

The Progressive Thinker

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

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EVOLUTION.

An Address by Mrs. Nellie T. J. Brigham.

Delivered at Adelphi Hall, New York, March 23, 1890.

[Reported especially for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.]

Subject proposed by one of the audience: What was the origin of the human species, and what has been its development spiritual, mental and physical; and also what is the purpose and destiny of mankind?

Would you be quite satisfied intellectually if in reply to a part of this question, at least, we should bring before you a book and read to you a certain number of chapters and tell you that you were to take it literally and unquestioningly? Or if we were to tell you that out of measureless ages of inactivity and darkness, before light had been created, before this great earth swung in its place in space, God at last conceived the thought of creation, and that out of nothing He had made all the beauty and brightness that exists? If we were to tell you that after the earth was clothed with verdure, when it was crowned with beauty and brightness, and the voice of God had moved upon the face of the waters and said, "Let there be light," and there was light, and that then God said, "Let us make man," and out of the dust of the earth He commenced this rapid and wonderful creation, and having no type or symbol to use He said, "Let us make man in our image," if we were to assure you that only dust was used, and that after this form was finished in its symmetry and beauty, that God breathed into it the breath of life and it became a living soul, would that satisfy you so far? or if we were to tell you that man stood alone on this earth, no one to speak to, and that seeing this sad and rayless loneliness, after a time God saw that it was not good for man to be alone and so decided to make for him a companion and helpmate. We do not know that any one has ever asked the question, or that any one had the right to ask the question why this being was not manufactured out of the same material; whether there was a scarcity of dust upon the face of the earth or whether in the Divine Wisdom the thought had entered that this being should be better and higher. God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and removing from his side a rib, shaped from this his companion and helpmate.

There is the simple statement with which some people try to satisfy themselves and answer the question as to the origin of the human species: That from this pair, that at first lived in the most beautiful place, in the Garden of Eden, came all humanity. You have been told that it was a lovely garden in which Adam was placed and that his one occupation was to dress and keep that garden; to care for it as any one might care for a perfected garden in which he was placed; to keep the paths, perhaps, free from fallen leaves; to keep the weeds from growing amid the flowers. We are told that after a great sin was committed, the eating of the fruit that grew on the branches of the Tree of Knowledge (how any one could have distorted that teaching and said that it was an apple, we cannot conceive, for the Bible says that it was the fruit from the Tree of Knowledge). It was this that they plucked and ate. We have often heard men say that all the sin there was in the world came through woman. We have heard this said by theologians who ought not to have forgotten that according to their doctrine all the salvation that ever came into this world also came through woman. Remembering the one, they should not forget the other. After the wrong had been committed, after Eve had tasted the fruit, and with kindness and wifely generosity had given it to her husband, he took it and ate—we are not told that he thanked her afterwards—laying all the blame of their great misfortune upon this woman, and when they were accused, said, "She tempted me and I did eat." The story is that they were turned out of this fair garden into the desolate wilderness that lay round about, and that then into this world came toil and pain. Their children multiplied upon the face of the earth, and sins and sorrows multiplied also. The common teaching has been, we mean the teaching of the theologians, that humanity struggled on through all manner of shadows and varied experiences, and that the love of God was limited to a very few; that in the divine economy it was poured out upon a few instead of being extended to help the many. And after centuries have rolled away and those who were outside a certain divine love and care had been dropping into the shadows of unending anguish—or utter annihilation, as the case might be, that the divine plan was perfected and there came into the world a life sinless and pure, in which, if we believe, we might find peace for our souls.

Now the teaching of theology has been this: humanity started in purity and perfection at the very highest, and fell from that; that they have wandered in the vilest condition ever since; that there has never been the slightest hope of salvation except in the one way, and that was not ripened and perfected until hundreds of years had passed away, and then at last this late flower of peace blossoms for humanity. This belief has been in the world, that the golden age lies behind us; that man's Eden and paradise are far away in the dim misty morning of time; that we have wandered in sinning and in evil, and that humanity is in a very sad condition for peace and happiness. Even the wisest despair. We do not believe that if God ever built a pyramid He balanced it and stood it upon its apex, but that He built it to stand firmly and squarely upon the earth, to slope upward through the sun and shadow, upward into the light, and when we hear our friends singing:

Nearer my God to thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,—

we are sure that humanity has been climbing, and that by its cross and by its weary journey it has been erecting in this wonderful pyramid of life. Or, in other words, we do not believe that humanity began at its best and has grown to its worst; that it commenced in strength and glory, and in angelic purity, and has fallen and been wandering in the darkness ever since.

But you say, "God has given us a book." Oh, yes, that is true. Friends, He has given us truths in a great many books; we do not mean just this book that is written in a certain language, for we are aware that language is changing all the time, and that any expression given in any language could not remain the same and convey the same meaning to humanity through all the passing centuries. Even the English of Chaucer's time is not readable by the masses to-day, but needs an interpreter. Words used in Shakespeare and common then, the first scholars of the land differ as to their meaning now. Now these are things belonging to recent times, and if we go back through the long vanished centuries we find the difficulties in the words increased. While we do believe that "all Scripture given by the inspiration of God is profitable," we do not believe that all Scripture is given by the inspiration of God, for it has been written by man. Any mistake or any necessity for revision, shows us that there is infallibility, and we tell you that there is nothing that man has touched, never anything that passes through his hands that comes out stainless and spotless and complete and divinely perfect.

So nature is a book that God has given. As we stand here we find some of the leaves of nature's book, [pointing to some flowers that stood upon the table.] We turn to the forests and to nature and we know that man did not make these. Man tries to interpret it and marvels over the vast scenes sometimes, but that is God's book, and its truth speaks for itself.

Now, turning to nature what do you discover? Growth, unfolding, refining processes—the wonderful work of evolution. You will find there cultivation and growth if you have eyes and ears for what nature tells you. You know this land of yours was not always as it is now. The wilderness has given place to cities, and there is improvement on every side, the work of cultivation, development, progress and evolution. Man drains the swamps, fells the forests, tunnels mountains, stretches from one point of land to the farthest distant those fine wires along which intelligence flashes. He lays under the waves of the throbbing sea the cable that reaching from shore to shore, becomes a long and narrow bridge, over which sentences pass to and fro; and so the distant lands are wedded, and not to be divorced. Knowing and understanding the life that is around us in nature, of which man is a part, you can see growth in everything. Look across the sea at England, going back for a few centuries, reading the story of its awakening, does it seem as though it could have been made so beautiful, so fertile, and yet there was a time when where these fair lands smile, there were deep swamps and forests that had not been penetrated, and now behold! how lovely and wonderful is the picture!

Back of man's work with nature, where man has been unfolding and bringing forth the beauty that lay in her many presentations, we find that nature herself has been changing and refining. Once nature could not produce a blossom? Flowers how common they are now! They spring up in the valleys, on the hillsides and mountains; they grow with their beautiful, velvety cheeks, where, close to the sea the soft mists lay their hands upon them; they grow upon the mountain's side with their white

cheeks against white snow; they make beautiful with color; they beautify the broad-reaching prairies; but there was a time when neither in the valleys nor on the hills was there a single bud or blossom. Nature had not grown far enough, evolved far enough.

You look around you now and consider what animal life is, how the furious and terrible fade away, and the useful, the fine and beautiful take the place filled by them as the days go by. Is it not difficult to imagine the past? Can you think of yourself back in those old dim forests when the wonderful glory of the sunshine was poured on the branches? Can you hear the crashing through the forests of some huge and terrible creature in pursuit of its food? Of how the mastodon went forth? When the megatherium roamed and sought for its food? When the plesiosaurus, and pterodactyl, those terrible forms that were in part for land and part for sea, inhabited the earth? Men read of these things, but they can hardly imagine them. I have sometimes thought that in architecture, in the work of man which pictured those strange, grotesque and horrible images of dragons, that he drew from his fancy. But how do we know but that back in those dim days when humanity commenced to live upon the earth, that there were some of these forms, and that men told their children the story, and they told their children, and so on and on, until the story was perpetuated and grew into these expressions, and so to-day, perchance, we find the root of these fancies in the remote ages of the past.

These things have vanished. Sometimes from the beds of marl, or from the deep places of the earth, they bring up fossils, and it is then that we stand face to face with buried ages, and we begin to realize something of what they were. Sometimes in the deep places under the swamps; sometimes from the coal beds, men reach a species of plant that grew luxuriantly once, but which has vanished from earth long ago. In the pasture lands, as you journey with the children after flowers or berries, you may come upon velvety moss—moss that holds a little seed on the top—the birds know where it grows. As you draw your hand over it, it feels like velvet or plush—it is nature's velvet or plush. Pluck up one of these tiny plants. It looks like a pine tree a little, or like trees that grow in the tropics, the fern trees that uplift themselves in strange beauty there. There were once in your land some of these trees that only flourish now in the tropics. Long ages ago they vanished, and only in the patches of moss do you find their shadows that tell us of the past.

Now is there no progress, no unfolding in the world itself, in this old planet, that turns day by day and year after year? How many of its old volcanoes are dead, how few are left alive? In olden days it was rent and torn by earthquake shocks. Amid flood and flame went on this wonderful work of creation, for out of something came the planet. It is not true that it came from nothing. The great suns that shine in space are creative centers, as one might say, or vital centers, and from them are sent forth their wonderful and glorious lights, their children, their satellites, and so we find them in their places filling a mission. What are worlds but flowers that blossom, as Longfellow says, "in the blue meadows of heaven?" What are those worlds that shine in their beauty there but fruit ripening on the branches unseen of the tree of infinite and universal life? In places there are nebulous masses; in places they are spread out like fair hosts, widely diverse, and yet in rapid motion. There are worlds that are luminous and white hot; there are worlds that are radiant in color, with flame; there are those that have cooled and hardened and have their rocky crags around them; there are shining worlds in space, like your own fair moon, that are older than yourself; some that are in their old age; some are dead as the moon that, beyond the shadows, floats in the clear night skies. Yet all these worlds belong to the one great family—the universe.

We believe in the cosmic purpose of the Divine. We believe in the universe that all things that exist are held in these divine, encircling arms; that you can understand this the more closely you understand nature; the deeper you enter into sympathy with her, the more truly you understand the workings of her heart. You may catch a ray of light from the sun, dissect it, and find the different colors all blended into one beautiful ray. Bring the prism and let it separate that ray, and see how it takes all to make the one. Examine further and you will find that that ray gives evidence of certain chemical conditions, and after a little careful study you will find that the substance of those shining worlds beyond you is like that which belongs to your earth, and then, perhaps, you will believe that they belong to the one great family; that in this universe all hold their place in sympathy and kinship.

Now this growth, this blossoming, this ripening, this unfolding, this development which gives the world, gives us that which lives upon it. Man is the crown of all that exists, the highest work of Deity. But one says: "Well, do you believe that we are made out of the dust of the earth?" Yes, we do, and yet we do not, if you can understand that seeming contradiction. Out of it in one sense, but not in another. Suppose we show to you a flower like one of these blossoms, that loves the river's waves in hot countries, the calla. It is a

beautiful, creamy white, velvety flower. Now that flower was made out of the dust, but does it follow that somebody took a certain quantity of dust and kneaded and then wet it with something (although the Bible does not mention anything but the dust), then shaped the flower, and by some original process made it live? Do you believe that? No;—but we do believe and know that it grew out of the dust; it gathered nourishment from the soil, from the sunshine, and free air and moisture, and lived. And so all things earthly come from the dust. They grow in this way. It may take hours or days or weeks or months to bring the perfection of a blossom, but time is not mentioned. We can see that this flower was made out of the dust, in days and weeks and months, and then came the plant, and the blossom when it was ready.

So we think that the human body, too, is made out of the dust. What are you? Why, you are living manifestations of the generosity of nature, a something made by many contributions. The food that you eat, the fruit and cereals and all that nourishes and sustains you, these things have entered into this combination and composition of the physical body. Out of the dust! The wheat and fruit and everything that builds your physical body, do they not come this way? But we are told there are two accounts in the Bible of the creation of man, one mythological and the other scientific. The scientific is briefly given, and you can fill in the outlines. The one from mythology we have told you; the one that is scientific reads in this way: "God made man." Take the word in the plural, and you know it belongs in the plural: "Out of the dust of the earth, male and female, created he them." Now, that is science; but when we say "God," you are not to understand a being a little larger than you are, but an infinite force and intelligence and love, that which moves through all law and system order, and when you read the word, "created," you must remember that it is a human word, and if you unfold it, there is a letter, a message of evolution, and that is what it means.

So man has grown to be what he is, the child of evolution. But you ask us this question: "If man has come to be what he is by growth, by evolution, would it not be true that if the earth were depopulated now it would be repopulated?" No; we do not believe it would. If there were some desolate island in the sea, it would be clothed with verdure, and animal and insect life. It would be clothed with verdure, because there is within the soil that protoplasm that will unfold; seeds borne by the winged winds will reach there; it may be there are messenger birds that will carry them there, and it will be clothed with greenness. It may be that certain forms of very small animal life will spring up there, but that human life will come there is impossible. One says: "What! Do you say impossible? Nothing is impossible with God?" Yet God could not make a circle without having every part of it equally distant from the center. Do you think that God could make two mountains without a valley between? Let us tell you something that the Bible teaches is impossible with God. God can not lie. All the manifestations of nature are expressions of the Divine. If this were not true, nothing could be depended upon; order and system would be impossible, and the expressions of the Creator would be valueless. But as it is, we stand on them, and know that all is sure and true. So as the order of life is progress and evolution, we know it is a Divine statement, and we trust in it.

