

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

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Written for The Progressive Thinker.

THE OLD MIRROR.

Thoughts born on looking into an old mirror, used in the family of the writer's grandfather.

BY MISS A. B. AMES.

In old-time frame of simple mould,
With open seam across the face,
I see, in fancy's hand, unrolled
Past scenes of feature, time and place.
Some I have loved—love them still—
Looked with young eyes inside the rim;
New dreamt that hope's glad bounding thrill
Could ever, through the years, grow dim.
But ere I saw those faces dear,
Or learned the heart's true worth, as now,
Old Time, with finger stern and sure,
Had set up milestones on the brow.
Faith thrilled less high; sweet hope had paled,
And shadows lay as thick as sun.
Some darling plan had sadly failed,
And sorrow's ironies had begun.

Then some grown weary, fell asleep,
And welcomed to us never more;
But better waters, however deep,
Lead safely to the farther shore.
Old mirror, with your face serene,
All free from wrinkles, though so old,
Tears all the same to you, I ween,
Whether the face was dry or bold,
Or glad, or sad, or grave, or gay,
Or bright, or with a grief or crest—
Do not the eyes you see to-day
Bring back to you the vanished past?
Does your heart stir (have you such a thing)
With fealty for old friends and true?
Does not this face a memory bring
Of those you saw—when you were new?
No answer! Then you'll surely guard
All secrets well—hang there, and rest.
No record e'er by you was marred,
Or pang brought home to loving breast.

Good-by, old mirror, you and I
Will ne'er forget to own, and love,
The ones you knew in years gone by,
The ones I hope to meet above.
South Waukegan, Ill.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

ARE THE LAITY PRIEST-RIDDEN?

Has Catholicism Never Feared the Progress of Science and Education?

WOULD IT BE WELL TO HAVE AMERICA A CATHOLIC COUNTRY?

The Meaning of the Catholic Centennial at Baltimore.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The august assembly of archbishops, bishops, priests and distinguished laymen that crowded to overflowing the cathedral at Baltimore had a significance which will be more clearly read in the near future. The melodious and high-sounding words of its orators are in marked contrast with the records of the past, and might deceive the most suspicious, were not beneath the soft velvet of the paw partially revealed the sharpness of the cruel talons.

The notable feature of the speeches made on the occasion was their apparent conformity with modern thought, and yielding to the pressure of the times. More closely scanned, this is seen to be only in appearance, for Catholicism is proud of her unchanging ideas, and conforms only as a means of final victory.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, in his sermon, said that the last to fear intellectual progress was the Catholic. He knew that truth is one; that God cannot contradict in the revelation of science the revelations of the Bible. Hence the Catholic church never feared the progress of science and education. The charge that the laity are priest-ridden, every Catholic knew was false.

In his sermon on the future of the Church, Archbishop Ireland said that the great work the Catholics of the United States had to do within the coming century was to make America Catholic. The importance of the possession of America to the cause of religion can not well be overestimated. "It can be shown to the American people that they need the Church for the preservation and complete development of their national character and social order. They must look to her to maintain for them in the consciences of the citizens the principles of national equity and law, without which a self-governing people will not exist." Above all things he wanted Catholics to be aggressive.

Between the smooth phrases which lull suspicion and court applause, appear the one deep and desperate purpose to make America a Catholic nation.

There are three propositions here indicated which it would be well to carefully examine before alloting to pass:

Has Catholicism never feared the progress of science and education?

Are the laity priest-ridden?

Would it be well to have America a Catholic country?

Of the first it may be said that it is true the Catholic church has favored education, but that kind of education restricted and proscribed by herself. If she demands education in the hard sense the words of Archbishop Ryan express, why does she wage war on the public schools and at great cost maintains parochial ones? Evidently education at the latter is widely different from that at the former. If science is only another method by which God speaks to man, why is not the science as taught in the public schools as good as that taught at the parochial? Yet the Catholic church regards the public schools with such horror that she commands the laity to erect separate school buildings, and excommunicate the parents if they dare send their children elsewhere. Education to the Catholic means servile submission to the dictation of the priesthood, belief in the infallibility of the Catholic church, and the power of the priest not only in this world, but over the spirit in the next. This belief must be so strong and unquestioning that it will submit to any extortion,

and implicitly obey through fear of purgatory, to which a priest by a word may consign a refractory spirit. Education, in its modern sense, is unknown and unrecognized by Catholicism. What it understands by the term is the training which will make a good Catholic, who without hesitancy will do the bidding of the priest. Even morality does not mean to Catholicism what the word usually expresses. It means belief in, and observance of, the Church forms and ceremonies. Education is the training to break the learner into obedience; morality is that obedience.

There has been founded a Catholic University at the Capital of the Nation. There are a few great names standing at the head of the Scientific progress of the age, as Darwin, Wallace, Tynall, Spencer, Huxley, and Haeckel. Does any one for a moment suppose that any such men will be called to a professor's chair in that University? The Catholic church fosters learning, but it is such learning as the priests prepare and the pope approves; it is of the kind which has for its beginning and end the object to make a good Catholic.

If the Catholic church never feared intellectual progress, why did she place Galileo in a dungeon, and present to him the alternative of recantation or death? What was his crime? It certainly was a mighty progressive stride from the flat earth as taught by the holy infallible church to the revolving orb! Galileo's crime consisted in constructing a glass which demonstrated the revolutions of the earth, and requesting the priests to look through it and satisfy themselves. They did not look, but the world gazed, and thanked the prophet of the new astronomy.

Then there was Giordano Bruno, a wonderful thinker for his time, the morning star of the day's dawn after the night of the dark ages. He traveled over Europe discussing every question that ingenuity could devise, astonishingly in accord with Modern Science. More than three centuries ago, the holy church seized him while at Rome, and after years of lonely imprisonment, enduring terrible tortures, he was burned in the market place. What for? Because he taught that there were more worlds in God's universe than this! He was a heretic, a vile, immoral reprobate to expiate his crime of disputing the voice of the church, at the stake. History is just. The priests hurrying their spears at the martyr thought they were destroying forever the truth he uttered; they only burned the mortal part. Even the poor ashes were not scattered so far but the present year has witnessed the erection of a monument on the very spot where the demoniac deed was done; erected by the lovers of liberty the wide world over, and unveiled with the acclaim of twenty thousand voices. On that memorable day, significant of the fact that Italy was free from the control of the Vatican, and that the ideas expressed by Bruno had gained an audience of the world, the pope, overwhelmed with chagrin and anger, received 60,000 telegrams of condolence from his priests and sympathizers, and afterwards issued an allocution on the heretic, to be read in all the churches.

