, believed and taught this earth to be the real universe, and the real universe to be lamps for its use or for its decoration. With the illumination of the intellect of man the lamps became the universe, and the earth, no longer the universe, became a brother planet in the planetary brotherhood of the universe. The problem of life embraced endless space. Did the Great Being, unknowing it, create a universe while only claiming to create the earth and its surrounding lights?

Did not the universe, as a universe, always exist? Are not all portions of the universe within the bounds of the higher forms of matter? Magnetism holds the farthest visible southern star in a loving embrace with the farthest visible northern. Mankind have been in the habit of calling nothing matter but that which is visible. "Whatever exists force is composed of matter," whatever its forms may be.

Herein lies the secret of life. The universe as a whole has always contained life; by means of the higher forms of matter all portions of the universe have always been connected, and when by the preparing powers of the elementary forces of nature, any portion became fit to sustain life, the creative or spirit matter developed it.

Was there not in nature, carried by the higher forms of matter, a germ of every living thing that existed, waiting its suitable place of development? And also in the higher forms which manifested intelligent life, a "germ of life which, feeding from the spirit-matter of the universe, became the spirit or dual being, not subject to life's successor, death? Of all the subjects which have engaged the attention of man, on none is there so great an accumulation of evidence which on any other subject, before a competent court, would be considered absolutely unimpeachable, as on that of spirit-existence, proved by the appearance of those who were well-known to be dead at the time, or by intelligent communication through entire strangers, on subjects known only to a dead person and the receiver.

Here comes in Spiritualism, which teaches that there is, and yet there is no death; that is dead which was only the physical servant or co-laborer of the other which still lives.

You ask, "Can life be, and not be visible to the living eyes?" In return I would ask: "Can matter be, and not be visible to us?"

The gentle wind just able to bear a sail—the down, the wind that fills a vessel's sails, and bears her to her port; the cyclone that uproots the forest, levels cities, or tosses a locomotive as a plaything—who ever saw them? Yet, each is what we call "air"—invisible. And, who of all earth's inhabitants ever saw magnetism, that agent, force or power that, under the name of gravity, holds atom to atom in this and every other world in space, and also holds, all worlds in their positions in relation to each other, and to them all? Yet we know that air, electricity and magnetism exist, forever breath of our lives is an evidence of the existence of air, fire, light and heat; forms of electricity, prove its existence, and by the operation of magnetism we prove its existence. Then, if in nature there are forms of matter, invisible, yet powerful, does not that fact tend to establish, not only a possibility but a probability of the existence of invisible and higher forms of life? Higher, if for no other reason than being composed of higher forms of matter?

We come now to the problem of life and its constituents, as though you and I were not a part of the "problem," but as observers calmly and dispassionately stating facts, and from facts reaching conclusions, we will view it.

Here is a man physically perfect—intelligent, active and vigorous in all of his senses; of good judgment and a sound reasoner, a living embodiment of the fact of self-governing organism and motion; first as a little child, before its various senses, operating in the realm of matter, had stored the mind with the experiences of life.

The eyes see, and as the brain develops that which is seen, it is called remembered. The ears hear, the tongue tastes, the nostrils scent and the touch feels. Each act tells a story of its own, and the record called "memory" preserves them, and these become the recorded experience of the individual. How are these things recorded? By whom? and for what purpose?

In the answer to this is a strong proof of the dual life or spiritual existence. The eyes see; the nerves of sight carry the picture to the dual or spirit, and it is recorded as a picture of something seen; the ears hear, and the record of the sound-waves, as carried to its place in the brain, is also recorded. Each one of the senses has a volume of records of events which have transpired, and been recorded for future use; and in the use of the events that have transpired in the lifetime of the person is discovered the action of that which mankind calls mind.

Something seen, smelled, heard, tasted or felt is recalled to mind. Will you tell me by whom? You say: "By the persons themselves." I say that every act not involuntary is the result of a decision, more or less logical, of the Ego, the I, of the individual, on the circumstance which has occurred, the act which has taken place, the story which has been heard, or the pain or pleasure felt, in its relation to other events of like or similar nature in the experience of the individual.

The record of events, the record of their consequences, and the verdict, and the Ego—the I—says that an act, look, speech shall or shall not take place, be or be made. Is it the intelligence of the flesh, blood and bones, or something higher—spirit? Spiritualism says "there is no death" in the highest, truest sense. There is life of the physical—actual, apparent, and brief.

There is life of the spiritual, actually apparent, continuous and, perhaps, eternal. How life can be apparent, but not visible seems a paradox, but is not. Can a book be written without an author? Can a court be held without witnesses? Can a decision, and a judgment be given and no judge.

Not alone in negative evidence, however irrefutable, are evidences of continuous, or spirit-life found. On no other subject can the same amount and almost infinite variety of evidence be found in the records of all nations, peoples and races as on spirit existence,—proven by communications from those known to have passed what is called death.

Events, known only to the dead, have been narrated and proved true. Things known only to the dead and a living friend, have been given, far from the influence of the living, or even the knowledge that they existed. Speaking and writing on subjects of which the speaker or writer was at the time entirely ignorant, or in languages they never heard or saw.

Is there no proof in this?

In the web of all religions, one thread is found alike. Without that thread, none would outlive their birthday. Man's ambitions, passions and superstitions are found woven in with it, perverting and making the hope of life eternal contain a limitless and endless horror; an unending and continual death!

No slave is as low as the mental slave; no fear as horrible as that of the tortured imagination; no freedom is as free as he who has broken the bonds of mental slavery; no sky is as bright as that from which the terrors of imagination have been swept by the hand of Reason, and not replaced by the pictureless blank of cheerless, hopeless materialism. J. McFADDEN.