Do you not find that nature has certain proofs that will help you to understand this thing? Now, for instance, take the human body. Do you not know that the old Scandinavians, in their mystic mythology, believed that the earth itself was a body, and when they watched the moving of the sea, they said, "It breathes, it is the heart that beats." "Watch the flow of its great rivers," they said; "Those were its arteries," and fancied they saw other resemblances. Consider the human body for a moment. The little child has in the fair, sweet, rosy mouth no pearly teeth at first, but they come after a time. They are not permanent; they are delicate and fragile; they fulfill their mission, and their place is taken by those that are stronger—the second growth of the teeth. But these are shed at last, as one grows very old. Suppose some one said to us: "If teeth are natural, if it is in the order of nature that they should grow at all, why do they not grow in the mouth of the old person?" Because the substance that was there to produce them has been exhausted, they have had their time, and now they have departed. And so one might ask: "If it is natural for the shining tresses to grow above the brow of the little child, when they have darkened as the shadows of life have grown, and dropped off, so that at last the head is shining and bald, why will they not grow again?" There are certain bulbs or roots, from which the hair grows as plants grow, and when these sources have died, it can not come again. It has had its time, and that time departs.

Take this physical life, for instance, again. You will find that as age comes on there are changes that are natural, which tell that its great work has been done. Now is not the earth like that? It has had its period of generation. Now is the time of cultivation, of ripening, not generating; it has passed that. And so if it were depopulated

man would not come again upon its shores. That time has passed. But you may say, "Can you tell us how man first came?" We cannot wander in the mists and shadows and photograph your most remote ancestors, and you would not feel proud of them if we could do it. But we know this fact: in the remote ages man was animal, groping and groveling and at first inarticulate. When we take up the Bible we read: "The word was with God, and the word was God." Whatever that may mean to you taken literally, there is another meaning to it. Way back at the beginning of the actual progress of man, he discovered language. He found that these inarticulate sounds could be grouped and arranged and made to mean certain things, and when the first few words were spoken by the human family man had put his foot on the first round of the great ladder by which he mounts to the skies, so that we might say in this language by which we communicate ideas, man found a great light and that he could feel that God was with him. When he learned how to make a fire, something that never an animal has learned, although many of them enjoy the warmth and light of it, he had put his foot upon another round.

Out of the animal conditions, from the lowest to the cultivated, by the survival of the fittest, by natural evolution, by natural unfoldment, humanity grew until the spiritual nature was aroused. When we read that God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul, we must take that spiritually. It has a beautiful meaning. We are told that the first man Adam was of the earth, earthy. The word means that, and it is true that the first human beings were groping and groveling. They had no conception of Deity, of their individuality. They had no dream of a future existence. When first in those olden days man commenced to say to himself: "I am an individual, and there is something outside of me; there are plants, water, and rocks; when he began to judge of these things outside of himself and to think of them, then he was commencing to grow. When he began to believe that there was something that gave the sunrise and sunset, something that made the blossoming and fading, something that gave birth and that other-birth which they called death, he was beginning to recognize the spiritual control, the wonderful spirit, the love of the Infinite. When he commenced to watch his shadow and saw that there was something that went with him, he began to say to himself: "There must be something more of me than that which merely stands and speaks and questions." When he began to tell his friends of his dream of his mate that had died, he said: "There is another world, and when I am asleep I go into it." They were childish thoughts, but let us be patient with men and women who are children. But we need not be ashamed even of the childhood of humanity groping for the light.

So, at last, by unfoldment and evolution it was placed upon its feet; it thought for itself; it reasoned for itself; it commenced to grow, and it has been growing through the shadows, and never was man so grand, so high, so glorious in his nature as he is to-day. You find evils, falsehoods, wrongs, cruelties and selfishness around you, but if you want to realize that you are nearer heaven than ever before, stand the centuries in a row and you will realize that this is the tallest century that ever stood on the face of this earth.

And what is the future? Why, it is progress, unfoldment, mental, moral, spiritual, physical refinement. People are to learn self-control; they are to learn that impulse, passion and fancy, and all that belongs to us is to be arranged and regulated and swayed by the divinest and the noblest. The outlook for the future is one of question and struggle and seeming defeat at times, but, friends, do you remember the old symbol of the incoming tide? Out from the heart of the Atlantic do you not find a sudden rush and sweep of the waters; but you find the waves rising and falling, advancing all the time. On the shore a great wave curves in its line of beauty, foam-crested and emerald-tinted, it breaks, and then it sweeps back. To the child standing on the shore the tide seems to be going out, the water is going back, but we say: "Wait and watch the sweep of the wave and you will find it meets the next; then it comes curving and rolling and breaking, and then rolling back to meet another, and so the tide comes up."

So this tide of humanity, morally, spiritually, religiously, is coming up. You may stand alone the shore and see how fancies and superstitions are covered over as the waves advance. But be not afraid, the rock of truth will stand. Do not fear, all that belongs to God and good is eternal. It is only error, it is only the false, that can perish. On comes the tide. Wake, oh! sleepers, and rejoice in its song of triumph, for humanity is raised in glory and beauty, and at last even through death the tide of your life will rise into greater and grander conditions than it has ever known before.

In the hereafter there is still progression, still learning, still unfolding. Your friends will not forget you; they will not grow beyond you; they will not lose sight of you in all the eons that are to be; they will hold your memory fresh and tender; they will watch and wait; as One said long ago, their voices come stealing softly back to you in the old remembered words: "If I go I will,

come again and receive you unto myself for where I am you will be also."

CAUSATION.

Causation! 'Tis the soul of things!
It is the heart that beats
Within the ocean wide.
It is the power that speaks
In winds and waves, uprising with the tide.
'Tis that which gives the sunrise glory bright,
And all the silver stars in deep night skies.
'Tis that which swings and guides the world aright,
And for us each our wanderings, purifies.

Causation dwells not in things seen,
Nor lies in outer revelation of our power.
Beyond the hope, beyond the love, the dream,
The unseen life's causation of the dower.
Back of this earthly form the spirit waits,
Beyond the shades of death the life shines on.
Within the unseen is Causation's gates,
And from that shore her wondrous power extends.

After the darkness of the weary night
Causation sends to us the morning's light;
After old superstition's bitter fight
Causation brings the triumph of the right.
After our groping, stumbling childhood's plan
Causation brings us progress—brings us man.

ORCHID.

There was a flower so strange we scarce could know
its meaning,
And yet we know the unseen power gives answer
to our gleaming.
There is a force that brings the lily's bloom
Or brings the orchid's flower of tinted hue.
Shows one force giving color and perfume,
Forever to the laws of nature true.

But fed by viewless air
Or springing where there seems to be no life,
There comes a flower rich and strange and fair,
The crowning triumph of the floral life.

It is an air plant, grown in tropic lands;
Planted in mystery by viewless hands
The orchid springs to view,
And in its strange form and its wondrous tints
And mystic breath it speaks to you.

Why art thou weary in the wilderness of life?
Are thy paths dreary in the darkness and the strife?
Divine Causation holds and keeps thee by its might
And that will lead thee from the darkness to the light.

Behold the growth of this, the orchid flower,
See how by viewless air it's fed,
And growing in its beauty, hour by hour
The strangeness of its radiant life is shed.

Canst thou not feed from unseen things?
Canst thou not grow like flowers in viewless air?
The love and wisdom from the unseen springs
Thou hast to guide and nourish everywhere.

Grow thou like orchids when on earth you stand,
Grow from the darkness into radiant light;
Causation holds thee always in its hand
And 'tis the soul of law and love and right.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

MEMORY'S MUSIC.

By EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

I close my eyes and lo! a vision fair
Passes before me coming from the past;
A lovely maiden with a regal air
And liquid eyes, and sweeping chestnut hair
Floats from the east, by light clouds overcast
And, nearing me, sings to her sweet guitar:
A song which echoes back from years afar:—

"Along the green lanes in the May time
I gathered the violets blue,
Echoing yet with the bee song
And cool with the morning dew.
I gathered them for sweet Mable,
Beautiful Mable Claire,
To clasp in her dainty fingers
And braid in her shining hair."

O, angel sister! missed these many years,
How thrills my heart to hear you sing again!
You who have sung so long for angles ears
Beyond Earth's petty discords, hopes and fears
Remember—yet the Earth-born, morning strain!
Your old guitar hangs on the parlor wall,
A poem of your life we oft recall.

With dreamy eyes again I hear you sing
The dripping music of a rainy night.
With noiseless flight your loving thoughts take wing
To the old cottage, where in hushed delight,
We slept together close beneath the eaves,
Where Night's dark trumpeter sang, howled and moaned,
Lashing the elm tree with its wealth of leaves,
Until we fancied it in anguish groaned:—

"When the humid shadows gather over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy Darkness gently weeps in rainy tears,
What joy to press the pillow of my cottage chamber bed,
And to listen to the patter of the soft rain overhead.
Hear it patter, tinkle, murmur as it falls upon the roof;
Hear it patter, tinkle, murmur as it falls upon the eaves."

We told each other stories, fancy wrought,
We planned our lives when we were larger grown.
Some hopes were realized, some came to naught,
Like fair cut blossoms on a grave mound thrown.
Ah, sister, there was one unlighted night,
When mother died we laid us down distressed
Feeling our home had lost its chief delight,
And all our future days must be unblest.

Like an answer to our moans
Came her liquid angel tones;
'Spirits bright are ever nigh!
Filling Earth and air and sky
Bringing peace and joy and love
From their homes of light above,
And we grew in faith that she
Would our guiding angel be.

I sometimes wonder if immortals feel
A selfish longing for their earthly loves,
And if they woo them up, despite our weal,
By hovering contact, and if God approves.
Be't so, or otherwise, it was not long
Ere, in white silence wrapped, you passed from
sight.

Ah, well! you frowned not at your welcome song
But met Heaven's Messengers with flush delight.
"We shall meet our friends in the morning!
We shall meet our friends in the morning,
We shall meet our friends in the morning,
When the dreams of our Earth-life are o'er."

John C. Hennessy, of Butte, Montana, writes: "I have received a copy of your paper, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER from Dr. Norman McLeod. I must say it suits me. The lecture by Judge North is just what the most liberal minded men of this city want to read. Our public election on the 5th of April resulted in our defeat by 257 votes. The Catholics had it all their own way."

A CORRECTION.—In the article (No. 23), entitled, the Antipathy of Science to the Recognition of a Supreme Being, the author's name quoted should have been printed Steele, instead of Stub. He is the well known author of our school series of fourteen weeks in Philosophy and Chemistry.

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

A LARGE PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1890.

PSYCHIC STUDIES.

Unfortunate Localities, Machinery and Ill-fated Houses.

There are accidents which occur at such regular intervals or in certain localities, that they become removed from the much abused theory of "coincidences," and when we are not able to relegate them to the rule of law, they awaken a sense of the mysterious and uncanny. In this article I propose to indicate in a limited manner, what is here intended, and propose an investigation of the subject by all readers, and the favor of their communicating such facts as come under their observation to the writer.

Some wit said that there was an "inane cussedness" in inanimate things. For instance, who ever saw a tank stand otherwise than with its point up, ready to pierce the unwary foot? Who ever stepped on that point unless with the tenderest part of the hollow of his foot? There is a lurking devilry in the banana peel, which, like the man of brogue says, "Please step on the tail of me coat." And the April sky will smile, and a whole concert of birds sing to inveigle the pedestrian to go without his umbrella, to deluge him with an April shower!

This may be the witty side of the question, but beyond we find a profound meaning. There are unfortunate localities, unfortunate houses, fatal machines. When one accident has happened, another nearly like it will follow. There is a story of a French sentry-box, in which a soldier committed suicide. The next soldier also made way with his life, and the next, until the box had to be destroyed, for every soldier who entered it was seized with a mania for self-destruction.

The superstition of engineers in regard to their engines has been often mentioned in paragraph and story. The engineer comes to regard his engine as half-intelligent, and speaks of it in a personal manner. Thus an article in a Southern paper mentions an engine on the East Tennessee road as "vicious." "It has killed twenty-seven men, and engineers and firemen feel a superstitious dread whenever they have to take a run on the rails with this man-killer."

"I sometimes feel," said a grizzled old stoker, "that there is a murderous spirit in that engine. She killed two men before she got on the rails. While she was being steamed up in the shops, a plug blew out, and two mechanics were scalded to death. Then it was brought south, and sent out on its first run. She mounted the rails, and plunged down an embankment, killing her engineer and two firemen. Her next misdeed was to become unmanageable and crash into an emigrant train."

There are engines that run for years without meeting with the least accident. They may be more perfect in finish, but the eye of the best-trained mechanic cannot detect the least difference. They are all made as

perfectly as the lathes and planers are able to make them, and yet, when put into service, they manifest what is aptly called dispositions of their own.

