

The PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

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Written for The Progressive Thinker.

NEVER TROUBLE UNTIL TROUBLE TROUBLES YOU.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Rev. Dr. Hale says that some people wear three kinds of trouble—all they have had, all they have, and all they expect to have.

If instead of wearing trouble we could wear three kinds of joy: All we have had, all we now have, and all we hope to gain, We should suit our own selves better, and not other folks annoy With the croak of coming evil and the prophecy of pain.

N. B.—This little recipe will take you smoothly through: Smile on and never trouble until Trouble troubles you.

This particular prescription is a certain way to keep thoughtful sweetness in your voices and the jarring, cracked tones out: 'Tis a sedative which always yields you most refreshing sleep And a life-prolonging medicine without the slightest doubt.

N. B.—This little recipe will take you smoothly through: Smile on and never trouble until Trouble troubles you.

It will keep your eyes a-flutter with a wholesome love of life, And tune up a fellow-feeling for humanity at large: 'Tis a conquering attraction if you're hunting for a wife, And a "taking" decoration one may wear quite free of charge.

N. B.—This little recipe will take you smoothly through: Smile on and never trouble until Trouble troubles you.

The ones who follow out this rule walk as if set on springs, The corners of their rosy mouths shape into smiling curves; You think where'er you see them of a thousand pleasant things And not about misanthropes who are plagued with kinked-up nerves.

N. B.—This little recipe will take you smoothly through: Smile on and never trouble until Trouble troubles you.

Have you never seen aged people who were reaching out ahead After blindness, deafness, cancers, and the poor-house o'er the hill? Who could always see calamities enough to strike them dead, And would shut their eyes on Gladness with a most determined will.

N. B.—This little recipe will take you smoothly through: Smile on and never trouble until Trouble troubles you.

You have often seen pack-peddlers tramping up and down a town— Now, the borrowers of trouble always make me think of them; Busy people hate to see them and dismiss them with a frown, And indeed they're less attractive than a burdock on its stem!

N. B.—This little recipe will take you smoothly through: Smile on and never trouble until Trouble troubles you.

Keep your heart brimfull of pity for whoever needs the balm, But remember Consolation is not fashioned like a crown; That a hopeful angel's singing may dispense a needed calm, But a cawing, black-clad crowder never cured a case of woe!

N. B.—This little recipe will take you smoothly through: Smile on and never trouble until Trouble troubles you.

Berlin Heights, Ohio, Dec. 6, 1889.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

"THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF SPIRITUALISM."

A Defense of A. J. Davis and Swedenborg.

BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

"Bro. Davis, Swedenborg and other seers claim to have seen all that we have here intimated."—A. B. French, in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, of Nov. 30, 1889.

"Swedenborg and Andrew Jackson Davis are as unreliable and transcendental as St. John the Divine."—J. Clegg Wright, in lecture reported for *Albany*, November, 1889.

We live in a practical age. Facts are our divinities. Philosophy without facts is vapory and untrustworthy. Religion that conflicts with experience must change base or go down. Theology that builds upon fiction must yield to the spirit of the age and substitute facts for fancy, even though it revolutionize the entire system. Spiritualism inaugurated a revolution that is sweeping all departments of thought into its all-embracing energy, and moulding them into practical and rational expressions of all-sided truth. It is natural to dogmatize, Religion has moulded the thought of the world by the tyranny of dogmas. We inherit the tendency; and few—if any—are free from it, either in religion, science or social economics. While the teachings and tendencies of Spiritualism are directly and steadily against it, the bias is so strongly set in the direction of fixed habits of mind wrought into every mental fiber from generation to generation, that we unconsciously repeat time-honored errors after we know their weakness, and fancy we are free. This mental tendency is not eliminated by death. Hence, many wise teachers from the land of light, come the truth they offer us with the old hue, and touch it with the old taint. It behooves us to study these mental habits in all our measurements of spiritual revelation.

There is a proneness to accept without question assertions that fall into a line of thought and statement with which we generally agree; and though directly against our reason and observed facts, the mind once established in the dominant current directed by a positive intellect passes unchallenged the most palpable errors. Modern Spiritualism first struck the world with a fact. That alone would not establish it. But facts multiplied and differentiated until there was a medley of phenomena without system or order. This was not science. But

it was the "protoplasm" out of which science is generated. The significance and value of phenomena rise as they recede from the purely physical, and awaken echoes of intelligence and spirituality. But as they increase in quality, the area of possible errors or misinterpretation correspondingly enlarges. But this by no means implies that they are, therefore, "unreliable." On the contrary, may it not be logically inferred that the larger the sphere of correspondence of any class of facts the more reliable teachers they become? In the ratio that complexities increase and factors multiply do we not find interpreters by contact which extend the application, illustrate the import, and ratify the reliability of the mental witness? "The mystic rap" startled the world and called out much inventive genius and skeptical smartness to ascertain its origin; and it was usually counted a sufficient explanation and "exposure" when some mountebank devised a trick by which he could imitate the sounds without exposing the source. The skeptically credulous public did not care to ascertain the real relations or the vital contrasts between these tricky travesties and the real rap. They were satisfied to know that raps could be made without the concurrence of ghosts or the intervention of a "medium"; and though the conditions and methods employed were as wide as the poles, they gladly accepted the cheap trick as a complete exposure of Spiritualism. Divorced from the intelligence, which in all cases is essentially characteristic of the human mind, the rap would prove nothing. With the intelligence that accompanied the rap a thousand varieties of manifestation established beyond reasonable doubt that human beings were concerned in their production. That these were not in bodies of flesh and blood, was equally well established. But were they reliable? Not always. Why should they not be if the rap is the direct work of incarnate beings? Because, 1st, human beings are unreliable in this life, and death has not changed their essential character. It has changed their conditions and environments; that is all.

2. Because there may be many imperfections in the agent employed to convey their messages. The laws that govern mediumship are but very imperfectly understood on our side of the line.

3. If the medium were perfect and the spirit perfectly truthful, the communication might be unreliable because the communicator either lacked knowledge of the instrument, or ability to control it perfectly. The same reasoning will apply to this life and the unreliability of much we find in print, read in letters, or hear in the social gossip of the world. Nevertheless we feel a reasonable degree of confidence in the existence and reliability of the human race. We accept with some confidence the records of history and the statements of scientific explorers, and believe without evidence what they tell us concerning matters we cannot personally investigate. There has been and is much speculation among the students of science. Many theories have been promulgated and accepted as well nigh settled; and then rejected because of lack of knowledge. Electricity was held to be a fluid, or two fluids; and under this theory Franklin pursued his experiments without discovering his error. Later studies led to a rejection of the fluid theory, and electricity was relegated to the sphere of energy or "mode of motion." Now there is a reaction; and electricians find that this wonderful agent behaves "in some respects like matter." Park Benjamin says: "The question of its inertia is in doubt. It appears to act like a perfect incompressible fluid." He also says: "In the absence of existing knowledge of the laws which unite them to each other and to the rest of the physical universe, the long roll of disjointed electrical experiments which filled the text books up to within the last twenty years might as well have been ascribed to supernatural agency as to any other cause." Yet the messages sent over the wires forty years ago were considered quite reliable, however absurd might be the theory of electrical origin—whether matter or force. It may be proper to ask what constitutes reliability? If it be synonymous with infallibility, then we can claim very little for Davis, Swedenborg or any other seer.

And how much more can we claim for any normal student of nature? Would not the great body of history and science fall under the ban of "unreliable"? But the reliability of one class of witnesses as compared with another class may be open to question, and the conclusions we shall reach from our analysis will depend quite as much upon our own standard of judgment and mental idiosyncrasies as upon the qualifications of the witnesses. Mr. Wright thinks "Andrew Jackson Davis and Swedenborg are as unreliable and transcendental as Saint John the Divine." There are doubtless many who regard Saint John the Divine as not only "reliable," but infallible. That Davis and Swedenborg, and all other spiritually quickened persons may at times fall into veins of thought peculiarly "transcendental" as judged by the "carnal mind" and describe visions, the import of which we have no means of knowing—and which may have no meaning for us at all—is manifest from all the history of seers. But does this fact necessarily impeach the testimony of these men when they describe what they see by direct clairvoyance? Swedenborg gave the most indubitable of clear seeing of actual events in the physical world at the time they took place 300 miles away, when there were no telegraphs or other

means for conveying information of the facts for several days after they were described by the seer.

Here was proof positive that on that occasion he saw things as they existed as accurately as if he had been on the spot. Mr. Davis has demonstrated the same remarkable power many times. The fact of "independent clairvoyance" is established by thousands of experiments as perfect as any scientific data can be. Shall we impeach the whole army of witnesses as "unreliable" because these same persons occasionally strike out upon a field of mysticism where we cannot follow them?

Hudson Tuttle is a seer of rare excellence. He may err in minor matters, or follow phantoms at times in flights we know not of. But the clear rational testimony he gives the world is generally as consistent and "reliable" as that of purely normal observers; and far more penetrating and original. To Mr. Wright, Saint John the Divine may be a model of consistency and his mental gymnastics with his talking "beast" may appear more "reliable" than the seership of Swedenborg describing accurately a conflagration 300 miles away. "Saint John the Divine" was doubtless a seer, and what is preserved of his visions may represent the extreme of his "transcendentalism." But as compared with Davis, Tuttle and Swedenborg, they seem to me as wide apart as the centuries in which they lived. The vision of the "Lamb" opening "seals" does not strike me as "reliable." He "looked, and behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was death, and hell followed with him, and power was given unto them over the earth to kill with sword and with hunger, and with death and with the beasts of the earth." "To kill with death"! Likely those whom the sword and hunger killed were exempt from death!

These lessons of transcendentalism ought to teach us to compare and analyze the various kinds of mental exaltation, and discriminate between visions of symbols and psychic reflections, and the direct testimony of clairvoyance. A seer that can correctly describe a distant city or landscape, give the minutest details of a room and family circle therein fifty or 500 miles away, is entitled to some confidence when he describes scenes and events in a realm we cannot at present explore—even though at times he may report dreams and contradictory extravagances incompatible with our estimate of facts or probabilities. We make these distinctions with others; why not with the seers? If they correctly represent a hundred facts that we can verify, thus demonstrating the certainty and accuracy of clairvoyance that sees without the aid of physical eyes, why should we pronounce "unreliable" against the testimony of the same witness when he tells us of facts observed by the same method, in a sphere beyond our reach, and which we cannot, therefore, verify? Let us "be sure we are right, and then go ahead." Let no pains be spared to make the scientific basis of Spiritualism as broad and deep and perfect as it can be made; and then from premises that the revolutions of ages cannot impair we may build to Heaven and smile at the darkness that eclipses the world below. The flashing dawn of that perfect day touches the world with a tender thrill. Sad hearts weeping over the failures of life and the blighted hopes of sunny years may bathe in the light of this new day and gather fruition from the clouds that chilled and obscured them. With a scientific basis thoroughly established and perfectly elaborated, every attraction and beauty will naturally unfold from it. The shadows of life will lose their depressing chill, as the white bloom of Heaven sheds divine sweetness in all the air. Evil temptations lose their power to charm, when life is full of this immortal elixir. The valley of age echoes with cheerful music as the pensive silence feels the touch of love's celestial thrill and looks up to greet the messenger whose breath is fragrant with the spices of Eden, while eternal youth smiles prophetically from the emerald slopes that invite the weary pilgrim to try his feet in a journey toward the sky.

When this science of sciences shall have filled the world with its light, the "King of Terrors" will have lost his scepter, and youth and age will strike hands across the valley of shadows and perfect love will banish every fear.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

THE NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

BY J. O. BARRETT.

Somehow the heart feels buoyant when the lips say "Merry Christmas." As the tones of the ringing bells respond to each other, wave impelling wave in circling melody, so does a happy expression, uttered by millions of voices, pulse through the air we breathe, and we all are better for it. A universal joy then becomes a transcendent law of social unity.

It makes no moral difference whether the origin of Christmas was astronomical, or is really the anniversary of the birth of the Nazarene. It is enough to know that it blesses almost everybody. It could not be complete without Santa Claus to distribute benefactions. There is something in the charm of giving and not being seen; and this pushes self one side. A hiding charity, after all, may be the best, for all of us. "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Who, then, is disposed to question the verity of that good old saint,—his reindeer, his generous beard and smiling face? The joyous imagery sets all

the mind ablaze with poetic thoughtfulness. Let us not discount any mysticism, or symbol, or ceremonial that ingermes a sweet ideal. Ours is a world of appearances; its shadows report substance somewhere "behind the veil"; and when we have found it, even our pretty errors reveal themselves as helps. Without our Christmas we might forget to be generous—forget we were once boys and girls; and more of these surely would then be left out in the cold.