West Paulet, Va.

Writes for *The Progressive Thinker*.

HASHISH EXPERIMENTS.

The untimely death of Dr. Marshall, of Lansing, Mich., recalls an incident which happened in the summer of 1867. I was then clerking in Turner's drug store, at North Lansing, Mich. The doctor, although well-informed on all topics, had a special fondness for chemical experiments, and often visited me at the store after hours for that purpose. His limited practice (he being a young practitioner at that time) gave him plenty of time to experiment in that special domain of science and explode the fallacies of the medieval alchemists. At times I noticed he was devoted to those speculations regarding the spiritual and material worlds, where the realm of the natural apparently so overlaps the unknowable, that the boundary is vague and often lost. Occasionally, during these discussions he would seem to be entranced, and from occasional remarks I would infer that he must be a materialist, and again it would puzzle one to say whether he was a devout believer or an atheist. Nor was his physical traits at that time less incongruous than his mental, for although delicate and nervous, he had great powers of endurance, and repeatedly survived experiments upon himself that would have certainly proved fatal to the average man.

He, in fact, informed me at one time that his observations of these peculiarities, led him to try experiments on himself. His system seemed to be drug-proof. During these experiments he would often seem transported to scenes unfamiliar to him, where he would see faces equally strange. Sometimes afterward he would meet the persons seen in the vision, and on describing to them the circumstances, they would acknowledge the truth of the incident he mentioned, and, of course, were at a loss to account for his knowledge of them. One evening he came to the store and became very much interested in an account I read to him of the effects of Indian hemp or hashish on the Eastern races. He at once resolved to try the powers of the herb upon himself, and on repairing to my room over the store took what he regarded as a moderate dose. The article claimed that the drug produced on the people of the East a catleptic or trance condition. The Doctor, however, instead of being the recipient of a vision, became as it were, a disembodied spirit, retaining the power of perception of objects about him. A thrill of exhilaration seemed to possess him. He saw his own body some distance from him. He viewed it critically from different points of the room. He said to me, "It is possible for the arm of my body to be raised, if I will it." He did so will his body to move forward. The thought was followed by the action.

He then looked over the shoulder of his body into the mirror. He could distinctly see and describe the seams in the back of his coat, the manner in which his hair was trimmed behind, and also the reflection of the face of his body, but no evidence of his spiritual body or essence were even suggested in the glass.

At last it occurred to him that this dissolution of spirit and body might be death. He then made frantic efforts to re-enter his body, but in vain. Another idea—from the sublime to the ludicrous. "Can I eat?" They say that the reality of the sense of taste is the test of vision. A basket filled with apples from the orchard of a friend had been placed on my table. He viewed his body to eat them. To such an extent were all the senses increased in delicacy and acuteness that nothing he ever tasted before (and I may say since) was so delicious; so he devoured them all, fully one peck.

Again the doctor tried to enter the body, and at last succeeded, but I noticed that whenever he relaxed his will-power, so surely did the two entities separate.

I became alarmed and started below to administer an antidote. He anticipated my motives and begged of me not to attempt it. I finally induced him to follow me, and on the way below he felt obliged to grasp the banisters to prevent his ascending into space; a sensation I am inclined to think, the reverse of that produced by alcohol.

The antidote had no effect whatever, and it was nearly morning before he became normal and was capable of self-command once more. The doctor told me the next day that he never had such a conception of spiritual happiness before. The freedom from the cares of life and the needs of the body, together with a good conscience, were sufficient to make a heaven, while if an evil conscience have a corresponding unpleasant effect, nothing could be more terrible."

Weeks afterward the doctor told me that he had on several occasions tried to repeat the experiment, but without any perceptible effect, no matter how much he took. He expressed himself convinced that it was a supernatural agency instead of the effect of the Indian hemp that caused him to encounter a phenomenon not so easily explained.

Dr. Marshall requested me never to mention the occurrence, as it might injure his business. I agreed that I would not mention the occurrence, and now, after nearly twenty-three years have elapsed, and the Doctor has passed over, I, for the first time, consider that my pledge of secrecy is no longer binding upon me. I have not met the Doctor since 1869, and do not know whether he ever publicly announced himself as a believer in Spiritualism or not, but from my experience with him on the occasion referred to above and at other times, am convinced that had not the allurements of business success and social environments prevented him, he would have become one of the renowned workers in the field of spiritual phenomena. F. M. CARROLL.

51 N. Sheldon St., Chicago.

Quarters.

They are coming from all sections of the country for *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*. Some are sewed in cloth; some are loose in the envelope; some are fastened to cardboard, and others placed in a hole cut in cardboard and paper pasted on both sides. The last method is by far the best. Thus fixed no one can detect their presence in the letter, and they will invariably reach us.

ONE DEPARTMENT alone of *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*—"The Progressive Thinker's Rostrum"—will be more than worth the price of subscription. I think, for only 15¢ cents per week you can have the paper visit you regularly.

KITTY'S CHOICE.

A wealthy old farmer was Abigail Lee. He had but one daughter, the mischievous Kitty; so fair and so good and so gentle was she. That long came from country and city. The first and the boldest to ask for her hand was a trimly dressed dandy who worshipped her "till death." She replied with a smile he could well understand, "That she'd marry no one for the sake of his skin."

The next was a merchant from business retired, Rich, grumpy and great, a prevailing old snorer. Young Kitty's fair form and sweet face he admired, and thought to himself, "I can easily win her." So he showed her his palace, and made a bluff bow, and said there; but wickidly then Kitty told him she had long ago made a rash vow "Not to marry a bear for the sake of his den."