Some engineers run on the road scores of years without a single mishap, and then meet with a series of accidents, although equally careful. There are places on all railroads which engineers dread to pass because of the frequency of accidents. Once, while on a train in Central Ohio, it stopped, and stepping out, the body of a man was seen lying some twenty feet from the track, where he had been thrown by the guard. The engineer was almost beside himself with nervous excitement. He said that within a month his engine had killed three men within a train's length of this place. He used every precaution, kept careful watch, and gave timely warning, and yet the fatality was not prevented. Yet this spot would not have been selected as dangerous. In fact it would have been regarded as among the safest.

Especially does misfortune attend houses. Some are fortunate; others unfortunate. I know of an old homestead that has been built fifty years, and there never was a death within its walls until four years ago, and that was not of a permanent occupant. On the contrary, a friend purchased a magnificent residence, overlooking a beautiful valley, from a slightly hill-top. He was able to purchase it because the builder and all who preceded him were seemingly under the scourge of fate. As merchants, they became bankrupt; their families sickened, and one after another passed away, until there was scarcely one left to deed the estate. This friend, when he became an occupant of the house, did not escape the fatality which blighted his predecessors. One after another his children sickened and died, and at length his wife succumbed to a wasting disease, and he was left alone. Bad ventilation; impure water, unhygienic conditions! Perhaps; but the locality was on a hill; and attention and care could make no improvement.

Again, some houses become remarkable for the crimes committed under their roofs. There is no assignable reason why such a series should take place, but the facts show that the theory of coincidence will not give a rational explanation.

As an example, take the following, clipped from a Washington paper:

"As everybody knows, Mr. Blaine, the American Secretary of State, has recently been heavily struck by successive blows of domestic bereavement. This has confirmed the popular superstition with which his present residence at Washington is regarded. It was on the steps of this house that General Sikes shot in cold blood and killed Mr. Philip Barton Key, the romantic but invalid Attorney-General for the District of Columbia. The General had reason to suspect Key of undue intimacy with Mrs. Sikes, and was in consequence thereof acquitted by the jury. The house subsequently became the residence of Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State under Abraham Lincoln, and it was there that, on the night of the President's assassination, Lewis Payne, the fellow-conspirator of Wilkes Booth, severely wounded both old Mr. Seward and his two sons. Hardly had they recovered from their wounds, when Mr. Seward's only and favorite daughter suddenly sickened and died.

"Then General Belknap, President Grant's Secretary of War, took the house, but had scarcely occupied it for more than a season when his pretty and charming wife expired there after a short and sudden illness, while he himself became implicated in scandals so serious that he was removed from office and narrowly escaped impeachment. The house, which is built on the site of an old grave-yard, next became a boarding establishment, but only succeeded in landing its venturesome lessee in the bankruptcy court. From that time forth it remained untenanted until last spring, when Secretary Blaine took a four years' lease thereof, much against the advice of his friends. A number of repairs were required before it was ready for habitation, and it was only on 1st January last that the house was thrown open for the first time to the friends of the Secretary of State. Since then, sorrows have fallen thickly upon the present tenants of the ill-fated building. During the first week of the year Mrs. Blaine's sister died. A few days later Mr. Blaine lost one of his brothers, and in the following week young Walker Blaine was carried off by an illness which no one regarded as anything serious, and then died Mrs. Copping, Mr. Blaine's eldest daughter.

HUDSON TUTTLE.



Krishna Upon the Head of the Serpent.

The above cut has a deep significance. It stood at the head last week of the admirable lecture by Alex. Wilder on "Serpent Symbols in Religion." That lecture alone is invaluable to every student or thoughtful person, and is itself worth the price of the subscription of the paper. Subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for 16 weeks, costing you only 25 cents, and you will receive among the number, this most excellent lecture.

"Little less than a Miracle."

So says the seer, A. J. Davis. From a note to us we extract the following: "A self-supporting free journal, like yours, is little less than a miracle."

Several Remarkable Articles.

That noble woman, Mrs. Brigham, discourses this week in a pleasant vein on Evolution. Prof. Rudolph, of Clyde, Ohio, presents some "Danger Signals," that would be well for everybody to consider. The venerable Rev. Samuel Watson, a genuine savior—saving the people from error and falsehood—gives some remarkable experiences. Frederick F. Cook, presents his views of the Fox Sisters. We venture to say that his article will create something of a sensation, and be read, and reread, and carefully studied. It shows a magnanimous heart in the man. Mrs. Emma Tuttle gives an impressive poem; Emma Harding Britten, The Mystery of the Postern Gate; Hudson Tuttle discourses on Psychic Studies, and C. Newell on Unconsciousness in Sleep; Notes by Lyman C. Howe, then follows the Home Circle Fraternity, and other articles and items of interest.

All this valuable matter—and no high priced paper, can claim any superiority—is furnished at about 1 1/2 cents per copy, or 16 weeks for 25 cents. Spiritualists everywhere, aid us in this great work.

Our 25th Anniversary.

It will probably be celebrated this week; if not then, at some future time. Our paper is just 25 weeks old. It is far better to be twenty-five weeks old, with fresh blood, fresh thoughts, fresh inspirations, and fresh impulses from the Spirit-world, with a subscription list that can bear the light of heaven and the scrutiny of friend and foe alike, than to have a paper twenty-five, thirty, or even fifty years of age, with a list of subscribers which if exposed to view, would create more genuine merriment than Dan Rice ever did with his circus performances. It is not usual for a paper to celebrate the 25th week of its birth, but in order to keep up with the times, we probably shall do it. All papers, of all kinds and denominations, twenty-five years of age, will be invited to call, and see the wonderful growth of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER from 45 subscribers up into the Thousands!

"We Still Live."

Having established the fact that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER can live without pitifully begging, without being subsidized, and without offering a chromo, Webster's Dictionary or a spelling book to gain subscribers, and without being 25 years of age, we naturally feel jubilant. When a paper can be sustained on its merits alone without any resort to subterfuge of any kind; without doing anything dishonorable in a business way, a great step has been made in advance, and of which Spiritualists may be justly proud. This has been accomplished by combining in a paper CHEAPNESS and EXCELLENCE. A paper that is sustained on its merits alone, and not by its advertisements, must necessarily combine all the essentials to success. We hope, however, at no distant day, to make arrangements whereby we can give every honorable advertiser ample space in our columns, and in no wise lessen our amount of reading matter; on the contrary increase it.

The Fox Sisters.

Frederick F. Cook, once of Chicago, now of New York, and connected with the press there, is a brilliant and forcible writer. He reviews the course of the Fox Sisters, and his frank, generous nature is manifested in every line he writes, and is in beautiful contrast to the vituperation and abuse that has escaped from the lips and pens of some, with reference to them and their recantation. Spiritualists, whenever you meet the Fox Sisters, give them a cordial greeting; to do so will not hurt you, and it will certainly do them good.

Sample Copy.

If you receive one, read it carefully and critically, and then examine your purse and see if you cannot aid us and the cause of the angel world to the extent of 1 1/2 cents per week. The paper will cost you on trial only 25 cents for 16 weeks, which will include the superb lecture by Prof. Alexander Wilder, on "Serpent Symbols in Religion," which alone is invaluable. If you have not read it, you can only obtain it by subscribing for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Prof. George P. Rudolph.

His incisive article appears in another column. He is chuck full of progressive thoughts, and knows how to express them. He should have a hearing at every Spiritualist camp meeting; at every grove meeting; at every place where there is a society. He has something to say in a direction which will open the eyes of the people. He can be addressed at Clyde, Ohio.

A General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers, Doings, etc.

Mr. Geo. W. Walron, trance, test and clairvoyant medium, from Great Britain, lectured at the People's Progressive Society of Spiritualists, 116 Fifth avenue, on Sunday the 25th of April. Subject "Spiritualism." And on Sunday, the 4th of May, Subject chosen by the Society, viz., "Are we convinced of the truth of this Philosophy?" Both subjects were handled in a masterly manner, and the lecturer received the marked approbation of large audiences on each Sunday. Mr. Walron will lecture there again next Sunday, subject chosen by the audience. His address in Chicago is 272 East Indiana street, where private sittings may be arranged for.

The Bangs sisters have removed to 84 South Morgan street.

Dr. J. K. Bailey is lecturing in Iowa, "The Mystery of the Postern Gate." We can supply back numbers, commencing with this remarkable narration, by Emma Harding Britten, to all new subscribers.

Bear in mind that all new subscribers will receive that superb lecture on "Symbol Worship in Religion," by Prof. Alexander Wilder. Everybody should read it. J. J. Morse is our authorized agent to receive subscriptions in England. His address is 16, Stanley street, Fairfield, Liverpool, England.

May 4th the People's Spiritual Society held its regular meeting at Banner Hall, 93 South Peoria Street, at 2:30 p. m. Dr. J. H. Randall gave a discourse on the "New Vitality given to Religion by Spiritualism—What is it?" It was one of the finest lectures ever given in Chicago, and to a splendid audience; it brought forth great applause. Then followed Miss Thomas, in her happy mood, giving tests, all of which were recognized, amidst rapturous applause. Then came Mrs. De Knevet, in her wonderful sight-seeing, which was marvelous. Then came Mrs. John Scott, of this city, making an appeal to Spiritualists to build an asylum for those Spiritualists who are claimed to be insane when they are only under the control of an unseen power. She is to start a subscription paper. Then Dr. Phillips made some very fine remarks, and gave some very appropriate tests.

G. W. Kates and wife desire to hear from localities west of the Rockies, with reference to appointments for lecture and test meetings during the following winter months, after October. They intend to remain west for a season, dependent upon the calls made upon them. They solicit correspondence for week nights and Sunday appointments. Address during May, at 2919 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.; during June and July, at Topeka, Kansas.

Miss Susie B. Johnson, whose lectures were favorably received in this city many years ago, now resides at Long Beach, Cal. She is worthy of great praise for the good she has done.

Lyman C. Howe, the veteran worker, is now lecturing at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. He says: "A choice company of invited representatives of the Cause gathered at Prof. D. C. Chapman's, and a most enjoyable evening was had, and approving words given to me on the evening of my departure from Washington."

THE VOICES.

They Come With no Uncertain Sound.

Mrs. E. A. Gates, of Seneca, Mo., writes: "Your paper is good, and I cannot well do without it." T. J. McFeron, of Cheney, Wash., writes: "I like your paper very much. It is the best for free distribution. Thanks, my good brother."

Mrs. J. C. Murray, of Frankfort, Ky., writes: "I make my paper doubly useful—by reading and then circulating it among my friends." Mrs. M. J. Marlett, of Onsted, Mich., writes: "I must say that I like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER one of the best spiritual papers I ever read. Each number is brimful of food for the soul. We cannot do without it."

Charles D. Knight, of Seattle, Wash., writes: "I sincerely trust your great idea of a big publishing house for Spiritualists will be fully realized. Speaking of Spiritualism, I was led some little while ago to look into the subject. I am more than pleased with the result."

W. H. Macomber, of Kalamazoo, Mich., who is past 60 years of age, says: "I like your paper very much."

John W. Kranz, of Evansville, Ind., writes: "I like the medicine you give me very well—pleasant to take I assure you."

A. W. Stoddard, of Kalamazoo, Mich., writes: "I am one of your trial subscribers. I have found much valuable reading matter in your paper. Please continue it to me the ensuing year."

H. Trombly, of E. Arlington, Vt., writes: "Permit me to say that your paper is the greatest eye-opener for blind readers I ever saw. It nourishes the brain, feeds the soul, and hunger after knowledge, and it gratifies the heart."

Mrs. Alice Agnew, the daughter of Prof. Wm. F. Lyon, deceased, writes: "I read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER with much interest, and speak a good word for it whenever I have an opportunity."

E. Mitchell, Jamestown, N. Y., writes: "I must have THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I think it the best spiritual paper published. It gives a spiritual feast every week."

Thomas A. Burgess, of Big Rapids, Mich., writes: "I am well pleased with the paper and will do all I can to induce others to take it."

Mrs. G. Cooper, Akron, O., writes: "We like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER very much."

Geo. W. Gray, of Leydard, Conn., writes: "You are doing a good work. I hope you will never be drawn into contest with any other paper, person or faction, but will go steadily forward for right, justice and liberty, in the light of our all-pervading Spiritualism."

D. G. White, of Watertown, N. Y., writes: "I am well pleased with the contents of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I was one who followed you in your very extensive Search after God. I have been hunting him every since, unquestionably with the same result you have experienced."

Gus McFeron, of Spokane Falls, Wash., says: "I can't afford to be without the paper."

A. B. Sisson, of Swan Creek, Ill., writes: "I am not a full convert to materialization of spirits, as I have never witnessed of the kind, but I am very anxious to learn the truth. I find much interesting thought in your contributions."

James A. Gash, of Eckmanville, Ohio, writes: "I can't do without spiritual food much better than I can bread and butter. I say go on with your noble work. It does not only lead to read the progressive ideas of your many writers."

Mrs. M. A. Clayton, of Albany, N. Y., writes: "I am much pleased with your paper. It fills a long felt want among spiritualists for a radical, progressive, non-partisan paper, and it meets the demands of the times."

