

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

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Written for The Progressive Thinker.

DAVID DUGUID.

Seances With This Scotch Medium.

Mountains and Mediumship.—What the Holland Artist Spirits, and Hafed, the Ancient Persian Prince Teach Through Him.

Rough and rock-ribbed Samos witnessed the birth of Pythagoras, the philosopher and marvelous wonder-worker. Greece, famous alike for its temple ruins, vine-clad hills and towering summits, gave the world a Socrates, ever attended by his spirit guide. Palestine, dotted with Olivets and Hermons, cradled Jesus, who wrought those mighty spiritual works recorded in the gospels. Cappadocia, rugged and mountainous, gave material support to the sandled feet of Apollonius whose visions and spiritual marvels were so vividly described by Flavius Philostratus; and castled Scotland, noted for its craggy peaks and magnificent mountains, has given us in these later days, D. D. Home, now in the higher life, and David Duguid.

Thinking the matter over, I cannot call to mind a medium of any note, born in the lowlands of Holland, the bog-soils of Southern Ireland, the low foggy yellow fens of Florida, or any other low miasmatic region. Hills, highland groves and mountains with their gorgeous scenery, pure atmosphere, and summits tipped and tinged with the gold of the morning sunrise and of the evening sunset, seem to be the fit fields and localities, to afford in a measure, the appropriate conditions for mediumistic development.

DAVID DUGUID, THE SCOTCH MEDIUM, GLASGOW.

All things considered, I question if this century has produced a greater or a more reliable and trustworthy medium than Mr. Duguid, of Glasgow, Scotland. He is probably about fifty years of age, and only his native modesty and dislike of notoriety have prevented him being better known in America and throughout the world. He is not a professional, not a University graduate, not what the English call a gentleman (yet, in the true sense of the word he is a gentleman), but an honest, industrious, hard-working cabinet maker. His moral goodness and integrity were never questioned. He has had many forms of mediumistic gifts, but has been used chiefly for only one or two. I have felt honored, and was always benefited by sitting in his seances when upon my several visits to the old world.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Though not tall, he is what would be termed a well-built man, with a light complexion and blue eyes. He has quite a large sized head, with a full front and a high top-brain. Though commanding, he is retiring in appearance. His self-esteem is small and therefore he is undemonstrative. Though exceedingly genial and passive in spirit, he is a man of firm convictions, and is attractive as a companion and friend, because pleasant, mild-mannered and dignified. Some of the teachings through him when entranced have been directly the opposite of his own belief and opinions. He has been a medium about twenty-five years, and his weekly seances have always been select, orderly and aspirationally for the good and the true, closing with a benediction by the influencing spirit.

HIS PHASES OF MEDIUMSHIP.

Though expressed in a single phase, he is a trance medium, sometimes conscious partly, at other times unconscious, clairvoyant and clairaudient. He has had such other manifestations as movements of bodies without contact, direct spirit voices, levitations, spirit-lights, writing in several different languages, and painting beautiful pictures in the dark. This latter phase, marvelous as successful, others as well as myself have tested scores upon scores of times. And these tests have been crucial and critical in the extreme. Frequently pieces have been torn off from the corners of cards by those present and the remainder handed to the medium. The lights are then turned down, when very quickly one or more small fine oil paintings are found to have been produced. The adjusting of the torn corners was the irrefutable evidence of the genuineness of the manifestations.

It was interesting to sit and watch the medium under control, and tightly blindfolded, mix the oil paints. Sometimes these paintings are executed by Ruisdal and Steen direct, the medium's hands being firmly held the meanwhile by those in the seance sitting next to him. This last test is as common as it is satisfactory. Under these artistic spirit-control brushes are cleansed, and paintings of various colors mixed, and paintings executed just as expeditiously in the dark as in the light. It is a most wonderful phenomenon, and can only be accounted for sensibly and rationally by saying that it is the work of spirits once inhabiting the earth.

THE COMING OF THE PERSIAN HAFED.

"It was in the month of August, 1869," says Hay Nisbet, a prominent and influential citizen of Glasgow, that Mr. Duguid became subject to the control of a spirit possessing to be a Persian, who had lived in his earthly body about 1900 years ago. He had been, he said, a prince of Persia, a warrior and afterwards head of the Magi, and finally in his old age a teacher of the Christian faith in Persia, Africa and along the Southern seas of Europe. When first brought

in contact with this Persian, says Mr. Nisbet, the effect on the demeanor of the medium was very striking. He appeared awestruck. He bent forward gracefully, with hands clasped in the attitude of deepest reverence. Remaining for a minute or two in this position, he raised his head, and turning around entranced, saluted us thus: "My greeting unto you." This is his uniform salutation. His knowledge of the oriental world and ancient history when under this Persian control is absolutely astonishing. Either Mr. Duguid is a living miracle in and of himself, or he is controlled by very intelligent spirits. The agnostic may rest upon just which horn of this dilemma he finds most comfortable.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FROM MR. DUGUID'S CONTROLLING SPIRITS.

Where is the Spirit-world?
"We give no definite locality to the Spirit-world. It is over and through the whole universe. You are in the Spirit-world now, and could the material masks be removed from your eyes you would see yourselves surrounded by spirits now. There are vast diversities and varied sceneries in this immeasurable Spirit-world. I have told you before of a great and golden sea of space where the pure and the holy go. Our life is one of growth and progress if we choose to progress."

Do spirits materialize? Some Spiritualists doubt it.

"As long ago as 1867 we informed the members of this circle and others, that spirits could materialize and make themselves visible—not that spirit becomes matter, but that spirits had the power to accrete and so manipulate material substances as to re-cloth themselves in it, appearing in the human form. The forms are not spirits, but the spirits are in them. It is something like clothing a skeleton anew with flesh and sinew. We get the material from the auras and the atmosphere around you, and us."

Ruisdal, in painting do you control his hand?

"No, I control his head. I inspiringly hold him. I pencil the picture and he follows my tracings. There is a tracing made by me which you cannot see on the canvass, but which is seen by him in his trance state. Some of the paintings are done directly through our spirit hands, but generally he is the instrument."

Is there any end to spirit life as you know it? Another of the circle replies:

"None, there are changes very many, but there is no end. I was Jan Steen when I entered this life, I am still Jan Steen, and so far as I can see, will be forever. Your individuality will remain unchanged in spirit life."

Some do not, but many of us love to visit the earth. The evil-disposed find plenty to do in raising strife between man and man upon earth. * * * Many on earth have spirit friends constantly attending them. Others have departed friends that are not able to approach them for want of power. It is not well for all persons to be acted upon by spirits."

Why are you opposed to these spirit pictures of the medium being sold?

Ruisdal replies: "Pictures produced under such conditions, and for the purpose of proving a future existence must never be sold. It seems to be a law with us that we must not influence man in any way to make money. On earth I seldom sold my pictures. I gave them away receiving nothing, or what they chose to give me. And how very little that was! And yet I toiled on at painting, sinking deeper and deeper into the selfish love of my art. Ah, this was my sin! Had I loved my Creator and my fellow-men more, it would have been better for me."

Mind you, there must be no selling of these pictures, but if those who appreciate them desire to give anything to the medium they can do so. He is our minister for good. When he lifts the brush or pencil, he preaches, though he does not use his lips. There is a spiritual power unseen by the natural eye, and a Spirit-world beyond, that man must realize."

Are you happier in your sphere than when on earth?

"I am happy, so happy that I could remain as I am for endless ages. But the happiness that I enjoy here is different from that I had on earth; that was all confined to my art. Now, I strive to do good to my fellow spirits, teaching them to rise higher. In doing this, I myself go higher and must go higher from the spiritual to the purer and more spiritual, till I reach my Master's house of many mansions."

You speak of the Master. Do you refer to Jesus? and if so, will you describe him?

"Yes, I referred to Jesus with whom Hafed walked much of the time previous to his public ministry, and who he still frequently meets among other sages in the Great Temple. I have seen him since Hafed began to control this medium. His form is every way much like ours, only purer and lighter and brighter. His countenance is softly sweetly shaded with melancholy, and yet, when looked upon, it expresses perfect calmness and happiness. His face is rather long but beautiful—indeed a complete and perfect man, such as a painter delights to look upon. He is pre-eminent—the Prince of Heaven, and the brightness of the Father's glory."

Does he convey instructions to you?

He holds court, as it were, with us and with millions in the Great Temple. We listen to his teachings. It is possible for multitudes of spirits to know what he says, all within the sphere that are able to per-

ceive him. I was long blind to his presence, for I was not good enough, not in the condition to perceive him. Progress is a law pertaining to all worlds and all conditions of being so far as we are able to perceive and understand."

Mr. Duguid's book of nearly 600 pages, entitled "Hafed, Prince of Persia," and the key to it, "Hermes, Sequel to Hafed," are two of the most interesting books in the realm of spiritual literature. They are books of spirit communications from a high and very intelligent order of spirits. They can be procured of Hay Nisbet, Glasgow, Scotland, and I presume of Messrs. Colby and Rich, *Banner of Light* office, Boston.

WHAT CHICAGO MEDIUMS SAID TO ME.

Though the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bovee, the latter, formerly Mrs. L. P. Anderson, a most excellent trance and clairvoyant medium, I met several other mediums in Chicago, and from them I heard remarks, in substance, like these: "Now that we have got a Spiritualist Journal in Chicago, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, for ourselves, for Spiritualism and for the great Northwest, we feel like taking hold of the cause anew." One of the very best of Chicago mediums said to me, "I am working hard for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, for Mr. Francis has never sent spies into our seances, nor has he ever slandered us with his tongue nor libelled us with his pen. He is a true Spiritualist, and a good man." These words were not spoken in flattery, but from conscientious convictions. Neither was it expected they would be published. If wrong, the lady will kindly pardon me.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.
Hammonton, N. J.

PROGRESSION.

The Life that Is to Be.

Extract from a Sermon Delivered at the Englewood, Ill., Universalist Church, by
MISS FLORENCE KOLLOCK.

[From the Universalist Messenger].

The poem which follows was handed to Miss Kollock by one of our staunchest friends, with the request that it be made the basis of a sermon. "The Life that Is to Be," was the response, and those who listened need no assurance of the eloquence and fitness of Miss Kollock's beautiful reply to the beautiful poem.

WHO WILL GUIDE MY SPIRIT HOME?