Of Bruno it says: "He whom they load with honors is a man twice an apostate, judicially convicted of heresy and a rebel to the church up to his latest breath." Bruno was not immoral, but he was a most zealous Christian, as that word is now understood; but he uttered a scientific truth the holy church thought conflicted with the dogmas, and he was condemned for heresy. The power that destroyed him and millions like him, because they dared to think, which dug the dungeon-cell and invented nameless instruments of torture at the mention of which the cheek of courage pales, acknowledges no error; expresses no remorse, but with a growl of sullen rage protests against the ungodliness of the times in a papal allocution. Cardinal Gibbons, in calling attention to this anachronism, snarls vindictively: "A mingled feeling of righteous wrath and deep sympathy was bred in every Catholic heart when the news came that in Rome, impious men dared to unveil the statue of an apostate monk to the admiration and veneration of the thousands assembled. Dragging the memory of a wild theorizer and shameless writer and denier of the divinity of Christ from the obscurity of a grave that had for three centuries closed upon its disgrace, those men backed by mere brute force have set upon a pedestal in the Holy city the statue of the infamous Bruno."

The "infamous Luther," had it not been for fortunate circumstances or an overruling Providence, would have shared Bruno's fate. The Reformation was won by desperate battle with the holy church. We have but to compare Protestant with Catholic countries to become satisfied with the result. The allocation and the commentary of Cardinal Gibbons show that the Catholic church would burn Bruno to-day as quickly as it did 300 years ago; not only that, but would burn Luther or Melancthon, or any one and every one who dared to write or speak in disapproval of her infallible authority.

The second proposition—are the laity priest-ridden, is well answered by the foregoing; yet, perhaps, more concrete evidence will strengthen the position. How often we see items like the following in the dailies:

"Can't rest in Consecrated Ground.—The Catholic church authorities have decided that Miss Theresa Kelly, the friend and disciple of Dr. McGlynn, cannot be buried in Calvary cemetery. The church has finally

decreed that her remains cannot repose in consecrated grounds."

What to a Catholic does this refusal mean? A Protestant can scarcely realize the agony the friends must feel if they are believers. She is an outcast. Her spirit suffers in purgatory, and there is no hope until the priests relent. It is a terrible power to wield, a power that belongs alone to God. It is a power usurping which, makes the priest the master, and the laity spiritual slaves.

This power of the priesthood has been felt by many a fond parent who has seen daughters, dearer than life, enticed by the insidious influence of the priests to renounce the world, and devote themselves to the work of the church, all unknowing what the character of that work might be. Their taking the veil forms an item, usually without comment, as recently it was said, "Miss Drexel, a five millionaire, received the veil. The ceremonies were very impressive." Ought they not to be, when a young woman, with the highest prospects of life before her, becomes so infatuated that she renounces all and accepts a living death? We now approach the third proposition:

Would it be well to have America a Catholic country?

If we want to know what a Catholic country is like, we have an example in Spain. The Catholic church has had absolute control of its government since the Moors were driven from their palaces. That church consigned the more kindly to the cloister or nunnery, and the fearless and brave-spoken, remorselessly killed, until she wrought a change in the very life of the National character—a change not one to boast of. Italy sunk under the rule of the Vatican until, as one of her writers forcibly expresses it, her people became a herd of sheep, fleeced by the priesthood. Under noble leadership, she succeeded in casting off her fetters, and since has been rapidly advancing to her true place among the Nations. Ireland and Mexico are other examples of Catholic countries.

Before the Revolution, France was absolutely Catholic. There were, according to Taine, eighteen archbishops, 113 bishops, twenty-eight religious communities, 24,089 converts, 60,000 members of the regular clergy, and 70,000 of the secular clergy. This gave one priest to every 200 persons. The alliance of Lording and priest resulted in the reign of terror, out of which after long years of suffering France has emerged strong, self-reliant and one of the leading Nations of the world.

Quebec is Catholic; more Catholic than France before the Revolution, for there is in that country one priest to every 130 persons. According to Rev. Principal MacVicar, the holdings of the church in that little Province aggregate the enormous sum of between \$90,000,000 and \$110,000,000, and the church revenue between \$10,000,000 and \$12,000,000. This places a tax of \$12 on every individual of the Province. In this proportion, the United States would require to look after its spiritual interests 461,538 members of the priesthood. In the diocese of Quebec there are fifteen male communities with 1,267 members and twenty-seven religious communities of females with 4,723 nuns, novices and postulants. The United States in the same proportion, would have 900 male communities with 76,020 members, and 1,620 female communities with 283,330 members.

With such an army, the political life of our Nation and the schemes of the Catholic church would be one. The only path to political honors would lead through the door of the holy church.

We have reviewed history, and the awful picture arises before us of auto-de-fées, gibbets, dungeons, racks, and unnamable engines of torture; the fagot-piles where countless martyrs perished because they dared to protest against usurpation of authority; and the background of them all is black with smoke and lurid with the flames of wars waged for Catholicism by Catholicism, and we emphatically say No!

BREAKING THE DAY IN TWO.

When from dawn till noon seems one long day
And from noon till night seems another,
O then should a little boy come from play
And creep into the arms of his mother.
Snuggly creep and fall asleep,
O come, my baby, do.
Creep into my lap and with a creep
We'll break the day in two.

When the shades slant for afternoon,
When the mid-day meal is over,
When the winds have sung themselves into a swoon,
And the bees drone in the clover,
Then hie to me, lie, for a lullaby—
Come, my baby, do.
Creep into my lap, and with a nap
We'll break the day in two.