When Santa Claus vanishes from sight, leaving room for the real angel to come in; when we are grown large enough in wisdom to sense the truth that the Christ of other days is the sacred name of the divinity enshrined in the human, attracting and shedding spiritual sunshine, unfolding childhood into heavenly character,—then our Christmas gifts to each other, to the poor and needy ones especially, have souls in them that verily think and love. In this sense, dear reader, let us voice a "Merry Christmas."

Brown's Valley, Minn.

For The Progressive Thinker.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

BY A. M. GRIFFEN.

The Romans, before the advent of Christianity, were long accustomed to commemorating certain days of the month of December in each year, in honor of their deities and beneficent rulers. The golden reign of Saturn was celebrated from the 17th to the 24th of December, and during the festivities, all class distinctions were laid aside, the utmost freedom was allowed to the slaves, who were permitted to eat at the tables of their masters, the latter sometimes serving as waiters at the feasts. Schools were closed, and all business suspended. Gambling with dice, which was at other times forbidden by law, was now permitted. All classes exchanged gifts. Dolls of clay and other presents were given to children. The season was one of general carnival, freedom and mirth-making.

Many features of the old Roman gala-day of this season of the year are clearly traceable in the Christmas holidays. Indeed, Christmas has always been so much like the Roman Saturnalia, and the Yule Feast of the ancient Goths, that a strong presumption naturally arises that there has from the first been an unholy alliance between them. This presumption is strengthened when we consider the growth and development of early Christianity, in conjunction with the probable stage of civilization attained by the masses in those times.

Historians and most modern critics make no question of the actual physical existence of Jesus of Nazareth; but no one has yet been able to say that he was born upon the 25th of December of a certain year about the beginning of the Christian era. The ecclesiastical historian, Mosheim, states that not even the year of the birth of the Savior of mankind is known. That he was born in the month of December is not probable, because that is the height of the rainy season in Judea, and there would not have been shepherds in the fields of Bethlehem at night keeping watch over their flocks and herds at the auspicious moment, as recorded by the writer of the Gospel according to St. Luke.

There also seems to have been a great disagreement among the early Christians as to the exact natal day of Jesus. Says Clemens Alexandrinus, who wrote about the year 193 after Christ, as quoted by Murdoch: "There are some who over curiously assign not only the year, but also the day of our Savior's nativity, which they say was in the twenty-eighth year of Augustus, on the (25th of Pachon) 20th of May."

Nay, some of them say that he was born in (Pharmuthi) April, the (25th or 26th) 20th or 21st day." Murdoch further notes that "After the establishment of Christianity by Constantine, and among the new institutions which were intended for the benefit of the church, we seem authorized to place the commemoration of Christ's advent. This the oriental Christians generally assigned to the 6th of January, on which day they supposed both the birth and baptism of Christ occurred, and in reference to both, they called it *Epiphany*. But the Western Christians observed the 25th of December as their festival of the nativity. . . . It is generally admitted that the designation of the 25th of December for the festival was first made about the middle of the fourth century. Afterwards, the Oriental churches gradually came into the Roman custom, most of them before the end of the century."

The immediate disciples of Jesus have not recorded in writings which have come down to us the date of his birth. There has reached us no "family Bible" of the household of Joseph and Mary. Exact dates and critical data were not so important to those wise men of the East as they are to our modern scribes and critics. It sufficed those wise and devout ancients to know that the child-god was born, and that the spirit was about to become manifest in the flesh, in a manner and to a degree of perfection therefore unsurpassed.

Much the same now as in all times, to those who look aright, it is the spirit, and not the letter that is of enduring value. How little able were the Romans and the half-civilized nations of Europe during the Middle Ages to understand the teachings and example of the Galilean! It was the flesh and its allurements that formed the chief attraction in those unhappy days. "Except ye become as little children, ye

cannot enter the kingdom of heaven," was foolishness to the Greek, and yet that sentiment is the fundamental condition of all spiritual progress. Teachableness, simplicity, prayerfulness—love unspeakable for the good, the high, the noble, the true, are first requisites, not only to the blessedness of a true spiritual life, but they are the cornerstone of all our abiding knowledge, as well as of our highest and best moral character. How were it possible for the Greek, with all his art, and deep and subtle philosophy, to comprehend and accept the injunction, "Take up thy cross and follow me." Who among the old Romans, noble as some of them were, could fathom the sweetness and grandeur of the Sermon on the Mount? What place could they find in their cultus for such pearls of spiritual thought as "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God?" Who among the populace of Athens or Rome could shut out from their minds and hearts the glare and glitter of the amphitheatre, of the gladiatorial contests, of the chariot races, games and festivities of their national life, and go forth into all the world and preach the gospel of repentance for sin, of self-abnegation and renunciation of the pleasures of the world, for the boon of divine forgiveness, and the blessings of the Father?

Patriotism, war, conquest, stoical virtue, whose reward was a brief span of serene existence, insensible alike to pain and pleasure, and then a tomb whose portals opened but to endless death—these were the attributes and possessions that won the plaudits of the Roman and the Greek; and the hero who was crowned with laurels was he who had slain the greatest number of human lives, who had laid waste and desolated the largest territory of human habitation, or who had brought to the regal city, with pageant and pomp, the greatest number of wretched captives—not he who, by the sweetness of his character, the infinite loveliness of his soul, the ineffable sorrow of his spirit, had conquered the world of sin, and opened the way to forgiveness, peace and blessedness to all the generations.

The true import of the teachings of Jesus could not be apprehended, much less practically realized by society, in an age of prowess and physical dominance; nor were such achievement possible in an intellectual age, nor yet in an era wherein the virtues and morals of the Stoical philosophy should hold undivided sway. It is the religion of the spirit, the renunciation of self, the abiding and living faith in an eternal blessedness of spiritual being, that form the fallow ground for the seed of the essential teachings of Christ. Like all teachers and prophets of the spirit, his kingdom was not of this world, but of the eternal world of spiritual life.

Hence, above all others, to the Spiritualist, the teachings of Jesus have significance, not however, because he is his savior, in the orthodox sense, but because they both seek to bring to the fore, as ultimate facts of being, the fact of the spiritual world, and of man as a spirit and a denizen thereof. Some may even doubt the reality of the existence of Jesus as a person; but whether or not a veritable Jesus did walk by the green waters of the sea of Galilee, up and down the sides of the Mount of Olives, or in the vale of sad Gethsemane, the ideal character has become fixed as firm as a rock of adamant in the minds and hearts of Christians, as have the characters of other Avatars become living realities with the millions of devotees of other forms of religion; and no doubt the phenomenon is a part of the genuine psychological history of the race, and that it performs an important function in its development. It is the ideal that throws the highest charm around the practical and "vulgar" things of life. No man is without his ideal, toward which, as his goal, he is ever striving, and were it not for this power of the imaginative mind to reach out after something better than that which immediately surrounds the individual, we should have an end of all human progress, and life would be a burden too heavy to bear. Had there never lived a Jesus, a Buddha, a Zoroaster, a Mahomet, the nations of the world must needs have created their saviors, and invested them, as ideal characters, with the halo of divinity, all-perfect, all-powerful, and able to forgive and bless. The great, the cardinal fact of human existence, says Amiel, is sin and moral responsibility, not God and immortality—these latter are but secondary. Am I, a sinner, accountable to that awful power of the universe which I feel is a verity, and which seems to me necessarily intelligent and all-knowing?—this is the question man proposes to himself, and straightway he answers it in the affirmative, and sets himself about a reconciliation, and in his weakness and blindness, perhaps, incident however to his development, he fashions for himself a savior, one who shall bring him purified and cleansed of all his sins into the presence of, and acceptable to his God.

I doubt not when prayers are answered that they are answered through the intervention of the spirits of the just made perfect, and not by the special intervention of the infinite Being, whose laws of the spirit are as immutable as are the laws of cosmos. Coupled with this idea, is it not a happy reflection that the law of spirit and of conscience is such that if there be a single soul anywhere in the vast expanse of spirit or earth life who needs the loving offices and ministrations of spirits more exalted and perfect than itself, it shall be comforted? And in the coming time, I doubt not that it

will be universally recognized and accepted that not Jesus alone, but many myriads of angels hath been sent to be ministering spirits unto men, and that these, our ascended brothers and sisters, are the real saviors of the world, whose coming we may yearly fity celebrate by gifts to little children (the symbols of heaven) and by festivities of joy and mirth, because we have by them and their contact with us been delivered from the bondage of a life devoted to the sense, and been brought into a full realization of the true life of mankind, the life of the spirit.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

GOOD WILL.

BY O. W. HARNARD.

Oh! how December's wailing winds Come shrieking wild and drear!— With snow and sleet upon their wings Inspiring dread and fear;

The trees that hung their banners out, Upon the balmy air, When sunshine warmed the grateful earth And all was bright and fair,

Now tremble 'neath the angry surge Of Winters' icy breath— The leaves that late in splendor hung Have sought their beds of death;

The flowers that breathe their peace and love On golden Summer days, And smile again so sweetly through The Autumn's veil of haze,

Have withered at the touch of frost, And perished long ago, And where their perfumes rose so sweet Lies deep the drifted snow.

The birds that cheered the grove with song Have flown to warmer skies, And all the beauty of the wood Seems hid from human eyes,—

And all the fury of the air Is spent in angry strife, And all the world seems filled with hate— No good in human life:—

Till dawns the radiant Christmas morn, Then love and light prevail, And gladness sweet an angel sings, And gone is Winter's wail;

And all the world seems filled with light— Good will in every heart— The angel Love appears on earth, Her goodness to impart;

While orange blooms and myrtle boughs Are trimmed o'er faces fair, And music greets the gladsome ear, That pulsates through the air—

And incense springs from glowing hearts, Embracing all the world, And hate and envy erst so strong To lower depths are hurled,

And ice and snow, and dreary cold Are feared and felt no more, For love has warmed the wintry world And tempests wild are o'er.

And thus good will to all the world, Are words of sweetest sound, And bring us peace and joy secure, That nowhere else are found.

Manteno, Ill.

THE GHOST AT CHRISTMAS.

Out of the gathering embers That over the ashes crept A sudden flame leaped up and filled The room where the children slept.

Their golden heads on the pillow Lay in a shining row— Their lips of coral, with cheeks of rose, And forehead smooth as snow.

Across their beds like silver The cold, white moonlight streamed, And the wand'ring wind at the casement paused To call them as they dreamed.

The house is sweet with cedar— With fragrant spruce and pine, And the holly leaves with their berries red In the fitful firelight shine.

The stockings hang by the chimney. Their shadows on the wall Stretch from the floor to the ceiling, Dusky, grotesque, and tall.

With childish treasures heavy, Overflowing on rug and chair— Books and horses with flying manes And dolls with silken hair.

'Tis twelve by the clock on the mantel That ticks in the silence loud, As fast on the flight of the voiceless hours The hurrying seconds crowd.

The door of itself swings open, A figure white and fair Pauses, and waves its tiny hands, Then softly climbs the stair.

It bends o'er the sleeping children, Its feet no echoes wake, Nor the light caresses, like drifting down, Can the spell of their slumber break.

Then turning away, it lingers Where the little stockings hang, And it feels a ghastly pain akin To the sting of a mortal pang.

It touches each one gently, And sadly seems to say: "I was forgotten, and none will name My name on Christmas Day."

"There is the baby's and Annie's, And Tom's—but mine—none thought Of the one they loved a year ago— Of the child they have forgot."

"They think that I lie buried To-night, and fast asleep, With folded hands in the lone some grave, So narrow, so dark, so deep."

"They know not that I wander Where'er—where'er I may, And linger longest with those whose love Has power to bid me stay."

"I have not been remembered; Their life is mine no more, And time has lightened the heavy hearts That grieved had made more."

But the wind at the casement whispered: "How little do you know, O foolish ghost, of the might of love Or the fullness of human woe."

"Deep in her heart the mother Shall keep your name and place, Till her hair is white and her eyes are dim, And the wrinkles seam her face."

"When these, no longer children, With care and toil grow old, Shall seek their places by other hearths, That place you still shall hold."

"Young with a youth unchanging, Unstained by sin or tears, The child of her age—'tis yours to bless And brighten her lonely years."

