

The Progressive Thinker

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

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The Progressive Thinker's Rostrum.

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

AN INTELLECTUAL FEAST FOR THE READERS OF THIS PAPER.

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

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

MISTAKES OF MATERIALISM!

Or Deductive Evidence, From Nature's Evolutions, of the Conscious Immortality of Man.

AN ADDRESS BY DR. J. K. BAILEY.

The affirmations of Materialism, that matter constitutes the sum-total of Nature; that whatever has a beginning must have an end, as such; that as each human being certainly had a beginning of consciousness, "death" must end all; with each of that, as well as all of Nature's evolutions, seem to us, to be so many mistakes, or misinterpretations of the significance of those evolutions.

Does not the evidences, deducible from the wonders of her evolutions, clearly lead to the conclusion: that intelligence is supremely involved therein, and that purpose is apparent in each manifestation of her ceaseless work? It would seem that said purpose is to ultimately evolve individual conscious entity, endowed with one measure of infinitude, *per se*, viz., indestructibility—immortality, and with finite manifestation of the entire sum of Nature; in other words, an epitome or microcosm thereof.

While conceding the so-called materialistic affirmation: that Nature is Infinite, we hold firmly to the conviction that Infinite Intelligence is the vital flame; the indestructible life and cause of all activities, evolutions and results of her work; and that as man is endowed with conscious intelligence and the necessary organic, structural individualization for its functional exercise, the evolution and interchange of thought, therefore he is the result of the culminated aggregation of a finite epitome of the life, qualities, properties, forces and attributes of Infinite Nature, necessarily endowed with that element of infinitude: indestructibility, which constitutes him an immortal being. The absurd conclusion of *pseudo-materialistic* philosophers (?): that the conscious intelligence of man is but the blind result of the mechanical triumph of the vital, though unintelligent forces of Nature, automatically expressing, considering and interchanging thought, and propounding limitless intellectual problems, fails to recognize the invincible and absolute fact: that something cannot be evolved from nothing. Therefore as man is an intelligent entity, intelligence is of and inherent in the (to finite mind) apparently chaotic sea of forces, attributes and all, involved in Nature's evolutions.

To assume that Nature cannot, by evolution, culminate a conscious, intelligent entity, so constituted, that while having beginning, as such, he shall embody persistency of integral, vital and conscious being—indestructibility; hence, immortality of conscious ego, is to deny the Infinitude of Nature. And to concede the Infinitude of Nature is to assert: that Infinite Intelligence is the vital, indestructible and absolute Potency of Nature. Hence, instead of the dogma of Materialism: "That it is all matter," being the correct conclusion, the reverse assumption: "that it is all spirit," is highly probable, at least.

Man, then, being the highest, fullest; the complete result of evolution, must logically involve indestructibility. Then, having a beginning as a conscious, intelligent entity, he represents the completion of a finite, without end. This crowning work of Nature's evolutions, man, as to endlessness of being, may be likened to the process of establishing an endless current of electrical vibration thus: a piece of conductive wire has two ends; attach the galvanic battery to one end thereof, and perceptible current, of the thereby generated force, can be felt as the result of personal contact with said wire; can be seen, as the luminous sparks resulting therefrom, as vitalized by the impingement of the positive force, generated in the galvanic battery, and the negative force, generated in and ever pertaining to the living human battery; and also atmospheric concussion—sound, be heard, as the sequence. But this current now, has two ends; or a beginning and end. Let us make it endless, by turning our wire into a hoop, lapping the ends thereof, and then connect a galvanic battery to this wire hoop, and we have established an endless perceptible current, so long as the conducting receptivity and structural circle, and the said battery are maintained, in the aforesaid relations.

These facts, we think, beautifully illustrate precisely what is involved in the culminating evolutions of Nature—MAN; as is thereby consummated a circle, an endless entity, inherently involving the relationship to the vital, batteries of nature, that will ever bring constant supply to and for the un-

ending demands of individual conscious life. "But wherein is the proof of such a consummation, through Nature's evolutions for and of man?" So asks the Materialist. If the logic of the mainly undisputed facts and deductions, already cited, is not sufficient proof, we will traverse other significant and conceded facts and wonders of Nature; not expecting to supply *logical acumen*, however, to the investigator. Nature is, was, and will be, without beginning or end, as viewed from the standpoint of consistent and logical reasoning. Her manifestations to men are evermore in the realm of the invisible, than the visible. But because invisible to our sight, intangible to our senses, as here envisioned, it does not follow that nothing exists; that something was or will be made or evolved from nothing. On the contrary, *substance* is and ever was, everywhere. The larger portion of this substance is to us invisible, almost intangible, for the reason that our nerves of sense and cognizance are tensioned to receive vibrations—those reflected modes of motion which pertain to the external, or world of matter, so called.

Immediately around us are infinitesimal entities, living beings, though we cognize them not. The microscope opens to our vision wonders untold. Still upward or inward, more refinement of life exists, without conscious or probable limit. We designate the outmost, inmost or uttermost of refinement, in Infinite Nature, Spirit—a realm containing in ethereal, sublimated, refined state, the sum-total of all properties, qualities, forces, elements, principles and attributes—all, that may or does manifest upon this or any sphere of life, its unlimited varieties of form, function and attribute. From the standpoint of our observation and reasoning, the conclusion becomes inevitable: that, in the absolute, spirit fills the universe, and that the evolutions of Nature, are but limitless modes of the expressions of Infinite Spirit. May we not also conclude that ice compared to water, illustrates the relationship of matter to spirit: that matter is but condensed—solidified spirit?

Let us consider some of the accepted processes and results of evolution, drawing therefrom such deductive evidence of the immortality of individualized, conscious man as logically proclaim that fact. According to the generally accepted deductions of Naturalists, matter is predicated upon the *atom*, so minute that it cannot be seen by the human eye, even with the aid of the most powerful microscope; aggregations of these infinitesimal and invisible structures, form the *molecule*, a combination of which aggregates a *status* of matter, sufficiently dense and gross, to reflect modes of luminous atmospheric motions that impinge upon the function of sight, when the substance involved becomes tangible to the senses and cognizance of man. These aggregations of matter, we are informed, as the result of logical deduction from the premises of possible and actual demonstration, do not touch each other, neither the individual atoms or molecules; but that there is about the area of so-called space, intervening between the individual structures thereof, as of the externally solid cells involved in this accepted basis of matter. And these intervening spaces of atomic matter, in the so-called *inorganic* realm of structural matter, is filled with fluid substance—suggestive of spirit, the substance from which the atoms and molecules were evolved. And also suggestive of the life-force and life-currents—circulation of the vital fluidic life-elements. Indeed, the Naturalists assert, not only this vital circulation, but like the effects thereof, upon the atomic constituents, to the gyrations of a swarm of gnats in the atmosphere, the individuals of which are ever in a constant dance of attendance upon the entire body of the swarm, in any state of the atmosphere; but when warmed up by the heat of the sun, unobstructed by clouds, the movements of each are quickened in speed, and extended in distance, in the relation of each, to the whole swarm. And this fact illustrates what is true of the comparative contraction, by cold, and expansion by heat, of metals. Hence, not only life-currents, but constant motion of the atoms, is the logical deduction from these facts. Also that circulating life-force or substance is involved in all realms of matter, and that this life-substance is the source from which matter is ever evolved; hence, that matter is but condensed—solidified spirit. Moreover, that circulating life is everywhere, both in so-called inorganic and, apparently, inert matter, as well as in the realms of evolution where the circulation of life-substance is cognizable through the sense of man.

Naturalists divide Nature into three

kingdoms, viz: the Mineral, Vegetable and Animal. We think there should be a fourth division, viz: Man, for he is as clearly separated; by marked and determinate distinction, from the Animal, as the result of culminating—final evolution, as is the Animal from the Vegetable individualizations.

But let us now trace certain and determinate results, in and of the separate kingdoms of Nature, as above classified, viz: mineral, vegetable, animal and human. In the first, denominated the kingdom of inorganic matter, we discover that the fundamental basis of individualized being—of conscious intelligence, is first, though imperfectly manifest, as regards the needs of life-currents, in the highest individualization of Nature's perfect work, and the evident intent or purpose of her evolutions. In the next higher kingdom, of the evidently intelligent processes of evolution, the vegetable, we find that the fact of circulating life-currents has become perfected (to individual intelligent consciousness), in the sense of apparent, indisputable life-currents, surcharging and ramifying the entire structural individualizations.

But do we scan closely and investigate intelligently, we will discover that evidently intelligent Nature has, herein, incipiently established the basic attribute of intelligence, itself. None will dispute that sensation is the basic attribute of intelligence, as vital, circulating life-force is the absolute necessity of living entity. Have you ever observed and reflected upon the fact of the sensitiveness of certain plants? The so-called *sensitive plant*, which shrinks from and falls prostrate, under the touch of human magnetism? That peculiar tree of tropical climes that momentarily glues fast a small animal body which may have the ignorant temerity to alight upon the apex of its peculiarly tufted extremities, when the long, tendril-like leaves, depending therefrom, immediately coil it, in anacanda-like embrace, and for the like purpose of squeezing its victim unto death, that it may absorb and assimilate the desired nutriment thereof—feed upon its captive? The so-called "Venice fly-trap," a plant that shuts an alighting fly upon its leaf in a walled prison, more perceptibly if not more certainly than the spider's web entraps its victim? Herein, are evidences of a purpose, not only, but of progressive evolution, from seeming inert matter evolved from the realm of the invisible—spirit; who shall say: "without Infinitude—Supreme Intelligent Will?"

In further consideration of Nature's Evolutions and of the progressive attainment, step by step, as it were, of higher manifestation of the fullness, completeness, of the evident intent of the work, and keeping in view the already demonstrated fact of the incipient manifestation of life-force and on-coming intelligent individualization, in the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, we find in the animal kingdom that both the basic element of circulating life-force, incipiently manifest in the first kingdom aforesaid, and more perfectly established in the second kingdom, and the basic attribute of individual intelligence, singularly though not perfectly manifest therein, what might be looked for in the third: the animal kingdom, strikingly demonstrates the import of these facts, viz.: a complete manifestation of indisputable, circulating life-current and the basic attribute of intelligence, sensation. Moreover, many, if not all other of the attributes of individual intelligence, are manifestly infixed in the animal kingdom of individuality. The so-called dumb animal gives evidence of limited thinking capacity; of seeming reflective or reasoning power, and of even the crowning attribute of individual intelligence, viz.: language. The horse, likely, does understand the vocalized symbols of horse-intelligence; and so of all animals, as between the individuals of their own species. But no animal of the distinctive realm, classed as the third or animal kingdom, has power to enforce its will by language, in the full sense of the term, upon all intelligent beings, of all species and planes of conscious intelligent life.

Man alone has the highest attribute of individualization, language; the symbol and messenger of thought—Mind. A development of this organic keystone in the arch of individualized intelligence; the fusing element in Nature by which the circle of endless consciousness is established, and the completion of Nature's evolutions, in a microscopic universe, indestructible—immortal man. And man alone has conscious recognition of his relations to Infinite Intelligence, and of his power to reach the consciousness of Infinitude. He alone lifts up prayer, supplication, pleadings, to Infinite Will. He alone, conceives of, contemplates and aspires to, Immortality. The proof of this reasoning or these affirmations, is that he, alone, has power to give intelligent or demonstrative evidence of such conception and aspiration. For every individual evolution of Nature has the possible desire or aspiration, that can find power of expression and exercise.

We claim that mind cannot think, conceive or aspire to that which has not existence or reality in the universe of Nature. Therefore, as man does conceive of and aspire to endless existence, he, being the representative of the culmination of Nature's evolutions, is the one immortal, intelligent individualization of Nature's Evolutions; and that the logic of her entire evolutions

clearly indicate his conscious immortality—the indestructibility of the human entity.

We have not confined the nomenclature of this thesis to the standard of so-called science, because that standard holds to the duality of Nature, viz.: Matter and spirit, as distinct entities, while we incline to the opinion of the *oneness* of Nature; that spirit is the one sea, from whence all evolutions emanate, in all the varieties of forms and substances of this universe. But whether the investigator accepts this theory, or that of the duality of Nature, we hold that the "mistake of Materialism," viz.: that "Man as a conscious entity, is not immortal, as such," is disproved; and that his immortality as a conscious individuality, is evident, from the facts and deductions we have traversed in this discussion.