C. W. Angerstein, of Donnellon, Ill., writes: "I think some of the pieces in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER are superbly grand."

Chas. Bursell, of Wheeling, Va., writes: "Please do not allow a break, as I feel most interested in the contents of the paper to make a single number."

Mrs. H. E. Burnsted, of Deerfield, Mass., writes: "The first copy I received of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER I was more than pleased with. In the sixteen weeks that I subscribed for it, which has nearly expired, I have seen so much of the good and the right in regard to it. Therefore I enclose \$1 for one year's subscription."

E. Gregory, of Lockport, N. Y., writes: "Your paper is meeting with general approval—even by persons not acquainted with the philosophy of spiritualism. Few persons who take it on trial will be willing to be without it."

Col. D. Reddington, editor of the Herald, Blue Springs, Mo., writes: "When you first opened out the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER I received a copy, and have had each number since. Your mission is commendable. You are doing a good work. Several copies are taken here and all like it. Fifty years ago I lectured on mesmerism, so-called then, all through New York and New England, and experienced somewhat of the hypnotized subjects, producing most of the phenomena that is now witnessed. For two years I seldom went to a place and found any one who was not skeptical on the subject. The trance condition was always produced, and sometimes I had three or four control at a time, producing the usual results now seen. I am glad to see the name of Lyman C. Howe so often in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. He is a glorious man and a grand instructor in the spiritual life. I hope to hear him again in Kansas City or elsewhere."

J. A. Agnew, of Watertown, Pa., writes: "Your paper comes as a welcome messenger to the family. I like your attitude toward mediums and your search for the true and right."

Cyrus Bradford, of Erie, Mich., writes: "Enclosed find \$1 for renewal of my subscription to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I am satisfied with the paper, and its bold stand for truth and progress. I have met with (to me) very remarkable experiences while on the last eighteen months. They have been of such a nature as to materially change my views of life in many respects, and as I have been able to comprehend somewhat of the spiritual life and the close proximity of the Spirit-world, it seems as though I live close upon the boundary line which separates the two states of existence. To be so closely allied to the spiritual brings a comfort and a satisfaction which can not be described. It bridges over the dark chasm of the grave and brings to light some of the heretofore hidden mysteries of the future, and at the same time fits the individual for his life here and hereafter. As knowledge is more desirable than piety, its effects are correspondingly greater, and instead of a blind hope the individual is filled with a consciousness of the facts of his existence and of the better life which will soon begin. The knowledge thus attained by the ministrations of the angels fits man to lead a better life, to improve upon his present state, and to attain a more perfect purity in accord with the higher conception of his destiny. May your paper continue, as it has begun, and its success will be assured."



ENTERING AT THE SIDE DOOR.

TWO PICTURES OF HUMAN LIFE.

I.

How many lonely ones in this world of ours. A writer gives an account as follows, of one seemingly without a home, who mysteriously appeared and as mysteriously disappeared:

Not five miles from Zoar Ridge, Ct., in an out of the way farm house, an old couple rose early on one Thanksgiving morning, that they might the sooner get the chores done, and have abundant time to prepare the annual feast. A son and one married daughter, together with her little ones, had reached the old homestead the night before, and so, although the early morning was decked with clouds and fringed with snow, all was bright and cheerful within doors.

In due time the farmer was ready, and young and old gathered around the festive board, when suddenly, without warning, a side door opened and a young woman elegantly dressed, sank exhausted in the nearest chair. As the aged grandma rose hastily and came toward her, the girl lifted her eyes, heavy with tears, and said in inexpressibly sad and weary tones: "Grandma, I have no home, may I rest in yours a little while?" But one answer could be given to such a request, and so the forlorn stranger was led to the open fireplace, and seated in the old rocking-chair.

Her velvet dress was white with snow, her thin shoes soaked through with rain and sleet, and it was Grandma who gently shook the snow from the rich dress, gently drew the gaiters from the feet, and then quickly held the cold fingers in her warm motherly grasp. Something was said about food, and the great mournful eyes opened eagerly as a plentiful array of Thanksgiving cheer was hastily placed on a little table by her side. But apparently too tired to eat, the poor girl closed her eyes and leaned back in her chair, and soon kindly voices were saying in hushed tones: "She has gone to sleep, poor thing. Which way did she come? Where is she going?" But as no answer came from the pale lips, the question was asked in vain.

After a time baby Rachel attracted by the glitter of a heavy cross, fastened to a string of shining beads, around the baby's neck, climbed up in her lap, and was heard to say in lisping baby fashion, "Don't ky, lady; pity lady, don't ky," and sure enough, tears were streaming down beneath the closed lids. "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness," and evidently this poor tired heart, was in deep trouble, but no one dared to question, the girl was from the high ranks of life. Her face, manner, dress, all told this in unmistakable language.

As the day waned and the shadows grew long on the hill side, the children begged for games, so in the adjoining room the fun began. Grandma dozed by the window, and baby Rachel slept in the arms of the stranger. Shadows grew darker, and night settled down over the weary world. The children weary at last with their play, crept back into the old creeping room to find Grandma asleep, on the settee, and the only baby safely nestled in the old rocker by the fire. The sad, weary, homeless, hungry girl, had lifted the latch and slipped out into the cold night. The old farmer took his lantern and tried to track her footsteps, but they were soon lost to his dim eyes, and tremblingly retracing his steps, he entered his home and said: "Well, mother, she was a stranger, and we took her in, but she would not stay."

The next day one of the children found the shining cross in a clump of woods, half a mile away, which baby Rachel instantly recognized as her pretty plaything of the day before. The cross lies on the mantel-piece in the old homestead, and if the stranger reads this sketch, and recognized herself, let me tell her from the lips of the old folks, that she is welcome to come again, any time, and rest in the old house.

II.

The author of the above narrative has drawn a sad as well as delightful picture; sad, that a poor forlorn creature should in this beautiful world of ours be homeless; delightful, that two aged people were impelled by that divine sympathy which allies man to the angels, and the angles to God, and God to the whole Universe. Bubbles of kindness rose in their hearts, and like blossoms from a tree, developed into fruit—fruitful in goodness, charity and love. Those two kindhearted aged veterans stood on the plane that all must occupy in order to advance spiritually, and become wealthy in the only CURRENCY that receives recognition in the Spirit-world. Their home was an asylum for the poor, the unfortunate, the outcast, and words of cheer, sweet with the incense of heaven, emerged from their lips as naturally as the dew from the atmosphere of a summer evening, and they found lodgment in the heart of those who were careworn, despondent and disheartened, and there exerted their divine influence. They had a vacant chair for the distressed; they had nourishing food for the hungry; they had a warm bed for the cold, cheerless wanderer; and from their bounteous hearts words all aglow with the radiance of heaven, went out as messengers of light.

In proportion as you live for others, aiding them, refining them, and preparing them for a better and happier life, in that degree your own spiritual nature broadens and you prepare yourselves for a more ad-

vanced plane in spiritual realms. So long as one famishing, distressed or unhappy mortal on earth, there is a work to some extent depending on you, and if you shrink the responsibility, just in that proportion, you will "cast no bread upon the waters," and your heaven, when you shall have shaken off this mortal coil, will be as narrow as your own contracted acts of life.

III.

When Magdalen Mary died, the papers said she was bad, but with a heart overflowing with sympathy for the poor and distressed. Her heart was tender, her kindness to those who came to her bereft of friends, was recognized on all sides, and she never encouraged any one to forsake the paths of virtue. She, too, had gained admission by a side door into the home of her parents, after she had made just one misstep in life, but they, cruel indeed, repulsed her, thus driving her, as it were, down, down into a life of shame. This penitent daughter plead with them in vain—she was disowned forever. And when she left her flower-embowered home, with hands raised to heaven and with tear-stained eyes, she made a vow to God that no appeal to her for kindness should ever remain unanswered; that she would forgive her enemies; that she would assist the unfortunate, that while she feared she would be compelled to sell herself for a price, she would never allow a calloused place to exist in her heart. She became a woman of the town, this unfortunate child of God, but of the better class, and exhibited no outward sign of her degradation. She lived in a little cottage, which she had ornamented with her own artistic hands. There she lived; there she sickened, and there her transition to spirit-life took place.

It was morning when the final summons came; but strange to say, as if endowed with strength by some superhuman power, she sat up in bed, and her lustrous eyes beamed with a heavenly radiance. The Doctor said she was delicious, as she seemed to talk to celestial visitants. She said that they had come for her; that when the morning dawn came, just as the golden sun was ushering in the day, they would take her across the Celestial River. She seemed to be reading, as if from a book; and at times her features would become illuminated with more than earthly radiance, her voice, musically sweet, and then she would see before her a sad scene, the background of her unhappy career, and she would burst into tears, which would gradually merge into feelings of transcendent beauty and loveliness as the scenes changed. These alternate lights and shadows in this poor woman's dying moment, made a curious picture for one to contemplate. She was not wholly bad by nature or choice; a combination of vicious circumstances had driven her from home, and relentless fate was unkind to her whenever she endeavored to forsake her wayward ways.

When the morning dawn appeared this unfortunate child of earth whispered: "I love my friends; I forgive my enemies; I am at peace, and the morning of a new life has at last dawned." She breathed her last amid the sobs of those who ministered to her last moments.

To be a Magdalen, a woman of the town, even of the better class, is sad indeed; but to refuse admission to the paternal roof to a penitent daughter, despondent, weary and heart-sick, is a million times worse. Thank God, there is a warm place in my heart for the forlorn, the wayward, the outcast; and though often deceived by them in trying to assist them, yet we believe the world can only be reformed by each one—whose soul is large enough—maintaining kind, generous forgiving thoughts and sending forth an influence which will add to the aggregate good of the world.

John R. Francis

The South side now has the advantage of a slate-writing medium, Mrs. Kate Blade being located at 58 33d St.

O. Olney, 1018 Jackson St., Topeka, Kansas, writes: "Mrs. M. T. Allen, of Peoria, Ill., has just closed a lecture engagement here with good success, in which she not only obtained, but merited the good wishes of all who heard her. I have been a believer in spirit return since 1851, and therefore have listened in that length of time to a great many mediums and speakers, and am compelled to say in truth, that her control gave the people, through her, some of the grandest utterances that I ever heard from human lips. May the angel-world ever stand by and support her."

Alfred Weldon, a prominent Spiritualist, has lately returned to the city from New Orleans, where he occasionally did some excellent work for the Cause. He will resume his labors here when occasion demands.

Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, a most excellent medium, formerly residing in this city, now resides at Mattapan, Mass. Her venerable father resides with her. Mrs. Chamberlain, alluding to him, says: "Father is just delighted with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. He says it is the best and most satisfactory paper ever published in the interest of Spiritualism."

Dr. J. H. Randall, Secretary of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualists Association, will speak at Colfax, Ia., May 17, 18 and 19; Des Moines 20; Iowa Falls, 21 and 22; Fort Dodge, 23, 24 and 25. He will make engagements for other points on application. Address 229 Honore St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. E. Cutler writes as follows from Buffalo, N. Y.: My work has been finished here, and the most of it with the children. I organized a Children's Lyceum Sunday, the 4th, and had 33 children, they taking a great interest in the work. The 11th is my last Sunday

DANGER SIGNALS!



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

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

STATE RELIGION AND STATE CHURCH.

Words That Every Patriotic American Should Consider.

BY PROF. GEO. P. RUDOLPH, EX-PRIEST.

Every system—religious, social or political—teaching or promulgating doctrines or methods contrary to or subversive of the existing form of government of a nation or country, is rebellious and in its general purport anarchistic. The American Evangelical Alliance and its satellites, the National Reform Association and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, have for many years taught and systematically promulgated doctrines and methods which are opposed to our form of government, and aim to put this free American nation under a system of spiritual guardianship, which not only savors of, or resembles, but in reality surpasses the Roman papacy.

The efforts to pass the Blair bill and amendment to our Constitution, by which the Christian doctrine is to be made obligatory in our free schools, Sunday to be made a public Sabbath, and our whole nation to be made ex-officio a Christian nation, are only the forerunners of the great religious anarchy which is to inaugurate the Lord's millennium under the dictatorship of the American Evangelical Alliance. Like the bishops of Rome who gained their supremacy over the Latin, and in a measure over the Oriental churches, this modern monster of spiritual anarchy—the Evangelical Alliance—is gaining an ascendancy and exercising a supremacy over all churches and denominations of the United States by an assumption of power and authority over the whole nation. The periodical "edicts or bulls" from the headquarters of the Alliance are promulgated by the servile press of our country and published from the pulpits of all churches, regardless of denomination or sectarian diversities, and are observed by the faithful at large; the days of prayer, days of fasting, days of "contribution to the holy cause," are carried out according to the very letter of the "edict or bull"; but the assumption of power and authority is exercised over all, no matter whether they belong to church or not. The Evangelical Alliance sends out her agents, colporteurs, canvassers, sycophants, spies, detectives, reporters, evangelists and lecturers, who in their turn and in their respective districts agitate the "holy cause," hunt down every living soul, visit every family or home once or twice a month, and keep the Alliance posted on the general outlook, prospect, condition, progress or success of the great "holy cause," and every man who says or writes anything contrary to the spirit of the great "American Church of the Future," is at once spotted, marked down, shadowed, ostracized and boycotted. Zealotism and sycophantism will flourish under this huge system of denunciation.

