

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

VOL. I.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 11, 1890.

NO. 7.

THE JEWISH JEHOVAH.

An Arraignment of a Fictitious Character Who Has Figured Conspicuously in the World's History.

A Lecture Delivered before the Secular Union, Chicago, BY JAMES ARBOTT.

[Reported for The Progressive Thinker.]

I can hardly expect to say anything new upon the subject to which I invite your attention this evening. Indeed, it seems like a threshing over of old straw to make the effort; but when I consider the largeness of this pile of old theological straw, and how many are afraid to speak or even think about it except after certain prescribed methods, I console myself with the thought that although I may gather no wheat, I may at least get rid of some of the straw which has already too long lumbered the ground, to the end that something better may grow thereon.

I take for my warrant John 5-39, "Search the Scriptures." I was early taught to "Search the Scriptures." I shall on this occasion obey that injunction, and do a little "searching" on my own account.

It appears that Jehovah is only one of many gods. The Chinese had their Tien; the Assyrians and Babylonians their Belus (the Baal of the Bible); the Syrians their Papius; the Hindus their Brahma; the Egyptians their Osiris; the Persians their Ormuzd; the Carthaginians their Urania; the Greeks their Zeus; the Romans their Jupiter; the Arabians their Allah; and the Jews their Jehovah. As a well-known writer has said: "Each nation has created a God, who has always resembled his creators. He hated and loved what they hated and loved, and was invariably found on the side of those in power. Each God was intensely patriotic, and detested all nations but his own. The gods differed just as the nations differed. The most powerful had the most powerful gods, while the weaker ones contented themselves with the very outscouring of the heavens." This is verified by 2 Kings 17-29, where we are informed that "every nation made gods of their own."

Christians worship three gods; although by some process of mental gymnastics they would try to make us think figures sometimes lie, and that three ones can be added together with varying results. Many tribes have had a divinity apiece. In addition to Jupiter, the Romans had their Lares and Penates for each household; while the Greeks had so many besides Zeus, the market became overcrowded, and they finally prohibited the making of any more. If the factories had kept running, no doubt by this time we should have on hand a large supply of new and second-hand gods, which could be secured in job lots at reduced rates. As soon as a god got his "peculiar people" to believing straight and their machinery of worship well lubricated, he generally imposed a high protective tariff on the importation of other gods, and shut out all competition. In this country there are those who would repeat the operation on behalf of Jehovah; although here the tariff seems to be "for revenue only."

I shall endeavor to demonstrate by the Scriptures themselves,—

1. That they acknowledge the existence of other gods;
2. That Jehovah is the National Divinity of the Jews, from which it follows logically,
3. That Jehovah is a God of limited knowledge and power; also,
4. That He is a jealous God, and possessed of other objectionable qualities.

These positions are manifest by the plain reading of the text, and it is impossible for me to conceive how such a being can be regarded by intelligent people as the Supreme Spirit of the universe, the Father of all Humanity.

As a basis from which to draw my conclusions I take the simple statements recorded in the Old Testament, discarding some tortuous interpretations which have been offered, accepting the texts for what they are worth in plain English.

In arguing with true believers it is only necessary for them to quote Scripture, against which the most convincing logic is regarded as altogether impotent. I now propose to quote some passages, if not for their enlightenment, at least for their consideration.

It is curious to note the different lights in which the Bible writers viewed their Jehovah. For instance, in Ex. 25-8, Jehovah had a local habitation—the sanctuary; although, according to Acts 17-24, He dwelt even in temples made with hands. Zechariah 2-2, says He was jealous with great fury. But in 27-4, would have you believe fury is not in Him. According to 1 Sam. 15-11, He repented that He had set up Saul as king. Yet Num. 23-19 says He is not a man, that He should repent; and Jer. 15-6, He repented so often that He became weary of it. Gen. 22-1, God tempted Abraham. But when we get to James 1-13, we find God tempted no man. According to Ex. 15-3, the Lord is a man of war; but according to Is. 9-6, He is the Prince of Peace. Ps. 95-11, says He became angry and swore; but Solomon says anger rests in the bosom of fools. In Hos. 13-7, Jehovah says, "I will be unto them as a lion; a leopard by the way. I will meet them as a bear bereft of her whelps, and will rend the caul of their heart, and devour them like lion"; although, 1 Chron. 29-10, says He is Our Father.

But that is where the interpretation comes in. If you think there is any contradiction in the above, you will be told it is because you do not interpret aright. Interpretation can clear away these little discrepancies with the same facility that the professor in logic demonstrated a cat had three tails.

I.

Coming to our first point, we are in no want of texts to support our position. I am informed that the Hebrew words Eloh, Eloi, Elohim, Alohim, variously translated deity, are in the original of plural form. Although Jehovah says, in Ex. 23-13, "Make no mention of the name of other gods," and in Josh. 23-7, "Neither make mention of the name of their gods," yet His own injunction seems to have slipped His memory, as "Baal and other gods" are mentioned in Jer. 7-9; "Molech" in 1 Kings, 11-7; "Ashtaroth" in Judges 2-13; "Succoth-benoth," "Nergal" and "Ashima," in 2 Kings, 17-30; the "gods of Egypt," in Jer. 46-25; the "gods of the Amorites" in Judges 6-10; the "gods of Hamath, Arpad, Sepharvaim, Hena, and Ivah," in 2 Kings, 18-34; the "gods of Damascus" in 2 Chron., 28-23; "Chemosh" in Judges 11-24; "Nibhaz," "Tartak," "Adrammelech" and "Anammelech," in 2 Kings, 17-31; the "gods of Jerusalem" in 2 Chron., 32-19; "The gods of Syria" in 2 Chron. 28-23; the "gods of Seir" in 2 Chron. 25-14, and in Judges 17-5 we read, Micah had a house full of them. We have not time to enumerate all the deities which the Bible mentions, not as imaginary beings, but as having a substantial existence.

Coming to texts which speak of "gods" in general, where the simple plural form is used, we find an abundance of them. The first passage I note is Gen. 1-26; "God said, let us make man in our image." To whom does the "us" refer? Mr. Parkhurst, a Hebrew scholar, says Gen. 1-1 should read, "In the beginning the gods created the heaven and the earth." Further, in Gen. 3-5, "Your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods." Again, Gen. 3-22: "God said, behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil." Gen. 35-2, "Jacob said, put away the strange gods among you." In Ex. 22-20, Jehovah commanded the execution of any Israelite who sacrificed to his brother gods; yet He seems to have realized the courtesies due others engaged in the same profession as himself; for He says, Ex. 22-28, "Thou shalt not revile the gods." Ex. 20-3 reads, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." No objection is raised to there being other gods; only they must keep a respectful distance. Ex. 12-12, "Against all the gods of Egypt I will execute judgment." The Jews could never quite get over the idea that their ancestors were held in bondage by the Egyptians, and the Old Testament is full of unfulfilled maledictions against them. In this case Jehovah was going to avenge his people—not by visiting punishment upon the Egyptians, but upon their gods. We submit this was unjust, to punish the innocent gods for the misdoings of their people. Ex. 23-24 and 32: "Thou shalt not bow down to other gods. Thou shalt make no covenant with them." How could the Jews make a covenant with other gods, if none existed? For fear the Jews might get inquisitive on the subject, and desire to find out something regarding the character of the different gods, Jehovah says, in Deut. 12-30: "Enquire not after other nations' gods." Inquiry has ever been the most deadly foe of faith.

Other gods are mentioned as realities, the same as if they were back-drivers or lightning-rod agents, in Dan. 2-47: "Your God is a God of gods"; in Deut. 10-17, "Your God is God of gods and Lord of Lords"; Deut. 32-37, "Where are their gods?" As the people of whom this conundrum was asked had no opportunity to record a reply, we are ignorant what it was. We can only suggest the benighted heathen might have retorted with equal grace, "Where is your Jehovah?" Ps. 95-3, says: "The Lord is a great king, above all gods." Judges 10-13: "Ye have served other gods." Josh. 24-14: "The gods which your fathers served on the other side of the flood, and in Egypt."

Although the Jews are warned, in Deut. 30-17 not to worship other gods, and in 1 Kings, 9-6, that they will be exterminated if they do, yet in Jer. 16-13, Jehovah says He will assume the responsibility himself: He "will cast them out of their land, and have them serve other gods," notwithstanding, Deut. 11-28: "A curse if ye go after other gods." 1 Sam. 7-3: "Put away the strange gods." Jer. 25-6: "Go not after other gods." In 2 Chron. 32-13: "No God of any nation was able to deliver his people." 1 Kings 11-8, Solomon burned incense to the gods of his wives. Ps. 138-1: "Before the gods will I sing praise." Ps. 82-1: "God judgeth among the gods." Judges 5-8: "They chose new gods." Revelation does not state, but we presume the reason for the change was that the old ones had gone out of fashion. In those days, some gods were portable property, like other chattels, as we read, in Gen. 31-30, that Jacob stole Laban's gods and ran away with them in his satchel.

In Ruth 1-15 and 16, we have an illustration of how people chose their gods. Naomi says to Ruth: "Thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people and unto her gods. Return thou after her." Ruth replies, "Whither thou goest I will go. Thy

people shall be my people, and thy god my god." Ruth did not care much what gods she worshiped, but she was going to stick by the old lady.

It would appear, from Zeph. 2-11, that Jehovah had a corner on provisions. He says He would "furnish all the gods of the earth." He did not starve out the opposition, however, as several of the gods of those days, it is alleged, are still alive, and the recipients of worship. Deut. 7-4: God warns the Jews if they serve other gods, His anger will be kindled against them. This is one of the promises He kept, according to 1 Kings 11-9. In Deut. 32-17, they "sacrificed to new gods that came newly up," probably thinking them an improvement. In 2 Kings 17-33, honors were easy, as the Jews "feared the Lord and served their own gods, after the manner of the nations who carried them away." According to Is. 41-23, the ability to predict future events was sufficient to establish any one's claim to a divine character. We find other gods mentioned as having an actual, substantive existence in Josh. 22-22; Dan. 2-47; Ezra 1-7, and numberless other passages.

The Jews made no pretense of denying the potentiality of the neighboring deities, as instance Judges 11-24, Jephthah told the king of Ammon that the Jews wouldn't bother that which the Ammonites held from Chemosh, their God, and urged that as a reason why the Ammonites should let the Jews alone in their possessions from Jehovah. Jeremiah in 10-11 seems to have expressed the popular desire when he says, "The gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, even they shall perish from the earth, and from under these heavens." If Jehovah could get rid of his rivals, it was hoped that his reign would be supreme and undisturbed. The devotee may believe all this is inspired revelation. I could not, if I would.

II.

God seems to have made four efforts to save the human race. First with Adam and Eve, but the experiment did not work. Then He took Noah into His confidence, when He drowned all the rest of the world, but this experiment likewise was a failure. Then He took up with that pious old fraud, Abraham, thinking He would succeed a little better, but it seems He repented even of that choice, and was going to blot out His people, and make of Moses a chosen race. (Ex. 32.) But Moses, by an ingenious exhibition of special pleading, changed Jehovah's mind. He seems to have reasoned about this: "Lord, think how the Egyptians will gape you, if they ever hear you brought us out to perish in this unpre-empted territory. Besides, it would take a long time to raise a big tribe like us. Remember the trouble we had down in Egypt, and for my part, I don't want any more of it. I really believe we would be making bricks yet, if it had not been for that last miracle of yours. Now, please don't run any more chances."

Jehovah said, "Well, really, I hadn't thought of that. Moses, you're a trump. Get down out of here quick, and kill a couple of thousand. Say: hold on, I'm awful mad; make it three, and I will call it square." So Moses did as directed. Judging by the light of following history, we are inclined to think Jehovah could have done much better to have made a trial at raising another choice breed of human kind; and as for the Jews, there is no question but they would have been the gainers, if they had lost or exchanged their God. But the third scheme didn't work, and God had to supplement it with a fourth, by sending His son, that He might kill that son, to appease His wrath with blood. This plan of salvation seems destined to meet the same fate as its predecessors.

The Old Testament is principally a history of the Jews and their Jehovah, a narrative of their trials, troubles, treachery, quarrels, and faithless dealings toward each other. No other God ever had so much trouble with his people; and no other nation ever showed so little respect for their God. Jehovah was continually getting angry at the Jews, and the Jews were mad in a minute if Jehovah seemed disposed to show the slightest favor to others. There appears to have been almost a natural antipathy between them, so that they were constantly having spats with each other. The relationship was a forced one, possessing few of the adhesive ties of friendship. Both parties were apparently happier when separated, as they were several times, on one occasion for a long period. (Lam. 5-20.) According to the story, they got along as well, were as moral and as happy, as when their God was with them. The reason Jehovah stuck by them as well as He did was not from natural affection, but because He had promised to do so, and they were finally broken up while He was apparently with them. One portion fell into the hands of Shalmaneser, king of Assyria, and the other into the hands of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon; and were never able to fully regain their political power as a nation afterwards, although in Psalms 89-36, God swears He will establish David's throne forever. To cap the climax, ten of the tribes were entirely lost, thus leaving Jehovah almost childless; and a search for them for several thousand years has failed to bring them to light. This proves that Jehovah's promise never to forsake them (1 Sam. 12-22) was not kept.

Jehovah covenanted with Abraham (Gen. 15-18) to give his seed the whole country

from the Nile to the Euphrates, and it was to be an everlasting possession (Gen. 17-18). Yet they never had more than one-fifth of it, and for more than 1800 years they have been about exterminated from the promised land, and Jehovah has not made good the title He guaranteed. Abraham's call was 2056 B. C. Yet for over 500 years Jehovah stood by and allowed His chosen people to toil in slavery. He did not wake up to a consciousness that his chosen people needed His presence until they were about ready to decamp from Egypt with the borrowed jewelry of their former masters. As the Jews were in need of a protector in their wanderings, Jehovah concludes He will keep His promise made long before, and stick by them if they will stick by Him. Ex. 6-7 He says, "I will take you to me for a people, and I will be to you a God." Passages similar to this can be found in almost every chapter of the Old Testament. I can only note a few. 2 Sam. 7-24: "Thou hast confirmed to thyself thy people Israel to be a people unto thee forever, and thou, Lord, art become their God." The reason for this is given in the preceding verse: "What people is like Israel whom God went to redeem for a people to himself, and to make him a name." Can this passage be interpreted in any other way than that Jehovah was no more than a national divinity? Seeing other nations had their gods, He did not want to be behind; and the only excuse I can offer for so poor a selection is, that the other nations were all taken, and it was Hobson's choice on Jehovah's part. Josh. 24-18: "We will serve the Lord. He is our God." Neh. 4-20: "Our God shall fight for us." What god was going to fight against them? Ps. 116-5: "Our God is merciful." Deut. 4-7: "What nation is so great? Who hath God so high unto them as the Lord, our God, is in all things that we call upon him for?" These tramps just escaped from slavery, without even a tax title to a solitary square foot of real-estate, seemed to consider themselves the most important nation on earth who could bank on God's favor without limit, and all their over-drafts would be honored.

Ex. 6-3 is the first passage where "Jehovah" appears as a name distinguished from "God." It says "I am the Lord, and I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob by the name of God Al-mighty; but by my name Jehovah was I not known to them." From that time on He is uniformly referred to as the God of Israel, though often assuming to be the Supreme God. The Encyclopedia Britannica says the word "Jehovah" in its original significance has no reference to a "Creator," but "he who causes to fall," meaning the rain. When you consider that these people dwelt under the rays of a scorching sun, you can see how they would naturally regard as a benefactor a power which they supposed sent them the refreshing rain.

