

The Progressive Thinker

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

VOL. I.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 4, 1890.

NO. 6.

Written for *The Progressive Thinker*.
A MOTHER'S LONGINGS.

BY ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

Dear Willie, leave thy spirit-home
In climes to me unknown,
And come and be with me to-night,
For I am all alone.
He of my soul is gone from sight,
And home seems dark 'mid floods of light.

Each stirring sound is fast asleep;
There is not an answering tone
To echo back the words I'd breathe,
'Tis sad to be alone.
Come, Willie, 'tis so silent, dear,
Thy spirit footsteps I could hear.

Come, darling, clasp me in your arms
And tell me all thy secret thoughts;
Tell mother of thy spirit-home,
Sweet home among the blest.
Come, tell the greatest sights you've seen,
And lay your head upon my breast.

Come, Willie, tell me all that's been
So wonderful and bright;
And tell me thy sweet secrets, when
The curtain hid thee from my sight.
Come, darling, I am all alone,
And every ray of joy has flown.

It seems to-night that I could see
Thy spirit-arms entwined
Around me in one fond embrace
Of feeling all divine,
That gladness would about me play
And chase this sadness all away.

Hush! O, my soul in silence!
I hear his voice again;
His hand is on my forehead,
My heart is free from pain.
He calls from out the shadows,
"Mother," 'tis the same old sweet refrain.

Written for *The Progressive Thinker*.

A SEARCH FOR THE SOUL.

BY D. P. KAYNER, M. D.

There is, perhaps, no other one thing in the field of metaphysical research so often mixed up and tortured out of definite meaning, as the true relations of spirit and soul. Go back to the ancients and there is a confusion of ideas on the subject. Compare the sayings reputed to Jesus in the book "according to John" with the teachings of Paul in Corinthians and you will find a complete disagreement on the subject, and the opposite statements presented only help on the confusion.

That there is something in man which constitutes him an individualized, intelligent being, differing from all other races of being in the fact that his individualized intelligence endows him with a capacity for almost unlimited progression, has in a certain sense been recognized in all ages and by all schools of philosophy. While on the one hand that something was believed to be an immortal entity, emanating from the Great Positive Mind, it was by others considered as nothing more than the result of the organism, and as the offspring of the brain, dependent solely upon the peculiar construction of that organ and its physiological actions; and as it was dependent upon the number, fineness and depth of the convolutions, and the functional activities of the brain for its individual powers, the mind could only exist so long as that action was kept up. Each different school of philosophy has, therefore, advanced theories innumerable, as colobes spun from their various imaginings, to bolster up their various phantasmagorias.

To find the seat of the soul, the deserted temple—the poor inanimate brain from which the vestal fires had burned out—has been searched through all its chambers and deserted halls in vain. The *Pineal Gland* and the *Corpus Callosum* have each been determined upon by different theorists, who were "wise above what is written," as the structures whence issued all the powers of giant intellect; either acting as a self-generator of those forces which terminated when the organ ceased to act or was the developing point of an immortal entity, whence came through the organization of matter, "the man immortal."

While Paul was one of the latter class as evidenced in his letter to the Corinthians in which he states: "Howbeit, that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual." another bible writer declares that "The body shall return to the dust, as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it." The corollary of the doctrine of Paul when fully carried out places him and Ingersoll upon the same platform. Paul makes the natural the creator of the spiritual—hence the world created God. Ingersoll in a similar strain declares: "An honest God is the noblest work of man."

To solve this intricate problem which is so terribly mixed up amid a "confusion of tongues," denominated falsely ideas, and if possible, to get at the true answer, we have started out in our "search for the soul."

Priestcraft, starting out with the assumption that it possessed the divine right or talent to establish a formula of rites, ceremonies, ordinances and observances to "save the souls of men," has in all ages demanded implicit obedience to the established creeds and dogmas of the church under pain of eternal damnation, and among the different schools of theology the soul has been a constant "bone of contention" with reference to what was essential to its salvation. In the creed it was "predestination"; in another it was "baptism by immersion"; in another it was in observing mass, being shrived by the priest just before death, and the richly adorned for "masses for the dead" afterward, which being "the only true road to salvation." Amid all this jangle of confusing creeds and dogmas of faith the poor soul had to take its chances of being stranded on the leaure of hell, if it steered in the wrong direction. Poor human nature was at fault and could only judge of these things according to its education as influenced by the circle of its surroundings, by which to be switched

onto one or the other track to take its chances for heaven.

If, therefore, the object of our search has eluded the scalpel and microscope of the anatomist, and escaped from the crucible of the chemist; if it mystified the investigations of the learned Paul, who "was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel," the great teacher and law-giver of Judea, and that, too, after he had been "caught up into the third heaven"; if it has been "an unknown quantity" in the various theological problems relative to a future life in all ages, where are we to look for it? how expect to find it?

We are now confronted with the question, "What is the soul of man, how constituted, and what is its relative position with regard to the general make-up of his being?" The true answer to this question, which has been so variously considered by metaphysicians, theologians and theorists, will afford a solution of one of the grandest and most profound problems of existence. It will enable us to show to the theologian that man is his own savior, and demonstrate to the materialist a continued existence after the corporeal body has been laid aside.

By the various theological schools, soul is understood to be the immortal, intelligent, thinking and sensing part of man. The Theosophists hold the same view. This demonstrates that both sprung from the same original source. From the Orient both were budded. It was in India that the soul was manifested to the adepts, and it was there where it was washed in the sacred waters of the Ganges from all its sinful impurities. From Ceylon and Hindostan these ideas found their way westward to Babylon, and on to Egypt, Judea, and finally to Rome, and on through all the theological offshoots of the Papal Hierarchy to the present time. Passing over these intervening ages, the Theosophist has gone direct to India to study adepts as it has been handed down from age to age among the worshippers of Buddha. Both have reached the same conclusion, demonstrating the common origin of the idea.

By the theologian soul and spirit have been used indiscriminately as synonymous terms relating to the intelligent immortal part of man which, according to their "philosophy," was destined to eternal happiness or woe. Hence man was exhorted to "save his soul" by accepting their peculiar dogmas and joining their church.

The agnostic on the other hand called it "mind," and considered it as nothing more or less than the manifestation of the workings of the brain. The intellect was but the result of organization. Life was an evolution from matter, showing the manifestation of the molecular forces inherent in the atoms thereof developed by the combination, and when those forces ceased to act the combination was destroyed and spirit, soul or mind was wrecked in the general ruins and ceased to be.

Now who or what is right? Some of the ancients drew a definite line of distinction between *psyche* and *pneuma*,—soul and spirit. Spirit from its invisibility was compared to a breath or air—*pneuma*. Jesus said: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but thou canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the spirit."

The spirit of man is here compared to wind—"air set in motion"—signifying an invisible force or self-operating generative power—"born of the spirit." To emphasize this more fully Jesus said, "The body profiteth nothing; it is the spirit that quickeneth."

The expressions above quoted are beautifully presented in the following lines by the poet Spenser. He says,

"Not from the body, spirit form doth take;
For 'tis the spirit doth the body make."

Spirit, therefore, is here clearly presented as the invisible, life-giving, intelligent, organizing and controlling force, which forms—"makes"—the being and constitutes its individuality or personal entity; operating in and through the organism it has built for its temporary habitation, in which, and in connection with which, it becomes individualized.

The spirit of man, as part of the Universal Whole, as one expression of the universal life, becomes individualized by its union with and blending together a positive and negative germ, and building, according to the combined conditions and surroundings, a physical body, through which, in this sphere, to manifest its individual selfhood, and through its individual unfolding and works here, to weave from the elements which it has organized as a physical body the refined materials which shall afterward be raised (resurrected) out of the grosser physical to form its spiritual body, when the outer shell of the chrysalis shall be broken and deserted.

If this view is correct, spirit may be considered related to soul somewhat as soul is related to body; as Paul expresses it inversely, then there is "body, soul and spirit."

Now, what say my teachers who come to bring the lessons of the inner life and to impress them upon our consciousness?

They say, There is an illimitable ocean of spirit which infills all things and outworks all forms; that every molecule of the Universe is filled and thrilled with its life-giving energy, imparting to all germs their individuality and vitalizing powers corresponding to their degree of development, growth and conditions. Spirit, then, is the intelligent builder; the thinker; the living principle which in man is working out the grand problem of immortality individualized.

The body it has built for itself becomes its laboratory in which chemical changes are

constantly going on, refining and vitalizing the different elements or atoms which are daily being changed through the mysterious chemistry of life, by the action of the inherent organic forces directed by the individual controlling spirit. Through its contact with matter and its manipulations therein of the chemistry of life it is enabled to develop and manifest its intelligence through the reasoning faculties and to give expression to its thoughts.

But is this all, or shall we go farther? To proceed then, it is fitting itself through the unfolding of these powers for further progress after it severs its connection with the body it has built here as a temporary house and workshop during its sojourn in this mundane sphere. But it is also building a more enduring house, from the elements it has been operating on here to refine and vitalize, that will constitute the spiritual body or soul, when it drops off this mortal shell and leaves it to moulder back again to its kindred elements in the earth, while the spirit, in its new body, passes on to enter the second sphere."

Here then we have Paul's trinity—"body, soul and spirit."

It is this soul-envelope which the clairvoyant sees as the spirit is leaving the body, which rises out of the brain like a mist of star-dust, gradually taking form, and finally showing the arisen spirit in its new body starting with spirit friends for its home on the other shore.

San Jose, Cal., Dec. 8, 1889.

A MARVELOUS CASE.

Murder Discovered Through Involuntary Mediumship.

An Authentic Narrative Compiled by the Late Benjamin Coleman, Esq.

FROM PASSAGES TAKEN FROM AN INQUEST HELD IN NORTH WALES ON THE BODIES OF MRS. JANE R. AND GILBERT H., 1790.

Visiting the romantic village of Waterford, on the Mohawk river, during my recent tour in America, I was particularly struck with the resemblance of the scenery to a memorable spot in North Wales, made memorable by the singular events I am about to relate to you, and in which I am sure you will share in my interest.

I have so often visited the scene alluded to in Wales, that its local traditions have become perfectly familiar to me. A peculiar and probably instinctive love of the imaginative induced me to seek, among a collection of remarkable trials to which I had access, for the legal details which attach to a legend, which render one the river's little islands a scene of no less interest than superstitious terror. The descendants of the family most intimately connected with the tale I am about to relate, still inhabit the neighboring village. They are persons of excellent repute, of great worth, and as I am informed they are morbidly sensitive on the subject of their relative's share in this tragedy, I shall suppress both the names, those of the chief actors, and the exact locality—all too celebrated in that district.

A lady, whom I shall call Mrs. R., having once visited the island with a party for pleasure, conceived the romantic idea of purchasing the ground and building a residence thereon. This she carried into execution, and being widow of ample means and extensive benevolence, she caused a pleasant house to be erected in immediate contiguity to her own residence, which she bestowed, free of rent, on a very poor family whom she had occasionally befriended. Mr. R. was a woman of very eccentric and retired habits, and when she established herself in her new residence she took with her neither domestic nor companion. The island could only be approached by means of a small row-boat, which she purchased and gave, together with the occupancy of the farm, to the above-named poor family, in return for their attendance upon herself and farm stock, of which she only reserved a sufficiency for her own use, generously bestowing the rest on her proteges. The occupants of this farm were a man, his wife and three young children. Their name is too well known to find a place in this short sketch. I shall call him farmer Gilbert. This man had once, it was said, been a convict, and, having been favored with a commutation of his sentence through the benevolent interference of Mrs. R., he was in every way bound to her service by ties of gratitude. This was evidenced in his zeal and devotion for her; himself, his wife, and children seemed only to exist for her benefit, and thus they lived for many years, happy and contented, and, although leading lives of almost hermit-like seclusion, they were often quoted in the surrounding villages as models of patriarchal virtue.

At length it happened that a distant relative of Mrs. R. went to the island to pay her a visit. She was absent when he arrived and her *factotum*, Gilbert, had informed him that Mrs. R. had gone to town the day before, and although she had given strict orders that he should be in attendance with his boat to row her home at a certain hour of the evening, she had not returned all night. As this, it seemed, was her first continuous absence from the island since she had taken up her residence there, the family appeared disturbed and anxious on her account; but when day after day passed away, and no tidings reached them of their mistress, the deepest sorrow and alarm was felt, both by themselves and the entire neighborhood.

