

The PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

VOL. I.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 28, 1889.

NO. 5.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.
THE BLACK VEIL.

BY T. D. CURTIS.

"One more unfortunate,"
Just in her bloom,
"Rashly important,"
Gone to her doom?
Foolish delusion—
Mid priestly confusion,
She hopes, in seclusion,
For Christ as her groom!

Here on the brink of it,
Pause ye, and think of it—
Canvass the truth:
Beauty and youth
Given to priest control!
Cut from protection
Of law and affection,
Of friends and community—
The priest's opportunity!
God save her soul!

See! the pale creature,
In every feature,
Betrays her insanity,
Bordering on vanity
Fanned by the priest,
Vold of humanity—
In her insanity
Wedding the Beast!

Why does the world abide
Such moral stultitude?
Black as the veil!
A vile superstition
Exact the commission
Of deeds of contrition
Which turn the cheek pale!

Why condemn Mormons' lives
For sensuality
In their plurality
Openly wed of wives!
Here is a maiden fair
Coaxed from the world,
Into a prison barred,
Never to breathe the air
Outside its walls!
What avails her calls?
She must die in there!

Gods! what a sight for men
Civilized called,
Who should be appalled
Thinking of such a den!
No one to know
What she'll undergo
But those who deceive her!
Fareth she well or ill,
She must endure it till
Death shall relieve her.

Ye who have daughters,
Oh! think of the slaughterers
Of innocent girls,
Whom priestly guile huris
Into the black waters!

Oh! statesmen, make laws
In humanity's cause
To crush such a curse—
To rescue the weak
From the doom which they seek,
Knowing not what they do—
Led astray by a crew
That cannot be worse!

Here in the light
Of an era surreal,
Lingereth night
Of an age more infernal,
And no one protests!
Priestcraft pursuing
And shamefully doing
The Devil's behests!

Written for The Progressive Thinker.
HYPNOTISM vs. SOMNAMBULISM.

BY CHARLES W. HIDDEN, M. D.

The latest hypnotic fad is to claim that hypnotism and somnambulism are identical, or at least closely related to each other. To my mind there is no connection between the two, in the ordinary sense of the term. The somnambulist is such because of a faulty physical or mental make-up, perhaps both; faults which in the majority of cases are outgrown before arriving at manhood's estate. The hypnotic subject is susceptible to the hypnosis, or sleep, because of a peculiar fineness or sensitive condition of the brain, a condition which is never outgrown, but which remains as long as life lasts. The somnambulist, as a rule, is never in a sound condition; the best hypnotic subjects are men, women and children in a perfect state of health. The somnambulist while asleep imagines certain things, and recovering partial consciousness, proceeds to carry the ideas into effect, ridiculous or wonderful though they may be. The sleeper walks the ridge-pole with unerring certainty, performs strange acrobatic feats, or plods along through snow and sleet, clad only in night-clothing, all without apparent detriment to health, and without the slightest knowledge of all this when aroused to full consciousness. It is because the hypnotic subject has no recollection of what has occurred which leads people to confound the hypnotic with the somnambulist sleep. The similarity ends here.

The somnambulist is rarely injured, no matter how exposed to danger, unless suddenly awakened, when the danger is heightened because of becoming conscious of strange surroundings. But for the two-fold nature of the mind, the sleeper would doubtless walk off the roof to certain death, under the impression that the roof continued into space, and afforded a sure footing. This two-fold or double action of the mind is too broad a question to discuss in a brief article, though it is a fact that sleeping or waking the inner-consciousness or mind never sleeps, or at least never seems to sleep. Walking the streets or fields we fall into a fit of abstraction, and stop suddenly; looking down, at our feet we find pit or obstruction to have fallen into or collided with which would have injured or maimed us for life. What prevented us from taking one more step, into danger? We go to sleep with the perfect assurance that we shall awaken in the morning; that breathing, circulation, heart-beating, and digestive and other processes will be kept up and carried on throughout the long hours of the night. We talk learnedly of voluntary and involuntary action, and dismiss the latter by remarking that the involuntary functions are moved by a power concerning which we know nothing, as though that forever settled the matter; but the inquiring mind will persist in asking what governs the action of nerves,

glands, vessels, muscles, veins, arteries, etc., in the recuperative and upbuilding processes of the human system during sleep. The brain, which in the ordinary materialistic view is the controller of things physical, is asleep—why not the system entire? Because such a sleep would mean the eternal sleep of the physical—the death of matter, from the scientific standpoint. Everything is doubled or duplicated in this life. In nature we have light and darkness, day and night. In the physical, the more important organs or parts are duplicated. We have two legs, two arms, two ears, two eyes, to all intents and purposes two brains, and why not two minds—one in active control while awake, the other overlooking all, a tireless sentinel keeping careful watch over all things while we wake and while we sleep?

It would be better for all if we paid more attention to the workings of this inner mind, for by so doing we would not only benefit ourselves in manifold ways, but would also avoid much of the present confusion in psychic matters. In the somnambulist this inner mind is at work, but because of physical and mental disorder it is distorted and confused in its action. But though confused of mind the somnambulist moves independently of an operator; what he does is purely on his own account, and he moves responsive to no will save his own, clouded though it may be. The hypnotic subject, though supposed to be under the complete control of the operator, is nevertheless active in mind, and could not be forced even to perform the feats of the somnambulist, for two reasons. First, because of realizing the danger of the situation, and second, because the operator, not daring to risk human life for the sake of experiment, would introduce the element of fear, which would prevent the performance of the feat absolutely. This shows the wide difference between the somnambulist and hypnotic subject.

Apropos of hypnotism, how glibly we talk of suggestion, without at all realizing the important role it plays in this life. The minister suggests; how he sways the people before him, and how blindly they follow his teachings, whether true or false. They call it the workings of the spirit, when it is simply the working of the hypnotic suggestion of the pulpit.

The politician seeks an office; how his henchmen catch the suggestion, and how they struggle to place their favorite in office. Another season, and he is deserted; another man fills his place. Why? Once in office he withdrew from his henchmen, with an "I am holier than thou" air; the hypnotic spell once broken, a shrewder politician, taking in the situation at a glance, rallies the henchmen beneath his own standard, and starts them out under the influence of a newer and stronger suggestion.

The canvasser suggests; timid men and women catch its magic influence and sign for books or articles which they do not need. The drummer suggests; the merchant, against his will, buys trash; in turn suggests, and the people buy the trash, under the hypnotic glamour of a bargain. The lover suggests, and the minister ties the knot. The tired mother croons and suggests, and the troublesome babe sinks into hypnotic sleep. Father and mother suggest, and the boys and girls leave home and dig and delve, in season and out of season, to win gold and to inscribe their names on the scroll of fame.

The physician suggests, and the patient improves. How much more successfully the physician would control disease by mastering the divine laws of magnetism, and developing the gift of transference of life-power to the patient under his charge. I am well aware that most physicians and scientists deny the existence of magnetism, maintaining that there is no such thing as a fluid substance or force which can be imparted from one to another, either in health or disease; but denials do not count for much in these latter days. While they deny, others equal in authority or experience, which is better, have proven over and over again that magnetism does exist, and that its influence over disease is one of the wonders of this wonderful age. The French Academy, it is true, denied the existence of an invisible fluid or forces in nature, and yet two of its members later on discovered invisible, imponderable fluids, which could be seen, felt, weighed and measured—Lavoisier, who discovered coal and wood gas, and our own Franklin, who tamed the lightning of heaven.

A physician in my own city publicly declared that there was no such thing as hypnotism or hypnotic sleep. Yet that very day I placed a young lady in a sleep profound enough for the successful performance of a surgical operation, by a simple touch of the hand. Denials or frowns no longer count; time was when the sneer of supposed learning was sufficient to dampen the ardor of investigator and thinker, but that day is past and gone forever. We fully realize today that the silent, invisible forces in nature are the most potent. A flash of powder results in the development of an invisible force sufficient to rend the stoutest granite; a little water in a confined space develops under the influence of heat the mighty power of steam; an engine, boiler and batteries, and we liberate and set in motion that marvelous, subtle force or power which we call electricity; and above all, controlling all, what shall we say of the invisible, yet tangible and all-potent human mind, the peer of any and every thing in all this wide, wide world? Men prate of their wondrous knowledge, and attempt to set the seal of condemnation upon all things new, and yet

by the aid of the microscope, spectroscope and telescope, the original thinker and investigator, utterly oblivious to smile or frown, daily puts their supposed knowledge to rout by discovering new forms of life, new realms or worlds beneath our very feet, roundabout us in our daily life, and even above and beyond us out into that vast space which borders on the infinite. Physicians who admit the absorption of physical substances into the system by the operation of a law of which they know almost nothing, and who will as frankly admit the apparent transference of a pleased or repellant feeling in passing or shaking hands with a stranger, will yet deny the transference of healthy or unhealthy magnetism from one body to another, though the fact and method of its employment has been known among other physicians for hundreds, nay, thousands of years. They admit the facts in some instances, which they ascribe to the workings of the imagination, though what this imagination is they do not tell us. Is it imagination which preserves school teachers to such a good old age, or is it living so many hours each day 'mid the healthy emanations of the young? Is it imagination which causes the young to wither and die while sleeping with aged persons, while the aged take on a new lease of life and strength? Is it imagination which causes the breeder of cattle to separate the sickly from the well, the young from the old? Is it imagination which causes the physician to remove the patient to the top of the house, away from the rest of the family?

Out upon such nonsense. It is because of a realization of the potency and power of this strange yet beneficent force, which for want of a better name we call magnetism. We shall know more about it by and by. Time will be when we shall master this force and thoroughly understand the operation of the laws which govern it. Then, my brother physicians, we shall not look at hypnotism through foreign spectacles, or touch it with dainty fingers from afar off. We shall not depend upon a Charcot, Liebau or Bjornstrom for information relative to its value as an aid in therapeutics; we shall all become hypnotists, be able to easily induce the hypnosis and healing will follow our touch as readily as it did the touch of physicians in the ages past. Then we shall realize the value of what Chirow, Esculapian and even the priests in the temples taught; we shall understand the marvelous worth of the "sacred means of medicine" to which Hippocrates so eloquently referred, and, coming down nearer to our own time, with Hahnemann we shall learn more of that "virtue which resides in the human hand." Then, my brothers, we shall not sneer or frown at the announcement of the discoveries of other thinkers or investigators, and we shall avoid hounding men and women who have mastered principles not laid down in our curriculum; on the contrary, we shall be "teachers" as well as practitioners of medicine, and glad to listen to the voice of Mother Nature and drink at her fountain of knowledge, the stream of which flows so lavishly all around and about us. Heaven speed the day.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.
KNEW THE PICTURE.

BY AMARALA MARTIN.

I have two friends, whom I shall call Mr. and Mrs. Brown. They are orthodox church members, and know nothing whatever about Spiritualism.

Some years ago, Mr. Brown had occasion to go from Cairo to New York, on a visit to friends, leaving his wife and children at home. One night, before his return, Mrs. Brown went up stairs as usual, to put her little child to bed. There being no hall, the stairway led into a large sitting-room, and out of this, a door opened into a bedroom. There Mrs. Brown took her little one, and sat beside the bed till the child went to sleep. The sitting-room was well lighted, and as the lady entered it, she saw a man walking softly across the floor. He wore neither hat, coat nor shoes. His hair and eyes were black, and his face deathly pale. Mrs. Brown was surprised that a stranger should have entered the house unobserved by the family, and seeing that he stood between her and the stairway, she became much frightened, not daring to move or call for help. As she stood there, trembling with fear, looking on this stranger, whom she believed an insane man or robber, he suddenly crouched in the corner, against the wall and—*vanished*.

Mrs. Brown was nearly paralyzed with fear, and some moments passed before she could recover her self-possession. But she decided not to tell her family about what she saw, not wishing to make them nervous. When Mr. Brown returned, he told the children to open his valise and take out some presents he had brought them, among which were some photographs of their cousins. While looking at them, Mrs. Brown suddenly became as white as death, and exclaimed, "I saw this man in our house last Thursday night!" "Impossible," said her husband, "That is poor George, my nephew, who died that night. You never saw him in your life." "No," said Mrs. Brown, "not until last Thursday night. But I will never forget his face."