Jehovah is referred to as "the God of Israel" 24 times; as "my God" 47 times; "our God" 41 times; "thy God" 53 times; "their God" 30 times; "your God" 27 times, according to Cruden, and they are by no means all. Having selected a people, He took up His residence among them, as we are informed in Num. 35-34: "The Lord dwelleth among the children of Israel." He next thought it necessary to brand them, for the same reason that the government brands its mules, so that when they wander off or get mixed up they can be identified. It is difficult to see, however, why every male child should have been mutilated for His name's sake, any more than every female child should have had one ear cut off or one eye burned out.

Being a national deity, of course He had to show himself to His people occasionally to keep up their faith. Although Ex. 33-20 says: "There shall no man see me and live," the Scriptures say men did see God and live in the following passages: Gen. 18-1; Job 42-5; Ezek. 1-28; Amos 9-1 and many others. Probably the most ridiculous passage is Ex. 33-22. "Inspired" did I hear you say? Inspired nonsense!

As the Jews were an ignorant people, likewise were they conceited. They supposed they had the most powerful god on exhibition, who could discount any marvels to be found. Hence they were always extolling His might. Instance, Deut. 3-24: "What god in heaven or earth can do according to thy works?" 2 Chron. 2-5: "Great is our God above all gods." Ps. 135-5: "I know our Lord is above all gods." Jehovah was apprehensive outsiders would not realize His importance. Hence in 1 Sam. 17-46, He promised to do something extra. For what? You know communication in those days was slow. The heathen had not heard what Jehovah's post-office address was. So He promises to work wonders, "That all the earth may know there is a God in Israel." Although He had promised to always protect His people, yet in Judges 2-14 He delivered them into the hands of the Midianites and in Judges 3-13 He got into a squabble with Israel, and got the children of Ammon and Amalek to give them a thrashing. One day He heads an army of His peculiar people to annihilate the heathen. The next He traitorously abandons His allies, and joins their enemies to fight His chosen people. He sold Israel to the Philistines twice. How much He got, whether in a certified check or currency, His journal does not state. The first time He swore He would never deliver them, but probably forgot it, as he went on selling and delivering them several times.

Just before the time of Moses there lived an Egyptian priest named Gechoka, who was neither of the purest nor the best. It has been suggested that Moses was a medium,

and the spirit of Gechoka, called Jehovah, controlled and oftentimes made sport of him, under a "Thus saith the Lord." The explanation is at least charitable for Moses.

Jehovah was but a reflection of the ideas of the ancient Hebrews, exhibiting all the evil and what little good had been developed in them. All their misfortunes were attributed to His anger, while His choicest blessings were associated with the misfortunes of their enemies. I can imagine but one excuse for the rapacity of the ancient Jews in their dealings with their neighbors; and that is because they were taught by their deity in Gen. 3-17 that labor is a curse.

III.

Passing to our third point, Scripture quotations again abound, and we are enabled to prove our position thereby with as much certainty as we are able to demonstrate almost any other proposition pro or con by the same means. As we have seen Jehovah is nothing but a sectional god, it follows that He must be a person of limited knowledge and power. Having labored six days at the work of creation, He became tired and had to rest. According to Ex. 31-17, the rest refreshed Him. Although one of His favorite appellations is "The God of Battles," yet according to Judges 1-19 He could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley because they had iron chariots, and in Judges 5-23 the inhabitants of Meroz are savagely cursed because they would not come to the help of the Lord in one of His skirmishes, when He needed reinforcement. Although delighting in being called the "Most High," the "God of gods," yet in Hos. 5-12 He descends from the sublime to the ridiculous. He says, "I will be unto Ephraim as a moth, and to the house of Judah as rottenness." Hos. 12-3, Jacob while yet in an embryonic state, seized Esau's heel and "by his strength had power with God." This is the most juvenile wrestling match of which the time has been kept. Tongues were confounded at Babel lest the builders would climb into God's seat of government. Gen. 18: Jehovah traveled on foot, lodged in tents, had His feet washed, ate veal and cakes. He is represented as possessing almost all the members of the human body: eyes (1st Pet. 3-12), ears, (same), nose (Is. 65-5), mouth, (Is. 45-23), woolly hair, (Dan. 7-9), feet (Rev. 1-15), arms (Is. 30-30), hands (Ex. 13-3), fingers (Ex. 8-19), head (Dan. 7-9), heart (Is. 43-4), lips (Ps. 17-4), bowels (Is. 63-15), voice (Is. 30-30), and in Hab. 3-4 the writer adds on "horns."

He is represented as eating, sleeping, walking, talking, riding horseback, laboring, resting, laughing, crying, cursing, swearing, smiting, fighting, and on one occasion getting whipped because the enemy were better fortified (Josh. 17-16). Is. 65-5 says there was "a smoke in his nose, a fire that burneth all the day," which I can only interpret to mean that He was an habitual smoker. Whether the cigars were imported or domestic we will leave for the D. Ds. to decide, by the citation of other passages of Scripture.

Hardly was the work of creation completed before He went bush-stalking down among the brush in Eden, hunting for the trespassers in His orchard, shouting "Hello, Adam?" Probably He would never have found him, if Adam had not disclosed his whereabouts.

In the contest related in 1 Kings 20-23 Jehovah could not succeed except when fighting on the hill-top. Generals of later times have been troubled in the same way. A proof that Jehovah was not omniscient is found in Gen. 18-21, where He had to go down to Sodom to verify the reports which had been filed in His office regarding that municipality. No wonder Jonah thought He would escape His wrath by fleeing to Tarshish. Jehovah seems to have been a handy fellow, a sort of jack-at-all-trades. The Scriptures represent Him as engaged in the following occupations: Architect, baker, barber, blacksmith, bookmaker, brewer, butcher, cabinet-maker, carpenter, carpet-weaver, carriage-maker, chemist, cooper, costumer, cutter, decorator, dyer, distiller, draper, druggist, doctor, engraver, farmer, fisherman, florist, grocer, hatter, jeweler, lawman, florist, musician, packer, painter, provision-dealer, real-estate dealer, restaurateur, sign-maker, silversmith, shoe-maker, tailor, tanner, teacher, tinker, undertaker, warrior, and wood-dealer.

True, there are passages which inspire us with their poetic flight as they extol the goodness and majesty and attributes of God. In no case, however, was the thought any better than the thinker. Can you find anything in so-called revelation which excels this, written by an unbaptized and unregenerate Hindu centuries before? "I am the soul, oh Arjuna, which exists in the heart of all things. I am the beginning, and the middle, and also the end. Among luminous bodies, I am the beaming sun. Among the senses I am the heart. Among material principles, I am the intellect; among pieces of water, the ocean; among words, the monosyllable Om; among men, the king. I am the thunderbolt among weapons; time, among things which count. Among animals I am the lion. I am the Ganges among rivers; speech, among sounds of utterance. I am the letter A among letters. I am, also, eternal time. I am the preserver, who watches in all directions. And I am death who seizes all, and the birth of those who are to be. Fame, fortune, and speech, memory, meditation, perseverance and patience; among seasons,

the flowery spring; splendid itself among splendid things. I am victory. I am the goodness of the good. There exists no one thing, movable or immovable, which is without me."

IV.

As we have shown Jehovah to be a national deity of limited power we should not be surprised to learn that he is jealous, and possessed of other objectionable traits. Webster defines a jealous person as one "filled with anxious apprehension; suspicious; uneasy through fear that interest or affection will be transferred to another." That is about Jehovah's character as portrayed in His autobiography, which I take it must be attributed to His moral defects. He frequently punished the Jews for worshipping other gods; which fact proves He was at the most no better than the other gods. The reason given for the second commandment is that He is a "jealous God," which is no reason at all. Deut. 4-24 expresses the same idea. Nah. 1-2: "God is jealous and revengeth and is furious." In Deut. 32-16, they provoked him to jealousy with strange gods. Ezek. 36-5: "In the fire of my jealousy have I spoken against the heathen." Is. 42-13: "He shall stir up jealousy like a man-of-war." These texts can be multiplied at length. Especially was Jehovah's jealousy excited when the Jews wandered off to other gods. He could stand all their crimes, but the line must be drawn somewhere, and the worship of the wrong god, or the right god by the wrong name seems to be the point.

In order to keep up a belief in Himself among His people a few simple and efficacious rules are given. According to Deut. 13-2, if a prophet suggested that the worship of other gods might be an improvement, or that they might try the experiment anyway, that prophet was to be summarily killed. That was to maintain orthodoxy among the clergy. Deut. 13-6 is for the maintenance of orthodoxy among the laymen. "If thy brother, or son, or daughter, or wife, or friend entice thee saying, let us go and serve other gods, thou shalt surely kill him." Let history answer how this command of Jehovah was carried out in succeeding ages.

I have not time to more than mention some of the other objectionable traits of this ancient Blue-Beard, as found set forth in the following texts: Is. 30-27, He burned with anger. The study of medicine shows anger to be a mental malady, a species of disease, rendering its possessor and those around him uncomfortable. Yet Jehovah is represented as continually getting angry—Ps. 17-11 says every day, Prov. 1-26: "I will laugh at your calamities." None but a fiend would be guilty of laughing at another's misfortunes. Jer. 18-11: "I frame evil against you." A mischief maker, Deut. 32-24: "I will send the teeth of beasts upon them, with the poison of serpents." Yet we are commanded to worship Him for His wondrous love. 1 Kings 22-22: "I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all His prophets." We were formerly taught that the devil is the "father of lies," but this passage indicates Jehovah's purpose to have no monopoly of that industry. Is. 63-17, he caused the people to err. Jeremiah in exasperation exclaims (15-18): "Wilt thou be altogether unto me as a liar?" It seems that those who lived on the spot did not always place credence in Jehovah's utterances; and they certainly ought to have known what His reputation for truth and veracity was. But Jehovah retorts at the priests in Is. 28-7: "The priests and prophets have erred through strong drink." Also in Jer. 5-13, where Jehovah says, "The prophets shall become wind." That prophecy is being literally fulfilled to-day, in ninety-nine out of every one hundred pulpits of this land. God sanctions murder in Ex. 32-27; robbery in Ex. 12-36; stealing in Ex. 12-35; slave-holding in Lev. 25-44; polygamy, as the life of every patriarch fully shows; treachery and assassination in Judges 5-24; war in 1 Sam. 15-3; intemperance in Deut. 14-26; revenge in Num. 31; injustice in Josh. 7-25.

He smote the first born of the Egyptians, because "His mercy endureth forever." He drowned Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea to demonstrate His loving kindness. To prove He was a true prophet, Jehovah, in Gen. 41-4, directed Jacob to go down into Egypt, saying: "I will surely bring thee up again." This He must have intended in a Pickwickian sense; for Jacob was indeed brought back, but it was long after his death, his bones wrapped up in a burlap, and strapped on the back of a kicking mule. Being wrathful, of course he was frequently repenting, as in Gen. 6-6, and in other instances.

It is amazing to see what roseate hues this Jehovah's character assumes when viewed by theologians who look back through Hebrew goggles, past the mists of twenty-five centuries. They would have you worship this imaginary being, and read His history with reverent awe. Jehovah, instead of being worshiped, should be regarded as a monstrosity, a fictitious creation of an uncivilized people.

It is only by jack-screwing up the intellect that we can believe this record was ever inspired by anybody. But I am ready to believe it inspired, and that Jehovah is the Supreme God, on the same terms as Jacob prescribed in Gen. 28-20. Jacob, you will bear in mind, was "strictly business." He could always find time, between his devotions, to drive a sharp bargain, a trait

[Continued on third page.]

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

J. R. FRANCIS, Editor and Publisher.
Published every Saturday at 251 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, \$1.00
Clubs of ten (a copy to the one getting up the club), \$7.50
Sixteen weeks (on trial), 25cts
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, 251 S. Jefferson St., Chicago Ill.

THE AIMS OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

The paramount design 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 partaken of an intellectual feast that will better fit him 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.

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

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 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 thought 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.

Men Taken for Gods.

Such was the case. It was related by one who was present that the bloodiest and most furious battle Stanley had with the Congo natives during his first descent of that river was with the Ba-Ngala. In that fierce combat, sixty-four canoes loaded with the fiercest of Congo fighters were precipitated upon the little band of travelers, and had not spears been pitted against firearms Stanley's party would never have reached the sea. Muele, one of the officers of the chief of the Ba-Ngala, gave to Capt. Coquilhat the native version of that memorable day. The white men on the Congo bring home few stories that surpass in interest those the natives tell of the time when the unknown whites first came among them, and of the commotion these strangers with their wonderful trade goods and their still more astonishing weapons, everywhere produced. They had never seen a white man, said Muele, whose tribe, thickly populating the river bank for many miles, numbers over 100,000 people. They had not the slightest idea that such beings existed. One day in February, at the moment when the sun stood right above their heads, a flotilla of canoes of a form they had never seen before, preceded by a canoe of extraordinary size, suddenly came into view. In the swiftest part of the current they were quietly passing in front of their villages. They were astonished to see that the men, even to their heads, were covered with white cloth, and they thought it very singular, for the richest chiefs they knew wore only a little rag made of banana fibre; and a fact that was absolutely new to them and that upset all their notions of humanity, was the sight of two white beings, yes, as white as pottery clay, who appeared to command the expedition. They seemed to have about the same form as other men, but their hair, their eyes, and their color were very strange to them. The reporter goes on to say:

The natives asked one another: *Were not these men envoys from Ibanza, the mysterious spirit, and why did they so suddenly appear upon their river?* Their purpose could only be bad, for suddenly they landed on an island opposite instead of coming to their shore as all people did whose intentions were not hostile. At first, before they were able to see them distinctly, they thought they were an expedition from enemies of Mobeka. Alarm drums sounded and the Congos crowded to their canoes, already for a fight. But the clothing of the warriors, the strange form of their weapons, and the unheard-of aspect of the white men soon undeceived them. Still, they launched their canoes and rapidly approached those of the unknown strangers.

The older of the two white men had straight gray hair and his eyes were the color of the water. He stood up in his canoe and held up a red cloth and some brass wire. The Congos still approached him, discussing excitedly the meaning of his strange attitude. The other white man, (Frank Pocock, who was drowned a week later in the cataracts of the lower Congo) aimed his weapon at the Congos and the older man talked to him rapidly in a language they did not understand. Those who were nearest the strangers thought the actions of the white men boded no good, and so they judged it best at once to attack these mysterious whites who had come from no one knew where.

Then the battle began, and it was the most terrible the Congos ever fought. Their spears fell fast among the enemy, and they killed some of them and their bodies lay half over the sides of their canoes. But oh, what fetiche gave their weapons such wonderful power! Their bullets, made of a heavy gray metal the Congos had never seen before, reached them at enormous distances. Women and old men who were following the combat from the shore were hit. The walls of their huts were perforated. Some goats who were wandering far off in the fields dropped dead of their wounds. As for the natives who were on the water, their stout shields were pierced as though they had been bananas. Many of them were killed and wounded and others were drowned, for the bullets knocked holes in some of their wooden canoes, which filled and sank. Still they kept fighting desperately, and followed the white beings some distance below their villages. Their band finally escaped and raised loud cries of triumph as the Congos ended the pursuit.

Muele added that Mata Bulke, the chief of the Ba-Ngala, exerted every effort to dissuade his ardent people from approaching the whites, who he declared could not be human beings.

In this narrative we have an illustration of childish views emanating from those who had matured physically and intellectually, and who entertained the opinion that the enemy with whom they had been engaged in battle were not human beings, but gods. Their conception of Deity or supernatural beings was in every respect childish and without a shadow of foundation. The "noble" white man, in the remote past, entertained equally as childish views with reference to God, divine providence and supernatural beings, and the question might well be asked, when did their views in regard to God cease to be childish, and assume a dignity and importance rendered certain by indubitable proof and actual demonstration?