This same spirit animated the "fathers of the church" from the time of the first edict of Milan, in 313, under emperor Constantine, down to the last Ecumenical Council of Rome, or the last Provincial Council of Baltimore, and the same method has been employed by them for the establishment of the spiritual and temporal power of the papacy, which has been antagonistic to all forms of civil government, whether monarchic or republican, because the church of Rome teaches that her subjects owe their first allegiance to the Catholic church. Bishop Gilman, of Cleveland, Ohio, proclaimed in his pastoral letter: "You are Catholics first and citizens next," and pope Leo XIII, in his last encyclical, says: "Catholics must love their church more than their country." The history of Christianity during the past nineteen centuries and the history of older religions proves that "the church" was the earth, and in return promises us heaven; a terrestrial thing against the celestial, a sure thing against a hypothesis. I am not opposing religion as a theory or manner of worship, but the usurpation of political power by a spiritual or religious body—the church.

The Evangelical Alliance gives Jesus Christ the appellation of "Divine Politician," and puts these United States under his special protection. By the time Congress will have issued the charter of incorporation to the Gospel University the "faculty" will make Jesus an honorary member of the order, and they will send him the "hat," with the title of "D. D."

Many years ago the Catholic church appointed the Blessed Virgin Mary the special protectress of the United States, while St. Joseph, the foster father of Jesus, was given second choice, with a life-lease on the Dominion of Canada. How will the Gospel Faculty settle the question of supremacy between Jesus and Mary, both having been appointed to the same position? and what will they do with St. Joseph in case our government should annex Canada?

When the National Reform Association gets the Blair bill passed, it will also get the police force, and if necessary, the militia to enforce the "keeping holy of the Sabbath day." This will be a resurrection of the old Plymouth Rock blue laws; nothing will be tolerated on such days; the boys will not be allowed to leave the house; we will be obliged to lunch on cold victuals, and the

horses and cattle must be turned loose in the barnyard from sundown Saturday night till sundown Sunday night; everybody will be compelled to attend "divine service," under penalty of a dollar or so per head. Wherein will the new Sabbath differ from the old Jewish Sabbath or from the Roman Catholic Sunday, on which every Catholic is obliged to attend "mass" at his parochial church, under penalty of a mortal sin, which is equivalent to an "eternal damnation," unless it be confessed and pardoned before death?

Millions of pious and unsuspecting dupes are obeying the bidding of their spiritual demagogues and sign petitions to Congress and the Senate to amend the Constitution of our fathers in order to make the United States a Christian country, a Christian people, a Christian government. The hordes of ministers of the gospel are shocked at the overwhelming majority of people who do not attend church, except on funeral occasions, and as they cannot reach us from their pulpits, they petition our government to make us Christians by law, and to compel us to attend church. They cannot make us believe their doctrine, but they desire to employ the civil authorities to make this free nation a nation of hypocrites, who must be registered in the books of the State church and be taxed for the support of the "holy cause."

Prohibition has been the great bait, by which the ecclesiastical demagogues have been catching suckers for many years past, and the innocent dupes have been taken in while they supposed they were advocating and supporting the cause of temperance; but in reality they have assisted the National Reform Association and the Evangelical Alliance in laying the foundation for the union of Church and State. Under the plea of a Sunday closing act millions of signatures are obtained from men, women and children, which are showered in upon Congress by the "Christian Lobby" for the passage of the Blair bill and the establishment of a State Church. Where will free thought, free speech and the free press be, and what will become of the boasted liberties of our free country, if the church of the nineteenth century is going to wield the temporal power of the middle ages?

You may talk against the church of Rome, her dogmas, her celibacy, her inquisition, her popery, her nunneries and monasteries as long as you please, and the Protestant minister will say "amen" to every sentence, and he will add that Romanism meant despotism every time; but, is this usurpation of civil and political power by the Evangelical Alliance anything else than pure, undiluted, though disguised despotism?

The demagogues or the Christian pulpits enjoy the protection of the law in the exercise of their religious worship; the disturbing of a religious meeting is punished by law. The minister may denounce anybody and anything from his pulpit with impunity, for this is a free country; but the moment you or I express our individual opinion on churchism and church despotism, we are pointed out as heretics, atheists or bloody anarchists. By virtue of his sacerdotal calling the spiritual demagogue sets himself up as the teacher of the people in all things spiritual as well as temporal, ecclesiastical as well as municipal, and he speaks with the air of authority which equals the assumption of infallibility by the Roman pontiff or a high priest of the Jewish dispensation, and the moment you make an attempt to oppose his opinion or contradict his dictum he shows the white feather, and backing up towards the sanctuary of his dogmatizing church he waves his hand towards you, saying: "I am holy, touch me not."

Statistic figures show that the majority of our race do not belong to any church or creed, and also that the Roman Catholic church outnumbers all the Protestant sects put together. A scholar in history and close observer of the signs of the times will naturally come to the conclusion that these superhuman efforts of the Evangelical Alliance are indicative of decided and undeniable weakness. Dogmatic Christianity has seen its best days, and no police protection or compulsory laws will ever be able to establish God's millennium on earth as long as men are capable to discover that this new order of things is nothing else than a millennium of the priestcraft.

Every system of religious belief has had its day, and a house divided in itself will fall. This is plainly visible in the multitudinous sects and denominations of the Christian form of religion. Krishna and Zoroaster, and many more great men before and after their time, have revolutionized the world with their religious doctrines and have had many followers, by whom they were declared to be "Gods," and worshiped as such. Christ, the pretended founder of Christianity, has had his followers, and the doctrine which is named after him has had its sway and its day; but its glory is a thing of the past; its final dissolution is only a question of time, and Christ will be known only as a great man in history, but no greater than Krishna or Zoroaster.

There is nothing new under the sun, in religion and in other theories, and Christianity, like the Greek or Roman mythology, will pass away to make room for new theories.

Clyde, Ohio.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

REV. SAMUEL WATSON.

THE EXPERIENCES OF THIS GRAND OLD MAN.

HE GIVES A HISTORY OF REMARKABLE SEANCES.

Your welcome paper of to-day contains a very complimentary notice and inquiry in regard to my "whereabouts" and history. I have written but little for some time for the press, though I recently was tempted to write a reply to an article in the *Religio Philosophical Journal* in regard to Materialization. Your friend from Maine seems only to have read my first book, "The Clock Struck One," I have Clock Struck Two and Three, the latter the best one. My last book, "The Religion of Spiritualism," embraces my views more fully than any of them. A late *Banner* has copied from "Light in the West," a half column from this book, which gives a very clear synopsis of my views in regard to Christianity and Spiritualism. It might be of interest to your subscribers to copy it; your Maine friend would see that I have progressed some since I published my first book. Colby and Rich have published the fourth edition of it. I read all I found in the papers in regard to modern Spiritualism with strong prejudices against it. In 1884-5 it came unbidden and unwelcome to my home, rapping over the house night and day, much to our annoyance. We had emphatically a haunted house. During this time I was solicited to join a club consisting of five doctors and two preachers, one of whom was the Episcopal Bishop of Tennessee. We met twice a week for several months. We were told to open all our meetings with prayer. Then twelve of us sat around a large table and asked questions in regular order. All but three were members of some church. Our medium was a lady member of the Baptist Church.

We were told if we would meet promptly, a spirit desiring to be called "Mystery," who lived two hundred years before, would communicate freely with us. We usually spent about two hours each night.

He told us Bishop Otey had read his works, but we would never know who he was until we came over; then he would meet each one of us, and then we would be informed who it was that had been controlling our side. All of the doctors and preachers are gone, and all the members but one beside myself, are over there. I have had frequent communications from him since, which I published in the "Spiritual Magazine" when I was editing that periodical. He then was known as a "Stranger," signed to all his communications. I was the last one to surrender, though I never questioned the genuineness of the control.

A colored servant girl, a member of my family, was our home medium. Through her we got much to convince us of the truths of spirit communion. "Mystery" would make appointments to meet at my house and control this girl, who could not write, yet the writing when he controlled her was precisely like the hand writing done by "Mystery" by our colored medium. In the morning I would call on our medium, and she would write what had occurred at my house the night before. We asked to have them show themselves to us, and they said the time would come soon when they would be able to do so. They were often seen at my house by the visitors who stayed all night with us, as well as the family. "Mystery" told us one night at our circle, to turn out the light, and they would show themselves on the walls by the light they would produce. The last test I demanded was to see them in the day time and recognize them as I did my acquaintances. This I have had done from Massachusetts to California, and from the Lakes to the Gulf. To write a history of these would make a book. I will simply glance at some of them. The first was at Baldwin in this city. Having attended two of Mrs. Hollis dark seances when quite a number of friends talked to me freely, as well as to ministers present, Bishop Otey told me to get out another edition of "Clock Struck One," to publish Clock Struck Two, etc. You will live to proclaim this glorious truth to the churches in their buildings. Go on and I will be your guide and counsellor. This he has literally fulfilled. He has met me in some of the most important cities, North and South, where I have lectured, and if I have ever given offence, I have had no knowledge of it.

But to the materializations. I made the agreement with Mr. Hollis for a seance the next afternoon at Mr. B's. I invited the materialists, and those who had no sympathy with Spiritualism to attend. We met at 2:30 p. m. Then some twelve or fifteen persons walked out of the closet in which Mrs. Hollis was sitting. I knew only my spirit wife and my wife's father, who was an itinerant minister of the M. E. church. I had doors off at my library after that, but they did not walk out in the day time, as they had at Mr. B's.

I attended the second time Mrs. Bliss ever went in a cabinet, in July, 1876. There were some twelve or fifteen persons walked out and talked to us as naturally as mortals. Mrs. Bliss was locked up in the other side of the cabinet. I have met with her a number of times in Philadelphia, when I have been lecturing there. She is a first-rate materializing medium. She continues to visit other places and to give seances successfully.

I have attended the Eddy Brothers seances at Lake Pleasant camp-meeting, in the day-time. Quite a number came out. I knew none of them but E. V. Wilson. He looked as natural as I ever saw him. He was here for some time during the year, giving seances, and lecturing at other times. I had met with him there the year before, when he had a large tent in which he held seances where there were no exercises at the stand. He looked and talked then as natural as he ever did. He asked me to publish a communication he had given me a short time before at Saratoga, through Dr. Mansfield, which I did at the close of the Religion of Spiritualism.

I stayed most of the time while at Philadelphia at Col. T. Kases. Mary Hobson, a member of the family, was a fine materializing medium. We had seances with her frequently, at which a number of persons would come out and talk to us. I have

seen a number of things done there that would be called miracles by some people.

I have seen wonderful materializations with Mrs. Stewart and Miss Morgan, at Terre Haute, in open daylight. The first one at Morgan's was a large woman, the widow of a prominent man. She spoke to us all as naturally as any mortal. She performed magnificently on the piano, the company all around her. She said she would play a piece composed by her daughter since she passed over. Miss Morgan's hands were filled with flour, and a strong cord passed around her waist, which was put on the outside of the room in which she was confined. I tied this cord in nine knots on the inside, which were as I left them, when the seance was over. Each form that came out would shove open the door of the room that Miss Morgan was in, to show she had not moved. When it was over her hands were full of flour.

The room was light, as the sun shone in it. I talked freely with my spirit wife and son. She requested me to have another seance next day, which I did, with Dr. Peebles present. My wife came out in the room and talked with us all as naturally as in earth-life. Mrs. Stuart's seance was not under test conditions, as the others were, but they were very satisfactory, I think, to all who were there. I had another seance with her next morning, which was very interesting.

I see that I must skip what I have witnessed when I have been lecturing in the Northwestern States, and hasten on to California. I was at San Francisco during the time of the Knight Templars' meeting, when I lectured to large audiences. I went two days by invitation to see the manifestations at Mr. Reynolds's seances. Mrs. Richmond and her husband, and the Levys, with whom I was staying, were all the company. Men, women and children walked out from the curtains and talked with us freely both days. The room was on the ground floor, with but one door. All light as day. We were all satisfied with both seances, that they were genuine. I saw there what I have never seen only here: the elongation of a lady. I forgot her name. I know her father, who lives in Brooklyn, N. Y. She came out her natural size, and then grew taller, until her head nearly reached the top floor.

I cannot pass over the time spent in Denver, Colorado, while lecturing there. I had made the acquaintance of the pastor of the Unitarian church there when I was attending a large meeting of liberal ministers at Geneva, Wis.

I was the only Spiritualist that was invited to attend. On the first Sunday morning and night, I lectured in the theatre. The next morning this preacher sought me, and tendered me his church during the week and on Sunday, which I gladly accepted. The Committee offered me a room adjoining Mrs. Miller's rooms, where I attended seances nearly every night, except when I went fifty miles out on a mountain, by invitation of the Methodist brotherhood, which I gladly accepted, and spent the time pleasantly. It was near the top of the mountain. The last seance was on Saturday night before my last Sunday. It was chiefly for me. A number of my folks came out. My first son came out about the size he was when he passed away, four years old. After talking to him, I said: "Allen, you have grown up."