Evening shades had gathered round me
And the sun gone down the west;
Birds had ceased their evening carols,
Busy nature hushed to rest.
As beside the silent churchyard
Musing sat I there alone,
Thoughts like these came o'er me stealing,
Who will guide my spirit home?
Will it be some friend forgotten,
Whom on earth we loved so well?
That will guide me through the valley
To that land where loved ones dwell?
O, I long to solve the mystery,
When with angel forms I roam,
Who'll cross with me the swelling current?
Who will guide my spirit home?
When the shades of death draw round me,
Who will guide my spirit home?

THE SERMON.

Eighteen hundred years before Christ, Job asked the ever recurring question, "If a man die shall he live again?" yet in the Egyptian "Book of the Dead" Job's question was answered hundreds of years before it was asked.

Not only a hope of immortality, but a belief in immortality is as old as is the earliest record of the human mind—came, we may believe, with its dawning consciousness—came faintly, feebly, with the slow evolving of the intellect, reason, judgment, memory—came not as a revelation but through growth, through the power to think, reason, observe, compare, understand—came as the only reasonable solution of the fact of existence here.

Through all races, nations and tribes with rare and isolated exceptions, this idea of the soul's immortality found abundant expression. Buddhist priest and Persian sage, Grecian philosopher and Roman orator centuries before Christ held and taught this truth that reason and intuition together made it easy to accept.

While there have been periods in the history of all nations when doubt and disbelief have seemed to be in the ascendency yet the belief in the soul's immortal nature is like the tide of the incoming sea—it recedes only to return with greater power and register a higher water mark. The discussion is rapidly changing from the question of immortality itself to a consideration of the conditions of future existence.

Along with the general concession of the continuity of life, the science of Psychology has demonstrated the power of mind over mind and investigation along these lines has developed a stronger conviction of the soul's immortality and a growing belief in the power of the departed soul to still exert that influence over the mind embodied or disembodied that it has the power to exert while dwelling on earth.

This theory of the possible return of the departed is not new but is as old as human experience in the realm of religious thought. Taking the Bible as it reads there is no doctrine of Christianity that is so clearly and forcibly taught as this doctrine that the departed are not separated from the life of this earth—that death is but a liberation of the spirit and through this change it is endowed with larger powers which may be used to guide and instruct the blind and wayward ones of earth.

The birth of Jesus was proclaimed to the

watching shepherds by the angelic host. Angels sat at the empty sepulchre when the weeping Mary sought her lord. Paul and Peter, imprisoned by the Sadducees were liberated by an angel of God. That this beautiful bible doctrine is again, with the new generation of thinkers, being understood and interpreted is one of the mightiest impulses that can be given the truth of immortality.

Among those who are to-day contributing to the larger acceptance of this inspiring truth are some whom we all know, all honor, all love.

The Universalist church has enrolled amongst its members many grand and beautiful souls—none sweeter and stronger, however, none whose words and work better illustrated the teaching of the faith than the Cary sisters. It was this that lent inspiration to those songs that will sing their way into the lives of unborn generations.

Mary Clemmer Ames, in her biography of Alice Cary says:

"She was a Spiritualist in the highest meaning of the much abused term, and as every spiritually minded person must be in some sense and would be if no such thing as 'professional' Spiritualism had ever existed. No one can believe in the Testament—in God himself—and not in this sense be a Spiritualist. One cannot have faith in another and better world and not feel often that its borders lie very near to this; so near, indeed, that our dear ones who have gone thither may come back to us unseen, unheard, to walk as ministering angels by our side. This is the Spiritualism of Jesus and his disciples, and of holy men and women in all ages."

Never did woman live possessed of a more sturdy common-sense than Phoebe Cary. Nevertheless she spoke constantly of sympathy and communion with those whom death had taken, and yet she was much like our Frances Willard in getting the best she could from every source.

When I read her "Border Land," Tennyson's "Hermione," Longfellow's "Foot-steps of Angels," or Whittier's sweetest and noblest songs, I cannot but exclaim with Dr. Thomas, "Inspiration is continuous." But as to the question of the poem, "Who Shall Guide My Spirit Home," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, one of the best interpreters of Swedenborg's inspired thought, answers it in her series of charming and comforting stories, "Gates Ajar," "The Gates Beyond," and "The Gates Between." She tells how the soul is met and guided to that place where such influence will be thrown around it as to awaken the good, to kindle the spark of divinity into a glowing flame.

The guiding soul must always be a helpful, loving one, the closest and nearest we naturally think of all who have gone before.

If these sublime teachings are but one-half true—if God is a father and all souls at last in his own good time are to enter upon the rich inheritance of life everlasting, a life of happiness deeper, richer than the mind can conceive, as our doctrine of Universalism teaches—if all this is true, oh, friends, we can afford to be patient, to be loyal, to be true, to be forgiving, to be Christ-like in thought, in word and in deed; for it is promised us that "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for them that love him."

THE DEPARTED.

Comforting Words of Cheer.

"There is no flock however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireless hearth ever defended,
But one vacant chair!
"The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!"

Who among us has not some time laid away in the silent grave a cherished friend, whose love, like the tendrils of the vine, is twined around our hearts? But to Spiritualists, the demise of a loved one is not regarded with dread and horror as it is with other religionists; as we know we shall meet the immortals in the hereafter, and "know as we are known" when our weary forms of flesh shall likewise be at rest, and our spirits shall have reached the golden shore; yet we sorrow for the loved ones gone before, as mankind generally do, and long for their dear presence. When kindred souls are separated the loss seems irreparable, and it is impossible to fill the aching void left by their departure; and the question will arise, why am I thus afflicted? Even when those not so congenial are parted, we feel tenderly toward them; and forget their little inequalities of disposition and outbursts of temper; but we fondly remember the many acts of kindness and courtesy, and their loving words, and we wish that we could talk with them as of yore, and tell them how much we appreciate all that was noble, true and good in their character.

Mediumship, in whatever phase, is a glorious gift, and should be judiciously handled; but clairvoyance and clairaudience are paramount; for these mediums can see the spiritual forms and hold sweet communion with them; they also bring soothing and comfort to people who can not personally receive messages from the dear ones, not being so organized or developed to hold converse with the immortals who have the power of communicating with their earth friends, when they find willing and able instruments to serve their

purpose; and they assure us that life in the Great Beyond is full of sweet reunions with the cherished ones gone before. Let all skeptics investigate and be convinced.

MARIAN K. LA RANSIEUR.
Independence, Or.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

ELECTRICITY.

Dr. R. Greer's Views on its Currents.

Prof. Olney H. Richmond, speaking of electricity in a late issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, declares "that there is no current in the case of electricity; nothing passes along the wire but an effect," etc. Does the Professor fail to know that it is because the textile fabric of the wire has become so charged, saturated, or laden with the bounding presence of the fluid, that the wire is made to act like a vibrating chord or melody string? Of course there must be a current in the wire, for as water is pumped from a well, so electricity is taken from the atmosphere, for all the composite elements of electricity are in the treasury of the atmosphere. The Sun's forces and the Earth's magnetic aura are there, and if electricity be the product of magnetism, or if it takes magnetism to make electricity, then all the running device in the Dynamo has to do, is to attract and absorb it into its trap work, and by induction, transmit it over the psychical centres of the wire, in the form of gas.

It is the latent lines of subtle force in the wire or cohesive forces that are acted upon and that serve as carriers. Again, does the Professor fail to know, that the electric current in the wire, is so tangible that it is known by its measurements, in volts, ohms, and amperes, and therefore, the flashing presence of the current in the wire must exist; or if no current did exist, from whence could be obtained the dazzling incandescence and are lights? Why, Mr. Editor, there must be a current of electric light in the wire, for the flow is from the Dynamo, and while the wire pours out, the Dynamo pours in, and we can feel it at its poles, and see it at its outlets, glowing like the sunlight. My object is not to antagonize the Professor, but to call him out.

Dr. R. GREER.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

ELECTRICAL "CURRENTS."

Prof. Olney H. Richmond Gives His Views in Answer to Dr. R. Greer.

My attention has been called to an article by Dr. R. Greer wherein he takes exception to my statement in a recent lecture that "no current passes along the wire in the case of electricity, the phenomenon we call a current being only an effect." While I do not feel it incumbent upon me to defend myself and my views on scientific subjects by entering into any controversy through the papers, I will in this case explain my views a little. I am too busy to look up the authorities just now, so can only quote from a few authors I have handy.

To some extent, a lecture delivered by me a few weeks ago, and now in the hands of the editor of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER explains my views as to molecular and vibratory motion, and the nature of force in general. I respectfully refer the Doctor to that when it appears.

I am well aware that many scientists hold the same views as to "currents" in the case of electricity as does our friend, Dr. Greer; and I have no doubt he can quote ten authors to my one in support of his side of the argument. But in the face of all this, I must maintain that I am right, and trust to future investigations to sustain me.

Dr. Greer says:
"All the dynamo has to do is to attract and absorb it (electricity) into its trap work, and by induction, transmit it over the psychical centers of the wire, in the 'form of gas.'"

I think the idea of electricity being a "gas," or in fact any kind of material substance, is wholly untenable. Force is not matter, or a current of matter; but is, in my opinion, simply vibration of particles. The fact that heat, light, magnetism and electricity are all interchangeable and convertible, one into the other, goes far towards proving them to be all forms of vibratory motion. In the case of light and heat the facts are admitted by nearly all scientists, and with the other forces, many admit their vibratory character.

Parker's Philosophy, III. edition, p. 258, defines electricity as follows:

"Electricity is a name given to an insensible agent which pervades the material world, and which is visible only in its effects."

This is a good definition. When it is doing something, or effecting something, it can be cognized; otherwise not. When it becomes visible in the electric lamp, the "effect" passing along the wire has caused intense vibrations in the carbon of the lamp, because the molecules of carbon do not yield readily to the motion of vibration; or, in other words, it "resists" the "current."

Prof. A. E. Dolbear says, after making a full statement of the facts regarding electricity and magnetism:

"From all these cases we can come to

"but one conclusion, that both electricity and magnetism are but forms of motion; electricity being a form of motion in ordinary matter, for it cannot be made to pass through a vacuum, while magnetism must be a form of motion induced in the ether, for it is as effective in a vacuum as out of it; electricity always needing some material conductor; magnetism needing no more than do radiant heat and light." (The Telephone p. 57.)

Prof. Dolbear thus takes the same view as I do, and I think many other advanced thinkers hold the same views at present.

I will give a simple explanation of my theory of what constitutes a moving force which "resembles" a current, but is not one. Set up a row of bricks a few inches apart, and let them extend a rod or two. Now push over the first one so it will strike number two and tip it against number three, and so on to the end of the row.