Such is the testimony of my good, honest neighbors, who have no name for the phenomena they witnessed.
Cairo, Ill.

WAS JESUS A MEDIUM?

BY E. W. WALLIS, IN "TWO WORLDS."

As the above question has been raised, but not answered according to the estimation of some readers, I would respectfully submit the following analysis of the gospel narratives as an attempt to indicate that Jesus, Joshua-ben-Pandira, or whoever the person may have been who figures in the gospels as the Nazarene, was probably a clairvoyant healer, psychometrist, prophetic and inspirational speaker; but we have no warrant, even in the gospels themselves, to go beyond the above-named powers, unless we add that he was a communist, a social reformer, and a sympathetic humanitarian.

Mark's is admittedly the oldest of the four gospel manuscripts, therefore I shall take it for examination. It does not contain any account of the birth, but proceeds straight to the narration of the gospel.

Jesus coming up out of the water after his baptism saw the Spirit, like a dove, descending upon him, and a voice exclaimed, "Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," and immediately "the Spirit driveth him into the wilderness," for forty days, where he "was tempted of Satan; and was with wild beasts, and the angels ministered unto him." No particulars of the temptation are here recorded, such as are found in the amplified accounts in Matthew and Luke, which must be largely imaginative, or wholly so, as there were no witnesses, *no reporters present*, and the temptation would be subjective, not external, if it occurred at all. Since Jesus left no writings, it is not probable that he would relate such a story as Matthew gives. Fancy the devil taking Jesus *bodily*, and setting "him on a pinnacle of the temple," and showing him "all the kingdoms of the world" from a high mountain, and offering to *give* them to Jesus! It would need to be an exceeding high mountain for the purpose. The story is impossible as history, but it is probable as a figurative representation of the mental struggle between ambition and duty. A full explanation is, however, afforded in the old sun-worship, for the sun is taken up by the old serpent every year.

The man Joshua, or Jesus, appears to have had the power of thought-reading. "When Jesus perceived in his spirit that they so reasoned within themselves, he said unto them, 'Why reason ye these things in your heart?'"

His ability to heal the sick he regarded as power to forgive sins, as though disease itself were an entity to be driven away.

We have an indication of inspirational mediumship here: "When they shall lead you, and deliver you up, take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate; but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye; for it is not ye that speak, but [the Spirit through you] the Holy Ghost." xiii. 11.

This gospel account ends properly at verse 8 of ch. xvi., with the women fleeing from the sepulchre, amazed and trembling, "neither said they anything to any man." The latter verses are admittedly spurious.

MIRACLES RECORDED IN MARK.—CONDITIONS OBSERVED.

The deaf and dumb man healed. (Chap. vii.)—He took him aside from the multitude, put his fingers into his ears, and spit and touched his tongue.

A blind man healed. (Chap. viii.)—Led him out of the town; spat on his eyes and put hands upon him, and again put his hands upon him.

Healing of the daughter of the Syro-phœnician. (Chap. vii.)—Entered a house to be alone, but a woman followed him. Her daughter alone when cured.

Feeding four thousand. (Chap. viii.)
Cursing the fig tree. (Chap. xi.)—Only the disciples heard it.

The demoniac in a synagogue. (Chap. i.)—Query, Epileptic—or obsessed? A strong will and commanding tone ["one having authority"] will often relieve in either case. More witnesses here.

Stilling the storm. (Chap. iv.)—Dark, and few witnesses.

One man possessed by a legion of devils. (Chap. v.)—The same witnesses. Matthew says there were *two* men possessed. Not at all probable: they would destroy each other.

Healing Jairus' daughter. (Chap. v.)—He took Peter, James, and John, the father and mother, and went in to her, took her by the hand and raised her. Luke says he put them *all* out. Matthew says the people were put forth. All declare he said, "She is [was] not dead but sleeping." Query, entranced?

Healing the woman with an issue of blood. (Chap. v.)—In a crowd.

Healing the man sick of the palsy. (Chap. ii.)—Many present.

Healing the leper. (Chap. i.)—Evidently they were alone. He charged him to say nothing to any man.

Healing Peter's mother-in-law. (Chap. i.)—Apparently alone with the patient.

Healing the man with the withered hand. (Chap. iii.)—Many present.

Healing the demoniac child. (Chap. ix.) A crowd. Matthew says he was a lunatic. Matt. xvii. 14.)

Healing blind Bartimeus. (Chap. x.)—Many witnesses.

Walking on the sea. (Chap. vi.)—Night—fourth watch, disciples only witnesses.

Feeding five thousand. (Chap. vi.)
John alone, tells of turning water into wine (ii.), of the raising of Lazarus (xi.),

and the miraculous draught of fish, after the resurrection (xvi.).—[All pre-existing stories of the sun worshippers, attributed to the God of day.] Luke tells of a miraculous take of fishes (v.), which in some particulars appears to be the same story, although there are decided differences. It is a range if two such incidents occurred that Matthew and Mark knew nothing of them, and that John is ignorant of Luke's miracle, and Luke unaware of John's! But if there was only one how is it that Luke places it *before* and John *after*, the resurrection? Matthew has a fish story all his own, viz., the instructions, "go fishing," and in the mouth of the first fish that cometh up, would be found a piece of money. It does not say whether this prediction was fulfilled.

Luke does not appear to have heard of the walking on the sea, which happened by night, and was seen by but few witnesses, and is consequently open to the objection which Bible Christians bring against Spiritualism of being unworthy of credence because performed in the dark, and in the presence of a few persons. [The sun-god was commonly credited with coming "walking on the waters."]

These objections, if valid, would be fatal to the claims of trustworthiness of most of the New Testament miracles.

When we analyze the records we get the following

LIST OF MIRACLES.

Healing, twenty-four instances. Passing unseen through the multitude. Raising the widow's son. (Luke alone.)

Water into wines. Raising Lazarus. Fishes. (John.)

Feeding 4,000 and 5,000. (Evidently the same thing.)

Cursing the fig tree. (Absurd.)

Stilling the storm. (John knows nothing of it.)

Walking on the sea. (Clairvoyance.)

Woman at the well. (Clairvoyance.)

The "stater" in the fish's mouth. (Only spoken of, not found.)

Aside, therefore, from the purely fanciful stories of the non-human parentage of Jesus, which are essentially mythical, attributed to the gods of other nations in the same way, we have but few miracles, so called. Luke is responsible for the report that Jesus possessed the power of rendering himself invisible, and also for the raising of the widow's son. With regard to the first, it is not difficult to be smuggled through a crowd, and since Luke only reports "things commonly believed"—and we know how beliefs become exaggerated in course of time—very little importance can be attached to unsupported statements of this kind.

The conversion of water into wine, the ascent into the mount of transfiguration, the raising of Lazarus, the feeding of thousands, the walking on the sea (of which the stilling the storm is apparently only a variation), are all well known incidents in the solar myths, wherein the Sun God is raised from the tomb of winter, ascends the heavens, converts water into wine, and feeds thousands by his fructifying influence operating upon fruit and corn, thus producing wine and plenty. His walking on the waters, coming up from his ocean bed, all these belong to the non-human Christ, and are clearly adaptations of pre-existent legends, therefore non-historic—supposing any historic personage existed who as a teacher and a healer became the lay figure upon whom these mythical features were draped.

All we have left are cases of healing, clairvoyance, and thought-reading, or psychometrical and inspirational powers, which are purely human.

The accounts of the resurrection and ascension, besides bearing unmistakable evidences of their mythic origin, contradict each other in all essential particulars, and belong to the *divine* character, the Sun God, who ascends into the heavens every year after having "been down into hell," darkness and winter. The sun is crucified twice every year—at the spring and autumnal equinoxes, and it is worth while noting that the Bible gives us *two* places of crucifixion of its god. One on Mount Calvary (Luke xxiii. 33,) corresponding to the spring crossification, and symbolizing regeneration, or birth. The other, "down in Egypt," (Rev. xi. 8,) corresponds to the autumnal "crossing over," symbolizing "death," or darkness, or the descent into Hades, or the underworld. "Egypt" meant darkness. There is nothing, therefore, in the gospels when the mythical elements are discounted, which in any way, either in the life history or in the teachings attributed to the Nazarene of a supernatural or deific character, which warrants the claims of Christians that he was specially "God manifest in the flesh" in any extraordinary way. The only rational and permissible conclusion, it seems to me, is that if an historical Jesus lived, he was a man like other men, a medium like other mediums, a reformer like other reformers, a teacher like other teachers, inspired by love like others, a Son of God as all of us are sons of God, no more, no less.

Mrs. JOHN A. LOGAN appears on Washington streets in deep mourning for her gallant husband, and her white hair shows all the whiter by the contrast with the crape of sorrow. But she does not look a day older than she did five years ago.

Mrs. JEFFERSON DAVIS will undertake the task of completing the autobiography begun a few years ago by Mr. Davis. It is understood that before his death Mr. Davis had accumulated ample material for the construction of the contemplated volume.

THE LITTLE WHITE BEAR.

As the little white bear went glimmering by—
The man on the coal cart jerked his lines,
And snuffed the lid of either eye,
And the street car driver stopped and beat
His hands on his shoulders and gazed up street
Till his eye on the long track reached the sky—
As the little white bear went glimmering by.

As the little white bear went glimmering by—
A stranger petted a ragged child
In the crowded walk, and she knew not why,
And he gave her a coin for the way she smiled;
And a bootblack thrilled with a pleasure strange
As a customer gave back his change
With a kindly hand, a grateful sigh,
As the little white bear went glimmering by.

As the little white bear went glimmering by—
A man looked out of a window dim,
And his cheeks were wet and his heart was dry—
For a dead child even was dear to him!
And he thought of his empty life and said:
"Loveless alive and loveless dead—
Nor wife nor child in earth or sky!"
As the little white bear went glimmering by.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.
LET US HAVE PITY.

BY RETTA S. ANDERSON.

The gay season has come again, in which everybody is expected to air his "good angel," which he has kept religiously closeted during the year, while he gives aviciousness a brief vacation, and generosity free reign. Gifts are scattered with lavish hands, utterly regardless of the needs and tastes of the terrified recipients, and if all are not happy, they are polite enough to pretend to be so, while poor old charity is driven to the verge of desperation, as she endeavors to stretch her very elastic mantle over the multitude of motives for deeds done in her much-abused and expressive name.

Among other good emotions at this favored time, comes pity for those less fortunate than ourselves, so I bestow mine upon one who is generally envied, while she should receive deep commiseration, the deluded woman who has been allured into the "fashionable swim."

Alas, how her soul starves, as she toils for meagre crumbs of praise, which are bitter with insincerity when obtained! How she wails and weeps, because her last reception was not a greater success than the one recently given by Mrs. De Snop, who criticises her from over the way! It ought to have been a success, surely, considering the fact that she stood for hours, with arms and shoulders bared for the work, and received, with sweet cordiality, a multitude of people whom she hates. Her husband helped her to smile and humbug, but she was in misery, lest some of the wild profanity, which she knew was tearing through his manly thoughts, would burst its bounds, and sweep down upon the gay company. He deserves a little pity, too; but not much, for, being a man, he is allowed the use of neck-wear, and might put a veto upon such nonsense—if he had the courage.

The rich supper, eaten when sensible people were sleeping, gives her headache fresh fuel, and when she arises at noon, the next day, she is out of temper with everything, and wants to rest, but she cannot do so, for the old demon, Fashion, who has her in charge, orders her to work like a grocer's boy, all the afternoon, at making meaningless calls, or shopping, or what is more wearisome still, scolding her dress-maker.

Evening comes again, and the same relentless demon forces her to attend another "crush," at the house of one of her bitterest foes. To conceal her wanness, she covers her face with a vile, poisonous compound, misled by the delusion that it makes her look healthy, and so she drives more nails into the coffin which she is daily preparing for herself. Whenever she has a little leisure, she uses it in planning the demolition of her rivals. And such eating away of the moments, this poor, mistaken creature calls life.