Nor have we cited the demonstration of man's individual, conscious identity after so-called death, for the reason that obdurate materialistic skepticism will ignore such testimony, with the flippant cry of "illusion, humbug and delusion!"

If a truly logical thinker, however, how can he escape the conclusion, from these facts, arguments and deductions as proof of the Immortality of Individualized, Conscious Man?

For The Progressive Thinker.

AN ANNIVERSARY TRIBUTE.

To The Memory of Thomas Paine.

As earth's rolling years round and round doth run, brighter and brighter still will shine each golden letter composing the name and the life-history of Thomas Paine. The earth, since his advent upon it, has been made to dance 153 cottillions around its parent orb—the ever-shine sun; and each revolution has given to our hero a brighter name and wiser head—wiser because of the appreciation of other heroes who have dared to tread the same paths of common sense and common honesty. Yes! giant intellects, like giant oaks, have lived to bless not only their own, but foreign lands, and such was the destiny of our liberty-loving hero, Thomas Paine.

Each unfolding year since the dawn of human history, has given to mankind not only the weeping-willow, the ugly thorn, but human dwarfs, and the calumniator of all that is good as well. It is by contrast, perhaps, that the present generations are growing better and wiser. But let us return to a further consideration of our reformatory hero. In the early days of his manhood his proud and noble spirit spurned the tyranny of kings, and the horrid conservatism of each and every ecclesiastical pope. For this reason his inspired soul seemed ever ready to give labor for the oppressed, to lift up the down-trodden, and to melt or break every chain which seemed to bind either the immortal mind or the bleeding body. It was the thunderbolts of truth which came from his ready pen that gave to English lords a roar resembling their mock emblem of royalty, the African lion; and to the tyrants of France, the growl of a hyena—and to the howling priesthood of all nations the hiss of the serpent, and the foul tongue of slander.

For his efforts to do them good, he only received their dignified frowns, and a cold stone for a pillow in a loathsome and lonely dungeon. Although bound in body, his mighty thoughts were free, and for the emancipation of the human world from the bondage of superstition he sent them forth as imperishable gems, for the benefit of unborn generations, in a neat volume, entitled: "The Age of Reason," in which he declared to mankind that his "own mind was his own church; and that the whole world was his country; and to do good was his religion; that one good school-master is of more use than a hundred priests; that he believed in one God and no more, and hoped for happiness beyond this life." For these utterances the cruel hate of nearly every religious chieftain has sought to blight his fair name, to misquote his noble words, to ruin forever, if possible, his influence before the world.

And quite well have they succeeded, for 153 years have sweetly rolled into the history of the past since he first inhaled free-air in the midst of ruling kings in the "old world."

And, to the discredit of the world's mental and religious progress, we must say that against him a mighty prejudice still lingers. In this lies the best of all reasons for the present celebration of the birth, and life-labor of the world's true friend—Thomas Paine. Had he, like a fawning sycophant, crouched to the dictates of pretended "Royalty," and robbed himself in garments made after Superstition's pattern, a crown of mock glory might have glittered upon his otherwise noble brow.

But the ruling star of astrological destiny never designed that the life of Paine should run in the channel of deception, or that of a hypocrite.

For had it been thus, his better thoughts and better manhood would have been lost to this good world, and our present American Republic—the pride of nations—the home of the oppressed of all lands, would not have been born, nor so sweetly rocked in the cradle of its present prosperity.

But the child is here, and for it let us this day give weight—give honor—give glory—bright to the ever sacred yet much-abused name of Thomas Paine.

As an inspired agent for a great and grand achievement methinks the wisdom of his "one God" planted him in America's dense wilderness for a divine purpose. At that time these broad prairies were unknown to civilization; and as yet this land is but a child of promise. Although its present protecting arms span the continent, and are seen to reach from the evergreen mountains of Vermont to the golden coast of Oregon, yet they are destined, in due time, to clasp the earth, as would a fond mother her sleeping babe.

The name was once known as "Young America." It now may be called the land where grew the seeds of "universal mental liberty,"—the land of perpetual physical and mental evolution, in obedience to the law of endless progress; a land where thought can live and express itself, independent of kings, or dictation of ecclesiastical councils; and for which let us and the thinking world give tribute—give thanks to the name of Thomas Paine.

Oh! thou patriot and hero of 100 years ago; thou stern hater of human oppression, and of the horrid sight and sound of clanking chains, which hold in slavery, either body or mind,—please look down from the spheres—from the Land of the Leal—from the bright home of Washington, and from the open windows in the mansion of Franklin—the world's lightning-tamer, and behold the march of science, and the undreamed-of useful improvements which in the space of one little century have spread themselves broadcast over the world, and all as the result of free thought and free inquiry.

See a thousand cities dotting the hillside and the far distant plains. Hear the hum of peaceful industry which extends from the banks of Newfoundland to the far western coast, and from Dakota to the orange-groves of Florida. As fast as fell the iron-fetters of priestly rule, equally fast arose the inborn genius of man.

Hence, since the life-history of Washington, Franklin and Paine, many seeming marvels have been wrought in the outlying fields of science and art by the free use of untrammelled thought and the constructive energies inherent in the wise people of "Young America."

As evidence, witness the many whirling feet which roll beneath the "Steam-horse" and his attending train. It is by his aid that the mineral and agricultural wealth of the west is transported eastward, returning with the golden coin of our nation's currency, to bless the toiler, and the humble cottage of the poor, and to hush the cry of orphans, and to still the heaving bosom of widowed mothers.

To do this, and more, we see him, when aided by the skill of some Bunker Hill Yankee, climbing the steep mountain side, and leaping over deep canyons, fearing no gulches—not even the dark and deep waters which lie at the foot of Niagara's constant foam, and her cataract's thunder.

But what shall we say in relation to the discovery of Franklin, whose curiosity brought down both light and heat from the darkest cloud, by the aid of kite and string, which since his day has become freighted with human intelligence, and with much seeming delight drops it along the line of every railroad, speaking welcome news in the ears of listening men and women, though residing across the seas, and in opposite hemispheres. Yes, it has been made to light our cities, to turn the wheels of industry, and give rest to weary feet, by giving the desired movement even to a ladies' sewing machine.

And ere long, as a result of free thought and free investigation, methinks that this omnipresent agent called electricity will be credited with power, not only to roll the small wheels of useful industry and the rumbling car of distant thunder along the upper railway in the clouds, but with a power sufficient to unfold and roll onward, and still onward, worlds, and systems of worlds, suns, and systems of suns—and still be able to rock the cradle of perpetual progress, in which new-born worlds, and baby suns are yet to be reared and sent forth in their divine mission, to sing the song of eternal use; and yet there is room. By observation we witness everywhere the material and visible in nature, leaping into form. But not by a force that is visible or tangible. My body moves, but its motive power is invisible. Thomas Paine's visible hand was made to write visible words.

But an invisible power, a realm of divine principles, a blooming field of immortal fruits, were made to burst forth into fruition for the good of his race and the grand fulfillment of his sublime hope, which was for a continued, conscious existence, and

"HAPPINESS BEYOND THIS LIFE."

Oh, beautiful the hope that poured its star In this new world across the ocean's bar, Glittering against the dark of ancient years; Man's way seemed opening into golden spheres Of boundless effort, and new visions flushed Upon his fervid soul; new splendors rushed, Along his far horizon, like fair dawn When the pale radiance of the night is gone.

Here freedom drew at last its amplest breath, The swelling life that knows no touch of death, From the broad rivers, mighty hills, and plains That stretched a thousand leagues with golden grains Of endless riches in their sparkling breast, Hidden for this, the latest and the best, The age when mind was shaking off its fear, Worthy the heaven that its own force made clear,

And in this band, amid the foremost throng, Worthy the poet's anvil and his song, The clouds of malice shrinking from his face, And leaving him in pure heroic grace, In star-like majesty o'er bigot's bane, We welcome and honor Thomas Paine.

Liberal, Mo. DR. E. B. WHEELLOCK.

When Bessie died.

"If from your own dimpled hand had slipped And ne'er would nestle in your palms again, If the white feet in the grave had tripped."

When Bessie died, We braided her brown hair, and tied It just as her own little hands Had fastened back the silken strands A thousand times—the crimson braid Of ribbon woven into it. That she had worn with childish pride— Smoothed down the dainty bow and cried, When Bessie died.

When Bessie died, We drew the nursery blinds aside, And as the morning in the room Burst like a primrose into bloom, Her pet canary's cage we hung Where she might hear him when he sung— And yet not any note he tried, Though she lay listening, folded-eyed! When Bessie died.

When Bessie died— We writhed in prayer unsatisfied; We begged of God, and He did smile In silence on us all the while; And we did see Him through our tears, Enfolded that fair form of hers. She laughing back against His love The kisses we had nothing of, And death to us He still denied— When Bessie died.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

Unconsciousness.

C. Newell of Portland, Oregon, asks: "Why is it that we must pass to a state of unconsciousness during our hours of sleep and rest to become refreshed?"

ANSWER.

To my view, this "unconscious rest" is at once reasonable and natural. In the three dimensions of space—which are length, breadth and thickness—there is an unbroken continuity of its properties or parts. It is the embodiment of ultra stasis or rest. Also the forces of attraction, cohesion and gravitation are examples of uninterrupted and continuous tension.

But heat, light, electricity and radiant matter—as shown by Prof. Crooks—are displayed in lines of integration of molecules in parts and particles, with alternate spaces.

Motion is a property of matter. And the cosmic universe, in a definite sense never at rest. At the same time that so-called ceaseless motion in special instances is seen to deport itself in broken parts, in waves or vibrations. These sections or vibrations are similar and equal in alternate lengths. So the universe, like a clock is in ceaseless motion; bearing in mind that that ever-acting motion is broken into beats, parts and waves. The space between the pendulum beat or swing of the clock, is sensibly distinct. That space between two sun-beams is extremely small—some 535 times a second.

These examples of broken continuity of motion in matter, typify the fact of repose, the act of sleep in animal life. In the process of breathing, expiration is the obverse, and the repose or sleep of the labor of inspiration.

The activity of our conscious powers brings fatigue, which finds restoration only in unconscious sleep. The process follows the foregoing rule of action we saw in all objects of vital action, and in many objects of rhythmic action. The mental and physical man work in concert. They likewise sleep in oblivious concert. All this is normal and rational. A. S. HUDSON, M. D.

Stockton, Cal., Feb., 1890.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

An Educational Institute.

In a number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER I see the question of an Educational Institution is spoken of. Ever since I became a Spiritualist, 35 years ago, it has been the dream of my life to have something of this kind. It was talked over by a few at "Mt. Pleasant Park," Clinton, Ia., last summer. I am somewhat acquainted with Chautauqua methods. Chautauqua is a grand institution, but its text-books are all gotten up with the very evident purpose of keeping the American mind in the orthodox traces. But spiritual facts and philosophy commend themselves much quicker to intelligence than to ignorance; so really—and of course unintentionally—the Chautauqua institution and methods are preparing the way for the acceptance of the grand truths of spiritualism faster, perhaps, than we could have done it before.

I said to myself, after a full and thorough investigation of the facts and phenomena, classed as spiritual, materialists will be compelled to acknowledge the continuance of life after the death of the body, and churches will be compelled to revise their creeds.

This has already been accomplished. It is the boast of church members to-day that they do not believe their creed.

Odin, Ill. Mrs. A. M. SWAN.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 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.

Carefully Examine the Little Tag.

From time to time examine 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 21, then at No. 21 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 22, then you will get four more copies; if 23, 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.

Dr. Fannie C. D. Miller, of Vermont, says she has experienced much referred to by Hudson Tuttle in his article on "Mediumship."

SYMPATHY.

Hints With Reference to Communicating With Spirits.

The object of a spiritual circle should be to furnish the conditions on this side, necessary for spirit friends on the other to communicate. Few, indeed, understand the delicacy of these conditions, or the exactitude of their requirements. If they were understood it would not be thought strange that there were contradictions and failures, but wonderful that communications were possible. That there are spirits always desirous of communicating is a certainty, but they cannot do so unless there are proper conditions, and the furnishing of these is the task of their friends here. It must be borne in mind that communications depend for their transmission on laws fixed and unchanging. The spirits, even of the highest intelligence, cannot transmit a thought, otherwise than by means of the laws and conditions of such transmission. There are two sides to these conditions: one facing the Spirit-world; the other fronting the physical, and conformity is as essential on the one as on the other. A spirit understanding these laws may conform on its part to every requirement, but if it meet no response on the other, it can no more communicate than a voice convey ideas to the mind of a deaf mute. There must be furnished the right conditions on the physical side, else the efforts on the spirit side will be abortive.