*By Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, in *The Two Worlds*.

hood. The farmer applied to the magistrate for assistance to discover his beloved and absent lady; he simply enough stated that he had rowed her to the nearest village, and there parted with her. He believed it was her intention to go to a certain town for the purpose of depositing in a bank a large sum of money which she had retained in her home for years, but which some secret instinct, as she informed her friends, assured her she ought no longer to keep about her. Every effort was made to trace her farther progress, but without avail. The lady was known to have a nephew in the bank, and a letter was found in her desk from the young man, strongly recommending her to secure her property there, rather than retain it in her lonely and very unguarded seclusion. At first suspicion rested on this nephew, as the probability arose that he had enticed her into this step, with a view of possessing himself with her wealth by unfair means; but, after a time, the excellence of the young man's character quite dispelled these suspicions. But what served to involve the affair in a still darker mystery than ever, was the fact that the nephew swore before a bench of magistrates, that his aunt, Mrs. R., had positively entered the bank at twelve o'clock in the forenoon, in broad daylight, on the day of her disappearance, and after regarding him very earnestly for a few moments, during which he had remained in astonished silence, walked out again in the same unbroken stillness. The young man described her dress accurately, and the neighbors recognized in that description a new check gown which had only been sent home by the dressmaker on the previous night. The supposition, however, that the lady could have traveled several hundred miles between the hours of eight in the morning, when she parted with Gilbert, and twelve at noon, when her nephew so accurately described her appearance, at so great a distance from her home, was completely negated by its impossibility in those stage-coach days, although several of the clerks engaged in the bank in question positively swore that on the morning of her disappearance, at the hour of twelve o'clock precisely, Mrs. R. had entered the bank, was generally seen and recognized by the clerks, who knew her well; was described by them as wearing the identical check dress mentioned by her nephew, and after looking round, as if in silent search for an absent person, departed as noiselessly as she came. The records of those days declare that these mysterious and contradictory statements caused everyone "to be much troubled in thought, and even divers preachers discoursed about the same, some thinking as to the probability of these appearances being supernatural, others denying it, on the ground that a spirit of a dead woman would never make its appearance in broad daylight, or habited in a check gown, unless, indeed, it were a *winding sheet* of such a pattern."

Despite all the theories which were rife on the occasion, however, no clue was found by which the absent lady could be traced, and as week after week rolled on without any tidings, the lady's relatives began to think it was time to make some inquiries touching her property. But no sooner were these inquiries set on foot, than a new and totally unexpected claimant appeared for her island home—this was no other than the farmer Gilbert, who actually produced a large sum of money which he had saved up, as he declared, by long years of economy, for the express purpose of purchasing this property, his lady having promised him the chance to do, whenever he could produce its net value.

Now, as the late Mrs. R.'s predilection for this man was perfectly understood, and he really offered a fair sum as the purchase money, it seemed unreasonable to object to his claim. Still there was something mysterious, if not suspicious, in the fact of this man, hitherto deemed so poor and abject, appearing thus suddenly possessed of so much wealth. The old idea of foul play was again revived, and after much deliberation, it was determined that the man should be arrested and detained, on suspicion of being concerned in his mistress's disappearance. From the moment of his arrest Gilbert appeared to be a changed man; his usually gloomy, sullen manner gave place to a perpetual restlessness and anxiety. He did not seem to entertain so much fear of his being in any position of danger, but he manifested a continual anxiety to be upon the island again. This anxiety too, seemed to redouble between the hours of eight o'clock and twelve every forenoon. He would often earnestly beg permission to revisit his home at those times, as he had business there. He said it was his habit to "walk, dig, plough, or meditate in certain spots of the island, and he knew he should go mad if he was not permitted once more to return at that particular time."

At first his request was totally unheeded, but as he grew more pertinacious, its singularity attracted attention. The man was more closely watched at those hours than at any others, and it then appeared that, from eight to twelve o'clock every day, he passed into what appeared to be a state of semi-consciousness. Sometimes he arose and traversed the cell, apparently searching for something; at other times he would sit muttering to himself, occasionally listening and appearing to reply to an invisible companion. Again, he would sigh, lament, and wring his hands, "with an air so woful no one liked to look upon him."

All this being duly reported, and commented on in a thousand ways, determined the authorities to humor him in his singular request, in the hope of gaining some further

insight into the mystery. The chief feature of interest in this case, however, was the fact that he never presented or followed up this request at any other time than between the hours above named, and, when reminded of it afterward, he seemed unconscious of having made it, and earnestly entreated those around him to consider it only as the hallucination of an over-excited mind. One day, however, Gilbert in his semi-conscious or trance state, accompanied by a priest, the keeper of the prison, and two constables, set off to the mysterious island, at exactly half-past ten o'clock. The prisoner had been very urgent in his request that day, and seemed half frantic with delight when they informed him of his destination. The courage of his companions was a little damped as they proceeded, however, for the moment they entered the boat that was to row them to the deserted island, Gilbert made toward the end of it, and in action appeared to be cautiously handing in some invisible passenger along with them, at the same time he requested the gentlemen "to move a little and make way for the lady." As his eyes were fast closed, and he remained perfectly tranquil during the passage, they concluded that he was the subject of the usual trance.

Landed on the island, a fresh scene of mystery presented itself. Gilbert sprang to the shore, and, after renewing his pantomimic manifestations of handing "the lady" ashore, he hastily climbed up the rocks, until he reached a deep jungle of brushwood, from which he drew a spade and mattock; these he shouldered, and sped off to another remote jungle, where he commenced digging a grave. To the astonishment of his aghast companions, they perceived that the ground had evidently been loosened in this spot, and actually presented the same appearance as if a body had been recently removed from it. A hollow, very inartificially covered up, appeared; and, although there was a perfectly empty space, the unconscious digger descended therein—in action seemed to be struggling to raise a heavy load on his shoulder, with which he walked hastily away, carrying his spade and mattock in one hand, and holding the other above his shoulder, in the attitude of one who supported a huge burden. In three or four spots on this island of terror did the somnambulist go through the same frightful significant pantomime, and in each place the spectators marked the indisputable evidence that the ground selected had recently been used as a grave. At length, one of them suddenly exclaimed, by an impulse he could not account for: "It is just ten minutes to twelve." The sleeper started, looked eagerly around, and then darted off with the speed of lightning to a still more remote glen than he had yet paused at. Here he renewed his labor, but with a very different result. The ground here seemed to be hollowed out deeper than in either of the other places; but the digger descended as before into the hollow. His companions, who stood a little way off, looking at his work with abated curiosity—after the fruitless results of his former labors—beheld him, to their horror and consternation emerge from the bushes, carrying a ghastly corpse on his shoulders. The group were at first paralyzed by the appalling sight, but as the still sleeping digger passed before them they perceived that the body was that of a female, and was attired in clothes, through whose soil and corruption they could yet discover a faded check pattern. With shivering frames and chattering teeth the deeply-shocked witnesses of this scene followed their guide into many remote and tangled mazes, until he reached a similar copse to the one he had just quitted, when he deposited his dreadful burden on the earth; and, turning away from the body, he asked, in a deep and heart-rending tone, as if questioning the silent trees around him: "Will this satisfy you?" No audible response followed; yet the miserable man seemed to have received one, for, heaving a sigh which froze the very hearts of his listeners, he again proceeded to dig a grave; and, as it afterward appeared, in a spot which had not as yet been employed for that purpose.

Whether the observers of these foul proceedings were unable longer to remain silent witnesses of the scene we cannot tell; but the account proceeds to say that the constables awakened and arrested the farmer, as the murderer of the female whose body lay before them. It was possibly the shock of this sudden awakening, together with the involuntary discovery which the criminal found had become so evident by the sight of the murdered form at his side, which caused an instant rupture of a blood-vessel, and almost simultaneous death, thus cutting off all chance of any further elucidation of this death mystery.

It was from the details of an irregular county inquest held on the two bodies that the above facts have been gleaned. The main incidents of the story—especially the extraordinary discovery of the body of the murdered lady through the somnambulism or involuntary mediumship of her murderer—are literally true, and every account, however vague or traditional, confirms this particular. Village gossip and superstitious exaggeration have, however, enwrapped the other incidents of the tragedy in such thick clouds of doubt and obscurity, that we have been unable to present anything beyond the rough outline of the story. The relatives of the lady still live. A long Welsh inscription, in one of the oldest of old-fashioned mountain chapels of the district, still records her sad fate, and the miraculous discovery of her remains by her

murderer; but whether "the dark lady in the checked gown" is still so active in traversing the country by electric telegraph, "or may seen any day from 8 to 12" (hour changed from forenoon to evening), carefully seeking out new and more attractive spots for her last resting-place in the woods of the haunted island, I cannot vouch for on any other testimony than that of every inhabitant of every village for ten miles round in a circuit from the scene of the tragedy.

A PARABLE.

Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see how the men, my brethren, believe in me." He passed not again through the gate of birth, But made himself known to the children of earth.

Then said the chief priests, and rulers, and kings, "Behold, now, the Giver of all good things; Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state Him who alone is mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread Wherever the Son of man should tread, And in palace chambers lofty and rare They lodged him, and served him with kindly fare.

Great organs surged through arches dim Their jubilant floods in praise of him; And in church, and palace, and judgment hall, He saw his image high over all.

But still, wherever his steps they led, The Lord in sorrow bent down his head, And from under the heavy fountain-stones The son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church, and palace, and judgment hall, He marked the great fleures that rent the wall, And opened wider and yet more wide As the living foundation heaved and sighed.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then, On the bodies and souls of living men? And think ye that building shall endure Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"

"With gates of silver and bars of gold Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's fold; I have heard the dropping of their tears In heaven these eighteen hundred years."

"O Lord and Master not ours the guilt, We build but as our fathers built; Behold thine image, how they stand, Sovereign and sole, through all our land."

"Our task is hard—with sword and flame To hold this earth forever the same, And with sharp crooks of steel to keep Still, as thou leftest them, thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan, A low-browed, stunted, haggard man, And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin Pushed from her faintly wist and sin.

These set he in the midst of them, And as they drew back their garment-hem, For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said he, "The images ye have made of me!" —James Russell Lowell.

INGERSOLL'S SCINTILLATIONS.

RELIGIOUS BIRTHS.

We must remember that this is a world of progress, a world of change. There is perpetual death, and there is perpetual birth. By the grave of the old forever stand youth and joy; and when an old religion dies a better one is born. When we find out that an assertion is a falsehood a shining truth takes its place, and we need not fear the destruction of the false. The more false we destroy the more room there will be for the true. There was a time when the astrologer sought to read in the stars the fate of men and nations. The astrologer has faded from the world, but the astronomer has taken his place. There was a time when the poor alchemist, bent and wrinkled and old, over his crucible endeavored to find some secret by which he could change the baser metals into purest gold. The alchemist has gone; the chemist took his place; and, although he finds nothing to change metals into gold, he finds something that covers the earth with wealth. There was a time when the sooth-sayer and augur flourished, and after them came the parson and the priest; and the parson and the priest must go. The preacher must go, and in his place must come the teacher—that real interpreter of Nature. We are done with the supernatural. We are through with the miraculous and the wonderful. There was once a prophet who pretended to read in the book of the future. His place has been taken by the philosopher, who reasons from cause to effect—a man who finds the facts by which he is surrounded and endeavors to reason from these premises and to tell what in all probability will happen in the future. The prophet has gone, the philosopher is here. There was a time when men sought aid directly from Heaven—when he prayed to the deaf sky. There was a time when the world depended upon the supernaturalist. That time in Christendom has passed. We now depend upon the naturalist—not upon the disciple of faith, but upon the discoverer of facts—upon the demonstrator of truth. At last we are beginning to build upon a solid foundation, and just as we progress the supernatural must die.

THE RELIGION OF RECIPROCITY.

Religion of the supernatural kind will fade from this world, and in its place we will have reason. In the place of the worship of something we know not of will be the religion of mutual love and assistance—the great religion of reciprocity. Superstition must go. Science will remain. The church, however, dies a little hard. The brain of the world is not yet developed. There are intellectual diseases the same as diseases of the body. Intellectual mumps and measles still afflict mankind. Whenever the new comes the old protests, and the old fights for its place as long as it has a particle of power. And we are now having the same warfare between superstition and science that there was between the stage-coach and the locomotive. But the stage coach had to go. It had its day of glory and power, but it is gone. It went West. In a little while it will be driven into the Pacific with the last Indian aboard. So we find that there is the same conflict between the different sects and different schools

(Continued on 2nd page.)

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

J. R. FRANCIS, Editor and Publisher.

Published every Saturday at 351 S. Jefferson Street.

Entered at the Chicago Postoffice as second-class matter.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

An Ongoing Movement Against the Legions of Error.