The woman who enjoys useful work, plain food, sunshine and study, and who regards a few dollars, wisely expended in books, as the best wealth, and the pure morning air, tinted with the rising beams of the life-giving sun-god, as the richest beverage, can well afford to sorrow over the miserable, starved condition of society's masked and manacled slave.

Concordia, Kansas.

A HELPING HAND.

On the lowest round of the ladder
I firmly planted my feet,
And looked up at the dim, vast distance
That made my future so sweet.

I climbed till my vision grew weary,
I climbed till my brain was on fire,
I planted each footstep with wisdom—
Yet I never seemed to get higher.

For this round was glazed with indifference,
And that one was gilded with scorn,
And when I grasped firmly another,
I found, under velvet, a thorn.

Till my brain grew weary of planning,
And my heart strength began to fail,
And the flush of the morning's excitement,
Ere evening, commenced to pale.

But just when my hands were unclasping
Their hold on the last-gained round,
When my hopes, coming back from the future
Were sinking again to the ground—

One who had climbed near to the summit
Reached backward a helping hand,
And, refreshed, encouraged and strengthened,
I took once again my stand.

And I wish—oh, I wish—that the climbers
Would never forget, as they go,
That, though weary may seem their climbing,
There is always some one below.

—Ella Higginson.

WHAT is becoming, is honest, and what-ever is honest must always be becoming.—Cicero.

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J. R. FRANCIS, Editor and Publisher.
Published every Saturday at 251 S. Jefferson Street,
Entered at the Chicago Postoffice as second-class matter.

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

A LARGE PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 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.

ON TRIAL, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER IS only 25 cents for sixteen weeks, or \$1.00 per year. For that amount you get the best thoughts of the ablest writers in the United States and Europe, and also aid us in establishing in Chicago the largest Spiritualist Publishing House in the world.

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.

Atoms--Materialization.

What do we know of matter? Who can define its limits, or determine its source and relations? Does it comprise all energy and all intelligence? Does matter think? Is there a distinctive line of demarcation between matter and spirit? Or, is all spirit, or all matter? Certainly we know nothing of matter but by its properties and manifestations. We know nothing of spirit but by its activities and expressions. We call one thing force, another fact; one mind, another matter; but all are judged by the impressions they impart to our consciousness.

We attribute certain qualities to matter because we experience certain effects in our relations to it. Philosophy ascribes gravitation, inertia, compressibility, ductility, cohesion, chemical affinity, mobility, etc., to all matter. It holds as axiomatic that where one body is, another cannot be at the same time; that solids cannot pass through solids.

But what constitutes a solid?

It is conceded that atoms never touch each other. Then they must act upon each other through some subtle medium. What holds them in such static relations that they resist impressions, and appear fixed and motionless? They must touch each other through the ethereal medium, and hold their bond of relationship by a law of motion that spans the spaces. This motion may be determined by the character of active energy stored in the atoms, and inspired by proximity. The sympathy of similarly constituted natures may act through indeterminate distances. From atoms (if there be atoms) to circling worlds, the pulsations of energy communicate along fixed lines of correspondence, and maintain the wonderful balance and ceaseless activities of nature. Our knowledge of natural laws is very limited. All we know is derived from experience. Any substance or quality with which we have never come into correspondence is to us nothing. We are prone to doubt or deny the existence of anything that does not touch our little circle of experience; yet we are but microscopic points in the infinite sea of life. Wheresoever we turn, mystery veils our vision. In the abstract, nothing is known. The innermost of the most familiar objects is as far from our grasp as the hidden suns beyond the Milky Way. Our most ecstatic emotions and sweetest desires are alike incomprehensible. The pain we dread and the pleasure we court elude analysis and defy explanation. Nature is the master magician, giving us a key to a few superficial phenomena, which we may imitate, but never duplicate! We say "solids can not pass through solids." Is this settled? Then, what is a solid? Is one atom more solid than another? If so, in what does the solidity consist? If not, then are two atoms more solid than any other two? If so, why? If not, then are a million atoms any more solid than one? Does the solidity inhere in the atoms, or in the energy that fixes their order and determines their motion? This seems the logical necessity, from all we know of nature. If "all bodies are but petrified forms of force," then it is force with which we have to deal in all these questions of the possible and impossible. An absolutely static force makes no revelation of itself. Active force is known by the way it acts. The higher activities doubtless preside over the lower, as spirit presides over matter. If a solid owes its solidity to the energy and order of motion that bind atoms in fixed relations, then any power that can generate a totality of activities among the atoms of a solid, which for an instant can suspend or supersede their interchange, what should prevent the passage of another solid through the vacuum induced by suspended motion in the passive body? Superficial thinkers may smile at this suggestion, and call it metaphysical moonshine. But "facts are stubborn things," and when we have facts that are established by indisputable testimony, what shall we do with them? If our narrow view of the possibilities of nature deny the facts, shall we rather dispute our senses and experience than admit that there may be "more things under the heavens and in the earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy?"

These reflections were revived in my mind by a pair of solid wooden rings, turned out of rock maple, nearly two inches in diameter, and labeled "H. J. N." Seeing the rings, and hearing from the lips of Henry J. Newton the story of his experience with them, suggests one of two conclusions, from which there seems no escape. These solid wooden rings are *now linked together*, and no mortal can take them apart without cutting or breaking them. Mr. Newton assures me that he had them turned to order, and saw it done. He then put his initials on them in ink. Each link is circular, and perfect. They were turned separately, of course. He took them from his pocket, one at a time, and handed them separately, to a materialized spirit that stood before him. The spirit took one in each hand and slowly brought them together, and making a few circular motions before his eyes, in plain view, and standing close to him, the rings went together with a concussion heard by all in the room, and immediately handed them back to Mr. Newton.

As this circumstance is related, there seems no possibility of mistake. None of the ring tricks of jugglers are ever done under such test conditions. We must, then, either flatly deny Mr. Newton's statement, and impeach his integrity, or admit that we do not know all there is to be known. Who that knows Henry J. Newton will think of impeaching his veracity? Who

that sees these rings and hears their history from him, can suppose he was deceived? But this is not a single fact against the world. There have been many other things done within the past forty years, illustrating the same power, and to all appearance, solids do pass through solids. Moreover, Mr. Newton affirms—and others corroborate it—that the spirit form, highly illuminated, came out of the cabinet when the wire door was shut and secured with two padlocks, and they all saw the form come through the wire netting, as if nothing was in the way. If we accept the rings, what else can we say is impossible? If we accept Prof. Zoolner's account of the dematerialization and reappearance of a small table in his own room in broad daylight, with only himself and the medium in the room, why should we dispute the story of these rings? We are yet on the threshold of this wonderful temple of truth. While we should never relax our vigilance in guarding against errors, and possible frauds, nor hastily accept theories upon incomplete evidence, it is important to the full appreciation of this instructive subject, that we do not bar our minds against anything because it does not agree with our past experience and our educational habits of thought. These solid links, welded by an IMMORTAL HAND, fitly symbolize the solvent power of spiritual chemistry. Under the silent warmth of heaven's sweet love, the cold barriers of petrified faith and selfish solidity dissolve, and the spheres, long separated by ignorance and fear, come together, link by link, in an endless chain, as sad hearts thrill with a nameless joy when touched by this sacred wand.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

An Intermediate State.

At a Church Congress in England, in a sensational paper which he read, the eminent Canon Luckeck took the extraordinary position—extraordinary for an Englishman embedded in the church—that there is an intermediate state after death for the faithful where they undergo a process of restoration or development towards perfection. Prayers for the dead, he explained, were only to be held of service to those who had died in the faith. There are, however, possibilities for the heathen in the intermediate state, for it is not to be believed, in spite of the declaration of the Scripture, that the whole heathen world will be consigned to perdition. The Rev. Canon suggested that the ignorant who lived in Christian lands will in this intermediate state stand in the same category as heathens proper, but there will be no chance for willful unbelievers. For them there is no restoration or return.

Another paper, read with great effect by its author, Archdeacon Farrar, repudiated the old-fashioned notions about future punishment. According to such notions the vast majority of mankind, dying in unrepentant sin, passed after life into the lake of fire and brimstone, where they were tortured with inconceivable agonies in material flame, and these endless millenniums of vengeance were reckoned from the moment of death. Within living memory this was the orthodox view. Eleven years ago, however, in Westminster Abbey, he ventured to repudiate these views and he repudiated them still.

Another paper, by the Rev. Sir George M. Cox, was equally strong in its repudiation of the doctrine of eternal punishment, and he, like Archdeacon Farrar, quoted largely from the fathers, remarking that "the more we rise to the faith of these great Christian thinkers and teachers, the less we shall care for the dramatic picture of a great white throne with angels marshaling mankind to a great assize." These opinions of the Rev. Baronet elicited sounds of disapprobation. There was a hissing at a reference to the tyranny of sacred books and at doubts expressed as to the authenticity of some portions of the New Testament. The author even doubted whether some of the discourses in the Gospels were delivered at all.

It is refreshing to realize that prominent leaders in the church are beginning to have their minds illuminated to a certain extent, and who realize that there is "an intermediate state" where even the heathen may have an opportunity to reform,—providing he needs reforming—before he takes a step onward. The idea of a hell abounding in insatiable demons, and forever burning, sending forth sulphurous flames, is entertained but sparingly at the present time by those who are regarded as leaders in the religious world. This leavening and refining process that has been going on during the last forty years, banishing the devil, eradicating eternal punishment, quenching the fires of hell, and cleansing the domain of the other world from the impurities given it by Edwards, Calvin and hundreds of others, may be attributed almost exclusively to Spiritualism. Every church is honeycombed more or less with its benign influence, and its heaven-born qualities are manifested therein, more or less, in a variety of ways.

It is well known that for hundreds of years eminent divines entertained the—to them—"exalted" opinion that every comet that appeared was prophetic of some impending disaster. When President Chauncy of Amherst College died, an eclipse occurred, and that erratic character, Increase Mather, said it was a method whereby nature manifested her regrets at the unfortunate event. Comets, too, were considered balls of fire in the hands of an angry God, to warn the impudent of earth to beware! Science, however, has explained the cause of eclipses and the nature of comets, and no one would be so foolish as to re-assert the truthfulness of the old-time assertions with reference to them.

The world is progressing, slowly but sure-

ly; the mists of ignorance are being dissipated, and even in the churches, benighted minds are being illuminated, and a higher conception of Deity is being evolved. When the churches admit the existence of an intermediate state, from which the most benighted soul may advance to a higher realm, much good may be expected to flow therefrom. When the heathen and sinners generally may be allowed to reform and advance, in other words given a "chance" and never deprived thereof, then there is hope for the redemption of all mankind. Verily the world moves.

A WARM RECEPTION.

THAT IS WHAT THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER IS RECEIVING.

It Has Been Welcomed Cordially Wherever Sent, Striking a Responsive Chord.

Yes, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has met with a warm reception, a hearty welcome, wherever it has been sent. Its spirit of good will towards all, its clean, bright face, and its determination to present the best of everything to its readers, has struck a responsive chord, which will continue to vibrate in its behalf.

R. Neely, of this city, writes: "I have read the initial number of your paper which you so kindly gave me, and judging from its contents, the editorial ability, mechanical skill, and typographical neatness displayed in its make-up, it promises to fill a want long felt in this great metropolitan city, the commercial center of the Northwest, and should be the spiritual center of progressive thought; but has waited long, too long for a spiritual organ worthy of its important position, and I am sure that there are thousands of people ready to patronize such a paper as will faithfully represent the grand harmonious development of spiritual truth. Feeling assured that your new venture so auspiciously inaugurated will succeed in its aim, and grow in size and importance as the necessity of the case requires, I cheerfully offer it my support, and recommend it to all who want a good, clean spiritual paper."