—Mary H. Erost.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 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 iconoclastic, 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. One 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 those who read a sample copy, will desire to become permanent subscribers.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, it is announced, has retired from journalism with a view to entering Parliament.

A Christmas Carol.

I will sing this Christmas morn a song of gladness, however black the clouds within the sky, biting the blasts, or dismal the snow-clad landscape extending over frozen fields to where the forest moans in the whistling wind. The very bleakness of nature has a joy, for it will not last, and the darkest day of winter is a prophecy of spring, with its full tide of awakened life, in song of bird, and bursting bud and bloom. If the heart is full of light, there can be no shadow across its portals, for shadows extend on the side of night and darkness. The world was made for happiness, and the perfection of living is the enjoyment of its full bounties.

Ah! there falls the shadow of the old religion; the religion of pain and self-abnegation, which blotted the light of the sun from the heavens, and made present misery the means of future joy! The founder of that religion was a man of sorrow. He wept, but never smiled. He died on the cross in an agony of spirit, responded to by the throes of nature, which rent the mountains and disturbed the sea.

Our Pilgrim ancestors had this sad view intensely impressed on their minds. They were driven across a stormy ocean, and met a coast, sombre in its dense evergreen forests, where the red Indian craftily disputed possession. In the heated imagination of these stern religionists, they were devils. Evil spirits lurked in the air; Satan was ever present to snatch the soul to perdition; man, at best, was a feeble creature, utterly corrupt, depraved and sinful; God was angry, with an undying anger kindled by Adam when he ate of the forbidden fruit. Happiness here was only an allurement for which tenfold suffering would be demanded in the future. That was a terrible view of life, of nature, and of God, and its shadow reaches across these centuries to our time. It is just beginning to fade. If I had nothing else to be glad for, I would sing a rondeau for the departure of a religion which made life one long moan of pain, and preferred the caw of the raven, to the warble of the full-throated bird of song. The anger of God has gone! The fires of the bottomless pit, over the steep edge of which rolled the endless tide of souls, lost and damned, vast and wide as the Amazon, are quenched, never to be rekindled. Dogmas and beliefs, cruel and remorseless, no more disturb the repose of the weary. All these goblins have had their day. We do not wonder that they who believed them, did not laugh; that they shuddered in fear, and preferred the tonic of pain to the relaxation of mirth. The chief joy the Puritan had was in being miserable, or seeing some one else so. He thought in the next life he would have glory in looking over the battlements of heaven to see the unbeliever writhe in the flames. That was his full conception of heaven! He felt himself so utterly debased, he would be supremely happy in the lowest place in the kingdom.

Why describe that which has passed? Because I wish for a black background to reflect the religion of joy! a religion of joy that no soul is lost, or totally depraved; that in the fullness of time the lowest will be redeemed by the growth and balance of their faculties. There is no atonement, there is no forgiveness, but there is that which is better a thousand-fold—redemption by coming to a knowledge of the true and right, and adjusting the conduct of life to their requirements! An individualized spirit is too precious a product of the great Life Tree to be cast away. It may be dwarfed and distorted by its environments, but it has the latent possibilities of angelic growth.

Nature has no impurities she has not the means of eliminating. See the crystal water! Is there anything more pure, and yet, can anything be made more unclean? The water which ascended in the mists drank by the warm sky from Pacific seas, reflecting the starry diadem of the heavens, falls in the rain which swells the mountain streams, and fills the reservoirs which slake the city's thirst. It flows down the gutters, and sewers reeking with unmentionable contamination, and rushes in a seething tide to reach the sea. There, with all its foul abomination, the sparkling waves clap their hands to receive it. Ten thousand thousand animalcules seize on the particles it bears; the tempests lash it with the fierce winds of their wrath, and the impatient sunlight beats down its impurities to the oozy slime of the great sea floor. Again, it is as pure as on creation's morn, reflecting the light of the sun by day as from an emerald mirror, and the silent watch-fires of the stars by night, ready to fly away again to the clouds, and paint the radiant bow of promise over the waste of the storm, remaining ever a type of purity, sweetness, nobility and strength.

I heard a story once which thrilled me with the consciousness that it was more than a simple tale, a real revelation of the heritage of the degraded. A little child was lost from a wealthy home, where it was cradled in the arms of affection, and attended by the unwearied feet of love. Like the waters of a cloud, his life was made to flow through the many cesspools of depraved associations. Unfeeling masters forced him to beg bread for himself and for their wants, and at last he became a "sweep," and driven with curses and blows to his disagreeable task. One day, thus descending a tall chimney, he came to an open grate, and passed through into the room. It had a strangely familiar appearance, although the elegant furnishing bewildered him. He was weary, ill and disheartened. On every hand he met abuse, and never a word of encouragement. He threw himself

on the snowy bed. The silence, the softness of the air, the agreeable warmth, lulled his senses and he slept. Then the mother came into the room. She saw on the white couch the soot-begrimed boy, in his soiled and ragged dress. There was in that sad face something that reminded her of the child she had lost years before. She bent low, with bated breath, and scarcely beating heart; recognized her own, and kissed the stained cheeks white with the lips of love.

As the lily distils from the reeking slime the marble whiteness of its petals, and the perfume which fills the air around it, so methinks, the angels will find, even in the life that seems most hopeless in the despair of its degradation, that out of which something more white and fragrant than the lily may appear.

Whatever may be our judgment here, when we transport it to the highlands of immortal life, we dare not think otherwise than that there the accidents of time, its scars and stains, and the soil of the years, will disappear. Whether the sun shines to-day, or the storm prevails, our hearts are glad; for we know that days of sunshine will come at their appointed time.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

A RESPONSIVE CHORD.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER HAS STRUCK IT.

The Music of the Quarters, Half-Dollars and Dollars Makes the Editor Feel Merry!

No abatement in the tidal wave! It is still sweeping on, and subscriptions are flowing in from all directions. While we can only publish a few of the many letters received, selected at random, all are equally prized by us, the unpublished as well as the published. They fairly illuminate our home with a divine radiance, making each one serene and happy.

Lena Bible, a prominent medium of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "Have received two numbers of your paper, and am much pleased with contents. The stand it takes is truly 'progressive.' Nothing is more needed in the world than such courageous and fearless exposition of error as is contained in the article, 'Rome vs. Reason.' We know that Roman Catholicism is like a 'deadly cobra' coiled ready to spring upon and crush reason; so it behooves all progressive thinkers to arm themselves with weapons of truth to defend the citadel of reason, and assist the masses to attain its shelter, for 'ignorance is weakness, and knowledge is power'; but in order that knowledge may be power only for good, it must be widely dispensed among the people. So those who are aware of the presence of this insidious foe to liberty and progressive thought, Romish power, should never hesitate to proclaim in clarion tones the danger which menaces our free institutions. Some say we 'should be tolerant towards all forms of religious belief.' Toleration is not a virtue when exercised towards a religion known to be productive of so much evil as Catholicism, and they are the true friends of progress and liberty who denounce it in seathing language. I predict that success will attend the career of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Shall do what I can to increase its circulation.

Mrs. M. R. Warner, daughter of Dr. E. W. Stevens, deceased, writes from Rock Prairie, Wis., as follows: "I have seen THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It is clean, pure, wholesome, elevating and more to my taste than any spiritual paper I have yet seen."

Hermann Fascher, of St. George, Utah, writes: "Your advance guard has been received by Mr. Dodge and myself, and we are happy to say that we are both pleased with it. Good clean print and interesting reading matter!"

The poet, Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle, writes: "You are a good host, Mr. Francis. You set a good table! Your selections, too, are splendid."

Dr. J. M. Peebles, of Hammon, N. J., writes: "All hail! We knew each other in youth; we know each other now, and shall know each other 'over there.' Memory is immortal. But I took the pen to tell you that I am in receipt of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and greatly like its clean, cultured face. Such contributors as Hudson and Emma Tuttle, Mrs. Richmond, Mr. French, and Mr. Howe (with your own long editorial experience) guarantee success."

Dr. Charles W. Hidden, of Newburyport, Mass., writes: "The first number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is at hand. As proof that I like it, I herewith enclose \$1 for a year's subscription. This is the only form of compliment I use toward things I like."

Mrs. C. L. Bailey, of Woonsocket, R. I., writes: "I am very favorably impressed with the tone and sentiment of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Mrs. A. B. M. Sutherland, of Albany, Wis., writes: "I am very much pleased with the first number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It appears to be just the paper for which I have long been looking. May success be yours."

Mrs. Cornelia Gardner, of Rochester, N. Y., writes: "We like your paper, especially the part devoted to cremation, in which I am a thorough believer. I have ever had a dread of the grave for my worn-out body, for which I have great respect, and do not want it made food for worms."

Mrs. E. Woodruff, of Albion, Mich., writes: "I will say that for a bright, clean paper, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER takes the lead of the dozen Spiritualist papers I have

before me, and success to you is my best wish."

William Jenkins, of Springfield, Iowa, writes: "I am delighted with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and if wishes would do you any good in the matter, I could wish you had a 100,000 subscribers to start with."

Mrs. A. L. Davis, of New Haven, Conn., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has met with much favor from me. I have perused its contents with a great deal of interest, and I will say that I find it full of deep and sublime truths, and more adapted to my soul's requirements than any paper I have met with before. I am taking two Spiritualist journals. I think your paper will to a great extent be just what I have been looking for."

A. E. N. Rich, of Jackson, Mich., writes: "The initial number of your valuable paper has been received, and I am truly delighted with its contents. I have taken five subscriptions."

H. M. Arnold, of Maquoketa, Iowa, writes: "Your name is sufficient guarantee to me, having known you by reputation (only) for more than twenty years, which assures me we will have a good paper."

Mrs. A. B. Roberts, of Boston, Mass., writes: "I am very much pleased with the general appearance of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. To me it is fraught with interest, and its correspondents are deep thinkers."

Mrs. M. Clugston, of Ashland, Ohio, writes: "Thanks for sample copy of your good paper. I read it, and gave it to my friends to read, and the consequence is nine subscribers."

J. M. Holt, of Milford, N. H., writes: "Please accept my thanks for sending me a copy of your paper. I am much pleased with it. I hope that you will get the 100,000 subscribers. I will help all I can."

James Boyd, of Riverside, Cal., writes: "Your paper is just what I have been looking for for a long time. I may say I have tried them all, and your first number outstrips all the others, and if you can only carry out the promise made in the first, your expectations of 100,000 subscribers can be very easily accomplished. Glad that you set out with the terms 'pay in advance'—no pay, no paper. One of the greatest nuisances is sending papers where they are not wanted, and then dunning for pay. Your paper fills the bill and is just the thing in a family."

J. D. Shadoin, of Williamston, Mich., writes: "Your copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has been received, and carefully read. I would say that you have struck the key-note."

Joseph P. Smith, of Sanquait, N. Y., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was duly received, and have perused it with profit and pleasure. I feel sure you will succeed."

George Harper, of Anchorage, Wis., writes: "Your first number was an excellent one, and although, properly speaking, I am not a Spiritualist—because I have never had any direct evidence of spirit intercourse—I read its pages with much pleasure and profit."

Each One Makes His Own Heaven or Hell.

Nature is not under any circumstances a respecter of persons. The tornado will not deviate from its destructive path in order to save the life of a distinguished minister of the gospel, nor will the frost prove a warm-hearted friend to the lost child on a cold winter's night; nor will pelting rain cease to come from the clouds because some pompous king or queen happens to be exposed. The seasons come and go; inundations of the most destructive kind take place; the lightnings strike wherever conditions are favorable, and drought and pestilence occur without regard to clime or people. Nature never turns aside to accommodate any particular individual, or special undertaking, however sacred. On one occasion a most distressing accident occurred at Reading, Pa. Five thousand people had congregated at Twelfth and Spruce streets, in that city, to witness the laying of the cornerstone of the Polish Catholic church by Archbishop Ryan. One story of the edifice had just been completed, and boards were loosely laid on the joists to accommodate the spectators. A number of addresses had been made, following that of Archbishop Ryan, when there was a sudden crash. The floor gave way, and about 250 persons were precipitated headlong to the ground floor, a distance of fifteen feet. The crowd rushed toward the wrecked structure to render all possible assistance, and it was some time before the injured could be reached. The multitude became so excited that it was almost impossible to keep them back. They shrieked in anticipation that some of their family or friends were killed. Quiet was finally restored and the removal of the injured was commenced. It was found that the heavy stone walls, which were still green, had given way under the great weight and caused the heavy timbers to break. Ambulances were summoned, and as fast as the injured were taken from the debris they were conveyed to their homes and those from a distance removed to hospitals. Over one hundred persons were badly injured, and some crippled for life.