With hundreds of sects in the world, all differing in some respects in regard to Deity and his methods of controlling his children, is not the great mass of their pulpits fulminations childish in the extreme, and worthy of no more credit than the opinions of the poor benighted Congos who were brave

enough to assume the aggressive against Stanley. In fact no mathematical demonstration is required to show conclusively that ninety-nine out of a hundred of all the teachings of the various ministers of the gospel is simply attitudinal rubbish—worse than useless. If missionaries could be sent to the Congos, without a bible, hymn books or creeds, with absolutely nothing but Spiritualism, ethics and esthetics as a basis for reformatory work, and with all the elements and accessories of an advanced civilization, teaching them proper use of tools, cultivation of the soil, and weaving of fabrics, etc., etc., the natives would be greatly advanced. But teaching them the childish views of theology is worse than useless.

WELL PLEASED!

YES, WE ARE DELIGHTED AT THE RESULT.

The Terrestrial and Celestial Spheres Blending in Aid of "The Progressive Thinker."

2,500! 2,500! 2,500! 2,500! 2,500! 2,500!

This is the seventh number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and we have on our list 2,500 subscribers. This is a phenomenal growth, a record such as no other Spiritualist paper can show. Our mailing list is open for inspection; it shows most conclusively that Spiritualists are generous, that they are not only willing, but anxious to aid in sustaining a first-class Spiritualist paper. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has no occasion for "whining" for lack of appreciation; it has no occasion to "scold" Spiritualists for want of support; it goes forth as an evangel of light, peace and good will, with a determination to present the best reformatory paper now published, and with that end in view, our next issue will contain a programme of action which will state more definitely our multifarious aims. We now believe it possible, with the excellent facilities at our hand, to attain within the present year a circulation of 50,000. As our subscription grows, new features and attractions will be added, until THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will attain the largest circulation of any paper in the world. We are not visionary when we say that we expect to attain a circulation of over 100,000! We have laid our hand on the great throbbing heart of Spiritualism, and we know its pulsations are in harmony with our manifold aims, and that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will become a most powerful agent for good in the world.

A. Markley, of Topeka, Kansas, writes: "It is wonderful how you can furnish so much choice and instructive reading for so little money. Will do all I can for your paper."

W. W. Currier, of Haverhill, Mass., writes: "Sample copies of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER have been received, for which please accept thanks. It shows a marked degree of health, strength and vital force, with a determination to be heard. May its aspirations be honestly rewarded."

Dr. H. M. Bailey, of Lakeside, Cal., writes: "I have received THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I assure you that I am really pleased with the initial sheet, and if it augurs for the future as for the present, you cannot help but make a success. It has the right ring to it. I will show it to my spiritual neighbors and others."

J. Edward Reed, of Oakland, Cal., writes: "A copy of your paper was sent to my sister, Mrs. P. T. Burrell. I trust that I am the first of twelve subscribers that will ensue from that particular copy. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will surely succeed, if the number before me is a fair sample of what is to come. It is a charming paper, and one that Spiritualists can feel proud of."

T. H. Flint, of Queechy, Vt., writes: "I hasten with my humble offering of praise for your paper. If it fulfills its promise, meets the wants of the hour, I am sure your list of subscribers will please your eye and your heart."

A subscriber, whose name was on another sheet and misplaced, writes: "If you keep THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER alive with the noble sentiments and grand, earnest appeal for truth, love and morality, and all that pertains thereto, which is the theme that turns the thoughts of men from the grasping selfishness of the miserly to the hope of a continued and progressive existence, i. e., if it continues the way it has started, it is bound to take, if I am any judge of human intellect. It is the cheapest spiritual paper I ever saw."

Mrs. A. D. Howard, of Sturgis, Mich., writes: "I have looked over THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER carefully, and am pleased with it."

Maj. C. Newell, of Portland, Oregon, writes: "Every time I get sample copies of any spiritual paper I urge the people to take all of that class of literature they can afford; but somehow this paper seemed to strike every one that saw it as the proper thing."

Joseph B. Loomis, of East Orange, N. J., writes: "The paper appears to have the right ring to it. I will say it bears the promise of a bright and cheerful day of usefulness."

W. Irving Tillotson, of Oneida, N. Y., writes: "Your sample copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has been received, and examined with pleasure and profit. It is really a clean family paper—one which ought

to be introduced into thousands of liberal homes."

Mrs. C. L. Morgan, of Albany, Wis., writes: "I have received a copy of your paper and am truly pleased with its contents, especially with its attacks upon Romanism, and its exposure of the cruelties and unspeakable abominations of that infamous organization. But I cannot help being reminded of the story of the poor little mistaken mouse, who so greatly regretted his inability to make the acquaintance of a meek and lowly animal with velvet paws and a mild visage, being frightened away by a frightful monster who clapped his wings and crowed vociferously. For myself, I see more cause for alarm in the rapid increase of that drab-colored organization known as the W. C. T. U., manipulated as it is by a priesthood who are moving heaven and earth to get 'God' in the Constitution, and carry out their nefarious scheme of enacting a Sabbath law, than seen in the growth of that diabolical church that has ever been the bitterest foe of progress—since her record can not be concealed; it is written in letters of blood and fire, so that he who runs may read."

"How Elvie Saved the Baby."

This delicately sweet poem by Emma Rood Tuttle is full of touching simplicity and dainty expression, set to the rhythm of a loving heart, and dedicated to Elvie C. Duncan, of Johnstown, Pa. The narrative of thrilling scenes, heroic courage, wonderful escapes, and tender devotion is presented in plain poetic language fitted to the scenes and sentiments inspired by the awful flood at Johnstown. The opening verse illustrates the delicate spirit and narrative style which under the colorings of that weird and solemn night, the wings of death fanning the lurid flames and shaking down upon the brooding darkness phantom-showers of despair, pursues the changeable fate of the helpless victims until the final rescue.

Elvie, a maid of Johnstown,
Johnstown of sad renown,
Where in the flood of Conemaugh
Thousands of lives went down,
Sat on a summer afternoon
Toward the close of day,
Holding a baby in her arms,
Kissing his breath away.

After the work of ruin was fairly inaugurated, and Elvie and the baby with six others were launched upon a floating roof drifting at the mercy of the flood, the author presents an enigma to faithful believers in the following poetic query:

That fearful ride! The sights we saw
A demon's heart would pain!
If God is mighty and can save,
How could he then refrain?

Sure enough! In the midst of such general ruin, which is "no respecter of persons," how can any one believe in special providences without impeaching the mercy and goodness of God? To point to exceptional cases of "miraculous escapes" does not help the matter, for if God is all-powerful he could save all as easily as one. But human providence, that acts within limits of natural law, might save some and be unable to save all. Seldom a great emergency that does not record instances of an unseen guidance and special help in rescuing helpless victims from the jaws of death, while others go down because the spiritual rescuers are not omnipotent. But if God acts independent of law or limit, he ought to be able to save every human being from any and all harm. The closing verse of this dainty poem is far reaching in its tender, sad suggestions, and presents a theme for a volume. How many thousands are thus desolate through all their earthly years!

"They lived! Papa, mamma, the girls,—
All save our house-maid dear,
How such a miracle could be,
I never shall see clear.
The floods had scattered us apart,
Like helpless flecks of foam
And when the reuniting came,
Alas! we had no home."

A Real Atheistical Spiritualist.

The ideas with reference to a God among Spiritualists are as multifarious as among any other class of people. Occasionally, one is an atheist. The following is from W. S. Wood, of Shawano, Wis., a gentleman of sterling integrity, much native ability, and generous impulses. He don't like to see any allusion to a Deity. He says: "On reading your excellent article on Dr. Thomas, in No. 1, the fourth line from bottom of column, I discovered that the author of that remarkable series of articles in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, in the 70's, entitled 'A Search after God,' had finally (apparently) found him! although his exact location * * * * * is not given; and in several articles since, especially in 'Celestial City,' in some directions for getting a 'through ticket' to his abode, I see such familiar reference to him that I should suppose considerable correct information is possessed by you on that point. There! Bro. F., as you will see, the above is factious, and not intended to appear among the 'warm receptions' granted THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, but only to emphasize my standing protest against the efforts of 'Christian Spiritualists,' trying to marry our modern 'Science of life' and philosophy of Nature to orthodox Christianity, by continually talking about a pagan myth, as though he was an actually proven existing entity. This trying to Christianize a popular modern Spiritualism by dovetailing it upon the myths, creeds, and dogmas of old paganism, as filtered from Judaism into 'Christianity,' I look on as a threatening danger to the future of Spiritualism and its mission. As long as people keep writing about a myth in this familiar style of admitting such an existence, so long the youthful and plastic mind will be taking in the idea as a matter of fact, and be thus unconsciously bound in

the fetters of superstition and dogma. Let us have one truly Spiritualist paper, teaching as little as possible, the old creeds, dogmas and myths of paganism, and let us have it in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

NOTES BY THE WAY.

TO THE EDITOR:

The Spiritualists of Willimantic, Ct., are highly favored. They own a fine church, with a basement for lyceums, sociables and classes, and have excellent music without going outside for it. Miss Flora Melley is an important factor in many ways. Her sweet, cultured voice, supported by her high interest in the good work of the cause, sustains the drooping spirits of all who faint by the way and get "weary in well doing." The entire group of singers adds much to all the meetings. Mr. and Mrs. Storrs gave several entertainments, consisting of readings, music, psychometric tests, etc., which helped to sustain the interest and keep up social feeling. Sarah Byrnes follows me with two Sundays, and all who know her will realize what a treat the people will have.

One evening at Meriden, Ct., added a pulse to the rhythm of life which runs on forever. They are not strong or numerous, and I fancy my inspirations were not adapted to their needs. But obstructions are sometimes our best helpers. So I take courage of defeat and comfort from failures, and "try, try again." En route from Willimantic homeward I made a brief halt at Binghamton and Owego, where old friends gave me cordial greeting, and then dropped down at Waverly and gave two lectures, Friday and Sunday evenings. There is a band of faithful workers there, and the spirit world does not forget them. John Racklyft, who has been "a pillar of the church" in Spiritualism for many years, was absent, but is to be in Waverly Sunday the 29th, which will be a signal for a spiritual pentecost. He is one of the most faithful and exemplary men I know. But Waverly has a good many exceptionally good people, and they necessarily gravitate to Spiritualism. Some weak ones have been greatly improved by their association with Spiritualists and belief in the saving doctrine made practical by spirit communion—"as a man soweth, so shall he also reap." But the majority are not made good by believing, but because they are good they are instinctively attracted to this gospel of humanity; and when in the sphere of its influences they necessarily grow broader and better as the years roll on.

From Waverly I went to Elmira where I made a short stop, calling on Mrs. Abbott and the Budds, where I always feel the presence of the "pure in heart." A short visit with F. M. Chase and his beautiful and accomplished daughter, Helen, lighted my spiritual lamp anew. Mr. Chase was president of the First Society while I served them nearly a year, four years ago. His name was a talisman, and drew many to our meetings who would not have dared to face the frowns of the world and the fears of hell but for the assurance that F. M. Chase was president and certainly no bad cause could enlist his interest.

Without reflection upon any, we may say, that success or failure with any society depends largely upon the confidence which the leaders inspire by their daily deportment before the world. Many very good people are unfitted for leaders because of some personal peculiarities, or some marked offenses they may have committed, which though not a fair criterion for judging their general character, are held prejudicially in the public estimate; and prejudice is a tyrant that we cannot ignore in dealing with its victims. Unfortunately many who are best fitted to lead to success, avoid prominent places because they do not like to be held responsible for all that envy may invent and prejudice inspire; and shrink from being made a target for their inferiors. There are more good people and fewer really bad ones than the world knows or Christians admit.

MR. GLADSTONE, LORD ACTON AND WILLIS F. WHITEHEAD.

I have just read the extract from a letter said to have been addressed to Mr. Gladstone by "Lord Acton, a Roman Catholic nobleman." I wish Bro. Whitehead would be particular to fortify all these facts by explicit reference—either in the body of his articles, or by footnotes—to the authority from which he gets them. This letter said to have been written to Mr. Gladstone is a clincher, and Mr. Gladstone's name is authority for anything for which he vouches. Bro. Whitehead is not so well known as Gladstone—though I hope he will be through his writings.

Readers who want to be thorough will naturally inquire where Mr. Whitehead found this extract, and how he became possessed of it; and whether it is reliable. Did Mr. Gladstone really receive such a letter? Or has it been taken from some irresponsible source not endorsed by the great English statesman? Bro. Whitehead is evidently posted and knows what he is writing about, and can give data for all he states. But readers have not the means of knowing all these sources from which he draws, and a little pains-taking in referring not only to great names like Gladstone, but in giving time, place, and volume or source from which these things are taken, will add much to the value of these articles as permanent history reliable for reference. The aggressiveness of Roman Catholic assumption is not a thing to play with. Indeed all religious usurpations are dangerous to the free institutions of this country, whether Catholic or Protestant.

But the greatest danger lies in Rome, for there is the most perfectly organized and solidly determined body who will stop at nothing to obtain and hold power. Hence all we say or do in answer to religious assumptions should be put in such indubitable authority that no caviling can weaken its force. Nothing should be overdrawn or "set down in malice"; but the two-edged sword of truth should have free play to cut the gordian knots of ecclesiastical despotism. Hudson Tuttle has done valiant and splendid work on this line, and I hope he will continue to do the same. His article in the *Arena* ought to be copied into every Spiritualist and liberal paper and read and studied by the millions. It is one of the ablest presentations of the issues and dangers threatening this Republic that I have yet seen; as it condenses whole volumes into a single page, and leaves no point obscure or doubtful. Hudson Tuttle is a host in more senses

than one. Long may he wave. Spiritualists should be alive to these issues upon which depend the future of our free institutions. Intolerance is not dead or conquered. It only sleeps when and where it cannot bind and burn. The church would burn Bruno to-day if it had him in its power, and it would burn the monument erected to his memory if it could. It growls and hisses vengeance through its tiger teeth at all liberalism, with as much venom as when it tortured Galileo, murdered Hypatia, burned Bruno, and cruelly banished Jews and Moors from Spain.

There are Torquemados to-day as heartless and savage as in the 15th century. The tide of progress is westward and the flow of immigration is bringing with it the debris of Rome as well as the crime and pauperism of the Emerald Isle and the "heathen China." Let us watch as well as pray.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25

Why do we attach so much importance to "25 cents"? Why do we advertise so liberally for trial subscribers? Why do we make 16 weeks the superstructure on which to rear a magnificent publishing house? Simply because the whole spiritual pathway is filled with the wrecks of newspaper enterprises, and the Spiritualists, always liberal, always generous, will not, as a general rule, advance more than that sum until they see

25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
CENTS CENTS CENTS CENTS CENTS CENTS CENTS CENTS CENTS CENTS
25
CENTS CENTS CENTS CENTS CENTS CENTS CENTS CENTS CENTS CENTS

some legitimate fruits. Commencing with the *Religio-Philosophical Publishing House* of this city, *The Progressive Age*, and *The Universe*, all started with the most honorable intentions, and so conducted, the law to some Spiritualists who invested therein almost beggared them! We have started on an entirely different basis. No stockholder to lose anything, and no bequests to be squandered.

25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25

The masquerade given by the Band of Harmony club, at Martine's (Ada St.) Hall on the 30th ult., was a decided success. The merry maskers enjoyed themselves tripping the light fantastic toe until the small hours. There will be parties given by this club Jan. 21st, Feb. 10th, and March 3d. They are given for the benefit of the First Society of Spiritualists, and should be patronized by all who enjoy that fascinating sport.