We must leave that spiritual side to the spirits who would communicate, for it is beyond our knowledge or ability to adjust, and confine ourselves to our own physical side. We must seek to know what are the essential conditions which make intercourse with the departed possible. What are the conditions and laws which enable them to transmit their thoughts to us? On this knowledge depends the success of our efforts and our growth in spiritual knowledge.

We do not doubt for a moment that right on the other side of this thin curtain which is drawn between mortal and spiritual being, our spirit-friends are anxiously awaiting an opportunity to make their presence known, and tell us of the love that outlives the darkness of the grave. They may not know how to communicate with us, even were the right conditions furnished, for it is not presumable that all have this knowledge or art, which must be difficult, and only acquired by study with those who do. If they know, they must wait until we open the door for their entrance.

As a means of communication, sympathy is the most potent. A strong sympathy between two kindred souls brings them near together, and when this is not sufficient to give the power of direct communication, it lightens the task of the medium who fills this slight interval.

It is one of the most observable features of spiritual communication, that those who have no near friends in spirit-life find it difficult to receive communications, or obtain evidence, while those who have are fortunate in this respect. There are exceptions to this rule, especially where the bereaved are overwhelmed with grief, which like a black cloud shuts down over their spiritual perceptions, and sympathy (or, better, sensitiveness) is blotted out by grief. It is true here, as in the physical world, that you cannot have storm and sunshine at the same time. The heart must wait in patience for the broken fibres of affection to heal, and the light of gladness to break through the clouds, before it may hope to gather tidings from the departed ones.

Whether such souls baptized in sympathy are sufficiently sensitive to receive direct thoughts of those near and dear to them or not, they are in the right path, and when they sit with one endowed with higher sensitiveness—mediumship—they furnish that receptivity so essential to perfect control of that medium.

On the other hand, an unsympathetic person may sit with the same medium, with a cold, hard, skeptical and hypocritical condition of mind, and either utterly fail, or receive distorted, conflicting or false communications. The medium will then receive, as a fraud, or pretender, which really should fall to the investigator, who comes with a coarse, material understanding to the investigation of the most subtle laws and conditions in the universe. The methods of such investigators remind one of a scientist who would dissect a mite under high powers of the microscope with a pick and crow-bar! or of a ditcher who would analyze a flower with his spade!

Having established communication, the lingering superstition that spiritual beings must possess universal knowledge has caused a great deal of misunderstanding and adverse criticism. When friends converse, instead of seeking spiritual knowledge, the most material questions are asked, as though the sphere and mission of spiritual beings was to become servants and police. There are instances where, under great stress and need, a spirit friend has made known some essential fact or circumstance to the profit of one near to it, but such instances are rare, and must be regarded as the exception. Spirit-life is so pure, different and above that of earth, that the advanced spirit, freed from earthly cares, regards them of least consequence.

Yet some who claim to be Spiritualists seem to regard the benefits of a worldly guardianship more than of spiritual growth. Such are always seeking for tests; trying the spirits, and consulting them for worldly gain! Such a course attracts those on the same selfish plane of thought, the cause is degraded, and the medium made susceptible to the reaction of his own selfishness, in the end, unless exceedingly fortunate, to become corrupted and degraded.

It is well that in this higher mental department of communion the rude tests exacted elsewhere cannot be employed. This should be understood, and that the character of a communication bears the internal evidences of its genuineness. Success in obtaining evidence depends greatly on the sympathetic spirit in which the subject is approached. If skepticism or criticism are to be indulged, it should be after, and not during the seance.

The spirit of the Seybert Commission is full expression of that of all skeptical investigators. They proceed on the *a priori* supposition that all mediums are rascals, and spiritual phenomena impossible, except by imposition. Such a spirit meets that which it seeks. It is the embodiment of dishonesty, and is met by dishonesty. Skepticism is right and proper; to doubt is the beginning of knowledge, but both may become coarse, unreasoning and brutal.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum Instructor.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, as organized by A. J. Davis, ought to be cultivated as the most vital force of the great spiritual movement. Its power for the promotion of spiritual growth is inestimable, for it is the awakening to activity of the interior soul, instead of dependence on outside and foreign assistance.

Alonzo Danforth, who has become fully informed as to the needs of the Lyceum, has published a series of ten cards, which convey in a most condensed form a fine idea of Lyceum work, and the magnificent field opened before its members. Each card has an invocation, a poem, a series of questions and answers, which may be likened to a catechism, and a silver chain recitation. What wonderful change has been wrought in Boston since the time when the shorter catechism was the foundation of religious knowledge, may be well seen by comparison with these teachings of the Lyceums to-day. A few questions taken almost at random will show the spirit of the work:

Q.—Why is Spiritualism adapted to man?
A.—Because it develops the spiritual in man; and to the unbeliever a life continued is shown and proven.

Q.—What are we living for? A.—Not for to-day or to-morrow, but for eternity. Not worms of the dust, for the glory of God!

Q.—What is the index of the inner life?
A.—Honest dealing and good deeds, etc.

Q.—Where is the moral throne and ruler?
A.—The heart and life, etc.

Q.—What is religion? A.—A manifestation of the divine love implanted in the human soul.

Q.—What is Spiritualism? A.—A positive solution of the problem of life, and none can doubt that it satisfies by its logic.

The seventh number is devoted to the manners of children, the ninth gives an excellent memorial service, and the tenth is for memorial day. It has responses like these: "Death is a condition through which the freed spirit continues its glorious destiny in worlds beyond." "Let us live true to ourselves, and to our duties, that when the heavenly messenger shall arrive, we, too, shall be prepared to give a gladsoome parting adieu to earthly homes and enter the life continued with no regrets for remissness of duty while on earth."

We can only add to this brief notice most excellent, and should be in the hands of every Spiritualist's child, whether in the Lyceum or not.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR:—Only in cases where others are affected do I feel free to correct errors relating to myself.

In the kindly-framed communication of Rro. Vosburg, of Troy, N. Y., in your issue of 15th inst.—this moment at hand—errors which duty to others require correction. The errors are embraced in this sentence:—

"He (myself) was for many years bishop of the church (Methodist Episcopal) in the diocese of Providence, Rhode Island," etc.

The writer was never a bishop, in the ecclesiastical sense of the term, and as the Methodist Episcopal Church is not diocesan in polity, there never has been either a Providence or a Rhode Island diocese of that church.

I never "boldly proclaimed" in the pulpit of my church, my late views, but simply returned my parchment of ordination to the proper authorities, attended by a most kind and fraternal correspondence.

My long editorial service has made me familiar with the "rapid transit" of errors through exchanges, and I take this early moment to correct this one, which undesignedly might give some of my good brethren in the church an unpleasant feeling.

Warren, R. I. SIDNEY DEAN.

Bear in Mind.

Whenever you write to this office, whatever your business may be, you will confer on us a great favor if you will send us the names and postoffice addresses of as many Spiritualists as you can bring to mind. Don't under any circumstances send us the names of church members. We wish to make every Spiritualist in the United States acquainted with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and will gladly send them sample copies.

The Free Thinker's Magazine for March (illustrated) is a superb number. Contents: "Creed and Christianity," by Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine; "The Gods," by Robert J. Ingersoll; "Exhibition Days in Paris," by George J. Holyoake; "Reminiscences," by Lucy N. Colman; "Religion or no Religion—An Open Letter to Hugh O. Pentecost," by A. B. Bradford. Literary Department; Editorial Department. Terms: \$1 for six months; \$2 per annum. Address: H. L. GREEN, 143 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. J. K. BAILEY this week gives, in cogent language, "Some of the Mistakes of Materialism," while Dr. Wheelock pays his respects to the memory of Thomas Paine. The other contributors on each page have something of deep interest also to impart.

The Iowa papers are as greatly exercised over a common case of allopathic poisoning, at Des Moines, as though it didn't occur daily undiscovered.

THE ECHO!

It Comes From the Hearts of the People.

A Spontaneous Outburst of Good Feeling.

We select at random a few of the many appreciative letters we receive. All are highly prized by us, those which we have not room to publish as well as those that appear in our columns. It is as gratifying to our subscribers as to ourselves to realize that our subscription list is nearly double that of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

The following significant letter from H. E. Wales, of Haverhill, Mass., shows which way public sentiment is turning: "Enclosed please find postoffice order for \$2.25, two dollars to renew my subscription for one year, with the understanding that I will send an excellent paper as yours; twenty-five cents is for a trial subscription." Many thanks, my good brother, for your high appreciation and excellent service in behalf of our paper. Though only eighteen weeks of age, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has stepped to the front, and has a much larger circulation than any other Spiritualist paper published in Chicago.

W. P. Sanford sends us another club of subscribers from Danford, Ohio. Our paper is well patronized by our constant efforts to extend the circulation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Mrs. May F. Clayton, of Los Angeles, Cal., writes: "I wish to thank you for sending me so many copies of your most beautiful paper, and hope you will not mind my asking that it be sent to me without cost." Mrs. A. A. Twombly, of Tustin, Cal., writes: "I am induced again to subscribe for your most excellent paper. Go ahead, my brother, I think you beat the world. I am an old investigator from the child Catholicism. I have read your paper, and now I am glad to know that the right track, the true path, I am now following for the promulgation of the glorious truths. E. Capron published the first account of the demonstrations in pamphlet form I think, about 1849, in Auburn, N. Y."

Dr. Fannie C. D. Miller, of Belows Falls, Vt., writes and reads my paper from Vt., my soul is filled—overwhelmed—with the power and influence of what it contains. As one writer expresses herself, "It is a gem of the purest ideas." I am glad to know that the right track, the true path, I am now following for the promulgation of the glorious truths. E. Capron published the first account of the demonstrations in pamphlet form I think, about 1849, in Auburn, N. Y."

C. Newell, of Portland, Oregon, has thanks for his constant efforts to extend the circulation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

W. P. Crane, of Hayward, Cal., writes: "Through the kindness of a friend a copy of your valuable paper has fallen into my hands, and I feel it my duty to say that I am glad to know that the right track, the true path, I am now following for the promulgation of the glorious truths. E. Capron published the first account of the demonstrations in pamphlet form I think, about 1849, in Auburn, N. Y."

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George Kellogg, of New York, writes: "I saw your PROGRESSIVE THINKER to-day, in the office of Andrew J. Graham, and I am so much interested in it, that I am going to take it as much as I can. I will subscribe for it, beginning with the year 1890, I send you enclosed one dollar."

Thomas H. Gregory, of Keota, Iowa, writes: "After having subscribed for your paper on trial, and having read a copy, I am so much impressed with it that I send a list of subscribers."

Geo. W. Mead, of Sparland, Ill., writes: "I received some copies of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and am highly pleased with its face and general make-up, and must work for it when the mud will set one in the mud. I am so much interested in it, that I am going to take it as much as I can. I will subscribe for it, beginning with the year 1890, I send you enclosed one dollar."

Mrs. K. E. Hinton, of Jamestown, N. Y., writes: "Your interesting and instructive paper has been received and read with great pleasure. I was induced to subscribe for it by reading an address by James H. Hinton, of the same name, who was so deeply interested in some articles that he subscribed."

Mrs. Lizzie Condy, of Stockton, Cal., writes: "A copy of your valuable paper having come into my possession, I have read and digested its contents with intense satisfaction, and can truly say it was an intellectual feast."

Dr. R. S. Hillman, of Williamsburg, Mass., writes: "The sample numbers you sent me I like very much. If you can make all future numbers equal to those I have seen, your paper will occupy the first rank among Spiritualist papers."

J. B. Allen, of Devil's Lake, Mich., writes: "I like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER well. The discourse by the Rev. H. W. Thomas contains more of reason, logic and truth than all that Talmage says in a year in his sermons."

Mattie E. Hursen, of Chicago, writes: "By mere chance a copy of your paper reached my hands. I am very much pleased with it. I sincerely hope it may receive the patronage it so richly merits. Such educational articles are altogether too scarce."

E. W. Sprague, of North Collins, N. Y., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a good paper, and is liked by all who have received it here. We need it and many more like it. I shall do all I can to help it along."

Allie Lindsay Lynch, of Memphis, Tenn., writes: "I am so well pleased with your paper that I love to ask friends to give it a trial."