A miser came next, he was fearless and bold. In claiming his right to Miss Kitty's affection; He said she'd not want for a home while his gold Could pay for a cabin to give her protection; Half vexed at his boldness, but calm in a trice, She courtseyed, and thanked him, and blushingly then Demurely repeated her sage aunt's advice, "Not to marry a hog for the sake of his pen."

The next was a farmer, young, bashful and shy; He feared the bold wooers who came from the city; But the flush on his cheek, and the light in his eye Soon kindled a flame in the bosom of Kitty. "My life will be one of hard labor," he said; "But darling come share it with me if you can." "I suppose," she replied, gaily tossing her head, "I must marry the farm for the sake of the man."

Writes for *The Progressive Thinker*.

TABLE TIPPINGS.

It was four years after the phenomena of table moving was known in America that a merchant of Breme, living in New York, wrote to his sister in the former city, giving her the following instructions in regard to producing table tipping: "Choose a wooden table large enough to accommodate the number of persons composing the circle. The legs of the table should be provided with castors that will run easily over the bare floor or carpet. Or, if desired, a table cover which turns on a pivot can be used. The persons forming the circle should be arranged with ladies and gentlemen alternately, or separated by one of the opposite sex. Each one will then place both hands on the table, palms downward, and connect the little fingers of each hand with the little fingers of the next person on both sides, thus forming a chain, or complete circle."

"The sitters should then remain calm, and endeavor to feel friendly with each other. If there is ill feeling between any members of the circle, but little results will be obtained."

"As soon as the table commences to move, some member of the circle should command it to move in a certain direction, or tip; and address it as if it were an individual."

These directions were published generally, and all over Europe the experiment was tried with wonderful results. No old people, or those in ill health, are desired in a circle, as the unhealthy magnetism would be communicated to all. These manifestations were called: "La Danse des Tables" in the Latin countries, and "Tischrucken" in the German countries, and were very popular in the highest society of Europe for a long time.

In Paris, instead of a table, a gentleman's hat was made use of. The hat was placed with the top downwards, the hands resting on the rim, the tips of the fingers being placed together, as the parties stood opposite. The silk hat would move and tip in the same manner as a table.

Z. T. GRIFFEN.

Writes for *The Progressive Thinker*.

The Mission of Spiritualism.

Is not the philosophy of Spiritualism designed to make us far happier than we would be without it? If properly understood, is it not calculated to make us better, truer and more Godlike in our aspirations, provided, however, we yield a cheerful and implicit obedience to its heaven-tending and sublime teachings?

I do not think that Spiritualism contemplates constituting itself an instrument or auxiliary to open any channel or avenue that leads to the gratification of a selfish consideration. If it does I do not know what principles constitute true Spiritualism; nor do I want to. I am profoundly convinced that one of the most formidable obstacles thrown in the pathway of progression is selfishness, for it antagonizes, in my opinion, every inherent attribute of pure and unperverted Spiritualism. I say without fear or favor that the element of selfishness does violence to every essential principle that enters into the combination of pure and unperverted spiritualistic ideas and sentiments. It is not in my humble opinion entitled to be dignified by the name of Spiritualism; it is not that kind of Spiritualism that is enabled to command either my consideration, respect or gratitude. I entertain the most profound respect and reverence for that kind of Spiritualism that can be utilized to exalt a common and universal humanity above the sordid, selfish, perverse and wicked things of this world. I believe in that kind of Spiritualism that has a kindness and partakes of angelic power, and that is able and willing to communicate with every son and daughter of humanity for humanity's sake.

I believe in that kind of Spiritualism that is enabled through its beneficent and potential influence to impart consolation to every despondent and discouraged soul of humanity.

Finally and lastly I believe in that kind of Spiritualism that enters into the domain and privacy of social life for the purpose of communicating to mankind its diffusive and benign influences, which in their very nature would uplift humanity, and thus qualify it to become better, truer, grander and diviner in all of its future aspirations; the bare conception that this will be demonstrated in the undeveloped future fills my soul with inexpressible and surpassing grandeur; this is what true Spiritualism is able and willing to accomplish for the elevation of a universal humanity.

Then is it not of primary importance for us to do everything that we can to promote the advancement of the beneficent influences that true, pure and undefiled Spiritualism is endeavoring to establish and disseminate for the benefit and happiness of mankind? Let us in the future take no false steps, but let us live up to the highest conviction of a conscientious duty in not being guilty of perverting the principles of our beautiful, transcendent and divine philosophy, but rather let us give indisputable evidence that our

lives correspond practically with its teachings. J. T. SOLOMON.

Chicago, Ill.

SPOKE FROM HIS COFFIN.

A Minister Preaches Over the Corpse of Himself.

HYMNS BY THE DECEASED WIFE.

Who ever before heard of a dead man preaching his funeral sermon over his own remains?

That occurred yesterday. Furthermore, the dead wife of the corpse sang hymns over the coffin.

For the past four years the Rev. Thomas Allen Horne had resided at Larchmont, and spending the declining years of his life attending to a little farm. In summer he watched with pleasure the yachts sailing and steaming about the sound.

Eight months ago his wife, the partner of thirty-seven years of his life, was carried to the grave.

But to him she was still alive, and often at evening the sweet sounds of her beautiful voice pealed forth, singing the hymn:

"We shall meet once more
On that beautiful shore."

Lately Mr. Horne has been laid up with pneumonia, and last Friday he expired at the age of seventy-seven.

He had left explicit instructions as to his burial and the services to be held over his remains, and yesterday his dining-room and parlor were filled with mourners who had come to pay respect to his memory.