Now the push given to number one is "force," and that force passes along the entire line by the tip of each brick in succession, like a current of some kind, and the last brick in the chain is capable of imparting a certain amount of energy by its fall to the ground. Set them up again, and tip the last, and the same "current" of force passes in the opposite direction, exactly analogous to the reversing of a current of electricity.

By this example we can readily see by the crude character of the articles used, that nothing material passes along the line of motion; only an effect. Transfer the same law to the invisible molecules of the iron or copper conductor, and conceive that each individual molecule "tips" or vibrates slightly, as the effect passes, and you have my theory of electrical, molecular vibrations.

O. H. RICHMOND.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

MRS. S. G. BONHAM.

The Productions Through Her Mediumship.

SHAKESPEARE—THE GRAND MASTER—NA-HOMKED—BUDDHA.

Allow me to call the attention of your readers to the fine artistic work of Mrs. Bonham, now located at No. 97, Fifth Ave., New York. Mrs. Bonham has been a medium for more than twenty-five years for the very highest and best forms of intellectual revelation. Possessing in herself a broad well cultivated mind, with a capacity to grasp and comprehend the profoundest truths, she has been used for the purpose of revealing the most comprehensive and deepest philosophies of human life. To students of the higher branches of the spiritual wisdom, her teachings are of extreme value, and always open new avenues to some higher and better developments. To her, nature seems to have lifted the veil which conceals the features of Truth, and exposed the beautiful principles upon which the universe is founded, and the law by which it is governed. But this is only incidental to the main purpose of this writing. All through Mrs. Bonham's life there has run, so to speak, an artistic vein, in following which she has been impelled to make some of the finest pictures of the living and the dead ever produced by the pencil in human hands. I speak strongly but I speak advisedly. A year or two ago, Mrs. Bonham produced a head of the Master Poet of all ages. It is unlike any Shakespeare of which we have any knowledge, wholly dissimilar to the Chandos or any other historical likeness, but is unmistakably the Divine face of the only human being who could have written Shakespeare's works. There are those who have said that it resembles Bacon more than it does Shakespeare, but be this as it may, it is a grand expression of the Divine in man.

A little later she made an ideal head of the great Master, "The light of the world," of which Mr. Frank Carpenter, the distinguished portrait artist, said, "I have seen all the heads of Christ from Raphael down. I have studied the subject thoroughly. I have made one myself, but Mrs. Bonham's excels them all."

Mrs. Bonham's head of Mohammed and of Kadija, his wife, are fine conceptions of the Arab type. Her several heads of Buddha are beautiful ideals of the Eastern Divinity. She also has on exhibition in her studio an excellent life size head of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, taken by her in London. Mrs. Bonham makes life size crayon and pastel portraits of the living as well as the dead. She only needs a common photograph to produce a life likeness of the subject which will be sure to please.

Spiritualists visiting New York should not fail to call on Mrs. Bonham.

GEO. A. SHUFFELDT.

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SATURDAY, SEP. 6, 1890.

OCCULT PHENOMENA.

It Occurs Among the Indians.

VICTORIA, B. C.—TRIBAL DANCES—STRANGE MANIFESTATIONS WITH FEATHERS—A LONG DECEASED KING—FISHER MANIFESTS LIFE.

Victoria, B. C., is a beautiful city of 25 thousand inhabitants. Its climate, its trees, its flowers, even its busy insects may well make the Englishmen feel at home for they are almost identical with those of the Southern counties of his native land.

The Island of Vancouver, though the home of Victoria, was not designed by nature to become a western England, for it is monopolized by mountains, and with valleys that are little more than gulches and ravines. Farming lands are very scarce; and much of the interior, though believed to be very rich in minerals, is unexplored, as the heavy timber with dense underbrush, and often the absence of water makes the prospector very unhappy. Along the coast valuable coal mines, near to good harbors, have been opened, and small settlements have grown into towns and villages.

Indian reservations are well protected by the government, and several tribes are not only living in comfort, but some are even growing wealthy. They are now availing themselves of the public schools and their children are becoming educated, but something of the savage yet lingers for the government still prohibits their tribal dances, as in their frenzied excitement they tortured both themselves and animals. A recent occurrence at Quamichan has aroused great attention here, as the Indian agent and the very respectable church members who looked on feel they witnessed the power of the devil rather than that of "Lo! the poor Indian."

A tribe from the western side of the Island were visiting their brethren in Quamichan, and it was proposed to celebrate the event by a "Feather Dance." As the Indian agent ascertained that it would be free from all such excitement as the law had forbidden, he gave his consent, and suggested that the dance should be held in the public hall of the village, and that the Indians should admit visitors, charging them 25 cents each. At the appointed hour a number of braves—called Bucks here—entered the hall, and one of them commenced the ceremony by placing a box in the center of the floor. It was a common cracker box, procured at a neighboring store, and with the manufacturer's stencil brand still upon it. He then poured two pails of water in it, which as the box had not been designed for a cistern, immediately ran out, and left the floor unpleasantly sloppy. Each Buck had a band round his head into which was stuck several feathers, the former property of a noble but unfortunate eagle. These feathers were dyed with a carefully artistic blending of colors, such as an eagle would scorn, but which marked them for their present owner. The dancers carried rattles, such as our little darlings use to keep sleepy parents from forgetting their duty.

The Indians now arranged themselves in a circle and the dance began; and with the jumping and shouting of the performers, and the infernal buzzing of those rattles, none of the spectators thought of singing "The Sweet Bye and Bye," as they waited and watched for the outcome of this excitement. Presently one of the dancers took a feather from the band around his head and cast it into the box. The thud of the quill as it struck the bottom could be heard above the noise made by the excited bucks. Each in turn cast in a feather until every head was stripped of its ornaments and the box contained all the glory.

The spectators were now startled and thrilled by beholding those feathers rise one by one from the box, and tremulously hover over it, at about the height of a man's head. As the dance went on each Buck in turn stretched out his hand, and selecting one of his own feathers returned it to its place in the band he wore round his head.

The audience were much excited, and as soon as the dance ceased, began an eager search for wires or threads to account for the strange behavior of the feathers. Nothing could be discovered, and the Indians repeated their dance three times with the same result, for every feather floated up from the box and remained in the air till it had been gathered by its owner. The spectators were so much gratified that a collection was taken up and the hall rent was paid, leaving the performers to count the admission fees as all profits.

A few days later another exhibition of similar occult power was given in an Indian tent. On this occasion a long deceased King-fisher—most wretchedly stuffed—was thrown from one brave to another. It presently began to utter harsh shrieks and squawks, and rising in the air fluttered to and fro till it settled on the end of a paddle whose blade had been driven into the earth floor before the performance began. For a time the bird swayed back and forth as if trying to balance himself, and then settled down quietly. The Indians now danced round it, and every now and then struck at it with their rattles, but that mummified king-fisher always avoided the blow by rising from the paddle and fluttering in the air, though soon returning to its perch.

These are exhibitions of mediumistic power amongst the Indians that I don't remember to have seen recorded before. The intelligence that can exercise such power in the light is probably dependent upon the presence of several mediums amongst the dancers. That it belongs to the Voodoo class of phenomena is almost certain, as most exhibitions by these Indians have had to be forbidden on account of their brutal nature. Tearing a poor dog to pieces with their teeth was one of the features that was slightly objected to.

I believe one of the spectators at the hall is now trying to form a band to give "Feather Dance" exhibitions throughout the country. If such conditions will permit, it will prove very attractive, although the press will of course ignore the spirit side of the performance and call it "clever jugglery."

So far as I know Vancouver's Island has no professional mediums unless these Indians can claim the title and the honor, but I have found several circles where clairvoyance, clairaudience, and trance mediumship is already developed. When my host, ex-mayor Fell, kindly urged me to become his guest and give a course of lectures, he expressed his fear that lectures without phenomena would not draw an audience in Victoria. But he was mistaken. Enthusiastic friends have gathered round me, and I have rarely experienced so warm-hearted a reception.

I am urged to return for at least three months as soon as I have finished my engagement to lecture at the camp meeting in Summerland in Southern California in October. Should I be able to accept I shall hope to gather other experiences that may be of interest to the many thousand readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

OUR FALL CAMPAIGN.

It is now inaugurated by commencing the publication of an impressive narrative, rich in spiritual truths, and calculated to interest and instruct. It is the production of the inspiration of Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, Ohio, and we are sure it will be instrumental in doing great good. Spiritualists, aid us in the grand work in which we are engaged; it is with us a labor of love; our only object being to elevate humanity. Tell your immediate friends what we propose to do; show them THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and ask them to subscribe for at least 16 weeks, and thus aid in the good work.

Our Attractions.

Not only will the narrative by Hudson Tuttle prove of great value to all who read it, but other attractions will also be of deep interest, bringing the people in contact with the leading minds of the present age. Being the organ of the movement, at the head of which stands Olney H. Richmond, whose occult knowledge probably excels that of any other man living, and containing the Rostrom articles, Essays, Sketches, etc., from other advanced thinkers, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER should visit every Spiritualist and Free Thinker in the United States. Those who do not take it will be left in the rear of the Car of Progress. Aid us now in extending its circulation—the beginning of our Fall Campaign. Every one can easily send on a Trial Subscription—25 cents for 16 weeks.

The Religion of Man and Ethics of Science, By Hudson Tuttle.

From Soul to Soul, By Emma Rood Tuttle.

The prompt and generous response made by the friends at the commencement of these volumes enabled their publication to be at once undertaken, and they will be ready for delivery Oct. 1st. Those who have not yet subscribed and desire to do so, are informed that they may obtain the books at the price of \$1 each, postpaid, until that date, after which the works will be only sold at the publisher's price of \$1.50. Address Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O.

Is It Asking Too Much?

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was inaugurated for the purpose of elevating humanity, and bringing each one in closer relations with the denizens of the Spirit-world. It is furnished at the lowest possible rates, and is within the reach of all. Is it asking too much of our present subscribers, for each one to obtain at once at least one trial subscription, so that a large number may have an opportunity of reading Hudson Tuttle's beautiful "Narrative of the Summer Land." A large edition will be struck off each week, so that all demands for back numbers can be supplied.

A General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers Doings, etc.

Charles Dawbarn, always clear-minded and a critical thinker, and not apt to make a mistake, makes some extraordinary statements in his article on "Occult Phenomena." That he saw what he says he did, we have no doubt.