In compliance with a plan long maturing, and believing we can be instrumental in doing a grand work for Spiritualism, Liberalism and Free Thought, and also having faith that within one year we can obtain 50,000 circulation, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be offered until further notice, at the following terms, invariably in advance:

One year, (a copy to the one getting up the club),	\$1.00
Sixteen weeks (on trial),	50cts
Single copy,	5cts

REMITTANCES.
Remit by Postoffice Money Order, Registered Letter or draft on Chicago or New York. Postage stamps will not be received hereafter in payment of subscription. Direct all letters to J. R. Francis, 351 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

THE AIMS OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

The paramount object is to publish the ablest lectures, the most profound essays, the most interesting sketches, cultivating the reason as well as the emotions, making each subscriber feel that he has taken an intellectual interest in the world, and that he will be better fitted for the life here and the one hereafter.

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

A Bountiful Harvest for Twenty-five Cents.

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

CLUBS! AN IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

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 benefit, we propose to establish in this city the largest Spiritualist Publishing House in the world. If One Hundred Thousand Spiritualists will subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, on trial, sixteen weeks for twenty-five cents, and continue even that small contribution, we will have a Publishing House here, of which you may well be proud, inside of five years. Each one who subscribes for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be, as it were, a "brick" in the contemplated structure (don't forget that), and from a spiritual point of view be considered part owner. We believe that ninety-nine out of one hundred who read this, will co-operate with us. The one who will not respond must have the paper free.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1890.

SUBJECTS TO BE CONSIDERED.

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

ON TRIAL, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER IS only 25 cents for sixteen weeks, or \$1 per year. For that amount you get the best thoughts of the ablest writers in the United States and Europe, and also aid 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 Spiritualistic 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.

A National University.

The evidences on the surface are that the Catholics, by the munificent endowment of a denominational University at Washington, anticipate a controlling influence over the policy of our government, and thence the molding of our school system in correspondence with their creedal standard; and they will attain these ends—for power is the genius of that church—unless they are hedged round by more potent force of education. It is their right to build up schools and churches, and credit will be due them when thereby they enlighten their devotees. But it becomes every freeminded citizen to watch with vigilant eye any and every sect aspiring for popular position and power. Fortunately as yet the churches are many-sided, each maintaining a special individuality, each placing the other on its patriotic behavior. But the signs of the times foreshadow a consolidation of all the Protestant sects in the near future. The attitude of the Catholics necessitates it, aside from the greater economy and influence thereby engendered. And then—"Watchman, what of the night?"—it is to be hoped that such a combine will be an immovable breakwater against the Catholic tide now rising in our country in larger dimensions than in any other enlightened Nation on the Globe. Possibly our ungarded toleration may cease to be a virtue. We cannot too jealously watch any and every policy that covertly points to the supplanting of our inalienable rights. Were nothing of this kind designed, a National University, built by all the States, so organized and conducted as to give the greatest possible advancement to our arts and sciences and the highest development of American citizenship, is absolutely needed. Our agricultural colleges in the different States now constitute a chain of interchangeable experimentations. The National University could be so allied with them and others as to be the head of the collegiate body politic. No sectarian project can monopolize our education or coerce our freedom when all have such an institution under the management of professors of the most eminent ability in the country, both sexes represented in the chairs, all the arts and sciences taught practically, making meteorology and forestry and waterway developments cardinal features. With the instrumentalities of invention therein encouraged and experimentation in all practical ways possible to enhance the facilities of productive wealth in all our climates and soils, with the highest scholarship required for the duties of the citizen, with an enlightenment of mind and enrichment of character thereby obtained, unhampered by any sect, our Republic will continue to be "the land of the free and the home of the brave." Let us have a National University whose greater light of knowledge shall be like the sun to the stars, eclipsing all other schools by a more resplendent glow of free thought and truth, subordinating all to one grand purpose—the better security and perpetuation of liberty and patriotism preserved in the hearts and homes of the people.

I see by the papers that a wide-awake gentleman living in Benson county, North Dakota, is circulating a petition to Congress, praying for such an institution as herein outlined.

J. O. BARRETT.

Why Be Sick, Physically or Spiritually?
"The use of gold, copper, and various other metals, for the cure of disease," says the *Chicago Globe*, "has recently been spoken of as something new under the sun. Dr. Burg, a French chemist, is credited with the discovery that the old belief in the power of gold to prolong life, if taken as a medicine, was not all error. 'For a number of years,' we are told, he has been experimenting, to ascertain the influence of the various metals on the human organism. Some ten years ago he came forward with the proposition that copper and the acids of copper were not injurious to health, as commonly believed. He extended his field of investigation, and became the founder of a new system of healing diseases by means of such metals as gold, silver, copper, aluminum, etc. He is said to have cured hysterics with aluminum, and with silver; a kind of dizziness with gold and silver; diabetes with iron; cramps with copper, and so on. Dr. Burg may use metals as medicines in new ways, but the use of them as medicines is by no means original with him. The allopathists, as everybody knows, have made use of mercury in various forms (especially calomel), of iron, of silver, etc., for many years. Hahnemann made experiments with gold, silver, copper, and other metals, and physicians of the school which he founded have ever since used metals (in very minute quantities, it is true), in their practice. They use copper, as Burg does, in some cases of cramp; zinc in certain disorders of the nervous system, especially such as manifest themselves in aversion to society; gold in other nervous disorders, as hysteria."

The question may well be asked, why be sick, while so many methods of cure, which are expected to accomplish great results? The madstone and the researches of Pasteur have been instrumental in curing many who have been bitten by rabid animals. The celebrated Dr. Paine, of Philadelphia, the real discoverer of the germ theory of disease, has performed as remarkable cures as those ascribed to the Savior. The Hydropaths, the Homeopaths, the Allopaths, the Eclectics, and Vitapaths, all perform some cures. The Christian Scientists often succeed in curing bodily pains and derangements. There are sundry kinds of mental healers, each with a pet hobby, well nurtured and sustained, who often succeed in making a poor suffering mortal more comfortable.

There are, too, voodoo healers, who claim that there are "charms" which will protect one from the ravages of disease. The Chinese physician exhibits his skill by compounding a curious medicine, which is very effective in a great variety of malignant diseases. Then there is the Mesmeric healer, the Magnetic healer, the Hypnotic healer, the Suggestive healer, the Healer that sits with his back to that of the patient, and wills the disease away, the Faith healer, the Prayer healer, the Swedish Movement healer, the Medicated Bath healer, the Turkish Bath healer, and the Old Woman (with her herbs) healer.

In fact, there is no end to the list which claims to relieve the flesh of all the serious ills it is ever subject to. Instruments, surgical, too, are brought into requisition. Diseased organs can be critically examined. Chemistry lends its aid in diagnosing, and assists in the cure and prevention of disease. Electricity, too, is said to perform marvels, when rightly administered. The earth bath has its many advocates, and the hot springs of Arkansas, and the West, are said to be highly efficacious.

Man's spiritual wants are also well attended to. Churches and theological schools are numerous throughout the length and breadth of this distracted country. There are nearly 70,000 ministers of the gospels, ready to cure the sin-sick soul. With all this vast array of talent, why should man be sick, physically or spiritually? Why should he die at all; or, if die, why do so violently, or with unpleasant feelings?

Oh! the world possesses skill in relieving the ills of flesh, but it is still inadequate to accomplish all the results desired. Spiritually, the world of mankind is sick, and all the Moodys, all the sects, all the theological schools, cannot relieve the same. It is the mission of Spiritualism to perform that great result.

WE HAVE CAPTURED THEM.

We Have Captured the Hearts of the People.

Unparalleled Growth of "The Progressive Thinker."

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has certainly captured the hearts of the people. Our "war" is one of peace, good will, charity and love for all. Our circulation has had a phenomenal growth, and it will continue to increase throughout the coming year.

A VALUABLE ENDORSEMENT.

It is with great pleasure that we publish the following, coming as it does from such a distinguished man as the Rev. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn. Prominent for a quarter of a century as a minister in the Methodist church, prominent as an editor, prominent as an author, and prominent as a believer in spirit-communication, his endorsement of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is highly appreciated. He says:

"I have received two numbers of your most excellent paper. I don't think I have ever seen so much profoundly interesting matter in such a condensed form. I have been reading spiritual books and papers some thirty-five years, but have never met with any that I could so fully endorse as yours."

E. T. Alloway, of Parkland, Pa., writes: "If you will continue as you have commenced, your paper will be a grand success."

Mrs. Laura W. Stephens, of Hyde Park, Mass., writes: "I am greatly pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER you were so kind to send me. I like the tone of the paper and the good plain print."

J. G. Reed, of Norwood, N. Y., writes: "Please accept thanks for sample copy of your paper, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I am highly pleased with the number before me. We must have a religion as plainly stated as the multiplication table, and as easy to prove as that two plus two equal four. This religion must be a science which analyzes the very elements of our nature, and detects the law of life in the facts of existence, not presumable in Bibles, Koran or Shastas. That is what your paper aims to accomplish."

F. W. Doe, of St. Paul, Minn., writes: "I am glad of the position you take in regard to Romanism. 'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty,' and every lover of truth and liberty must see that the Catholic element must never have control of this country. Papers like yours are the pioneers in the pathway of progress, but light is breaking. Keep on with your sledge-hammer blows."

B. B. Hill, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "We are glad you have fallen in line, and from what we can now see, the right line. We wish your paper success."

Mrs. Alice D. Temple, of Oconomowoc, Wis., writes: "I have received a copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and am very much pleased with it."

E. E. Curtis, of Farmington, Ohio, writes: "I have received No. 2, of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and admire it. 'The Spiritual Nemesis,' by Mrs. Richmond, is so beautiful and so true; in fact, all is good—glorious!"

Jacob P. Smith, of Dexter, Me., writes: "I feel that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER must fill the place that is vacant in many homes and open the eyes of the blind guides."

Mrs. Amarala Martin, of Cairo, Ill., writes: "I am glad to read the many words of encouragement which you have received. The article about Catholicism in your issue of December 14 should be read by every

adult in America. Those Chicago pastors are the boldest and most diabolical things I ever read. Are we selling out, soul and body, to the Catholics? What does Chicago mean? I think I know of Freethinkers who would circulate that paper pretty lively if they had it. That is what I shall do."

Lyman C. Howe, the veteran lecturer, writes: "I read with a thrill of indignation and aroused sense of resistance the telling letter on the 'Spiritual Congress vs. The Baltimore Catholic Conference,' in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and hope 'I. L. B.' will send more of his chain-lightning thoughts into the Roman ranks. When such sample saints as Cardinal Gibbons denounce the Bruno Unveiling as a move 'backward by mere brute force,' and huris his papal thunder at the 'Infamous Bruno,' with a spite that would fit medieval times and the infamous Torquemada, it is time a free people open their eyes and inquire the meaning of the threat to make this a Catholic nation. The encyclical letter and syllabus of 1870, and all the official utterances of the church since that time, clearly show that Roman Catholicism is no more in favor of free education, the advancement of science and modern civilization, than it was when it murdered Hypatia, burned Bruno and imprisoned Galileo for teaching scientific truth. The 'Congregation of the Index Expurgatorius,' established in 1859, is not one whit modified in the spirit and purpose of the despotic church of to-day. What are the Protestant moles about? Evidently trying to sell this Republic to the Romish hierarchy. 'The tiger tread' is clearly stealing into the strongholds of Protestantism, and when the time comes for a coup d'etat, the beast will leap from ambush to feed upon a helpless—because servile—populace, led into captivity by a purblind, imbecile theological dictation. Down with religious usurpation! Down with Roman interference with our free institutions! Down with dogma and demoralizing priestcraft, and up with human nature, reason, free schools, progressive science and a free, secular Government forever independent of all sectarian religions."

Prof. J. W. Kenyon writes as follows from Bridgeport, Conn.: "I was much pleased on receiving a copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, for I know of no one better qualified to publish a spiritual paper. Your years of rich experience, with your highly inspirational gifts, has largely fitted you to lead the public thought on Spiritualism and other subjects. I am highly pleased with the position you have taken towards mediums in general and Mrs. Richmond in particular. Some years ago a Spiritualist paper published a criticism of Mr. C. E. Winans, in which there was not a word of truth. The insults to myself in said article I cared not for, but it is terrible unjust to publish falsehoods against any medium that is forced before the public by his controls, as he was and is to-day. No one can know the truth about mediums till they have come in contact with them in social, private life. From such experience I know Mr. W. to be an honest and excellent medium for physical and psychologic demonstrations. I hope THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be the friend both of principles and persons, and the three copies I have read satisfy me that your whole aim is for the expression of exact truth."

T. O. Telford, of Onkama, Mich., writes: "The sample copy of your excellent paper sent me has been read from beginning to end with very great pleasure and, I know, profit. It has created such a desire within me that I cannot do without it—must have it. My only regret is that I cannot send more of a subscription, but I trust I can do better before this expires, and if I can help it along (the paper) be sure that I will do so."