Shortly after 1 o'clock the ceremony commenced, and from the table was heard the sound of an angelic voice singing that beautiful hymn:

"A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those we love
In the land beyond the sun."

For some time a feeling of superstitious awe pervaded the apartment, as many distinctly recognized the voice of Mrs. Horne, but when they perceived that it came through a photograph they grew more composed, though many wept as they recalled the owner of that sweet voice.

As soon as the hymn was over Charles Horne, a nephew of the deceased, made some alterations in the machine and inserted a roll that contained the funeral sermon of his uncle, uttered by himself.

Seldom had a more impressive one been listened to. It sounded so weird that two ladies fainted and had to be carried out.

The well-remembered voice of the deceased clergyman told of how at the time that his audience would hear him he would be in that land

"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

He went on to say that he would have passed the portals of ignorance and would have entered that existence where there would be no further mystery, but where all things would have been made plain.

It is usual at funerals to eulogize the dead, and the pastor who preaches the sermon seldom touches on the deceased man's faults, but faithfully carries out the old precept: "De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

On this occasion the virtues of the dead man were left alone, and instead there was a long list of faults enumerated, for which the mourners were asked to pray for God's pardon.

The voice took up the address where it had left off.

It enumerated the virtues of the deceased wife, and prayed God that the speaker might be considered worthy to become a member of that portion of God's kingdom where she might be enthroned.

At this point of the address the voice of the deceased had evidently broken down, and from the instrument the terrible sounds of a strong man weeping and unable to restrain himself, broke out with terrible realistic force, and caused a shudder of horror among those who were present at this extraordinary service.

The next few sentences were uttered in a broken voice, and prayed God that if it pleased him to remove the speaker by a sudden death, or to take him away in some unusual manner, he would consider prayers after death as efficacious as those before.

At the close of the address he called upon his hearers to join him in singing the hymn "There is a Better Land."

The nephew arranged two instruments on the table, and all at once the soprano of the wife and the baritone of the husband joined together in singing. Several of the audience tried to join in the hymn, but their voices were choked with emotion, and they were unable to proceed.

The interment took place in Woodlawn Cemetery. After the coffin had been lowered into the grave the impressive burial service of the Episcopal church was read over it, still in the voice of the deceased.

The end came without a hitch, the final words being: "God grant that in the sweet by and by we may all meet in that beautiful land."

The Rev. Thomas Horne was a familiar figure to the yachtmen of Larchmont, and on any summer day he might be seen with his green spectacles, broad straw hat, and sun umbrella, sitting on the east cliff in the vicinity of the old club house, reading his book.—*The Morning Journal*, N. Y.



Next in our regular lecture course will be Dr. Charles W. Hidden, of Newburyport, Mass. The Doctor has written several articles for *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*, and they attracted a great deal of attention. His address, "On the Threshold of the Great Beyond," will certainly prove valuable to the readers of this paper.

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.

CREMATION IN FRANCE

Cremation is making great strides in France, where the Prefect of the Seine means to establish Sieman's furnaces in several of the cemeteries in Paris, and proposes to cremate all persons who are not claimed by their friends. If this experiment proves successful the Government will probably introduce a general bill on cremation in the Chamber, and the Council of Health is now considering the different ways of detecting traces of poison.

CREMATION IN DENMARK

A writer in the New York *Tribune* claims that the doctrine of cremation is making rapid strides in the world. To the crematories in Milan and Gotha one has been added to Copenhagen, where the movement has met with exceptional favor. The original opposition of the clergy has to a great extent ceased, and a number of clergymen have joined the society, that embraces members of all classes.

Illustrations of the danger to the living in the present mode of burying the dead have been numerous in Denmark, and have helped to enforce the arguments of the cremationists. In Elsinore, in 1877, a virulent epidemic attacked a certain part of the town, and resisted all efforts on the part of the sanitary authorities to dislodge it. It was found by analyzing the drinking water in the affected quarter that it contained a mass of corruption drained into the well from an adjoining cemetery. Certain cattle diseases were found to have been communicated to cows grazing in the fields where creatures that had died from the disease had been buried twelve years ago.

CREMATION IN SWITZERLAND

It is said that in Zurich, Switzerland, where the Sieman's crematory furnace has been introduced, there is a distinct stipulation that the ashes of the dead must remain in separate urns at the cemetery for twenty years. At the end of that time the nearest kin of the deceased may take the urn to his dwelling, and if this is not done the ashes are interred. Before a body is burned every precaution is taken by the authorities to ascertain that no crime has been committed. Other furnaces of the same type are in use at Breslau, Dresden and Gotha. Indeed throughout Germany the prejudice against disposing of the dead by burning is rapidly disappearing. The furnace named will consume a body in an hour and a half, without causing any odor or sound. It costs about \$5,000. The weight of the ashes varies from three and one-quarter to seven pounds.