So far as Science knows, the devoutly religious man is as liable to be attacked with a malignant disease as the vilest sneak-thief. Goodness, holiness, honesty, purity of character, or any other of the cardinal virtues are no protection against the overflow of a river, a catastrophe on the ocean or a railroad disaster. Even the transcendent, God-like qualities of Jesus, did not save him from the cruel, boisterous hands of the rab-

ble—he was crucified! This characteristic of nature or Divine Providence in having no favorites among the children of earth, leaves the whole human family on one common platform. It is, indeed, a most excellent arrangement that no one can make a monopoly of God's providence, and that each one makes his own heaven or hell.

SCAPULARY—AGNUS DEI.

In his closing argument to the jury, in the murder case of Dr. Cronin, the able counsel for the people, Mr. W. J. Hynes, a Roman Catholic, thus referred to the Agnus Dei, or scapulary, found on the naked body of the victim in the catch-basin, in May last:

"The lake shore was searched, the sewers were searched for the corpse of the man, or some of his clothing; but in vain. Then began the slanderous defense, that Dr. Cronin had gone off in some scrape. This defense and conspiracy was working, and would have succeeded, if the body had not been found one Wednesday afternoon, naked but for the towel around the neck and the Agnus Dei, the symbol of Dr. Cronin's religion. It is likely the murderer used the towel to lift the body, reeking with blood, by the head. That they did not profane the Agnus Dei about his neck may be due to religious sentiment, but the sentiment which would spare the inanimate symbol, and not the temple of God, the body, but would beat out the life, is not religion, it is superstition. It is opposed to the ten commandments, and that word which thundered forth from the flaming mountain: 'Thou shalt not kill.' Don't think it represents the faith of a Catholic. The fact that these men had some respect for that emblem simply helps to identify them."

According to Fairholt, Agnus Dei, or Lamb of God, "represents the figure of the Savior, in the form of a lamb, in accordance with the symbolical words of St. John in the book of Revelations—a medallion of consecrated wax or wafer dough, stamped with the figure of a lamb supporting the banner of the cross." This symbol is attached to a scapulary or strips of cloth or leather, which is always worn around the neck, to protect the wearer from harm by the devil.

Phenomenal Success.

We are gratified to know that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has met with phenomenal success. Discarding the usual rules that have been adopted in establishing a Spiritualist paper, its editor neither tried to start a stock company nor to reach deep down into the pocket of some wealthy man; nor did he aim to fill his paper with advertisements of soap, soap boilers, soap cans,—soap—soap—so a p! indicating that the readers need washing badly.

That our success has been phenomenal, all can see who will take the trouble to visit our office. They will be permitted to examine our printed mailing-list, and see its rapid growth. There is nothing secret—nothing which we wish to conceal in connection with our enterprise! If they still doubt our ability to make a grand success of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER they can inquire of Bradstreet in reference to our financial standing. It is this frankness, this determination to place *ourselves* under the most rigid and exacting business test conditions, crucial in their nature, that has brought us this unparalleled success. It is, too, a mistaken opinion that Spiritualists are not generous. From all sections of the country clubs are being sent in for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Even Mississippi has not been behind the times. Massachusetts, the home of the good old *Banner*, has responded nobly. From Maine to Texas; from the Atlantic to the Pacific, our paper has struck a responsive chord, and that chord vibrates in harmony with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER's manifold aims. No one can now stop the tidal wave that is sweeping over the country in our behalf. The demand for a clean-faced, high-toned, interesting and instructive paper has been met by THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and its success is assured.

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

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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 loss to some Spiritualists who invested therein almost beggared them! We have started on an entirely different basis. No stockholders to lose anything, and no bequests to be squandered.

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G. H. Brooks is lecturing this month at Indianapolis, Ind. Next month he goes to Anderson, Ind. During February he has an engagement at Springfield, Mo.

The Mormons.

When the new sect of Latter-day Saints were residing at Nauvoo, in Illinois, following the teachings of Joseph Smith, the prophet, who had read the mysterious bible claimed to have been found buried in the ground of a hill in Wayne county, New York, not far distant from Hydesville, and were flourishing, some of the best members through deception worked their way into a Masonic lodge, and afterwards obtained a permit to form a new lodge, composed exclusively of Mormons. Thus were obtained the ceremonies, even of the higher degrees of Masonry, although the Masons of Illinois soon kicked them out of their order. Joseph Smith was killed, and the whole Mormon settlement driven away to Utah, where they have since flourished, even under rigorous persecution.

Just before the breaking out of the civil war in 1860, the United States Government sent a strong force of soldiers to subdue those rebellious people,—at the same time employing detectives to work their way into the Mormon secrets. One of these detectives was so successful as to obtain some distinction as a Mormon elder, and pass through the Endowment House, and then return to the officers and report all he knew. This man, although now thirty years since the above occurred, has never dared to set his foot in Utah, as he knows his life would not be safe for a moment.

Women are taught that if they are not married before they die, that the spirit will forever remain veiled, whereas every married woman has a husband to lift this dark veil from her face. The ceremonies of the Endowment House forcibly illustrate this idea, and most horrid oaths are taken, if anything is revealed. The woman, when she is "sealed" to a man, is made to pass *en diabolite* behind a thin veil, while a calcium light is cast on her person, while the man to whom she is being "sealed" is permitted to gaze on her; while he, in like manner, goes through the same ordeal for her to gaze on him—after which a record is made, and other elaborate ceremonies are gone through with. One oath is, that the candidate will sustain the kingdom of God against all power on earth, while the prayers are for the destruction of the United States Government.

An attempt has lately been made to prevent Mormons from being naturalized who have passed through the Endowment House.

W. S. Wood, a radical thinker, says: "When the pope's claim is granted in this country, that 'public schools, open to all children, should be under the control of the Romish church, and should not be subject to the civil power nor made to conform to the opinions of the age,' which is the exact thing that church is working for, then the wheels of progress will be turned backwards, toward another period of Catholic church rule and supremacy, of medieval ignorance, crime, gross licentiousness, superstition, mental darkness, and reign of terror, tempered with the horrors of the Spanish inquisition, with episodic picture-lessons hung along the way, as companion pieces to Galileo's thumb-screws stifling the voice of science, 'Sicilian vespers,' Saint Bartholomew's massacre, or the burning fagots around Bruno!"

The preceding number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was enriched by articles, full of suggestive thought, from various writers. Particularly was the arraignment of the Catholics, by Hudson Tuttle and Willis F. Whithead, most timely. This number is graced with poems from Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle, O. W. Barnard, and others, and with articles from Lyman C. Howe, A. M. Griffen, J. O. Barrett, Willis F. Whithead, Hudson Tuttle, Z. T. G.—all constituting an intellectual feast of rare merit and interest. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is entering on an era of unparalleled usefulness and prosperity.

DR. CHARLES W. HIDDEN, of Newburyport, Mass., will lecture at Derry, N. H., on Dec. 29, on the subject of "Hypnotism, Magnetism, Psychometry—Three Steps into the Great Beyond." The Doctor has visited Derry professionally, and made many warm friends, who desire to hear him lecture upon these grand themes. A correspondent writes that the Doctor's last article in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was worth a year's subscription.

The price of each copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER—trial subscription—is only about one and one-half cents. Just think of that—24 columns of choice reading matter, not in the least defaced with advertisements, and perfect typographically, furnished at that price. What Spiritualist is so poor that he can't afford that price for the best Spiritualist paper published?

"HOW ELVIE SAVED THE BABY."

A Story of the Conemaugh Flood of 1889.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

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

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

Price, 50 cents, postage free. For sale wholesale and retail, by the Author, at Berlin Heights, Ohio.
DR. D. P. KAYNER is at present stopping at Los Angeles, Cal. His health has been poor lately.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.
 "Love of Country," "Liberty," "Conscience," "and"
 "Loyalty to the Constitution."



ROME VS. REASON.

GIORDANO BRUNO, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER
 OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Giordano Bruno was born at Nola, a city of the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1548, or thereabouts. At an early age he was transferred to Naples, where he was placed in school by an uncle. At the age of fifteen he entered a Dominican monastery as a novice of the order. His baptismal name of Philip he exchanged for his "name in religion" of Giordano, by which he has always since been known. While yet a novice, he was accused of heresy, because he had abandoned the worship of relics and devotions to the pictures of the saints, contenting himself only with a crucifix. This charge was finally withdrawn, but in 1575, upon his expressing doubts in regard to the doctrines of transubstantiation and the immaculate conception, new complaints were formulated, which obliged him to leave his convent, and he went to Rome. For two years he taught school in the north of Italy. Next we find him, in 1580, in Geneva, where he found employment in a printing office. Here he made himself obnoxious to the strict Calvinists of that city by his vigorous and progressive thinking, and, mindful that Geneva was the place where Calvin had burned Michael Servetus, another progressive thinker, Oct. 27, 1553, about twenty-nine years before, he thought it judicious to go to Paris. In Paris Bruno gained a livelihood by teaching and writing. He gained the friendship of Henry III. of France, who had granted religious liberty to the Protestants, and who was assassinated, in 1589, by a Dominican priest. His most notable efforts were his lectures on the "great art" or logic, of Raymond Lully. Becoming involved, however, in disputes with the bigoted Aristotelians of the university of Paris, he removed to England, lectured at Oxford, became intimate with Sir Philip Sidney, who had narrowly escaped being one of the victims of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, while in Paris in August, 1572, while on a tour of Europe; and who afterward became the famous author of that work of genius, "Arcadia." Bruno also enjoyed the friendship of Sir Fulke Greville, a poet and author, and a cousin of Sir Philip Sidney. He also was under the protection of the French ambassador, M. Mauvissiere, and won the esteem and favor of Queen Elizabeth, the queen who upon her accession to the throne issued a proclamation that the English language should be used in the greater part of the church service, and that the "host" should not be elevated by the priest during mass. Surrounded by such friends and protectors, Bruno passed the pleasant period of his life. It was at this time that he wrote his most important works, among which may be noted "The Infinite Universe and Innumerable Worlds," wherein he sought to describe the "field of Nature," "The One Sole Cause of Things," representing the universe as a manifestation of God, the soul of nature and the all-in-all. "The Expulsion of the Triumphant Beast," London, 1584, was another notable work, which symbolized the pope as a beast, and whom the gods of Olympus chase from heaven with all his attendant beasts of the constellations, and replace them with virtues like "Truth," "Law," "Wisdom," and "Prudence," the whole being a satire on the Roman hierarchy, and "Dialogues and Comedies," in which he held up popery to ridicule and contempt. By his vehement denunciation of the Aristotelian philosophy, which obtained largely among the clericals of England, he incurred their displeasure, and returned to Paris in 1585. In the year following he attended the celebrated university of Marburg, an old German town in the Prussian province of Hesse-Nassau, where he matriculated. From here he went to Wittenberg, a town of Prussian Saxony, where he became a professor in the famous university in which Luther had been a professor before him. Wittenberg is the place where Luther nailed his ninety-five theses against the papal doctrine of indulgences on the church door of *Schloss-Kirche*, the "palace church." Here Bruno was asked to join the Lutheran communion, but refused, and after a few quiet years of life, "on his departure from the city, he pronounced an impassioned panegyric on Luther." After residing consecutively in Prague, Brunswick, Helmstadt, and Frankfurt-on-the-Main, he finally fixed his residence at Padua, Italy. But after a stay of two years he was unwise enough, in 1591, to go to Venice. He was denounced to the Inquisition by a false friend, and arrested, and in 1593, was turned over by the Venetian government to the papal authorities and tried for heresy—the crime of progressive thinking. "It was charged that he taught the eternity of the universe, a plurality of inhabited worlds, and many other false (?) doctrines. Some of the accusations against him he denied, some he admitted to be true." For years he was subjected to persecution and torture, in the vain hope that he would forsake Reason for Rome. But he was steadfast, and all efforts proved but ropes of sand with which to bind his reason to the cold, dead rock of Rome. For seven years was he subjected to this treatment, the last two of which were spent in Rome. And, finally, after seven years in prison, after a life devoted to truth and progressive thought, he was found guilty, Feb. 9, 1600, in the church of Santa Maria Sofia Minerva, Rome, and was burned over by the Inquisition, after being sentenced by the Bishop of Sidonia, to the "secular arm," the order reading, "be-seeking you so to mitigate the severity of his sin with respect to his body, that there may be no shedding of blood." This gentle phrase meant that he should be burnt.