Dr. James A. Bliss will as soon as he is able to travel, visit the New England States, remaining during the greater part of the fall and winter. He would like to give treatments, lectures, sittings for development and hold circles any where en route between Detroit and Boston. Write to him at 2324 Fifth St., Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore made a remarkable utterance at the closing meeting of the Universalist Grove meeting at Weirs, N. H. She said: "We believe that Jesus Christ rose from the dead. We believe that since then men have risen from the dead, and that hereafter resurrection will become more frequent. In our own belief, the time will come when it will be a common thing for a person to say that he has seen such a one who has been dead for perhaps five years. In this time the eyes will see visions not now dreamed of. The veil that separates us from the spiritual world will be from time to time removed and will allow us glimpses of spiritual things."

Gerda Pease writes from Colfax, Iowa: "The Spiritualists of Colfax held a very enjoyable meeting in Allen's grove recently. The forenoon was devoted to a social time, and after the disposal of a bountiful dinner we had music, select reading, recitations and singing. Then we were favored with an excellent address by D. W. Hull of this place. It was appreciated to such an extent that the friends made up a handsome donation on the spot, wholly unexpected by Mr. Hull. The friends here feel that he has received a new baptism of inspiration. Any one wanting a good practical speaker on Bible Spiritualism ought to communicate with D. W. Hull, Colfax, Iowa. He is ready to make engagements for the fall months. I cannot let this letter go without telling you how much all the Spiritualists here enjoy your paper. I think it is the best spiritual paper published—so much for so little."

Mrs. E. Cutler, platform test medium and psychometric reader, having returned from Cassadaga and other camps, and located at Parkland until the 12th of Sept., is ready to make engagements with societies for the season on liberal terms. Societies not able to pay speakers and mediums high prices, she will give them benefits to help build up their society. Mrs. Cutler has worked for the cause for twenty years.

Prof. L. G. Keys, the Astrologist writes: "I admire Prof. J. Rodas Buchanan though he is a little off on his dates. Difficulties will begin to assume some shape in this country about 1896 and 7; but the worst time will be about the end of 1912 and '13. In Europe, the worst troubles will be in 1901."

F. C. Lewis writes: "Allow me to ask what your great corps of deep thinking reformers are about that you do not speak out against the use of that infernal instrument of torture, the electric man-killer, conceived in the dark abodes of some revengeful heart, and brought forth to supercede the 'gallows.'"

A private gathering for spiritual unfoldment will be held at the residence of Mrs. E. Marion, 1804 Indiana Ave., every Thursday evening at eight o'clock. All who are desirous of cultivating their highest faculties and wish to be led by the spirit, are invited to attend.

The People's Spiritual Society service, held at 2:30 P. M., the 24th inst. at Bricklayers' Hall, 93 Peoria street, was attended by a large audience. Dr. Lewis delivered a lecture on the "Physical Basis of Ethics." Miss Thomas responded under control and spoke acceptably, also gave many tests. Mrs. Jennifer read a very interesting letter from Bro. Avery to the society. Brother Johnson read a very interesting letter to the people of Chicago from a departed sister. Mrs. Grainger and Mrs. Moram gave some fine tests. The Silver Tone Quartette was present and sang some very fine songs. Mr. Ingham, of Cleveland, made some remarks and gave some tests. L. H. Sawyer closed the meeting with a few strong remarks.

H. E. Evarts, of the National Military Home, Kansas, writes: "Our little society is doing very well. We have two good clairvoyant and trance speakers, James T. Bailen and Mr. Farror. There will be a meeting at Mr. Duett's, near Wallula, Sept. 27 and 28. Good speakers are expected to be there."

Several gentlemen are sending in their subscriptions for the THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for two years, the last one being J. H. McDonald, of this city. He says: "I am not a Spiritualist in the strict sense of the word, but merely a sort of progressive thinker; yet I have read your spiritual journal with infinite interest and pleasure, and I hope with profit, for I think I have learned therefrom some new and beautiful things."

A subscriber writes as follows with reference to the camp-meeting at South Haven, Mich.: "The camp-meeting at South Haven, Mich., was not largely attended, as it was the first meeting, and little preparation made for it; yet it was a good beginning, and if followed up, may be a grand success, as they have a fine grove, and all the elements, which needs only a little energy on the part of the managers to make it a popular camping ground. Moses and Mattie Hull and Mr. Moulton were the speakers, and did their work well, and the meetings increased in interest toward the last. A very effective work has been done, and good seed sown on, we trust, good ground, which shall bear fruit fifty and a hundred fold. We are glad to know that a Chicago medium, Mrs. S. J. Cutter, 369 West Fulton St., was there, and made many warm friends for herself and the Cause by her private readings, which were highly appreciated. The citizens of South Haven deserve the thanks of the Spiritualists for the use of their hall and park."

Jos. Wolff, of Boulder, Col., writes: "Through your kindness, I presume, I have received several sample copies of your paper. With it I was always favorably impressed, but as I was already taking the Banner, Better Way, Truth Seeker and Free Thought, I naturally concluded these would furnish all I needed in the line of "cranky" ideas. However, when I read in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of Aug. 16th the masterly article of Mr. Richmond and your just and fearless comments thereon, I thought it my duty to hold up the hands of honest and fearless workers to the extent, at least, of becoming a regular subscriber. You have my hearty good will, and can count on me as a regular subscriber hereafter."

Bishop A. Beals lectures at Toledo, O., during the month of September, and all communications can be addressed to him at 2018 Locust St.

W. D. Moore, of Decatur, Iowa, writes: "I have been taking the Religio-Philosophical Journal for twenty years, and have noticed the old mediums and writers dropping off one by one, until there is not a corporal's guard left. I am glad to read Richmond's defense. I got only one side before I knew your paper. It will be a grand success. I send you one subscriber, and others will follow."

I. N. Campbell, of Fairport, Mo., writes: "I have taken several different papers treating upon this heaven-born philosophy, but so far, your paper takes the lead, in my way of thinking. I see a short letter in the issue of Aug. 9 from J. Lindsay, of Grand Rapids, Mich., in regard to the mediumship of his wife. I for one can testify to the truthfulness of his statement, for I have received many good communications through her, while she, with closed eyes reads from the little black tablet or cloth. She has other fine phases, such as drawing, painting flowers upon velvet cloth, improvising words and music, and singing while under control from subjects given her."

CAMP MEETING AT MANTUA STATION, OHIO.

The session of the Michigan, Ohio, and Indiana, Spiritual and Religious Association, held here from the 19th of July to the 4th of August, was a decided success, and the result was a permanent organization, principally through the effective and untiring efforts of D. M. King of the Northern Ohio Department, with a charter membership of about eighty, all active, earnest workers. Officers for one year as follows: Lewis King, President, Mantua Station, O.; C. M. Danforth, Vice-President, Hudson, O.; F. G. Wilson, Secretary, Mantua Station, O.; L. E. Bosley, Treasurer, Mesopotamia, O.

Trustees: Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y.; J. H. Robinson, Lockport, N. Y.; D. M. King, Mantua Station; Miss Lillie Lane, Braceville, O.; Chester Clapp, E. Clarindon, O.; Alfred Richard, Blanco, O.; Ezra G. Ohi, Middlefield, O.; Joel Gilbert, Shalersville, O.; Mason Tilden, Garretttsville, O.; these nine, with the other officers to constitute a Board of Management, who will meet to consider some business at Middlefield, O., Town Hall, September 7, 1:30 P. M., that being the annual meeting and reunion of the various societies of Geauga Co., O. A permanent camp site at or near Mantua Station, for future meetings will be considered, and all members and others interested are requested to be present, that the greater good to the greatest number may result.

It would not be proper or just to publish a report without giving honor and credit to all those connected with and aiding this move towards a higher culture and elevation of man: to the manager, the lecturers, and mediums, all of whom done their work unselfishly and so well; to the musicians, who lent such a pure and helpful inspiration, harmonizing any and all impairing conditions, is special mention due. The vocal quartette consisted of Prof. F. Plum, leader; Mrs. Jessie G. Barber, soprano; Mrs. Fred Barber, alto; Mrs. B. B. Wilson, soprano and pianist, and they gave entire satisfaction in every respect.

The Clair Tuttle Dramatic Company proved to be all that was advertised, and much more and finer and more attractive stage work is seldom seen or heard anywhere, and contributed largely to the camp success. Prof. George Flint, court reporter from Mt. Vernon, O., reported the proceedings of the session, lectures, seances, etc., and will issue the same soon in pamphlet form at 10 cents per copy, and at lower rates in quantities. These printed reports will form a most interesting and valued annex to forward this Tri-State Association to great success, and is worth many times the small cost, and can be had when ready of the publisher, Mt. Vernon, O., or of the Secretary, and notice will be given promptly. To the editor of Mantua Herald and citizens of Mantua and vicinity, the sincere thanks of the managers is extended for their very cordial and generous support of this primitive effort to establish this much needed work in Northern Ohio. May this encouragement continue in a greater and more earnest degree as the future brings the necessity.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was well represented at the news stand and became a prime favorite with both the management and attendants for the clean, clear, and purifying thought it affords to its many readers. It is indeed a tower of spiritual strength, a safe and sure guide to progress. The proper study for mankind is man, both here and hereafter, and to this ultimate purpose this report is very respectfully submitted. For further information as to the camp or if becoming a member for the year 1891, thereby securing all the privileges and benefits it brings, read the pamphlet referred to or address:

Yours Respectfully,

F. G. WILSON, Secy., Box 39,
Mantua Station, O.,
LEWIS KING, Pres.

THE SOUTH HAVEN MEETING.

The Spiritualists of Southwestern Michigan met in convention at South Haven, August 8. On the 9th in the afternoon the meeting was called to order by the President, L. S. Burdick, and all had the pleasure of listening to Hon. Mr. Moulton on the subject of evolution, and his deep scientific thoughts rolled like waves through the audi-

ence. On the 10th in the morning his subject was on Investigation, and he then showed why and how humanity was gradually climbing up the ladder of Progress. His next discourse was from subjects taken from the audience and they were handled to the satisfaction of all present. Monday he gave a parting address. He gave us some facts concerning the Reid case that all were interested in. One has to hear him to know the great depth of the man. A pen cannot do him justice. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Hull came, full of good things, to give us the remainder of the time. I will give his subjects and then all who know him will realize what a feast we all had. Monday night, Spiritualism and Spiritism; Tuesday night, Evolution in Government, Society and Religion; Wednesday night, Jesus and the Mediums or Christ and Spiritualism; Thursday afternoon, Death and its Tomorrow; Friday afternoon, The Benefit of Spiritualism to the Spirit-world; Friday night, Moral Tendency of Spiritualism; Saturday afternoon, God's Revelation, What it is Not and What it Is; Saturday night, Capital and Labor, or the Necessity of Nationalism; Sunday afternoon, Biblical and Modern Spirit Manifestations Compared; Sunday night, The Mission of Spiritualism. Mrs. Hull filled in the unoccupied time with some fine lectures, choosing her subjects in perfect harmony with his, only more on the spiritual side of life. She gave us some of her improvised poems that all seemed to enjoy.