PROF. J. W. KENYON lectured at Bridgeport, Ct., Dec. 29th, Mrs. Kenyon giving very satisfactory tests in the evening. He also lectured at Meriden, Ct., the subject given by the audience being "The Science of Mediumship," and "Looking Backward to a Belamy." Mr. Kenyon says that spiritual truth is growing in all parts of the Northwest. The Professor has our thanks for a large list of subscribers.

H. J. FIELD, of Grand Rapids, Mich., arrived in this city on Tuesday of last week. He lectures and gives tests, and is apparently a young man of marked ability.

LYMAN C. HOWE has been stopping for a few days at his home, Fredonia, N. Y. He lectured at Meadville, Pa., during January, and at Cleveland, Ohio, during March, and the Society for the "Promulgation of Scientific Religion."

PROF. Wilder informs us that the American Akademie has held two sessions this year. Dec. 17th the following officers were elected: H. K. Jones, President; Wm. Peterson and A. Wilder, Vice Presidents; Emily Wing, Recording Secretary; Louis M. Fuller and Julia P. Stevens, Corresponding Secretaries.

The Jewish Jehovah! That is the subject of an address that appears this week on our first page. It is a veritable encyclopedia with reference to this remarkable personage. Though Mr. Abbott is "threshing over straw," he does it in such a pleasing manner that all will be interested in his discourse.

UNDER the head, "First Materialities of Mediums," T. T. Griffen alludes to an incident in connection with one of Mrs. Whitehead's seances, that illustrates the total ignorance of some when investigating the claims of Spiritualism. We regret to say that there are hundreds even now, in this day and age of the world, who would like to "investigate" in the same manner as the minister did to whom Mr. Griffen refers. A chan is, however, gradually taking place, and more enlightened view with reference to spiritual phenomena will become common among the people.

We cannot furnish back numbers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. The demand there has been far beyond our expectations. We are sorry to disappoint any one.

John G. Whittier, having been invited to contribute to the *Jewish Messenger's* gossamer on "What it is to be a Jew," we (in that journal): "I don't know what it is to be a Jew, but I know what it is to be a Christian, who has no quarrel with others about their creed, and can love, honor and respect a Jew who honestly believes in faith of his fathers, and who obeys the great commandments, 'Love to God and Love to Man.'"

HENRY J. NEWTON, a prominent Spiritualist of New York, has our thanks for a large list of subscribers.

THE JEWISH JEHOVAH.

(Continued from first page.)

which has clung to his descendants to this day. He says, "If God will be with me and give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, then shall the Lord be my God." Now, let Jehovah produce the board and clothes, and I will believe the whole business, from A to Z. If not, then I shall claim the right to use my own judgment, and so far as I can, investigate the character and clear up the pretensions of this deity to Divine worship. *This labor is not blasphemy, but a duty.* We have seen from his own diary that Jehovah is but the God of the Jews. Our abode is beyond the confines of Palestine, and as there is no record of a change of venue, I deny Jehovah's jurisdiction. To us, he is an unaturalized alien. As the Jews have ceased to exist as a nation, I file a plea in abatement that Jehovah has ceased to exist as a god, that He is dead, and the funeral services ought to proceed.

The Hindus say that those who do not worship Brahma, do so because of ignorance; and claim that all who worship any god, unknowingly worship Brahma, as there is but one Supreme Spirit, and it makes no difference under what name He is addressed. How much grander, this conception of a deity, than the Hebrew one, which represents Jehovah as continually on the lookout to slay any one who accidentally or ignorantly may try to worship the right god by the wrong name.

What has been the result of these representations of Jehovah as a god to be worshipped and obeyed? Every conceivable outrage on the laws of nature has been deliberately perpetrated by Christians, under the assumed sanction of their God. It is only as so-called Christian nations have advanced in civilization and outgrown their religious creeds, that these things disappear from view, to make room for a more enlightened humanity.

It is vain to say that in your view the Bible does not sanction all these things. In the view of those who practice them, it does; and revelation is to them what they conceive it to be. Supposing they were carrying out this god's will, nation has made war on nation; the faggots have been lighted; the machinery of inquisitions set in motion. For the cause of this god four million crusaders sacrificed their lives. Yet the churches say to doubt His authority is to be damned in the next world; and they would inaugurate the punishment in this, had they the power. Notwithstanding their warnings, I shall claim that whenever the will of an unknown being is made the standard by which the human race are to regulate their actions, it is our right to know who he is and what are his credentials.

I take it that our knowledge and criterion of judgment must be gathered from nature which changeth not, on whose record no interpolation can be written; from whose revelation none can take away; whose interpretation can be verified by experience. She, though rigid, is righteous. As she holds the golden scales of justice she says: "Obey and enjoy; transgress and you shall suffer." No fawning suppliant can change the operation of her laws. No flatterer of her can gain more from her neighbor. If she ever demonstrates the existence of a god, I know He will not be Jehovah. I know He will be a gentleman. Instead of Jehovah condemning any soul for calling in question how He came by His title, an intelligent people will in time ineffably condemn Him. His creeds already show signs of decomposition; but the priests instead of having the good sense to put them away out of sight (as they would bury a human body) strive to enshrine and preserve them beneath costly cathedral piles.

But the age will not long follow aping shadows, and supplanted sermonizers fashioned to order in theological seminaries, who import all their religion from Asia Minor, and aim their arrows of rebuke at the poor Hittites and Moabites, but fear to brush down the cobwebs in their own temples, lest the sun of progress shine in; who piously oppose the new moon out of a profound respect for the old. The age demands men and women who can see in every child a possible Christ; in every well-timed bath a baptism; in every day a Sabbath; in every house a living temple, where sympathy responds to all the finer impulses of kindness and devotion to the right.

Carlyle says that just in proportion as knowledge increases, faith diminishes. Hence they who know the most always believe the least. In this country the signs are unmistakable that knowledge is the rising, faith the ebbing tide. Ninety years ago sixty-six per cent. of the population were professing Christians. To-day, only thirty-five per cent. belong to any church whatever. This includes Mormons, Jews, Unitarians, Catholics, and forty-three varieties of Protestants. If this ratio is maintained much longer, this alleged deity will have ceased to rule in the imaginations and fears of men, for the American people will have discovered that they have no further use for Jehovah, the Jewish Joss.

VOICES.

Down in the night I hear them—
The voices of things unknown.
That murmur, and mumble, and chuckle,
And whisper, and sob, and moan.

And often up from the chaos
Of my dreamt dreams I hear
The sound of their phantom laughter
Filling the atmosphere.

They call to me from the darkness,
They cry to me from the gloom,
Till I start sometimes from my pillow
And peer through the haunted room—

When the face of the moon at the window
Wears a pallor like my own,
And seems to be listening with me
To the strange, mysterious tone—

To the strange, mysterious murmur
Of voices that seem to be
Striving in vain to whisper
Of secret things to me—

Of a something dread to be warned of;
Of a vision once beheld;
Of hints of the marvelous beauty
Of songs unyielded.

But ever and ever the moaning
Falters, and falls, and dies,
And only the silence quavers
With the sorrow of my sighs.

And I answer, O Voices, ye may not
Make me to understand,
Till my own voice, mingling with you,
Laughs in the shadow-land.

—James W. Riley.

PROGRESS, the universal law of nature.

ROME VS. REASON.

(Continued from first page.)



ROME VS. REASON.

THE POLITICS OF POPERY.

Rome in politics is a huge Tiger-cat—when a desired end is to be attained she is a model pussy, and goes around the earth with graceful carriage and friendly purr. But all the time her green eyes are looking sharp for meat, and once discovered within reach, out shoot the claws of Catholicism, so artfully hid before, the sharp fangs of fanaticism close down on the victim's throat and the purr ends in a growl.

Such is the political policy of the Roman Tiger-cat to-day. The particular meat Rome is looking for is political supremacy in these United States. That attained, the purr of the popish puss would no longer be heard in the land, but instead the growl of the Roman tiger as its fangs seize Reason by the throat and tear to fragments our Constitution and laws.

To make the people of America believe that the Roman Tiger-cat is a harmless and domestic animal; that she loves civil and religious liberty, and is truly American and patriotic in all things, is one of the necessary "means" used by the Jesuit animal at present to "justify" its "end." But be not deceived, what Rome has been in the past she is now and will be in the future. We here lay bare a few salient points of the political policy of the papal puss, and disclose the hidden meaning of her purr.

Rome aims at the complete subjugation of all her votaries, whose civil and religious liberty consists in believing as she dictates and acting as she commands. For proof we submit the following, compiled exclusively from Roman Catholic sources:

"God is a spirit; he rules matter; thus the spiritual is above the temporal power. The pope is the representative of God on earth; he should, then, govern the world. To him alone pertain infallibility and universality; all men are submitted to his laws, and he can only be judged by God; he ought to wear imperial ornaments; peoples and kings should kiss his feet; Christians are irrevocably submitted to his orders; they should murder their princes, fathers and children if he commands it; no council can be declared universal without the orders of the pope; no book can be declared as canonical without his authority; finally, no good or evil exists but in what he has condemned or approved."—Gregory VII.—See *Cornelia*, vol. i., p. 377.

"The freedom of thinking is simply nonsense. We are no more free to think without rule than we are to act without one."—Mgr. Segur.

"The Roman Catholic citizen of the United States owes no allegiance to any principle of the government which is condemned by church or pope."—*Tablet*.

"A Catholic should never attach himself to any political party composed of heretics. No one who is truly at heart a thorough and complete Catholic can give his entire adherence to a Protestant leader; for in so doing he divides his allegiance, which he owes entirely to the Church."—Louis Veillot, editor of *l'Univers*.

Suppose it be said, "I acknowledge the spiritual authority of the Holy Father; but why am I, an Englishman, to come forward in a political way, and use all my exertions to protect the temporal rights of a foreign prince?" My answer at once is plain. The pope is not a foreign prince to any Christian, to any human being.—M. J. Rhodes, in *His Holiness Pope Pius IX.*, p. 28.

"He who denies the papal supremacy in the government of the universal church is as far from being a Catholic as he is who denies the Incarnation or the Real Presence. The Church is more than country, and fealty to the creed God teaches and enjoins through her is more than patriotism."—*New York Tablet*, November, 1872.

"As the Church commands the spiritual part of man directly, she therefore commands the whole man and all that depends on man."—*Civita Catholica*.

"That we in all things attain the trusts, that we may not err in any thing, we ought even to hold as a fixed principle that what I see white I believe to be black, if the superior authorities define it to be so."—*Ignatius de Loyola*.

"We have to believe only what the pope and bishops teach. We have to reject only that which the pope and the bishops condemn and reject. Should a point of doctrine appear doubtful, we have only to address ourselves to the pope and the bishops in order to know what to believe."—*Plain Talk about Protestantism of To-Day*, Mgr. Segur, p. 105.

"The head and mouthpiece of the Catholic Church administers its discipline and issues orders to which every Catholic, under pain of sin, must yield obedience."—*Catholic World*, August, 1868.

"You should do all in your power to carry out the intentions of His Holiness, the pope. Where you have the electoral franchise, give your votes to none but those who will assist you in so holy a struggle."—*Daniel O'Connor*.

"Would the priest be warranted in withholding any sacrament of the Church from a man by reason of his preferring one candidate to another? Absolutely speaking, he would; because a priest is not only warranted, but bound to withhold the sacraments from a man who is disposed to commit a mortal sin."—*Bishop Vaughan*.

"A Catholic must not only believe what the Church now proposes to his belief, but be ready to believe whatever she may hereafter propose. And he must, therefore, be ready to give up any or all of his probable opinions as soon as they are condemned and proscribed by a competent authority."—*Catholic World*, August, 1871.

If the mental, moral and political despotism of the individual be insisted on as the foregoing extracts indicate shall we not logically conclude that Rome also insists on the mental, moral and political despotism of the State? The following extracts from

Roman Catholic sources answers this question in the affirmative most emphatically:

"We exhort all Catholics who would devote careful attention to public matters to take an active part in all municipal affairs and elections, and to further the principles of the church in all public services, meetings and gatherings. All Catholics must make themselves felt as active elements in daily political life in the countries where they live. They must penetrate wherever possible in the administration of civil affairs; must constantly exert the utmost vigilance and energy to prevent the usages of liberty from going beyond the limits fixed by God's law. All Catholics should do all in their power to cause the constitutions of States and legislation to be modeled in the principles of the true church. All Catholic writers and journalists should never lose for an instant from view the above prescriptions. All Catholics should redouble their submission to authority, and unite their whole heart, soul, body and mind in the defense of the church and Christian wisdom."—*Pope Leo XIII.*, 1885.

"The Catholic Church alone in the midst of so many different sects, avers a possession of absolute truth, out of which there cannot be true Christianity; she alone has a right to be, she alone must be intolerant. She alone will and must say, as she has said through all the ages, in her councils, 'If any one saith or believeth contrary to what I teach, let him be anathema.'"—*Monsieur Liguori*.

"The church is certainly intolerant in matters of doctrine. True; and we glory in it."—*Mgr. Segur*.

"We are not advocates of religious freedom, and we repeat we are not."—*The Shepherd of the Valley*.

"God's tribunal and the pope's tribunal are the same. All other powers are his subjects."—*Muscovius*.

"All legislation must be governed by the will of God, unerringly indicated by the pope."—*Priest Hicker*.

"In one word, that pest, of all others most to be avoided in a State, unbridled liberty of opinion."—*Pope Pius IX.*

"Let God arise; let Him repress, confound, annihilate this unbridled license of speaking, writing and publishing."—*Pope Leo XIII.*

"God hath made the political government subject to the dominion of the spiritual Roman Catholic church."—*Cardinal Baroni*.

"The pope, by divine right, hath supreme power over the whole world, both in ecclesiastical and civil affairs."—*Cardinal Billamine*.

"The Catholic religion, with all its votes ought to be exclusively dominant in such sort that every other worship shall be banished and interdicted."—*Pope Pius IX.*

"The laity have no jurisdiction and power over the clergy."—*Council of Constance*.

"We do not acknowledge that in a State in which the proper relations between Church and State exist, the clergy are amenable for their conduct to the civil courts, or come under their jurisdiction. If guilty of offenses or crimes punishable by the civil courts, they can be tried and punished, not in the civil courts, but in the ecclesiastical courts."—*New York Tablet*, April 8th, 1871.

"While the State has rights, she has them only in virtue and by permission of the supreme authority, and that authority can only be expressed through the Church."—*Catholic World*.

"We are purely and simply Catholics, and profess an unreserved allegiance to the Church which takes precedence of, and gives the rule to, our allegiance to the State."—*Catholic World*.

"If allegiance to the Church demanded of us opposition to political principles adopted by our civil government, we should not hesitate to obey the Church."—*Catholic World*.

"Rationalism, or rather Atheism of the State, consists in the exclusion from the civil government of all religious influence; above all that of the true religion of the Church of Jesus Christ, or in other words, the separation of the State from the church, absolute independence of the State with regard to the church, which means the oppression of the church by the State."—*Cardinal Manning*.

"Within thirty years the Protestant heresy will come to an end."—*Papal Bishop of Charleston to the Pope*.

"Says Cardinal McCloskey: 'We must take part in the elections.' Move in solid mass in every State against the party pledged to sustain the integrity of the public schools."—*Freeman's Journal*.

"There is ere long to be a State religion in this country, and that State religion is to be Roman Catholic."—*Priest Hicker*.

"This country must become Catholic, or else our religious history will not be what God designed it to be."—*Priest McGlynn*.

"This is our country: as it is to be thoroughly Catholic, we have deeper interest in the public affairs than any other citizens."—*Dr. Bronson*.