L. A. Fisher, of Morris, Ill., writes: "I was more than agreeably surprised when my friend, J. W. Porter, handed me the first number of your paper. One reason of these emotions is the fact that my friends as well as myself have for some years felt the great need of this movement; and the second reason is no less valid—to see the name of J. R. Francis as editor; and I may as well say it, the third consideration was the gist of these hopes when I had a faint recollection of the association of this name, Francis, with the editorial labors of that martyr, S. S. Jones, of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, whose labors were a guarantee of ability, honor and success. I know full well that those old patrons of his will flock to your standard and fall in line as veterans under the new leadership. At least these are my feelings, and I pledge you my hearty support."

W. H. Baxter, of Santa Cruz, Cal., writes: "If your subsequent issues are equal to sample copy, I am well satisfied you will have a hearing by the reading public."

S. T. Durkee, of Portland, Oregon, writes: "We like your paper very much. You certainly deserve to succeed as well as you anticipate, and we hope you may."

J. G. Patten, of Towanda, Pa., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER must prove a great success. I can't see how it can be otherwise."

James Dawson, of Streator, Ill., writes: "It has been my good fortune to get a PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and I think it the paper that the people will want to read."

In answer to numerous inquiries, we will state that "The Search After God" has never been published in book form. It will be eventually.

We can not furnish back numbers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

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.

Trial Subscriptions.

Any one blessed with good, sound sense can realize what we are aiming at. We want to reach the masses with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Each one should become a missionary and introduce the paper to his neighbors. You will have no difficulty whatever in obtaining subscriptions. A new deal is about to be inaugurated; the times demand it, and the people are ready for it.

PAPERS incorporating the First Progressive Spiritualistic society of Watertown, N. Y., have been filed with the county clerk in that city. The officers are: President, John Gifford; vice-president, Frederick Mattison; treasurer, Mrs. M. L. Gifford; secretary, Mrs. F. Mattison; trustees, Mrs. Abel Davis, Mrs. S. F. Graves, John Gifford, Mrs. M. L. Gifford, Mr. F. Mattison, Mrs. F. Mattison and A. Burr. The new temple is located on Davis street, and will seat about 400 people. Private gatherings take place in the temple now twice a week. The building was erected largely at the expense of Mr. and Mrs. Abel Davis. Dedication services will be held in the new temple on January 1, the anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Davis. At that time it is expected some of the best Spiritualistic speakers in the country will be present. Among those invited are Mr. Bishop Beals, Miss Brigham, Mrs. Cutler and Mrs. Lillie, well-known mediums. After January 1st meetings will be held in the temple weekly. The Watertown temple, it may be worthy of note, is the first temple erected in the State of New York for the uses to which it will put.

Prof. J. W. Kenyon will lecture as follows for the rest of the season: Troy, N. Y., for the Star Hall Society, the Sundays of January, 1890; Albany, N. Y., for the First Spiritualist Society, the Sundays of February, March and April, except the two last Sundays of March, when he will lecture in Haverhill, Mass.; New Bedford, Mass., the Sundays of May. His home address is 40 Woodland st., Worcester, Mass.

LYMAN C. HOWE speaks in Meadville, Pa., the Sundays of January; Boston, at the Spiritual Temple, the Sundays of February; Cleveland, Ohio, the Sundays of March, and in Washington, D. C., through April. He will answer calls for week evenings during his stay in these places at points accessible. He is yet free for May and June. Mr. Howe is doing a good work.

W. Selfridge, M. D., of Thackerville, I. T., writes: "There seems to be a misunderstanding among us in regard to the terms 'soul' and 'spirit.' As I understand it, the material organ is a receptacle of the soul or substantial organism, and the latter is the receptacle of the spirit, it being 'unparticled matter' (Babbitt), while the two former are partied matter and are susceptible of dissolution."

"HOW ELFIE SAVED THE BABY."—By Emma Rood Tuttle. This is a beautiful and touching story of how a little girl saved her baby brother in the terrible Johnstown flood. It is told in a child's simple language, and cannot fail to reach the heart and bring tears to the eyes of all who read it. Tablet form, six and one-half by seven inches, heavy card paper, beautifully printed, a dainty and delicate holiday or birthday gift. The price is fifty cents, postage free. For sale by the author, at Berlin Heights, Ohio, or at this office.

PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN will discontinue his magazine with the present volume. The Professor is one of the most profound thinkers of the present age, and without his magazine to occupy his time, we shall expect some valuable books to be published by him. He has done a most excellent work for humanity, and his name will go down in history with Darwin's, Tyndall's and Huxley's.

DURING the recent floods in Japan 2,419 persons were killed and 155 were wounded; 90,000 were deprived of the necessities of life; 50,000 houses were swept away or rendered uninhabitable.

GEORGE H. BROOKS gave us a call last week, looking prosperous, vigorous and happy. Last Sunday closed his engagement at Indianapolis, Ind. He goes to Anderson, Ind., for January; Springfield, Mo., for February, and Indianapolis, Ind., for March. He organized a lyceum at Indianapolis, which has met with excellent success.

Mrs. FLORA BROWN, who greatly interested the people of this city with her marvelous mediumship, has returned to Portland, Oregon. The people of that city are to be congratulated on having such an excellent medium in their midst.

"THE TIGER STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM," a most excellent tract, by Hudson Tuttle. Everybody should read it. See advertisement in another column.

ANY good reliable test medium going to Colorado, would do well to correspond with J. E. Freeman, of Aspen, that State.

INGERSOLL'S SCINTILLATIONS.

not only of philosophy but of medicine. Recollect that everything except the demonstrated truth is liable to die. That is the order of Nature. Words die. Every language has a cemetery. Every now and then a word dies and a tombstone is erected, and across it is written the word "obsolete." New words are continually being born. There is a cradle in which a word is rocked. A thought is molded to a sound, and the child word is born. And then comes a time when the word gets old, and wrinkled, and expressionless, and it is carried mournfully to its grave, and that is the end of it. So in the schools of medicine. You can remember so can I, when the old allopathists reigned supreme. If there was anything the matter with a man they let out his blood. Call to the bed-side, they took him to the edge of eternity with medicine, and then practice all their art to bring him back to life. One can hardly imagine how perfect a constitution it took a few years ago to withstand assault of a doctor. And long after it was found to be a mistake hundreds and thousands of the old physicians clung to it, and ransacked with them, in one pocket a little of jalap, and, in the other, a rusty lancet, sorry that they couldn't find some patent medicine enough to allow the experiment to be made again.

THEY DIE HARD.
So these schools, and these theories, and these religions die hard. What else do they do? Like the paintings of the old masters, they are kept alive because so much money has been invested in them. Think the amount of money that has been invested in superstition! Think of the schools that have been founded for the more general diffusion of useless knowledge! Think of the colleges wherein men are taught that it is dangerous to think, and that they must use their brains except in an act of faith. Think of the millions and billions of dollars that have been expended in churches, temples, and in cathedrals! Think of the thousands and thousands of men who devote their living upon the ignorance of mankind! Think of those who grow rich on duty and who fatten on faith! Do you suppose they are going to die without a struggle? They will die if they don't struggle. What are they to do? From the bottom of my heart I sympathize with the poor clergyman that has had all his common sense educated out of him, and is now to be thrown upon the cold and uncharitable world. His prayers are not answered; he gets a help from on high, and the pews are beginning to criticize the pulpit. What is a man to do? If he suddenly changes his opinion. If he preaches what he really believes he will get notice to quit. And yet if he and the congregation would come together and be perfectly honest they would all see they didn't believe anything of it.

II.

COL. BOB AND CHRISTMAS.
Col. Robert G. Ingersoll observed Christmas. He was asked: "Do you and your family celebrate Christmas?"

"Yes we regard it a holiday—that is, a day of rest and pleasure, a day to be acquainted with each other; a day to recall old memories and for the cultivation of social amenities. The festival now called Christmas is far older than Christianity. It was known and celebrated for thousands of years before the establishment of what is known as our religion. It is a relic of worship. It is the day on which the triumphs over the hosts of darkness, a thousands of years before the New Testament was written—thousands of years before the Republic of Rome existed, before one of the Athens was laid, before the Pharaoh ruled in Egypt, before the religion of Buddha, before the Sanscrit was spoken, and women crawled out of their caves, pushed the matted hair from their eyes, greeted the triumph of the sun over the powers of the night. There are many of this worship among which is the shaving surrounded by hair in imitation of the rays of the sun. There is still a relic. The ministers of our day close their eyes in prayer. When they looked at the luminary and implored his assistance to shut their eyes as a matter of necessity. Afterwards priests looking at their glittering with gems, shut their eyes in tetry, pretending they could not bear the effulgence of the presence, and took thousands of years after the old ideas passed away, the modern parson, with knowing the origin of the custom, closes eyes when he prays."

"There are many other relics and souvenirs of the dead worship of the sun," Ingersoll continued, "and this festival is adopted by Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and by Christians. As a matter of fact Christianity furnished new steam for an old engine infused a new spirit into an old religion as a matter of course the festivals remained. For all of our festivals you will find responding pagan festivals. For instance take the eucharist, the communion, where persons partake of the body and blood of the Deity. This is an exceedingly old custom. Among the ancients they ate or made of corn in honor of Ceres, and called those cakes the flesh of the goddess and they drank wine in honor of Bacchus, called this wine the blood of their god. So I could go on giving the Pagan origin every Christian ceremony and custom."

"What is your idea of the origin of present wide social popularity of the Christmas holidays?"

"The probability is that the worship of the sun was once substantially universal and consequently the festival of Christmas was equally widespread. As other religions have been produced the old customs have been adopted and continued—so that this is this festival of Christmas is almost world-wide. It is popular because it is a holiday. Overworked people are glad days that bring rest and recreation allow them to meet their families and friends. They are glad of days when give and receive gifts—evidences of friendship, of remembrance, and of love. It is popular because it is really human and cause it is now interwoven with our customs, habits, literature, and thoughts. For part I am perfectly willing to have two or three a year—the more holidays the better."

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



ROME VS. REASON.

In order that Reason may be subject to Rome, it is necessary for Rome to educate (?) all children it can control for that purpose, in its own peculiar school system—one that teaches superstition before science, and loyalty to Rome first, last and forever, at all times and places, and under any and all circumstances. In a word, the child must be so drilled by the "brothers" and "sisters" that he may repeat the whole Catholic catechism, and stand ready to obey, without question, all commands that Rome may communicate to him—persistently, silently and instantly. No soldier in any of the armies of the world, obeys with more precision the command of his superior officer than the parochial school graduate obeys the dictates of the Roman priesthood. For Roman Catholic children to be educated in our unsectarian schools is to make them American first and Roman afterward in matters of vital importance to the designs of Rome against the Republic. Rome cannot absolutely control the child taught in our schools, nor use him as a soldier in case of emergency. There is also danger of such children becoming progressive thinkers instead of parochial repeaters—and for this reason, a multitude of others—all looking toward the power and perpetuation of the papacy—does Rome insist on teaching their own children in all the mysteries and mummeries of the Roman church house. For these reasons, Rome is the avowed and persistent enemy of American education, and of the right of the State to instruct its future citizens. We herewith present the following short extracts, from Romish sources, compiled from pope, prelate, priest and publication, showing how Rome regards State education in this country:

THE POPE HEADS THE PAROCHIAL PROCESSION.

"When I see them drag from me the children, the poor little children, and give them an infidel education, it breaks my heart."—*Pope Pius IX.*

THE PRELATES COME NEXT.

"The church alone is endowed with the power to educate the young."—*Cardinal McCloskey.*

"A ripe knowledge of the Catechism, minus Massachusetts education, is preferable to her education, minus the Catechism."—*Cardinal Antonetti.*

"We Catholics alive and united on the school question, were they to demand from every man who asks for their vote a pledge that he would vote for our just share of the school fund, legislators would learn to respect the Catholic vote, and give us our just rights."—*Bishop Gilmore.*

"I think it better that the children should grow up in ignorance than to be educated in such a system of schools as the State of Massachusetts supported; that the essential part of the education of the people was the Catechism; and while arithmetic and geography, reading and writing, and other similar studies, might be useful, they were not spiritual."—*Cardinal Antonetti.*

"We are doing all we can to prevent our children from going to the public schools. The evil is great. There is a large number of children in St. Patrick's parish who go to the public schools. There is a large number in every parish in St. Louis. The evil is not confined to St. Louis. It is in every large city of the country. The Catholic clergy must do everything they can to overcome it. We must educate our own children. They are educated in the public schools merely as an animal would be educated. Their souls are not attended to."—*Vicar-General Brandy, of St. Louis.*

AND NOW THE PRIESTS.