The meetings were not as large as we had anticipated, but were very harmonious, and all went away feeling better for having been there.

The election of officers for the coming year resulted:—L. S. Burdick of Texas, Kalamazoo county, President; Mrs. A. J. Davis of Hartford, Vice-President; Mrs. R. A. Sheffer of South Haven, Secretary; and Mrs. Lottie Warner of Paw Paw, Treasurer.

MRS. R. A. SHEFFER, Secy.

VICKSBURG CAMP.

Since our last writing, a feast of reason and flow of soul continues to bless the guests in the camp at Frazer's Grove, Vicksburg. Sunday morning, Aug. 24th, large audiences greeted our speakers, Hon. L. V. Moulton delivering two addresses, and Mrs. H. M. Gladding one.

The lectures were of the very highest order, intellectually and spiritually. Conference still remains a leading feature of the meeting, creating harmony and friendship. There have been some grand tests given this year by different mediums: Mrs. D. F. Smith, Mrs. Rowe, Mrs. Hansen, Mrs. Lindsey, Mrs. C. P. Estell, Dr. Ferris, Mrs. Gladding, and D. M. King. Dr. Caird, of Chicago, ranks among the first as a healer.

The literary entertainment given by the young people Saturday evening was a decided success, it being a very commendable effort on the part of those rendering it: Mrs. Jackson, Mr. and Miss Hughes, Miss Fuller, Miss Frazer, Dr. and Mrs. Ferris, Miss Thrume, Mrs. Snyder, Mrs. Zigler, Mr. Herren, Mr. Adams, and Dr. Caird.

The following greeting was adopted Sunday at our meeting, to be sent to different camps and publications.

MISS E. P. DEMING, Secretary.

IN CAMP, VICKSBURG, MICH., Aug. 24, 1890:

We, the Vicksburg, Spiritualist Religious Association, and also Michigan, Ohio and Indiana Spiritual and Religious Camp-Meeting Association, in camp assembled, hereby send greeting to all the friends assembled at Hazlett Park, Cassadaga, and elsewhere, congratulating them and ourselves for the success of the various meetings, lectures, the many tests, and the harmony prevailing, hereby pledging our cordial sympathy and good will and full co-operation in the good work of realizing the higher and better life, here and hereafter, and the demonstration of immortality and spirit communion to the world.

Committee: { W. S. WANDELL,
D. M. KING and
MRS. EMILY P. DEMING.

LAKE PLEASANT CAMP.

Great throngs continue to come here. Last Sunday, large audiences assembled morning and afternoon in the auditorium, to greet Mr. A. E. Tisdale and Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, who gave brilliant lectures. I have not had the pleasure of listening to but few of the many good things given from the platform, for the reason that I am here to treat the sick and am engaged most of the time at the cottage. Mr. Frank Baxter and Fred L. H. Willis are the last speakers of the season, the meeting closing Sunday, August 31. Mrs. E. C. Kimball, of Lawrence, Mass., platform test medium, has rendered some fine work here. I also desire to mention in this connection Dr. W. B. Mills, of Saratoga, N. Y. The Doctor is a fine test medium. Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, also of Westfield, N. Y., a frequent visitor to this camp, is pronounced on all hands as a fine medium, giving striking tests. She leaves here for Queen City Park Camp, Lake Champlain, next Monday, Aug. 27, there is promised a grand attraction here on the lake, a boat race. There is also to visit the camp a large Odd Fellows' excursion the same date, and on Saturday evening, Aug. 30, a grand display of fire works will take place. Thus closes one of the most successful and enjoyable meetings spiritually and physically, for many seasons.

W. H. VORBURGH,

Magnetic Physician, Troy, N. Y.

The Arena for September.

Contents: Right Hon. Wm. Gladstone, frontispiece; Senator John T. Morgan, "The Race Question"; Rev. Samuel W. Dike, LL. D., "Uniform Marriage and Divorce Laws"; Richard Hodgson, LL. D., "Psychical Research"; Charles Croighton, A. M., M. D., "Vaccination: A Scientific Inquiry"; Walter Lewin, "Robert Owen at New Lanark"; Thomas P. Gorman, "The Dominion's Original Sin"; No-Name Series, No. 7, "Divine Progress"; James Realf, Jr., "The Greatest Living Englishman." Notes on Living Problems: Allan B. Lincoln, "High License and High Taxes"; Sylvester Baxter, "Legislative Degeneracy in Massachusetts"; J. De Perry Davis, Mu-

nicipal Government. Editorial Notes. "A Broader View of Education"; "Psychical Problems"; "The Greatest Thing in the World." Terms \$5 per year. Address: the Arena Publishing Co., Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

WAS JESUS CHRIST A MYTH?

BY J. P. COWLES, M. D.

This question is now fairly before the people, and upon its final issue hang momentous results; for Jesus Christ is the corner-stone, the foundation rock upon which the whole Christian church is built. The claim of the church is either true or false. If the former, it is a grand, glorious truth; if the latter, it is one of the most stupendous frauds that was ever perpetrated upon the human race.

After patient and laborious research, the writer has long since become thoroughly convinced that Jesus Christ is a myth, and the sooner the world knows it the better. In offering a few reasons for my faith, I can only glance at some of them, and point the readers to sources of information, so that they can investigate for themselves. For our own part, the Bible is sufficient to settle this question.

One of the most prominent Congregational clergymen of this city not long since said to his church and people: "I have for a long time been anxious to be able to say to my church and people that I can no longer hold that the account of the creation and the fall of man, as recorded in the book of Genesis, is a historical fact; but simply a poem," or words to that effect. There are other leading clergymen who have expressed the same opinion, and others still who would utter the same thoughts if they had the courage of their convictions.

As the mission of Jesus is wholly and entirely founded upon the fall of man through Adam,—destroy the truthfulness of this first story, and all necessity for a Christ is removed.

Examine all the passages in the New Testament quoted from the old, designated as prophecies of the coming of Jesus Christ, and compare the two, and the investigator will find that not one of those so-called prophecies has the remotest reference to Jesus, and here is contained all the proof (1) that such a person ever had an existence, except tradition. But some one will say that the Jewish historian, Josephus, mentions him. We deny it. There appears, however, about a printer's square in Josephus speaking of Jesus, but of this, the learned De Quincey well said: "All men not lunatics have given up this passage as Josephus as a forgery." [Quoted from Dr. G. W. Brown.]

There is not a life insurance company in this or any other country that would pay a life policy on such doubtful testimony. If such events as darkness over the earth for three hours during the time of daylight, earthquakes, rocks rending, the dead rising from their graves and appearing to many, at or near the time the crucifixion took place, think you not that Josephus would have made some mention of it?

The truth of this whole matter in brief, is simply this:

Somewhere between the first and fourth centuries, the pagan priesthood had become very corrupt. The story of their licentious crimes would cause a hardened sinner to blush. They taught a belief in many gods, and that these gods instructed them (the priests) to do as they did. The people became dissatisfied with the pagan religion. The priests held a private council, to see what could be done. It was determined to invent a new religion. Taking the myths of Egypt and India as a cue, they formulated the Christian religion, which was formally adopted at the council of Nice in 425 A. D., and in order to cover up their nefarious work, they destroyed all religious histories on which they could lay their hands that would in any way expose the fraud. Paganism merged into papacy, which was followed by a thousand years, more or less, of dark ages; the first ray of light penetrating the darkness came from Martin Luther, but with him, as with all other reformers since, they discard one error in which they were educated and cling to many, so that at the present day a mythical Jesus forms the foundation of all orthodox churches, and is worshipped as a God; while liberal churches, many Spiritualists, Agnostics and so-called infidels give countenance to the fraud by acknowledging Jesus as a very good man or ancient medium.

There is no question but that the belief in Jesus as a God, either supreme or inferior, or as a good ancient medium, is the greatest barrier which now exists in the way of progress in thought and ideas; and it is passing strange that any man or woman who claims to be a Spiritualist can entertain the thought for a moment, when the most reliable mediums of the present day have declared him a myth. But the proof of our position from other sources is all-sufficient.

The most complete work upon this and kindred topics, that has come to our notice, is "Researches in Oriental History," by G. W. Brown, M. D., Rockford, Ill., and advertised in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Every thoughtful person should not only read this book, but study it. Better by far that we enter the Summer-land as an agnostic or an infidel than to be weighed with errors of such magnitude.

Hartford, Ct., 391 Maine St.

Charles Dawbarn has been astonishing the natives of Victoria, B. C., with his progressive lectures. While there he was the guest of Mayor Fell, and he lectured in his hall.

LIBERAL LECTURES.

The Liberal Lectures by A. B. French are embraced in a volume of 140 pages. They contain rare gems of thought, beautifully expressed, and will enrich any mind that is brought in contact with them. Thousands who have listened to this gifted speaker will want to see his thoughts in print, and come more directly in contact with them than by the sound of his voice. The following constitutes the table of contents: 1.—Conflicts of Life. 2.—The Power and Permanence of Ideas. 3.—The Unknown. 4.—Anniversary Address.—The Religion of Our Age. 5.—The Spiritual Return: its Duties and Dangers. 6.—What is Truth? 7.—The Future of Spiritualism. 10.—The Emancipation Proclamation. Price, 50 cents. For sale at the office.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

LIFE.

Its Uses and Abuses.

THE GREAT END OF LIFE—ASCETICISM AND LIBERTINISM—THE RELIGIOUS BEGGAR—NATURE AND FORGIVENESS—COMPENSATION AND RETRIBUTION.

Life is God and God is life. The world is full of life, because God is everywhere—immanent in all nature. He moves in the waters, and they are full of life—living creatures. He moves in the land, and it is filled with life, vegetable and animal, culminating in the conscious, cosmic life of man.