We'll break it in two with a crooning song,
With a soft and soothing number,
For the day has no right to be so long,
And keep my baby from slumber.
Then rock-a-by, rock while white dreams flock
Like angels over you.
Baby's gone—and the deed is done—
We've broken the day in two.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

EMPEROR WILLIAM has conferred upon Count von Moltke the exceptional honor of the crown and brilliancy. In a letter to the Count accompanying this latest evidence of the imperial favor the Emperor says in part: "It is now fifty years since your return from a tour through Turkey, when you were given the insignia of the order which you have again just received."

W. S. BEAVER, of Kansas City, has bought the old John Brown fort at Harper's Ferry for \$7,000. The purchaser will remove the fort to either Chicago or Kansas City, where it will probably be placed on exhibition.

A PRAYER FOR THE DEVIL.

[St. Thomas Aquinas, the greatest scholar and theologian of the Roman Church, died in the year 1274, and was canonized in 1323. There comes down to us a curious Latin poem, in which the saint is represented as wrestling all night in prayer for the devil. The following is a modern English version, in which Aquinas may be fairly said to represent the cry which is now going up from Christendom.—The Agnostic Journal.]

"O God!" he said, "it cannot be
The morning star, with endless moon,
Should lift his fading orb to Thee—
And thou be happy on Thy throne.
It were not kind! nay, Father, nay;
It were not just, O God, I say;
Pray for the devil, Jesus, pray!"

"How can thy kingdom ever come
While thy fair angels howl below!
All holy voices would be dumb,
All loving eyes would fill with weep
To think the lordliest peer of heaven,
The starry leader of the seven,
Could never, never be forgiven!"

"Pray for the devil, Jesus, pray!
O Word, that made time angels speak,
Lord, let thy pitying tears have way;
Dear God, not man alone is weak!
What is created still must fall,
And fairest still we fraillest call;
Will not Christ's blood avail for all!"

"Pray for the devil, Jesus, pray!
O Father! think upon thy child;
Turn from this own bright world away
And look upon that dungeon wild.
O God! O Jesus! see how dark
That den of woe! O Savior! mark
How angels weep! Now hark! hark!"

"He will not, will not do it more;
Restore him to his throne again;
O open wide the dismal door
Which presses on the souls in pain;
So men and angels all will say,
Our God is good. O! day by day
Pray for the devil, Jesus, pray!"

All night Aquinas knelt alone—
Alone with black and dreadful sight,
Until before his pleading moan
The darkness ebbed away in light.
Then rose the saint. "O God," said he,
"If darkness charge to light with Thee,
The devil yet may angel be."

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

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



ROME VS. REASON.

A NEW KIND OF LUNATIC.

A few years ago when a man was guilty of reason Rome burnt him at the stake and after this diabolical proceeding—which was also intended to impress all good Catholics of the importance of an empty skull to insure a peaceful and serene life in this world as well as to escape fagots and fire both here and hereafter,—they proceeded to announce the irrevocable damnation of the chief character in the impressive ceremony, and then set to work to utterly ruin and besmirch his character, and, even when hundreds of years have elapsed after the aforesaid burning, we find a pope of the present day assailing the character of a man that was burnt by one of his predecessors as far back as February 17, 1600, nearly three centuries ago. But it is not the purpose of this article to edify its readers by a dissertation on that immortal philosopher and progressive thinker, GIORDANO BRUNO,—in our next we shall endeavor to say a few words to his memory. But, as we were saying, when a man was guilty of the unpardonable and heretical offense of thinking, thinking progressively, some years ago, they kindly offered to spare his life if he would recant and agree to say his prayers, buy his indulgences ("intentions" were not in style then), count his beads and repeat, parrot like, his catechism; if not, a cord of fagots were procured, the thinker was bound to a stake and in a short time he had joined the great procession of those who had been crucified, poisoned, butchered, torn by wild beasts, starved, mangled, and tortured to death, simply because they possessed that indispensable attribute of true nobility and manhood, the right of self-thought and the courage to exercise that right. But times have changed when men were burnt whose love of free thought was greater than their dread of death—now, the style of punishing a thinker, a progressive thinker, for no man can think without progressing; now, that Mr. Pecci, who at present holds the lucrative position of pope, and who mourns because he is no longer emperor of Europe and king of all christendom—having been "robbed" of his last temporal tract of real estate by the king of Italy, assisted by that "brigand" patriot, Garibaldi (whom we shall pay our respects to if we ever get a chance); now, that circumstances have altered cases and Rome can no longer burn the man of Reason,—now she brands him as a lunatic.

WE NOW INTRODUCE THE LUNATIC, ETC. James Corkery, a South Amboy, N. J., school principal and attorney, who has lately abandoned Rome for Reason, and whose favorite method of teaching is by object lessons, writes as follows to The American, of Boston, Mass.: "The prerogative of the humblest citizen I crave, the right to be heard in my own behalf, explaining my grievances in my own language. This is the more imperative inasmuch as my lips having been hitherto sealed by a temporary conviction of insanity, access to the ear of the public has been denied."

"The facts are as follows: On Sunday, the 8th day of September last, I was arrested and brought before Justice McMahon

of the Yorkville police court, N. Y., charged with a misdemeanor in that I had wilfully interrupted the services at the Roman cathedral of that city. Criminal proceedings against me were thereupon suspended by his honor, the judge, pending an inquiry into my sanity by the commissioners of charities and correction.

"After three days of preliminary detention for this purpose at the lock-up of Bellevue hospital, I was adjudged by the plant authorities of that institution to be insane; and as such was removed to the King's County Lunatic asylum at Long Island, where I remained incarcerated in duance vile for sixteen days more. My final release from this mysterious mantrap took place on Friday, the 27th ult., so that it took exactly nineteen days in all to restore my shattered intellect. All criminal proceedings against me were quashed in consequence; and after having been branded as an idiot in my helplessness, I was ushered forth into the stern world of realities with a shattered reputation, bearing an indelible stain upon my forehead.

"This is a plain, unvarnished statement of the proceedings in my case, proceedings which bear upon their face the stamp of insincerity.