"The public schools have produced nothing but a godless generation of thieves and blackguards."—*Priest Schaur.*

"I frankly confess that the Catholics stand before the country as the enemies of the public schools."—*Father Phelan.*

"I would as soon administer the sacrament to a dog as to Christians who send their children to public schools."—*Priest Walker.*

"The public schools are the nurseries of vice; they are godless schools, and they who send their children to them cannot expect the mercy of God."—*Father Walker.*

"These so-called public schools are not public schools, but infidel and sectarian. Catholic parents who send their children to such schools are guilty of mortal sin."—*Rev. Dr. Feul, Brooklyn.*

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PEOPLE

have nothing to say—their superiors say it for them; and they are well aware they should be silent in the matter, they would not dare to deny the position of Rome, or the decrees of its pontiff.

THE PAPAL PRESS

winds up the procession with the following choice bits of anti-American statements:

"We were the first, we have been the sternest and the deadliest enemy of the state free school oppression."—*Freeman's Journal.*

"Our church schools ought to be endowed by the state, leaving the selection of books and teachers to the priests."—*Catholic World.*

"We would much rather our children should grow up in ignorance of letters than be taught in a school that is not Catholic."—*Catholic Quarterly Review, Boston.*

"We hold education to be a function of the church, not of the state; and in our case, we do not and will not accept the state as educator."—*Tablet.*

"Let the public school system go to where it came from—the devil. We want Christian schools, and the state cannot tell us what Christianity is."—*Freeman's Journal.*

"Education is not the work of the states at all. It belongs to families and to voluntary associations. The school tax is in

itself an unjust imposition."—*Freeman's Journal.*

"When Catholic parents understand that they cannot have absolution in the confessional while they let their children go to godless or Protestant schools, they will soon find a remedy."—*Freeman's Journal.*

"It will be a glorious day for the Catholics in this country when under the blows of justice and morality our school system will be shattered to pieces. Until then, modern Paganism will triumph."—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

"It was better for a child to run the streets, in which occupation he became a thief, but stood at least some chance of saving his soul, than attend a godless school, whose teaching resulted in making him a rogue and an unbeliever."—*The Tablet.*

"Certainly it seems to us as if the devil were let loose upon the godless schools to render them abhorrent to even Pagan nature." Again "out of every hundred Catholic children that are educated in the public schools of the United States, the reviewer may set down ninety-eight as a clear and certain gain to the devil."—*Freeman's Journal.*

"And these are the men who in national convention assembled declared themselves to be the friends, the protectors and the patriots of America! Is it possible to conceive of Rome as being patriotic only in so far as shall enhance her ends? Can we sanely believe from the evidence presented that Rome does not intend to abolish civil and religious liberty now as in the past, and here as she has before in Spain and Italy? That great progressive thinker, Victor Hugo, speaks well to Rome in these words:

"You wish to be masters of education. And there is not a poet, not an author, not a philosopher, not a thinker, that you accept. All that has been written, found, dreamed, deduced, inspired, imagined, invented by genius, the treasure of civilization, the venerable inheritance of generations, the common patrimony of knowledge, you reject."

"And you claim the liberty of teaching. Stop; be sincere; let us understand the liberty you claim. It is the liberty of not teaching. You wish us to give you the people to instruct. Very well. Let us see your pupils! Let us see those you have produced. What have you done for Italy? What have you done for Spain? For centuries you have kept in your hands, at your discretion, at your school, these two great nations, illustrious among the illustrious. What have you done for them? I am going to tell you. Thanks to you, Italy, whose name no man who thinks can any longer pronounce without an inexpressible filial emotion; Italy, mother of genius and of nations, which has spread over the universe all the most brilliant marvels of poetry and art; Italy, which has taught mankind to read, now knows not how to read! Yes, Italy is, of all the States of Europe, that state where the smallest number of natives know how to read.

"Spain, magnificently endowed; Spain, which received from the Romans her first civilization, from the Arabs her second civilization, from Providence, and in spite of you, a world, America; Spain, thanks to you, to your yoke of stupor, which is a yoke of degradation and decay, Spain has lost the secret power, which it had from the Romans, this genius of art, which it had from the Arabs; this world which it had from God; and in exchange for all that you have made it lose, it has received from you—the Inquisition."

We shall present in the next issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER more evidence from Roman sources as to the political policy and purposes of Rome.

WILLIS F. WHITEHEAD.

A NEW BOOK.

RESEARCHES IN ORIENTAL HISTORY, BY G. W. BROWN, M. D.

On our table lies a new book. This alone would not induce us to take our pen to tell the fact to others, in these days, when new books are as numerous as the sands at our feet, nearly. But this book is new, in more than the fact of its having just been issued from the press,—a second edition! It has been prepared by the author with great care, after close research for some twenty years, following the method of modern criticism in the comparatively new sciences, which have unearthed and brought to the light the origin of many things of value to these times; among which are the varied forms of religions.

The scholars engaged in these researches, sustained, many of them, by the powerful aid of national effort, are each specialists in their lines of work. Voluminous books are the result. The average reader can not gain access to them, and could not give them the time for even a cursory reading.

However, he need not remain in ignorance, as in this volume of some four hundred pages are condensed and carefully arranged facts and conclusions, that will give an intelligent idea of the origin of Christianity, and many kindred topics.

The reading of this book, to those who have kept pace with modern revelations, may not bring to them so much that may seem new, yet they will find a series of facts grouped together which will add to their store of knowledge, and make clear many things that have been obscured, either by prejudice, educational bias, or indifference.

Those who have been Rip Van Winkles will not only be dazed, but startled, and may awaken from their slumbers feeling that the earth, even, is tottering beneath their feet.

To these we would say, in commending a perusal of this book, that investigation can never uproot the Right, or lessen the principles of Justice.

The closing paragraph of General Division III. is here quoted, to reassure their trembling hearts:

"If in these pages we have failed to find some object worthy of adoration, some idol of a past generation, which was imposed upon the ignorant and credulous, in the juvenile period of the race, whose existence was only established by falsehood, forgery and force, it is hoped we have found another, no less worthy our regard, whose name is not tarnished with crime, whose pathway is not crimsoned with blood; but whose glories will increase with the growing years."

"Such, we earnestly believe, will be the

destiny of him we worship, to whom all shrines should be dedicated, before whom each knee should bow, whose home should be in every human heart. His name is TRUTH! His beginning and duration are coeval with eternity."

The extreme radical, who will ever be glad to see blows aimed at the head and front of Error, will rejoice in these pages.

The conservative student will be gratified in the array of fair evidence from the best authorities, and deem the time well spent in the perusal of its pages.

The religious bigot and fossil will, if there be life enough left to feel, doubtless consign the author to the realms of endless torture, as a heretic, an infidel, a blasphemous, and all the vile category of infamy.

For his consolation, he has, doubtless, an assurance of work well done. We offer ours: "You need never think you can turn over any old falsehood without a terrible squirming and scattering of the horrid little population that dwells under it."

"Every real thought on every real subject knocks the wind out of somebody or other. As soon as his breath comes back, he will probably begin to expend it in hard words. These are the best evidence a man can have that he has said something it was time to say."

See advertisement in another column.

PSYCHIC FORCE.

Late Experiments in Hypnotism.

TO THE EDITOR:

St. Louis physicians are taking to hypnotism, says the *Chicago Herald*. That is, they are beginning to see that hypnotism may be made a great aid in the practice of medicine, and they are beginning experiments with it. Dr. Ludwig Bremer, one of the most distinguished neurologists of the city, has done a little private experimenting with hypnotism, but has not yet ventured to apply hypnotic methods to his practice. Dr. J. K. Baudry has made only one experiment in hypnotism. That was unsuccessful. He worked on a man for fifteen minutes, and then the patient got out of the chair, laughed, and stretched himself, as wide awake as ever. Dr. Frank Fry says frankly that he is afraid to experiment with hypnotism. By one practitioner of St. Louis, hypnotism is successfully used as an aid in the treatment of disease, and it is a matter of pride to the city that the success and writings of this practitioner have been mentioned and copied in the medical journals of the East and of Paris. The *Chronicle*, of that city, refers to Dr. Benno Von Steinmetz.

The doctor has used this power of producing sleep in a number of cases, both as an aid in the cure of the disease, and as a method of relieving pain in surgical operations. Perhaps the best way to tell about this remarkable power, and the results accomplished by it, is to give, in the doctor's own words, a talk on the character of hypnotic sleep, and the results he has attained by its use. He says: "It is the submission of the mind to a stronger will power, and therefore, a person who is accustomed to giving up is the most easily hypnotized. And the more completely the patient gives up and allows his will to be merged into that of the physician, the more successful will be the results obtained. Since my first successful case, I have attempted the treatment in forty-eight cases, and have influenced twenty-six of these.

"Of course, I pick my cases, selecting for this treatment those most likely to be benefited by it. Hypnotic sleep, or sleep produced by superior mind influences, is a remedy, like any other remedy, and, like them, it is not a cure-all. No man can cure or affect an organic disease by it. The lungs of a consumptive could not be made sound again, nor small-pox cured by its use.

"I'll tell you about my first successful case, which probably is also the most remarkable I have had, in showing the power of the sleep in preventing pain. It will help you to better understand its nature. I had tried to influence numerous patients without success—owing, probably, to lack of confidence in myself—and was about to give it up, when one day a boy of about twelve came to me to have a tumor removed from his forehead.

"The tumor was about the size of a hen's egg, and had to be cut from the surrounding tissue, which would, of course, be very painful. I placed the boy in a comfortable position in the operating-chair, and talked to him of sleeping, telling him that he would go to sleep, and at last I succeeded.

"Then I took the instruments and began the operation, talking to the sleeping boy all the while, telling him it wouldn't hurt him. I cut the tumor out, sewed up the incision, and then told the boy to wake up.

"He did, and he wouldn't believe that the operation was ended until I had showed him the tumor, and he had felt to see if the lump was gone, and had looked at the place in a looking-glass. He said he didn't feel it at all. Now, isn't such a simple remedy that is such an aid as that a valuable one? All I had to do was to put him to sleep by mind influence—no chloroform or ether needed—told him I wouldn't hurt him, tell him to wake up after I had finished, and he wouldn't believe I had done anything.

"After this case, which gave me confidence, I was successful. Of course, there are different degrees of hypnotic sleep, as there are of sleep, as you understand the term. At the first stage, a patient does not generally yield so entirely to its influence as afterward.

The first manifestation is a drowsiness or stupor, and the patient will deny having slept. When more under the influence, the patient cannot open his eyes, if you say he cannot; deeper still, an arm can be put in any position, and the patient cannot move it if you say he cannot, although you may see that he tries.

"I have started patients to revolving their arms, and they couldn't stop. I have told them to get up and walk, and they did so, but when I told them they could not take another step, they could not. It is simply a body governed by a mind outside of that body. It is automatic obedience. A curious fact is, that upon awakening, my patients generally remember what they did, but always think they did those things from their own will, to please me.

"The patient, while under the influence, believes me absolutely. I have given a patient water while asleep, and told him it

was milk, and he drank it for milk. I gave a woman quinine and told her it was sugar, and she snatched her lips over it. When she awoke she made a face and said, 'My mouth is bitter.' There is, practically, no limit to the deceptions that could be practiced upon the patient while he is under your influence, but I do not allow myself to practice them, and needless deception should be forbidden by law.

"Hypnotic sleep is an aid in the cure of disease, and should be used for that alone. What have I cured with it? Well, I had a woman come to me once, with severe pains in her head, breast, arms, feet, and the calves of her legs. I placed her under the hypnotic influence, and told her that the pain in her head would go away. I accompanied my words by stroking the seat of the pain. The woman awoke relieved. At the next seance, by the same treatment, I removed the pain in her arms and chest, and at the third, completely cured her.

"Another case was that of a man who worked in a tobacco factory. He came to me complaining of pains in the region of his heart, which he had had for a year, and which had been treated without success. I put him to sleep, and suggested the disappearance of his pains. He was relieved, but the pain came back the next day, and so did he. I put him to sleep again, and told him that, as his internal organs were in a perfectly healthy condition, the pain would not come back. It is now four months since that time, and the man feels perfectly well.

"I have cured rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, and similar troubles, in the same way.

"Of course, it is not desirable to try to do too much at once, or to keep the patient asleep too long, or no good effect is produced. The sleep sometimes has an exhausting effect upon the patient, and it is always best to suggest, before awakening, that no unpleasant effects will follow. This produces the desired effect. The effort of sleep producing always exhausts the physicians.

"The use of this remedy should be restricted by law to physicians only, and should never be used for experiments, but only for its legitimate use—namely, the cure of disease. So used by experienced physicians, hypnotic treatment is without danger, and is a valuable remedy."