Elliott Rawson, of Nictown, Pa., writes: "Will do my best for you and your paper, and hope you will be able to find that publishing house you spoke of a few weeks ago."

John Rutledge, of Montague, Mich., writes: "We want the best spiritual newspaper that is printed, and must have THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Ferry Bricker, of Belding, Mich., writes: "I think that sixteen weeks ago I thought that I would be surprised by a letter sending you a few names for trial subscriptions along with my own, hoping that you will gladly receive them. I have even gone so far as to make a liberal offer, that if at the end of sixteen weeks they would say that they did not get the worth of their twenty-five cents, I would pay them back their money; but I have no fears in that. I would not take one dollar for the last paper, No. 16, if I could not get another. What we need here is a good revivalist to give us a course of lectures, and to organize is another thing we need. I think there are none better than you."

Isaac Nevatt, of Denver, Colo., writes: "By accident I saw your paper last night, and at once appreciated its value."

Mrs. John Holt, of Tustin, Cal., writes: "I renew for you as much as I can. I admire the liberality displayed. I also like the spiritual doctrine, and sometimes think it too good to be true. At any rate, I want your paper."

A. Tinsleigh, of Pentwater, Mich., writes: "I am highly pleased with your paper. I have taken Spiritualist papers for the last twenty-five years, and think there are none better than yours."

J. F. Latimore, of Cecil, Ohio, writes: "We are convinced that your paper will become the leading Spiritualist organ of our country, as its kind and unimpeachable way of presenting the truth of our grand philosophy is just such as will take with all good, thoughtful people."

Henry Moore, of Mankato, Minn., writes: "I find that your paper is a real help to me, and am pleased with its tone and spirit."

E. C. Finnell, of Princeton, Ill., writes: "We are much pleased with the paper; think it both grand and cheap."

Mrs. Carrie J. Fifth, of Coldwater, Mich., writes: "Sample copy of your paper received. I like it very much."

C. G. Harrington, of Lawton, Mich., writes: "I like the paper very much; it just suits my eyes. I am nearly eighty years old."

The Education Question Among Liberals.

This is the title of a tract of twenty-four pages, by that graceful and logical writer, Sara A. Underwood. It is a plain, clear showing of one of the most vital questions of the time. The public schools are eminently Protestant, the parochial schools Catholic, and there is a wide and growing discontent fostered by the bigots in the churches, with the present system of education. There is a desire to introduce religion in sectarian form, and by that means hold the children in bondage to creeds. Should such a scheme be consummated, the Liberals have all to lose, for there would be no public schools free from sectarian influence. To prevent there being such schools is the object of this crusade. It therefore is of vital importance that every Liberal, every one who does not wish to see the reins of power held by sectarianism, to have the public schools in fact what they are in name, free from sectarian influence. Truly she says:

One step in the right education of children of Liberals would be in the establishment of Sunday-schools where purely ethical teaching should prevail, disassociated from all blind guessing at the unknown; where man's needs and possibilities, his power to aid and to hinder the happiness of his fellows should be explained and made clear, the reasons made plain why we ought or ought not to do certain things, and the way to further intellectual and moral evolution pointed out. The isolation of Liberals renders this step difficult in many cases, but one such Sunday-school has been in successful operation for many years now at Florence, Mass., whence so many things honorable to Liberalism have come, thanks to a few whole-souled and far-seeing thinkers whose words speak more eloquently for the cause they have espoused than any speech could do.

Such a Sunday-school is the *Progressive Lyceum*, which does not receive the attention in this country that it does in England. There never has been any organization so perfectly in accord with the genius of Spiritualism, or one fraught with such wonderful capabilities to expand the minds of all, officers, teachers and pupils. In this matter, Spiritualists shrink from their obvious duty, fearing to move because the crowd will not go with them. Wherever a dozen or a score of adults and children can be gathered, a Lyceum may be founded, which will prove a school of development and a blessing to all concerned. In the absence of catechism, creed and sacred Book from which to repeat committed texts, what shall be taught? Most eloquently Mrs. Underwood informs us:

Though we may not be able to shout hallelujahs over imaginary joys or triumphs, yet we can teach our children to find exaltation and delight in work for the uplifting of humanity. We can teach them to help bring happiness to themselves and to mankind by seeking to lessen the hours of toil for the laborer, to make his hours of leisure intellectually profitable—to give him his due share of the profits gained by his work; in efforts to give strength to weak bodies and weaker minds; to help make hearts purer and intellect stronger; to win men and women to deal justly by each other; to make the waste places of the earth productive until it gives us its best; to bring nature and man up to their highest possibilities, and by united action prove the brotherhood of man before wasting time in blind guessing as to the fatherhood of a God who chooses for some unknown reason to keep himself beyond mortal ken. So, working unitedly toward the realization of the highest ideals we yet know, we may become clear-eyed and large-brained enough to search more deeply, more clear-sightedly, and more successfully into the mysteries of the universe and approach more nearly the yet unknown truth which quarrelsome guesses seem to push farther and farther away from us. There remains to all the heights of philosophy—aye, even of spiritual inquiry to ascend by as slow or as swift degree as within us lie. We are not shut off from that ascension, but have no right at the foot of those heights to shut our eyes and declare definitely what those unseen summits hold of ineffable presence and power.

MYSTERIOUSLY CURED.—Jacob C. Zabriske, for over six years a paralytic, suddenly recovered the use of his limbs on the night before Thanksgiving day, and is now practically a well man. Zabriske was for twenty years in the employ of the Manhattan Gas Company, and for many years superintendent of their works in New York. He went up to St. Louis and built the Laclede Gas Works, and was superintendent up to about six years ago. In 1882 he was in Jersey City, when he was stricken with paralysis, first in his left arm, and then it extended to the left leg, and he was brought home perfectly helpless. He has been bed-ridden ever since, the family subsisting on the proceeds of a little confectionery store kept by his wife. On the night before Thanksgiving day he says he had a dream that he had recovered, and he woke up. He was surprised to find that he could move his hands and feet. He got out of bed and procured a drink of water without arousing anybody. In the morning he thought it was all a dream, but found this was not the case, as he could move his hand and foot. He got out of bed and walked about the house. Naturally he walked with some difficulty, but gradually regained strength, and when seen lately by your correspondent he was in full vigor of health, and is arranging to get back to business in the spring. Dr. J. K. Baudy, the famous physician, examined Zabriske a week before the recovery, and pronounced his case hopeless. A week later he saw the man, and says he is well. The doctor, however, can give no opinion as to the cause of the recovery.—N. Y. Herald.

A General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers, Doings, etc.

Mrs. H. S. Lake, regular speaker at the First Spiritual Temple, Boston, is engaged at Williamstown, Conn., for the Sundays of April, during which time Dr. Fred L. H. Willis will occupy the platform of the Spiritual Fraternity. Mrs. Lake is speaking this month in the Temple, and will do so during May, closing the season with the last Sunday of that month. In June she goes to Albany, N. Y. Permanent address, 8 Worcester Square, Boston, Mass.

E. Gregory, of Lockport, N. Y., writes: "Your paper is just supplying the long felt want. A paper of facts and not of fiction, a paper that the poor man can afford to have. We have an organized club here and hold meetings every week. We had E. W. Emerson here one evening last month. Mrs. Robinson speaks for us on Sunday evenings. She gives splendid tests."

Bishop A. Beals, of St. Paul, Minn., writes: "The church in which we hold our meetings was packed, last evening, to see the wonderful slate-writing medium, Paul Johnson, give exhibitions of his psychic powers. The phenomena in his presence is more wonderful than in any medium of the kind I ever met, not excepting Dr. Slade. The society is moving on successfully and adding new membership to its organization from some of the most influential families in the city. Bro. Hall and wife, at whose hospitable home I am domiciled, are noble workers in the cause here, and with their ample means and influence give their generous support."

John Slater has resumed his public work at San Francisco, Cal. He is a most excellent test medium.

Charles Dawbarn is meeting with much success as a lecturer in California. *The Carrier Dove* says: "Mr. Dawbarn gives a series of lectures upon mediumship at Washington Hall, which should be heard by every Spiritualist in the city."

Major Kerright speaks flatteringly of Mrs. H. D. T. Wilson, M. D., of No. 97 Sixth avenue, New York City. She is not only an excellent healer and medium, but a graduate of medicine.

The forty-second anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated throughout the country by nearly all the Spiritualist Societies in the country.

The Banner of Light well says: "We believe all who assume the cloak of mediumship for selfish purposes will in time be overthrown by the powers of truth. Our establishment has been mentioned as condoning wrong, all because we have recognized the sensitive susceptibility of mediums to adverse influences, in as well as out of the body, and has been slow to condemn those who at first sight seem to be guilty of wrong doing, lest we should misjudge the innocent." Correct! Better let a thousand guilty ones escape than have one innocent or honest medium suffer.

G. W. Kates and wife are engaged at Pittsburg, Pa., for the month of March.

Bishop A. Beals has been engaged by the St. Paul Society till the 1st of June. Address, 240 Arundel street, St. Paul, Minn.

Lyman C. Howe speaks in Cleveland, O., in March, and Washington, D. C., in April. Prof. W. F. Peck is lecturing during March in Williamstown, Conn.

John Gifford, president of the First Progressive Spiritualist Society, of Watertown, N. Y., writes: "The forty-second anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be appropriately celebrated in the Temple, on Davis street, at Watertown, N. Y., March 30 and 31, 1890. Mr. Oscar A. Edgerly, of Newburyport, Mass., our able trance speaker, will deliver the anniversary addresses March 30, at 2:30 and 7:30 o'clock p. m. Supper will be served the 31st, at 5:30 p. m., and presentation by the Women's Progressive Union of a banner, and appropriate exercises at 7:30. All are most cordially invited. The programme of exercises will appear in due time."

J. H. Mendenhall's article in No. 17, in the thirty-seventh line from the top of first column the word "nomadic" should be monadic; in the fifty-eighth line "entitled" should be tentative. In the second column, "Theory No. 2" should read Theory No. 1.

Bishop A. Beals, of St. Paul, Minn., writes: "The Spiritual Alliance Society here will celebrate the forty-second anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, Sunday, March 30, at the Baptist Chapel, where we hold our regular services, in the afternoon and evening of that day, with music and conference, to conclude with an anniversary address by the writer. Monday evening following, there will be a social and dance at some public hall, to conclude with a banquet. The Spiritualists of Minneapolis and the adjoining towns will join us and make it one of the most enjoyable and profitable times of the kind ever held here."

W. J. Colville, now lecturing on the Pacific Coast, says: "On the deck of an ocean steamer in the calm silence of the night, in the seclusion which nature grants to all her children when they leave the noise and dust of a city to breathe the free air beyond its limits, you can sense communion with the unseen because of the withdrawal of your own thoughts from the bewildering cares and distracting hubbub of the purely business or self-amusing world. But it is by no means necessary that you seek a favored shrine, built either by nature or by art. In the privacy of your own apartments, in the midst of your daily associations you can feel and know that you feel the loved ones near."

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

DEVELOPMENT.

BY HENRY H. WARNER.

The subject of development presents many things for the consideration of every thoughtful man and woman, and it is a topic of vital importance to the well being of every human being. Feeling this we approach its discussion with a burden of responsibility resting upon us for oftentimes a word will change the entire current of a man's life, and thus every thought should be weighed carefully before uttered by voice or pen. And at this time we present to you a few thoughts that have come to us as the result of our study and personal experience.

Development should be from within to be of the higher or spiritual nature, but at the same time the physical or exterior of man must be by no means neglected if you desire a truly harmonious development. A healthy physical is a prerequisite of a healthy spiritual nature within man, and who intends to develop those qualities of their physical and psychic organizations which are necessary for the exercise of that function of nature known as mediumship should bear this in mind and bring to their work a thorough concentration, consecration and patience. Unless they can present a clean, pure and healthy physical, they must expect to pass through a crucible of discipline that will try them as by fire, and if found worthy they will emerge from the furnace heat refined gold, fit for the moulding of the spirits' master hands. Self-knowledge is the ladder all must climb if they expect to reach the heights of Truth.