He was brought to the stake, refusing on the way to kiss the crucifix, and burnt as an obstinate heretic on Feb. 17, 1600, in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience of Roman citizens, and his ashes scattered to "the four winds." According to an account in a news letter, "he was slowly roasted, and may now, in those other worlds which he imagined to exist, tell how blasphemers and heretics are punished at Rome." So perished Bruno, the progressive thinker of the sixteenth century.

Centuries pass by, but the soul of Bruno shines in the memories of men like a star. Why, because to be educated in the history of knowledge the scholar must know Bruno. With his name left out, the history of science cannot be written. Mr. G. W. Foote well says of Bruno, in the *Western American*: "His enemies thought he was satisfactorily disposed of, they snuffed out his life, and thought they had snuffed out his name. For a whole generation they had cause to congratulate themselves. Giordano Bruno seemed utterly forgotten. But his name gradually emerged from this obscurity. Men began to speak of him as a meteor of philosophy, whose wild flight through Europe was stopped by a Roman *auto-da-fé*. There was a nameless attraction in his growing fame. Something heroic, supernal, shone amidst the flames of his pyre. Thinker after thinker, historian after historian, felt its irresistible fascination; and now, that poor, murdered scholar is one of the loftiest figures in the pantheon of humanity."

And so his countrymen determined that he who died for one age should be commemorated by a monument for all ages. That it should stand on the very spot where he was "butchered to make a Roman holiday," and that it should be erected on another Roman holiday, and should there stand to the end of time as a witness against the wickedness of Rome.

Rome did all she could to prevent the statue being erected to Reason as personified in Giordano Bruno. In the absence of temporal power she could only issue her protests, print circulars, and appeal to the people through the papal organs. All these things were done. One circular spoke of "The scandal about to be perpetrated in Rome wounds and vexes every Christian heart. Bands of miscreants, bearing the black lividity of satan, are assembled in this sacred city—the center and heart of Christianity. With impious eagerness they applaud the erection of a monument which, in this city of Rome, will be a permanent insult to God, to Christ, and to his vicar on earth." The Bishop of Linz ordered prayers to be said "in expiation of the outrage," and the clerical *Vaterland* denounced the inauguration as scandalous and as a ceremony worthy of the devil. But June 9, 1889, came and with it came the triumph of Reason over Rome. The pope shut himself up in the vatican and refused to see anybody. Four hundred telegrams arrived at the papal quarters deploring the unveiling of the monument. The cardinals and many Catholics left the city, and all ambassadors accredited to the pope met in the pope's chapel. On the other hand Nature herself gave in tribute a beautiful day for the occasion. Thirty thousand persons, including students and deputations from various parts of Italy, marched in procession, to the music of twenty-three bands, through the principal streets. The procession was headed by Garibaldians in their red shirts. Then came the students of all universities, shouting vivas for Bruno and liberty of thought. Five hundred banners graced the line of march and the deputations were too numerous to count. Arrived at the campo del Fiori, the field of flowers, not far from the banks of the Tiber, where Bruno was burned, the procession formed around the statue of the illustrious thinker to witness the removal of the canvas, which was done amid the wildest enthusiasm and prolonged and deafening cheers. The ceremony was witnessed by the Syndic of Rome, the chief magistrate of the city, the government officials and a large number of senators and deputies. The monument was the work of Signor Ferrari, a high official and artist, who donated his services, and is a beautiful work of art, being a life-size figure of the immortal Bruno standing with hands clasped over a volume. The Syndic of Rome declared that the statue obliterated the last vestige of the pope's temporal power. Deputy Bovio, in an oration, declared that with the statue was born a new religion of free thought and liberty of conscience which would be worse for the papacy than the loss of temporal power. After other orations the statue was formally turned over to the keeping of the Italian corporation of Rome. The whole day was celebrated by processions, banquets, illuminations, and general rejoicing, all the people seeming eager to do honor to the man "whom their fathers had burned." Throughout the processions and imposing ceremonies the most perfect order was observed, and nothing occurred to mar the festivities of the occasion.

Garibaldi was also honored during the day. Ah, indeed, Rome, how hast thou been humbled by Reason! And this statue to Bruno is only one of many monuments that have been erected by Italians, who love Reason rather than Rome, to the illustrious thinkers and statesmen, scholars and philosophers, who have opposed Rome in the past. Savonarola, who was burned at Florence, has the spot where he met martyrdom commemorated by a large and beautiful fountain. Monuments to Dante are met with all over Italy—he, whose keen sarcasm in majestic verse consigned the pope to purgatory, and their doctrines to destruction; Joseph, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Victor Emanuel, are each and all commemorated by pictures, monuments and imposing tombs. In Bologna may be found the monument erected to Ugo Bassi, a priest who enlisted in the Italian army to free Italy from the temporal power of the pope. He was captured by the pope's adherents, was tried by the Inquisition and condemned; and, after having the skin torn from the palms of his hands, was shot like a dog. To-day a monument marks the spot of the infamous murder and stands as a perpetual lesson to the thousands of students who yearly visit its site. And there is Galileo, whose remains rest in the most imposing tomb of the church of Santa Croce, Florence, after having been refused burial there by Rome, but finally permitted "by the interposition of a ducal order."

Cardinal Gibbons issued a pastoral letter on the statue to Bruno, which was read in American churches on Sunday, Sept. 15, 1889. On Sunday, Nov. 4, 1889, an allocation of the pope, on the same subject, was read at all masses in all Roman Catholic churches throughout the world. Following are three extracts from the allocation:

Of those who erected the monument it says: "The audacity of these abandoned men, which drives them to every sort of crime."

Of the doctrines of Rome it says: "The Catholic faith, which contains the true and sovereign good, is now at stake."

Of Bruno: "It is not his noble deeds, his signal services to his country; his talents were to feign, to lie, to be devoted solely to himself, not to bear contradiction, to flatter, to be of a base mind and wicked heart."

The *London Standard* says of the pope's allocation: "The pope and those who agree with him consider Giordano Bruno had his deserts. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the legitimate inference is that if they had the power they would again pile up the fagots and thrust in the torch as a punishment for the holding of opinions on certain abstruse points in which they themselves do not happen to participate."

If complete and absolute power were to be regained by the papacy, it can readily be seen how Rome would deal with Reason. Free thought would once more call into use the fagot and civil and religious liberty would be at an end.

Dr. Hiram W. Thomas, pastor of the People's Church, Chicago, in commenting on the allocation of the pope, said:

"Why was Bruno excommunicated and burned? Because his thoughts ran counter to the dictum of the church! Bruno was unwilling to give up the God given right of man to reason and think. It is not so strange that he should have been put to death three hundred years ago. Our present age has looked with tolerance upon these old dark dogmas."

But Leo XIII. takes a different view of this question. By this allocation he comes right out squarely in the face of progress, in defiance of progress, and stands on the old doctrine that the faith of man is fixed by the church, and that the church which burned Bruno is the supreme arbiter of reason in matters of religion. And the poor old man raves and rages; the head of Christianity, the vicar of God, denounces poor Bruno not only as a heretic but as a vile man. Let me tell you that the less that is said about morality when it comes to the life of the papacy the better for them.

"All along through the dark ages it was not an uncommon thing for one pope to cut out the tongue of another pope, or for another to put the eyes or cast another into prison and let him starve to death. You will find the papacy was sold in the market for money. You will find that boys 12 or 13 years old were elected as popes. You will find that some of them were not entirely immaculate. And you rise up from such a study to the feeling that poor Bruno was a saint compared to many of these viceregent of God on earth, these heads of the Christian church."

"Take any country where reason rules and freedom of thought is allowed and put it aside of a country that has been under the dominion of the papacy. If it be true this freedom of thought is the fruitful mother of unfaith and immorality, somehow you have got to account for the strange fact that in this country, where there is the largest liberty of any in the world, the sovereign people have in the last 100 years elected presidents all the way from Washington to Harrison that stand out as peers and pinks of perfection compared with the popes in a hundred years of the dark ages."

The allocation of the pope in regard to the statue of Bruno together with Cardinal Gibbons' pastoral letter on the same subject both seek to justify the murder of Bruno, for murder it was, because contrary to civil and religious liberty. Both instruments grossly vilify and traduce the character of the immortal Bruno. The cardinal calls Bruno a "wild theorizer, a shameless writer, and a denier of the divinity of Christ." To this the *New York Times* says: "To have understood and made himself the champion of the discovery of Copernicus that there are many systems of suns, that the earth moves round our sun, and that the old childish astronomy was impossible, is not very wild!" The cardinal also speaks of Bruno as a man "whose whole life breathed cowardice, pride, and defiance of lawfully constituted authority." He was not a coward who, replying to the judges of the Inquisition, said: "You feel more terror and alarm for yourselves when you condemn me than I do in hearing your sentence."

Three centuries have nearly elapsed since the immortal soul of Giordano Bruno took flight from a tenement destroyed by fire. A soul that despised hypocrisy, that never crawled or caved, never hesitated between truth and theory, between science and superstition, or between Reason and Rome. Time has perpetuated his memory in the hearts and minds of his countrymen, and has indelibly engraven his life upon the page of the past. History has not forgotten this true progressive thinker as Rome has hoped she would; she has perpetuated the true thoughts that were born to the world through his brain, and casts back with disdain the aspersions of an arrogant pope and vicious prelates upon his character. It is enough for all progressive thinkers to know that Rome arrested, condemned and burnt him, and that he defied Rome as truth defies falsehood; to know that his whole life was one of unselfishness, and that at a time when Rome was selfish to the last degree. No lie was too potent, no measure too damnable, and no crime too appalling at that time so long as Rome and her interests could be served thereby. Had Bruno been selfish he would have been a papist, and to-day have been unknown, for he was educated for the Romish priesthood. But his noble nature rebelled at being anything less than a man; one who thought for himself, and hence a progressive thinker. For this crime, and for this crime only, he was condemned, burnt, and his memory traduced. As his ashes were tossed to the "four winds of heaven" little thought the presiding monk that the action was emblematical of Bruno's future fate. To-day Bruno has inspired the whole thinking world with the glory of his genius. Tenderly and reverently his memory held among all the true adherents

of Reason. His life stands out in history like a beacon star in a midnight, black with spoliation and superstition—age cannot dim its lustre, nor can Rome obstruct one ray of its reason.

WILLIS F. WHITEHEAD

AN EXPERIENCE WITH DEATH.

In the fall of 1871, while in transit between the cities of St. Louis and New Orleans, on the beautiful Mississippi River steamer City of Alton, I was pushed overboard by a treacherous enemy who was seeking my life, hence this tale. The vessel was moving rapidly down stream along the picturesque Tennessee shore. I had arisen early that morning, and was standing on the hurricane deck forward of the wheel-house, admiring the beauties of day-dawn, when, without warning, I was hurled by an unseen hand headlong into the murky river. The water, churned into foam by the swiftly moving wings of the mighty wheel, tossed and tumbled me about until, unable to reach the surface to breathe, I drew the cold, roily fluid into my lungs, and Death began his work. It has been asserted that drowning is comparatively an easy mode of dying. Where the authority for such a gross misstatement came from, I can not say. The sensory nerves of the air passages are designedly made extremely sensitive to irritating substances, for the purpose of bodily safety. Anything unnatural entering the trachea produces at once violent convulsive efforts of the respiratory mechanism calculated to remove the offending material. When no longer able by force of will to inhibit the commands sent by my hungry lungs for air, I realized that death was inevitable and close at hand. At first the irritation produced by the water entering the pharynx caused the epiglottis to close down tightly, but involuntary efforts to secure air soon overcame its ability to remain closed and water was drawn past it by spasmodic gulps into the trachea and thence into the lungs. This was accompanied by contradictory convulsive struggling, first in the throat and chest, but soon extending to the whole body. Brilliant flashes of colored light, mostly purple, appeared to be quite close to my face; a roaring sound prevailed, gradually increasing in loudness, a constricting agony filled my chest, and my head throbbled with a crowding pain, as though the cranial bones were being forced asunder. My mental faculties were exceedingly active. My mind seemed rushed by some power independent of my own will, to recall a great many things of the past, not altogether regretfully, but partly so. Violations of dictates of conscience long past were recalled to mind quite vividly, mingled with curious wonderment about their effect on my future existence, which seemed to be a settled fact. Sympathetic worry for consequent sorrow of friends over my untimely demise, agnostic conclusions about death, coupled with regret that I could never return and explain to the living that which the dying experience, and withal, a feeling of resignation to my fate, were some of my last ideas.