Mrs. F. E. Rogers, of Sterling, Ill., writes: "Allow me at this late date to thank you for initial copies of your progressive paper. I like it very much; it is full of good things, and makes me wish for a mine of wealth to aid you. Its editorials have the ring of the true metal; grand and beautiful is the spirit back of them, as I see it adorned with the broad mantle of charity and good will to all. The paper is, indeed, 'clean, clear and bright.' It must be a success! The world needs all of the progressive thoughts that can be showered upon it, and professed Spiritualists need an awakening. Every one should join the 'Home Circle Fraternity,' and add their mite to the general fund. Go on, brother, with your sensible sermons, they are to the point and will make bright and beautiful the paths where weary feet must tread. A spiritual wave comes to me with your paper that I have no language to describe; with it comes a flood of light which seems to illumine the dark places of the earth and lovely flowers spring up and bloom in its soft radiance—a symbol, perhaps, of your life-work. Go on, the angels have need of such as you, for the harvest is great and the laborers few. You will gather the sheaves and the golden grain that is worse than wasted on hill and plain. I am deeply interested in the remarks of Dr. Hidden. He has grasped a grand truth that will yet be utilized. It will not down at any one's bidding. Stand by your colors, friend, the 'morn mists' will soon pass away. The 'Note' from Rose L. Bushnell is characteristic of her. She is a grand soul. We are enjoying her visit much. She will soon leave us for the sunny slopes of her own dear home."

W. C. Bowen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a valuable addition to the field of spiritual journalism; an excellent paper!"

T. D. Curtis, of Manchester, N. H., a veteran editor and author, writes: "We have read the two first numbers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER with great interest. It is a great thing to be a progressive thinker. How many there are who think in a circle, and make no progress! It is both a great and a glorious thing to be a progressive thinker; but how important is the task of the one who publishes a progressive paper and leads the multitude by holding aloft the torch of Truth! May all good influences aid you in your laudable undertaking."

J. B. Allen, of Devil's Lake, Mich., writes: "I have received a specimen copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and like it very much."

George E. Bliss, of Maple Rapids, Mich., writes: "I am much pleased with the copy of your paper."

Mrs. Helen Hitchcock, of Colon, Mich., writes: "My husband has been blind for five years, but must have THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Mrs. Sarah Sinclair, of Mazon, Ill., writes: "I have received a copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and like it very much."

Mrs. A. D. Rice, of Clayton, Mich., writes: "I like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and wish to become a subscriber."

J. L. Reed, of Hastings, Mich., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a jewel. It fits the place between other spiritual publications so perfectly that it can do them no harm, but will strengthen the cause thereby. It will reach many who are unable to pay for a more expensive paper, and I hope you may realize an unprecedented circulation."

'The Old Beggar' is alone worth more than the price you charge for the whole sixteen weeks' subscription."

Miss M. L. Bartlett, of Green Springs, Ohio, writes: "Received by last evening's mail a copy of your paper, Vol. 1, No. 2. It meets my demands both in price and reading."

Eugene Carmichael, of Richland, Iowa, writes: "Mr. James Davis handed me a copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and I like it so much I will subscribe for it. I am a young man and young Spiritualist, hence enthusiastic. I have mediumistic qualities and am developing into a speaker."

William Phillips, of Clackamas, Oregon, writes: "I am well pleased with contents of the first number of your paper, and hope you will make a success of it."

W. E. Humphrey, of Orange, Cal., writes: "My wife and I have looked over THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and like it very much."

Alfred Keyser, of Kalamazoo, Mich., writes: "I have received a copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and am much pleased with it. I wish it was in the hands of every intelligent thinker in the land."

Dr. Whitmore, of Waverly, Iowa, writes: "I am glad to see you in the field as an independent editor of an independent spiritual periodical, at a fair price."

J. H. Smith of Long Beach, Cal., writes: "I was very much pleased with the copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

W. E. Tobey, of Little Rock, Ark., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was handed me by a friend. It has the right kind of reading in it for a great many people. I am much gratified at seeing another Spiritualist journal in the field. May they keep on multiplying."

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy.

"The effort of the Roman Catholic hierarchy," says the *Chicago Tribune*, "to create a prejudice against Gen. Morgan, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and to prevent the confirmation of his nomination in the Senate is meeting with indignant comment all over the country. Whatever other effect the attitude of the church authorities may have, it has served to call attention to the character of Gen. Morgan's administration of his important office and has developed several points in his favor which otherwise might have passed unnoticed and which constitute the strongest kind of reasons why he should be promptly confirmed. The first of these reasons is that he is the only official for some time who seems to have had a clear idea of the practical method of solving the Indian problem. It is a matter of common notoriety that the office was maladministered during Mr. Cleveland's term, General Morgan's immediate predecessor, 'Bishop' Oberly, held the office too short a time to accomplish anything, but prior to his appointment it had been conducted in a loose, slipshod manner, which is in striking contrast with Gen. Morgan's activity, efficiency, and knowledge of his duties. Second, Gen. Morgan has sought, and with marked success, to raise the office above partisan politics and to keep the spoils doctrine out of its management. Third, he has made its administration unsectarian, and is determined that no sect shall enjoy an undue influence, and that the Government money shall not be used for sectarian purposes, and from this point of view the clamor raised by the Roman Catholic Church authorities can only be due to its determination to exert that undue influence in the control of Indian education. Gen. Morgan's scheme will place all denominations on the same footing. It does not interfere in any way with the religious schools of any denomination which have been organized and supported by Government money. It places them on the same plane as the public school system and extends to the Indian the same educational advantages. In this regard it is in consonance with the sentiments of the American people. The objections urged against his confirmation will not bear unprejudiced examination, since there is no reason to believe that Gen. Morgan has any desire to antagonize the clerical schools. On the other hand, he has borne testimony to their value and to the necessity of christianizing the Indian, but takes the correct position that the Government should have charge of his secular education, and that all the schools shall be administered upon the same general plan under its auspices. There can be no doubt, therefore, of the duty of the Senate in the premises. The country will not bear his defeat by denominational influences with good temper."

The *Tribune* is right. The country will not bear his defeat by denominational influences with good temper, nor will it consent to have secular education brought under the controlling influence of Protestant or Catholic. The danger signals presented by that young but intrepid writer, Willis F. Whitehead, have not been unfurled to the breeze any too soon. It has been left for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to systematically agitate this question.

An Edition of Fifteen Thousand.
Next month sometime, we desire to send out an edition of 15,000 to Spiritualists all over the country, announcing our new programme of action, and defining more clearly the objects and aims of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. When sending in subscriptions, please send in also the names and addresses of all the Spiritualists you can bring to mind, so that we can send them sample copies.

On Friday evening of last week Lyman C. Howe lectured at Waverly, N. Y.

1860. 1860. 1860. 1860.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is having, as we said last week, phenomenal success. This is our fifth number, and we have entered on our mailing list 1,360 names. No paper ever started by an organized company or by a single individual, in the interest of Spiritualism, ever achieved such results. We are confident that within one year our list will reach as high as 30,000—a larger circulation than all other Spiritualist papers combined. Next month we expect to announce new features—new attractions—and demonstrate to Spiritualists generally that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is to be the leading Spiritualist paper in the United States. It will maintain its present neat typographical appearance, and continue to increase in interest with each succeeding issue. It will bring its readers in contact with the leading minds in the United States, and serve them with the advanced thoughts of the age. It will endeavor to make the world better—not with a whip; not by throwing mud or slime, or making grimaces; not by attacking private character; not by holding up to ridicule those who honestly differ with the editor and his methods; not by bitter denunciation; not by treasuring up in a pigeon-hole the weaknesses and foibles of poor, human nature, but by presenting a clean-faced paper, through which scintillates the best thoughts of the age, conveying incentives for each one to live a life unspotted before all the world. We are gradually perfecting a programme for future action, and while doing so, we feel elated at the phenomenal results already attained. Let each Spiritualist consider himself (or herself) an agent to assist in making THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER known—widely known—known everywhere in the United States. Just think of the rich feast presented, and only at a cost of about one and one-half cents per week—or sixteen weeks for twenty-five cents. There is not a genuine Spiritualist living but who will feel that he can and must aid the cause to the extent of that small amount. No one will find any difficulty in getting subscribers for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

We can not furnish back numbers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. As fast as the names are received they are entered on our printed mailing list. All subscriptions received after Monday of each week are entered on the list for the paper that goes to press on the following Monday. The price of one subscription is so small—sixteen weeks for twenty-five cents—that careful financing is required, and no wastage can possibly be allowed.

On Sunday, the 15th inst., Dr. J. K. Bailey delivered a lecture at Utica, N. Y., on "Man's Immortality."

Two meetings were held at Pittsburg, Pa., last week, under the auspices of the National Reform Association to protest against the alleged Roman Catholic interference with public schools.

Why do we attach so much importance to "25 cents"? Why do we advertise so liberally for trial subscribers? Why do we make 16 weeks the superstructure on which to rear a magnificent publishing house? Simply because the whole spiritual pathway is filled with the wrecks of newspaper enterprises, and the Spiritualists, always liberal, always generous, will not, as a general rule, advance more than that sum until they see some legitimate fruits. Commencing with the *Religio-Philosophical Publishing House*, of this city, *The Progressive Age*, and *The Universe*, all started with the most honorable intentions, and so conducted, the 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.

Dr. CHARLES W. HIDDEN, whose article on "Mental Telegraphy" recently appeared in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, has a word to say in this issue relative to "Hypnotism vs. Somnambulism," at the same time adding a few thoughts regarding the value of hypnotism and magnetism as aids in therapeutics. The Doctor in his articles avoids scientific phrases and technicalities, as well as the controversial spirit which is too apt to creep into articles of this nature; and whether our readers agree with his conclusions or not, all will doubtless admit that he writes in an interesting manner of hypnotism and its resultant phenomena, subjects just now engrossing the minds of the leading scientists and thinkers of the world.

HEALTH AND LONGEVITY. By Dr. Adam Miller. Pamphlet form. Will be sent to any address on receipt of a 2-cent stamp at 172 Ashland avenue, this city.

THERAPEUTIC SARCOGNOMY. By Prof. J. R. Buchanan. An exposition of the relation of soul, brain and body, by scientific demonstration, and the application of these novel discoveries to the development of a new system of therapeutics, as taught in the College of Therapeutics and practiced by its students. An enlarged edition to be issued May, 1890. Price, \$4.00.

THREE HAUNTED HOUSES.

BY AN OLD SETTLER.

In the year 184— I landed at a quiet little village, beautifully situated on Lake Ontario, Wayne county, Central New York, and strolled from the ship southward with my carpet bag in hand, along a well kept plank-road which traversed the sandy country towards the south. As it came dark soon after I had put a couple of miles between me and the village I had left, I turned off the main road at a four-corners, and soon arrived at an old dilapidated house, which was located some distance from the highway. I entered the dilapidated gate, notwithstanding a large mangy, shaggy dog came tearing down the path from the house, to dispute my passage. The moment that I was seen by the good woman of the house to enter the gate, she commenced calling off the brute, and he sullenly allowed me to proceed. I inquired if lodgings could be procured there, and as at that time tramps were not in so bad repute as at present, I was cordially received, and was soon seated at the supper table with the family, where I did ample justice to the plain country fare, with which it plentifully abounded.

At bed time I was shown to a small cozy bedroom, just off the sitting room, with a window looking out along the back porch. In a few minutes I was snugly ensconced in bed and dozing off to sleep. My grip-sack was on a chair near the door, and the door leading into the sitting room unfastened. I do not know how long I slept before I was awakened by heavy footsteps coming out to the back porch outside. Then I heard the door open from the porch into the back room. Swill-pails rattled as if a person was getting feed for the hogs. It was too dark for me to distinguish any one clearly from my bedroom window, and I heard the footsteps go out doors again and walk down the path. In a short time I heard the return of the man, and a noise in the back room of swill-pails being returned to place, and then footsteps in the sitting room. This alarmed me, and I raised up in bed and reached out to the chair to get my satchel and place it nearer to me. Possibly burglars were in the house, I thought, and so agitated did I become as the noise and footsteps continued, that I slept but little until daylight, when I arose not much refreshed by my night's repose.

I was cheerfully greeted by the family in the morning as I made my appearance at the breakfast table. During the course of the meal my hostess asked me if I had rested well, and I evaded an affirmative reply. "Well," she replied, "did you hear old Lewis around the house?"