"Oh! yes, papa; but I come to you as I was, a little boy," and at that time he stood before all, a grown-up man. So did my next, a girl, grown up, before all present, from a small girl to a grown-up woman.

The next morning I went out to church, met my friend, Col. Bundy and wife, going to church also. We met quite a number of persons at the church door, who were talking about the wonderful seance the night before; one gentleman, a doctor, who lives there, said there were over a hundred persons came out at the seance last night. We had large audiences morning and night. The minister who invited me to occupy his church passed away on Saturday. Another minister of the same denomination and myself attended his funeral at his church that afternoon.

A clairvoyant said she saw the departed pastor in the pulpit with us, and some who used to sing in our meetings here, sang with those there.

I have now scribbled eleven pages hastily, and yet I have not referred to the most important and profoundly interesting materializations. I have even had those in my own library, with my personal friends and family.

I have had many seances in my library with a number of mediums. As I am writing on materializing seances I will only refer to a few of them. Mrs. Miller who lived here many years, was the medium. The first time she was at my house there were a number of our relatives came out, who were recognized beyond doubt as to their identity. All the seances we had were under strict test conditions. A committee of ladies searched the medium privately, and reported that she had nothing out of which any fraud could be made; sometimes nothing white about her. Men, women and children came out. I don't think there ever was a failure. At the time Washington materialized in my library I did not invite a single Spiritualist. The meeting was opened by a Baptist minister, by prayer. Washington looked as natural as a mortal dressed in Continental uniform. He called me to him, put his hands on my face and spread the United States flag over my head. I had never seen a Continental uniform only when I was lecturing in New Orleans, where they have a company who have this uniform. I saw them parading the streets on Washington's birthday, with precisely the same kind of uniform. Washington's wife took a seat in Mrs. Lewis's lap; then took a rocking chair, in which she seemed to enjoy herself for sometime, after which she passed away from our sight.

On another occasion Washington came out looking as natural as a mortal man. Dr. Purnell, who was the tallest Doctor I think in the city, stood up beside him and remarked "He is taller than I am." He then took a chair and sat down close to us, and engaged in conversation. Some one counted those who were present, and reported fifty-four. I selected the most prominent persons to witness these manifestations. There were four judges present, some ministers and editors. No one could question that these were genuine materializations.

On one occasion, there were five who came out and stood with their backs to the wall, while a gentleman from Philadelphia marked their height. None of them were the height of Mrs. Miller.

On another occasion, at the opening hymn, Mrs. Miller took the open-cane rocking chair behind the curtain, and almost instantaneously three women dressed in white walked out in the room. One of them walked up near me, but we did not recognize either of them. A volume might be written in regard to the materializations I have witnessed at home and other places in the city through this medium, but I must close with one more of another kind and place. It was on a vacant lot, with no house or any place to conceal anything. I witnessed there four nights, Mrs. Miller always dressed in dark clothing, the spirits nearly always in white. We could not see where they came from, but apparently out of the ground. They were only a few feet from us. One night they knelt down nine times. On another night a ball of fire was seen some distance above them, which fell to the ground and burnt the grass for several feet around. The last night I was present, a man in confederate uniform was seen in addition to the women dressed in white, who walked by the side of the medium some distance. Dr. Peebles was present the last night and wrote an account of it, which was published in the papers generally.

A few words about myself and I am done. During the time I was investigating this matter, I was stationed at Asbury Church, with a membership of about five hundred. The first Sunday after I was convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, I avowed it one Sabbath at my morning service. It produced a tremendous sensation. The preachers at the other Methodist Churches said the presiding elder must remove me, but he did not do it. I expected at the annual conference something would be done with me, for my views publicly expressed in the church in which I was stationed.

The conference did what they had never done before. They elected me to the General Conference, and elected me to edit their church paper, the *Memphis Christian Advocate*, which they continued to do for ten years. I was then placed on the Memphis District, and kept there four years. The General Conference, which met in Memphis in 1870, elected me to edit the *Christian Index*, which I continued to do until I withdrew from the church. At the first conference after my avowal of my convictions of the truth of Spiritualism, I told them publicly I was taught to believe the writings of the founders of the Methodist church, next to the Bible. Wesley was a Spiritualist, and published that if we gave up spirit communion, we must give up the Bible. Dr. Adam Clark, the most learned commentator that ever wrote, in his comments on the case of Samuel, says: "I believe in a spiritual, supernatural world, to which the good and the bad go and live in a state of consciousness. I believe that any of these in the order of God and the laws of their mode of being, may communicate with and make themselves visible to mortals." Dr. Clark died in 1833, yet his predictions have been realized all around the earth, and this kind of phenomena is the most demonstrable of Spiritualism. I am ashamed to have written so much, yet several times as much might be written of what I have seen. It is what the church needs to demonstrate immortality. It is what the world needs to convince the Materialist of a future state. I shall, ere long, realize the glorious truth that there is no death, but a glorious birth to an eternal, blissful state of progression. We will throw off the crawling worm state, and take that of the beautiful butterfly, and ultimately visit the millions of worlds made and sustained by our heavenly Father with the principle of Eternal Progression as our rich inheritance forever.

SAMUEL WATSON.
Memphis, Tenn.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

UNCONSCIOUSNESS IN SLEEP.

TO THE EDITOR:—I notice the articles of Dr. Hudson, of Stockton, Cal., and J. D. Buck, of Cincinnati, in answer to my question: "Why is it that we must pass into an unconscious state during our hours of sleep to become refreshed?" In Dr. Hudson's reply I fail to see any reason given that an ordinary mortal who has not passed into the realms of higher life, through mediumship or otherwise, can comprehend. I have read Prof. Zollner's writings wherein he defines what he terms the different dimensions of space. I have seen some articles upon the subject of the Keely Motor power, through vibration, etc. Likewise I have heard it said that there are several thousand molecules in a frog's foot; but that does not explain to my mind the answer to my question. I suppose it is because I am not versed in natural laws sufficient to understand.

Bro. Buck, of Cincinnati, says the assumption is taken for granted, and answered accordingly. Then he asks the question: Do we pass into an unconscious state while sleeping? From the limited experience I have in earth life, I think that when a person is in a good sound sleep, he is really unconscious to all surroundings. I agree that there are certain mesmeric or hypnotic conditions, when the mind is controlled by outside influences, that a person is sometimes conscious of what is going on about him. I don't care anything about these semi-trance conditions; it is a good sound healthy sleep I refer to.

Mrs. Flora Brown, the noted medium, has given the best answer I have had as yet. She explains it something like this: "The voluntary forces of the system being at all times under the direct control of the mind, they are like an army of men in the field, holding themselves ready to be called at a moment's notice, consequently the care and strain upon them is such that they get no rest; but when the commanding General says a truce is declared, no more fighting for twenty-four hours, the nerves of the vast army relax and good sound rest is obtained. The man who goes to his bed at night with the cares of business so great upon his mind that he cannot give way to sleep, gets up in the morning as tired as when he went to bed; but let word come to the man that everything is all right, the cause of the alarm has entirely passed, the mind gives notice that it is going to rest. Then the entire forces of the system rest undisturbed

again." I think there are other reasons. The involuntary forces of the system have certain task to do, and, if overworked, disconcert the mind; or, at least, make demands upon the mind which call the voluntary forces out to restore order. If the voluntary forces of the system load a lot of supplies into the stomach at bed time, then lay down to rest, it is not very long before the mind is notified to call up the voluntary forces to help them out. What I wish to show is that the relationship between the mind and the regulars and volunteers of the system is such that there is no rest for one unless the others all co-operate and work together. It is said that the regular forces of the system do their work regardless of the mind; that is a mistake. Every nerve of the system is under the control of the mind. Therefore, the overworked forces of the body in order to have rest, must wait until the mind goes to sleep, leaving the involuntary forces in good order, with no more to do than they are able to handle without calling on the mind for assistance. Perhaps I have left the argument about as the man said in reference to the trinity, it had been explained to him until it had become as clear as mud.

C. NEWELL.

Portland, Oregon, April 12, 1890.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I had a delightful time in Washington, in spite of physical debility and the "grippy" plague. My stay at Prof. Chapman's added a new volume to my life-history. The Spiritualists that I met inspired me with their cordial demonstrations, and the meetings were the most harmonious and lively of any I have served for years. Col. R. T. Van Horn and wife, from Kansas City, Mo., honored me with their attendance, and added a glow to the sphere of all they touched. I had a rare experience with P. L. O. A. Keeler, which I will report in full ere long. He is a remarkable medium, and seldom fails to meet the highest demand of investigators. He gives "proof palpable," which no fair skeptic can gainsay or resist. Mrs. Clara Field Conant adds her large influence and generous, genial nature to the movement in many ways. Dr. Conant is finely equipped with organic elements for healing and inspiring progressive ideas. Mr. Edson, the President, makes it pleasant for all, and is very considerate of the interest of speakers in his charge. Mr. Hall, the Secretary, is sunshine on the path of progress. The Lyceum is lively, and the leaders show ability and interest. The choir renders fine music, which helps all, and they deserve praise and thanks. Captain Cable and wife are devoted disciples. Sixteen years ago, when I was in Washington, they were just getting on the anxious seat; now they are pillars in the New Church, and have mediums and seances for steady diet. Mrs. Beste, Mrs. Ross, and others, have headquarters there. Dr. P. O. Jenkins, the artist, inventor and writer, has a new method for electric lighting, which he says has been thoroughly tested, and is an unmistakable success, and can be had at half the expense of any other yet produced.

C. Fannie Allyn follows me in Washington, and dillards may look for fire in every poetic flower she flings from her inspired lips. I reached Saratoga Saturday p. m., and was met at depot by Dr. Mills and others, and escorted to 70 White street, where I find pleasant room and congenial environments with Mr. and Mrs. James P. Allen. It has rained most of the time since my arrival, and our Sunday was a little dull, but a fair interest manifest. Good music added much to the pleasure of the day. Dr. W. B. Mills is an efficient officer, respected and trusted by the people. All speak highly of Mr. Edgerly, who preceded me here. He is evidently a rising star, that will adorn the spiritual sky on earth. Success to him, and all true workers.

Saratoga, N. Y. LYMAN C. HOWE.

For The Progressive Thinker.

PROPHET IN PRISON.

The Spirit-world is no respecter of persons. The denizens thereof know how to weigh puny mortals, and the walls of a prison is no bar to their progress. A late number of the Dayton, Ohio, *Journal*, says:

A prisoner in the Ohio penitentiary by the name of Jay Larmouth, serving a term for bigamy, is attracting considerable attention among the guards and officials of the institution. Larmouth is peculiar in his conduct, being extremely nervous and apparently melancholy.

He foretells future events with a certainty that is wonderful, and says the process weakens his nervous system very much. Larmouth will sit for hours apparently in a trance, and during such times has his visions, but talks very little on the subject. When he has something to tell he will relate it readily, but at other times is morose.

Last week Larmouth walked into the warden's office and told him that the man who prosecuted the case against him dropped dead at Carey, O., at a certain hour and then described the position and location of the dead body at the time he was talking. Inquiry developed the fact that Larmouth was correct in every detail.

Since that time he has foretold other events which have developed into facts and are well substantiated. He recently related the particulars of a pardon received by June L. Fuller, set at liberty by President Harrison. On last Wednesday night Fuller was walking along the corridor of the prison very much worried over the failure of his pardon to arrive.

Larmouth walked up to him and said that Armstrong, the mail carrier would bring his pardon to-morrow (Thursday.) "It's in the postoffice now," said Larmouth. He even described the envelope minutely. Morning came, mail time passed and nothing was seen of the pardon. Fuller went over to the stable to see Larmouth and tell him that his prediction had not been verified.

"Oh, no," said Larmouth, "the pardon is in the warden's office now," and further stated that just above his signature President Harrison would say he granted the pardon because he believed the man was innocent. While they were talking a guard notified Fuller that his pardon had just arrived, and the envelope, postmark and writing above the signature of the President were exactly as Larmouth had described them.

THE MYSTERY OF THE POSTERN GATE.

A Remarkable Narrative Illustrating Spirit Power.

Marvelous Occurrences, as Given by Emma Hardinge Britten.

[NOTE.—This most wonderful narrative is taken from *The Two Worlds*, Manchester, England, an excellent paper devoted to the dissemination of Spiritualism, occult science, ethics, religion and reform. Its editor, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, stands pre-eminent as an orator, author, medium and seer, and the weird narrative which she publishes under the head of "The Mystery of the Postern Gate," would never have been given to the world had she not felt deeply impressed that every word of it is true. The circumstances of the narrative were communicated to Mrs. Britten by a descendant of the family whose fortunes she details, and the curious episode connected with them was only permitted to be repeated on condition that the real names of the actors should be concealed, as well as the scene of the occurrence, under fictitious titles. Emulating from so high a source as Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, we shall follow her by publishing the narrative in *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*.]

CHAPTER III.—THE NEW YEAR'S VISITATION.