CHINESE MONASTERIES—CREMATION IN CHINA

These retreats (mi-jon) correspond to the monasteries of Christian lands. These are invariably long brick buildings, one story in height, simple and solemn in architecture, and located either upon the mountains or in the depths of forests. To the members the useful flower and tree represent the good of humanity; the weeds, the evil. The duty of true manhood is to rid and develop those who are righteous, but never to injure the wrong-doer, leaving to nature the task of eliminating the latter from her great economy. These retreats do not belong to specific orders as in the Western civilization, but are founded by one or more persons for the simple sake of rest. The government of those brotherhoods is a pure autocracy. A Brother Superior governs for life. At his death he appoints a successor; if the appointment lapse or be not made, the brothers elect one of their own number. The regulations are about the same as in monasteries, omitting the element of religion. Cleanliness, sobriety, industry, chastity, intellectuality, charity and humanity, are the seven stars of their heaven. No woman is allowed to cross the threshold of the retreat; no wine, stimulant or narcotic permitted, except for medical use; no quarreling, loud conversations, or games of chance, indelicate or vulgar talk is allowed. A quaint ceremony is the burial of a brother. The corpse is treated as he may have requested, or as he believed. With one the joss sticks are lighted and kept burning about the bier; with another incense is ignited in metal braziers, so that his soul may pass away through pleasant clouds, with a third the body is laid in a dark cell, where sound, life, warmth and light never come. On the third day after death the body is carefully washed in alum-water and nitre, and then placed in a great earthen jar or vase. This is put in the centre of a large pit and round it built a large fire of wood and charcoal. Day and night it burns, until what was once a brother has become a handful of grayish ashes. Then when the fire has died and the jar become cold, the ashes are carefully removed and placed in a small cinerary urn of dark, red clay. A tablet with a name, date and it may be a kindly sentence deeply engraved, is then placed beside the urn, which is then deposited in the mausoleum of the retreat.

LIBERAL LECTURES.

The Liberal Lectures by A. B. French are embraced in a volume of 140 pages. They contain rare gems of thought, beautifully expressed, and will enrich any mind that is brought in contact with them. Thousands who have listened to this gifted speaker will want to see his thoughts in print, and come more directly in contact with them than by the sound of his voice. The following constitutes the table of contents: 1.—Conflicts of Life. 2.—The Power and Permanency of Ideas. 3.—The Unknown. 4.—Anniversary Address. 5.—The Egotism of Our Age. 6.—The Spiritual Rostrum: Its Duties and Dangers. 7.—What is Truth? 8.—The Future of Spiritualism. 9.—The Emancipation Proclamation. Price, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

HOW TO BECOME A GOOD MEDIUM.

To become a good medium it is in most cases necessary to have some person to set with who can throw a complete trance each day, and hold you in a trite until the spirit control can gain complete control of

THE HOME CIRCLE FRATERNITY

The Evolution of a New Religion.

"BEAUTY LIVES WITH KINDNESS."

It Has a Spiritualizing Influence.

[The object to be attained under the heading, "The Home Circle Fraternity, the Evolution of a New Religion," is to bring out more prominently the only currency that gives prominence to an individual in spirit-life, viz., BE GOOD AND DO GOOD. Hence a new conception of Deity will be formulated, and a constant incentive given to live a life unspotted before all the world.]

Even Shakespeare never compacted more sturdy truth and wholesome sentiment into four words than when he wrote: "Beauty lives with kindness." Justness and right-doing are the foundation of social amenity and civilized happiness; but kindness is the superstructure. Goodness is the root of character, but kindness is the stem and flower. Kindness can never take the place of justice, right and goodness, nor do the work that must and can only be done by these alone; but it can wonderfully smooth the way for the accomplishment of that work.

I like this word kindness. I am glad Shakespeare did not say: "Beauty lives with love." Love means so many different things. One must always be defining it. What do we mean by love? Almost everyone has a definition of his own. What does Paul mean when he says: "There are faith, hope and love, but the greatest of these is love"? What does Jesus mean when he says: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself"? What did he mean when he said: "Thou shalt love thine enemy"? In what way are we to love our enemies and where are we to draw the line? Are we to love the devil? And how can we love neighbors whom we do not like?

I know all sorts of answers are given to these questions, no two of which are alike. That is what I say. When you speak of love you have to explain what you mean, and in many instances nobody knows what you mean after you have explained. Did any one ever explain to your satisfaction how you can love your enemy? Or even how you can perform the duty of loving anybody that you do not happen to even like?

Can we learn what this Pauline and Jesus-taught love is by watching the practice of the church or the majority of individual Christians? It looks to me as if the Christian world had given up the problem as to what love means as a hopeless conundrum and were trying to make it quite plain that they know how to practice what it does not mean. I am sure it does not mean anything that calls for such a large use of guns, and locust clubs and hempen ropes as we are accustomed to, nor such contempt for the poor; but I do not pretend to know what it does mean, except in a general way.

The apostle John says: "God is love." What does it mean? Are cancers and poverty, and floods and famines, and a Presbyterian hell the expressions of his love? When I consider that God is almighty, which means that he can do just as he likes and have things just as he wants them, and then look abroad upon the way he has fixed things, I can see plenty of evidence of hate, and if God hates he cannot be, in his essence, love. I can believe anything about God except that he is love. I can believe that he is bad, or that he is weak and that some other power gets the best of him. But in that case he is not God. I do not know what is meant when it is said that God is love.

I am glad that Shakespeare said kindness and not love. It is easy to understand what kindness means. It is easy to be kind to people whom we do not love. I know how to treat my neighbor or even my enemy kindly, though I do not always know how to love either of them. There is not a relation in life wherein kindness is not a duty and is not possible. And there is nothing that oils the machinery of society like kindness. Whoever is kind is handsome. Whoever is kind is lovely. For "beauty lives with kindness."

It is barely possible that some of you who are accustomed to hear me speak always upon questions of public interest wonder why I have chosen such a theme as this, a theme that leads the mind so directly to our personal relations with each other. I will tell you. When I look at you from week to week I think of you in your home life, in your friendships, in your stores and workshops. And I wonder how you live in these relations. And I find would say something that may be of use to you in working out your problem of personal happiness.