The claim made that hypnotic experiments should be confined exclusively to physicians, is one that will meet with stern opposition. It is an agent that, in unskillful hands, might be productive of injury, yet the laws governing it can be easily mastered by the average mind. The articles by Dr. Hidden have interested me much.

Chicago, Ill.

TRUTH.

CALL FOR MEETING.

To the Members and Friends of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualists' Association, and Clinton, Iowa, Camp Meeting—Greeting:

From the present understanding, the next semi-annual meeting of this Association will be held in Colfax, Iowa, for the transaction of such business as may come before it, and to celebrate the Forty-second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. It will be held probably the last three days in March, 1890.

To get the advantage of reduced rates, it is necessary for me to furnish the railroad officials some idea of the number of people likely to attend, and the railroads they live on. I therefore urge all friends who desire to attend said meeting to write to me at once. Let every friend of the cause and our camp make up his mind to be there.

Now, please help me in this matter, so that I can do my whole duty in getting reduced railroad rates.

In due season, the mediums and speakers engaged, railroad rates, dates of meeting, and number of sessions, will be announced in the spiritual papers.

We hope the friends of Spiritualism will interest themselves, and take action, to make the meeting a grand success.

J. H. RANDALL, Sec'y,
 2299 Honore St., Chicago, Ill.

QUARTERLY CONVENTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

The Quarterly Convention of the Spiritualists of Southwestern Michigan met at Watervliet, Nov. 30th and Dec. 1. The meeting was called to order by the president, L. S. Burdick. A large gathering than expected was present. Conference and business meeting, with a few remarks from Mrs. Woodruff, occupied Saturday afternoon. Dr. C. Andrews gave an address in the evening, followed by Mr. Barnes, describing spirits from the platform. Sunday morning the meeting was called to order, and C. A. Andrus took the rostrum in his usual genial way. His subject was: "Does Spiritualism Teach Good Morals?" which the audience appreciated very much. Mrs. Woodruff gave us many gems of thought in the afternoon. In the evening, Mr. Andrus spoke on the subject: "What are the Evidences of Continued Existence?" which was handled in a masterly manner. Excellent music by Prof. A. J. Davis and the Harris Twin Sisters. The meeting was a fine success, both financially and spiritually. Watervliet is in a part of the country where we had never met before, and we were more than pleased with the kind reception we received. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and the *Better Way* were distributed by Mr. Davis and Mr. Boyington, and subscriptions taken for the same. The next quarterly will be held in Decatur in February.

MRS. R. A. SHEPHERD, Sec'y.

"HOW ELVIE SAVED THE BABY."

A Story of the Conemaugh Flood of 1889.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Tablet form, 6½x7 inches; heavy card paper, beautifully printed, with exquisitely illustrated cover. A dainty holiday gift, or souvenir of the terrible disaster.

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

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

OUR JOURNAL OF CREMATION.

Cremation a Spiritual and Sanitary Necessity.

PECULIARITIES OF EMBALMING.

It Can not Take the Place of Cremation.

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.

NATURE'S INTENTION.

The very fact that in some cases Nature strenuously resists decomposition in the mortal remains, and succeeds in destroying all disease-breeding germs, and poisonous gases connected therewith, is very significant to the thoughtful mind; and if the dead could all be successfully petrified, the health and happiness of the world would, no doubt, be greatly improved thereby. That man who can successfully devise some method whereby decomposition can be at once permanently arrested in the dead, might well be regarded as a benefactor, and be enshrined as one of the many saviors of the world. Of course, scientific men, in all ages of the world, have strenuously endeavored to attain this desired result, but their success has been only partial.

EMBALMING IN ANCIENT TIMES.

At the present time, I regret exceedingly to state, no successful method of embalming the dead exists; at least none that has come into general use. No system of embalming can be regarded as a success, unless thereby decomposition be immediately arrested, and the germs of disease completely destroyed. A thorough and radical change in the whole texture of the remains, embracing the fluids, solids, and the germs of disease, must at once be accomplished. Under these circumstances, the body undergoing the changes or embalming process, ceases to resemble the original in any quality whatever, save in general outlines, or configuration. The embalmed body, through the instrumentality of chemical changes, has been transmuted into another substance, and is really no more the form you once loved so dearly, than the portrait which hangs upon the wall, and which represents it as blooming with the vigor of health.

The very fact that Nature does not pursue a uniform method in the important part that she acts in disposing of the worthless remains of a diseased body, it is impossible to fathom her intentions, and accurately determine what she really desires. She can

not speak in thunder tones, in harmony with her vast dimensions, nor can she even whisper to inquiring humanity, hence mortals must carefully consider the question, and adopt such a system of disposing of disease-breeding bodies as will perceptibly promote the well-being of the living. In ancient times it was the popular custom of the living to embalm the dead, and in that respect, they attained a high degree of skill, as attested by the preservation of bodies that lived at least two thousand years ago. The embalming process has transmitted to the present nervous and easily-excited race of people—especially of the United States—an important lesson that there is, as asserted by the eloquent Wendell Phillips, "nothing new under the sun," and as elaborately demonstrated in his celebrated lecture on "The Lost Arts." The *Textile Manufacturer*, evidently having carefully investigated the subject, asserts that in the grave of a mummy there was found (1583) a pair of knitted stockings, which give the surprising evidence, firstly, that short stockings, resembling socks, were worn by the ancient Egyptians, and, secondly, that the art of knitting stockings had already attained great perfection in ancient Egypt. These curious stockings are knitted in a very clever manner, and the material, fine wool of sheep, that might once have been white, is now brown with age. The needles with which the work was done must have been a little thicker than we should choose for the same purpose, and the knitting is loose and elastic. The stocking is begun just as we make the design, only in the simplest manner, with single thread; but in the constitution of the work, it is not simply plain, but fanciful. The usual border of the stocking, which prevents the rolling-up of the work, is narrow, consisting of a row of turned loops; and the circle, the nicely-shaped heel, which is a little different from our method, shows a very skillful hand. But in the point of the stocking there is a characteristic difference between the Egyptian stockings and our modern socks. While ours end in a rounded point, the Egyptian stockings run out in two long tubes of equal width, like the fingers of a glove. This strange shape is made to suit the sandals, which are furnished with a strap, fastened about the middle of the sandal; and as the strap had to be laid over the stocking, the division is needed.

It cannot be claimed successfully that the ingenious process of embalming the dead has no real utility, when it successfully accomplished, it arrests decomposition, absolutely destroys the germs of disease, and transmutes the body into a substance entirely foreign to it originally; even the bony structure is somewhat modified by the chemical solution. It is far superior, as a method of disposing of the dead, to the usual custom of interment; no serious effects follow therefrom, there never being anything detrimental to health emanating from an embalmed body; in fact, nothing deleterious can possibly spring therefrom.

THE EGYPTIAN METHOD OF EMBALMING.

Herodotus (Appleton's Cyclopaedia) gives a lucid and interesting description of the process pursued by the ancient Egyptians in embalming the dead. He says: They take first a crooked piece of iron, and with it draw out the brain through the nostrils, thus getting rid of a portion, while the skull is cleared of the rest by rinsing with drugs; next they make a cut along the flank with a sharp Ethiopian stone, and take out the whole contents of the abdomen, which they then cleanse, washing it thoroughly with palm wine, and again frequently with a solution of pounded aromatics. After this, they fill the cavity with the purest brined myrrh, with cassia, and every other sort of spicery except frankincense,—and sew up

the opening. Then the body is placed in natron for seventy days, and covered entirely over. After the expiration of that space of time, which must not be exceeded, the body is washed, and wrapped around from head to foot with bandages of fine linen cloth, smeared over by gum, which is used generally by the Egyptians in the place of glue, and in this state it is given back to the relatives, who inclose it in a wooden case, which they have made for the purpose, shaped into the figure of a man. Then fastening the case, they place it in a sepulchral chamber, upright against the wall. Such is the most costly way of embalming the dead. If persons wish to avoid expense, and choose the second process, the following is the method pursued: Syringes are filled with oil made from the cedar tree, which is then, without any incision or dismembering, injected into the abdomen. The passage by which it is likely to return is stopped, and the body laid in natron the prescribed number of days. At the end of the time, the cedar oil is allowed to make its escape, and such is its power that it brings with it the whole stomach and intestines in a liquid state. The natron, meanwhile, has dissolved the flesh, so nothing is left of the dead body but the skull and bones. It is returned in this condition to the relatives, without any further trouble being bestowed upon it. The third process of embalming, which is practiced in the case of the poorer classes, is to cleanse out the intestines with a clyster, and let the body lie in natron seventy days, after which, it is given to those who come to take it away.

The descriptions of the various processes of embalming, as practiced by the ancient Egyptians, will not enable a modern amateur in that art to accomplish anything worthy of mention. The statements made by Herodotus are vague and unsatisfactory, and will enable no one to perform the wonderful feat of embalming in a successful manner. The mummies that now remain, though entirely worthless, in so far as accomplishing anything for the special advancement or amelioration of the human race, gives us a clearer insight into that remote period of the world when in the place of the ruins of to-day, in desolate, desert places, there existed massive buildings, and large cities, in which lived a people more gifted and enlightened in some directions than the present generation in this glorious Republic.

EMBALMING NOT A LOST ART.

Embalming, however, must not be regarded as a "lost art." Among the ancient Egyptians it was successfully accomplished, as thousands of mummies in existence testify; and now, in this nineteenth century, two inventive geniuses step boldly to the front, and claim to possess the ancient secret of embalming the dead. Mr. P. S. Ensforth and Dr. Lovett (a physician), of Erie, Pa., made an application for a patent on a process of preserving the dead, and which they confidently supposed to be the long-lost Egyptian art. They claim that, partly by accident, and finally by experiment, they have discovered a certain combination of antiseptic elements, which, if only carefully and systematically diffused throughout a dead body, even when in an advanced stage of decomposition, will destroy all the corruptible matter, and convert the flesh into a cartilaginous state, the denser parts of the body, such as the grisly part of the ear, being converted into a horny substance, retaining its natural appearance. In one of their experiments, they, by the aid of electricity, applied the chemicals to the dead body of an infant at the almshouse at Erie, Pa. Ten weeks after the body had been removed from all contact with the chemicals, the flesh had become like rubber, the cheeks were full and pliant to the touch, and they had become horny; there was no odor, and it seemed to have no more properties of decomposition than a rubber doll. Whether the body will remain in this pliant state, or whether it will become hard, as the denser parts now are, it will probably take more than a lifetime to determine, but whatever change may take place, the doctor claims that it cannot decay. The discovery was kept secret for some time, the discoverers not wishing to make it public until they had satisfied themselves of its successful application.

In no sense whatever must embalming be regarded as a lost art, in this inventive age of the world. The same year that an ingenious embalming process was discovered in Erie, Pa., the Rome correspondent of the *London Times* set forth that he had the opportunity of being present at the final examination of the body of a young man, upon which Dr. Pietro Toninetti, of Verona, had experimented, by the use of a liquid preparation he has discovered for the preservation of dead bodies, whether of men or animals, and the visible result was most surprising. The subject died on the 12th of the preceding month—nearly six weeks having elapsed—of disease of the lungs, and the liquid was injected thirty-six hours after death. On a date twenty-six days later, the ordinary wooden coffin was opened, in the presence of Prof. Scalzi, representing on the occasion the Minister of Public Instruction; Dr. Postemski, demonstrator of the clinical surgery in the Roman University; Dr. Pretti, army surgeon, and others, and the body was found in a perfect state of preservation and flexibility, and presenting the appearance of one that had only been dead a few hours. The cranium, thorax and abdomen were then opened, and the brain, lungs, heart and viscera, all of which were found to be in a perfectly well preserved and healthy state, were removed. These operations completed, the body, brain, and also the intestines, were set apart for a continued test of time, which, having expired, on entering the operating room, the correspondent was unable to detect any offensive odor. The arms and legs and other parts he felt were soft and supple, and, except the absence of rigidity, presented the normal condition of recent death. Previous to the coffin being inclosed for interment, one leg and one arm were taken off for further preservation and examination, incisions were made and pieces removed for microscopic examination, and everywhere

[Continued on fourth page.]

THE HOME CIRCLE FRATERNITY

The Evolution of a New Religion.

THE CELESTIAL CITY.

Investments in the Home of Angels.

(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 NO GOOD. Hence a new conception of Deity will be formulated, and a constant incentive given to live a life unspotted before all the world.)