Development has many and varied phases of application to the human life, and we might discuss each one a thousand years and still be no nearer the end than when we began, for each hour of man's existence unfolds a myriad possibilities of action and thought. The development and evolution of man, to us, seems to have been from the protoplasmic cell containing the primitive substances that enter into his composition—soul, spirit, and matter. Substance is the entirety of existence; soul, spirit, and matter, the trinity of form and force with a unity of manifestation through all the wondrous majesty of nature's evolutions from the lowest type of existence in the mineral and vegetable worlds up through the infusoria and protozoa of the animal kingdom to the highest form of animal life known as man. This is our individual opinion, which we believe to be in accord with the scientific facts of the age. Viewing man from this standpoint, then, and also taking into account the fact that nature knows no incompleteness in her works, we must necessarily come face to face with the fact that man is an unfinished product of nature unless we can demonstrate the continuity of life and the progressiveness of man's being after the change called death. Can it be done, and how?

The only method of demonstration is by intelligent communion with the so-called dead, and the only means we have at present of holding such communion is by the contact of these decarnated beings with certain physical and psychic forces embodied in a human incarnated entity called a medium. As this is a demonstrated fact in nature extreme care must be used in the selection and unfolding of the instruments upon whom we are dependent in our present stage of progress, for the blessed knowledge that our loved ones are not dead, but are living and climbing to loftier and grander heights of knowledge and love out there in nature and can and do commune with us; that they are not dwelling away off in a golden-paved and jewel-gated city, nor suffering untold anguish in the flaming depths of a literal hell, because of an acceptance or non-acceptance of salvation through the atoning blood of a mythical Christ.

We, who are seekers after consolation through mediums have sacred obligation imposed upon us to surround the medium with pure, loving and harmonious conditions, and shield them from every contamination. Parents who have children who are just budding into mediumship, keep them away from any public work until they and their guides have demonstrated their capability of caring for themselves by their work in the home circle, and above all else, do not force their development, and overwork them, and allow no one to experiment with them. Let their mediumship unfold quietly and naturally, in the home surroundings. The child needs all its vitality for its own growth, and the guides of those who have any mediumship that amounts to anything generally understand the proper manner and time of control better than any of those in earth-life. If they do not, they should be closed out of business.

We who are mediums and have come before the world as instruments by which messages may be transmitted between the spirit loved ones and those in earth land, owe it to all humanity, incarnate and decarnate, to live pure and humble lives, ever reaching out for the highest and best in life, that we may indeed be found worthy of bearing the cup of joy to the mourning ones of the earth. A sacred trust is laid upon each and every medium, and let us all strive toward the attainment of a grander humanity, a nobler, broader, and deeper knowledge of self and charity for all, and then indeed will we know what is meant by development.

A remarkable incident is reported by the *Warrnambool Standard*, Australia, in connection with the death of Mr. Hugh Murray, who was accidentally drowned in the Merri River recently. On the night he disappeared his wife was attracted by a noise in the room, and thinking it was her husband, she called out, "Is that you, Hugh?" but received no answer. Just then the clock struck three, and when the prolonged absence of her husband began to cause uneasiness, Mrs. Murray had a presentiment that something had happened to him at that hour. When the body was recovered it was found that the watch in his pocket had stopped at a minute or two past three o'clock, and it was accordingly presumed that the man had fallen into the water at the hour named.—*The Two Worlds*.

DANGER SIGNALS!



ROMAN CATHOLICISM. GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION. MEDICAL LEGISLATION. CREDS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

THE ENEMIES OF LIBERTY.

The Jesuitical Anaconda to be Throttled in Brazil.

SIGNIFICANT.

The following telegram, coming from a country long time controlled by Roman Catholics, is very significant just at the present time. It is as follows:

PANAMA, Jan. 23.—The *Lima Nacion* said on Jan. 7: "It is rumored the Jesuits will be ordered away from Brazil. God wills it! It would form an example Peru should imitate, by not only decreeing that they should leave the country, but by strictly complying with the law in this respect, since we have a law in existence which defines in a proper manner that Jesuits should not be allowed in the republic."

On its face it looks as though Brazil was only seeking its own protection, and that Peru was called upon to do likewise; but what are the facts?

Although it may not be apparent to those bigots who are truckling to the Roman hierarchy in the blind effort to destroy our free Republic by engraving sectarian dogmas upon our constitution, through which to open the door for a "union of church and state," yet they are indirectly aiding the Roman pontiff to set up his viceregal throne above the reach of civil government; controlling both it and the freedom of conscience.

It requires no prophetic vision to discover at what that power is aiming. Not only Brazil, but all other Catholic countries are expelling their strategic individuals to seek an asylum in the United States. The shrewdest plotters in their ranks are, under one pretext or another, landed on our shores. Rank and file are turned loose to find homes here. Not only homes, but profitable positions. No sooner do they set foot on our soil than they commence to manipulate our politics. True, they cannot vote at once, without party intrigue and perjury, but the hand of the pope is extended through them in molding opinions and directing terms to be dictated to political parties, and the ring politicians become as wax in their hands, or "as clay in the hands of the potter," allowing them to control the most prominent offices, and fill almost every position in the government.

All this time, our present form of government, our free schools, and liberty of conscience in religion are constantly being assailed by them, and yet, paradoxical as it may seem, they are straining every effort to get members of that church introduced as teachers in our public schools, and the school directors, many of whom also in different places are Romanists, employ them in preference to non-church members. Besides the school boards and teachers who have place in our educational institutions, how many of the janitors, who have charge of our school buildings, owe allegiance to the "Vicar of Christ."

How many reflect that there are other ways of making our free school system unpopular than the passage of laws to endow sectarian schools. The wealthy persons, who live only to accumulate riches to gratify selfish ends, already endeavor to get rid of paying proportional taxes to support the schools. Now, suppose from some cause, a large amount of school property should be destroyed, and this continue from time to time, how long would it be before the wealth that controls elections, aided by the enemies of our free school system, would enact laws inimical to the perpetuation of that system? Now look at the record of the past three or four months. How many public school buildings have been destroyed? Is it not ominous? Have "defective flues" been the cause of so many disasters? If so, what want of proper care renders them defective, and who is responsible for the neglect?

One thing is certain. The pupils attending our public schools should not be exposed to danger from defects which proper precautionary efforts in the construction of school buildings, and proper care on the part of those in charge of them afterwards can prevent. Another thing is equally certain. No person belonging to a sect antagonistic to our public school system, and secular schools in general, should under any pretext be allowed to have anything to do with the free schools, the general system of public instruction, or the construction and care of school buildings.

Those who endorse the papal dogma that greater allegiance is due to the edicts of a church or pope than is due to the laws of the land are aliens, and the violation of their obligations to those laws makes them traitors.

We have only to look at the ascendancy of this power in the province of Quebec and its threatened overturning of the Provincial Government, unless it can dominate the affairs of state as it pleases and endow Jesuit schools with the public funds, should be a lesson to be heeded by the people of the United States.

I am not writing as an alarmist, but as one who reads "the signs of the times," and comprehends their significance; one who watched, step by step, for years, the march and countermarch of slavery as "a Divine Institution," till it fermented the

Rebellion and attempted to overthrow the Union. But nowhere, till near its culmination, was the signs of the coming storm, of the trying ordeal to our Republic, of the sanguinary conflict that was launched upon the country, so apparent, as is, to my mind, the tenfold more bloody and destructive war-cloud that is gathering over this nation through the encroachments of the papal power; unless the people outside of that church tamely submit to be deprived of all civil rights and liberty of conscience, or to add another holocaust of victims to the Holy (?) Inquisition.

Yuma, Arizona. D. P. KAYNER, M. D.

For The Progressive Thinker.

THE CHURCH AND STATE.

The Romish Anaconda Trying to Strangle the Public Schools.

It appears, from the *Chicago Tribune*, the letter of the three Roman Catholic bishops of Wisconsin, denouncing the public education law of that State, shows that the opposition to that measure is not because of its alleged interference with a nationality or political rights, but because it interferes with the pretensions of the bishops. The *Tribune* goes on to say: It is not the German laity who are attacking the law, but the Roman Catholic prelates obeying the orders of the pope of Rome. The latter has been shrewd enough here and in Wisconsin to push German Lutherans forward—to use them as the monkey did the cat, to rake their chestnuts from the fire. After having thus worked up the agitation they are preparing to profit by it.

That the German people as a class are not hostile to the law is shown by the fact that the influential Turner societies of Milwaukee have declared in favor of the Bennett law. They are for free schools and an elementary education in English. The labor people of Milwaukee, mostly Germans, are stoutly for the law, because it will stop parents putting their immature children into factories for the wages they get, and denying them an elementary education. The same thing is true of this city and State. Not a solitary liberal-minded German will vote to repeal the law, though one or two sections need amending.

The three Roman bishops say: "The church insists on parents giving their children not only a secular but also a religious education." As the existence of free public schools interferes with the bishops in forcing the children of members to attend a sectarian school, where they control instruction, they have always fought the public schools. They have threatened parents with excommunication, and have told them they could not be buried in consecrated ground if they sent their children to the American schools. But for that dragging, not one Catholic in ten would send his boys and girls to the inferior parochial schools. Many refuse, and brave the thunders of Rome. The bishops fear this compulsory education law will give more Catholic parents a reason for sending their children to the American public schools. Therefore they assail the law.

In doing so, they but carry out the orders of the pope, who claims to be infallible. Said the pope in his latest encyclical:

"It is a duty assigned to the church by God to offer opposition whenever the laws of the state injure religion, and to endeavor earnestly to infuse the spirit of the gospel into the laws and institutions of peoples."

Therefore the bishops have taken up arms in defense of the dogma that the state has no right to control the secular education of children, but that it belongs entirely to the parents, under the orders of the bishops, who must obey the directions of the pope of Rome. The encyclical says further:

"In politics, which is inseparably bound up with the laws of morality, and religious duties, men ought always and in the first place to take care to serve the interests of Catholicism. As soon as these interests are seen to be in danger, all differences should cease between them, so that united in the same thoughts and the same designs, they may undertake the protection and defense of religion, the common and great end to which all things should be referred."

The bishops are trying to make a political issue of this educational law, and to enlist, if possible, one of the two great political parties on their side. That raises the question whether the politics of American States is to be run from Rome. The *Tribune* believes that the answer of a good many Catholic laity to that will be in the negative when they understand the question. The laity of that church in this country are more progressive, more American, and freer to act than the clergy. In this country, where the priest cannot, as in Europe, say to the parishioner, "You must," the laity cannot be driven.

Farmer Hoard, the Governor of Wisconsin, says "he will sink or swim with the educational law." And adds, if—

"There is any portion of the law that works a hardship to any individual, it should be amended. Or, if the efficiency of the law can be increased by an amendment, then I should say, make the amendment. But there are two principles of the law that must not be lost sight of for a moment—the right of the State to see to it that every child shall receive the rudiments

of an education, and the right of every child to receive such an education. These are fundamental American principles, and I shall do all in my power to support them, and see that they are carried out."

They are fundamental principles, and it is time to assert them. In Illinois and Wisconsin a contest between the supporters and enemies of the American free schools, between the right of Americans to make their own laws and the claim of an Italian priest living in Rome that he has the power to nullify them, can have but one termination—the defeat of such arrogance and presumption.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

SUNDAY LAWS.

Sunday Papers—Special Providences Illustrated.