"One of the most glorious enterprises of the Catholic Church to be engaged in at this day, is the conversion of the United States to the Catholic faith."—*Priest Weniger*.

"Do you believe this country will ever become Catholic? Is changed to the question: How soon do you think it will come to pass? Soon, very soon, we reply, if statistics be true."—*Catholic World*.

"The civil laws (of Christendom) are binding in conscience as long as they are conformable to the rights of the Catholic Church."—*Human laws are susceptible of dispensation. The power to dispense belongs to the sovereign pontiff.*—*Rev. Father F. X. Schoppe, S. J.*

"If the American Republic is to be sustained and preserved at all, it must be by the rejection of the principles of the Reformation and the acceptance of the Catholic principles by the American people."—*Catholic World*.

"The Catholic church numbers one-third the American population; and if its membership shall increase for the next thirty years, as it has in the thirty years past, in 1900 Rome will take this country and keep it."—*Priest Hecker*.

"All America will be a Catholic country. The Roman Catholic church bids fair to rise in importance in America. They gain constantly. They gain more by emigration, more by natural increase in proportion to their numbers, more by their intermarriages and conversion than Protestants. With their

exclusive views of salvation and peculiar tenets, as soon as they have a majority, this becomes a Roman Catholic country, with a Roman Catholic government, with a Roman Catholic religion established by law."—*Judge Haliburton*.

As daylight and darkness antagonize each other, and as truth and error are irreconcilable, we must conclude that progressive thought and popery cannot co-exist. To preserve itself, civil and religious liberty must enact those laws and do those things which will for all time extract the fangs and clip the claws of the Catholic Tiger-cat. That Reason may live, Rome must die.

WILLIS F. WHITEHEAD.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE REV. MR. PETERSON.

BROTHER PETERSON.—Allow me to tender heart-felt thanks that you have removed from my mind a harrowing dread. Witnessing your mesmeric or psychological power over the people here, I was afraid I, too, might be a subject and get carried to heaven in spite of myself. But after listening to your highly intellectual discourse on Sunday evening, and hearing your classification of the human family, I felt at its close a sense of relief, and I must say a little pride to find myself numbered with the majority.

You speak truly when you say that, let moralists have the power, in seventy-five years there would not be a church left in the land. But you should have added, that only the sword of reason would be used to demolish them; and that in their place would be reared institutions of learning, where no senseless creed would retard intellectual progress. But you, in your bigotry and blindness, are striking as effectual blows against the church as any moralist could ever wish to do.

Representing as you do to be God's oracle, consigning men and women to hell, only one-fifth of humanity can ever reach the New Jerusalem. My dear sir, that fifth, like milk after the cream has been taken off, looks rather thin; and in looking over the list of souls saved, I am forced to exclaim with the poet, 'Tis a vast economy in God to save the like.' But I with you believe they will be saved, because each one has within him a spark destined to evolve to something more God-like.

Allow me to congratulate you on your improved method of burning souls into the kingdom. Years ago it was a terrible process, and I have known the sinner to writhe in agony for hours, days and even weeks, before the spiritual birth would take place. But I observe that under your treatment scarcely five minutes elapse after the first symptom, until, like a butterfly freed from the chrysalis, a new-born soul spreads its wings and starts on its voyage to Heaven. How fortunate you were to light upon just the remedy to work such marvelous results—a scriptural pill finely flavored with priestly paste. The patient who swallows it immediately becomes an heir to the kingdom, with the assurance that he can wear a crown, carry a palm-leaf fan and praise God through all eternity for saving his good-for-nothing soul.

But, if from these teachings we should stray, And let the light of reason lead the way, Then hell's dark mouth will open wide, And we poor souls must in it glide. Despite our unavailing prayer We must forever linger there To satisfy a vengeance, so sublime, Which only its defenders can outshine.

But before we accept you as God's advance agent, or even as a believer in the lovely Nazarene, we would like a practical proof of your claims. Jesus said: "If ye believe on me greater things shall ye do than I do." And again, "These signs shall follow them which believe: they shall lay their hands on the sick and heal them." There are many in our town on beds of sickness. Why are you not following the Master's example going about healing the sick, making the lame to walk, etc.?

My dear friend, your Christian porridge is getting very thin, and if it were not for a few advanced minds among your preachers, who have outgrown the creeds of your church, and who slyly drop in some progressive thought, once in a while, to savor it up, it would have been thrown out, as an indigestible mass, long ago. With this constant new savoring, the old porridge will in the course of time, be completely changed, and you will never know when it was done. A process of evolution you see, which theory you so intellectually ridiculed. I cannot see, however, that it is not as much to your credit to own an ape for an ancestor, as to have one fashioned from a piece of mud. No doubt the ape might be as much ashamed of the relationship as yourself; nevertheless, if it is the truth, he will have to stand it.

'Tis a sweet consolation that, in the multitudes journeying to hell, are some of the world's greatest minds: poets, sages, philanthropists and statesmen. And sometime, in the eternal eternity, I may meet some of them, riding on a sulphur wave. We will talk over past events, and lay plans for the improvement of our country: or, send a kindly thought, and drop a tear of sympathy for you who are forced to spend an eternity in heaven, praising a God who could send human beings to hell for the crime of an honest doubt. With the kindest of feeling, I would urge you to make hay while the sun shines, but be careful that you do not make two infidels to one Christian. There are some who have God enthroned in their soul, they are proof against you. But those who view him in a far-off heaven, frowning in wrath upon his wayward children, are liable at any time, to have a ray from Reason's star flash upon their priest-bound minds; and then all respect for clerical lies, however honestly told, or how time-honored or respectable, will be consigned to the mythical realm they sprang from.

"And the soul will no longer in terror behold The red waves of wrath which leap up to engulf her; For Science ignores the existence of Hell, And Chemistry finds better uses for sulphur."—*Omro, Wis.* CONDEMNED MORALIST.

HUNDREDS of different secular papers, with immense circulations, are published for one penny each per copy. We follow suit as nearly as possible, offering THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER on trial sixteen weeks for 25 cents. We ask the 10,000,000 Spiritualists to give it, too, an immense circulation. Our appeal will be in vain.

John Adams, of Williamson, N. Y., writes: "I cannot refrain from thanking you for sending me the first two numbers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I am much pleased with it."

OUR JOURNAL OF CREMATION.

Cremation a Spiritual and Sanitary Necessity.

EMBALMING THE DEAD A REPULSIVE PROCESS.

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.

That embalming can be employed as successfully now as it was among the ancient Egyptians, many firmly believe. One time the San Francisco *Bulletin* gave a detailed statement of four Alaskan mummies which were brought down from Alaska by the schooner Kodiak. Three were taken to Berlin, and one to the Smithsonian Institute, Washington. The bodies were wonderfully preserved, even the skins in which they were wrapped being intact. One of the mummies, evidently that of a woman, was in a state of almost perfect preservation. They had been secured by A. Jacobson, who had been over two years in the country collecting for the Royal Museum of Berlin. He is of the opinion that the mummies are at least 200 years old, all evidence obtainable pointing to that fact. The Esquimaux formerly preserved the bodies of their dead shamans, or medicine-men, and those of their chiefs and their wives and children, in this manner. After death the viscera were removed from the interior of the body through the pelvis, and the limbs being pressed close to the body, the legs well up under the chin, it was dried and encased in skins, and then placed in some cave or rock shelter which was free from water or moisture. Here they remained for hundreds of years, and were revered by the living. To them were offered part of the results of their hunting and fishing excursions, if they were successful, for they judged success to be due to the spirits of those whose bodies were fully preserved.

The success that follows the embalming process, even at the present time, shows conclusively that it should not become general. The intuity of the method, the ghastly and repulsive appearance of the features, and the destruction of every resemblance to the original in the course of a brief period, will certainly prevent its general adoption. Whatever object one wishes to preserve, he should carefully take into consideration its usefulness, its beauty, and its adaptation to subserve some special interest or want of one or more individuals. An ornament may answer some particular demand of humanity, and for that reason it might be well to carefully preserve it, though in no respect could it be applied to the appeasing of hunger or thirst, to the promotion of bodily health, or to supplying any other actual necessity of human nature. Where no special want can be supplied by the preservation of an object—whatever its kind—the quicker, then, it be relegated to its original source, the elements whence it sprang, the better will the imperative demands of Nature be answered. When the spirit, the immortal soul of an individual, has through the instrumentality of the chemical change called death, been forced to leave its earthly tabernacle, then the mortal remains have fulfilled their mission; the purposes demanded by nature and by God have been subserved, and the general fountain from which they were eliminated and compelled to assume a human form, demands their return, and he who carefully preserves them becomes in every respect a vile antagonist to Nature, and at war with God, and an enemy of mankind generally. Nature demands her own. Whatever she loans to an individual must eventually be returned to the general fountain, and any obstinate opposition thereto must essentially disturb her plans.

The preservation of dead human bodies is uncalled for—it is ugly, and a perversion of the intentions of Nature. The repulsive nature of the human organization when putrefying, it being then the home of millions of infinitesimal animals, and giving forth an unbearable stench, should be sufficient to convince any one that it can under such circumstances only be a source of malignant diseases, and the quicker it be brought under the purifying influence of a cleansing fire, the better for mankind generally.

Even as a token of affection the human body ceases to answer any divine purpose when the spark of life has ceased to burn therein. What you loved, admired and took especial pleasure in, has fled, and that which remains may have existed as a culture, crow, wolf, cat, rat, snake, worm, lizard, or some other loathsome animal, and to attach any more value thereto than you would to a simple clod of earth, one is simply making a dunce of himself.

Putrid matter, impregnated with disease and emitting a poisonous scent, even if moulded into a human form, possesses no more value than the putrescent carcass of a Texas ox, that gives forth the germs of splenic fever.

The physical form of each one has existed in thousands of other animals and plants, and the fact that you possess only what others before you have used to subserve the demands of Nature, should have a tendency to destroy any great reverence therefor when the time arrives for its disintegration to commence, prior to its returning to the universal fountain.

The affection that any one bestows upon a dead body is misplaced; it is a sort of mawkish idolatry, a miserable perversion of common sense, and the individual who entertains it, possesses a misguided judgment and understanding.

THE RESIDUUM OF A FULL GROWN MAN.

Wm. Oxley, an eminent Englishman, states that he has seen in some of the anatomical museums some five or six glass phials, labelled carbon, phosphorus, albumen, etc., and was informed that the contents of those small phials (weighing a few ounces) were the residuum of what was once a full-grown man, being the results of chemical experiment, and the body or corpse reduced to its "primal elements," in the form and space shown in the glass phials. But chemistry has not gone quite far enough, for had it known how to do it, these "primal elements" could be reduced from a solid to a fluidic form, and even into vapor, and pass away into nothingness! as it were, and then, where are the remains of the man that was?

Of course the elemental constituents com-

posing the mortal remains have in such cases as enumerated above, nearly all returned to the primal fountain. The tear glistening on the cheek contributes its mite toward swelling the volume of the ocean, and however large the fountain of any original element, it is nevertheless composed of atoms. Each atom taken from any primal fountain impoverishes it just to that extent; each atom quietly returned to it, in that proportion enlarges and enriches it.

The pendulum of Nature is constantly vibrating between two extremes—life and death—the cradle and the grave! In her impartation of life there is no putrescence connected therewith; her process of building up, atom by atom, is clean, grand and beautiful; but in reversing the process, in the accompanying disintegration, violent action ensues; poisonous gases are generated; the seeds of virulent disease are sown, hence the ingenuity of man must be called into requisition to carefully devise some method whereby Nature may secure her own without the repulsiveness of a decaying body to offend the tastes and feelings of those who survive.

The only question that should arise when the immortal spirit shall have taken its flight, is simply this: How can the interests and welfare of the living be best subserved by disposing of the mortal remains?

Dr. Tarr, an English scientist, says that if one could watch the march of 1,000,000 through life the following result would be observable: Nearly 150,000 will die the first year, 53,000 the second year, 28,000 the third year, and less than 4,000 in the thirtieth year. At the end of forty-five years 500,000 will have died. At the end of sixty years 370,000 will be still living; at the end of eighty years, 97,000; at eighty-five years, 31,000, and at ninety-five years, 2,100. At the end of 100 years there will be 223, and at the end of 108 years there will be but one survivor.

The stench from the putrescent flesh of 150,000 bodies the first year is horrible to contemplate, though scattered over a large space of country; the second year it is, of course, less, but constitutes nevertheless an odious ulcer on the fair face of Nature. A single decomposing human body is to the earth what a sore or boil is to the arm—an excrescence in harmony with nothing, and in discord with everything. In 108 years the 1,000,000 will have perished, save one, and during that time what a picture the earth must present to a person from whom nothing is concealed; but what a scene must be presented when all humanity are brought into requisition, marching from the cradle to the grave! Horror of horrors!

EDISON'S QUEER POWER.

Mr. Edison, the great inventor, was interviewed in Paris. He is reported to have said that he is possessed of a faculty which is a close approach to a "psychic power." Listen:—

"You know," said he, "I have a big bump of locality. Yesterday evening, soon after my arrival, a friend took me out for a drive, and offered to bet that he would get me all turned around before we got home. He said Paris was worse than Boston. I told him to go ahead. After riding for an hour he told me to guess what part of the city we were in. I shut my eyes a minute to look at the map, and then said we must be within 100 yards of the Place Vendome. I was right. Then I took a sheet of paper and drew a plan of our drive, which my friend admitted to be exact. It was easy enough to do, for I had the whole thing here," and he tapped his white forehead, with its overhanging masses of gray hair.

"You spoke of shutting your eyes and looking at the map; what map do you mean?" "Why, the map of Paris. I can carry the plan of any city in my head by taking a good look at it. It is the same way with machinery. If I have seen some new machine and want to remember it, I have only to shut my eyes and there the whole thing is working away as large as life. Great scheme, isn't it? I don't remember faces, though, as easily, or perhaps I don't take as much pains with them."

Edison's opinion of "savants" is not very high:—

"I don't pose as a savant. Men of that sort are a great success at explaining in learned language what other men have done, but it is the simple fact that all their formulated knowledge put together has never given the world more than two or three inventions of any value. Then about inventions in general. I'll give you my idea. It is easy enough to invent wonderful things and set newspapers talking, but the trouble comes when you try to perfect inventions, so as to give them a commercial value. That's the only sort of invention I go in for."

It is curious that Mr. Keely, of Keely Motor fame, like Edison, is constantly occupied in trying to reduce his invention to practical commercial form. Both of these men of true genius are said to be indifferent to money personally. Edison, however, is very rich, and Keely very poor.—*Theosophist*.

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.

One-and-One-Half Cents!—That expresses it within a very small fraction—the price of each copy of our beautiful paper. It is a new deal! a new departure! an enterprise that portends much to Spiritualism! You are not asked to take stock; you are not importuned for gifts or bequests; all you are asked to contribute weekly is one cent and a fraction—16 weeks for 25 cents! Get up a club at once. We believe it possible to obtain at no distant day 100,000 trial subscribers, and then "The Tiger Step of Theocratic Despotism" can be thwarted.

THE HOME CIRCLE FRATERNITY

The Evolution of a New Religion.

A FLOWER IN THE SNOW.

I.

[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., the good, and to show that a new conception of Duty will be formulated, and a constant incentive given to live a life unspotted before all the world.]

So eager are the departments of nature to perform their allotted tasks that in the Swiss mountains and in the far north, delicate little flowers are seen blossoming on the edge of a drift of snow. The plant seems to say: "I was ordered to be here by the middle of June; the birds and the travelers expect me; it is a cold day, but here I am." It is a peculiar, half-sad pleasure to come upon these shivering, delicate forms of painted leaf. One feels as though the wind should fall for their sakes, and for them the sun shoot hotter rays around the mountains.