New Year's Day had come at length, and was celebrated in the little town of D—, Bohemia, towards the close of the eighteenth century, after a fashion which, a hundred years later—in our own times—would have been deemed little less than idolatrous. Bands of pilgrims of the Catholic persuasion visited the shrines of the saints to implore their intercession for a favorable coming year. Stern Lutherans looked on with scorn, and muttered revilings, and then passed into the depths of the leafless forests, or beside the streaming cataracts amidst the mountains, invoking the *Nature* spirits to protect them from the wiles of the pope and all his emissaries of evil. Secret societies—"illuminiati" and others—assembled in underground conclaves to plot and contrive action for the elimination of reform movements, and by some unknown but ever potent influences, many phases of humanity, in various directions, felt and acted out the impulsive recognition that with a new year, a new era and new demands for action were born. Whether Nature be a silent, inanimate, automatic body, or the receptive female counterpart of spirit, who can say? Enough that she is the dial-plate on which the progressive march of humanity is registered, and that it is her voice which incessantly responds to the demand of the soul for "Light, more light." "And there shall be light!"

In the Kalozzy homestead the doings of its various inmates were in strict accordance with their special characteristics. Constance had accompanied her lover, Rudolph Muller, to their Lutheran church, and there, at the close of the morning service, in the vestry, they simply plighted their troth, promising to become man and wife when the sailor returned from his next voyage, and circumstances permitted. All day long the little clock-maker, Johan Kalozzy, had shut himself up in his underground cellar workshop, preparing in secret a new mechanical invention which he at times mysteriously talked about, in the expectation that a certain "visitor," whom the whole family knew to be his brother, Baron Paul, would come to inspect his work. A pair of twins—Ella and Franz—some eight years old, glorified themselves in divers ways on account of their holiday from school. Their poor mother, Frau Kalozzy, an equal martyr to rheumatism and hypochondria, sat in her easy chair in the little parlor behind the shop, alternately moaning over her physical ailments and lamenting over the loss of the four children who had passed away between the birth of Constance and that of the twins, and her aged father and mother, once members of her own diminished family circle. These mournful reminiscences of earthly loss were always recalled at this particular period, from the fact that her four children had been killed by lightning whilst playing in the forest on a long ago New Year's Day. Her aged mother and father had also departed, one three years, and the other two years ago, on New Year's Day, and though another anniversary of the same day had passed without any catastrophe, Frau Kalozzy beguiled her own sad thoughts by cherishing the idea that the day in question was in the past, and must be, therefore, in the future fatal to her or some member of her family.

Constance and Rudolph had returned from church; the midday meal had passed over in a kind of enforced gaiety from all present, and now it was the hour between the departure of the dying day and the approach of night. The short twilight was fast deepening into darkness, and this was the scene in the little Kalozzy household. The connecting door with the shop was open. The family had assembled in the little, many-cornered parlor at the back of the shop. Frau Kalozzy sat in her accustomed place, a large easy-chair beside the ample open fire-place, on which blazed a crackling, sparkling fire of pine logs. Opposite to her sat Rudolph Muller, Constance's betrothed, a happy, jolly sailor, against whose knees leaned the twin children, Franz and Ella, to whom he was reciting all sorts of yarns, made up of ghost stories and sea-snake narrations. The only other occupant of the room was Fritz, the hunchback, who sat utterly silent, and seemingly lost in deep abstraction, in a sort of corner nook, which commanded the entire of the scene on every side. It only remains to be noted that opposite the shop door entrance to this parlor was another door, which led into a short passage communicating with the kitchen. This door was open, and the light from thence streamed into the room, together with the clatter of plates and dishes, occasioned by the work of the household fairy, Constance, who was busy preparing the family evening meal. There was still another peculiarity of these premises. Underneath the kitchen (at the back of the house), was a spacious cellar, which the clock-maker, Johan Kalozzy, had fitted up as a work and store-room. Here he had gathered together all his tools, machinery, and a certain wonderful new mechanical piece of clock-work, by which he promised to illuminate the world, revolutionize mechanical art, and make the fortunes of his family. The fact that the said family had heard these prophecies and claims many times during the last twenty years prevented their feeling any elation on the subject when the inventive genius assured every one who would listen, that the work would be completed that same New Year's Day, and only

awaited a certain visitor's approval and patronage to startle the world into realizing all his unfulfilled prophecies.

All day long had the anxious inventor spent in his cellar, occupied in his secret labors. He had determined that his brother would not come till evening, and up to then it had been a hard task even for his idolized child, Constance, to induce him to emerge from his workshop to partake of their noon-tide meal. It must be noted also that this workshop could only be reached by traversing a narrow alley which ran at the side of the house, led into the back premises, and by a flight of steps descended into the cellar. From or to this place there was no other entrance than by this alley. A large sash window looked from the parlor into the side passage, enabling any one within to see those who passed from the street into the back premises. It was by the side of this window that little Fritz, the hunchback, was sitting. He had been, as usual, kind and obliging to every one during the day, but his mood—ever dreamy and reticent except to his confidante and beloved sister Constance—had been singularly silent, and abstracted even to gloom, and had not Constance been so entirely absorbed by the parting visit of her betrothed, Rudolph Muller, she would have commented with surprise and anxiety upon the melancholy of her darling brother.

The silence, which had only been broken for some time in the little parlor by the prattle of the twins, was at length interrupted by an old neighbor, who, according to his familiar custom, entering the alleyway, threw up the sash of the unfastened window, and leaning on the sill with folded arms, remarked in cheery tones that they all looked mighty comfortable there that bleak New Year's Day, in the bright daylight.

"Aye, aye, neighbor Manheim," replied Frau Kalozzy, in her usual peevish, murmuring way; "comfortable we may be, but sad, neighbor—oh, how awful sad! It is just three years ago this very New Year's Day since my four blessed children were brought in on shutters right here, through that alleyway where you now stand, from the forest, where they had been playing, all blackened and shivered and dead—dead! Struck by Heaven's wrath, I suppose."

As if to emphasize her words of lamentation, at that moment the muttering thunder, which for the past hour had been rumbling at a distance, now broke over the very house, in an awful crash, and a flare of blue and forked lightning drove its fiery way through the room with blinding force.

"Heaven save us!" cried the visitor, in a trembling voice. "Here it is again, mother. Mayhap you would not object if I step inside till the storm passes?"

So saying, the scared old man strode through the low window, and was about to shut it down, when the little hunchback rose up from his corner, and, courteously handing the visitor his chair, first leaned out of the window for a moment or so, as if watching the course of the storm, and then closing it, stood up against it in profound silence, his face just reaching and pressed against the lower panes. For one entire hour the storm, which had long since been seemingly gathering its forces for a mighty elemental war, broke over the little cottage roof in deafening peals of cloud artillery, and sent its livid wild fires flashing their zigzag way through the humble parlor in ceaseless streams of blue and white flames. It was only when, at the expiration of an hour, the muttering thunder slowly pealed its way off in the far distance, and the awful fires of the livid skies became reflected in occasional gleams, that the awe-struck party in the clock-maker's parlor dared to open their lips and exchange thoughts with one another. Then it was that the two children drew their heads from beneath the lappets of Rudolph's jacket, in which they had hidden; a whining little spaniel crept from beneath the table, and stretched itself once more before the blazing logs; Rudolph began to coax into a faint chirrup the little scared canary in the cage over his head; and neighbor Manheim, addressing the trembling mistress of the house, who had only just thrown aside her hood from her head, observed, "Ain't it awful, mother?"

"No worse than the day on which my four darlings were brought home on shutters from the woods, three weary, woeful years ago, neighbor Manheim."

"Aye, to be sure!" answered the old man, still in a subdued tone of awe. "And then, Frau, it was on some New Year's Day, too, that thy good mother and father went to glory, wasn't it?"

"Yes, neighbor," rejoined the dame, evidently glad of the chance to pour out her tale of woe to a sympathizing listener. "Mother died one New Year's Day, just three years ago, and father went off, New Year's Day, just two years since. Oh, it's a day of bitter, bitter memories to me! They wonder why I'm sad and weary, but when I think of the New Year's Day, five years ago, when they all crowded round this very fire—all alive and well, and joyful and happy, and now! Oh! Heaven help me! Now, all dead and gone! Never to behold them more! How can I ever lift up my head or smile again!"

"They are all here now, mother," murmured the low, sweet voice of the hunchback, from his place by the alley window. "There's grandfather, in his flowered waistcoat, and his fair, silvered head; there's dear grandmother, oh, so sweet she looks, in a new gown, all sparkling with shining stars, and there's Daisy, and Violet, and Pierre, and John, all hand in hand, in white dresses, and spangles like sunbeams, and wreaths of flowers; and just over their heads is an arch—an arch of shining bright swords crossed, and held in the hands of two long rows of knights—Freemasons they are, glorious Royal Arch Masons—and they are come to welcome another, who's just entering in. I cannot see his face, but he's one of us, and I can even hear his voice saying, 'There's no more death, and we shall all live forever.'"

"Dreaming as usual, and talking in his sleep," whispered the mother softly to the rest.

"He often talks that way, added little

Franz, in the same low voice; "and always about people that are dead, just as if they were all alive and amongst us, Rudolph."

"I know, I know," said Rudolph, hastily; "and I believe him, but Fritz," he added, raising his voice, "tell us, for you know now, will the Baron Paul come here to-day, as he promised Constance yesterday?"

"Baron Paul has come and gone," answered the hunchback solemnly. "He came with the storm, and has followed it away"; then starting suddenly, as if just awaking from sleep, he cried in piercing accents, directing his voice towards the open door which led to the kitchen, "Constance! Constance! where is father?"

Without waiting for an answer, he flung the window of the alley wide open—leaped through it with a speed and agility wonderful in his crippled condition, and disappeared in the darkness. Before the astonished party in the room he had left had time to recover themselves, or comment on what had happened, a piercing shriek from the cellar beneath the kitchen was heard. Darting through the shop and into the alleyway, Rudolph rushed, followed by the whole family, including Constance, who, disturbed in her household duties in the back premises by the awful cry from below, had joined the flying party. One after another they poured through the alley and down the steep stairs that led to the cellar workshop, there to see Fritz crouching on the ground, clasping his father's knees, and sobbing in uncontrollable grief. The clock-maker himself was sitting in a chair, calm and quiet, as if asleep. On every side of him, strewn the ground, or heaped up in indistinguishable fragments, were masses of broken wires, splints of wood, metal, and relics of ruined machinery. In the midst of it all, calmly sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, sat the machinist—dead.

[To be continued.]

Written for *The Progressive Thinker*.

THE FOX SISTERS.

A Plea to Spiritualists in Their Behalf.

A Question of Responsibility.

In the anniversary address delivered by that Patriarch in Spiritualism, Henry J. Newton, in Adelphi Hall, New York, and printed in *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* occurs the following passage:

"Among the important events which have taken place during the current year, I should mention the fact of the return of Maggie Fox Kane to the fold of Spiritualists. Her apostasy, and partially so of her sister Katy, early in the fall of 1888, created, at the time, great excitement, both in and out of the ranks of Spiritualism; much more, as I stated at the time, than there were any reasonable grounds for. But nevertheless it created a serious blot on the page of spiritualistic history, which fortunately now has to a certain extent been removed. Whatever may have been the sins of these two mediums is not a question for Spiritualists to spend valuable time in pondering over. The question so far as relates to them is, What are they trying to do now? What is our duty to them as Spiritualists? Not, how can I best succeed in crushing them, but what can I do to sustain and encourage them in their resolves and efforts to do right? I am of the opinion that any one who covets the name of Spiritualist who is afraid to trust these two unfortunate sisters in the hands of their Infinite Father, fearing that he will be too lenient with them, had better cease his efforts to be a Spiritualist, and try first and see if he can become a respectable Arab."

Permit me, Mr. Editor, in giving the above sentiments my heartfelt endorsement, to present the case of these unfortunate sisters in a light that makes it clear, that in addition to the broad grounds of humanity on which Bro. Newton has so strongly based his plea, there are other reasons why Spiritualists are in duty bound, not only to forgive and forget, but to be considerably and lovingly helpful to these sisters in the days of their affliction. Of course, if we care only to do as the world usually does in such circumstances, we shall spurn them disdainfully from our presence, and, with a "serve them right," let them go to their (under such circumstances) inevitable doom. I take it we have had our tilt with the world, that for the most part it is safely under our feet, and that we are measurably both able and willing to do a stroke of right now and again for its own sake—just for the simple and blessed reason that it is right.

If, when looking in a mirror, an ugly and sinister face meets our gaze, let us not blame the mirror. The Fox Sisters, to my mind, constitute a perfect spiritual mirror that gives us back our own unspiritualized reflection—and in no small measure they perform expiate our sins. *This is as true as Calvary.* As innocent children, all unconscious of the tremendous purpose working out through them, they reflected the world's materialism. True, they met a great need, but it was a material need, and as a child cannot be looked to for moral responsibility, for an expression of positive spirituality, it was obviously of deep purpose that these purely automatic instruments were chosen—fit reflectors of the materialistic state of the world. Our spiritual perceptions being wholly obscured, we hailed this reflection of ourselves, this unspiritualized adaptation to our state, as a wonderful fact, worth all the theories in the universe, and ever since we have gone on building one fact upon another, apparently in the hope of some day being able to step therefrom into the very heavens themselves—forgetting all the while that this divine kingdom is within. Well, because this is after all not a material movement, but essentially a spiritual one (as we shall sooner or later all learn), the building of this material structure, this monument to facts, could not go on; and so, in the tenderest compassion, and even for our souls' sake, the very foundation stone was knocked out, and the whole structure came down with a bang. Let me not be misunderstood. No truth fell with it—only a lot of unspiritual facts. If all you had was this "rap"; if all you had was a lot of external evidence that had awakened no part of your spiritual perception, then it was best that you should lose what you had.