"I was let down pretty easy, some will say. Not so; I was arrested upon a charge which was not tried, and punished for a condition that had never existed. The essence of tyranny is to smite and prevent the resonance of sound, to break the heart and forbid the lips to sympathize, to stab in secret to the quick, and, fearful of enlisting either sympathy or help, carefully to stifle all explanatory utterances raised in self-defense, whether by way of vindication or of protest.

"Of course, as I am not now on trial as a criminal, all that I may say upon that head would be irrelevant and foreign to the issue; and as space does not permit, by way of explanation, any reference to other distorted, out-of-the-way transactions, I come at once to Corkery's crowning act of folly in the cathedral. If this was anything, it was, I contend, a matter for criminal investigation, wherein the privilege of self-defense should have been granted, and not the indication of a mind deranged by lunacy.

"For conclusive evidence of the sincerity of my motives and the sanity of my intellect at the time alluded to, I respectfully submit the following copy of a letter written by me on the Saturday night preceding my assault upon 'The Host,' and mailed to the editor of the Philadelphia Press, upon the Monday morning following."

(The letter.)

SCIENCE VERSUS SUPERSTITION,
OR
PROF. CORKERY AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

"How dare you, sir, attempt to ram that venomous deception down my throat!" uttered in tones of thunder, were the words that startled the worshippers of the nine o'clock mass at the New York cathedral, on Sunday morning last, Sept. 8, 1889.

At the time alluded to, a long row of communicants were kneeling at the altar, receiving at the hands of the officiating priest "the viaticum of life." One of the seeming devotees, or candidates for communion, was the well known Prof. James Corkery, of cremation celebrity, whose fiery challenge, seconded by a simultaneous attack upon "the ciborium" in the hand of the clergyman, rang with appalling significance throughout the spacious edifice. Quick as a flash the belligerent professor was upon his feet, and by an upward dexterous tilt of his arm sent half a canister full of gods flying in wild disorder around the chancel rails, and over the heads of the assembled worshippers.

Assuming a defiant attitude to the priest, "You call that thing God," he cried with savage energy; "I call it a piece of blasphemy, of blackguardism and of treason. You made it yourself, didn't you? Well, then, know that the only god that human hands can fabricate is the god of darkness and of death, a devil or false god."

"You cannot make the God of light and truth, you humbug; for God, subsisting from everlasting, without the beginning of days or end of time, is both uncreated and uncreatable! For you, a worm of the dust, who cannot make a blade of grass or single hair, who cannot vivify a hop-toad or a snail, to presume to fashion the God of glory who made the heavens, the ocean and dry land, is the height of madness, absurdity, imposture, the very perfection and quintessence of blasphemy and treason."

With unabated energy he continued: "Even though it were possible for you, brazen-fronted incarnation of hypocrisy and sin, to manufacture the Creator, thus subordinating him unto yourself, is the stomach the proper place to entertain him? Is the stomach the organ of devotion? or the belly the casket of salvation? Answer me, blasphemer, if you can. Is piety a gastronomical commodity?"

"Learn thou, you poisonous excrescence upon the body politic, that no man can make God, that no man can eat him. Priest of deception, glow-worm of corruption, you can swallow the Godhead no more than you can swallow time, chew music, grasp with your gullet the incense of the flower, eat history, masticate space, or devour the sunlight, leaving the world eclipsed in darkness. And for a reason, know that God is a Spirit, blessed, pure, ethereal, silently operating throughout all time and impalpably diffused throughout all space."

Gesticulating wildly and rising to the

pitch of frenzy as he proceeded, in a whirlwind of passion he exclaimed: "Who can swallow God, I'd like to know? Where is the man whose ravenous, profane and malignant throat is adequate to the work? And who would dare in his sober senses to attempt it? Can heaven be reached by degrading and pulling down the King thereof? Is a tiger humanized by being fed on quivering human flesh occasionally? Oh, horror of horrors! Is the mystery of iniquity a channel of grace divine reputed? Is infernal gourmandism the accepted test of sanctity? And the feast of devils regarded as a thing most holy?"

"The wretch who would deliberately kneel, or sit down to a meal or banquet, in which the divinity is professedly killed, cooked, and served up for food by spiritual butchers warring against the majesty of Heaven's High King, thereby glorying in his shame and religiously exulting in his depravity, is either a lunatic, a traitor, or a barbarian—an enchanted hog unclean, the vilest of the vile, and the lowest of the low. Such a person, as an unmitigated brute without a conscience, is worse than a savage yearning to devour his enemies, and should on no account be trusted.

"O! my deluded people, my sorrow-stricken brothers and my sisters, be no more imposed upon; be no longer like dumb driven cattle, the melancholy prey of treacherous wolves ecclesiastical who defy their stomachs. If you want to grow in wisdom and in grace, why don't you, as a stepping stone to heaven, honor his holiness the pope, God's boasted representative on earth, in somewhat the same fashion as he teaches you to Honor the King Invisible? Why don't you put the visible head of the church into your stomachs? 'Tis fitter that he should be so served than God. And I'm sure the pious humbug who glories in the tribulation of the righteous and sighs for holy martyrdom perpetually, would be delighted as well as highly flattered by the proposal.

"But enough! I'm sick of your carnivorous theology, rank as it is with the smell of the frying pan and gridiron; and to show my contempt thereof thus, with the courage of a god, do I trample on the head of the Roman wolf, the standard of the beast and the ensign of damnation, crushing forever beneath my victorious heel, by doing so, the venomous head of the serpent, FRAUD."

Here suiting the action to the word, the indignant professor stamped upon every prostrate host within his reach, pulverizing by the operation, in the mind of many a zealous devotee, myriads of omnipotent divinities. Launching a final thunderbolt at "the host," the central object or figure-head of his displeasure, with much solemnity he ejaculated: "In the name of the indivisible and everlasting God of reason and of truth, the all-bounteous Dispenser of happiness and life, my heavenly Father and my Friend, whom no man can create or kill, I curse you."

"The wrongs of centuries are in my bosom burning and I can hold my piece no longer. Descending into gloomy Tartarus, where baleful and sepulchral lights exclude the light of reason and of day, I attack the devil in his own headquarters. Prometheus bound in misery and in iron, with the unclean vulture ever preying upon his liver, I deliver from his tormentor; and from the lethargy of ages and the shadows of the grave to resurrection and to sanity the slumbering tribes of humankind I summon."