During all of these mental quicksteps physical suffering was at its maximum. Oh! what agony, what terrible pain; not an ache in any particular place, not an individual sensation, but universal agony; indescribable, unnatural, hitherto entirely unknown, such agony as only Dante could imagine for the damned. An end comes to all things, thank God; and gradually each symptom of body and act of the mind faded in intensity, first the physical, then the mental. I realized that this was the beginning of the end; I felt relieved to think that it was even so. A rather pleasant feeling of departing pain pervaded my mind; I felt sleepy, and as though I was unable to touch anything. It seemed now to be a burden to think, and I felt resigned. Suddenly I again commenced suffering, which surprised me. I thought I had all ceased, and I did not expect to suffer after death. I heard human voices close by, but do not remember now that they produced any ideas in my mind except a general interrogation: a sort of "I wonder." I saw light, not flashes as before, but mild white light; then I saw people moving around me. I cannot recall any definite words or sentences that passed through my mind, but I can distinctly remember the surprise I felt at finding things so earth-like after death, for there was no doubt in my mind that I was dead.

As I began to notice more definitely, I saw that I was in a house, "just the same kind that we had on earth." A kindly-looking old lady came to me and placed her hand upon my forehead, "just the same kind of an old lady that I had often seen doing such genteel deeds on earth." I was sitting in an old-fashioned, earthly rocking-chair, wrapped in blankets. An old gray-headed man was sitting by a great fireplace at my right smoking a pipe, and, as the rings of smoke went upward, the scene seemed so familiar that I then began to doubt that I was dead. I tried to speak, and with the first sound of my voice there came the first realization of certain physical existence on earth. The old lady bade me "keep quiet," and I heard a man's voice saying, "I will return again this evening." I felt a burning, oppressive pain in my chest and a dull distress in my whole body. I was ill, but I did not think of the cause of it then. I need not describe my convalescence; it was ordinary, except the motherly care of that Tennessee woman—God bless her—that was extraordinary. From her I heard the story of my rescue and resuscitation. Allow me to assure you that drowning is not an easy death, and if you ever conclude to willfully "shuffle off this mortal coil" I would advise you, from my personal experience, to choose some other method.—A. D. Hard, in *Inter Ocean*.

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OUR JOURNAL OF CREMATION.

Cremation a Spiritual and Sanitary Necessity.

THE RELATION OF CREMATION TO CHRISTIANITY.

Address Delivered at the Dedication of the Cincinnati Crematory, by M. C. Lockwood, Pastor of the First Baptist Church there.

NOTE.—Under appropriate headings we propose to publish, from time to time, journals on subjects of deep and abiding interest to Spiritualists, as well as to all other classes. Each one will be continued for a time varying from three months to a year. They will prove veritable encyclopedias on the subjects treated. Spiritualists, Free Thinkers, physicians, ministers of the gospel, and progressive minds generally will find them of great value for reference.

The man who is opposed to cremation because it is of pagan origin, is the equal in intelligence of the man who accepts it for the same reason. I am not discussing the virtue of one as compared with the other. I am simply referring to their mutual intelligence. That cremation was a pagan custom is admitted; but, so is earth burial and sepulture. The embalmed remains of the Pharaohs and the exhumed mummies bear witness that Egypt did not burn its dead. In China the custom was earth burial. Greece and Rome practiced cremation, at least during the period of their early civilization. It is true that early Christianity opposed cremation, and is responsible for the abolition of the custom; but they did it from reasons of prejudice and superstition. At first prejudice was the chief element in their opposition; for, hating the customs and associations of the old time mythology, they sought to destroy every custom that was in anywise related thereto. It is possible that if Europe in its paganism had been used to earth burial, that the early Christians would have resulted, possibly, in some modern cremationists desiring the return to earth burial. He whose creed is determined by his prejudices, would have thriven better in the fourteenth century than now.

The practice of cremation has not one single reason in the Scriptures for its rejection. It is urged that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were buried, and that Christ was buried. None of these were buried in the earth; they were sepulchred in harmony with the custom of their times. There is no authority in the record of a custom. They wore sandals, or went without hose—is that an imperative duty for us? Biblical customs are not examples. Moral life and ritual of worship may be authoritative example; but he stultifies himself who converts a custom into authority and insists that it is an example. The body of Jesus was embalmed; why not exact embalming of his disciples?

There is no doubt that cremation was driven out of Europe, and has since been kept out of both Europe and America, by the doctrine of a physical resurrection, no matter how absurd such a theory of future life may be, both to the theologian or the scientist of to-day. Lord Salisbury swept the whole force of the objection out of the way by asking, "What would in such a case become of the blessed martyrs?" And the scientific man of to-day teaches me that cremation does for the body just what earth does, but by a quicker process, so that in the end the same result is attained in both; while cremation provides a way of escape from the horror of slow decay and hideous putrefaction and from the "small cold worm that frets the enshrouded form." The end of both the incineration and earth burial of bodies is the same, or of bodies buried at sea; each path leads to oxidation. The grave way, is one of loathsome festering, amid the brotherhood of our degradation—the worms—where we slowly drop to pieces in the mould, to be at last but a handful of dust and ashes. The fire reaches the same goal, but by a path less loathsome.

The superstition which sprang up relating to the miraculous value of the bodies and bones of dead saints, enhanced the value of skeletons. Bones were in demand in the markets of the ignorant and the misguided, and the more skeletons that a priest or monk owned, the richer he might be in the comforts of life, or the possessions of his church might be augmented. The stamp of priestly authority was given to earth burial, and the bodies and bones of the dead became associated with the religious beliefs of the age. This is the method by which burial became the Christian custom of disposing of the dead. Whatever the denomination or creed of a people, there exists no religious or theological reason for being anti-cremationists.

This question of cremation has a sanitary relation, and in so far as sanitation is in the sphere of religion, just so far does cremation demand its advocacy. Bishop Cox, the most violent opposer of cremation in this country, admits that if cremation is necessary to the health and safety of mankind, it is the duty of all Christians to submit. That is just where the whole question lies, and the duty becomes more than that of submission; for the law of love to our neighbor, the interest in the health and life of the community demands that we not only submit, but become the advocates of it.

Ah, says another, but think of the horror of it! All the horror you feel is only the result of your education; there is nothing more horrible than the accident of being buried alive. There is no more awful fear that can possess the mind than to die in the confinement in the narrow house. The possibility of this is averted. And is fire as awful as the thought of the slow corruption of the loved form? Can there be any sound in this crematory soounding as that of the earth falling on the coffin lid? or the grating reminder of loneliness produced by the drawing of ropes and straps away from the lowered coffin? We surround the earth where our dead are laid with all the poetry we can, and our great city cemeteries with all the beauty that we can, and it is but the urgency of a sentiment that seeks to make us forget the rotting mass of decay below the soil.

But no sentiment can rid us of the awful fact that these burial grounds become the sources of disease and death to thousands who breathe the air that they contaminate. Gen. Butler's article on the yellow fever plague in the *North American Review*, is the latest comment on the necessity

of cremation, showing as it does that the bodies are filled in their decay with the power of multiplying and propagating the scourge.

The cemetery system is at best only temporary. The growth of population is so fast that the bodies of the dead must give way to homes for the living.

But, says another, the building of crematories is only undertaken by infidels and skeptics. They are to be commended then for manifesting some intelligence in one direction at least. But the statement is not true. It may be as regards this city; I do not know. But I am informed, that if it is so, it is due to the fact that the orthodox are so intensely conservative in Cincinnati that they resent all reforms of every description, social, political, moral and sanitary. No intelligent skeptic for a moment supposes that cremation antagonizes religion. The crematories of Washington, New York and Buffalo, or of Detroit and Atlanta, were not built as a challenge to Christian faith. And the very fact that the crematory company of this city has invited the orthodox pastor of an orthodox church to speak to you to-day, is proof that they do not dedicate this place to the uses of an eternal despair. I know not how the clergy of this city stand on this subject, but throughout the country many of the ministers are giving their support to this movement, notably Rev. Herbert G. Loyd and Dr. Samuel S. Mitchell, of Buffalo; also Mr. Haweis, of London, the author of "Ashes to Ashes, a cremation prelude." These have been active in this reform movement.

There is one more Christian reason for advocating cremation, and that is the enormous amount of money expended or sunk in cemeteries. It is a pity that death should not only bring sorrow to the poor man's home, but that it should be a calamity to his purse. I know more than one man in this city who has lost his children, and who carries not only a sore heart, but the burden of a heavy debt. The widow's and the orphan's scanty purse is heavily drained by the customs of our burial system; it is to be hoped that this will bring in a better and less expensive system. I have known of a house in this city where a body of a child was kept until putrefaction began, because of the inability of the father to provide a proper burial. It is said that more money is spent in funerals in the United States than there is expended for public schools. It is further stated that funerals cost more annually than the value of the combined gold and silver yield of the United States in the year 1880.

So upon every side cremation has that to commend it to the thoughtful and the good. As much of sentiment can cluster around the crematory and its emblems as around vaults and graves. To-day our very cemeteries are filled with the emblems of the cremation customs of the classic age. On the marble monuments are urns in which are no ashes, and the inverted torches which are borrowed symbols of the better custom. A beautiful vase for the ashes of our dead is a more lasting and fitting memorial than an expensive coffin which is buried out of sight. It was more beautiful to breathe a cluster of roses about the vase of ashes than to tie a bunch of immortelles to the door of a foul and gloomy vault! It were far more beautiful to think of our dead lying in the rosy light of the retort than in the churchyard mould and rot!

For myself, believing as I do in immortality and the resurrection of the dead, I care not what becomes of this physical body. It is only the link of bond by which my personality is adjusted to the physical processes of this world. That bond broken, that link severed, I am willing that it shall be disposed of in any way that shall best serve those who are yet upon the earth. I am the product of an eternity, and nothing less than an eternity can fulfill my destiny. "We're correlated to the unknown." The limitations of the material can be defined; physical changes may be understood; we can at least name them and observe them, but the projection of our nature into the world of spirit may abide as unshaken in all the beauty of its hope in the heart of man as it grieves by its urned dead, as by the brink of the yawning grave. There is as much room in God's universe for the love and joy and unselfishness of noble spirits, as there is for the dust and ashes that encased them. Death is the limit of our vision, but with God there is no death. "Unto Him all live!" And whether I lay my head in a church-yard or gather up their ashes in a funeral urn, my hope shall ever light the way along some shining path for them that leads at last to where all that they have loved and longed for shall come and put its arms about them and be theirs forever!

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SAVIORS.

The Pathetic Life and Death of Peter Clapp.

I.

We never open Kersey "Grave's Sixteen Crucified Saviors" without thinking of the egregious failure he has made in the compilation thereof. Only 16 crucified Saviors! Perhaps only that number who have had their feet and hands pierced with nails, or tortured otherwise, but there have been millions of saviors—generous, kind-hearted, noble, philanthropic, and we sincerely respect them all. They may not have a prominent place on the pages of history; their likeness may not have been engraved on ancient parchment, coins or plates, or their memory perpetuated in hieroglyphic language on the stones and monuments of nations now extinct. Mr. Graves makes many startling statements in relation to crucified saviors. Christna, of India, was crucified 1200 years before Christ. He is represented in ancient drawings with a halo over his head, etc. Sakia, of India, was crucified 600 years B. C. He was recognized as the Savior of the world. Thamus, of Syria, was crucified 1160 B. C.; Wittoba, of Telingonesse, 552 B. C.; Iao, of Nepaul, 622 B. C.; Hesus, of the Celtic Druids, 834 B. C.; Quexalcoti, of Mexico, 587 B. C.; Quirinus, of Rome, 506 B. C.; Thulis, of Egypt, 1700 B. C.; Indra, of Thibet, 725 B. C.; Aleostos, of Euripides, 600 B. C.; Atys, of Phrygia, 1170 B. C.; Crete, of Chaldea, 1200 B. C.; Bali, of Oressa, Asia, 725 B. C.; and Wuthra, 600 B. C.

II.

They were, it is claimed, genuine crucified saviors, and on them Mr. Graves has laid the foundation for a very interesting volume. But all saviors have not been crucified; perhaps none existing to-day will be nailed to a cross or suffer a horrible death.