This world seems to be the preparatory stage of existence; a stepping stone, as it were, to a higher, grander, and more complete sphere of life. Here the vision is very limited; the comprehension of things restricted within a certain well defined boundary, and mankind generally seem to move as if encompassed in complete darkness with reference to coming time. The future—an hour, day, week, year or century hence—is concealed from the view, and each one bases his prospects of the coming time entirely on the experiences of the past, and the ever living present. The weakness, shortsightedness, and finite nature of each individual show conclusively that not one of God's children can live wholly independent of the rest. Each one is a component part of God's magnificent family; *you*—whoever you are—are an important factor thereof. He who gazes at the moving, throbbing worlds of space, whose sun-lit eye, radiant expression of features and profound wisdom seemingly ally him to the exalted and pure of spirit-life, is no more precious in the sight of God, of angels, of the grand old sages in the higher realms of existence than the honest old beggar who solicits alms on the corner of some active thoroughfare of trade. He is more exalted now, with grander thoughts and more God-like purposes, and wielding a magnificent influence for good, he recognizes the sublime fact that eventually each one of earth's children can be—and perhaps will be—his peer. Being truly great, he is truly good. Being profoundly wise, his mind penetrates the soul of things and reads therefrom a divine lesson.

II.

This man—Judge H.—we knew him well. He had reared a family of seven children, and now crowned with the golden fruitage of 75 years, his mind yearned for other souls to rear—to educate—to make comfortable, happy and useful. The incense of heaven seemed to pervade his very thoughts; his voice was silvery sweet, and his declining years as fruitful of good deeds as the autumn of lushious fruits and golden leaves. Through his unselfishness he was prompted to make further investments in the Celestial City; he wanted to draw nearer to the angels—so near that he could see their smiling faces; hear their sweet whispers of love, and hold communion with them. He knew—you know—every one should know—that the only ascent to God's Celestial City is through the instrumentality of unselfish deeds, of pure, holy, exalted aspirations, and he fully realized that to remain idle, even in the golden autumn of an eventful career was to retrograde.

What did he do?

Wishing to be good and do good, that aged veteran chose a method of work peculiarly his own; he went to the foundling's home, selected two little bright-eyed waifs—two sparks of Infinite Intelligence—two souls as much the emanation of God, as a Beecher's or a Talmage's, and he tenderly and lovingly took them to his country home. It was spring time then; trees in blossoms, on each one of which was the wealth of a rainbow and nature's choicest incense. The grass was green, and bubbling springs murmured a fairy-like melody, and the singing birds burst forth with a freshness that indicated their knowledge that sombre winter had gone.

Judge H. with his precious charge approaches his rural home. The sun, just setting, sheds a mellow, tender radiance over trees, grass and lawn, and the azure sky smiles, apparently, a loving benediction upon him.

He had assumed the guardianship of two "illegitimate children"! In the sight of Judge H.—in the sight of God—in the sight of angels—in the sight of the wise sages of spirit life—there are no illegitimate children; they may be born outside of wedlock; they may be unwelcome human waifs; they may be deserted by their parents, yet they belong to the great human family, and God is their Father.

III.

That night those two little adopted children were put tenderly to bed; they went to sleep under the heavenly influence of smiles and generous impulses, and awoke in the morning, refreshed, and ready and eager to enjoy the comforts of their new-found home. Those two fragments of God's family had found a splendid school. They needed kindness—kind words are divine. They needed smiles—demons rarely smile. They needed kisses—kisses are the birthright of children. They were made joyous and happy under the genial influence of that Trinity—Kindness, Smiles and Love.

Here was one investment in the Celestial City, the final home of the whole human family. Gold and silver, precious stones and brilliant diamonds, do not pass current there. Bonds or gold cannot purchase the favor of angels. The poor, honest, toiling mechanic or common day laborer is nearer God—is nearer the angels—nearer the Celestial City, probably, than an Astor, a Gould or a Vanderbilt. You can't buy with earthly riches a lot in God's Home. There is no selfishness there; no aristocracy; no railroad magnates; nothing that is unclean. That home is gained by gradual growth and development, through the instrumentality of unselfish acts, noble aspirations and philanthropic purposes. Have you made an investment in that City? Have you a foot-hold there? Have you an aspiration to become one of the noble sages and philanthropists who live there? Think! Stop and ponder well! What good, unselfish deed has crowned your life?

What kind act did you ever do that turned, magic-like, into currency acceptable in the Celestial City?

THE GRAND REALITY!

Experiences in Spirit Life of a Celebrated Dramatist.*

(Continued from last week.)

LECTURE III.

The New Era (Spiritual communion with mankind of a rational character as now adopted) at this time was one of the principal topics of interest and consideration in the spheres; not that it was yet inaugurated, but it was foreseen that the period was near at hand when this auspicious movement would take place. Spirits had ever found their way to earth, and to some few of its inhabitants they had, during the long course of ages, made themselves partially understood; but such communion, owing to the prevailing misconception regarding it, was generally very unsatisfactory, and, moreover, attended with danger to those on the mortal side who were the media for it, the penalty of that physical disunion, known as "death," being enforced upon all who dared to deal with those who had passed to the inner sphere of life. And, friends, that penalty has, in the darker ages of the race, been rigorously enforced in a manner the most cruel and torturing; for most of which ecclesiasticism, usurping, as it has done, dominion over the human soul is responsible.

At the time to which I now allude spirits were taking greater delight in returning to earth in anticipation of the "Era" which prescient intelligences had foretold was approaching—the era of rational spirit intercourse as manifested during the past few years.

From the degrading shackles of superstition and ignorance, which have repressed the highest and most sublime powers of mankind, the bright and exalted spirits were anxious to free the race; they were desirous and determined to release the human mind—to encourage it to aspire to free and unrestricted inquiry. This great and momentous question was frequently discussed in the lower spheres as well as in the higher; for numbers of the denizens of the lower spheres were anxious to communicate with those whom they had left behind; not animated, perhaps, by the exalted motives which stimulated the hopes and desires of their higher or more developed brethren, but animated simply by a desire for ordinary converse.

I, too, was very anxious to return to earth, but the power to do so I had not yet acquired. The old sage, my friend, came to me and said that he had often traversed the mystic path leading to the earth-globe, and as I was now qualified to return, he would accompany me to the planet which had given me birth, and that there I could behold the place which I had used as my home; and that it would be even possible for me to behold my friends who were yet there. My thoughts turned towards the miniature-looking sphere, and my friend, perceiving my agitated frame of mind, took me a little space and said: "Look yonder! Behold yonder little star! That is the planet upon which you once trod." "But how shall we reach it from such a distance?" I somewhat impatiently said. "There are paths leading to it," he returned; "but I do not promise you that you will succeed in making yourself known to your friends, or to anyone in the physical state." "When shall we go?" My old earthly impulsive eagerness was coming over me, and my companion, to suppress it, agreed that we should do so without much delay, in some few hours, so that we might visit the globe at an auspicious time—evening.

We started towards the little speck that, with a multiplicity of others of an apparently similar nature, dotted the regions of boundless infinitude; and in a lapse of time, no greater than that which occupies the relation of this, the little speck appeared as a huge rolling ball or globe.

On entering the atmosphere which envelops the earth I experienced a choking sensation which caused me to cry out to my guide to tarry until I became relieved. "Hasten," he said, "onward quickly; for the sooner you pass through this the sooner will you be relieved of that choking sensation." It was as he said; for, that stratum traversed, relief came.

Once again I beheld the houses, churches, spires, woods, vales and mountains of earth—that earth of a limited portion of which I had roamed, and for a brief space I became bewildered. "Here, said my friend, "come forward, I will show thee what thou hast been desirous of beholding."

Now, here comes a point which, when experienced by the spirit, must deeply grieve him; ah! deeply grieve him, indeed! I ask you to conceive of it, to imagine it, to think of it, if you can.

I was brought into a room of the house which I once inhabited, and there I beheld some of my friends—my relations. But with all the powers that worked within me, I could not correspond or even make my presence known. I clasped my hands; I beat the air with them; I used my spiritual powers of utterance, but no response came to my calls. I tried to touch each one separately, but the sense of feeling was not reciprocated. I tried to rap on portions of the furniture and thereby cause a sound to arrest the attention of my friends, but my hands passed through the substance. I saw my children; and a father's emotion stirred within me to help them on the path of their earthly life; but they could not feel the part I had to act there. I was within the place where once I lived; but, alas! alas! I could not communicate with those whom still I dearly loved. Ah! the sore anguish I then did feel none can realize but those who have gone through a similar experience, as many, many have done who have not had the opportunity of recording it, as I now do.

My commiserating friend and guide then conducted me from that sorrowful scene. "Here, friend, this way," said he, and we entered a church.

Through this same Medium once before I mentioned (On a former occasion, through Harris, the lecturer gave an interesting account of the first visit he made to the place where his mortal remains were deposited, but, as no short-hand writer was present, the account was not recorded.) what I then did see; but again I revert to it so that they who read can think of it.

I saw a monument bearing the inscription of my age, etc. That monument stood in

stately silence, and beneath it a slab—a marble slab; beneath that again what, think ye, did I see? That which on earth I did wear—foul and loathsome now become, placed out of sight—that form, whose possessor was deemed clever and witty by his friends, was now fast mingling with the elements from which it sprang. The tongue, that once did warble forth the wit that was greeted by the acclamations of those who heard it, was now dry or arid. The fingers that once did guide the rapid pen, all withered and decayed—naught left but the bones—a crumbling mass of rubbish; and I, the spirit, who once did animate that mass, standing by and beholding it! Would I, if I could, ere stoop to don again that worn-out clothing e'en though it could be reproduced to the same condition of embellishment that it presented when in the heyday of youth? "Nay, nay, thou ne'er shalt be worn by me again; therefore mingle as thou art doing with the earth whence thou didst issue."

The anguish of feeling experienced by me when in the same apartment with the loved ones—to neither of whom could I succeed in making my presence felt—induced a sensation of sickness; aye, I became sick, sick of earth, and I wished to return to the spirit-land, there to remain until a channel was opened whereby an intelligent system of communication could be made manifest. Until that period arrived—until the "Era" spoken of was ushered in—I ne'er wished to again tread the path to earth, the first return to which had been marked by so much mental suffering to myself.

The Light—the Light to mankind! 'Twas a glorious thought-prophetic, that of the Light soon to dawn upon the earth—a Light which, once expanded, can ne'er contract, ne'er become dimmed! And it was that Light which would give to me a fresh impetus to ascend higher, nearer to the Fountain of Production!

In council assembled, I was made one of the leaders who were to marshal the energies of spirits towards the development of those channels which would be useful for our communications with those upon the earth-sphere. And this was the work from which I anticipated so much good, not alone for myself, but for those whose condition we are ever anxious to ameliorate—the inhabitants of the mundane sphere. I will now repeat an invocation which I heard offered by one who, when upon earth, was classed in the category of "savages":

"Oh, God! Mighty Being, Thou mystery of power and greatness! Around Thee are arranged the Diamonds of Heaven, whose luminous beauty shines forth in glory upon me, an ignorant spirit, awaking within me a fountain of love towards Thee, the Creator of all."

"I am a child of Nature, and Thou, oh, Great Spirit, art my Father—my kind, loving, beneficent Father. Through Nature Thou didst generate the form which clothed this spirit, and for a short time, by Thy gracious love, I did exist upon the birth-sphere; from thence Thou didst transfer me to the beautiful and happy home I now enjoy. For this—for Thy unfeeling love towards me and towards all Thy creatures—my soul looks with gratitude and reverence towards Thee. How can I worthily worship Thee? How can I attain to a correct knowledge of Thee? Thy mighty Works revolve around me in such marvelous order and beauty that, gazing upon them, I can but feel the utter unworthiness of myself in comparison to Thee."

"Thou God of the savage! Thou God of the civilized! Thou God of all! How can we trace Thee out but in Thy Laws—Thy Works, which hang around Thee in glory and in mystery! With reverence and with love profound I think of Thee; on Thee, on Thy immutable and all-pervading Laws, I rest. The love that I feel for Thee has proceeded from Thee alone, and I would pour out that love in gratitude to Thee from Whom I received it."

"I pray Thee, Great Spirit, to kind the rays of Thy Glory and Love shine upon all Thy children, and may they still continue to shine upon me, whose soul is filled with grateful love towards Thee, the Fountain of All Existence."

Good night.

LECTURES IV. AND V.

These lectures are unfortunately wanting, through causes which are explained in the introduction. In one of these lectures the control stated that, from his wife having been purer in mind than he was, on her passing to spirit-life she had entered a higher sphere than he did, and although her bright spirit was frequently present with him, they could not be re-united until he had progressed sufficiently to enter the fifth sphere. The control spoke of his wife in the most eulogistic terms, stating that she had acted nobly towards their children when on earth; in fact, from his description of her, and the disparaging way in which he spoke of his own earth-life, she was truly entitled to be called his *better half*.