"If the preceding be the utterances of a crazy lunatic, then I leave those who are blest by nature and by grace with the full complement of their 'seven senses' to decide wherein the insanity lies, and to contradict me if they can.

"Armed and equipped with truth, as an intellectual and moral pugilist hurling defiance at the powers of darkness, I war against the detestable and worse than pagan superstitious customs of our day—customs as dishonorable to God as they are detrimental to humanity. For it is almost needless for me to say that if all men were perfectly rational and untrammelled by brutal prejudices such as these, entertaining toward God their Creator as they ought filial feelings of reverence and love, the wretch who under such altered condition of affairs, would attempt to mar the harmony of such happy relationships by presuming to manufacture God out of flour paste as an aid to gastric piety and devotion and as excrementitious matter to be afterwards rejected, would either be prosecuted as a knave for his profanity or as a hopeless idiot be confined for life within a lunatic asylum.

"Be this as it may, it is, to say the least, the height of impertinence for the Roman church or her subservient tools on account of my hostility to her idolatries to brand me with the mark of the beast, or charge me with the lack of reason; the more particularly when it is considered that the adoration of the beast, antipathy to reason, the worship of the false and the defilement of the absurd constitute the accepted head and front, the boasted sum and substance, the Alpha and Omega, of her own theology."

"JAMES CORKERY,
"Attorney-at-law.

"South Amboy, N. J."

The AMERICAN says editorially: "Mr. Corkery expected to be arrested and tried for this offense and was willing to suffer the penalty that the truth might spread. He proposed to file as evidence the manuscript [Continued on third page.]

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

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

A Bountiful Harvest for Twenty-five Cents.

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

A LARGE PUBLISHING HOUSE.

Without soliciting the wealthy to take "stock," or importing 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, DECEMBER 14, 1889.

SUBJECTS TO BE CONSIDERED.

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

AN IMPORTANT FEATURE.

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

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

Sample Copies.

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

LYMAN C. HOWE speaks at Willimantic, Conn., December 8 and 15, and at Meriden, Conn., on the evening of the 12th. His home address is Fredonia, N. Y.

SPIRITUALISTS, TEMPER JUSTICE WITH MERCY.

There is throughout the world a great variety of methods to punish those who are guilty of some heinous crime. The guillotine in France, the sword in China, the rope and electricity in this country are the agencies most frequently brought into use. Stones have often been brought into requisition as the proper method whereby to dispose of those who are resting under the sentence of death. Dogs have frequently been asphyxiated, that constituting a painless death, yet the same plan has never been adopted in disposing of the life of human beings. In this country electricity as a merciful death agent is being brought systematically into use; the final experiments on animals were made in New York, and were said to be eminently satisfactory. The first animal to leave his troubles behind him was a small white dog. One of the wires was wrapped over some cotton waste, saturated with water, on his right front leg and the other attached in the same way to his left hind leg. The alternating current at 700 volts pressure was applied for ten seconds, and the animal died painlessly without noise or struggle. The second was a Newfoundland weighing 874 pounds. Connections were made upon the middle of his forehead with a metal plate covered with felt and upon the right hind leg. Eight hundred volts of alternating current for fifteen seconds killed him instantly. Four calves of approximately the weight of a man were killed at 800 volts pressure after contact of from fifteen to twenty seconds. An 830-pound horse then took the alternating current in the same way at 1,000 volts pressure for twenty seconds, and died instantly. In every case death was instantaneous and without sound or struggle.

If the death penalty is to be exacted, it should be carried into effect in the most expeditious manner possible. In all cases and under all circumstances, it is well to temper justice with mercy. To the prisoner, the supreme moment when he is to take his departure from all earthly things, is one of great apprehension, his whole being suspended at a tension that must be painful indeed; and any agent that can quickly pass him over the, to him, awful chasm, is one that mercy most earnestly demands. But if justice were tempered with mercy, in its highest and most beneficent expression the death penalty would never be exacted for the commission of any crime. Justice when tempered with mercy imperatively demands that the criminal be placed in a position whereby he can partially, if not wholly, repair the damages he has done, and at the same time reform his perverse nature. The death penalty deprives the criminal of all power to make a proper reparation for the wrong perpetrated, and deprives him also of an opportunity to reform on the material side of life. Reparation for the evil done, so far as possible, should ever be held in view in the treatment of the criminal. If he has stolen, the money should be replaced; if by an assassin's knife he has deprived a family of children of their main support, he should be placed in a position whereby he can be made to earn something to sustain them, if not over fifteen cents per day. If he has recklessly squandered the hard earnings of another, by some process, however slow and tedious, he should be made to repay the loss. The world can only be reformed by demanding full recompense for every wrong done. The physician, if he injure a person through malpractice, is compelled to pay for the injury he has done. Railroads are held responsible for the negligence of their employees. The perpetrator of a wrong should be compelled in a systematic manner to repair the damages resulting from his nefarious acts, and thereby balance his accounts. By exacting the death penalty, he is deprived of an earthly opportunity to make proper amends, and justice in his case is not tempered with mercy.

ROMAN CATHOLICS IN NORTH AMERICA.

WHERE THEY PREDOMINATE AND WHERE NOT.

In the following States, according to the last United States Census, the Catholic church does not predominate: Delaware has 7,500 Catholics, and 17,500 Methodists, the largest Protestant church. Next is old Virginia, which has 18,500 Catholics and 205,500 Baptists; West Virginia, 18,000 Catholics and 36,200 Methodists; North Carolina, 1,800 Catholics and 176,700 Baptists; South Carolina, 10,000 Catholics and 131,000 Baptists; Georgia, 25,000 Catholics and 219,724 Baptists; Florida, 10,750 Catholics and 27,198 Methodists; Alabama, 15,250 Catholics and 94,576 Baptists; Tennessee, 30,000 Catholics and 110,250 Baptists; Mississippi, 12,500 Catholics and 150,000 Baptists.