There are living at the present time thousands of dying, bleeding, agonizing saviors—not to save a world, for no one savior can do that. There was Peter Clapp, at one time a car driver in Cincinnati; he was poor; he was scantily clad; he seldom smiled; yet out of his lustrous eyes shone as magnificent a soul as ever animated the physical body of a man. His thoughts were imbued with a brilliancy that illuminated his rough features with an expression as divine as that which beamed from the face of the most exalted of God's earthly children. It was winter time; the winds were piercing; the frost, oh! how cutting. His hands were cold; his feet were numb; his body was chilled with driving tempests, as he stood on his car day after day, driving—sacrificing himself, that an aged father and mother might live. When his fifteen hours' labor was completed, he would take the small pittance, for he was paid each day at that time, and walk four and a half miles, and give his aged mother every cent, and with which she managed to pay the rent and buy coal, and the very common necessities of life. In the cold, frosty morning, without an overcoat, without underclothing, without anything comfortable, this young man rose, walked four and a half miles, to the place required, when he was furnished with a car. Nine miles' walk a day, and fifteen hours' labor—sacrificing himself, that the old father and mother might live. What heroism! What dauntless courage! What a magnanimous spirit! What generous impulses! He never complained to his parents while he could stand. Though weak, and dying, too, by inches, he walked his nine miles, and for fifteen hours drove the horses, yet he complained not. He hoped to battle the winter through; he hoped to thwart the action of God's frosts, God's piercing winds, God's driving storms, and live to see the summer's sun once more shine. He trembled as he walked home; his hand shook as he handed each time his small earnings to his own mother, hoping that the next day would find him better and stronger. He wanted to save them from destitution, and Jesus of Nazareth never lived a more self-sacrificing life. He did not aspire to save a whole world. He knew, as you know, as everybody knows, that would have been impossible.

III.

Finally, one night when Peter went home, he stumbled into the house—a wreck! The strong-hearted young man, worthy of a better fate, worthy of a road in life with a silver lining, had yielded—he was unstrung! A sacrifice to the love of home and parents! His mother saw the impending desolation of her household. She had shed bitter tears—tears wrung from an agonized, care-worn, lacerated heart, as she saw her son enduring the bitter blasts of winter, that she might be supplied with a few—only a very few—of the necessities of life. You may sing the praises of Jesus; he may have been noble, God-like, but he never drove a horse-car in mid-winter, when the very air seemed to have a thousand knives, to pierce the body of those poorly clad; he didn't take any thought of the morrow, for he had no aged mother and father to look after. But Peter found that he could not rise the next morning; his strong, resolute nature had succumbed to quick consumption, and he soon passed away.

IV.

There was a funeral, even for Peter Clapp; it was a sad one; the whole world was draped in mourning, in the eyes of the old father and mother. The pendant branches of the trees seemed to bend lower, as this modern savior's body was being carried to the poor man's tomb; the wheels of the street cars appeared to moan as they rolled along, as if bathed in the life-blood of one of earth's sacrificed sons. The atmosphere, too, looked as if tinged with sadness, and the humble resting-places of the

poor in the cemetery seemed to send forth a sad greeting to the remains that would soon join them.

There were angels at the tomb—no, not tomb!—but deep, dark, dismal, poor man's hole in the ground! They were invisible! They bent over the aged parents, and tried to whisper words of cheer, and dissipate the deep gloom that enveloped their souls. The lamentations of the old poverty-stricken woman—the mother—were heart-rending to hear; as plaintive, as solemn, as sweet in sympathy and love, and as genuine, too, in the sight of God, as those uttered by Mary at the tomb of Jesus. But we draw a veil over the sad, sad scene. Talk no more of crucified saviors of pagan times, while there are thousands of poor, poverty-stricken souls being more than crucified each year. Mr. Graves should return to earth and revise his book, and give us one with more divine nature in it; divine nature illustrated in the lower walks of life. Place among your list of saviors Peter Clapp, the car driver, who sacrificed his own life, that his aged parents might live, and you will have a savior equal to any of the list.

V.

The Home Circle Fraternity, which promulgates the only true religion, has hundreds of saviors; for each member thereof is a savior, saving some poor, forlorn creature from ruin or trouble, and carefully and conscientiously administering to those less fortunate in life. The Home Circle Fraternity is not a church, but a grand brotherhood and sisterhood, conceived in spirit life, the object of which will be fully understood by the readers after perusing a few of the messages presented.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

CHRISTMAS MUSINGS.

How cheerful and refreshing to us older people are the greetings from the little ones on a pleasant Christmas morn:

"Wish you Merry Christmas! Oh! see what Santa Claus has given me."

Their little countenances beam with joy, and they are radiant all over with happiness as they examine, with eagerness, each package that old Santa has put in their stockings during the night. They could hardly get to sleep the previous night on account of the anxiety in their little minds as to what they would find in their stockings, so invitingly hung up in the most conspicuous place, for Santa Claus to see as he came tumbling down the chimney. But they dropped off contentedly at last to sleep, confident that he would not forget them in his swift journey from house to house. Of children Christ is reported as saying, when the people crowded them away: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And the children truly are happy on his birthday, and we are pleased to see them enjoying themselves with a moiety of heaven even here below.

If Christ were ubiquitous, and were living on earth on this joyous day, he would see the sturdy inhabitants of the snowy northern climes gathering at the dinner hour around the festal boards and feasting on the fruits and products of the earth in joy and mirth. In merry England he would see the yule log brought out, and holily plentifully decorating the room; in fair France the people would be celebrating "Noel," in as elaborate and fanciful manner, while even in those other Latin countries most gorgeous festivities would be witness on merry Christmas day.

Christ first saw the light of day in a cattle shed. A manger was his first cradle or couch. On this day, if he were in the flesh, and traveling from house to house, all over Christendom, we may surmise that he would find no more pleasure in visiting rich, luxuriously furnished mansions than in the humble cottages of the poor, or even the cells of those unfortunates in prison, paying the debt to the government for their transgressions against society, as he perished on a cross between two malefactors. For several centuries his followers came from the lowest classes. Lucian, the last of the great Greek writers, thus speaks of Christ and his followers in A. D. 150: "For these poor wretches," writes this able satirist of Christmas, "persuade themselves that they shall be immortal and live for everlastingly; so that they despise death, and some of them offer themselves to it voluntarily. Again, their first lawgiver taught them that they were all brothers when once they had committed themselves so far as to renounce the gods of the Greeks, and worshiped that crucified Sophist (Christ), and live according to his laws. So they hold all things alike in contempt, and consider all property common, trusting each other in such matters without any valid security. If, therefore, any clever impostor came among them, who knew how to manage this, he very soon made himself a rich man, by practicing on the credulity of these simple people."

And how have the impostors flourished in Christendom since Lucian's time, and grown fat upon the credulity and ignorance of the masses.

But the dawning light of a new era came streaming into the world. Spiritualism opened the door of the other world, eighteen hundred and forty-seven years since the first Christmas. New truths have been evolved, and old errors and bigotry done away with. The free thinker, enlightened by a glimpse into the celestial world, is especially happy on Christmas day. With his added knowledge and new light he can clearly comprehend the teachings of Christ. The exponents of his philosophy were not severely treated by Christ's followers. To be sure, the first mediums were mobbed and maligned, and at present there is a disposition to exact extreme tests from mediums by some of its pseudo friends. No medium yet has been actually crucified to death by the side of malefactors. The outlook is gratifying to the Spiritualist. Christianity started in a stable. Spiritualism was started, as one of the first of its eloquent denouncers used to say, "Way down in the dirty, nasty little village of Hydesville, by old mother Fox and her toe-cracking girls." Now there are

thousands and thousands of intelligent and influential people who accept its truths and study its teachings. And this has taken only forty years' time, while it took three centuries for Christianity to attract much attention among the learned or influential. It has done a good work, but it is destined to decay, and other forms of religion take its place. Is not the poet about right when he says:

"All forms that perish other forms supply,
By turn they catch the vital breath and die,
Like bubbles on the sea of matter rise,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return."
Z. T. G.

THE GRAND REALITY!

Experiences in Spirit Life of a Celebrated Dramatist.*

(Continued from last week.)

LECTURE III.

My home! But still there appeared to me to be something deficient in the community by which it was surrounded. When you have once passed through rich gardens, whose flowers are beautiful and fragrant, you long to return and enjoy that which has so pleased and gratified you. So with myself, for in that garden where I had beheld scenes surpassing all powers of description—scenes of worlds, mighty worlds, and systems of worlds—inconceivably extended systems, with all their accompanying excellencies and grandeur—my soul began to realize the truth of there being more ennobling spheres of existence than any yet I had sojourned in; and to attain to those exalted spheres, intuition informed me that all my best endeavors must be exercised—that I must exert them towards the suppression and eradication of all lowering tendencies, and to the due cultivation of those destined to adorn my soul. Everyone in that grade to which I belonged appeared to be in a happy frame of mind; but there were no manifestations of progress—few, if any, showed symptoms of a desire to strike forward; an apathetic contentment seemed to reign over all. I could not avoid observing this non-progressive condition, and, in response to my allusion concerning it, some of those who had sojourned there during a prolonged period, said: "What do we wish to progress for? Behold our houses—our gardens—our walks! Why should we trouble ourselves about that of which we can know, but which requires so much labor to attain? Many, when upon earth, have sighed that they might gather together the riches thereof, so that they could rest and enjoy themselves. Here we have all the riches, all the enjoyments and social culture—everything we wish for. Why, then, should we try to progress, and depart from such a beautiful world as this?"

Naturally enough I drifted into the same channel of feeling, and so passed, during many years, a state of happiness and joy, yet withal a feeling that I was scarcely acting right.

(By request of the speaker the circle was now broken up, and an intermission of a quarter of an hour took place.)

"Wherefore," said my associates on the same plane of existence, "should we try to progress, as it is termed, when everything here is replete with such richness and beauty? Stay on among us; enjoy the gifts that Nature has given you; admire the scenes by which you are surrounded. We can take you, aye, where you little dream of; we can take you through nations and tribes; even the scenes you have so long coveted we can show you. Then why should we trouble ourselves in endeavors to gain a higher path than the one we are on?" Ah! here was my feeling exactly when upon earth, where, as long as I had plenty of nourishment and enjoyment, I was satisfied. Life to me with such enjoyments was of more importance than the future, though when I looked into and made the acquaintance of Nature, I admired and loved her; but still there was that power about me which bound me more to the present than was compatible with one who had an eternal future before him.

I fully fell into their mode of thinking, and so thoroughly was I captivated by their animated conversations upon the topic of pleasure, that I resigned myself for a time to the life of stationary quiescence, which had such fascinating charms as to retain in bondage so many sentient souls. Yes, I was determined to become a probationer in that non-progressive yet happy grade—non-progressive for a time only, a time that, in the estimate of mankind, may appear prolonged; but the mandates of Progress must eventually be complied with. There is no alternative, Progress is as inevitable as the laws of our being. As most of you, to whom I address myself, are aware, if you give way to a certain habit, and fall deeper and deeper into it, the more difficult becomes the task of breaking the connection which binds you to it. It seems to hold you as a slave—so powerful is it that no slight effort will suffice to shake it off; but all the energy and determination of which you are possessed have to be exerted to rid yourself of it. It was so with myself, for I realized to the full, after a rather prolonged sojourn in that sphere of unassuming thought, the arduous task I had of combating successfully with the lukewarmness or want of aspiration which had taken me captive.

It was in that sphere where I became aware of what should have thoroughly subjugated the self-esteem with which I had been inflated. Alas! I learned that not to myself alone was the credit due of having traced with my pen those effusions which have imparted such rapturous feelings to succeeding generations; but to others, unseen, unknown, though felt by myself, were to be ascribed those things for which I alone have been applauded by earth's people. In that sphere it was that the veil fell completely from my eyes; and, in one brief sentence, I found what an insignificant being, as a man, I was when upon earth. Had those agencies been relaxed or taken away, my tongue must have cloven to my mouth, my pen must have been unable to write those sentiments which have been handed down to you, for the power was not in me to express them. Yes, yes, there are more things in heaven and earth than are thought of in the philosophy of mankind, words akin to which I was impressed to write while yet I was confined by the mortal tenement. A yearning for travel is one of the leading characteristics of the denizens of the sphere of which I am now speaking. In

this regard I was certainly in affinity with them, and it was my ambition to travel through the spheres; but I ascertained that I could not travel above the grade to which I was then subject.