Then I had to frankly admit that I heard somebody out in the back room. Then a smile went round from the oldest to the youngest of the family. This made me inquisitive, and after breakfast was disposed of, I inquired of the lady of the house about old Lewis, and she informed me that he had lived there some years ago, and was so foolish as to give away all he had—house, farm and implements, to an only son, who soon after got married, and terribly misused the old man until he died,—since which time at night a man would be heard to open the doors, no matter how securely they were locked, enter the house, get the swill-pails and go out and feed the hogs. In the morning, however, the doors would be locked as usual.

My hostess said that when she first occupied the house she was greatly disturbed by the noises, but had now got so accustomed to them that they never woke her up; that the premises were rented to her husband much cheaper on account of the house being haunted, she supposed.

It was almost noon before I took my departure from this hospitable family. I noticed as I passed out the gate, that the house had at one time been painted red, but the weather had made sad havoc with the clap-boards and roof, and the general appearance of the surroundings of this old residence was weird, and just such a place as the ghosts would choose to play their pranks.

It was not long before I was on the plank-road again, and trudging southward. In a couple of more miles I came to a village, and stopped to rest and refresh myself at the only tavern the town afforded. In the middle of the afternoon I continued my journey still southward, over beautiful hills and charming valleys, and had not proceeded more than five or six miles when I felt the necessity to again call at an old, plain looking, newly painted farm house situated close to the pike on which I was now traveling. Here I was cordially received and invited to partake of supper. It was not yet dark when I had finished my repast, and took up my satchel to continue my journey; but I saw a very steep and long hill just ahead of me, and hesitated before starting out. The old farmer said that if I wished, I might remain with them over night, and the next day he would be going to market, and I could ride with him as far as he went my way. So I concluded to accept the invitation and remain over night. During the evening the conversation turned on where I staid the night before, and I cursorily gave them an account of the noises I had heard.

"Why," said the old farmer, "this house is worse haunted than that. Many a time have I locked it all up when we were going away for a ride to the village, or on a visit in the evening, and on forgetting something, and returning a few minutes after, I have found every door in the house unlocked, and an old lady sitting quietly in the old arm rocking chair, busily knitting and rocking before the fireplace. But in a moment she would dissolve into nothing, and the old chair keep on rocking several times! At this information my hair began to rise, and I concluded I would not tarry there, and at once insisted on leaving and going on to the village about a mile and a half further away, even though I had to climb a big hill, and not get to the village until late. The host was disappointed at my determination to depart, but I persisted, and soon was toiling up the hill southward. I arrived at the village rather late, put up at a hotel and enjoyed a good night's rest. In the morning I set out again, this time in a south easterly direction, on a little traveled road, which branched off from the main pike running directly south. The country was very rolling. I traveled over hills and through deep gul-

lies; at last near night I came out near a stream called Mud Creek. There was a fork in the road here, one of which ran directly east. This road I took and came to a little clump of dwellings on the south side of the road, on the other side of which was a high ridge or chain of hills, along which ran this road. This little clump of buildings—only two or three—was called Hydesville. It only had a blacksmith shop and barn near one house. This house I entered, and its occupants warmly greeted me, and invited me to supper. Then I requested the privilege, by paying for it, of remaining over night, and although there was but one spare bedroom, and that very small in the little old house, I was informed that I might stay if I would take up with such accommodations as they had. I went to bed early, and was soon asleep. Pleasant dreams came to me, and I was not awakened until the blacksmith's anvil commenced ringing out loudly late in the morning in my bedroom. Hastily I arose, dressed and repaired to the only room in the house besides the one I had occupied, down stairs, for breakfast. In our conversation at the table I related my discovering two haunted houses on my journey the nights previous. The family all looked at me in a puzzled manner. One of them then gravely informed me that at times this very house was haunted by strange noises, groans, struggles, and scuffling. This was too much. I hurriedly finished my breakfast, paid my bill and departed, determined to get away from a country so terribly haunted. I reached the canal at Newark, and then proceeded eastward to my destination on the toe-path, and at times aboard a friendly captain's boat.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

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



ROME VS. REASON.

CATHOLIC CURSES.

Article I. of the Bill of Rights of the Constitution of the United States, reads as follows:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech; or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

At some other time than the present we shall discuss the above extract from the National Constitution, which guarantees liberty of conscience, freedom of speech and of the press, and the right of assembly and petition—we now propose to show that two popes have cursed *ex cathedra* (from the head) the above principles; and ALL the Roman Catholics must, under pain of eternal damnation, hold these curses as articles of faith, promulgated by "infallible" rulers, in accordance with the canon law of Rome.

Gregory XVI., elected as pope in 1831, and who is known as the pope who "regulated church matters in the United States," and his successor, Pius IX., elected pope in 1846, and known as the pope whose "ecclesiastical administration preceded upon the strongest assumption of the right of independent action on the part of the church," are our authorities, and herewith we present extracts from "encyclicals" promulgated by them:

"All who maintain the liberty of the press. *Sit Anathema*."—(Let them be damned.) *Gregory 1831, and Pius 1864.*

"Those who assert the liberty of conscience and of religious worship—*Sit Anathema*." *Pius 1864.*

"All who advocate the liberty of speech—*Sit Anathema*." *Syllabus, March 1861, Prop. Ixxix, Encyclical 1864.*

"All who insist that marriage not sacramentally contracted, has a binding force—*Sit Anathema*." *Ibid, Prop. Ixxvii.*

"All who maintain that in countries called Catholic, the free exercise of other religions may lawfully be allowed—*Sit Anathema*." *Ibid, Prop. Ixxviii.*

"All who assert that the pope ought to come to terms with progress, liberalism and modern civilization—*Sit Anathema*." *Ibid, Prop. Ixxx.*

Any Roman Catholic who refuses to concur in the above curses aimed at our Constitution does so under pain of excommunication and incurs perdition if he does not subject his Reason to Rome. We need not ask our many readers the question whether a true Romanist can be a true adherent of the Constitution of the United States, or a true citizen of this Republic founded by our fathers on Right and Reason.

MORE CATHOLIC CURSEDNESS.

The following is an extract from a letter addressed by Lord Acton, a Roman Catholic nobleman, to Mr. Gladstone:

"Dear Mr. Gladstone,— * * * the doctrine against which you are contending did not begin with the Vatican council: At the time when the Catholic oath was repealed, the pope had the same right and power to excommunicate those who denied his authority to depose princes that he possesses now. The writers most esteemed at Rome held that doctrine as an article of faith; a modern pontiff has affirmed that it cannot be abandoned without taint of heresy, and that those who questioned and restricted his authority in temporal matters, were worse than those that rejected it in spirituals, and accordingly men suffered death for this cause as others did for blasphemy and atheism. * * * I will explain my meaning by an example: A pope who lived in Catholic times, and who is famous in history as the author of the first crusade, decided that it is no murder to kill excommunicated persons. This rule was incorporated in the Canon law. * * * It appears in every reprint of the 'Corpus Juris.' It has been for 700 years, and continues to be, part of the Ecclesiastical law. Far from having been a dead letter, it obtained a new application in the days of the Inquisition. * * * Pius V., the only pope who has been proclaimed a saint for many centuries, having deprived Elizabeth, commissioned an assassin to take her life; and his next successor,

on learning that the Protestants were being massacred in France, pronounced the action glorious and holy, but comparatively barren of results; and implored the king during two months, by his nuncio and his legate, to carry the work on to the bitter end, until every Huguenot had recanted or perished."

Here we have Catholic testimony to the end that the pope has the right and power to destroy governments and to excommunicate, and consequently damn, all those who deny him the right or power so to do. Can there be any doubt as to what Rome would do with the greatest government ever instituted by Reason, had she the power? Yet, mark the boast, here she is confronted by that very end. The Catholic Home Almanac for 1890 says: "If Catholics are true to themselves there is no reason why they should not attain a 'numerical majority' in the coming century. We shall follow up this inquiry as to the political pretensions of the papacy next week, and shall quote, for the present, from Romish sources alone. Let all who love their country unite in the agitation of this subject that Rome may never again dominate with sword and superstition the realms of Reason."

WILLIS F. WHITEHEAD.

THE RELIGION OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[Moncure D. Conway, in The Open Court.]

In editing a volume of Washington's private and personal letters for the Long Island Historical Society, I have been much impressed by indications that this great historic personality represented the liberal religious tendency of his time. That tendency was to respect religious organizations as part of the social order, which required some minister to visit the sick, bury the dead, and perform marriages. It was considered in nowise inconsistent with disbelief of the clergyman's doctrines to contribute to his support, or even to be a vestryman in his church. This unbelieving loyalty is a natural development under an Established Church. It prevailed in Virginia throughout the latter half of the last century, if not before; it mastered William and Mary college, where Edmund Randolph says he was taught Deism by two clergymen; and culminated in the election of a bishop—Madison, the first bishop—who was well known as a Rationalist. In the early part of this century Bishop Meade encountered Parson Weems, Washington's friend, and first biographer, on a court day selling, along with his "Washington," Paine's "Age of Reason." The bishop asked if it were possible he would sell such a book. Weems told him the Bishop of Llandaff's answer to Paine and said, "The bane and antidote are both before you." Bishop Meade adds: "In my own pulpit, in my absence, he extolled Tom Paine, and one or more noted infidels in America, and said, if their ghosts could return to the earth, they would be shocked to hear the falsehoods which were told of them." But Washington had in his library the writings of Paine, Priestly, Voltaire, Frederick the Great, and other heretical works. He was indeed a vestryman; he attended church pretty regularly; and he paid his subscriptions, though without forming any intimacies with clergymen. With one, indeed, he seems to have had a friendship in early life—the Rev. Charles Green, who had been an intimate friend of his father. This clergyman was a physician, and helped young Colonel Washington when he was dangerously ill. But to subsequent pastors in his neighborhood he preserved a noble reserve. In his many letters to his adopted nephews and other young relatives, he admonishes them about their manners and morals; but in no case have I been able to discover any suggestion that they should read the Bible, keep the Sabbath, go to church, or any warning against infidelity. In no instance have I been able to find any allusion to Christian doctrines, and not a single mention of Jesus Christ. That this reserve on religious dogmas was keenly felt by Washington's orthodox contemporaries is certain. In a letter of Jan. 22th, 1800, Major Talmadge writes to Rev. Manasseh Cutler concerning Washington: "Altho' from a long and tolerably intimate acquaintance with him, I have been abundantly convinced of his attachment to the Christian system; yet, had he been explicit in his profession of faith in and dependence on the finished atonement of our glorious Redeemer for acceptance and pardon, what a conspicuous trait would it have formed in his illustrious character." Jefferson declares that efforts were made by addresses of religious bodies to get some confession of faith from Washington. I have before me a letter (Nov. 16th, 1782), in reply to a congratulatory note from the Reformed Church at Kingston, N. Y., on the close of the war:—

GENTLEMEN:—I am happy in receiving this public mark of the esteem of the Ministers, Elders, and Deacons of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church in Kingston. Convinced that our religious liberties were as essential as our civil, my endeavors have never been wanting to encourage and promote the one while I have been contending for the other—and I am highly flattered by finding that my efforts have met the approbation of so respectable a body.

In return for your kind concern for my temporal and eternal happiness, permit me to assure you that my wishes are reciprocal; and that you may be enabled to hand down your religion pure and undefiled to a posterity worthy of their ancestors, is the prayer of

Yr most obedt servt,
GO. WASHINGTON.

This is a type of Washington's answers to all addresses of the kind. Many clergymen visited him, but they were never invited to hold family prayers, and no grace was ever said at table; and something in Washington forbade introduction of the subject.

Jefferson says Washington was a Deist. In our own days there has been developed a distinction—somewhat arbitrary, perhaps—between Deism and Theism. English Deism was the belief that the Deity had created the universe and set it in motion to work out its necessary results; but in America there was developed a sort of Unitarian Deism, which believed in the imminent, though not supernatural, providence of the Deity over human affairs. Thomas Paine was a fair type of the English Deist, but Jefferson was more of the Theistic type, which I have indicated. I lately found, in a lady's album, a few sentences written by Jefferson, which, better than any published passage, states, as I think, his creed, and the creed of his particular friends:

"Thomas Jefferson to Thomas Jefferson Croftan:—

"Your affectionate mother requests that

I would address to you, as a namesake something which might have a favorable influence on the course of life you have to run; few words are necessary, with good disposition on your part. Adore God; reverence and cherish your parents; love your neighbor as yourself; and your country more than life; be just; be true; murmur not at the ways of Providence; and the life into which you have entered will be a passage to one of eternal and ineffable bliss, and if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard, farewell."