In the awful snow-storm and frost-storm of Dakota last winter there fell a singular and rather beautiful form of human character—a field-hand, educated but unknown, tender as a refined woman, but strong and bold as a soldier. In the cold embrace of ice and snow, with all the indications around him of an effort to reach home—the home of a hired man—his lifeless body recalled the paths of the lines:

"Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

The farmer in whose employ the man was passing the winter knew only the name which the toiler had given him when he sought and found the much-needed employment, but in the months which passed between the August harvest and the terrific cyclones of ice the man never sent nor received a letter. To him, no institution of our country was of less value than the postal department. The name of John Crosby stood for this personage, but no one knows whether that name was baptismal, or was picked up along the way by himself, or by some other, for the concealment of a fact, rather than for establishing a family connection.

General Custer once said, in a chat regarding nameless soldiers, that he had in his army men who sustained no relations to the world; men who knew nothing of their first home or birth-place, nor how many years they had been in this life. He had read the burial service over men regarding whose death he could not send word to any person or any village in any country.

Among these lonely mortals was this John Crosby. He was not more than 21 years of age. Nature keeps a record of all the early years, and tells whether this or that face is 15 or 20. Nature follows the child and says plainly, this human soul has gotten 4 or 10 or 16 or 20 years away from its cradle, but at last this great mother ceases to paint the days and seasons on the face, and often 60 wears the image of 50 or 70, and the real distance from the mother's bosom is lost, never to be guessed again. John Crosby was about 20 years old when his heart turned into ice and ceased from its memories and longings.

He had presented himself at a certain school district in Dakota, to secure, if possible, a place as schoolmaster. The office had just been assigned to another. It was found that all such thrones had secured royal occupants, and that there was before this youth the prospect of an idle winter. He therefore applied at a farm-house for a place as a common farm hand, and was accepted by rather a superior plowman by the name of Eastman. The new workman proved to be worthy of his wages and his home. He seemed to live for his daily tasks and for the idle moments which the winter evenings and winter Sundays brought.

On that morning in January after that awful death-chill had passed by, this youth was found dead in the field. His face wore the impression of peace, and seemed to say, "This is the end." Good, simple, almost tearful funeral rites were given the body; but as for the tender soul, it was far away, in that land:

Where storms do never come.

When this family explored the vacant room of their toiler with the hope of finding some name or town that might direct them whither to send news of the death, they found nothing except scraps of poetic thought written upon every piece of paper available in the scanty house. All the blank leaves of the stranger's books were made to carry the young heart's reflections, as they came to him in the evenings and Sundays of a Dakota winter.

In many of these verses, the form of his mother figures, thus showing the purity of a heart which can from the stormy passions of early manhood sing more kind words to an absent mother than it can indite to some belle of the ball-room, or to some invisible idol of the romantic sentiment.

"The mother's love stands pilot e'er to guide
And keeps life's boat from sinking in the waves.
It guards from many an ill, from many an evil saves."

Such was the blessing of my glad, first years,
Remembered now it rules my errand will.
When life is littered with its grief-wrung tears
Calm grows my spirit as she cries: "Be still."
Recalls the purpose I must yet fulfill,
Propels me onward with a specter hand,
Invisible but mighty, in its power grand."

In all the hundreds of lines found in this vacated room, the genius of the poem is Memory. Though only a boy, he was always looking back, as though the past had been too sorrowful to permit even the enthusiasm of youth to turn toward the future. His home was:

"Back upon the forest's verdant ledge,
Set in the woods and garlanded with vine
Above the other homes, built on the ledge,
There stood the old stone cottage that was mine."

This poem is no doubt a continuous composition—a memory, but as the stanzas are not numbered, the pages come to us in all that disorder which marked the leaves of prophecy which the wind took from the hands of the sibyl.

Over all these penciled verses, over the name of the man who was able to teach a school or to be a wage-worker on a farm, over the youth who never sent nor received a letter, who did his daily work in a manner

THE GRAND REALITY!

Experiences in Spirit Life of a Celebrated Dramatist.*

[Continued from last week.]

LECTURE VI.

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 rose first begins to feel the sun's welcome rays of heat, and expands its leaf; when the leveret and rabbit sport over Nature's mossy carpet, and the rippling stream dashes along, blending its music with that of all Creation's melody. But my utmost powers would fail to impart to you a picture of what I then witnessed. I heard music and singing sounding from all parts, which proceeded from other bands of children as they drew near, and whom I soon found crowding around me. I noticed, as they approached, that some were brighter than others, but all seemed full of tenderness and love; there were no cross looks upon their spirit brows. I saw that these accompanied them what appeared to be a ruler or teacher over each band, at a signal from whom they came forward and stood as if they had been drilled for centuries—not a foot placed wrong; grace and elegance seemed to be in every movement. I observed that the groups did not mingle, each group having a particular object, which seemed to be known by those only who were of a stronger nature,—that is to say, those who were more matured. The latter carried banners, with mottoes on them, while the younger children carried flowers or sprays, which, being borne by innocence, appeared very beautiful. They all formed in order, and as I stood watching them I heard sounds of music coming from a distance, which I could not altogether recognize. I then saw a bright spirit draw near, in his hand I observed he held the keys of the inner apartment of the building, and as the children looked upon him they all sent forth their welcome. I could see by the very robes that decked his form, by the very scepter that he held in his hand, he had been many centuries in the higher spheres. "Who is he?" I whispered. I was told that he was one of the noble reformers; it was he who had laid the foundations of this place of instruction and who had established this lyceum upon the basis of which it now could boast. Here it was that children from all countries of your earth, and from other climes of which you know not, meet together. This may sound strange to you, but let me say, in passing, that there are planets, seen from your earth, which are inhabited; and besides there are many worlds invisible to you from which spirits come. He opened the doors of the inner apartment, and the children were admitted first. I stayed without, waiting until the last had entered, when, as I advanced, the doors fell back, and stepping inside, a scene was presented, which I will endeavor to picture to you. I seemed to tread upon a cushioned pavement, along which I felt myself gliding; but the sight before me was so dazzling that I was compelled to stand still for a few moments ere I could grasp the idea of such magnificence. With the rest of the visitors I seated myself, when I perceived that there were as many as forty galleries, and each group of children seemed to be perfectly aware what portion of the building it was to occupy. The galleries were supported by pillars, decorated with various designs of deep colors, the light from which was of such intense brilliancy that it looked like one vast flame of fire, whose brightness rose glittering far above anything that I can describe to you. The most fanciful imagination of the human mind could never draw such a picture—the grandest scenes of Nature witnessed on earth could never bring to your minds the light as it sparkled. The whole accumulation of earth's brightest jewels could never glisten with the transcendent splendor with which that light glistened. The leader, with his scepter, ascended the platform, and at a given signal there stepped forward six spirits, three on his right and three on his left. He then spoke in the following words: "It is once in a time that I come here to visit this establishment and the work which I left for others to perpetuate. These bright scenes, my little ones, and you who are more developed, are naught to the scenes I have left behind; but it is with solicitude and love I return here to greet and encourage those who by their energies have crowned this mighty edifice with truth. I see that, as time speeds on, greater grows your strength. You have taken in hand to cultivate the young. Oh! cultivate purity. To this great domain of duty you have called together from many planets the children of those who are left behind, and your instruction not only brightens the order of their minds, but cultivates their intellectual powers. I see before me very many new faces, showing that your industry does not grow lukewarm, but that it is always studying and striving for greater achievements and greater works." He then addressed the children on different subjects, and the precision and accuracy with which each child answered the questions were delightful to listen to. And now they were dismissed, each face radiant with delight and pleasure. I saw that each group took a different direction, leading to those plains to which they had come, and from whence they had come.

My wife then coming forward to me, asked what I had seen. "I have seen very many wondrous and strange things, and I am told there are many more; why do you ask me this question?" "Here is your work," she replied. "You will have to become a teacher of the young. You neglected them while upon earth, and you cannot pass into a higher sphere until you have thoroughly studied them; you cannot raise yourself until you have become as pure in mind as the children you have just beheld." It took me some time to consider this. On earth, the wild animals attend to their young, and are happy—yes, and gay; but man will often, too often, leave his offspring with indifference; in such a case he is worse than the beasts of the field. The mother of the animal will tend with every care her little ones; but a selfish woman will sometimes heedlessly thrust her child from her. Does she then expect to find, when death

steps in, that the child so discarded will come back to her with open arms? Nay, Nature's laws will not allow it. The animal will lead its offspring out one by one; the bird will teach its young with solicitude how to fly; tremulous sensations will quiver through their little forms; their hearts will palpitate with fear for the safety of their fledglings, for whom they will manifest such anxiety as would do credit to many who occupy a higher position in the scale of being. I found that this was another part I had to answer for, inasmuch as those who pass away and have neglected their offspring, cannot rest contented in their spirit-life as long as their children are left behind them, knowing that they had not done the best they could for them when in the earthly state. The anguish at times becomes similar to that experienced by a man who has amassed a fortune, which in one weak moment passes from his grasp after all his years of toiling. The feelings of the parent in spirit-life who has neglected his children when upon earth are somewhat akin to those of the man whose fortune has been swept from him in one brief moment. Until such children have attained a certain standard of elevation, progress on the part of that parent is, to a great extent, in a state of abeyance.

I was now initiated into the rudimentary stages of teaching children. I had gone to the task at first not with longing or pleasure, but I soon found that the spiritual heart cannot cast away the sweet blossoms of children's love. They soon reach around you, nestling in your heart, with their prattling tongues, their innocence, and their complete reliance on you. Here I found that I was drawn into my work quietly and gently, and for many years I became an enthusiastic teacher of those little children.

I shall now refer to a man's faculties. Here upon earth he is ignorant of governance that may be in his own brain or head, which latter is a curiosity. Even if you cannot see it inwardly it is a curiosity outwardly. There is such an amount of power contained in that structure that we naturally ask from whence and how did it come.

There is also another thing that is constantly bound up in man—that is, Destiny. To a certain extent I will allow of destiny; but destiny to a man's ruin, I will not.

To behold a man as viewed by us, mentally placed him in steam or smoke, and then draw different tinted bright lines starting from the head, and you have the clairvoyant vision of a man or woman. Each man, as we see him, has a light originating at the base of his brain. At first glance it seems to be one huge flame, but a closer scrutiny reveals the fact that the apparent flame is in reality composed of minute magnetic threads, which can be traced to higher spheres and to other guidances. Each of these thin threads is drawn forth as wires, and can be worked upon in the same manner as your telegraph wires, and are so used by operators, unseen by and frequently unknown to you; so that man often takes the sole credit of that which he has accomplished, when other intelligences have been the means of bringing him to his success. The so-called steam or smoke of which I just made mention as surrounding man's body is termed aura—a subtle emanation constantly leaving the frame. Cannot man deduce an instructive lesson from this problem in Nature? By this invisible (to man) subtle fluid the dog, with surety and accuracy, traces his lost master. In regard to spirit, man's observation—if he would but exercise it—might perceive a fitting analogy in the little thought of matter concerning the dog and his gift—the exercise of which is so unerring.

Referring to the phrenological organs, a student of phrenology—one well conversant in this science—can, in his examination of a head, inform the subject of the particular faculty he has been cultivating. Why? Because he (the subject) has concentrated his energies upon the one idea pertaining to that faculty, or power of his mind, the exercise of which has developed and made the organ sufficiently prominent for the student's discernment. The undue exertion of any one particular faculty enlarges the original structure of that one power of the mind; so that "he who runs may read." Man, by the concentration of his powers upon one object, may develop the faculty which is in accord with that subject, but at the expense of the other faculties, which remain in an imbecile state. The head enclosing such unevenly developed faculties cannot be termed a well-balanced head, for it is in an abnormal state, a state at variance with that for which Nature intended it. A child should be carefully and systematically taught to develop all the faculties of his being.

I have exhausted the Medium; so that I must abruptly terminate my lecture.

(An attempt at an invocation was made, but the powers of the medium failed.)

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

(To be continued.)

MAKE THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER KNOWN.

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

AFTER glancing over this number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and observing its fine typographical appearance, and the large number of interesting articles, you will certainly want a more extended acquaintance. It will be sent to you sixteen weeks, on trial, for 25 cents.

Mrs. M. C. Brague, of Hinsdale, Mass., writes: "Your copies of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER received, and am well pleased with the contents."

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

FIRST MATERIALIZING MEDIUMS.

BY Z. T. GRIFFEN.

Mrs. Andrews of Moravia, and Mrs. White of Alton, N. Y., were undoubtedly the first mediums for full form materializations. This supreme manifestation of spirit power occurred first about 1869. The former medium held herself out to the public for many years, but the latter never gave public seances, or received pay for sittings, as she believed it too exalted and holy to be bartered for money.

The Oswego Palladium had this to say of Mrs. White in 1873: "Alton has a medium, a lady of eminent social standing and the most respectable family connections, who displays the unheard of power to conjure the fleshly reappearance of the soul. She holds seances at the house of a resident of Alton, though she herself, we understand, lives in Sodus. Everything that transpires is done in a room where the lights are not dimmed, but are allowed to burn in the ordinary way while the seance proceeds. The medium alone occupies a cabinet of the ordinary size and description, having an aperture about the size of a common looking-glass, at which appears the rehabilitated spirit of the deceased person, and through which friends even shake hands and converse with those whom they have looked upon as forever lost so far as concerns the earthly form."

People from different parts of the country sought the privilege of attending these seances, and when they were fortunate enough to obtain a sitting, were gratified with meeting their materialized spirit friends. But what was the result? Hundreds were trying to obtain sittings. Those that came and saw were satisfied, and went away rejoicing. The congregations of the churches in Alton and the surrounding towns were discussing this new phase of spiritual manifestations. Something must be done to stop this new development of the Hydesville proceedings; so one day one of the most prominent divines asked for the privilege of bringing a dozen friends to a seance, and was accorded the privilege of doing so; but what was the surprise of Mrs. White as she saw, at the appointed time, this clerical gentleman coming up the steps followed by a lot of the roughest and toughest bums of the saloons of the town, which he proposed to introduce into her refined apartments as sitters! Of course she declined to admit them, and informed the reverend gentleman that she must have respectable people and their wives as sitters or she would not consent to a sitting; whereupon the clerical gentleman went away and declared that she was a fraud like all the rest of the spiritual mediums, and that they had found masks, mittens, muffs, shawls, veils, etc., in the cabinet, in which her spooks were dressed. This slanderous story, of course, spread farther and faster than the truth, and Mrs. White was so overcome and prostrated on account of this cruel treatment that she gave up practicing her spiritual gift, and found consolation in her church. Mrs. Andrews, however, continued to give seances, and for a long time Moravia was a Mecca for seekers after materializations.

LINES TO A FRIEND.

BY MRS. F. E. ROGERS.

[The friend for whom the following lines were written has passed on to the higher life. I send out this copy, hoping it may cheer and bless others, as it did her.]

Dear friend, to thee we gladly bring
Our precious gift, Love's offering,
And wreath it o'er with fadeless flowers
To cheer you in life's lonely hours.

Your face reveals the lines of care,
Though sunny smiles may linger there,
But your grand soul is shining through
Like stars in the great arch of blue.

Often you feel like one alone,
When angel voice, in thrilling tone,
Would quickly come to your relief
And soften every pang of grief.

Uplift your soul to realms on high,
And brush the shadows from your sky;
Your grandest life is just ahead,
By angel guides you will be led.

And may the work you find to do
Bring lasting happiness to you,
And willing hands and labor still—
All have a mission to fulfill.