We are interested in great public questions of religious and social regeneration. I am convinced that personal character depends for most persons more largely upon the conditions under which they live than upon heredity or any other influence in life. But it may be very long before the minds of all the people are free from degrading religious and political superstitions and the bodies of all the people are free from industrial bondage. It is possible, however, for very many of us to largely solve the problem of our personal goodness and happiness under our present uncivilized conditions, and to this end I have introduced this personal subject. The key to the mansion of personal happiness under any conditions is kindness.

We rub against our fellows everywhere—in the streets, horse cars, railroad trains, ferry boats, places of assembly. Two courses of conduct are always possible for us. We may be ill-natured, grumpy, always out of temper, or we may be kind. We are always bumping into one another, stepping on each other's corns, pushing for an advantage, and whether you get home or to your place of business in a happy frame of mind will largely depend upon how you have behaved yourself on the way. If you have been kind on the way you will be beautiful when you get home or to your place of business. If you have been surly, standing punctiliously upon all your petty rights, you will be a nuisance to all your companions when you reach the end of your daily journey.

We are always having small squabbles

and misunderstandings with persons with whom we do business. It is possible to magnify these mole hills into mountains by irritation and small pride and vindictiveness. It is also possible to smooth out such difficulties by kindness that costs no loss of self-respect—that adds, rather, to one's wealth of self-respect.

There are persons who pool-pool the idea that we can go through this world without fighting for our rights, without demanding an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But I know from constant daily experience that if some one smites you upon the right cheek without your having deserved to be smitten, the surest way to avoid being smitten on the left cheek is to turn it to the smiter. People say that if you do not stand up, pugnaciously, for your rights you will be run over and trampled under foot. That is true if you have a craven spirit and bow before injustice with slave-like humiliation, but it is not true if you are brave enough to clearly point out wherein you have been wronged and also brave enough not to fight for your rights except with arguments tempered and made strong by kindness.

Three times have editors of daily papers retracted false statements about me (almost a miracle), one of them writing me a personal apology (quite a miracle), because I simply pointed out to them wherein they had wronged me, but made no bullying threats nor bombastic demands.

Men say the social revolution can never be brought about without force of arms. If that is so it is because so many workingmen are cowards. They are afraid of being called Socialists or Anarchists. They are afraid to speak up to their employers firmly and kindly and say: "In this and in that you do us injury." They are afraid to vote as they think, afraid to attend public meetings, afraid to let it be known that they are wronged. They keep silent like cowards and then some day they hope to fly to arms like cowards; for I tell you he is not the brave man who fights for rights; he is the brave man who lets his wrongs be known and fearlessly trusts to public opinion to see that they are righted. There is many a man brave enough to join a mob who is not brave enough to run the risk of losing his situation by talking for his rights.

I have digressed a little. I was saying that kindness smooths our way in life in a thousand encounters with persons whom we see to-day and are gone to-morrow. And if this is so, how much more happiness-producing is it in those social relations that are permanent.

It is said that marriage is a failure because of the legal restraints that attend it. It is said that because each couple must ask leave of the priest and the politician before they can marry or unmarry, an artificial condition is set up that necessarily produces unhappiness. I suppose this is true as a general statement, although it is something that the average man or woman cannot understand. Persons who think that society could not exist unless we allowed two or three hundred thousand politicians and policemen to rob us for their own support, will naturally think that marriage can never be a pure and holy institution unless the State charges the bridegroom for a license and the priest kisses the bride.

It is quite possible for me to understand that if men were free to make a living as they pleased, without asking permission of the people who own the land, the money and the machinery, and if women were equally free, so that they were no longer dependent upon men for support, they might be able to make homes for themselves without the intermeddling of persons in black robes or blue uniforms. I believe profoundly in the ability of human beings to take care of themselves, if the priests and politicians would only give them a chance.

But it is not my purpose now to discuss the question of whether marriage is a failure or not, if it is, why it is. All that I wish to do is to point out to you that a good many marriages are failures that need not be, because the husband and wife are not kind to each other. There are thousands upon thousands of married people who would not separate from each other under any conditions or would come together again in a month if they did, who, nevertheless, do not know how to live very happily together because they do not know the magic power of kindness.

The relation of husband and wife is the most intimate possible relation that one person can sustain to another, and for that reason all reserve is apt to be thrown down between the two. Men are apt to cease to be polite to their wives, and women are apt to grow careless of what they say to their husbands. Men are inclined to be overbearing and women are inclined to nag. Men are inclined to criticize and women are inclined to suspect. Both are human; both are subject to temptations; both are liable to drift into the unhappy familiarity that breeds contempt; both are apt to say and do unkind things.

I am not called upon to discuss the philosophy or practice of conjugal love. I observe that when public speakers begin to talk about conjugal love they are very apt to commit a sacrilege upon sentiments that should never be put into words, or else they grow maudlin—I might even say mushy—or else they are indelicate. I am not attempting to tell you that you should or how you should love each other. I only wish to impress it upon you that the beauty of married life lives in kindness. If a man is kind to his wife in his thoughts, in his words, in what he does, and if the wife is kind to him, I warrant you love will sit long at their fireside.

And with children—ah, who can be unkind to a child; and to his or her child above all others? There are some persons—lost to shame—who beat their children. There are women—whom we call the gentler sex—who shut up their children in dark closets, or send them suppress to bed, or who harry them with loud and strident scolding. Clubs and prisons are bad enough when we are dealing with "hardened criminals," but to bring these horrors into the home circles—what palliation can there be for that? Such parents say they have

bad children. Not so. Such children have bad parents. There are no bad children.