The editor greatly regrets the loss of these two interesting and instructive lectures, but it is quite beyond his power to replace them.

LECTURE VI.

Returning as I do from other worlds—returning to the earth from whence I came—it would only be natural, and also friendly, that I should make some observations on the holiday which you are now celebrating.

I cannot say to you as I would to those who are in England, who observe Christmas with all its religious services and with all its superstitious rules and mysteries, which invest it with a grandeur and thought of those who only know this country, whose people, or the major portion of them, divest the day of those religious services, rules and mysteries, in which divestiture I entirely coincide; for I merely view the teachings connected with Christmas Day as an old tradition, which ought not to be looked upon with reverence or awe, but the day should simply be held in honor of the noble man from whom it has derived its name and should be regarded as one of pleasure and social reunion—for the blending together of those friends who may have been separated by the various pursuits of life.

In this country I observe a lack of the holy and mistletoe, a lack which denotes that superstition is not so rampant among this people as with those of the old country, and as time advances from Christmas to

Christmas the numbers of devotees of that same superstition will become gradually less. All I can wish you is that every return of this day may find you advanced to a higher state of knowledge and goodness.

My last lecture concluded at the point where I came in sight of, and was drawn near to, groups of children. I also found in this garden where the children were congregated, hosts of spirits assembled. The paths of this garden were laid out most beautifully and scientifically, and its fountains poured forth their glittering streams, emitting the sweetest melody and music, and throwing or spreading a light around the whole of the vast expanse. I was here taken and shown a large building in the form of a circle. It was richly carved and elaborately ornamented in all its parts. While I was wondering and gazing at it one of the old sages approached, and, entering into conversation with me, referred to the school or lyceum, to which purpose this building was devoted. "You have not had an opportunity of seeing how these schools are conducted. Here the children are not taught simple rudiments, as it were, but the secrets of their own nature are unfolded to them in such a manner that they are enabled to repel to a safe distance anything inimical to them which may present itself." I wished to enter the building at once, but my wife said that the time had not arrived for the doors to be opened. I had to wait some time ere being admitted. When I did enter the outer portion of the building, I was conducted to a seat, which was formed of a very light and beautiful material, of which I had not observed anything similar in any other part I had heretofore visited. I found everything in the most perfect order, no discord was apparent, but all was in complete harmony. "How would you like to remain here?" said my wife. "There is nothing I would like better," I replied, "than to stamp on the minds of these children that which would benefit them when they grow older (not in years, but old in knowledge), for the further they rise the brighter they will get." These faculties which now lie dormant will gradually become matured and developed, faculties which are possessed by all young children upon earth, but of which parents knowing nothing never think of cultivating. They simply place them on the same course of study which they went through themselves. There are many faculties that lie dormant in the human mind which will yet emerge from their hiding place and send forth springs of light and life, such as you, until your spirit becomes released from the fleshly body, cannot comprehend.

I then heard sounds coming from outside the walls of this circular building, and a beautiful view opened up before me, which I can only faintly suggest by drawing a simile of the scene you may see on earth on taking a walk when the sun is rising; when the dew glistens on the foliage; when the

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

(To be continued.)

(Continued from third page.)

the muscles and tendons presented their normal colors, and were perfectly fresh and sweet. The brains, lungs and liver, which were on a table apart, had at first sight a very unpromising appearance. They were completely covered with a coating of green mold, and might have been mistaken for lumps of old bronze, but on being cut across, they were found to be in a perfect state of preservation. The condition of the brain was most remarkable. It had undergone no alteration. The white and gray substances, and all the convolutions, were as distinct as if it had only just been removed from the cranium.

Dr. Tonetti asserts that the liquid is perfectly innocuous, and its presence imperceptible, and in proof of its harmlessness, he drank a tumbler of it when in Rome, before proceeding to embalm a body.

THE PATCHWORK SPREAD.

The mother had cleared the dinner away, Her busy hands were free,
The boyish swart was dried and warm;
The mother—a thought thought she—
"They're tired of their toys, my dear little boys,
I'll have a sewing-see."

At her call came Willie and Walter
With sweetly earnest air,
The sunshine, bright from the window of light,
Gleamed in their golden hair,
And fragrant showers from spray flowers
Stole in to greet them there.

She fitted them each to a thimble,
(Such tiny hands to sew!)
Through the needle's head she drew the thread;
('Twas forty years ago),
And she showed the way most patiently
To draw it in and fro.

"Carefully take each stitch," she said,
"Even as once you be."
This way, that way, in and out, they
Counted "one, two, three."
The baby, bound by the darning sound,
Fell asleep on her knee.

Together she basted the pieces,
The sinner and the gay,
From closet and press, from baby's dress,
Yellow and green and grey;
And the mother smiled at her boys beguiled;
For they thought 'twas only play.

Loringly over the pretty work
Their little fingers flew,
With stitches strong, though crooked and long,
'Twas done before they knew.
And with pride they told their baby bold
Who made one square of blue.

'Twas forty years ago, you know,
"Where can the children be?"
The precious spread now covers my bed,
For Willie married me,
And Walter small, is large and tall,
And he has babies three.

The other? Ah, he went to God,
While yet the quilt was new.
There's not one thread of the patchwork spread
So tenderly we view
As the baby's square in the corner there,
That little square of blue.
—Emily J. Langley, in Good Housekeeping.

MEDIUMS LOCATED IN CHICAGO.

Mediums, Clairvoyants, Trances.
Mrs. O. A. Bishop, test, 79 S. Peoria street.
Mrs. H. S. Blossom, 324 W. Lake street.
Mrs. Kate Blade, slate writer, 307 W. Harrison street.
Mrs. Coverdale, 79 Thirty-fifth street.
Mrs. S. J. Catter, 309 Fulton street.
Mrs. De Neve, 87 S. Morgan street.
Mrs. C. E. Eddy, 609 Fulton street.
Mrs. Hansen, 24 Bishop court.
Mrs. S. De Wolf, 108 S. Center Avenue.
Mrs. Ohl Williams, cor. Lake st. and Ashland ave.
Mrs. Wolf, 615 Fulton street.
Mrs. Lois Jack, 62 Page street.
Prof. G. W. VanHorn, 230 W. Monroe street.
F. M. Eddy, 98 S. Green street.
Mrs. Flora A. Brown, 18 S. Adams street.
Mrs. F. Kingsbury, 3436 Cottage Grove avenue.

Healers.

J. S. Dean, 3704 Cottage Grove avenue.
Mrs. Dr. M. A. Mohr, 714 W. Lake street.
Mrs. Pirnie, 1207 W. Madison street.

-- Researches in Oriental History. --

BY G. W. BROWN, M. D.

One Vol. 12mo, 407 Pages, Cloth, \$1.50, Postage 12c.

GENERAL DIVISION:

1. RESEARCHES IN JEWISH HISTORY.
2. RESEARCHES IN ZOROASTRIANISM.
3. DERIVATION OF CHRISTIANITY.
4. WHENCE OUR ARYAN ANCESTORS?

The whole comprises an earnest but fruitless search for a Historical Jesus.

In this volume the Jews are clearly shown not to have been the holy and favored people they claim to have been. The Mohammedan era is traced to the Babylonian Philosopher, 2500 years B. C., and its history is outlined, following the waves of emigration, said to be fully developed into Christianity, with a mythical hero, at Alexandria, in A. D. 30, soon after the commencement of the Christian era.

The book demonstrates that Christianity and its central hero are mythical; that the whole system is based on fraud, falsehood, forgery, fear and force; and that its rites, ceremonies, dogmas and superstitions are but survivals of so-called paganism. It shows vast research among the records of the past; its facts are mostly gleaned from Christian authority, and no person can read it without instruction and profit, whether he reaches the same conclusion as the author or otherwise.

All orders, accompanied with a remittance, should be addressed to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, 251 S. Jefferson street, Chicago, Ill.

LIBERAL LECTURES.

The Liberal Lectures by A. B. French are embraced in a volume of 140 pages. They contain rare gems of thought, beautifully expressed, and will enrich any mind that is brought in contact with them. Thousands have been lifted up by reading them, and they are his thoughts in print, as they were directly in contact with them than by the sound of his voice. The following constitutes the table of contents: 1.—Conflicts of Life. 2.—The Power and Permanence of Ideas. 3.—The Evolution of Man. 4.—The Evolution of the Human Mind. 5.—The Evolution of the Human Body. 6.—The Evolution of the Human Soul. 7.—The Evolution of the Human Spirit. 8.—What is Truth? 9.—The Future of Spiritualism. 10.—The Emancipation Proclamation. Price, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

STUDIES IN THE OUTLYING FIELDS

-- OF --

PSYCHIC -- SCIENCE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

This work essays to unite and explain the vast array of facts in its field of research, which hitherto have had no apparent connection, and which are now being brought to a common cause and from them arise to the law and conditions of man's spiritual being. The leading subjects treated are as follows:

Matter, life, mind, spirit: What the senses teach of the world, and the doctrine of evolution; Scientific methods of the study of man and its results; What is the sensitive state? Mesmerism, hypnosis, somnambulism; Clairvoyance; Sensitiveness proved by psychometry; Sensitiveness during sleep; Dreams; Sensitiveness induced by disease; Thought transference; Intimations of an intelligent force superior to the actor; Effect of physical conditions on the sensitive; Unconscious sensitiveness; Prayer, in the light of sensitiveness and thought transference; Immortality; What the future life is; The nature of the soul; Facts and conclusions; Mind cure; Christian science metaphysics—their psychic and psychical relations; Personal experience and intelligence from the sphere of light.

It is printed on fine paper, handsomely bound, 32 pages. Sent, post paid, \$1.25.

This work may be called the first attempt to correlate the phenomena usually called occult, and subject to much of the "mystery" and "mystery" which has been the best of the occultists' gift. It is a real and answers about any question which may arise in the minds of the investigators of Spiritual phenomena. For sale at this office.

THE PSYCHOGRAPH

— OR —

-- DIAL PLANCHETTE! --

This instrument has now been thoroughly tested by numerous investigators, and has proved more satisfactory than the planchette, both in regard to the accuracy and correctness of the communications, and as a means of developing mediumship. Many who were not aware of their own psychic gifts have, after a few sittings, been able to receive astonishing communications from their departed friends.

Capt. D. B. Edwards, Orient, N. Y., writes: "I had communications (by the Psychograph) from many other friends, even from the old soldiers who were now in the old army. It is a real and has been highly satisfactory, and proved to me that Spiritualism is indeed true, and the communications have given me the greatest comfort in the world. I have had of son, daughter, and their mother, and I have been able to receive communications from many familiar to those interested in psychical matters, as follows:

"I am much pleased with the Psychograph you sent me, and will thoroughly test it the first opportunity I may have. It is very simple in principle and condition, and I am sure must be far more sensitive to spirit power than the one now in use. I believe I will generally supersede the latter when its superior merits become known."

A. P. Miller, journalist and poet, in an editorial notice of the instrument in his paper, the *Washington (Minn.) Advance*, says: "The Psychograph is an improvement upon the planchette, having a dial and letters, with a few words, so that very simple in principle and condition, and I am sure must be far more sensitive to spirit power than the one now in use. I believe I will generally supersede the latter when its superior merits become known."

Just what investigators want. Home circles sent by mail, free with full directions for use. \$1.50. For sale at this office.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,

See into the Causes and Natural Cure of Diseases.

Having permanently become a citizen of Boston, Mr. Davis may be consulted by letter or in person at his office, 63 Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday from 9 a. m. to 12 m. He is remarkably successful in the treatment of every variety of chronic disease, either physical or mental, adapting remedies to meet the peculiarities and requirements of each case. Further information sent by mail if desired.

Consultation, with special directions for cure, \$2; every subsequent interview \$1. Simple remedies, if needed, extra.

DR. CHARLES W. HIDDEN.

THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN WHO IS PERFORMING such wonderful cures in Essex North, treats with great success nervous diseases, rheumatism in all its forms, paralysis, lameness, deafness and kindred disorders. Patients at a distance can arrange for home treatment upon reasonable terms. Address, Dr. CHAS. W. HIDDEN, No. 14 Purchase street, Newburyport, Mass.

THE TIGER-STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

A tract for the times. By HUDSON TUTTLE. Third edition, just published. Sent, post paid, 5 cents; those ordering for distribution, ten copies 25 cents; 50 per 100. Address, HUDSON TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

LOST VISION RESTORED

BY USING MELTED PEBBLE SPECTACLES. Eyes fitted by a Clairvoyant. Spectacles sent by mail. Send a 2c. stamp for valuable information and testimonials. B. F. POOLE, Clairvoyant Optician, Clinton, Iowa.