"A national Sunday law is vigorously advocated by a class of blind partisans, who like those who crucified Jesus, 'know not what they do.' They seem to imagine that they have divine authority for it, and that it is necessary to the salvation of the republic. For all such honest bigots I have kindly regard and good will, but for their suicidal schemes I have only contempt. A rest-day is important; and we might profit by using two days out of every seven for rest and recreation. But to enforce rest, as a religious duty, is against the genius of a republican form of government, and especially the spirit of the founders of this nation, and the letter and life of the national constitution. If any day is to be counted sacred it should be the seventh, if the Bible is to be authority. That Jesus of Nazareth did not regard any Sabbath as essential to righteousness is plain. No one pretends to keep the Jewish Sabbath in the sense and manner ordained by the commandments. That one or more days may and ought to be devoted to spiritual culture and rest seems self-evident; and it required no special revelation to reach such a conclusion. Moses was a great law-giver, and for his time a wise military chieftain. In those days a law that was not supported by the supposed authority of God or gods had little binding force, and law-givers took advantage of the superstition of the age to secure obedience. We can hardly dispute the wisdom of such a policy for that time, however much we object to it now. There is a cultivated prejudice against Sunday newspapers. It is claimed that they are sensational and demoralizing. But will not this apply to all publications? Some kind of special attraction is sought for, to give even the most substantial periodicals a place among their peers. Attractions, however, need not be immoral; but we cannot deny that the publications that reach the masses, depend largely upon the doubtful policy of a liberal display of inferior gossip—reports of murders, suicides, elopements, dog-fights, ball plays, pugilistic brutality, sensational law suits and social scandals. And these are not confined to Sunday papers. They lead in all popular daily and weekly publications. They are regarded as important news essential to the reading public, because demanded by the popular appetite. Many clergymen (and indeed nearly all) attempt to secure a following by offering such attractions as they find draw. They cannot hold the people with the old stale pious platitudes that put congregations to sleep thirty years ago. They attempt to preach on live issues, and if they live in the dead past, and draw their sermons from the old wine presses of Judea, labelled, 'total depravity,' 'endless misery,' 'vicarious atonement,' 'divine wrath,' 'resurrection of the body,' 'the day of judgment,' etc., their congregations decline. Hence, they sandwich the old slice between the living bread of experience and the accepted sciences, and some of their people choke even at that. The latest sensation fad is a topic for a pulpist binder, and people like to see how it looks with its Sunday vestment on. Floods and fires get into the religious diet. Earthquakes, cyclones, plagues and pestilence are convenient sensations to lure sinners from their Sunday paper to see how they serve up as religious feasts seasoned with 'special providence' and 'endless misery.' La grippe has not only become a name for babies born under his reign, but occupies an honorable place in the pulpist, as an example of God's providence in dealing with a wicked world! To get revenge on some miscreants, and show infidels that he has not forgotten them, God is represented as visiting the world with this sneezing plague. He got after Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage with this scourge and broke up his appointment—though it is said that the doctor himself escaped. Now here is a problem. Dr. Talmage is supposed to be saving souls. Is God opposed to his work? Suppose Dr. Talmage would have saved one or more by filling his engagement, and that in consequence of his failure these souls are lost, who is responsible? If God sent this panicky plague on its circuit around the world to show his power and educate skeptics, why did he not send it with unerring fatality against infidels and incorrigible sinners, and spare the good, the great and the useful to bless the world? Why select Walker Blaine and thousands among the most exemplary characters on both continents as victims, and let millions of the vilest escape unharmed? There might be some show or reason for attacking 'Aunt Hattie Quick' who is said to be hale and hearty at 119; for it looks as though the natural course of age and decay were not a match for her wonderful constitution, and it might be thought advisable to invent some special means for emancipating her from the bondage of the flesh. She has la grippe, but she may recover. How absurd and childish, sensible people appear, when they attempt to solve the problems of nature, and account for plagues, and phenomenal disasters upon religious hypotheses and assumptions of special providences and miraculous interventions.

A somewhat sensational affair is reported in the *Elmira Sunday Telegram*, January 19th, which seems to call for religious solution. It is no wonder, in view of such scenes, paraded before the public for Sunday reading, that pious people dislike Sunday papers. In fact, to be consistent, they should demand the suppression of all publications that meddle with such sacred affairs! As names, date, and locality and

particulars are all given, I take it for granted that the account must be reliable. The gist of the story is this: In Racineville, Ohio, two rival Baptist ministers exemplified the beauties of their religion and the saving ordinance of baptism in a remarkable manner. Just as Rev. Mr. Harris was leading a beautiful girl up the ladder to the baptismal font, his rival brother, Rev. Mr. Todd, demanded the privilege of administering the rite of baptism to the girl. Rev. Mr. Harris commanded him to "withdraw from this sanctuary of the Lord." As the *Telegram* gives it, Mr. Todd replied, trembling with passion: "And I say the Lord hasn't any ear for such hypocritical cattle as you. What's more to the point, I want it understood that that young girl has been reared in the ways of righteousness by me, and no other man, while I live, shall baptize her." Then, "pulling Miss Hopkins off the round she had mounted, twirled her around like a top." Then he made a grab at Pastor Harris's muslin gown and tore the back out of it. Pastor Harris kicked at him viciously with his foot; (Query: what would he kick with, if not his foot?—L. C. H.) "but this offensive member was in the death-like grip of his adversary. The latter worked his way up the ladder and succeeded in reaching the top before the half-paralyzed members of the congregation could interfere. For the fraction of a moment, the two clergymen glared at each other, and in a twinkling they were writing in the intricacies of a double grape-vine twist." I pause to breathe. The climax is yet to come. What next can be the movements of the spirit in this astonishing illustration of special providences? If God gave Russia la grippe, and from that maelstrom of despotism and nihilism sent it round the world, sneezing, coughing, purging, and killing saints and sinners alike, and taking a general grape-vine twist on the whole civilized world, may we not as reasonably infer (especially since this pious scene occurred in his sanctuary, at the baptismal font, amid the most impressive and serious circumstances), that he moved these, his servants, to try their religious muscle in a holy grape-vine twist? The ultimatum seems to justify this conclusion, for the report says that both clergymen found head first into the baptismal font! Evidently they needed washing. The reporter thinks that they must both have drowned but for the timely aid of several strong men, who by this time had rallied from their dazed condition, and pulled them out. But if God put them in, couldn't he get them out? Or, did he intend to drown them? If the latter, then was it not presumptuous for men to interfere and thwart the will of heaven? Does the reader smile contemptuously and call this sacrilege? Is it answered, no one in his right mind believes that God took any part in such a shameful farce? But why not? All who believe and teach that God haunts the world with special inflictions, causes assassinations and wars to accomplish his purposes, must logically accept this religious comedy—that so nearly resulted in tragedy as the work of his will. When a president is assassinated the pulpits echo with sermons asserting God's providence in thus removing from us a great and good man; and then in the next breath they denounce the assassin and clamor for his life at the hands of the law. "Consistency, thou art a jewel." But, seriously, the disgraceful conduct of these clergymen should not be held as a sample of the influence of Christianity, nor charged against the Baptist church, of which they were honored representatives. It is a pitiable exhibition of human weakness, which is as liable to exist in the life of ministers, as in the unpretending character of agnostics or Spiritualists; and should be a mirror for those gentlemen who delight to parade the errors and immoralities of those they are pleased to call heretics and infidels. "There is none righteous, no, not one." Neither is there one that is wholly bad. Let us learn by each other's mistakes, and profit by the examples of all, both good and bad.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

MOTHER'S HANDS.

I wonder if good St. Peter
Who he opened the pearly gate
For the tired, wearied mother
Who knocks when the hour is late,
E'er waits to peer or parley,
Or other pass demands
That he see and smacked furrows
That he sees in the mother's hands.
Must she linger outside the portal
That the good old Saint may read
A bit of tattered parchment,
Enwrapped in a rusty cord?
And what if the wearied mother
Should murmur, "I forgot,"
Can it be that old St. Peter
Would answer, "I know thee not!"
Who heareth the roar of the battle,
A transit free shall win.
And I think that good St. Peter
Would welcome the mother in.
What though the hands be empty,
In each little furrow there lies
A lesson of purest devotion,
Of love and self-sacrifice.
Surely St. Peter will whisper,
"Thy part hath been nobly done.
Into the joys of the Father
Enter, thou faithful one."
Wide will be swung the portal,
And when 'neath the throne she stands,
Angels will smooth the furrows
And creases from mother's hands.

—Selected.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

A Transfiguration.

I wish to state a curious fact that came under my own personal observation. A lady, a medium, was sitting one evening in the midst of her family. She was reading and they were engaged in various ways. She became perfectly still and after a little while the attention of all was turned to her, and a curious transformation took place in her appearance. Her face gradually took on the color and shape of a mulatto. The cheeks became prominent (she is full-faced with plump cheeks and thin lips), her lips thickened and she lost entirely her own natural expression. This lasted for some little time. We were all astonished, surprised beyond measure, never having seen anything like it before. Finally she said, in a voice as unlike her own as her appearance was: "Marsa say so." Then we knew what it seemed to mean and who the person represented was. How is it to be explained is the curious query. I leave it for your wise readers to explain. W. H. OLIN.

North Hector, N. Y.

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

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

The Sunny South.

Spiritualism and other liberal thought has been slow to gain a foothold in the South. Some of your readers may have noticed in the *Spiritualist* papers a statement in regard to a society of Spiritualists being organized here. There are a few families here now, and many inquiries are made in regard to the country, etc. This is a new town, in the heart of what is known as the "Grand Prairie Region." This prairie is nearly 100 miles long and forty wide, interspersed with beautiful groves of excellent timber. This is a good fruit region. A vast amount of prairie hay is shipped away annually. The water is pure and health good. This town has 1,500 population, principally from the North. We have two railroads and other valuable improvements inaugurated. A college was opened for students last October. This would be an excellent point for the grand truths of Spiritualism to radiate from. I have no pecuniary interest in view; but I will be glad to answer any inquiries to those that have their mind on the "sunny South." I would say in conclusion that ice has formed but ten times this winter, and at this writing, February 4, many of the fruit trees are in bloom. Early strawberries have formed. Flowers are blooming on the prairie. But the season is uncommonly early.

J. REINHARD ALTER.

Stuttgart, Ark., Feb. 4, 1890.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

I am much pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and with the name it bears, and trust it will have God-speed in its mission to mankind. I like it for its catholic spirit, its universality of thought, and trust it is destined to voice the universal man in all his conditions, and especially that vast and hitherto unvoiced element of humanity that the church and Swedenborg have consigned to an eternity of suffering in the hells of the spiritual world.

Is it not high time that this vast class in spirit life should have a voice; should be permitted to tell its own sad story?

The word *manu* is an abbreviation of the Sanskrit *manu*, and is made up of *ma*, knowledge (the original name for substance) and *nu*, the heavens. As a noun objective, it signifies celestial knowledge. As an active or subjective substantive it means the celestial or heavenly thinker, and as such was applied in ancient times to the seers and sages of the race. They were the *manus* or buddhas or wise ones.

But to think is to *thing* (derived from the same word-root) and signifies to create things—to form the things of the mind, which are thoughts.

For men, the thinker is forever the recipient of the thought forms (formule) of the universe, material as well as spiritual; elaborating them within the marvelous alembic of his own spirit, the celestial *manu*: communicating them to others as mental and spiritual food; constructing them into all the elaborate machinery of civilization, material and spiritual; or weaving them into the texture of the *karma* (Sanskrit for *kar* or *karo*, flesh, and *ma*, knowledge) that wonderful two-fold organism, the *soma* or material body, and that more elaborate and marvelous vesture, the immortal psyche or spiritual body, in and through which he lives and expresses himself through all the spheres of celestial life.

It is by progressive thinking that man ascends through the infinity of spheres of the spiritual universe until he has reached the higher creative planes of his being.

Man in his higher modes is the supreme creator; becomes a part of the universal intelligence. *Nous* (from *noein*, to think) that pervades and illuminates the universe; and elaborates, fills and sustains the infinity of suns and worlds that people the immensity of space.

May THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER be ever a just exponent of its own high name, and a true representative of all the elements and classes of spiritual life, both there and here. Its success will then be assured.

Pomona, Cal. S. A. MERRILL, M. D.

Taxation Without Representation.

Dr. C. Butt well says: "Our forefathers declared that taxation without representation was tyranny, and yet one hundred years has elapsed, and they still practice the same tyranny over the better part of God's creation. At the same time they will allow a foreigner to go to the ballot box and deposit his vote before he can speak a word of our language, and a negro just liberated from slavery, is by law fully qualified to become a voter, and these two ignorant classes are allowed to take precedent over our mothers, sisters, wives and daughters, who are amenable to all the laws of the land, yet prohibited from having a voice in their construction. They are compelled to support the government by paying their share of its taxes; they are permitted at the tax collector's office, but not at the polls."

The *Better Way* says: "Sense-consciousness is much dependent on mental or spiritual activity. Dull boys often grow into very bright men; and unenergetic men in physical prime become clear-headed and shrewd in old age. Such is an effect of spiritual unfolding or advance through study, experience, and frequently trials. An easy life, or a pleasurable one, leads the other way, and make some men and women feeble, infirm, absent minded, irritable, captious—dulling their sense-consciousness rather than improving it, as it were. Weak sight and hearing propensities in youth have been known to improve with education and mental or spiritual development."

Take Notice.

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

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

THE HOME CIRCLE FRATERNITY

The Evolution of a New Religion.

KIND WORDS AND GENTLE AD-MONITIONS.

I.