We live, not because we will to live, but because the God-life permeates our being, and makes us living, active, conscious creatures, after his own image and likeness. "In God we live, move and have our being." He manifests himself in us by giving us his life and attributes. We can not conceive of an attribute in him that is not in ourselves in some degree. We work because God works. Jesus says: "My father worketh hitherto, and I work." The great end of life is to unfold the soul-life and divine attributes within us. Instinct leads the lower animals to seek the amount of enjoyment in which their limited life consists, and that is mostly bounded by food, shelter and safety. Human life is larger, and therefore man in his search after happiness takes a wider range and has a larger experience. Jesus says: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." To awake to consciousness is to have life, and to increase in moral and spiritual consciousness is to have life more abundantly. Notwithstanding man's high prerogatives he is not perfect; if he was he could not progress; but he finds in progression the reward of his struggle with the weakness of the flesh and his aspirations to higher conditions of life.

Assuming that man is divine as well as human, made in the image of God, possessing in a finite degree the attributes of Deity, that his life is the gift of God, and that every part of his nature is provided for by that "faithful Creator" who would not, and did not, send him here without those necessities, and therefore they are his rightful inheritance,—the question is, what is the true method of living?

George Sackville says: "Everything good trims between extremes." The two extremes in human life are asceticism and libertinism. There is such a thing as being "righteous overmuch." The ascetic, by laying aside the common relative duties of life, which belong to his place and station, to advance himself, as he thinks, in personal holiness by secluding himself from the world instead of helping his brother man to "press forward and climb upward along the mountain side of life," not only refuses to help others, but deprives himself of that beautiful growth of soul which arises from the fulfillment of the royal law of love. Nothing can be more repulsive to a healthy, well-organized mind than a religious beggar, who contravenes all the laws of social life, and offers to God a service, or a want of service, that would disgrace a brute. "The abuse of religion dangerously undermines the foundations of moral virtue."

On the other hand, the libertine repudiates all moral obligation, ignores the spiritual and divine side of his organism, and indulges without restraint in those things which have been fitly characterized as "earthly, sensual, devilish," regardless even of their effects on the physical body, violating the natural laws of health; but as Gerald Massey says: "Nature knows nothing of forgiveness of sins," but allows him to reap as he sows, till he finds that the wages of sin is death, and its auxiliaries all kinds of sickness and disability; and the happiness he sought from his reckless physical indulgences eludes his grasp like a shadow, and leaves him a helpless wreck, without comfort for the present or hope for the future.

Compared with this, how beautifully grand is the life adjusted to the harmony of truth, love, justice and reciprocity; whose every act is governed by moderation; who is capable of the highest religious emotion without fanaticism, and able to enjoy the greatest physical, social and intellectual pleasure without violating the law of the spirit. Apropos to this subject are the beautiful and touching words of Gibbon: "In our present state of existence the body is so inseparably connected with the soul that it seems to be our interest to taste with innocence and moderation the enjoyments of which that faithful companion is susceptible." The connection between body and soul being that of partnership makes their interests and happiness mutual. Every enjoyment that is good for the body is consistent with and agreeable to the law of the soul and spirit; and the innocence and moderation in physical enjoyments required by the soul is no less necessary for the health and comfort of the body.

On the other hand, immoderate physical indulgences, instead of making the body happy, brings to it disease, misery, and often premature decay and death, and deprives the soul of that growth and unfolding which is the paramount object of its union with the body in earth life.

Our happiness is not the main object of life, but a natural and necessary sequence of life's duties well performed. If a child sets out to seek its own pleasure and happiness, regardless of its obligations to the parents or guardians on whom it depends for instruction and guidance, its perverse course of life will neutralize its pleasure and make it unhappy; and the proper chastisement administered by a wise and faithful guardian, though intended for, and productive of good to the child, yet it causes suffering, and will explain why we suffer under the discipline of God and Nature for the violation of the laws of our own being.

In the great divine law of Nature there is compensation and retribution connected with every act of life, as effects follow their causes, and we cannot violate the law without enduring the penalty; but the compensation is as sure to follow obedience as retribution is to follow transgression. One writer sums it up in six words—"Obey and enjoy; transgress and suffer."

There is not a turn in life that is not

fruitful in either happiness or misery, as we live well or ill. Food and drink are necessary for the sustenance of physical life, yet overeating produces disease and causes suffering, and immoderate drinking is the most common form of vice. Reproduction is essential to the existence and perpetuity of every creature that reproduces its kind, and the human being alone violates and abuses this law and makes it the occasion of the deepest degradation. Money is good in itself, and "answers all things," yet "the love of it is the root of all evil." Power, though good in itself, the abuse of it has filled the world with bloodshed, slavery, and poverty. If man, like the ignorant, foolish child, will cater to his worse material self (usually called the devil) instead of making it subservient to his higher and diviner nature, the result will be in accordance with his conduct—disappointment and unhappiness, because the law is: "As ye sow so shall ye also reap."

Man has in his organism all the elements of the cherubim and seraphim, shining in glory before the throne of the Supreme Majesty that governs the universe. The highest archangels in the supernal spheres are nothing more nor less than human beings who have attained through progressive evolutionary development from the lowest point of human existence; and this is the privilege and destiny of all who by the virtuous exercise of their faculties seek to fulfill the end and design of their being.

Chicago, Ill.

R. NEELY.

BOWING TO BUDDHISM.

Parisians Search its Mysteries.

STRONG CURRENT TOWARD THE INDIAN RELIGION AND SPIRITUALISM—A LONGING FOR REST FOLLOWS A PERIOD OF DOUBT AND UNCERTAINTY—STRANGE DOCTRINES.

The *Chicago Herald* gives a communication from Paris, France, which contains many items of interest. The writer goes on to say: Every few years a mad sort of a wind passes over the earth, and for a while the world is unduly excited. Then it is Spiritualism or the Advents that turned people's heads; now occultism and Buddhism are the "boulangeries" of a philosophy that is more or less beyond my understanding. Buddhism is especially a la mode just now, and whatever may be the doctrine itself, an audience greedy for something new, and fond of exotism, lends eager attention to the semi-weekly lectures that Leon de Rosny is giving at the Ecole des Hautes-Etudes. M. de Rosny is not himself a Buddhist, but he is a learned oriental scholar, and is impartially exposing the doctrines of that ancient religion. "I would never have supposed," said he, the other afternoon, "that this impassioned and enthusiastic faith would take such extension in France as it has, and I attribute its success to the uneasiness of souls desirous of finding relief and repose after a period of doubt and uncertainty. The object of my lectures is, however, nothing more than a scientific study of the doctrines of Buddha, and the explanation of the sacred texts connected therewith, and yet a great many of my hearers seem to expect something more than dissertations of pure erudition. What they appear to want is to penetrate the mystery of this Indian religion, haunted as it is by the supernatural, and it is right there, in the mystic tendency of modern minds towards occultism, that is to be found the danger of the great Buddhist movement which we are witnessing at the present day."

EXISTED LONG BEFORE CHRISTIANITY. In itself, Buddhism is an admirable doctrine, that embraces everything. What renders it wonderfully sympathetic is that in the truths of science there is nothing against it, for even the primary principles of those truths are contained in Buddhism. Moreover, the doctrine of transformation can be found in its entirety in it, a religion that existed five centuries before the Christian era. It can even be said that Christianity is derived from Buddhism, and there are those who pretend that Jesus had knowledge of these Indian revelations. Buddhism does not consist in the adoration of a fat bronze idol with twenty arms, such as we see in museums; it is a kind of religious pantheism with successive degrees of initiation, but the pure principles of its philosophy are complicated with all sorts of supernatural beliefs—a system of the evolution of the world through seven planets, Spiritualism, hypnotism, and things that make persons believe in magic powers.

TWELVE MILLION OCCULTISTS. As for the occultists, look out for them on the day after to-morrow, for on that day they are, by a sort of psychological effort called "soul communion," to be brought together in all countries at the same moment, calculated, of course, according to different latitudes. There are said to be 12,000,000 occultists on this terrestrial globe; 10,000,000 of them are in North, Central and South America; 60,000 are in France, and there are 35,000 in Paris. Of all occult beliefs, Spiritualism is that which includes the most followers; this is, perhaps, because it is less speculative and more experimental than others. In September last, at the Spiritualistic Congress held here in Paris, delegates were present from many countries, and they represented over 140,000 believers. In France, and especially in Paris, the occultist movement is particularly varied in form; indeed it comprises numerous schools, all agreed, however, on two important questions, that of the immortality of the soul, and that of the possible intercourse between the dead and the living. At the head of these schools, and worthy of mention—and this by the very reason of the largely eclectic spirit which presides at its organization—is the independent group of esoteric students, placed under the direction of a special review called *L'Initiation*, whose inspirer is "Papus," the modern magician. This group possesses, besides this monthly review, a fortnightly paper, the *Voile d'Isis*, also local organs in the principal towns of France, and it comprises members belonging to all branches of occultism.

DOCTRINE OF THE KABBALISTS. Outside of Spiritualism, the most important occult group is that of the initiated, who follow the Kabbalist doctrine; the representatives best known to the public at the

present moment are Stanislas de Guaita, Sar Josephin Paladan, Charles Bartlett and the Marquis de Saint-Yves d'Alveydre. The claim of the kabbale doctrine is that it gives the secret and scientific sense of the Bible, something which the first translators, the Essenes, only gave the third meaning of, the sole one that could be placed before the uninitiated. The key to the esoteric interpretation of the book of Genesis is found in the Sepher Yetzirah and in the Zohar, and this represents Moses as an inspired priest of Osiris. Alongside of the kabbalists, and marching with them in beauty of doctrine, are the Buddhists, less numerous, however, than the others, but advantageously compensating for their numerical inferiority by the personal value of their believers. These have the *Revue Theosophique* as their special organ; it is directed by the Countess Gaston d'Adhemar, one of the most beautiful ladies in Paris, and whom French occultists consider as the coming defender in France of their doctrine in its didactic principles.

DUCHESS POMAR'S SPIRIT VISITOR.