If, however, the facts had transmuted themselves into higher perceptions and truths, then their disappearance could in no wise effect you. What fell was the external shell of this movement—its material mask. But this is no loss. The real work will go on all the better for it.

"Blessed is the people without a history," some one has said. "Blessed is the religion without traditions," is an appropriate paraphrase. The world is governed by tradition; it believes according to tradition; and even this sucking Spiritualism was beginning to plume itself on its traditions. It was, indeed, high time that the dispensation was returned to its true origins. These origins, I venture to assert, are not constituted of "raps," or any other outward sign, but in their spiritual significance correspond to human self-reliance, to possibilities of individual growth in contradistinction to organic growth, as it is witnessed in the Christian dispensation. The Christian church may grow, as it does, from without. Spiritualism can grow only from within, and to this end all manifestations and all impulses from first to last are ordered. If, on the supernal side, it was a significant event, when the human state permitted them to take the initial step of what was to be a world-spread movement, and to sound the first note of a spiritual symphony that will rise into grander and ever grander harmonies with man's developing perceptions—if, I say, there was on the supernal side, deep interest in the sounding of this initial "rap," it was, in my judgment, as naught compared to the profound, sympathetic solicitude that accompanied the public discredit of this "rap." Never was there performed an act of immolation that transcended in significance—in its spiritually iconoclastic significance, I mean—the act of poor Margaret Fox, when, before assembled thousands, she ruthlessly broke Spiritualism's materialistic idol. What, you exclaim, do you mean to say that that was a *bona fide* exposure? Have no concern, dear reader. I mean anything but that. Nevertheless, we must not shut our eyes to the fact that so far as the public is concerned, that corner stone is irretrievably broken. And, what is far more significant, for all purposes of sentiment, it is damaged for Spiritualists as well. It may be a tradition still, but it is no longer, and never can be again, a hallowed tradition. Those "raps"—not Spiritualism, which by very contrast is now seen to be a very different thing, with higher and ever ascending spiritual and religious aspirations—are forever smirched, and no amount of white-washing can restore them to their pristine glory. The whole affair has left a bad taste in the mouth—as it was undoubtedly spiritually intended it should. Christianity was hatched from a Jewish egg, and the Hebrew tradition, the shell, clings to the chick to this day—a monstrous heritage. Spiritualism was hatched out of the egg of materialism, and lest the dread experience of Christianity be repeated, a benignant power proceeds step by step, through the drastic operation of "exposure," to separate the truth, the spiritual residuum, from its material environment.

Now let us dispassionately analyze the elements that go to make up this two-world drama, and see whether the conclusion I would urge upon Spiritualists, that we are bound to hold the Fox Sisters morally innocent, is warranted by the content: We have, to begin with, two little girls. Without their seeking they become instruments of spirit expression on the plane of phenomena—the alphabet of the senses. The fact put forth is small, but it is the initial point of an illimitable perspective. We are prone to associate the manifestations of to-day with those of past ages, and in doing this we are bound to acknowledge that so far as the outward sign is concerned there is nothing new in these modern manifestations, even up to the marvels of materialization or transfiguration. If, then, spirit manifestations to great public ends, had been held in abeyance for centuries of time, and are now suddenly projected into the human sphere once again, we cannot suppose this to be an accident, but must conceive it to be a manifestation of deliberate and wise ordering. This being granted, we are bound now to one of two conclusions: Either, that the Spirit-world is a competent master of this movement, or, that it is not; that it can foresee events, and the results that must inevitably flow from the interaction of the two worlds, or that it can not; that it can foresee what effect under any given condition the "gift" of mediumship will have upon the instrument in the present status of the world, or that it is blind to these consequences, and that, therefore, the movement is an irresponsible caprice. Those who can may choose the latter horn of the dilemma; for myself, I am bound to assume that the Spirit-world is competent as well as morally responsible when it intervenes in human affairs—or I am morally constrained to discourage to the utmost of my powers all efforts to widen the intercourse between the two worlds. For my part, I am unalterably held to the conclusion, that when the spiritual hierarchy took these children in their keeping, they did so in the full knowledge of all consequences, and assumed, therefore, the entire moral responsibility involved in this matter. Any other view, it seems to me, takes this question out of the category of morals altogether, places the whole movement at the mercy of the whirl of chance, and a stupendous wrong against two human creatures goes forever unsatisfied. To assume less than that the part these sisters were to play in this great drama was clearly foreseen, and was morally justifiable because of the tremendous consequences for good to the whole human race that was to flow from their sacrifice to an appearance of evil, is to reduce the whole order of our spiritual relation to chaos. If spirit guardianship is ever to mean more than empty words, it ought to have a special meaning in the case of these sisters. For a generation they are used to serve the ends of the movement, and then, by a startling coincidence, both are simultaneously permitted not only to renounce, but to denounce, the work of their lives, and to stand before the world confessed frauds.

Spiritualists, look at it how we will, this is no small matter for us to face. And it is now for us to ask, why the influences before so potent became all at once utterly impotent to intervene in prevention of a stupendous self-stultification and dire moral

catastrophe? Or why, I should prefer to ask, were the influences in this tremendous crisis withdrawn? Nay, must we not go one step further still, and assume that the catastrophe was of deliberate spirit contrivance, in which the mediums played no responsible part whatsoever? For me no other explanation will suffice—it is this or bedlam.

All religions have their tragedies—their supreme ordeals. This is, to my mind, the Calvary of Spiritualism—its uttermost trial—its crucifixion. How shall we meet this crisis? Shall we meet it with denunciation? Is it not clearly the blessed vale of our humiliation?—and how shall we emerge from it? Shall we come forth exalted and purified by self-conquest, or more than ever besotted with a mock respectability? Let us not mistake the meaning or purpose of this ordeal. It is not, methinks, the Fox Sisters who are on trial, nor yet is it the Spirit-world, (whom we are never tired of "trying" with the stupidest of human devices) but simply and plainly it is ourselves—it is each and every Spiritualist. How we deport ourselves in this supreme crisis will be a lesson to the world for all time. Little will a more wise and tolerant future care what we "believed" or what "tests" we had, for its only questions will be, "What was the moral expression of the early Spiritualists, what their insight into the significance of the phenomena they were witnesses of, what their charity, and, above all, what their love? Were they able to overcome themselves; or, when the supreme test was applied, did they hide their faces from the scoffing multitude and seek refuge in moral cowardice?"

If the moral constitution of these unfortunate was gradually undermined in satisfaction of the senses they were set apart to serve, it was the Spirit-world that prepared the conditions that determined this end: If they were petted and indulged, it was again because they were set apart from the multitude by spirit action. It is then, once again and forever to the Spirit-world that the responsibility goes for the acts of these women—but, remember, per contra, that responsibility for our action goes inevitably to ourselves. We are not so easily absolved. It matters comparatively little in the great measure of things what two women have done—but it matters immeasurably what millions of other people do in consequence. Whatever may be the case so far as the Fox Sisters are concerned, we at any rate can not shirk responsibility for our own acts, for with us nothing is superimposed. Try as we will, we cannot escape the conclusion that these women are precisely what the Spirit-world has made them, or permitted them to become—and, if we cannot read this lesson to divine ends, then we are forced compelled to read it to devilish ends, and the inference of the church that this movement is of Satanic origin is clearly justified.

Spiritualists, we cannot blink this object lesson. The axe has been laid at our very foundations. For phenomenal Spiritualism there is no going behind the Fox Sisters. According to our attitude towards these unfortunate, we henceforth make them the instruments of our spiritual degradation or of our exaltation. They are as a soiled jewel placed in our keeping. If we stamp it in the mire, in satisfaction of our sordid, selfish and cowardly behests, we shall add still another evil deed to the black record of man's inhumanity. If, however, we can rise to the height of putting our selfish promptings under our feet instead, and care for and burnish the jewel with hands all tender with the life-flow from loving hearts, it will refract and reflect a myriad rays, each growing ever more radiant as with a divine effulgence.

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PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

From her home near Downey, California, May 20, 1890. Mrs. Abigail D. Van Buren, aged 84 years, born of good old Massachusetts stock, this woman in life and thought kept up with the march of Progress. And all along the journey her mortal experience scattered good deeds and kind helpful sympathy, fully realizing that these are the only shining riches for time and eternity. She would send the summons to "come up higher" with a calm anticipation, feeling sure of the way and the welcome that would greet her from friends—not dead but "gone before." She left behind her, in "shadows," for pet a little while, a husband and two daughters; not, without the assurance, however, that her love could dissipate them, which it has done.—And they are only "Waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown." And the reapers have the last sheaf gathered home. I attended the funeral services.

Long Beach, California. SCOTT B. JOHNSON.

Passed to the higher life, on May 4, Mr. Benjamin Reed, aged 84. He was born in Salem, Co., Vermont, Jan. 1, 1806. He settled on a piece of government land in Greenfield, La Grange Co., Ind., in 1830, an early pioneer, and this was his home until the time of his death.

In 1835 he was united in marriage to Miss Mary Barr. Of their two sons, one enlisted in the 10th Regiment Ind. Vol., and gave his life for his country at the early age of 23.

One son and one daughter still remain to love and cherish their venerable mother.

Mrs. Abraham Smith, of Sturgis, Mich., officiated at the funeral services held at the Free Church in Lexington, Indiana, May 6th. A large circle of relatives and friends honored the occasion with their sympathy.

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Thousands testify that my Malted Pebble Spectacles restore lost vision. Send stamp for full directions how to be fitted by my new method of clairvoyant sight. Address, B. F. POOLE, Clinton, Iowa.

AN ASTONISHING OFFER.

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

SPIRITUAL Magnetized Paper free. Send self-directed and stamped envelope to OAK WOODBURY, Farmington, Maine.

THE BLIND MEDIUM. Mr. Fred A. Heath gives readings by letter. In order that all may have chance to test his powers he makes this remarkable offer. Send ten cents in silver, with lock of hair and stamp and he will send you a trial reading. Address, FRED A. HEATH, No. 6 Park Place, Detroit, Mich.

SUMMERLAND.

THE NEW SPIRITUALIST COLONY

OF THE
PACIFIC COAST.

Located in the Most Delightful Country and Climate

ON THE GLOBE!

BUILDING PROGRESSING RAPIDLY.

THE SITE of Summerland constitutes a part of the Ortega Rancho, owned by H. L. Williams, and is located on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, five miles east of the beautiful city of Santa Barbara, which is noted for having the most equable and healthful climate in the world, being exempt from all malarial diseases.

Here Spiritualists can establish permanent homes, and enjoy social and spiritual communion under the most favorable conditions for health, pleasure and development.

A railroad station, postoffice and express office are now established here, and the Free Public Library is completed. The Public School has just opened in the Library building. A new school building is a course of construction.

Tracts of land adjoining Summerland, containing from five to ten acres each, adapted to the growth of all temperate and semi-tropical products, including bananas, oranges, lemons, figs, grapes and nuts—all strawberries and garden products all the year—can be bought or leased at low prices, and on easy terms. A map of Summerland, as the price received, does not include a pamphlet giving all particulars, will be mailed to any address. Summerland faces the south and ocean, gently sloping to the latter, where the bathing beach extends as far as the eye can see. A fine beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara. Back, and two and a half miles to the north, extends the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque background. A most beautiful view of the Santa Inez range, ocean, and along the coast, is had from all parts of the site. The soil is of the very best.

The average single lot is 25,000 feet, or 231,313 feet for a double lot, the latter fronting on a wide, wide avenue, with a narrow street in the rear. Price of single lots, \$30—\$50, of which is donated to the cause of Summerland. By buying four lots—price, \$120—a tract of 50 feet by 120 feet deep is obtained, giving one of the very commodious building sites, with quite ample grounds for flowers, etc., and securing a front and rear entrance.

Pure spring water is now conveyed to the entire tract from an unfailing source, having a pressure of two hundred feet head. The object of this Colony is to advance the cause of Spiritualism, and not to make money selling lots, as the price received does not equal the price adjoining land (not so good) has sold for by the acre. The government of the Colony will be by its inhabitants the same as other towns and cities. A prohibitory liquor clause is in every deed. Title unquestionable.

Orders for lots in Summerland will be received, entered and selected by the undersigned, when parties cannot be present to select for themselves, with the privilege of exchanging for others without cost (other than recording fee), if they prefer them when they visit the ground.

Reference Commercial Bank, of Santa Barbara, Cal. Send for plat of the town, and for further information, to

ALBERT MORTON, Agent,

210 Stockton St., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

OR TO
H. L. WILLIAMS, Proprietor,
Summerland, Santa Barbara County, Cal.