It was a delightful summer evening a few years ago when Miss Fannie Porter, daughter of the postmaster at Russellville, Ky., noticed an old tramp watching her from the opposite side of the street. At last he ventured to approach the window where she sat and spoke to her. She treated him pleasantly, although he was roughly dressed, and at his request wrote her name on a slip of paper which he carefully placed in his pocket, promising that she should hear from him in a way that would gladden her heart. Finally she received a letter stating that a tramp had been found dead in the woods in Logan county, on whose person was found the slip containing her name and address, with directions to turn all his papers and effects over to her. She received and declined an offer of \$3,000 in cash to surrender her claim to the estate.

He may have chosen this vagabondish, Gypsy-like life on account of some cutting disappointment; and, in order to more accurately study human nature as manifested from the higher strata of society, he became a professional tramp, and a hunter after the pearls of kindness. He undoubtedly approached that lady for a ray of genuine sunshine that ever accompanies kind words and a pleasant expression of the face, resolving, if he found the coveted prize, to cherish it as he would a sacred relic, and finally reward the fair donor. It was an experiment with him, but a successful one, and he left that lady with a grander, higher and more beautiful conception of human nature. Kind words were rare jewels to him, making as genial an impression upon his nature, as the summer rain-drops, glistening with rainbow-tinted hues, make upon the fields of grass, flowers and garden. He evidently had approached other ladies, equally as fair; equally as attractive and lovely externally, and met a cold, withering response, that chilled his plastic nature as the autumnal frost chills the last vestige of the beautiful creations of golden summer. He did not ask for their names; he did not even think kindly of them; he vanished from them more soured than ever against the world, and wondering that, if in all God's vast universe, were a single heart that would kindly respond to him, so like a vagabond and tramp in appearance, and treat him as kindly, as gently and as tenderly as if suspecting him of being an angel in disguise.

It was undoubtedly a long time before the cherished object of his search was realized, and when found his heart beat kinder towards the world at large; his thoughts turned towards—to him—the Great Unknown, and he wondered if, in the course of God's providence, all in the celestial regions were actuated with tender thoughts and consideration for each other.

To Miss Porter that tramp proved truly an angel in disguise; he approached her with honorable intentions; he was received so affably that he went his way, promising her that she should eventually hear from him in a way that would gladden her heart.

II.

How, true it is that kind words, the precious fruits of generous impulses and charitable feelings, golden with the impress of angels, go forth laden with an incense more life-giving than that of field or flower garden, and wield an influence that often makes angels of those who are wayward in life.

Kind words redeemed Gough, that grand old temperance advocate. It has been well said that homes are like harps, one of which is finely carved and bright with gilding, but ill-tuned and jarring the air with its discords, while another is old, plain and worn, but from its chords float strains that are a feast of music. So it is with the human soul. Some are attuned to the sweet melody of heaven, and their lives are one continual midsummer day. Their thoughts flower out into golden blossoms, and their words are rhythmic with the sweet cadences of angels. They are Redeemers, God's Evangers, who, without a creed, without ever having been immersed in a baptismal font, or taught the intricacies of the Trinity or the mysteries of faith and God's providence, leave the world better than they found it.

Some make their advent into this life sour, crabbed and exceedingly morose, for their homes during their embryonic growth and development, were the centres of discord, of violent commotion, of anger, sensualism, and hate. They were human plants nurtured by anger, unkind words, and domestic jars, and can one wonder that they became pirates, highway robbers, sand-baggers, or petty thieves? Kind words, a pleasant smile, a genial grasp of the hand, and a wish full of soul-love, are God's CURRENCY, and they nourish and strengthen the better part of human nature, and tend to make heaven of earth, while discord, hateful and malignant, has a tendency to make a hell of life, and devils of human beings.

III.

It is related that on one occasion two Nevada miners went up a mountain above their new cabin, to stake off some claims. The snow being soft and tempting, one of them made a snowball and threw it at the other, who returned the fire. His ball missed and went over the slope, which is nearly a mile long. First it rolled down the incline slowly, gathering in volume as it went until it was as big as a barrel; then it bounded over a little bluff and broke into a half-dozen or more pieces, each of which started on its own hook. The further they went the larger they got and the greater their velocity, until they knocked trees down, picked up huge boulders, logs and stumps leaving a streak of bare earth 150 feet wide. One of them struck the new cabin and absorbed it so completely that there was not a vestige of it left.

Thus it is with hateful words and angry

feelings in the family circle. They fasten their poisonous fangs upon the unborn child, and the traits of the parents are so intensified that they move along in the life of their offspring, quadrupled in power and in every mean quality, and gradually receiving additions, like the snow-balls moving down the mountain, they curse the world and humanity generally.

Culture can make angels or devils. The aspirations of the soul go out as Ministering Angels or as Fiends of Darkness. The cross word and angry look continue their pestiferous influence after the sound of the former has vanished, and the appearance of the latter has faded away. There is in each brute, however, a fragment of goodness. The maternal love of the cobra is sublimely grand. It will die for its young—sacrifice itself that they may live. Much more apparent than in that poisonous creature is the fragment of goodness that exists in even the most depraved human being. It vibrates sweetly in harmony with kind words and gentle admonitions, but becomes more calloused, rough and uncouth by cross, snarl or snappish reproof.

Heaven is harmony—in sweet accord with those souls that see in each human being redemptive qualities and humanely cultivates them by gentle, sympathetic words of love and admonition, and by constantly sending forth from their angelic nature thoughts that tend to enrich and clarify the mental atmosphere of the world, as the genial midsummer shower from heaven's clouds tends to purify the air of our earth, and impart to it more invigorating properties.

The thoughts of the pure, the noble, the unselfish, those who take delight in seeing others happy, are elements of strength, of vivifying potency, of refining influence; they radiate from their soul as the rays of the sun from that central orb. Remove them from the world, and virtue, chastity, honesty and moral cleanness would vanish as soon as the beauty and loveliness of earth would disappear without sunshine and rain. That lady who spoke so gently and tenderly to a tramp, added wealth and grandeur to the better part of God's vast universe, while the snarl and snarl, curled, disdainful lips and resentful thoughts of others, tend exactly in the opposite direction—to extend the barren waste and places that ever meet the vision of mortals in their progress here.

John R. Francis
IT MIGHT BE WORSE.

I hate the weepin' pessimist that's all talkin' blue
And paintin' up his troubles with a cemetery hue;
He never sees a rainbow, but allus sees a cloud,
And tries to throw it over everybody like a shroud;
He pounds away at all he meets an' tries to make 'em
think
That his has been the bitterest of bitter drags to
drink;
He tells you that his trouble is an overp'rin' curse,
An' never stops to reason that it
Might Be Worse.

I like a noble fellow who can play a cheerful part,
No matter if a hidden snarl is wellin' up his heart.
He makes you think a little gril' kinder ease yer
woe,
An' mebbe when to-morrow comes you'll stan' a bet-
ter show;
He'll allus take you by the hand an' soften down yer
day,
An' make you see a ray o' hope a-shinin' through yer
tears;
That's the kind o' fellow that can meet with a re-
verse,
He can brace himself and say it
Might Be Worse.

Yer burden may be heavy, but you'll somehow find it
true
That there are others carryin' a bigger load than you;
The world is blue enough, God knows, without yer
gettin' down
An' cryin' over trouble long afore it comes aroun';
A fainlin' heart was never known to bring a brighter
day,
An' weepin' an' complainin' never drives the clouds
away—
So don't you advertise yer woe throughout the uni-
verse,
But keep it to yourself an' say, it
Might Be Worse.

If everybody's misery was written in his face,
There'd be but little pleasure here among the human
race;
The glow o' cheerful happiness 'ud fade away and die,
An' all the springs o' joy an' mirth 'ud soon be run-
nin' dry.
So don't you grow discouraged, then, if everything
goes wrong,
For if you wait a streak o' joy'll surely come along.
Don't keep a-mopin' all the time as mournful as a
hearse,
But gulp yer trouble down an' say it
Might Be Worse.

—Harry S. Chester, Elkhart, Ind.

JUST BEYOND.

When out of the body the soul is sent,
As a bird seeks forth from the opened tent,
As the snake flies out when it finds a vent,
To lose itself in the spending.

Does it travel wide? Does it travel far
To find the place where all spirits are?
Does it measure long leagues from star to star
And feel its travel unending?

And caught by each baffling, blowing wind,
Storm-tossed and beaten, before, behind,
Till the courage fails and the sight is blind—
Must it go in search of its heaven?

I do not think that it can be so,
For weary is life, as all men know,
And battling and struggling to and fro
Man goes from his morn to his even.

And surely this is enough to bear,
The long day's work in the hot sun's glare,
The doubt and loss which breed despair,
The anguish of baffled hoping.

And when the end of it all has come
And the soul has won the right to its home,
I do not believe it must wander and roam,
Through the infinite spaces groping.

No; wild may the storm be, and dark the day,
And the shuddering soul may clasp its cry,
Afraid to lose, and unwilling to stay;
But when it girds it for going,

With a rapture of sudden consciousness,
I think it awakes to a knowledge of this,
That heaven earth's closest neighbor is,
And only waits for our knowing;

That 'tis but a step from dark to day,
From the worn-out tent and the burial clay
To the rapture of youth renewed for aye,
And the smile of the saints uprising;

And that just where the soul perplexed and
awed,
Begins its journey, it meets the Lord,
And finds that heaven and the great reward,
Lay just outside of its prison!

—Susan Coolidge, in *Congregationalist*.

THE GRAND REALITY!

Experiences in Spirit Life of a Cele-
brated Dramatist.

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

LECTURE XIII.

The rapidity (the medium had scarcely adjusted himself in his chair when he became entranced this evening) of the entrance to-night was in consequence of the state of the atmosphere. We wish not to lose valuable time, for the atmosphere has all the appearance of a marked change.

Where I left you when last speaking to you was on the grassy lawn, where some beautiful spirits—the bright inhabitants of these pearly lands—were employed in enjoying themselves. I will try and convey to your minds the beautiful quietness that reigned over the whole proceedings, as I stood and gazed upon them. I noticed that each form was so transparent that the veins could be seen palpitating in their spiritual bodies, whose graceful movements seemed to require no exertion, and everything appeared to work with the most perfect harmony you could imagine. The scene impressed me with the conviction that the acme of spirit culture, harmony and understanding was here attained. I thought how far, indeed, are those on earth behind when they cannot even comprehend such a state of existence! You may fancy that we are apt to paint these scenes in too glowing colors, but they can never, in earthly language, be decked with the ruby freshness in which they exist. The grandest expanses of nature which you can possibly see upon earth can never convey to your minds one jot of the reality here. Therefore, to those who, having read these descriptions, may pass adverse criticisms, and say "they are too highly colored," I repeat they fall far short of the reality as the rays of a common candle-light do to the glittering of the sunbeams. Picture them above man's level—above man's scenery, and you instantly lose him—he understands it not. If he could be placed in his rough and crude state to witness one of these ineffable scenes it would look to his mind like some passing freak of nature, which awoke his intellect for a few short minutes, and then passed away in a breath of air, leaving merely a fleeting recollection behind. I observed that among this harmonious throng no language was used, so perfect was the harmony which united them, their thoughts being linked together by the purest of sympathetic ties. When in the company of some loved companion, friend or acquaintance, each one here present has had, I dare say, his thoughts occasionally anticipated when about giving expression to them by language; so there, for this unspoken language is inherent and intuitive. Harmony, sympathy and love form the chain which binds spirits of refinement and culture together. The currents of their thoughts and affections run as smoothly as the messages of your telegraph wires.