Theosophy is a science quite identical with that of kabbale, but it searches for its key of information in the Sanscrit instead of in Hebrew writings. In France Theosophists form two bodies—the "Société Theosophique d'Orient et d'Occident," directed by the Duchess of Pomar, and the "Société Theosophique Hermes," whose official representative is "Papus." The Duchess is a woman of remarkable intelligence. Granddaughter of the youngest son of the Marquis of Northampton, who went to Spain after his marriage with a Catholic lady and daughter of a Spanish nobleman, she married the Count de Pomar, who afterward, thanks to the pope, became duke of that name. Four years after the duke's death, and while in England attending to her son's education, the duchess gave her hand in marriage to Lord Barroghill, chief of the Sinclair clan, fourteenth earl of Caithness, but what has become of him is more than I can say at the present writing. The duchess lives in Paris the greater part of the year, on the thither edge of the Plain of Monceau, and in a mansion that has all the magnificence of the middle ages. But the severity of the apartments is brightened up by frequent balls and receptions. A low door ornamented with the inscription of "Salle des Gardes" in Gothic letters opens on a staircase with oaken banisters that leads to the higher stories. Up there is a large room which is set apart for the exclusive use of Marie Stuart. In one of her works the duchess tells us of an audience which was accorded her by that unfortunate queen one night in the ruins of Holyrood:

"I lifted my train and marched solemnly and with respect over the tombs of my husband's family, in the center of what was once the nave. It was a night of intense darkness. Only the twinkling of stars rendered the ground visible. Never had that chapel, so charming in days of yore, appeared more beautiful than at that moment. The resounding notes of the organ and oboe, the sound of harp, lute, lyre, of all the instruments which formerly vibrated under these rafters, were replaced by a solemn silence. Whilst dreaming thus I had reached the glorious eastern window, where used to stand the high altar, but which now looks out on green grass and broken tombs. I knelt on one of them, and raising my eyes and thoughts towards heaven, fervently prayed for some time for my sweet guardian angel, who, as I was told, knelt in the very same place in all the beauty of a young bride when she engaged her faith to Darnley. His tomb was under the cloisters on my right, and near the entrance door I had passed by that of the poor murdered David Rizzio. 'Where are they all now?' I cried aloud. 'Where are you, my dearly beloved, always beautiful, my precious Marie?' 'Here, with you,' answered a sweet voice by my side, and when I turned round I perceived a vague, undecided form, more like cloud or a gray fog than a living being, but which gradually took whiter and more tangible shape. 'You see that I have kept my word,' continued she, and then she began to speak, and pronounced one of the most sublime discourses I have ever heard."

President of the Theosophical Society for the Orient and for the Occident, the duchess speaks of her friends and relations beyond the grave with such simplicity and an admiration so communicative that one is tempted to solicit the honor of presentation to some of them. But she really becomes animated only when appeal is made to her spiritualistic preoccupations, or to her knowledge of eastern dogmas. She exposes her doctrines, confirms her belief, proclaims her admiration, mocks at the fatality of the world with indulgent delicacy, reduces the most abstruse questions to the level of elegant conversation, doses her courteous benevolence with considerable tact, singularizes her language by a picturesque locution and a British accent that gives her words the vivacity of modern chatter, and quite exempt from all pedantry, fairly warbles Spiritualism and metaphysics.

Spiritualism, pure and simple, will in the course of time, supersede all other religions, of whatever name. It may be concealed by some other name, and do a grand work, yet it never loses its distinct qualities.

JES TRICE.

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

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AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL CONGRESS.

Officers:—R. B. Westbrook, President; F. C. Mende, Treasurer; Ida C. Craddock, Corresponding Secretary.

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FOURTEENTH ANNUAL CONGRESS. The Fourteenth Annual Congress of the American Secular Union has been appointed by the Board of Directors to meet at Portsmouth, Ohio, on Friday evening, October 31st, 1890, and to continue its sessions on the Saturday and Sunday following.

The meetings will be held in the Grand Opera House, corner of Sixth and Court Streets, and the orchestra of the establishment has been engaged for the occasion. Due notice will be given of the proposed reduction in railroad, steamboat and hotel fares.

Portsmouth is situated on the Ohio River, one hundred miles east of Cincinnati, and one hundred miles south of Columbus, and has extensive and convenient railway connections with the whole country. It is a port of foreign entry, and is distinguished for its numerous and magnificent manufacturing industries. It has a population exceeding fifteen thousand (15,000), has twenty churches, the Ohio Military Academy and a splendid system of graded schools. The Ohio Valley Fair is held there annually; and several English and German papers, daily and weekly, are published in the city.

The members and friends of the American Secular Union are sure of a hearty welcome, not only from our enterprising local auxiliary, but also from the citizens at large.

The object of the American Secular Union, as is well known, is to secure the total separation of Church and State in fact and in form, to the end that equal rights in religion, genuine morality in politics, and freedom, virtue and brotherhood be established, protected and perpetuated. While we unite on what is commonly known as the "Nine Demands of Secularism," we propose to emphasize the following at the coming Congress:

1. The equitable taxation of church property in common with other property.
2. The total discontinuance of religious instruction and worship in the public schools, and especially the reading of any Bible.
3. The repeal and prevention of all laws enforcing the observance of Sunday as a religious institution, rather than an economic one, justified by physiological and other secular reasons.
4. The cessation of all appropriations of the public funds for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character.

The American Secular Union is strictly unsectarian and non-partisan in both religion and politics, but will use any and all honorable means to secure its objects as above stated. It is not either publicly or privately committed to the advancement of any system of religious belief or disbelief, but heartily welcomes all persons, of whatever faith, to its membership, on the basis of "no union of Church and State." The word "secular" is here used in the broadest sense, as applied to the State, and not to any system of religion or philosophy.

So discuss these questions in an orderly and friendly manner, and to devise ways and means to promote these objects, let us come together at this Congress, as Free-thinkers, Spiritualists, Unitarians, Universalists, Free Religionists, Quakers, Progressive Jews and Liberal Christians, and laying aside our peculiar views on religious questions, unite as American citizens on the one broad platform of *no union of Church and State*, and the complete administration of our secular government on purely secular principles.

The National Reform Association, having for its object the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the State by constitutional enactment; the American Sabbath Union, working for the enforcement, by legislation, of the Jewish and Puritanic Sabbath on our free citizens; the Women's Christian Temperance Union, endorsing the platform and policy of both these organizations; the churches, both Catholic and Protestant, insisting through their ecclesiastical bodies upon the complete exemption of church property from just taxation, as well as the appropriation of public money for religious schools and other sectarian institutions; all these, and many others which might be mentioned, are imperiling our constitutional liberties. Every true Liberal and Patriot, whether man or woman, should feel called upon to aid in organizing an effective opposition to these nefarious schemes.

Due notice will be given of the selection of eminent speakers from all portions of the United States and Canada, and a free platform will be given to all persons who may have a word to say for pure state secularization. All, without exception, are welcome to this Congress in the wide-awake little city in the valley of the beautiful Ohio.

R. B. Westbrook, President.
Attest: Ida C. Craddock, Secy.
Philadelphia, Sept. 1st, 1890.

Wentworth Grove Annual Meeting.

In spite of Christian prayers for rain to drown the Spiritualists out, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 23d. and 24th., could not have been better for a grove meeting if they had been made to order. The woods were full of people, the number variously estimated from two to five thousand. This grove is about four miles from Hicksville, Ohio, and two of its most distinguished citizens were present on Sunday, Rev. N. C. Cary and Hon. A. P. Edgerton, ex-member of Congress. I was happily surprised to meet Bro. G. W. Kates and wife, who took a prominent part in the work of the day. Prof. Kates rendered in exquisite style Lizzie Doten's two famous poems, "Will it Pay," and "Peter McGuire." His lecture Sunday

afternoon on "Prejudice" was able and eloquent and should be heard and heeded by the million. Mrs. Kates, entranced, delivered an eloquent and stirring discourse on "Spiritualism, the hope of the World," the subject being presented after she was entranced. Her readings and tests were good and nearly all correct as attested by the persons addressed. She is direct and decisive in manner and when she has made her point passes to another with little waste of time. She held the audience in more wrapt silence and manifest interest than any other speaker. The music was exceptionally excellent. Such a choir of trained singers I rarely meet at any meeting. Their selections were choice, the time perfect, voices rich and sweet, and the execution artistic and impressive. There were nine of them, and not a note jarred or dragged. Such a choir make success of any meeting. *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, Better Way, Banner of Light and R. P. Journal*, were all represented and noticed from the platform.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

BACK TO GRIGGSBY'S STATION.

Pap's got his patent right, and rich as all creation;
But where's the peace and comfort that we all had before!
Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby Station—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!
The likes of us a-livin' here! It's just a mortal pity
To see us in this great, big house, with carpets on the stairs,
And the pump right in the kitchen; and the city!
city! city!
And nothing but the city all around us every-where!
Climb clean above the roof and look from the steeple,
And never see a robin, nor a beech or elm tree!
And right here, in earshot of at least a thousand people,
And none that neighbors with us or we want to go and see!
Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby Station—
Back where the latch-string's a-hangin' from the door,
And every neighbor 'round the place is dear as a relation—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore!
I want to see the Wigginses—the whole kit and billy,
A-drivin up from Shallow Ford to stay the Sunday through!
And I want to see 'em hitchin' at their son-in-law's and pili!
Out there at Lily Ellen's like they used to do!
I want to see the piece quilts that Jones girl is a-makin'
And I want to pester Laury 'bout their freckled-haired hand,
And joke about the widower she came purt' nigh a-takin'
Till her pap got his pension 'lowed in time to save his land.
Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby Station—
Back where's nothin' aggravin' any more,
She's away safe in the wood around the old location—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore.
I want to see Marjiny and help her with her sewin'
And hear her talk so lovin' of her man that's dead and gone.
And stand up with Emanuel, to show me how he's growin'
And smile as I have saw her 'fore she put her mournin' on.
And I want to see the Samples on the old lower Eighty,
Where John, our oldest boy, he was took and buried—
His own sake and Katy's—and I want to cry with Katy,
As she reads all his letters over, writ from the war.
What's in all this grand life and high situation,
And nary pink nor hollyhaws bloom'ing in the door!
Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby Station—
Back where we used to be so happy and so pore.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

"THE SUN."

Its Relation to the Days.

TO THE EDITOR:—I was recently accosted by an intelligent neighbor, asking "What was the matter with the weather, and especially with the sun? Did not the sun get much further north in the summer than it used to when were boys?" He felt sure it did.

No! The sun's apparent annual path in the sky is along the ecliptic now as then; that is, in the plane of the earth's orbit around the sun himself. It always will be thus "till the sun grows cold," and the leaves of the judgment book unfold," as the poet puts it. About that *Book I* will not enlarge; but this may be said: Old mother earth is revolving her annual circuit at the rate of more than one thousand miles per minute—she has made her run up to time—once a year for untold ages. She is not to be knocked out like a base-ball man.