In all the Northern States and Territories, except Utah, the Roman Catholics are in a large majority; for instance, in New York there are 1,210,000 Catholics, while the largest Protestant church is the Methodist, viz., 214,836, the Roman church towering far over all the other churches combined in that Empire State. There are in the Dominion of Canada 1,492,029 Catholics, being three times as many as the Methodists, the largest Protestant church there, which added to 6,174,292 in the United States, makes a total of almost 8,000,000 in both countries. In Utah, out of a total population of 90,377, there are 55,676 Mormons, 2,000 Roman Catholics and 258 Jews. In the United States Census there is no mention of unbelievers, Spiritualists or Free Thinkers. This is not as it should be. Let us know about these people, if possible, in the next census.

PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL MICROBES.

I.
Microbe is a small living structure and is the smallest living thing that we can discover with the most powerful magnifying glass. Microphytia means simply a small plant. Microzoaria is derived from two Greek words signifying small animals. Parasite is that structure which feeds or lives upon another. Bacteria is a term used by the English and Germans, to represent some of the forms of microbes that produce disease. Bacilli is a microbe discovered by Koch; it consists of a spiral filament, and belongs to the family of the Lactic Acid Ferments. Germs are small microbes that produce poisonous effects upon the body or portions of it where they exist. Fungi belongs to the lower order of plants, devoid of stems, roots and leaves; they are simply plants composed of cells, in juxtaposition. They never bear a true flower, and are reproduced by minute bodies, formed in cells, termed a spore. These represent the seeds of the higher order of plants. The highest order of this plant known to us is the edible mushroom; the part we eat represents the flower. It is the umbrella that covers the spores that are formed in the lamella on the under side of the umbrella of the flower peduncle.

MICROBES THAT PRODUCE DISEASE.
It is now pretty generally admitted that epidemics and contagious diseases are caused by the introduction of certain microbes into the system. They impregnate the air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat and the clothes we wear. According to the researches of Zeeff, a German botanist, the Inferior Algae, or Schizophyta, is a peculiar water microbe. He states that in sulphurous waters Beggonia and Cladotrichia, form a whitish pellicle on the surface of the water after standing; he also found Micrococcus, Bacillus, Leptothrix and Bacterium; these are all included in the disease creating germs.

When the spores enter the human lungs, they fasten there and are immediately developed, first as Micrococcus; second, as Bacterium Bacillus or Leptothrix, according to the species to which the spore belongs. These parasites will develop wherever there is moisture and warmth. When it becomes dry, the spores are liberated, the atmosphere and everything with which they come in contact becomes contaminated with them, thus they find their way into the human system. The diseases they create are catarrh, pneumonia, dyspepsia, fevers, dysentery, cholera and many other disorders. The true method of treatment consists in determining the character of these microbes and the application of such remedies as will produce perfect destruction of them. This being a new field of observation and entirely revolutionizing the doctoring and practices of all former systems necessarily met with violent opposition, and comparatively few have been disposed to pursue that course of research and investigation necessary to perfect a system of practice based upon these facts; but notwithstanding, much progress has been made, and in time the true nature of disease and proper plan of treatment will be understood.

II.

The above from the pen of W. Paine, M. D., of Philadelphia, illustrates the kind of menagerie the human system is under certain circumstances. This valuable information is revealed to the human mind through the instrumentality of the microscope, which at the present time may be said to magnify immensely. What a world this little instrument has revealed! An existence, at one time wholly unknown, is vividly brought to light, and the almost infinitely minute is revealed clearly to the vision. It is said that everything of a material nature has a spiritual counterpart; that the former is a prophecy of the latter, and that material life, wholly independent of interblending with the spiritual, is an impossibility. The microscope of the scientist of earth can not reveal the spiritual microbes—if any exist; that unfoldment must be left to the scientist on the spiritual side of life. That there are institutions in spirit life, whose object is the amelioration of spiritual maladies, is established by clairvoyant vision of many prominent seers. While pure spirit can not become diseased, its outer vestment may be for a time deranged, and for aught that mortals know to the contrary, there may be spiritual microbes that have a tendency to render one's existence for a time quite uncomfortable, in the lower spheres of the celestial realms.

ORIGIN OF SINNERS.

A Chicago correspondent of *Good Housekeeping* says that one day a woman appealed to her friend to save her son from the punishment that was to be inflicted for a theft he had committed. "He stole the goods," she cried, "but he is not guilty. It is I who am the guilty one. I should be punished, for, by a force beyond the power of any man to resist, I compelled him to steal." In explanation of her assertion, she stated that when the time approached for the birth of this, her first boy, she wished to make for him some dainty baby clothes. Her husband laughed at her "nonsense." For a time she tried to be content with the few plain things she could command, but the wish grew into an uncontrollable longing, accompanied by a feeling that her husband was treating her cruelly. At last a brusque refusal of money and a stern command that she should let him hear no more about the matter turned her feelings, for a time, into positive dislike for the man who seemed to her unwarrantably harsh in his refusal. At last, she began stealing small sums from her husband's pockets, as he lay asleep at night. She felt that she was sinning, but she could not resist the desire to provide her coming child with what she felt was more than would be justly due to it. She simply could not overcome her feeling—mothers will understand. When her boy was a mere babe he was a thief, from impulse he was powerless to resist. Can you

imagine what tortures the mother suffered during all these years; how constantly she watched over him, to keep him from committing thefts that are no crime.

The above reflections convey a startling truth. Who are responsible for the sinners—of all grades—of the present day? Is it not true that past generations are largely responsible for the present condition of the morals of those who are considered lawless characters? Every defalcation, every peculation on the part of employees, every murder committed, every theft of the house-breaker—in fact all the kaleidoscopic crimes of society are the legitimate results of former conditions, of inherited tendencies, of natures that have been modified or so changed that to be true, honest and honorable is exceedingly difficult. The experience of this lady is only one of millions. She modified the nature of her child, and the result was a thief! The boy was true to the impulses imparted; he was as naturally bad as some are naturally good; if the latter should be praised, should the former be barbarously condemned? The world can not be reformed by a loud voice, a huge whip, prison bars and condemnations. A reconstructive process must permeate all society, and the impulse to do good implanted in every human soul!