Monticello, Jan. 10, '24."

I have no doubt that this remarkable manuscript would express the faith of Washington also. His God is a ruler of nations; especially a president of presidents. I suppose there was never a more solemn appeal than that which Washington wrote to Gen. Gage, whom he was besieging in Boston.

Gen. Gage (Aug. 13th, 1775), wrote: "Should those under whose usurped authority you act, control such a disposition, and dare to call severity retaliation, to God, who knows all hearts, be the appeal for the dreadful consequences." Washington, in his answer, (Aug. 20th) says: "May that God, to whom you then appealed, judge between America and you. Under his providence, those who influence the councils of America, and all the other inhabitants of the United Colonies, at the hazard of their lives, are determined to hand down to posterity those just and invaluable privileges which they received from their ancestors."

The British Ministry, by the way, never ventured to publish Washington's answer. The English heart might have been too much moved by its solemnity.

Here is the fragment of a letter, written at Morristown, May 19th, 1780—to whom, does not appear—and owned by a friend of mine residing there: "Providence!—to whom we are infinitely more indebted than we are to our wisdom—or our own exertions—has always displayed its power and goodness when clouds and thick darkness seemed ready to overwhelm us."

I have unpublished notes of Washington indicating belief in immortality. To a friend who had named a child after him he expresses the hope that "he will live long to enjoy it, long after I have taken my departure for the world of spirits." To the same friend, on his child's death, he writes: "He that gave you, know, has a right to take away. His ways are wise—they are indisputable—and irresistible." I have found only one instance in which Washington expressed his approval of any doctrine preached by any minister. This is in a letter written in the first year of his presidency, acknowledging a printed discourse on the death of Sir William Pepperell, of Maine, in which he expresses his "approbation of the doctrine therein inculcated." This note (MS.) appeared to me so unusual that I hunted up the sermon, which was preached by Benjamin Stevens, A. M., pastor of the First Church in Kittery, and printed in 1759. The text selected for the only native American baronet was from Ps. 82, "But ye shall die like men." Referring to the previous part of the verse, (7), "I have said ye were gods," the preacher said that magistrates were representatives of God, and carrying out the plans of the supreme moral governor. The doctrine was an affirmation of the divine duty of rulers, and this, as the American modification of their "divine right," was what Washington approved. But it is remarkable that in all this funeral discourse, so approved, there is no allusion to any distinctive Christian dogma, nor to the office of Christ. It is a sermon that Theodore Parker might have preached, so far as any religious orthodoxy is concerned.

A note now in possession of George Washington Ball, of Alexandria (author of a valuable monograph on the maternal ancestry of Washington), is very impressive in this connection. It was written less than three months before his death, on hearing of the death of his brother Charles. "I was the first," he says, "and am now the last, of my father's children by the second marriage, who remain. When I shall be called upon to follow them is known only to the Giver of Life. When the summons comes, I shall endeavor to obey it with a good grace." The italics here are Washington's. With what grace he obeyed the summons is known to the world. When the end was near, Washington said to a physician present—an ancestor of the writer of these notes—"I am not afraid to go." With his right fingers on his left wrist he counted his own pulses, which beat his funeral march to the grave. "He bore his distress," so next day wrote one present, "with astonishing fortitude, and conscious, as he declared, several hours before his death, of his approaching dissolution, he resigned his breath with the greatest composure, having the full possession of his reason to the last moment." "Mrs. Washington," says same letter, "bore the afflictive stroke with a pious resignation and fortitude which show that her hopes were placed beyond this life. She knelt beside his bed, but no word passed on religious matters. With the sublime taciturnity which had marked his life, he passed out of existence, leaving no act or word which can be turned to the service of superstition, cant, or bigotry."

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THE TREATMENT OF OUR DEAD.

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 disposition of dead bodies has of late years given rise to much serious discussion on the part of sanitarians, and those interested in the subject of cremation. Great diversity of opinion has prevailed in the treatment of this question, and considerable feeling has been manifested by the disputants; but it is now pretty generally conceded by fair-minded people that the present system of interment is open to many serious objections, and must, sooner or later, either be greatly modified in its general plan, or superseded by a method not only more conformable to the laws of nature, but vastly more economical, from a general standpoint. By the term economical, I mean economy, as applied, not to the expenditure of money for funeral equipage, but to the saving of the public health by the quick and certain removal of substances that are sure to vitiate the atmosphere we breathe, the water we drink, and, very often, the food we eat. I firmly believe that the high mortality record and the alarming prevalence of epidemics and pestilential disorders are largely due to this false economic idea we have of burying our dead.

Evidence of this fact is apparent in European and Asiatic countries, where violent epidemics are so alarmingly frequent. True, other causes combine to produce such conditions, such as over-population, habits, and a general disregard for the laws of health; but there need be no controversy on the assertion that over-crowded cemeteries and the oftentimes careless and improper method of dealing with decaying substances, whether animal or vegetable, greatly aggravate contagious diseases. In Europe, disastrous wars, the ravages of cholera, and kindred epidemics, have served to fill immense burying-grounds, until encroachments are made upon private property for burial purposes. During an epidemic, the situation is extremely critical. The few who nerve themselves to the task of burying the dead can scarcely find time to fill these offices. Funeral services are necessarily brief, and hastily-dug graves often receive a dozen bodies, which but a few inches of dirt conceal from view. It is fair to assume that dangerous elements arise from these decomposing bodies, which need but proper atmospheric conditions to develop into germs of disease. This is the sanitarian's argument, and it is well sustained by facts, as every fair-minded person is free to admit. The economist deprecates the vast amount of land used for burial grounds, which should be added to the producing domain, and which future generations will surely reclaim for the cultivation of food. This side of the subject is not to be ignored.

The question then is—What method can be adopted in the treatment of our dead that will meet with popular approval, and be in perfect keeping with our higher civilization? Evidently the time-honored custom of burial will remain for some time to come, despite the opposition arrayed against it. We are apt to prize too highly the tender memories that cluster about the resting places of our departed ones, to accept, without serious forethought, a reform measure that seeks so radical a change, and popular conviction can only be secured through a rightful understanding. The human mind is slow to accept new theories, or to adopt new ideas. We must overcome all the formidable obstacles of custom, sentiment, prejudice and superstition before public opinion will yield an enlightened recognition of this important measure. Self-protection is the surest means to this end, and will do most to produce a general recognition of the value attached to public preservation.

Cremation, as a substitute for burial, is slowly growing in popular favor, and will, no doubt, ultimately meet with general approval. The custom has been rudely practiced by barbarous nations for many centuries, and much of the feeling existing against its adoption is its association with the habits of savage people. Happily, science has made many improvements on the funeral pyre of the savage. Dr. Reclam, of Leipzig University, was the first, I believe, to introduce an approved apparatus for incineration. His experiments were highly successful, the process lasting but twenty minutes, while the cost was practically nominal. Later improvements have added much to Dr. Reclam's method, notably the complete destruction of poisonous substances, which is particularly desirable in the case of persons who have died of infectious diseases. The adaptability of this method for consuming the body is open to question, while possibly the technical manipulation of such apparatus might prove a serious drawback to its use for all practical purposes. But even these difficulties might be overcome. With a crematory properly constructed and scientifically managed, failure seems impossible. One such is sufficient for a city of 50,000 people. It need not be located within the city limits, but can occupy a site at some convenient distance. Another, similarly constructed, can be used for pauper dead, for unknown bodies, criminals, and more especially for the remains of those who die of smallpox, or other contagious diseases. For convenience, it should be at, or near, the hospital which serves for the treatment of infectious ailments, so that, upon the death of an inmate, the body can be quickly burned, and all microbes, or germs destroyed. In this way, the repetition of a future epidemic might be averted, while, with the present system, much risk is involved, from the dangerous elements which arise from carelessly-interred bodies, and which shifting winds are sure to carry far and wide. The first cost might be great, but the benefits of such a system would justify any expenditure which its maintenance might involve. With the better class of people, personal preference alone can decide between the two forms of cere-

mony. We know full well that the final leave-taking of our dead is followed by a reduction of the material bulk into the elements from whence it comes—a slow process in the one case, and a correspondingly rapid one in the other. The former filling the surrounding earth with poisons, while the latter quickly disintegrates the foreign elements and entirely consumes them. The process varies, the chemical action is different, but the general results are practically the same.

So far, we have accepted the theory of cremation, partly because nothing better has been offered. It is, however, especially interesting to note that chemical science gives us early promise of some very practical suggestions concerning this subject. Embalming has long since attained absolute perfection, while the elimination of foreign substances by the hypodermic injection of chemical solutions has the effect of preserving the body intact for an indefinite length of time. But this process can only arrest decay; it cannot consume the material bulk.

Some years ago, a number of scientific men advanced the idea of lithological transformation. This would necessitate the immersion of the body in chemical solutions exceedingly strong, yet easily formulated. The object sought is aqueous dissolution, retaining only the mineral elements, which are quickly metamorphosed into a product resembling chalk. Or, the process may be varied, so that hydrated compound of carbon or hydrocarbonate of magnesium will result. The entire structure being thus ossified, can be quickly and easily reduced, either by solution or pulverization. Again, it is found that 98. per cent of the human body is composed of water, carbonic acid, and ammonia. The remaining portion consists of oxidized mineral elements, closely analogous to lime, phosphorus, magnesia, etc. By the process suggested, the former of these constituents can be expelled, while the latter, or solids, arrange themselves into a calcareous mass less than one-fifth of the original weight. The subsequent disposition of the mass must then be determined by the personal fancy of the survivors. I question very much, however, if any of our friends will take kindly to the idea of being soaked into a mass of mineral aggregation, and then ground to powder in a huge machine prepared for that purpose. The idea is, perhaps, even more revolting than burning, and will probably never receive popular recognition.—HARRY D. EATON in Current.

The First Society of Spiritualists.

Thinking that possibly your readers would be interested to see something of the work of the different Spiritualist societies here, and especially that Spiritualists from abroad, coming to the city for an occasional Sunday, may know where to find us, I would be glad to see in your columns a regular notice from each society.

The First Society of Spiritualists hold morning and evening services every Sunday, at 11:45 A. M. and 7:45 P. M., at Martine's Hall, 55 Ada street, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, speaker; seats free. A flourishing Sunday-school meets at 12:30 every Sunday; A. H. Bliss, superintendent. All who may desire, are cordially invited to come, and bring the children. Our social society, "The Band of Harmony," meets every Thursday evening, at Lodge Hall, No. 11 North Ada street, just north of Randolph street.

The first and third meetings of each month are devoted to spiritual exercises, the answering of questions by Ouija, also giving name-poems; and other mediums present are invited to take part, giving tests, messages, or inspirational talk, as they are moved to do. These exercises are full of interest, and all are cordially invited to attend them. No fee is charged, but a collection is taken. Each alternate Thursday is a musical and literary social—a short programme being given each time, and the time afterward spent in social chat, with sometimes a little time for "tripping the light fantastic." For these entertainments, there is an admission fee of ten cents. The programme for last Thursday evening was rich and most enjoyable, and the Mandolin Orchestra, which assisted in the entertainment, played waltzes, polkas, etc., for a most agreeable hour afterward.

Our regular series of dancing parties at Martine's Hall fully sustain the reputation gained last year, and the beautiful room, inspiring music, and the happy association of youth and beauty with charming costumes, form, indeed, an attractive sight. Our next party, on Dec. 30th, is to be a masque ball, and we expect the grandest success of the season on that occasion.

The public are most cordially invited to all our meetings, and we desire to cultivate that cordiality and fraternal feeling that form the foundation of all true spiritual teaching or living.

OWANTA.

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THE HOME CIRCLE FRATERNITY

The Evolution of a New Religion.

THE CELESTIAL CITY.