Your thirsty soul is reaching high,
And angels bring a rich supply;
True aspiration ever brings
The nectar from eternal springs.

Grand fountains, pure, unceasing flow,
And rippling wavelets come and go,
In music sweet, the soul of song,
Unheard by earth's swift rushing throng.

Thrills with delight and constant bliss,
The heart that knows true happiness—
The soul attuned to notes of love
By angel hands from spheres above.

Will touch the chords that vibrate still,
With music sweet as murmuring rill,
And charms of purity impart,
To fill with joy the trusting heart.

And angels guide your weary feet
Where roses bloom and lilies meet,
May lines of care be brushed away
By the rosy beams of coming day.

THE MATCH GIRL'S DREAM.

Only a match girl, wretched and cold,
With clothes all soiled and torn;
Motherless, fatherless, age only ten,
Yet ruling the day she was born.

All through the morning, all through the noon,
The passer-by heard her faint wail;
"Ladies and gentlemen, please stop and buy
My matches. Good matches for sale!"

Christmas Eve! and the match girl had watched
The busy forms flit to and fro,
Till her feet grew numb, and her bright eyes blind,
So cold was the beautiful snow!

"To-morrow is Christ's day," I wonder, thought she,
"If that day I will have any bread!"
The hunger so keen forced a tear from her eye,
But the crystals from ere it was shed.

Feebly she crept to a church step near by,
Half fainting, sank on the cold stone;
And there, 'neath the snow-drawn, the orphan girl
Lulled to rest by the grand organ's tone.

Sleeping, she dreamed a most beautiful dream:
She roved in Elysian towers and fountains;
Or rested, at will, on the green mossy beds,
And plucked the rare, sweet-scented flowers.

Half famished, she ate the most luscious of fruits;
All the dainties that Lulu had there,
Were like those she had seen in the windows that night,
Only more were more costly and rare.

And Lulu saw too the most gorgeous of birds,
Rich jewels, all sparkling and bright;
And beautiful children, the gems in the crown
Of the King, the great center of light.

The church music ceased. Through the wide-opened door
The altar light radiance shed
O'er the prostrate form; it was cold and still,
For Lulu, the match girl, was dead!

—Mary E. Tucker.

MEDIUMS LOCATED IN CHICAGO.

Mediums, Clairvoyants, Trances.
Mrs. O. A. Bishop, tract 79 S. Peoria street.
Mrs. H. S. Sloman, 324 W. Lake street.
Mrs. Kate Blade, slate writer, 307 W. Harrison street.
Mrs. Coverdale, 79 Thirty-sixth street.
Mrs. S. J. Cutter, 309 Fulton street.
Mrs. E. A. Newell, 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. Ed Williams, cor. Lake st. and Ashland st.
Mrs. F. C. Eddy, 615 Fulton street.
Mrs. Lois Jack, 62 Page street.
Prof. G. G. VanHorn, 230 W. Monroe street.
F. M. Eddy, 98 S. Green street.
Mrs. Flora A. Brown, 29 N. Ada street.
Mrs. F. Kingsbury, 9429 Cottage Grove avenue.
Bangs Sisters, slate writing, 23½ Walnut street.
Healers.
J. S. Dean, 3704 Cottage Grove avenue.
Mrs. Dr. M. A. Mohr, 714 W. Lake street.
Mrs. Pirnie, 1257 W. Madison street.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Seer into the Causes and Natural Cure of Disease.

Having permanently become a citizen of Boston, Mr. Davis may be consulted by letter or in person at his residence, 221 W. 11th street, Boston, Mass., on 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, at every subsequent interview \$1. Simple remedies, 2 needed, extra.

Researches in Oriental History.

BY G. W. BROWN, M. D.

One Vol. 12mo, 407 Pages, Cloth, \$1.50, Postage 10c.

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 quest for a Historical Jesus.

In this volume the Jews are clearly shown as a people who were the only favored people they claim to have been. The Messianic idea is traced to the Hebrew Philosopher, 250 years B. C., and its history outlined, following the waves of emigration, and it is fully developed into Christianity, with a mythic hero, at Alexandria, Egypt, soon after the commencement of the Christian era.

The book demonstrates that Christianity and a 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 authorities, and no person can read it without instruction as to whether he receives 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.

STUDIES IN THE OUTLYING FIELDS

—OR—

PSYCHIC — SCIENCE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

This work essays to utilize and explain the vast array of facts in its field of research, which little of the world has appreciated, by referring them to a common cause and from there to the laws and conditions of man's spiritual being. The leading subjects treated are as follows:

Matter, life, mind, spirit; What the senses tell; What the future life must be, granting the present facts and conclusions; Mind cure; Christian metaphysics—their psychic and psychical nature; Personal experience and intelligence from the spirit world of light.

Is printed on fine paper, handsomely bound, 16 pages. Sent, post paid, \$1.25.

This work may be called the first attempt to connect the phenomena usually called occult, and send them to law. It has received unqualified endorsement from the best thinkers and critics. It is a well-earned and answers all any question which may arise in the minds of the investigators of Spiritual phenomena. For sale at this office.

THE PSYCHOGRAPH

—OR—

DIAL PLANCHETTE!

—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 truth and correctness of the communications, and the means of developing mediumship. Many who have used the Dial Planchette, and who have attended 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 friends, even from the old soldier who gave me the Dial Planchette in the old army. I have been highly satisfied, and proved to my reason that Spiritualism is indeed true, and the communications have given me heart the greatest comfort in my life. I have had of son, daughter, and their motherly love. Dr. Eugene Crowell, whose writings have made me familiar to those interested in psychical science, writes as follows:

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

A. P. Miller, Journalist and poet, in an endorsement, notice of the instrument in his paper, the Western (Minn.) Advertiser, says:

"The Psychograph is an improvement upon the planchette, having a dial and letters, with a few words, so that a 'little power' is apparently required to give the communications. We do not believe, however, that it is to all who care to test the power whether spirits can return and communicate."

Just what investigators want. Home circles of friends, or those who wish to test the power, send for it. Price, by mail, free with full directions for use, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

DR. CHARLES W. HIDDEN.

THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN WHO IS PERFECTING HIS ART. Having successful cures in Essex North, and with great success nervous diseases, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, and all the latest and most distressing disorders. Patients at a distance can arrange for treatment upon reasonable terms. Address has supplied CHAS. W. HIDDEN, No. 14 Purchase street, New York, Mass.

"THE NARROW WAY OF ATTAINMENT"

A newly published book, giving full and complete instructions for self-development of the powers and potentials of the human mind. This is a year of grand spiritual hope and progress. The personal fulfillment depends upon your own desire to share it! Sent, post paid, on receipt of 50 cents. Address, C. F. HUGHES, 4285 Langley Chicago, Ill.

AN ASTONISHING OFFER

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

THE TIGER-STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

A tract for the times. By HUDSON TUTTLE. Sent free by mail. Address, HUDSON TUTTLE, Berlin, Ohio.

LOST VISION RESTORED

BY USING MELTED PEBBLE SPECTACLES. Eyes fitted by a Clairvoyant. Spectacles made free of charge. Send a 2-cent stamp for testimonials. Address, POOLE, Clairvoyant, Clinton, Iowa.

THE HOME CIRCLE FRATERNITY

The Evolution of a New Religion.

A FLOWER IN THE SNOW.

I.
[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., the Good, and to show, hence a new conception of Deity will be formulated, and a constant incentive given to live a life unspotted before all the world.]

So eager are the departments of nature to perform their allotted tasks that in the Swiss mountains and in the far north, delicate little flowers are seen blossoming on the edge of a drift of snow. The plant seems to say: "I was ordered to be here by the middle of June; the birds and the travelers expect me; it is a cold day, but here I am." It is a peculiar, half-sad pleasure to come upon these shivering, delicate forms of painted leaf. One feels as though the wind should fall for their sakes, and for them the sun shoot hotter rays around the mountains.

In the awful snow-storm and frost-storm of Dakota last winter there fell a singular and rather beautiful form of human character—a field-hand, educated but unknown, tender as a refined woman, but strong and bold as a soldier. In the cold embrace of ice and snow, with all the indications around him of an effort to reach home—the home of a hired man—his lifeless body recalled the pathos of the lines:

"Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

The farmer in whose employ the man was passing the winter knew only the name which the toiler had given him when he sought and found the much-needed employment, but in the months which passed between the August harvest and the terrific cyclones of ice the man never sent nor received a letter. To him, no institution of our country was of less value than the postal department. The name of John Crosby stood for this personage, but no one knows whether that name was baptismal, or was picked up along the way by himself, or by some other, for the concealment of a fact, rather than for establishing a family connection.

General Custer once said, in a chat regarding nameless soldiers, that he had in his army men who sustained no relations to the world; men who knew nothing of their first home or birth-place, nor how many years they had been in this life. He had read the burial service over men regarding whose death he could not send word to any person or any village in any country.

Among these lonely mortals was this John Crosby. He was not more than 21 years of age. Nature keeps a record of all the early years, and tells whether this or that face is 15 or 20. Nature follows the child and says plainly, this human soul has gotten 4 or 10 or 16 or 20 years away from its cradle, but at last this great mother ceases to paint the days and seasons on the face, and often 60 wears the image of 50 or 70, and the real distance from the mother's bosom is lost, never to be guessed again. John Crosby was about 20 years old when his heart turned into ice and ceased from its memories and longings.

He had presented himself at a certain school district in Dakota, to secure, if possible, a place as schoolmaster. The office had just been assigned to another. It was found that all such thrones had secured royal occupants, and that there was before this youth the prospect of an idle winter. He therefore applied at a farm-house for a place as a common farm hand, and was accepted by rather a superior plowman by the name of Eastman. The new workman proved to be worthy of his wages and his home. He seemed to live for his daily tasks and for the idle moments which the winter evenings and winter Sundays brought. On that morning in January after that awful death-chill had passed by, this youth was found dead in the field. His face wore the impression of peace, and seemed to say, "This is the end." Good, simple, almost tearful funeral rites were given the body; but as for the tender soul, it was far away, in that land:

Where storms do never come.

When this family explored the vacant room of their toiler with the hope of finding some name or town that might direct them whither to send news of the death, they found nothing except scraps of poetic thought written upon every piece of paper available in the scanty house. All the blank leaves of the stranger's books were made to carry the young heart's reflections, as they came to him in the evenings and Sundays of a Dakota winter.

In many of these verses, the form of his mother figures, thus showing the purity of a heart which from the stormy passions of early manhood sing more kind words to an absent mother than it can indite to some belle of the ball-room, or to some invisible idol of the romantic sentiment:

"The mother's love stands pilot o'er to guide
And keeps life's boat from sinking in the waves.
It guards from many an ill, from many an evil save."

Such was the blessing of my glad, first years,
Remembered now it rules my errant will
When life is bittered with the grief-wrung tears
Calm grows my spirit as she cries: "Be still."
Recalls the purpose I must yet fulfill,
Propels me onward with a specter hand,
Invisible but mighty, in its power grand."

In all the hundreds of lines found in this vacant room, the genius of the poem is Memory. Though only a boy, he was always looking back, as though the past had been too sorrowful to permit even the enthusiasm of youth to turn toward the future. His home was:

"Back upon the forest's very ledge,
Set in the woods and garlanded with vine
Above the other homes, built on the ledge,
There stood the old stone cottage that was mine."

This poem is no doubt a continuous composition—a memory, but as the stanzas are not numbered, the pages come to us in all that disorder which marked the leaves of prophecy which the wind took from the hands of the sibyl.

Over all these penciled verses, over the name of the man who was able to teach a school or to be a wage-worker on a farm, over the youth who never sent nor received a letter, who did his daily work in a manner

* Rev. David Swing, in Evening Journal.

THE GRAND REALITY!

Experiences in Spirit Life of a Celebrated Dramatist.*

(Continued from last week.)

LECTURE VI.

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 rose first begins to feel the sun's welcome rays of heat, and expands its leaf; when the leveret and rabbit sport over Nature's mossy carpet, and the rippling stream dashes along, blending its music with that of all Creation's melody. But my utmost powers would fail to impart to you a picture of what I then witnessed. I heard music and singing sounding from all parts, which proceeded from other bands of children as they drew near, and whom I soon found crowding around me. I noticed, as they approached, that some were brighter than others, but all seemed full of tenderness and love; there were no cross looks upon their spirit brows. I saw that there accompanied them what appeared to be a ruler or teacher over each band, at a signal from whom they came forward and stood as if they had been drilled for centuries—not a foot placed wrong; grace and elegance seemed to be in every movement. I observed that the groups did not mingle, each group having a particular object, which seemed to be known by those only who were of a stronger nature,—that is to say, those who were more matured. The latter carried banners, with mottoes on them, while the younger children carried flowers or sprays, which, being borne by innocence, appeared very beautiful. They all formed in order, and as I stood watching them I heard sounds of music coming from a distance, which I could not altogether recognize. I then saw a bright spirit draw near, in his hand I observed he held the keys of the inner apartment of the building, and as the children looked upon him they all sent forth their welcome. I could see by the very robes that decked his form, by the very scepter that he held in his hand, he had been many centuries in the higher spheres.

"Who is he?" I whispered. I was told that he was one of the noble reformers; it was he who had laid the foundations of this place of instruction and who had established this lyceum upon the basis of which it now could boast. Here it was that children from all countries of your earth, and from other climes of which you know not, meet together. This may sound strange to you, but let me say, in passing, that there are planets, seen from your earth, which are inhabited; and besides there are many worlds invisible to you from which spirits come. He opened the doors of the inner apartment, and the children were admitted first. I stayed without, waiting until the last had entered, when, as I advanced, the doors fell back, and stepping inside, a scene was presented, which I will endeavor to picture to you. I seemed to tread upon a cushioned pavement, along which I felt myself gliding; but the sight before me was so dazzling that I was compelled to stand still for a few moments ere I could grasp the idea of such magnificence. With the rest of the visitors I seated myself, when I perceived that there were as many as forty galleries, and each group of children seemed to be perfectly aware what portion of the building it was to occupy. The galleries were supported by pillars, decorated with various designs of deep colors, the light from which was of such intense brilliancy that it looked like one vast flame of fire, whose brightness rose glittering far above anything that I can describe to you. The most fanciful imagination of the human mind could never draw such a picture—the grandest scenes of Nature witnessed on earth could never bring to your minds the light as it sparkled. The whole accumulation of earth's brightest jewels could never glisten with the transcendent splendor with which that light glistened. The leader, with his scepter, ascended the platform, and at a given signal there stepped forward six spirits, three on his right and three on his left. He then spoke in the following words: "It is once in a time that I come here to visit this establishment and the work which I left for others to perpetuate. These bright scenes, my little ones, and you who are more developed, are taught to the scenes I have left behind; but it is with solicitude and love I return here to greet and encourage those who by their energies have crowned this mighty edifice with truth. I see that, as time speeds on, greater grows your strength. You have taken in hand to cultivate the young. Oh! cultivate purity. To this great domain of duty you have called together from many planets the children of those who are left behind, and your instruction not only brightens the order of their minds, but cultivates their intellectual powers. I see before me very many new faces, showing that your industry does not grow lukewarm, but that it is always studying and striving for greater achievements and greater works."