After enjoying these amusements I was naturally anxious to elicit the opinions of those spirits concerning Deity, and how they pictured him to their minds. As the question which I put upon this subject died away, the music gently subsided into low, sweet tones, reminding me somewhat of the melody emanating from the distant ringing of bells in woodland villages upon earth, when all Nature is calmly sinking into repose, and the silence is only broken by the noise of those nocturnal birds, whose nature it is to love darkness better than light. Resting upon beautiful seats, but not reclining on them, these spirits seemed to enjoy the delicious repose and serenity of their existence. One of them, who appeared to be of a superior brightness, stepped forward, and greeted me in these words: "Stranger, thou art welcome to this home. Here you have anxiously inquired to know our opinions and conceptions concerning Deity. Therefore, we will give you them, and you can take them for what they are worth. In your mind we see a doubt. You fancy at times that there is no Controlling Power; but we will give you an instance of the fallacy of such a fancy. Deity is not what he was first taught to you—a Personal Being; for he, the Divine Ruler, is not of a shape and form that can be truly depicted by either mortal or spirit. He is beyond the spirit's power of vision. Let spirits soar to the greatest heights they can climb, they yet are as far from realizing the proportions of that Being as they were when in the body. Deity—as far as spirits' conception of that August Being has extended—is neither clothed in the raiment nor crowned in the emblem of man's imagination and teaching, but each flower, each (miscalled) inanimate object is a reflex of him who has been so unworthily misrepresented. Man's ingenuity can imitate almost anything; but at LIFE he stops short! With all his inventive faculties man cannot bring to life a fly; with all his skill and knowledge, such a restoration defies him. But how can we picture Deity? Through the scenes you have traveled, through those bright fairy lands, far o'er mountains reaching up to that purple sky which o'erhangs your head, he is there—Deity is there! Take you the flight of millions of miles, and in every footstep of that space does Deity pervade—glorious in His Being, because he permeates everything. He is so great and yet so fine that even the spirit's imagination droops before the task of painting anything sublime enough. All about with glorious and grateful voices: 'Deity is here—Life and Deity are there!' Thou, who hast seen numerous grades of the spiritual form, hast perceived that many even in the spirit-state still imagine that Deity wears a crown. With every accession of knowledge does the intervening distance which separates the Creator from the creature appear to increase; the creature's brightest conceptions of the Creator must fall immeasurably short of the grand verity! Friend, awake! Deity neither requires you to picture nor imagine him. He is there with you in your being—bursting forth into spontaneous life in everything."

(After a short pause, the control resumed his lecture by saying:) Let us here take a retrospective view of the path I tread during my short sojourn on earth. Mark every step of my career. The monuments that they have raised for me and mine I remember with gratitude; monuments which in their estimation are so grand, but yet so odd compared to those monuments that I have seen in lands above, so bright indeed that I could hardly bear to look upon them. Those who on the earth erected these monuments to cherish my memory and perpetuate my name as they fondly thought, were not, as I am, aware that the characters traced by my pen were clothed in the thoughts of others, so that by no unaided merit of my own am I entitled to those so-called honors conferred upon me. Men who do noble deeds on earth are oft forgotten, but their works are left behind, which occasionally kindle in some a flame of devotion for their authors.

I, when upon earth, could not understand the Deity's form that was portrayed to me, but to my mind's eye I pictured that Being as a Creator so vast, so unworthily vast, that I deemed the earth as unworthy even to be his footstool! But where was he? Upon a throne? Nay, I did not imagine him thus; or seated on a cloud watching earth. His eye hath no need to pierce the canopy of earth for any especial object there; for his immutable laws are both his lieutenant and vicegerent, needing no supervision, since, like himself, they are unerring and infallible. He being in everything sees everything, and is confined by no space or time. 'Tis strange—'tis passing strange—that man has kept him penned up for so long in a place called "heaven!" What a small garden it appears to hold Deity! A small place indeed when compared to the vast expanse of worlds you can behold even from the earth, which expanse is finite when placed in comparison with the infinitude of the worlds beyond! It is simply impossible for man in his present state to picture anything above himself. Long have I searched, and to a certain extent my search has been rewarded, for it must be Deity who glows with such love upon this portion of his creation, and confers upon it eternal bliss.

After lingering here for some time—'tis useless to say how long—we once more started on our journey, which was in a north-easterly direction, and as we proceeded I observed there came around me what was very beautiful, viz., the silvery and sparkling rays sent forth by many of the planets, whose reflected light, as viewed from your standpoint, resembles more the golden than the silvery. This incandescent light I ascribed to the proximity of my view of the revolving orbs. I began to question my guide as to where I was being led. "To a place," he answered, "where those who had enjoyed every luxury when upon earth were taken on leaving that plane of life. Those who were most talented and brilliant are there with their followers and admirers. There also are many who were kings, and who up to this moment fancy themselves still so! I know you will look upon them as lost, wretched beings, but they are not so, they are only blighted. When upon earth they were so inflated with the idea of being kings and princes that they even began to imagine they were the equals of the Divine Ruler Himself! But they cannot be cured of these false ideas at once, they must be taught. Let me ask you how could you possibly know the way to do anything if you had never been shown it? There are many here who look upon their case in a similar light, and know that they will be better instructed by-and-by." We passed on through rich parterres studded with trees, and what seemed to be lemon groves. The turf was of a light and mossy description, which imparted a delightful elasticity to the tread as we walked upon it. The trees were gnarled and twisted as if they had been wrenched by some great force, displaying a whimsical and fantastic appearance. We drew nigh to some splendid looking mansions, whose exteriors were decorated in the English style, many of the old historic scenes being illustrated on the stones. Before one of the most sumptuous looking of these I stopped, and pointing to it inquired of an attendant who stood under the portico in front: "Friend, who lives there?" "Our honorable king lives here," he replied. "We watch and guard him." "Do you notice that you have passed through any change?" I further questioned. "We believe that we have passed through some change, but we cannot really understand it." "Hast thou," I said, "any religion?" If so, what is it? for in such a subject we are particularly interested." "We have no religion," he returned; "we have our king and queen, as well as our friends; we do their bidding, and comply with their wishes." "Happy state of ignorance," thought I. "Do you wish to see our king?" he asked. "I do." We were shown into a large ante-chamber. There were no pictures or decorations of any kind in it, but from many indications, I perceived that some enlightenment had even come to this people, but they seemed to center all their thoughts upon their king. The only way I can account for this is that in older generations they were enthralled and bound down to such a degree by their kings and princes that the feeling of homage engendered thereby had not yet worn off. Still it bears out the grand secret of Nature, that man cannot change so rapidly after his transference from earth as is generally imagined. Everything goes to prove that the objects of a man's interest and desires while upon earth still continue to be his delight in the spheres until the desire for knowledge awakens him to the darkness he has brought with him. In fact, he takes his peculiarities with him, and is drawn to them by the law of attraction or affinity.

[To be continued.]

MEDIUMS LOCATED IN CHICAGO.

Motisms, Clairvoyants, Trance.
Mrs. O. A. Bishop, test, 79 S. Peoria street.
Mrs. H. S. Sloason, 534 W. Lake street.
Mrs. Kate Blade, slate writer, 38 3/4 street.
Mrs. Coverdale, 79 Thirty-fifth street.
Mrs. J. J. Cutter, 322 Fulton street.
Mrs. De Neve, 57 S. Morgan street.
Mrs. Hansen, 34 Bishop court.
Mrs. S. De Wolf, 108 S. Center Avenue.
Mrs. O. Williams, cor. Lake st. and Ashland ave.
Mrs. Gussie Wolf, 615 Fulton street.
Mrs. Lois Hudson, 62 Page street.
Prof. G. W. VanHorn, 230 W. Monroe street.
Mrs. M. J. Edley, 92 E. Adams street.
Mrs. F. Kingsbury, 3436 Cottage Grove avenue.
Bangs Sisters, slate writing, 224 Walnut street.
Mrs. M. D. Gage, 47 N. Ashland avenue.
Healers.
J. S. Dean, 8704 Cottage Grove avenue.
Mrs. Dr. M. A. Mohr, 714 W. Lake street.
Mrs. Pirnie, 1237 W. Madison street.
Dr. R. Greer, 127 LaSalle street.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

"THE PROBLEMS OF LIFE AND DEATH."

I noticed the communication of J. M. Fadden, in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of March 8, under the above heading, and desire space for a few comments. Probably I disagree with the writer less in substance than in nomenclature. If forming a new language, it would be perfectly proper to call a horse a pig, or an elephant a rat, but so long as we speak or write in an established language, I think it better to conform to the standard of accuracy and employ words in the sense practiced by the best speakers and writers of that language. Otherwise we shall be misunderstood, and half the quarrels of men result from misunderstandings.

I think the most concise definition of spirit is "air in motion." The first of the fifteen definitions given by Webster is: "Air set in motion by breathing." Hence, air itself is not spirit any more than a ship is momentum. In the absence of motion there can be neither spirit nor momentum. The root of spirit in the Latin is *spirare*, which means "to breathe," or "blow." There, also, we find the spirit is dependent on motion. From this root have sprung many metaphorical significations, in most of which is preserved, either expressed or implied, the idea of motion. But there can be no motion, so far as man's perceptions are concerned, without matter. Therefore the conclusion is unavoidable, that as there can be no spirit without motion, so there can be no manifestation of spirit without matter. This leads to the inquiry: "Are spirit and matter the same in substance, manifesting under different conditions, like ice and steam, the diamond and carbon, etc., or is each an individual entity or separate substance like chalk and cheese?"

If spirit and matter are the same in substance, then by the laws of chemistry they are convertible one into the other.

I might pause here and demand proof of those who affirm that spirit and matter are the same, the former refined and attenuated, the latter the sublimation; but since they can only answer by reiterating assertions, I will examine the subject in the light of reason and common sense.

Motion is imponderable, in the sense commonly understood as regards weight. The sophist might argue that motion is force; force can overturn a building of a thousand tons, therefore motion has weight. Pursuing this line of sophistry, I might say: A man can reason; the man who gets drunk and beats his wife is a brute, therefore a brute can reason. I think life is too important to waste it arguing against sophistry, and shall therefore pass by in silence mere technical objections.

I have a clock that when wound up and running weighs just seven pounds. I allow it to run down, when the motion ceases. Putting it into the most delicate of scales I weigh it again, and whatever it falls short of seven pounds I will agree is the weight of the motion while the clock was running. Should any one succeed in discovering any difference, I hope that person will push investigation in the same direction until he or she can tell to the millionth part of a grain the weight of an ordinary size bumblebee.

Since it cannot be shown that motion has avoirdupois, the next inquiry will be to discover if motion can be converted into a solid and by the metamorphosis achieve weight. If it can, then something can be made out of nothing, and scientists are all at fault, for they teach that something cannot be made of nothing. True, my orthodox brother will at once join issue and assert that God, with whom all things are possible, made this universe from nothing. Very well, my brother, if your assertion is true, then God can cause a thing to be and not to be at the same instant; he can sit down in his own lap and turn a wheel both ways at the same time. Now, my dear fellow, you had better attend an infant school a quarter and try to learn something before you chip in again in matters of science.

Once establish the fact that nothing can be made into something, and the converse cannot be denied, namely, that something can be made into nothing; accept these two propositions, then the old and nearly obsolete terms "creation" and "annihilation," must be resurrected like Lazarus, after decomposition had begun.

Our writer speaks of "spirit matter," thus coining a new term. This is purely an assumption, dogmatically put forth, and which should be proved. Besides, it is against all the analogies in nature, so far as my limited intelligence has permitted me to investigate. It is the last ditch of the materialist who denies immortality. He claims that: "Reduced to the last analysis, there is but one substance in the universe, and that substance is matter. Then what becomes of your spirit?" he triumphantly asks.

But please notice that he offers no proof of his dogmatic assertion, and for the best of reasons—the facts in nature do not sustain his allegation.

I am in my seventieth year, and can say that I have studied these points for half a century. It may be my obtuseness, or the childishness of age, but it seems to me that there are two substances in nature—spirit and matter, and that they are no more convertible than fire and water; therefore the term spirit-matter sounds as absurd to me as to say a piece of hot ice. Gas may be converted into a solid and a solid into gas. The oxygen which constitutes an element of my body is precisely the same as that which is found in the body of an owl or jackass. Oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon constitute the chief elements of both man and beast, the differences in the proportions causing the differences in the muscles. Man feeds on the hog, assimilates the elements, and thus pork is converted into human flesh. When man dies and the wild beasts and fowls devour him, his flesh is converted into the flesh of the wolf, the buzzard, etc. Still the elements, the original gases, undergo no change. The difference in the flesh results from the varied proportions in which the gases unite in the new formation.

If spirit and matter are convertible, then my spirit, too, may be converted into a part of the body of a pig, and instead of being the dream of a visionary, reincarnation is true. Thus we see that the dogma of spirit and matter being the same, logically lands its advocates in materialism, reincarnation, etc.

There is another reason why I object to the term "spirit matter." For years we have been harassed by persons claiming to be Spiritualists, who hippodrome the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with a "spirit materializing" circus, duping and robbing the ignorant and credulous. I have seen spirits; have felt the class of a spirit hand, but never of a "materialized" hand. And what is more, I never knew of a "materialized" ghost being caught but it proved to be flesh and blood, from which the normal spirit had not yet departed.

Talking of spirit and matter as identical, is not only giving aid and comfort to these frauds, but it is a boomerang that inflicts injury upon true Spiritualists, and I hope it will cease.

W. H. CHANEY.

St. Louis, Mo.

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