The Method Pointed Out Whereby You Can Obtain a Through Ticket.

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

There is a beautiful Celestial City, exceeding in grandeur and magnificence the loftiest conception of poet and seer. There are a few of earth's children who have in sublime moments of ecstasy caught a glimpse thereof, thrilling their souls with unutterable emotions of delight. To Bishop Bowman was accorded this inestimable privilege. On one memorable occasion he appeared to be dying—standing midway between heaven and earth. He seemed to be on a magnificent ship, and he heard the Captain say, "Stop her!" and which he thought to be the voice of his Divine Master, when his eighteen-months-old child, who had passed to the spiritual realm twenty years ago, came to him, and said, "I have come to meet you." She asked him, "Do you not think I have grown, papa?" She then seemed to assume a form of glory that he had never before witnessed, saying that many friends had asked for him, and were awaiting his coming, and that a lady and gentleman had kissed her, saying that her papa was their boy. "All this," says Bishop Bowman, "left a deep impression upon me, by the magnificence of the surroundings, and it was a season of great preciousness to me. It seems to me that I have come back from the other world."

Bishop Bowman only caught a faint glimpse of the Celestial City. No mortals of earth, while sojourning among the turbulent scenes of this state of existence, ever fully beheld the ineffable glories of the Celestial City. Not one of them has ever fully seen its magnificent streets; its grand parks; its fountains which scintillate with rainbow-tinted hues; its beautiful gardens; the flowers of which send forth a pleasing incense, and which speak a divine language. They have only caught a faint glimpse thereof. Angels are there; the great and good of generations long past and gone, are there; the Divine Master is there; but whether a Jesus, a Vishnu, a Brahma, a Confucius, or one whose soul is brilliant with the grandeur of a God, exalted by virtue of his innate goodness—we know not. Toward that Celestial City all humanity are tending. "In my Father's house are many mansions," and it may be, for aught we know to the contrary, that the Golden Route to the Celestial City is like a graded school; it may have apartments in which each one of God's children will find a place exactly adapted to his intellectual and moral status.

Have you a ticket to this Celestial City, where God's goodness, God's charity, God's love, God's benevolence and God's justice, are manifested in every passing breeze; in every flower that smiles in tinted colors; in every drop of the water of bubbling fountains which are illuminated with a light that sparkles with the lustre of the diamond; in everything that the spiritual eyes can behold there are the manifestations of a God.

Yes, have you a ticket to that Celestial City? Perhaps you belong to an aristocratic church; you accept the Bible as the word of God; you regard Jesus as the Savior of the world, and you have been baptized, and have unbounded faith. Alas! that is not an available ticket to the Celestial City. It will not carry you to the first station; it will not even take you out of the earth-depot. You cannot purchase a ticket that will take you there. The fabulous wealth of an Eastern Prince could not alone secure a passage to that place. Perhaps Vanberbilt and Gould would like to secure a through ticket, but they cannot.

The Celestial City is connected with the earth by what we designate as the Golden Route Spiritual Railway; yet no minister of the gospel, no church member, no Moody and Sankey, and no Spiritualist can ever fully control it. There are no ticket agents on earth; no one can give you a pass there. It is doubtful whether Talmage, with his magnificent wealth of intellect, and Theodore Tilton, with his brilliant eloquence, can take passage thereon, when they shall have laid aside the mortal body, and be conveyed at once to the central depot.

The Celestial City has no bonded indebtedness; no watered stock; no corrupt officials; no cesspools of vice—it is the home of angels; the home of the pure, the good, the true. Are you bound for that city? Have you tried to secure a ticket thereto?

There was a terrific fire once, where we were temporarily sojourning. Oh! how the flames went skyward, as if so many demoniacal tongues issuing from the pits of hell! There was precious human life in that building; and only one remaining egress of escape. Who would ascend the swaying ladder?

All, seemingly, was lost!

There came from the hissing flames the tender, pathetic walls of human beings, and they lingered on the breeze, as sad as the refrain of a funeral dirge, and then an infidel—a brave, generous-hearted infidel—sprang forward, rushed up the frail ladder, and at the peril of his own life, saved three lovely children from the fierce fire! He gambled; he was tricky; he was bad, it was said; yet he was in some respects noble and tender-hearted, and kind, at times, and that heroic deed will secure him a ticket towards the beautiful Celestial City. He will be at the earth depot when the last summons, Death, shall come; he will walk up to the heavenly train, and ask for a ticket to the Celestial City. An angel of God will give him one to proceed just as far as all his acts of life combined entitle him to go, and no farther, and engraved thereon will be: "Saved three precious human lives from the fire!" Thus it is, good deeds count with the Lord, from whomsoever they emanate, and good deeds only secure you passage on the Golden Route to the Celestial City.

What have you done to-day? Have you

cheered some poor, faltering soul? Have you encouraged the disheartened? Have you sent forth kind thoughts, laden with an incense that renders some one cheerful and happy? If so, you are nearing the Celestial City; nearing it, because you are paying your passage from station to station, and approaching nearer the final end.

Alas! there are Bibles many; there are thousands of churches; there are hundreds of devotees who sincerely and devoutly expound the word of God, yet many of them are not approaching the Celestial City by so doing. God's tickets, God's passes, God's permits, to a ride by the Golden Route to the Celestial City, cannot be gained by only preaching. Something more beautiful—more grand—more soul-elevating, is required. There are sermons in running brooks, in the singing of birds; in the grand expressions of nature; in the unfolding of a bud into a beautiful blossom, and its final development into luscious fruit; but above all, there is a grand potential sermon in a kind word to some poor mortal, supplemented by substantial aid.

We knew old Aunt Martha well. She was ignorant; she was uncouth; she was coarse in form and ungainly in her general make-up; yet there beamed from her eyes and glistened from her features a grandeur of soul that was truly sublime. She never prayed; she never sang psalms; she never attended prayer-meetings; she never tried to understand the word of God. One day, a stranger in the village where she resided was taken down with small-pox, and carried to a lonely pest-house. In vain, for awhile, the officials tried to secure some one to attend to his numerous wants, for he was nigh unto death. Did the high-toned volunteer go to? No! Did the wealthy men of the town offer their services to a poor, suffering man, in dire distress? No! Could a church member be found who would care for this suffering man? No! Finally, Aunt Martha, as she was called, stepped forward, and volunteered to nurse the sick stranger.

She went to the lonely pest-house; she breathed its poisonous air; she endured its inconveniences, and bravely administered to the one in need. As she bent over that dying man, for at last the disease gained the ascendancy, her eyes seemed radiant with the impulses of an angel, and her coarse features, in the sight of that sufferer, were beautiful! As she cooled his parched lips, fanned his fevered brow, and rendered his last moments comfortable, there went forth from his lips a plaintive, beautiful prayer, that heaven would treat Aunt Martha tenderly, and make her last moments on earth comfortable and happy. What grander scene than that! Talk of bravery on the battle-field—the heroism of Aunt Martha was nobler and more angelic! And when she, one dark, dismal night, calmly administered to his last moments, and closed his eyes in death, her grandeur of soul surpassed the loftiest imagination of the children of earth. The ascended spirit of the one she had nursed was there; angels were there; kind guardians were there, and, for aught we know, Jesus himself might have been there.

What a glorious triumph for that old woman, as she changed her clothing and returned to her humble home! Did the church get up a reception for her? No! Did many flock to her side to congratulate her? No! They were afraid that there was a taint of the disease left on her person. But there are angels who look into the hearts of men and women. They don't gaze therein for a bible; they don't look therein to see if they have said their prayers; they don't examine one's heart to see if the sacrament has been performed; they don't peer into the record to see if each one has been baptized; they don't look to see if praise to God has been regularly indulged in. They only examine the deeds of each one! They surveyed that old woman! They looked into her soul, and it was beautiful; there was a garden there, full of flowers, on which were written, goodness! And what did they do when this noble-hearted soul was taken sick, died, and buried in a pauper's graveyard? Why, they gave her a through ticket to the Celestial City. If you want a ticket to that City, be good and do good. If you are a father, be kind and loving to your wife and children; speak kind words only. Make each one around you feel happier and better, and by so doing, you, too, will approach nearer and nearer the Celestial City, and, perhaps, even while on earth, you may be able to catch a glimpse of angels, and hear the melodious music that emanates from heavenly harps. Remember, then, will you, please, that there are innumerable stations on the Golden Route to the Celestial City! Ministers, or even Spiritualist don't always have a through ticket; church members are often tumbled off at the first station, with instruction how to reform their perverse, selfish natures. The millionaire may not be able to reach the second depot in a hundred years, and the proud and exacting have got a divine lesson to learn before they can even catch a glimpse of the radiant features of old Aunt Martha.

Not many months will have passed away before THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will have a circulation of 30,000, more than that of all the other Spiritualist papers in this country combined. When you receive your paper, loan it to your neighbor; he will read it and tell his numerous friends; his numerous friends will read it, and each one tell his numerous friends, the circle widening—ever widening! When 30,000 subscribers shall have been entered on our subscription list, with new attractions which we shall present within three months our list will double. When sending in your subscriptions, please forward the names and post-office addresses of all the Spiritualists you can bring to mind, who are not already taking the paper.

C. D. James, of Danielsonville, Conn., writes: "I like the type, style and matter of your paper."

THE GRAND REALITY!

Experiences in Spirit Life of a Celebrated Dramatist.*

[Continued from last week.]
LECTURE III.

We next entered a grade less exclusive—a grade more heterogeneous, that is, humanly speaking; for, from a spiritual standpoint, the whole race of mankind is considered in the light of homogeneity, as one, evolved by the same mighty Evolver of all worlds and peoples. That grade comprised spirits of men and women from various parts of the earth; and those spirits were animated by a desire to cultivate these sublime and exalted faculties which give birth to sentiments and thoughts of truth and love. They were in possession of no little knowledge and intellectual resources, which, if brought to light upon this globe, and trans-fused into the minds of its inhabitants, would prove of immense value, especially in a religious aspect, for such knowledge would germinate into blossoms of righteousness, which is the essence of true religion, and impart a perfume of deathless fragrance. But, alas! the ocean of prejudice, ignorance, and bigotry is as yet at too great flood to admit of any but the most limited streams of knowledge, which, however, thanks to ceaseless energetic Progress, are ever extending, ever enlarging, slow and gradual, it may be, but sure and certain.

We passed on and came to a third plane or grade, occupied by the spirits of people known to you as Hindoos, all drawn together and united as one great family, in all of whose members were displayed harmony, love, sympathy and peace.

And so we traveled, visiting during a space of time equivalent to a period approximating to ten of earth's years, many grades of spirits, too numerous to mention and particularize in this lecture; but I cannot resist dwelling for a moment upon the grade of "savages" which we visited—the spirits of those who, in the first sphere of existence, were unfettered by anything pertaining to "religion," that is, religion in the popular, limited, and degrading acceptance of the term. Religion, of course, of some kind animated their souls, but it was a religion devoid of theological teachings, or teachings known as such. Unvarnished by civilization, uncontaminated by any churchly teachings, those children of Nature believed when they passed away that there was something beyond, many of them anticipating a "Happy Hunting Ground" of some description for their benefit. These ignorant, untutored savages had no bible, save the Bible of Nature—that Volume which is ever open for perusal, and from which they could derive conceptions of a more correct theology than could those who have limited their researches to bibles made by the hands of designing men. Yes, with minds unbiased they could derive a higher theology, one approximating to truth, by beholding and contemplating the imposing majesty, beauty, and grandeur of all things in Nature—the magnificent stellar systems above and beyond them, the wonderful earth and its appurtenances beneath and about them; and, viewing the future world by the light of analogy, it was possible for them to attain a better idea of the spiritual spheres than have those whose minds have been trammelled by book-learning and the superstitious traditions of antiquity.