The amenities appertaining to spiritual society are in no sense analogous to those which obtain on the face of this globe of earth. No, oh, no! Here, on earth, you are amenable, or supposed to be, to the rules of "society." Society binds you. You each form a grade of your own acquaintance. You will not go into the streets or by-ways, and bring any person into your grade or society, no more than the Queen of your country—no more than the rulers of it seek to do so—to introduce into their spacious and luxurious mansions those who have been reared in poverty. Aye, alas, they neglect that which they should do—not that which I have just mentioned, however, but something of far more importance, namely, the elevation of those minds which are clouded by ignorance. Certainly it is absolutely essential, in the first place, that food for the body should be provided ere pabulum for the mind can be efficacious. That provided, then those whose duty it is should see to it that the mental requirements are not held in abeyance. From this cause—from that neglect of duty—because the higher classes or grades of society will not, or do not, step out of their particular circles, and endeavor to bring into a state of action and into a state of purity the minds of those who are beneath them; from this cause it is that so-called "society" of earth is not as society should be—a thorough, genuine society, whose members are united by one general interest—love for all! Because of this sad lack, "society" is a misnomer, is spiritless, and a sham!

Behold the difference. In the world unseparated by you—that beyond this mundane sphere—each inhabitant finds his own grade by the law of affinity, or by an impetus given him by Nature. Nature—immaculate, infallible, and immutable—has the arrangement of society in the spirit-world, and well she does her work. No hesitation and no partiality are manifested by her in the arrangement, but on the contrary unswerving, inexorable determination and impartiality characterize every adjustment. By no capricious or artificial means is a spirit disposed of in the ethereal world, but as water upon the face of this and other physical worlds doth find its level, so does every individual spirit as naturally find his or her level. There is no such thing as a spirit being (to use a phrase in vogue among yourselves) out of his element in the spirit-world. He may travel among the spirits of other grades beneath his own; but he cannot (tis impossible!) consociate with them. So that you will perceive from this brief allusion that society in the spheres stands upon the immutable basis—the basis of Nature.

Having expressed a wish to travel, I was informed that any spirit who did so was expected to keep a record of everything worthy of being noted during the period extending over his travels, and as I was perfectly agreeable to keep such a record, so that I might contribute my quota of information to the general community, I intimated my acquiescence to such a reasonable and commendable arrangement.

Anxious to set out on the journey as speedily as possible, I immediately enlisted the sympathies of a company, who entered with alacrity into the design contemplated. There were twenty-four of us in all, and needing no such preparations as are deemed essential for the comfort of earthly travelers, we set out on our expedition without more ado.

The first grade that we visited was one appertaining to a people known to you as Chinamen. This assemblage we found to possess, prior to the advent of its members to the Inner Sphere of Life, a truer conception of that life than do even the most advanced sects of that body styled "Christians"—a body which, as a rule, is so supercilious, so arrogant, so presumptuous, as to hurl the epithet "infidel" at all outside its bigoted pale! The rites performed at the sepulture of the mortal remains of Chinese (if it was pointed out to us), though of a ludicrous character, indicated a firm belief in the continuance of a natural life. But, like other people of earth who are in the vanguard of civilization, they are reluctant to embrace any innovation upon customs which have been transmitted to them by their forefathers; and though the more intelligent of the nation do not give credence to that which the less educated implicitly believe, yet the same superstitious obsequies are still performed as in ancient times, so reverential is their estimate of the practices of antiquity. But, notwithstanding this veneration for the customs of their forefathers by the Chinese, we were informed by those with whom we held converse in that grade, that the then generation of their countrymen and those immediately preceding it cherished conceptions of the future and eternal existence closely approximating to the truth.

We were also told that their nation possessed records of what no other nation did, or possibly could, possess; for, although the portion of the earth now known as China was not the first part that was inhabited by mankind in their incipient condition, yet circumstances so favored the people who migrated thither that they were the first to utilize the powers of language, and as a sequence their transactions were early recorded in the form of hieroglyphics, and hence they can refer back to events that have occurred in connection with their history many thousands of years prior to the written records of those nations which are prone to boast of their antiquity. The number of that nation, known to you as Chinese, which are living in this present generation, exceeds by far that of any other nation, and this in itself is somewhat significant of its antiquity. Being such a very ancient people it is impossible to imagine the numbers who have passed to the spirit-world from that particular locality of earth—the numbers are now incomprehensible, inconceivable, infinitely in excess of the united population of your globe in the present day!

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

[To be continued.]

Progress, the universal law of nature.

For The Progressive Thinker.

THE SPIRITUAL CONGRESS

versus

BALTIMORE CATHOLIC CONFERENCE.

Hereto we append some extracts from a private letter addressed by a New York Spiritualist to a well-known Boston friend of like belief, which not unlikely expresses the sentiments of many Spiritualists in respect to the claims and pretensions of the bishops and other dignitaries recently assembled in Baltimore.

Its allusions to the address of the American Delegation of the Spiritual Congress, seen and described by Andrew Jackson Davis in his "Spirit Mysteries Explained," page 165, as contrasted with the utterances of the late Roman Catholic Conference will probably interest our readers.

"This is about all the news I have. Your last favor, my dear friend, has remained unanswered too long. I have been unusually busy of late. Just at the present time, however, I am indignant,—mad all over,—an ecclesiastical 'bee in my bonnet' this time. What does the native-born inhabitant of this glorious country intend to do, or does he intend nothing? Did you notice the 'birds of evil omen' that have been roosting in Baltimore?—cardinals, bishops, prelates, papal legates, monsignors, and other rooks of the old henry of Rome, cackling over the ecclesiastical eggs laid here in this new field. They bring with them also the pope's blessing for greater success—success in what? 'Aye, there's the rub!' Success in making this free country bow in acknowledgment to papal supremacy! The threatening gloom that overshadows this fair and once promising land seems to grow darker and more ominous. Are we to have Roman church-rule here in this great Western and comparatively unpolluted country, after the gates of political and mental freedom have been kept wide open and almost unguarded by reason of fraternal trust? Is it thus that good intentions are repaid? The religious and political disturbers of the old monarchies come here and take advantage of the generosity and the fraternal disposition this government and people extended to the oppressed of every nation; but the ignorant, evil and reckless elements once here, must needs exceed their welcome, worm themselves into high places even and then emit their political and religious venom, to the ultimate injury of their benefactors. They are first to grasp any advantages, and ever ready in wresting it to their ends and selfish designs, whether to their own or to the ends and purposes of those by whom they are deputized—the greater villains who employ them, and who are careful to keep out of harm's way.

"How true are the words reported in the 'American Exordium' of the delegations from the Spiritual Congress, recorded by Andrew Jackson Davis in 'Present Age and Inner Life,' new edition, p. 165, that we as a people are 'wanting in vital integrity.' * * * Be watchful, O Americans! lest ye worship at the shrine of St. Custom. This is the foe of all true manhood and nationality. * * * To the church the masses look too much for all spiritual progression; to the government for all temporal improvement. This is the error." And it is the holy truth!

"Now, I wish to ask if our attempt at establishing a free and independent government, and a glorious Republic, so fairly begun and thus far so well maintained, is doomed to go under from the sneaking, silent, wedge-like persistence of foreign churches and nurseries of ignorance and evil—how can men ever hope to establish a government any way superior to the tottering monarchies of Europe? But in my dread of these results, I remember that 'Truth will ever come uppermost, and justice will ever be done.' But this may not be till we reach the higher life. And I also remember that once in a moment of inspiration, before a vast audience at Dedworth Hall, in the dark days and sad reverses of the Federal arms during the rebellion, our friend, A. J. Davis, uttered a royal apostrophe to the 'Stars and Stripes, which will NEVER go down!' The applause that followed began like the booming of distant cannon and filled the old ark with loyal thunder. There were many soldiers present fresh from the battle of Fort Donaldson.

"I still believe in the wisdom of the deputations from the Spiritual Congress, and I believe, too, that the genius of our institutions, represented by the 'Stars and Stripes,' will prevail against all foreign religious burglars or alien anarchists. But I can not forecast the wretched overturning and dismemberment that may ensue from our inaction and want of watchfulness, and a wiser management.

"We know very well what the record of the Romish church has been! But is it really any better now? The pope aims to rule lord dominant over this country yet, as stated at the convocation at Baltimore, and its work in the convention is indicative of encroachment and usurpation! See how the 'President and members of the cabinet' met these foreign dignitaries! Was that wise on his part? I am losing confidence in our 'great men'—especially political men and church men. I thought scientific men were illiberal enough, but the others exceed them, and I assert that those political leaders were disloyal to the spirit of liberty in thus descending to meet those prowlers, and that the flattery that these scarlet and purple robed dignitaries bestowed upon them was only a bait, with which the gaping and credulous fools were caught; and in such fantastic tricks—the true intent of which was purposely hidden in stately ceremony—lies as much danger as in the hidden leak in the embankment that brought such swift and terrible disaster to unsuspecting Johnstown. Through such un-American officials, the terrible leak may open its way to work the ruin of a noble Republic!

"When ye think that your government is complete, then ye are on the way to death. When ye think that the church can enlighten you, then ye are on the road to papal supremacy!—Present Age and Inner Life, p. 166. Has America proclaimed through her officials, 'Peace, justice, love, law, liberty,' in the true interior sense of those words? Are we 'watchful'? I am losing confidence in men who jumble State and

Church together. Better let church go to grass and refine our principles of law, liberty and order. Statesmen who are ready to hobnob with a dangerous foreign cabal, merely because of the imposing stateliness and grandeur of the ceremonies and their claim to an institution of learning and the professed regard they have for us, are not true men. A grizzly bear has great regard for a human being, and it makes no difference whether that human is dressed in buckskin and stogies, or in lace, silk and jewels, they go down his throat all the same. So with that powerful church.

"To establish a Catholic University indeed! We ought to know what a Catholic University means. It means a high degree of external learning, sectarian training, and ultimate subjugation through their blessed *alma mater* (h) to the most powerful and brutal church organization in the world.

We want to-day the spirit of Lincoln, Grant and old Andrew Jackson to do soldier's duty in cleaning out such usurpers and vampires. When dark clouds once threatened our feeble finances Andrew Jackson, as President, exclaimed, in support of a new measure, 'I take the responsibility!' and with the energy of a giant, 'Old Hickory' carried it through triumphantly himself. That is the spirit we want now—good American backbone, and enough of it. It is not in keeping with the spirit of Republicanism for high officials to leave the Ship of State and 'monkey' with church ceremonials. I should say, put them in irons for desertion of duty. Do they want to sell out this country to the pontiff? The Catholic church is the richest and most powerful institution in the world to-day, and whither are we drifting—where shall we land?

"My dear friend, I feel like knocking down the first man I meet—if an American, because he does not cultivate a backbone of truth and loyalty; if a foreigner, because he makes the country worse for living in it; if a churchman, because of his dog-in-the-manger kind of imposition and conceit. Shall we ever escape these evils?

"As ever, yours, I. B. L."

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

[From the little sick girl in rag ally forth for to Santa Klaus, mislabeled helped me self this.]

"I'm goin' to write to Santa, and this is what I'll say: 'We-tan't her-eny-Klasmus, 'Cause mamma's gone away. We's two poor little children, 'Tis sister Kit an' me, An' Kit lives in an attic, An' I—I lives with she."

"We haven't any stockin's 'Tis ain't all old and tored, But you can hang some prethens Up on tha' chimney board, An' ef you hang a dolly 'Tis children's work, good, Tis write that it's for dixer Upon tha' chimney wood."

"Now, Santa, dear, thist lissen, Don't giv me doll or sled, I 'ant my darlin' mamma To hold my achin' head. Tho take me up, dear Santa, An' hide me in your sack, An' where it's allus Klasmus I'll get my mamma back."

—Mrs. M. L. Roynes.

S. H. Ewel, of Romeo, Mich., writes: "We like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER first-rate."

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Mrs. Corvada, 79 W. Washington street.
Mrs. S. J. Cutter, 369 Fulton street.
Mrs. De Nevet, 87 S. Morgan street.
Mrs. C. E. Eddy, 666 Fulton street.
Mr. Hochstetler, 3121 Dearborn street.
Mrs. Hansen, 24 Bishop court.
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Mrs. Orl, 615 Fulton street.
Mrs. Orvis, 506 W. Washington boulevard.
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