He then addressed the children on different subjects, and the precision and accuracy with which each child answered the questions were delightful to listen to. And now they were dismissed, each face radiant with delight and pleasure. I saw that each group took a different direction, leading to those plains to which they belonged and from whence they had come. My wife then coming forward to me, asked what I had seen. "I have seen very many wondrous and strange things, and I am told there are many more; why do you ask me this question?" "Here is your work," she replied. "You will have to become a teacher of the young. You neglected them while upon earth, and you cannot pass into a higher sphere until you have thoroughly studied them; you cannot raise yourself until you have become as pure in mind as the children you have just beheld." It took me some time to consider this. On earth, the wild animals attend to their young, and are happy—yes, and gay; but man will often, too often, leave his offspring with indifference; in such a case he is worse than the beasts of the field. The mother of the animal will tend with every care her little ones; but a selfish woman will sometimes heedlessly thrust her child from her. Does she then expect to find, when death

steps in, that the child so discarded will come back to her with open arms? Nay, Nature's laws will not allow it. The animal will lead its offspring out one by one; the bird will teach its young with solicitude how to fly; tremulous sensations will quiver through their little forms; their hearts will palpitate with fear for the safety of their fledglings, for whom they will manifest such anxiety as would do credit to many who occupy a higher position in the scale of being. I found that this was another part I had to answer for, inasmuch as those who pass away and have neglected their offspring, cannot rest contented in their spirit-life as long as their children are left behind them, knowing that they had not done the best they could for them when in the earthly state. The anguish at times becomes mortal to that experienced by a man who has amassed a fortune, which in one weak moment passes from his grasp after all his years of toiling. The feelings of the parent in spirit-life who has neglected his children when upon earth are somewhat akin to those of the man whose fortune has been swept from him in one brief moment. Until such children have attained a certain standard of elevation, progress on the part of that parent is, to a great extent, in a state of abeyance.

I was now initiated into the rudimentary stages of teaching children. I had gone to the task at first not with longing or pleasure, but I soon found that the spiritual heart cannot cast away the sweet blossoms of children's love. They soon reach around you, nestling in your heart, with their prattling tongues, their innocence, and their complete reliance on you. Here I found that I was drawn into my work quietly and gently, and for many years I became an enthusiastic teacher of those little children.

I shall now refer to a man's faculties. Here upon earth he is ignorant of governance that may be in his own brain or head, which latter is a curiosity. Even if you cannot see it inwardly it is a curiosity outwardly. There is such an amount of power contained in that structure that we naturally ask from whence and how did it come.

There is also another thing that is constantly bound up in man—that is, Destiny. To a certain extent I will allow of destiny; but destiny to a man's ruin, I will not.

To behold a man as viewed by us, mentally placed him in steam or smoke, and then draw different tinted bright lines starting from the head, and you have the clairvoyant vision of a man or woman. Each man, as we see him, has a light originating at the base of his brain. At first glance it seems to be one huge flame, but a closer scrutiny reveals the fact that the apparent flame is in reality composed of minute magnetic threads, which can be traced to higher spheres and to other guidances. Each of these thin threads is drawn forth as wires, and can be worked upon in the same manner as your telegraph wires, and are so used by operators, unseen by and frequently unknown to you; so that man often takes the sole credit of that which he has accomplished, when other intelligences have been the means of bringing him to his success. The so-called steam or smoke of which I just made mention as surrounding man's body is termed aura—a subtle emanation constantly leaving the frame. Cannot man deduce an instructive lesson from this problem in Nature? By this invisible (to man) subtle fluid the dog, with surety and accuracy, traces his lost master. In regard to spirit, man's observation—if he would but exercise it—might perceive a fitting analogy in the little thought of matter concerning the dog and his gift—the exercise of which is so unerring.

Referring to the phrenological organs, a student of phrenology—one well conversant in this science—can, in his examination of a head, inform the subject of the particular faculty he has been cultivating. Why? Because he (the subject) has concentrated his energies upon the one idea pertaining to that faculty, or power of his mind, the exercise of which has developed and made the organ sufficiently prominent for the student's discernment. The undue exertion of any one particular faculty enlarges the original structure of that one power of the mind; so that "he who runs may read." Man, by the concentration of his powers upon one object, may develop the faculty which is in accord with that subject, but at the expense of the other faculties, which remain in an imbecile state. The head enclosing such unevenly developed faculties cannot be termed a well-balanced head, for it is in an abnormal state, a state at variance with that for which Nature intended it. A child should be carefully and systematically taught to develop all the faculties of his being.

I have exhausted the Medium; so that I must abruptly terminate my lecture.

(An attempt at an invocation was made, but the powers of the medium failed.)

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

[To be continued.]

MAKE THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER KNOWN.

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

AFTER glancing over this number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and observing its fine typographical appearance, and the large number of interesting articles, you will certainly want a more extended acquaintance. It will be sent to you sixteen weeks, on trial, for 25 cents.

Mrs. M. C. Brague, of Hinsdale, Mass., writes: "Your copies of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER received, and am well pleased with the contents."

And Lulu saw too the most gorgeous of birds,
Rich jewels, all sparkling and bright;
And beautiful children, the gems in the crown
Of the King, the great center of light.

The church music ceased. Through the wide-opened door
The altar light radiance shined
O'er the prostrate form: it was cold and still,
For Lulu, the match girl, was dead!

Mary E. Tucker.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

FIRST MATERIALIZING MEDIUMS.

BY Z. T. GRIFFIN.

Mrs. Andrews of Moravia, and Mrs. White of Alton, N. Y., were undoubtedly the first mediums for full form materializations. This supreme manifestation of spirit power occurred first about 1869. The former medium held herself out to the public for many years, but the latter never gave public sittings, or received pay for sittings, as she believed it too exalted and holy to be bartered for money.

The Oswego Palladium had this to say of Mrs. White in 1873: "Alton has a medium, a lady of eminent social standing and the most respectable family connections, who displays the unheard of power to conjure the fleshly reappearance of the soul. She holds seances at the house of a resident of Alton, though she herself, we understand, lives in Sudus. Everything that transpires is done in a room where the lights are not dimmed, but are allowed to burn in the ordinary way while the seance proceeds. The medium alone occupies a cabinet of the ordinary size and description, having an aperture about the size of a common looking-glass, at which appears the rehabilitated spirit of the deceased person, and through which friends even shake hands and converse with those whom they have looked upon as forever lost so far as concerns the earthly form."

People from different parts of the country sought the privilege of attending these seances, and when they were fortunate enough to obtain a sitting, were gratified with meeting their materialized spirit friends. But what was the result? Hundreds were trying to obtain sittings. Those that came and saw were satisfied, and went away rejoicing. The congregations of the churches in Alton and the surrounding towns were discussing this new phase of spiritual manifestations. Something must be done to stop this new development of the Hydesville proceedings; so one day one of the most prominent divines asked for the privilege of bringing a dozen friends to a seance, and was accorded the privilege of doing so; but what was the surprise of Mrs. White as she saw, at the appointed time, this clerical gentleman coming up the steps followed by a lot of the roughest and toughest bums of the saloons of the town, which he proposed to introduce into her refined apartments as sitters! Of course she declined to admit them, and informed the reverend gentleman that she must have respectable people and their wives as sitters or she would not consent to a sitting; whereupon the clerical gentleman went away and declared that she was a fraud like all the rest of the spiritual mediums, and that they had found masks, mittens, muffs, shawls, veils, etc., in the cabinet, in which her spooks were dressed. This slanderous story, of course, spread farther and faster than the truth, and Mrs. White was so overcome and prostrated on account of this cruel treatment that she gave up practicing her spiritual gift, and found consolation in her church. Mrs. Andrews, however, continued to give seances, and for a long time Moravia was a Mecca for seekers after materializations.

LINES TO A FRIEND.

BY MRS. F. E. ROGERS.

[The friend for whom the following lines were written has passed on to the higher life. I send out this copy, hoping it may cheer and bless others, as it did her.]

Dear friend, to thee we gladly bring
Our precious gift, Love's offering,
And wreath it o'er with fadeless flowers
To cheer you in life's lonely hours.

Your face reveals the lines of care,
Though sunny smiles may linger there,
But your grand soul is shining through
Like stars in the great arch of blue.

Often you feel like one alone,
When angel voice, in thrilling tone,
Would quickly come to your relief
And soften every pang of grief.

Uplift your soul to realms on high,
And brush the shadows from your sky;
Your grandest life is just ahead,
By angel guides you will be led.

And may the work you find to do
Bring lasting happiness to you;
For willing hands must labor still—
All have a mission to fulfill.

Your thirty soul is reaching high,
And angels bring a rich supply;
True aspiration ever brings
The nectar from eternal springs.

Grand fountains, pure, unceasing flow,
And rippling wavelets come and go,
In music sweet, the soul of song,
Unheard by earth's swift rushing throng.

Thrills with delight and constant bliss,
The heart that knows true happiness—
The soul attuned to notes of love
By angel hands from spheres above.

Will touch the chords that vibrate still,
With music sweet as murmuring rill,
And charms of joy impart,
To fill with purity the heart.

May angels guide your weary feet
Where roses bloom with fragrance sweet,
And lines of care be brushed away
By the rosy beams of coming day.

Sterling, Ill.

THE MATCH GIRL'S DREAM.

Only a match girl, wretched and cold,
With clothes all scanty and torn;
Motherless, fatherless, age only ten,
Yet ruling the day she was born.

All through the morning, all through the noon,
The passer-by heard her faint wail:
"Ladies and gentlemen, please stop and buy
My matches. Good matches for sale!"

Christmas Eve! and the match girl had watched
The busy forms flit to and fro,
Till her feet grew numb, and her bright eyes blid,
So cold was the beautiful snow!

"To-morrow is Christ's day! I wonder," thought she,
"If that day I will have any bread!"
The hunger so keen forced a tear from her eye,
But the crystals froze ere it was shed.

Feebly she crept to a church step near by,
Half fainting, sank on the cold stone;
And there, "neath the snow-dawn, the orphan girl
Lulled to rest by the grand organ's tone.

Sleeping, she dreamed a most beautiful dream:
She roved in Elysian bowers,
Or rested, at will, on the green mossy beds,
And plucked the rare, sweet-scented flowers.

Half famished, she ate the most luscious of fruits;
All the dainties that Lulu had there,
Where like those she had seen in the windows that
night.

Only some were more costly and rare,
And Lulu saw too the most gorgeous of birds,
Rich jewels, all sparkling and bright;
And beautiful children, the gems in the crown
Of the King, the great center of light.

The church music ceased. Through the wide-opened door
The altar light radiance shined
O'er the prostrate form: it was cold and still,
For Lulu, the match girl, was dead!

Mary E. Tucker.

MEDIUMS LOCATED IN CHICAGO.

Mediums, Clairvoyants, Trances.

Mrs. O. A. Bishop, sect. 79 S. Peoria street.
Mrs. H. S. Sloan, 324 W. Lake street.
Mrs. Kate Blad, slate writer, 337 W. Harrison street.
Mrs. Coverdale, 79 Thirtieth street.
Mrs. S. J. Cutter, 309 Fulton street.
Mrs. E. E. Eddy, 57 S. Morgan street.
Mrs. C. E. Eddy, 666 Fulton street.
Mrs. Hansen, 24 Bishop court.
Mrs. S. De Wolf, 109 S. Center Avenue.
Mrs. Ohi Wilson, cor. Lake st. and Ashland st.
Mrs. Wolf, 615 Fulton street.
Mrs. Lott Jack, 62 Page street.
Prof. G. W. VanHorn, 230 W. Monroe street.
F. M. Eddy, 98 S. Green street.
Mrs. Flora A. Brown, 22 N. Ada street.
Mrs. F. Kingsbury, 2436 Cottage Grove Avenue.
Bangs Sisters, slate writer, 224 Walnut street.

Healers.
J. S. Dean, 3204 Cottage Grove Avenue.
Mrs. Dr. M. A. Molta, 714 W. Lake street.
Mrs. Pirnie, 1877 W. Madison street.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Seer into the Causes and Natural Cure of Disease.

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 evening, 8 o'clock, 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 may be had if desired.

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

Researches in Oriental History.

BY G. W. BROWN, M. D.

One Vol. 12mo, 407 Pages, Cloth, \$1.50, Postage 10c.

GENERAL DIVISION:

1. RESEARCHES IN JEWISH HISTORY.
2. RESEARCHES IN ZORASTRIANISM.
3. DEBATEMENT 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 to have been the holy and favored people they claim to have been. The Messianic idea is traced to the Babylonian Philosopher, 250 years B. C., and its history outlined, following the waves of emigration, and its full development into Christianity, with a hero, at Alexandria, in Egypt, soon after the commencement of the Christian era.

The book demonstrates that Christianity and its central tenets are mythical; that the whole system is based on fraud, falsehood, forgery, fear and lies, 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 authorities, and no person can read it without instruction as to the author or otherwise.

All who are dissatisfied with a remittance, should be addressed to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, 251 S. Jefferson street, Chicago, Ill.

STUDIES IN THE OUTLYING FIELDS

OF

PSYCHIC -- SCIENCE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

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

Matter, life, mind, spirit; What the senses tell of the world and the doctrine of evolution; Science and the study of man and its results; What the sensitive state! Mesmerism, hypnotism, somnambulism; Clairvoyance; Sensitiveness proved by psychometry; Sensitiveness during sleep; Dreams; Sensitiveness induced by disease; Thought transference; Instincts of an intelligent force superior to a motor; Effect of physical conditions on the sensitive; Unconscious sensitivities; Prayer; In the light of sensitiveness and thought transference; Immortality; What the future life must be, granting the present facts and conditions; Mind cure; Christian Science metaphysics—their psychic and psychical relation; Personal experience and intelligence from the spirit world.

It is printed on fine paper, handsomely bound, 2 pages. Sent, post paid, \$1.25.

This work may be called the first attempt to compile the phenomena usually called occult, and explain them to the law. It has received unqualified endorsement from the best thinkers and critics. It is a volume 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 numerous investigators, and has proved more satisfactory than the planchette, both in regard to the facility and correctness of the communications, and a means of developing mediumship. Many who are not aware of their mediumistic gift have, after a sitting, 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 settlers whose graves are now in the old yard. I have been highly satisfied, 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."

Dr. Eugene Crowell, whose writings have made his name familiar to those interested in psychical mediumship, writes as follows:

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

A. P. Miller, journalist and poet, in an elaborate notice of the instrument in his paper, the Western (Minn.) Advance, says:

"The Psychograph is an improvement upon the planchette, having a dial and levers, with a few wires so that very little 'power' is apparently required to give the communications. We do not hesitate to recommend it to all who care to test the question whether spirit can return and communicate."

Just what investigators want. Home circles want. Price, by mail, free with full directions for use \$1.00. For sale at this office.

DR. CHARLES W. HIDDEN.

THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN WHO IS PERFECTED with great success in various diseases, rheumatism, its forms, paralysis, lameness, deafness and kindred disorders. Patients at a distance can arrange for treatment upon reasonable terms. Address, FRANK CHAS. W. HIDDEN, No. 14 Purchase street, Newburgh, N. Y.

"THE NARROW WAY OF ATTAINMENT"

A newly published book, giving full and reliable instructions for self-development of the spirit powers, with great success in various diseases, rheumatism, its forms, paralysis, lameness, deafness and kindred disorders. Patients at a distance can arrange for treatment upon reasonable terms. Address, FRANK CHAS. W. HIDDEN, No. 14 Purchase street, Newburgh, N. Y.

AN ASTONISHING OFFER.

Send three 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, age, sex, one leading symptom, and your disease until diagnosed free by spirit power. Dr. A. B. Dowd, Maquoketa, Iowa.

THE TIGER-STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

A tract for the times. By HUDSON TUTTLE. To all those ordering for distribution, ten copies 25c each. Address, HUDSON TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

LOST VISION RESTORED

By using MELTED PEBBLE SPECTACLES. Eyes fitted by a Clairvoyant. Spectacles and mail. Send a 2-cent stamp for valuable information. Testimonials. B. F. POOLE, Clairvoyant, Clinton, Iowa.