A TIDAL WAVE!

It Has Struck the Office of "The Progressive Thinker."

Subscriptions Still Pouring in From Every State and Territory.

Robert Wilson, of Dayton, Ohio, writes: "We are delighted with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It will surely have a large circulation in a short time."

A. Wheeler, of Unadilla, N. Y., writes: "I like your initial number so much, as it is not half filled with patent advertisements. Give us facts to prove the certainty of life, and you need not fear for your subscription list."

Timothy D. Rayson, of Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., writes: "These of course are trial subscribers. We like the initial number very much; wish you success in the enterprise of disseminating spiritual truth."

J. A. Hall, M. D., Palatka, Fla., writes: "I hope you may live a long life, and do much to help enlighten the world."

Miss S. M. Hills, of Plainville, Conn., writes: "I have received the first number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I like the looks of the paper—good print, good reading; some things I don't read in any other paper—some new ideas, causes some new thoughts to many. Your paper is rightly named, and I desire further acquaintance."

W. W. Ellis, of Canton, Ill., writes: "Being favorably impressed with the sample copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, please find one dollar for one year's subscription."

Herman Snow, of Hammon, N. J., writes: "I have already read your paper nearly through. I think highly of it."

Albert Wentworth, of Hicksville, Ohio, writes: "I am very much pleased with the first number of your paper."

Anna White, of Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., writes: "We hereby acknowledge the receipt of the first number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, a title calculated to attract and induce people to read. We have done so, and now propose to subscribe and keep on reading. The articles published in sample copy are good—very good. 'Rome vs. Reason' brought to mind an open vision, given while in the great St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York City, two years ago, a copy of which I send to your address. The vision is real and will be verified, unless intelligent men and women come up to the help of the Lord against this powerful inquisitorial system. Truth is mighty and will prevail in proportion to her votaries, and may they be multiplied an hundred fold by the circulation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Mrs. U. S. Drake, of St. Paul, Minn., writes: "The first number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is at hand. Have read it, and like it very much."

Mrs. Amarilla Martin, of Cairo, Ill., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER enters my home a welcome guest. Its 'Subjects to be Considered' embrace nearly all the living issues of the day, and will certainly be appreciated by the leading minds of its readers. Success to your efforts." (Mrs. Martin is a well-known writer and author, and her opinion has great weight.—En.)

William Mason, of Fond du Lac, Wis., writes: "I am very much pleased with your paper, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and recommend it to all true Spiritualists."

Rev. J. O. Barrett, of Brown's Valley, Minn., writes: "Am pleased with the aims of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. You are launching out for a promising venture. Our spiritual forces are scattered and alienated; you know the cause. If you can attract them together, good men and women and the ministering angels will bless you."

C. B. Dodge, of Greenwood, Texas, writes: "I have received the first number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and like it very much."

Capt. D. B. Edwards, of Orient, N. Y., writes: "I recognize you as the author of 'The Search After God.' I have every copy of that paper containing that search."

Edwin Babcock, of Salem, Kansas, writes: "I like the sample copy you sent me very much."

Sylvanus Lyon, of New York, writes: "The first number of THE PROGRESSIVE

THINKER greets us in our home, 'The Lion's Den,' mid the Orange Mountains, and it really seems a feast of good things. May success and your 100,000 bona fide subscribers come to you, with prosperity and long years of progress. We need not one, but many spiritual papers for pleasure, profit, moral and intellectual growth."

Mrs. Harriet Thompson, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "I have received the first number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, with which I am much pleased."

William C. Elliott, of Greensboro, Ind., writes: "I am charmed with your paper."

Mrs. M. D. Sherman, of Harvard, Mass., writes: "I am much pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and believe we shall become mutual friends."

Chris Rich, of Hot Springs, Wash., writes: "I am only a laboring man, and a reader of three spiritualistic journals. I like them all, but your's came to me like the missing link. I am well pleased with the sample copy."

W. W. Swick, of Fond du Lac, Wis., writes: "Truly it is a disgraceful fact that from the millions of Spiritualists there are but a few thousands who take a Spiritualist paper, and no amount of reasoning can induce them to. We like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER very much, and hope you may have grace and grit sufficient to fill the bill."

R. J. Martin, of Barren Springs, Va., writes: "It is certainly an excellent paper, and worth many times the price asked for it."

E. Lawrence writes as follows from Port Huron, Mich.: "Enclosed please find \$1, for which send me THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for one year. Mrs. Coverdale, of Thirty-fifth street, Chicago, told me about it, and her recommendation is enough to satisfy me of your sincerity to convey to the world your faith in the truth."

THE ARENA—PSYCHIC STUDIES.

In the days of Old Rome, in the arena of the amphitheater, before tens of thousands of eager spectators, the gladiators fought with each other to the death, or with wild beasts from the jungles of Asia and Africa. It was a dreadful spectacle—this trial of brute strength; but it was enjoyed by the cultured dames of the City of the Seven Hills, and the rude Goth from the forests of the North. It has been reserved for our own times to transmute this combat of physical strength to the domain of mind, and bring those who have special training to test their mental powers with opponents equally strong in endowments of thought.

Hitherto no coliseum for this mental combat has furnished the combatants a stage sufficiently prominent; at least none have allowed the knights of free thought to throw down their gauntlets, and by the ordeal of the fires of criticism test the truthfulness of their theories.

B. O. Flower, has in the magnificent magazine, *The Arena*, furnished a stage whereon the advanced thinkers may discourse, each in his special sphere of thought, with the world for an auditorium. It is published in Boston, in a style suggestive of solidity and beauty. It is a monthly, of more than 100 octavo pages, and mechanically perfect in finish. The contents of the initial (December) number is contributed by Savage, Murray, Rabbi Shindler, Professor Buchanan, Mrs. Livermore, Hudson Tuttle, Helen Campbell, Frothingham, Bartol and others. The subjects discussed are all of vital moment.