You say all this is moonshine? You say I am a person with poetic theories, that I am given to vaporings and vagaries. I tell you that I know what can be done with children by kindness; I know where beauty lives with kindness. I know a home in which there is no government by physical force or angry words, and in which unkindness is almost as rare as snow in June. A home in which the flame of love is fanned by gentleness and self-control, which is a safeguard against evils without its walls, and a solace for every annoyance and pain. A home which no sensible man would exchange for a heaven in which it could not be.

And I know not what can be hoped for from people who do not know how to build such homes. Homes in which there is no ruler and no slave; no one to fear, no one to obey. Homes in which there are no menials, no masters, no mistresses. Homes in which beauty lives with kindness.

It is idle to say that such homes cannot be made, even in this dark age, when everything fights against the fireside, and tends to spoil the beauty of that real and holy trinity—father, mother and child. Such homes can be made even among the very rich and the very poor—our two most unfortunate classes. The secret of their making is kindness.

No one can doubt the horrid snarl into which our industrial life has got. Look at the disparities of life. Here is an indolent woman, who sleeps nearly all day, and decks herself in diamonds, and dissipates nearly all night. There is a woman who takes care of the idle woman's child. She wears a cap and apron, to show that she is a menial. And there are other women, who wash and scrub and cook. One is the mistress. The others are servants—a noble name, unless the service becomes servitude. They all live under the same roof, but they are not one family, either in fact or feeling. The mistress is rude, insolent or patronizing to the servants. (Not infrequently the most ill-bred person in the household is the mistress.) The servants are sometimes sly, deceitful, and dishonest in many other ways.

This is a barbaric state of things. It means that society enables some persons to live without working, and compels others to put up with humiliating conditions in order to live at all. It is shameful that it should be so. But it is so, and it will be so, until society is so arranged that no one can live without earning his or her living, until there shall be no exclusive monopoly of the means of making a living. But meantime, how can the shameful state of things be mitigated a little; made bearable? By kindness; only by kindness.

Here is a man who rolls to his office in his carriage, spends a few hours there, and then rolls away to his home or his club. And here are a thousand people, men, women and children, working for him, producing three dollars in wealth for every one they get. It is a barbaric state of things which enables one man to pocket two-thirds of the earnings of a thousand men, women and children. But what can be done in the meantime, by way of apology for the shame of the social arrangement that binds one man to a machine, and sets another free from toil? Kindness. This commercial king need not stand so far away from his subjects; he need not steal from them any more than the system compels him to. And they need not hate him, nor destroy what he calls his property.

Beauty lives with kindness. I have seen a white master and a black slave who loved and respected each other, and between whom there was kindness. It did not make the relation of master and slave less wicked, but it made them both happier under a condition with which neither should have been content. I do not say that we should forget for a moment that social conditions are awfully out of joint. I do not say that we should cease to expose the infamy, and when necessary, call men and things by their right names, with no particular mercy nor kindness toward them as the representatives of what is evil. What I say is that as we touch elbows with people in this world, it is better for our own sakes to be good-natured and kind, and when we are thrown with the same persons every day it is positively ill-bred and destructive of the amenities of life and of our own peace of mind not to be kind.

Why poison your happiness with hatreds; with thoughts of retaliation; with bitterness of feeling. Revenge is the weapon of the foolish. Anger is the language of the vulgar. To make another suffer is the trick of a mean nature. To smile when others frown; to laugh when others swear; to extend the hand to one who has injured you; to be as polite to your wife as you were to your sweetheart; to be, at least, as kind to your children as you are to your pet dog—these are marks of beauty, for "beauty lives with kindness."

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(Continued from last week.)

LECTURE X.

The towers of this city were built by ancient architects, such as I dare say you have often heard of or read about. Some of the pyramids of Egypt seem to be of a remote age; but there have been those—now sunk out of sight beneath the ocean—of a far more remote antiquity. Those that remain serve to show, as it were, the style of man's doings in those days. We came in sight of two large monuments or pyramids, as you would term them, surmounted by lights which seemed to flash over and light up the dark land near the town as we were approaching. When we came to the doors or portals, and found that we were not then allowed admission, we determined on awaiting the time when admission would be granted. I said to my friend, anxious to know who built this city: "Canst thou inform me by whose agency its foundations were laid?" "I will lead you back thousands of years," he replied. "When spirits first reached this sphere from the earth, many who were of a scholastic turn of mind and fond of study, sought to place themselves away from the intercourse of their fellow-spirits, and they chose the site of this ancient city for their place of refuge, and then the foundations of the structures which you see were laid. Among many others, in later times, who resorted to this city was the reformer, Martin Luther. And now you behold the size and dimensions to which it has attained. I cannot picture to you the glorious scenes within; but you must wait, for we of spirit-nature cannot force ourselves upon those who do not choose to admit us to their society. You cannot, perhaps, reverence many of their teachings; but, let me tell you, noble spirits do there exist whose forms of worship you might, in your comparatively dark and ignorant nature, scoff at or ridicule. But there is goodness there which you will have to wait long ere you can equal. See the paths, the marks, the footsteps here before you of those who did not part with their religious faith. Dost thou see those towers or pyramids that all around are built? Ancient spirits erected these in all good faith; but they were mistaken in their ideas when they passed away in death, for they did not, as they expected, come in actual contact with Deity. Many of those inside could unfold tales to you, and if we had the time I would relate some to you. These aspiring towers were built by those who thought that, by a miracle, a great flood was about to engulf them."