Now, if the Divine Spark can abide and kindle in the breast of a savage, and engender within it the hope of a "Happy Hunting Ground" in the future, why should presumptuous arrogance, by its puny fiat, dare to consign to oblivion (or, what is worse, to eternal torment) that which the Great Positive Mind has destined to progress to the highest state of perfection. Oh! "Christians," 'tis time—'tis time, indeed—that ye abjure such a degrading superstition—such horrid blasphemy. Awake! arise! and divest yourselves of the opinions hereditarily imbibed from your ignorant and priest-ridden forefathers. Seek ye, look up to, and venerate the truth, not as it is in this or that man's opinion, but as it is in Nature, in, round and above you. Ah! with all my heart—with all my spiritual soul—I coveted the so-called disadvantages of the child of Nature, disadvantages that, to my mind, presented a favorable contrast to the so-called advantages (this word and its antithesis were expressed in a slightly satirical tone) pertaining to the religious of civilization. I coveted the unsophisticated innocence of which the simple child of Nature is possessed as the strongest birthright of his spiritual existence. No false prejudices bound him; no so-called authoritative teachings acted as cobwebs over his mental vision; and though his faculties were undeveloped on earth, or the first sphere, they were yet free from that alloy which tends to repress their development in the second. List, oh! list, my friends. Many of those who, in times long past, were held in contempt and treated as "savages" and "infidels," now stand as the noblest adornments of beauty in those spheres which are embellished by all that is lovely and beautiful.

Ere we retraced our way to the grade to which we were indebted for our home, we passed through a location (on the same plane) corresponding somewhat (as far as regards temperature and atmosphere) to those regions of your earth known as the Arctic and Antarctic, for there the cold, or its spiritual correspondent, appeared to us intense. But, behold how beneficent is Nature, which had adapted it for those who were, when on earth, subjected to a climate suitable to their organism, but which others would deem rigorous. Nature, kind and loving, ever exerts herself for the comfort and benefit of all.

I was taken by one of the inhabitants of this location, who said he had been about seventy years in the spheres, to a window of his domicile, from which I viewed a sight hitherto and severe-looking in the extreme. 'Twas a wide and extended valley, bordered by ice-capped mountains stretching to an indefinite distance, each peak in the far distance seeming to rear itself higher and higher, as if in emulation of it fellow. Over all—orer valley and o'er mountain—was a dense mantle of snow (not, however, snow like yours of earth, but more resembling silver were it pulverized into the finest imaginable particles), which appeared glistening, shining, sparkling with myriads and myriads of diamonds; and bridges of this

silver-snow with diamond appearance connected each mountain peak. The lustrous beams of many suns reflected from that beautiful mantle, created a light of such refugeness as would be perfectly blinding to the physical sight, but to the spiritual vision the light was one of glory and magnificence. A clime the very extreme of that I have just briefly alluded to, we subsequently traversed, where, beneath the luxuriant foliage of its trees, could be seen clustering in joyous groups the swarthy children of the sunny Indies of the West, a clime which you would term "tropical," where the richness of Nature is beyond the power of description, where sentient soul-beings are replete with happiness, thoughts of which cannot otherwise than awake within the soul of the contemplator reflections ancient the kind, loving, merciful Father, who in his infinite beneficence has provided such felicity for his creatures.

Ah! friends, cultivate the acquaintance of Nature. Let Nature be your Bible, for she never lies, never has lied, and never by any possibility can lie. A thorough belief in the *optimity* of Nature must, as a necessary consequence, result from a profound study of her secrets. The more profoundly that study is pursued, the deeper will become the conviction of the immutability and universality of her laws, and of the analogies which are everywhere observable throughout her vast realms.

As a periodical and great meeting of spirits was to take place in the grade to which we were then attached, we returned thereto, that we might not miss the opportunity of attending. Our return home was marked by a feature which, up to that point of my spiritual experience, was peculiar. We arrived at the margin of a vast ocean, where we embarked in a beautiful silvery-like canoe, which was propelled with the greatest ease, seemingly without labor of any kind! We glided over the gently undulating waves with a velocity unequalled by any method of locomotion with which you are familiar, and we quickly arrived at the city from which we had set out.

Our first duty on arrival was to enter upon tablets the particulars connected with our journey, and any remarks or comments connected therewith; and I thought it would afford me an opportunity of testing the perpetuation of that endowment by which I was characterized while in the earth life, and for which I have been so eulogized by succeeding generations. But, alas! I soon perceived that I was no longer the vehicle or medium for others' thoughts. With the divestiture of the body pertaining to earth, I was no longer the favored recipient of impressions from beings more exalted than myself. Certainly my mind, freed from the sphere of the rudimentary body, has access to knowledge infinitely beyond that sphere. My perceptions and conceptions are immeasurably enlarged or expanded; but the medial powers (as associated with the transmission of diversified thoughts and sentiments from those beyond my ken for which I was remarkable, I then perceived that I possessed not. Believe not, however, that the tone of regret as just now expressed pertains to my present existence. Oh, no! for 'tis not by verbal or written niceties that the spirit becomes elevated; but such a consummation is attained alone by the application of his mental or soul force to the elevation of those beneath him.

The tablets were taken by a sage, and deposited in the place assigned them. Three days (by way of note it was here remarked by the lecturer that time in the ethereal world is not measured by days, etc., but, in speaking of such, a space of time equivalent thereto is intended.) I subsequently were summoned to a large hall, where those of the highest repute and greatest "standing" in that sphere compared the records we had made concerning our visitations with those of others who had immediately preceded us. Each record was compared most particularly, and those assembled were desired to note the comparison, the result of which was that bands of ministering spirits were chosen to assist the exaltation of those in certain grades to whom our records called attention.

Now, although when in the first sphere I had a strong aversion to teaching, and never essayed to be a schoolmaster—my temper lacking that placidity or equanimity so essential in one who ventures upon such a charge—yet here I was ambitious to become one among those bands of missionaries or teachers. My suddenly aroused desire in this respect caused me to ignore the irritability which was so prominent in my temper, and which was so very much against me in the spiritual existence. But the method adopted by the spirit who had become my guide, for the purpose of checking and suppressing this baneful habit, had already modified it to a considerable extent. When excited or passionate, or when I began to speak with rapid utterance, that spirit immediately raised his hand, when the impatient words appeared to return and undergo a kind of suffocation within me! I soon learned to weigh and measure most carefully what I purposed saying; for the sensation of having to, as it were, eat one's own words was far from agreeable.

I attempted to satisfy my desire of becoming a teacher. But, lo! The first essay—the first step in advance—was quickly succeeded by an involuntary retrograde movement! Back I was drawn by that which is irresistible, inexorable!—for, alas! my propensities were yet too mundane, too earthly; and I had not sufficiently qualified myself to become a teacher of others. I must first teach my own nature to suppress the evil tendencies yet adhering to it. Hitherto I had only cultivated those things which led to the satisfying of my spiritual curiosity, and I had yet to learn and cultivate those things which would tend to benefit not only myself but all those with whom I came in contact.

Some of my companions came around and consoled me for the repulsive reproach with which my presumption had been rewarded. Many, with equal presumption, had, in times past (I learned from those companions) met with such silent but stern rebuffs similar to that which had so effectually checked myself.

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

[To be continued.]

JURIES AND JURORS.

BY B. R. ANDERSON.

So much is said of late through some of our newspapers against judges for the course which they pursue with regard to juries and jurors, that a stranger might be led to think that the entire American people have gone crazy. Some fellow, educated in the best manner of raising pigs and turkeys, finds a sudden opportunity of investing \$250 in some old second-hand newspaper press in the city, and in two months' time is wielding the "potent influence of the press" for the enlightenment of the world. All constitutional questions are handled with an expertness that could be excelled only by a cow practicing with a revolver. If these papers would state that jury trials are farces simply because jurors seldom notice, or care for the facts, I would agree with them. But I find fault seriously with such displays of intolerable ignorance as the following: "Jurors are daily becoming a greater farce, for the reason that judges are ever ready to take the case out of their hands."

"Nobody but a fool seems qualified to sit as a juror nowadays—the moment a man says he has heard of the case he is set aside."

"Trials by jury are simply thirteen-men trials, the judge having a sort of veto power."

As to jurors "becoming a farce." Here the writer necessarily thought, when he penned those words, that the world had commenced about the time he entered upon it. Why, in the olden time Lord Mansfield remarked that "a juror should be as white as paper" and the old idea was of that kind. As to the farcical phase of the jury system, that is just what it always has been; but it is more rational now than it was years ago. Now as to the judge taking the case out of the hands of the jury: Let it be understood by the unprofessional readers that centuries of ever-fluctuating business transactions have called out all of the ingenuity of judges and lawyers of great learning; and the result has been the crystallization of these experiences into rules of action, called "rules of law." These last remarks are written to call attention to the onerous task of learning these rules. I know there is occasionally a flippant cross-roads orator who claims that common sense should be the guide in settling these difficulties. The possession of a little of this article would be sufficient to assure any one that if common sense were resorted to in such matters, we would be in a woeful condition—there would be as great a variety of opinions as there is of faces. This being the case, then there is properly what is called the province of the court, and province of the jury. The judge instructs the jury as to what the law is which governs the case, and leaves them as exclusive judges of the facts.

Suppose a promissory note is given by Smith, a rich farmer, to Brown, a traveling truckster, payable in thirty days to the order of Brown. Now, if Brown sell this note to the bank before due, the bank can recover the whole of it even though Brown gave Smith only a mere promise of some worthless machinery for it. Let us observe that in the first place this is as it should be—we must have a rule on such transactions, and Smith would not consider it to his interest that his note should not be current—but that when he gave currency to it by signing, all the world should do the same; destruction to business would result from the opposite course. Should the bank sue Smith on this note, he might set up as a defense that Brown had swindled him; and if the court admitted his tale of woe in evidence the farmer would win every time. Because it is about impossible to find twelve men outside of the legal profession who would recognize the necessity of retaining in practice this rule of law which protects an innocent holder of negotiable paper against defenses which might be set up against the payee. In a case like this, then, the court would either instruct the jury to find for the plaintiff under the state of the evidence, or, it might be he would discharge the jury and order judgment for the plaintiff.

Now one of these ignorant, self-imposed critics might find fault with the judge, who would be proceeding in a manner strictly legal. What has been written so far may cast some light on the distinctive provinces of court and jury. Thus, the court gives the law to the jury, whose province then is to find the facts. The arrangement is scientific, is based on years—yes, on centuries of actual business experience. As to the usual charge that a man must be an idiot to be a good juror, this like the other point is the result of ignorance.

A man may have heard all about a case, may have read the newspaper reports concerning it, and still be a competent juror. While there are conflicting opinions among courts as to what will disqualify one from sitting on a jury, the following from p. 72, 1st Thompson on Trials, will afford some light to the general reader: "The opinion which has been avowed by the court is, that light impression which may fairly be supposed to yield to the testimony that may be offered, which may leave the mind open to a fair consideration of that testimony, constitutes no sufficient objection; but that those strong and deep impressions which will close the mind against the testimony that may be offered in opposition to them, which will combat that testimony and resist its force, do constitute a sufficient objection to him." Also this and even stronger ruling in favor of admitting a juror who has read of the case, and has partial opinions has been made by the Kansas Supreme Court.

These facts being true, the statements that judges interfere with the province of the jury is not true. Nor is it true that a man is required to be ignorant before he can sit on a jury. Simply if he swear on the *voir dire* that he has an abiding conviction one way or the other, then without allowing him to state what that opinion is, he will be held incompetent. And who would have it otherwise?

Reader, if you were on trial charged with the commission of a felony, would you feel that justice was done to you if the judge permitted a man to sit on that jury whose mind had already been fully persuaded of your guilt? This article is not written for the benefit of the bar, they do not need it; but it is written for the benefit of those who are misled by the trivial country sheets edited by men in utter ignorance of the subject.

PROGRESS, the universal law of nature.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Everyday is a fresh beginning.
Every morning is the world made new,
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
Yesterday's are done and tears are shed,
Yesterday's errors, yesterday's cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which scarred and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days, which never
Shall never be more with their bloom and their
blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot re-live them,
Cannot undo and cannot long to undo them,
God in His mercy receive, forgive them,
For the new days are our own;
To-day is ours and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all brightened brightly,
Here are the spent earth all reborn,
To face the sun and stars with the dawn
In the chime of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning—
Listen, my soul, to the social refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

—Susan Coolidge.

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