The next number will contain articles by Ingersoll, Henry George, Dion Boucicault, Fuchette (Canada's poet laureate), Jonquin Miller and others. The attractions offered are numerous, and no one who desires to be posted in the questions of the day, and to know how they are treated at first hands by the ablest thinkers, can dispense with the reading of this magazine.

PSYCHIC STUDIES.

In the December number of this admirable magazine, Albert Morton, the editor, devotes nearly all his space to a discussion of "Mediumship, its Uses and Abuses." The article fully covers the ground, answering almost every question that curiosity or the spirit of inquiry may ask, and its views and conclusions are such as no student of the subject can dissent from. Especially commendable is the following:

"The unwise zeal of credulous and careless Spiritualists is responsible for much of the opprobrium brought upon Spiritualism, through their endorsement of questionable manifestations or base impostors. * * * Every earnest Spiritualist should not only 'try the spirits,' and deem no teaching worthy of acceptance unless in accordance with common sense and the precepts of morality, but should try the mediums in a spirit of justice and charity. It is the sacred duty of believers in the grand truths of spirit communion and angelic ministrations, to protect conscientious mediums from the disgrace of being classed with unscrupulous and vicious pretenders by demanding of the exponents of these truths an equal degree of truthfulness and morality, at least, as that expected from teachers in schools, colleges and pulpits."

This demand should be made, at the same time it should be borne in mind that sensitiveness, on which mediumship depends, may be possessed by those whose moral nature is not in the ascendant, and often it may be remarked that unusual sensitiveness may be the means whereby its possessor is compelled to swerve from the path of rectitude and duty.

Truly, a Spiritualist should be just, but above all, more than all, charitable, with the charity which cometh from knowledge.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

AUTUMN RAIN.

BY EMMA GOOD TUTTLE.

Drp, drp, drp!
How sweet the autumn rain!
Drp, drp, drp!
Like tears from the eyes of Pain.
Oh, not with the promise of new buds growing,
And not with the murmur of lisp streams flowing,
Like bands of angels in melody glowing,
But declarations for early snowing,
Drp, drp, drp!

Drp, drp, drp!
The raindrops strike my heart.
Drp, drp, drp!
They play, with wondrous art,
Such low refrain for the sweet dead roses,
And wailing strains for the woodland ponies.
Oh, times of blooming with such sad clues!
Well, thus end our exultations and repose.
Drp, drp, drp!

Drp, drp, drp,
Who is there likes such nights!
Drp, drp, drp,
Black hangings of our bed's lights.
Drp, drp, drp,
I look in vain where the stars were shining,
I hunt for clouds which show silver lining,
And see but crags—hands looming and twining,
As if some messenger did shy designing.
Drp, drp, drp!

Drp, drp, drp,
Down on the landscape were!
Drp, drp, drp,
Over us mortals here!
On we plod through the sleet and raining,
All the mud we must bear shining,
Bidding our feet move quick and winging,
Though days are rainy and dark and chilling.
Drp, drp, drp!

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

DON'T LIKE THE CROWDING BUSINESS.

L. S. Burdick, of Texas, Mich., writes: "You find enclosed a remittance for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, on the condition that you stop it when the time expires. If I want it longer, I can send for it. I do not like this crowding business."

We wish it distinctly understood that the expiration of the time of each subscription, unless renewed, the paper will be discontinued. We agree with Brother Burdick as to the unbusiness-like character of the method of sending a paper after the time paid for expires. It is a system that has not even common sense to back it, as it gives rise to endless "duns" and periodical scolds that are not in harmony with this progressive age. If through some oversight or clerical error the paper is continued after the time paid for expires, no charges will be made and no bills sent. We hope our explanation is satisfactory to our good brother.

VALUABLE DATA.

Each number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will contain valuable data, that a Spiritualist can afford to be without. Just think of the 24 columns of choice reading matter, perfect in typographical appearance. Please read the first page, filled with significant facts; then scan the second page, and study carefully our ultimate aims, then peruse the third page, then go to the fourth page, and read the Home Circle Fraternity department, the Grand Reality, and other important articles. All this is furnished to you at about 14 cents per week on trial. No other Spiritualist paper in the world can make such a showing. Spiritualists, have a new departure, and if you hold the case dear to your heart, you will respond at once with 25 cents.

25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25

Why do we attach so much importance to "25 cents"? Why do we advertise so liberally for trial subscribers? Why do we make 16 weeks the superstructure on which to rear a magnificent publishing house? Simply because the whole spiritual pathway is filled with the wrecks of newspaper enterprises, and the Spiritualists, always liberal, always generous, will not, as a general rule, advance more than that sum until they see some legitimate fruits. Commencing with the *Religio-Philosophical Publishing House* of this city, *The Progressive Age*, and *The Universe*, all started with the most honorable intentions, and so conducted, the last to some Spiritualists who invested their almost begged them! We have started on an entirely different basis. No stockholders to lose anything, and no bequests to be squandered.

Thomas Lees, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "While on the wing through Northwestern Ohio, the initial number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER reached me from home, and I am free to say the tone of the paper just suited me. Prominent among the able articles was the discourse by Mrs. Edmund; 'Living for To-day,' by Hudson Tuttle, and 'The Spirit-world,' by the master of the English language, A. F. French, each of which was worth the price of the moderate trial subscription for sixteen weeks—twenty-five cents."

A Children's Progressive Lyceum has been started at 116 Fifth Avenue. Mr. Jenile is president of the society there. Mrs. Hall was elected conductor of the lyceum, and Mrs. Cook secretary.

Dr. A. B. Dobson, of Magnoketa, Iowa, gave us a call last Monday. He is a very genial gentleman.

Mrs. De Wolf, the medium and lecturer has removed to 108 S. Center Ave.

"HOW ELVIE SAVED THE BABY"

A Story of the Concomitant Flood of 1889.

BY EMMA GOOD TUTTLE.

Tablet form, 6 1/2 x 7 inches; heavy paper, beautifully printed, with illustrated cover. A dainty holiday souvenir of the terrible disaster.

The poem is founded on the little heroine as given by herself, pronounced by critics as wonderful art with which it infuses the simple like story with the spirit of poetry.

Price, 50 cents, postage free. For wholesale and retail, by the Author, at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