I then heard the tones of a large bell ringing, which were succeeded by a clatter or noise coming from within the gates, and a refrain arose from three or four hundred trembling spirits outside, wishing to gain admission. We stepped inside first, and after having been asked what we wished, we told them that we were desirous of seeing the different classes of spirits they had there, and of judging of the various modes of teaching among them. Then, after receiving a ticket or pass, we were allowed to proceed. Each court-yard we passed was paved with the most curious shaped tiles you could think of. The noise made by the passage of feet over these tiles, and a peculiar building and its surroundings, recalled vividly to my mind a visit I once paid to an ancient castle in England, whose ruins are now considered a great curiosity there. The building to which I refer bore such a close resemblance to that ancient castle that I was inclined to believe it must have been its ghost! It illustrated the style of architecture in which the ancients indulged—a style quite different from any I had hitherto seen in the spheres, for I noticed stories with parapets around each. Beyond the boundaries of this city there were buildings extending farther than my vision could perceive. I was told that I could not inspect these until we passed out. The gates were opened for us, and I beheld a city larger than any in your world. Never shall I forget the scene—streets, markets, temples, and all such things as you could possibly imagine were there to be seen; life appeared quite as natural as with yourselves. I found there various sects, such as Pagans, Mahomedans, Jews; the latter in their particular tribes mustered strongly, and recognized no difference, made no distinction among those of various complexions by whom they were surrounded. Each spirit there held out the hand irrespective of color or religion; into that association admission to all was granted freely so long as they conformed to the laws laid down. Each sect had its own particular church appropriated for worship. I found that Sunday was patronized or kept up, but on a different scale to that which the civilized world now observes. From early morning to the meridian of that day, or its equivalent, was there devoted to the different forms of worship, and the remainder was dedicated to the multifarious methods of recreation there indulged in; so that they enjoyed both kinds of entertainment. Of all their tastes and inclinations I perceived that the preference was given to building. I was taken to where the first stone of one of the churches before mentioned was laid, and there I beheld a figure, which stood out grandly, cut in the whitest marble, upon which was carved the name of Martin Luther. I looked with amazement upon this, and said: "Friend, when Luther first to this sphere did rise, did he originate this association? And did he this monument erect?" "Listen," was the answer, "this stone or monument which you now look upon was left here by Luther for his friends, to enable them to trace him out. Each year of time that speeds by, some of the numbers here pass on, and they are replaced by others; thus, you see, each band, or set of numbers, in course of time passes away, though this may appear, to your understanding, not to be in harmony with your ideas. The law of love and truth, however, cannot be ignored, and spirits cannot long lag or stop behind when the ap-

pointed time comes for them to depart for other spheres.

I shall repeat to-night the prayer as uttered by a Hindoo: "Various worlds have I passed through, oceans of time have I traversed o'er, and in all have I seen Thy works, Oh Wondrous Deity! By all have I been taught to admire Thee, Thou Ineffable Creator! Rays of brightness seem to glitter in the Hindoo's soul, dreams of love and grandeur burst upon his inmost being, and the thought of Deity is his life. Oh, Deity! The Soul of the Hindoo's life, the Soul of all nations. Each nation, though it fought in strife with its blood, yet Thou redeemed it from its sins, and dost assist its people to adorn their spirit-forms in love and beauty. When upon earth I worshipped rivers and other idols, because my mind had not then expanded; the soul that seemed hidden deep within me had not then burst its barriers and opened my eyes to the glittering state of flaming orbs, which have since transformed me into a different being. Oh, Deity! oft and again, when from sleep I awoke, I took many different roads, and as I passed along them there I saw Deity in all. In the raging mountain torrent, from the hills of earth afar off, and from many realms, I heard that Deity was there; and there I again hastened. Also from other places I heard the same cry, 'Deity is there; He has not gone.' The rumbling of the thunder speaks to one's soul in tones of grandeur, and quickens the feeling that tells of Deity, 'Deity is there; He has not gone.' Then laugh while the flowers are blooming, and Nature in a million ways peals forth her lovely melody. Let young and old join in one great shout, 'Deity is here; He has not gone!'"

[To be continued.]

Mrs. Fred. Mayer.

NOTES FROM NEW YORK CITY.

There is a great consolation in receiving communications from spirit friends, when one is fully satisfied that the medium is honest and no cause for suspicion. I am glad to state that such is the case with Mrs. Fred. Mayer, who arrived in this city some months ago from Chattanooga, Tenn. She has started hundreds of our citizens on the route to become rational Spiritualists. For the past year I have had many communications from strangers. I inquired why they came to me, and they replied: "Our own relatives give us the cold shoulder, and we cannot approach them, and we are glad to find one we can approach and try this new method of independent writing upon slates or pads of paper."

January 29th I received messages from my spirit wife and daughter; also from Warren S. Barlow, author of "The Voices." Then came the following:

"I do not want my books and pictures sold." S. L. M. BARLOW.

I was surprised, as I did not know him except by reputation. I asked, "What can I do about it?" He replied: "Nothing. After spending so much time and money in the collection of them, I regret to see them scattered, and further I could not think of anything else to say to you through this new method, and without the aid of my friend, W. S. Barlow, I could not have found this opportunity. How deeply I regret that I did not give more attention to the all-important subject of Spiritualism while in earthly life."

At the date, January 29, I had not noticed that his books were on exhibition, or even to be sold. The next day I noticed in the *Mail and Express*, that the sale would commence at the American Art Association Room, 6 East 23d St., on Monday, Feb. 3. It may be interesting to your readers to know that the catalogue of the library contained 2,784 lots. Total sale, \$85,000. Some ancient books brought enormous prices. Columbus' letter in 1493, announcing his discoveries, brought \$2,900. It was bought by the Boston Public Library. This was the most valuable private library ever offered for sale in America.

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