The plane of her orbit has remained as a steady floor, without warping or twisting, yet with a well understood vibration, back and forth within very narrow limits—never more than eleven seconds of arc in a century—a movement so small that nothing but the most refined instruments may detect the change.

Therefore it is, that, popularly speaking, the sun's apparent path is permanent and that he attained his northern limit at the summer solstice (about June 21st.), just as far north of the equator when we were boys, as now. And also, then as now at any other specified time of year, he arose and set at the very same points in the horizon, on the same parallels of latitude.

To repeat: The number of hours each day from sunrise to sunset, depends upon the latitude of the place we live at and the time of year by which we know the declination of the sun. And yet there are circumstances modifying the lengths of days not generally appreciated even amongst intelligent and well informed persons.

For instance, while most people are aware that when the sun is crossing the equator at the equinoxes (say about March 21st), the days and nights are equal, 12 hours long the world over; yet it may not have occurred to many, that when the sun's declination increases northward, and at places having an increased north-latitude, both increments combine to extend the length of the day for all places north of the equator—the further north the more—while the equatorial day varies in length but little.

To illustrate: On the arrival of June 21st., as the sun reaches its extreme north declination—the summer solstice—and along or about the parallel of 40 degrees of north latitude, say Philadelphia, Washington and thence westward across the continent not far below Chicago, or eastward across the Atlantic and on by Lisbon, Madrid, Rome, etc., the day is about 14 hours and 50 minutes long from sun to sun; while at Alaska, about 60 degrees north latitude and thence across North America, by the southern cape of Greenland, and onward to Stockholm, St. Petersburg, etc., the sun shines on the same day about eighteen and one half hours.

To illustrate further: On the 10th day of August, soon after which your readers may note this paper, ye "Chicagoans" and your parallel of latitude (plus 42 degrees) will en-

joy sunshine, above or below the clouds, for nearly 14 hours, while Alaska and its parallel of about 60 degrees latitude on the same day will still have, say 15 hours and three quarters wherein *sunlight may sun themselves*.

It is a nice yet simple problem in astronomy, by using the sun's declination given for each day in all good almanacs, and the latitude of each place you wish, taken from an Atlas, to deduce the exact length of the day to each place not already found in the almanacs.

It will be curious and instructive to learn hence how rapidly as we approach the polar circle, the hours of sunshine in each day increase, until (at the summer solstice, June 21st, as named above) on passing through "Behring's Straights" we may see the "midnight sun" and our day become 24 hours in length; or if we still press on northward, we will have no sunset for many days.

J. G. JACKSON.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

WORDS OF CHEER.

Victory Over Superstition Triumphant.

The clergy, universally, oppose the encroachments of secularism on the sacredness of the Sabbath. And, why? Is it not apparent to every one, it is because any use of the day than attending church, and contributing a share of the week's earnings to its support, abridges that much the pecuniary receipts of the minister, and lessens his ability to maintain a *godly* life? Certainly the masses see it in this light; hence every appeal for more rigid Sunday laws, and every effort to prevent the people from enjoying their natural freedom on that day, arouses greater opposition to the tyranny of the system which labors to enslave them.

Again: The clergy are constantly warring on what they are pleased to term "secret societies." From the pulpit and the religious press, directed by the Pope at Rome, we find a constant warfare waged on Masonry, on the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, and on all organizations of a like character, whose expressed object is the mutual assistance of each other in calamities common to humanity, and the up-building of good morals. This hostility has not retarded to any extent the increase of membership in those organizations; on the contrary it has stimulated them to greater activity in promulgating the advantages of their Orders, thereby greatly augmenting their numbers and usefulness, and so far, defeating the objects of the Church; for men are so constituted they naturally oppose those institutions which array themselves against measures they deem necessary to their own happiness, the welfare of their families, and for the best good of society. A few may continue to "lick the hand that smites them," but the great majority withdraw their patronage from the priest, and cling the more closely to the brotherhood which throws its protection around them, their home, and all they hold dear. As these organizations are made up almost wholly of males, it, in part, explains why so few of the sterner sex are found inside the Church.

It is very safe to state that all this antagonism by the professedly religious to healthful outdoor exercise on Sunday, all this snobbish opposition to railroad travel, and of opening the postoffice for the convenience of the business public, all the diatribes against the "horrible oaths" of secret societies, and appeals for more general attendance on Sunday preaching and larger contributions, excite to thought; and this thought ends in open hostility to the Church and its narrow, bigoted and selfish teachings.

As freedom in the past, in this country, has owed its safety to the discordant elements among Christians, and the jealousy and aggressions of sects on each other, so its future is guaranteed by those independent secret organizations, against which the impotent are hurling their holy anathemas.

Every bull of the Pope, every pastoral letter of a bishop, every blast of a religious functionary, every move to control government, to break down the common school system, to retard education, to hold the people in thrall, is an aid to the liberalizing of the world, and hastens the end of priestly rule. Turn the eye which way we will, hope is in the ascendant. We have only to bear a steady hand, press firmly forward, keep the elevation and ennobling of humanity ever in the van, and victory over superstition is soon triumphant. G. W. BROWN, M. D.

Rockford, Ill.

John Ulrich Passed to Spirit Life.

Dr. John Ulrich passed to the higher life from Buffalo, New York, the 12th ult. He had been a sufferer from a chronic disease for years. He was a magnetic healer of note, a kind, loving husband, an indulgent father, of unblemished integrity, and always anxious to do all the good in the world that lay in his power. For years he had been a firm believer in the spiritual Philosophy, and what we call "death" had had to him no terror.

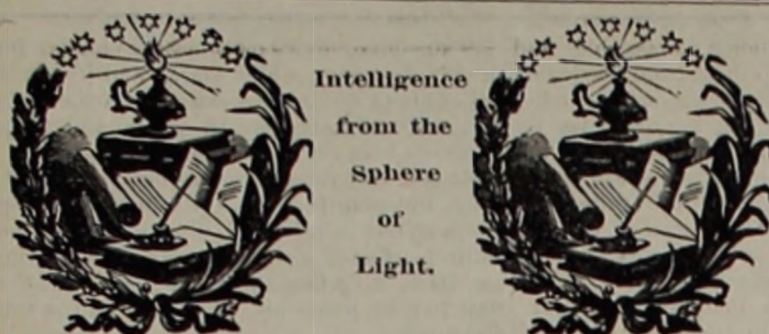
Some years since he married Mrs. E. J. Markee, known all over the continent as a phase, including materializing. The following was given to her by her controls as applicable to the occasion, so said to her and the relatives and friends, but so blissful to him as ushering him into a life free from care and pain and where the opportunities for doing good so much surpass those of earth:

Oh, how happy our dear one,
As the soft peace fills his mind,
For the spirit has left it
The pain-ladened casement,
The weary body behind.

Oh! the days of affliction,
And the nights full of pain,
And the bright crystal river
In his view flowing ever
Past God's City, over the main.
Dearest, we need not meet thee,
When life's brief day has sped;
And the time of our sorrow
Will end on the morrow,
And parting tears no more be shed.
F. N. FRIZZ.

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A NARRATIVE OF THE SUMMER-LAND.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Author of *Arcana of Nature; Origin and Development of Man; Career of Religious Ideas and Ethics of Science; Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science*, etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE INTRODUCTION.

If 'tis true
As ancient said, we were two wandering halves
Until we found each other, then a whole
We've blended in a unit, which to part
Would be to crush us both.
Life's Passion Story.

True spiritual growth garners the present for future needs; enjoying the present life, because such is best for future welfare. This is the moral of this narrative.

How baleful the light of passion! how it blasts! The human spirit is like a mirror, bright as burnished silver held in the hand of a child, reflecting every thought and deed, day by day. Day by day the Present overshadows the Past, and the outlines of the old become more dimly defined.

At times the mirror is beautiful when thoughts white as snow are written thereon, with pictures lovely as Eden. At other times the black cloud overspreads all its face and the demon eye of lightning stares baleful from the mist.

There are pictures of joy, of misery, of pleasure, of pain, of duties done and neglected, successes and defeats, of anticipations and regrets in wonderful kaleidoscopic changes; and the child and the man and the world think that the new writing with its sharply drawn images, ever blots out the old, and that the fading outlines disappear forever.

But there comes a day when the child, having ascended the pathway of life and descended, reaches the head-lands overlooking the Mystic Sea which laves with sullen waves the shores of life and death. The dawning light from the remote horizon is caught by the mirror and it becomes ablaze.

Every thought, every image which has beautified or darkened its fair face, appears in an ineffaceable panorama. The recording angel has allowed no erasure, and all the world may read the Open Book.

Leon and Hero were drawn together by the harmonious similarity and diversity which create and intensify the attractions of love and bind the spirit in eternal matehood. Their home was in a secluded vale surrounded by lofty mountains, yet near a great metropolis where civilization flowed at its highest, and they enjoyed the pleasures of retired rural life, and the benefits of a populous district. Wild and awe-inspiring scenes environed their retreat, while the retirement and secure ease was a source of pleasure and a means of elevation. Drawn together by the gentle gravitation of love; united by the ties of harmony; content with the little world of happiness each found in the other, and the never-ending delight surrounding nature afforded, their cottage was a paradise where Eden was again revived.

Their home was really such as the children of the Orient pictures in the land of dreams—such as cultured minds would be expected to create. Surrounded by overshadowing trees, tall oaks, graceful elms and drooping willows, entwined with tendrils of the loving vine, decorated with a great variety of choicest flowers, the useful blended with the ornamental, until the embowered cottage seemed the residence of some sylvan goddess, who weary with the cares of restless life, had employed all the means at her command to create a favorite seat.

They fully enjoyed the beauties lavished by nature and lived to learn and love, unmindful of the throbs of the great world. True, perhaps, there was a loss in this manner of life. Leon as a man of affairs acquired neither fame nor credit. On the contrary he was regarded as an enthusiast, a mystic, a sentimental dreamer. This is the verdict of the worldly crowd on all those whom they do not understand, because withdrawn from their crude and ignoble ways of thought. Theirs was true marriage, the institution of nature, yielding untold pleasures, the perversion of which produces the most fearful misery the human heart can suffer. No sweetness like that of true spiritual marriage; no bitterness as bitter as false unions on the plane of convenience or desire. In the wedding of congenial souls, each blends with the other, in mutual oneness of thought, feeling, sentiment and aspiration while the individuality of both is intensified.

When the Creator had laid the foundation of the earth and reared the pillars of the heavens, overarched with its splendor of stars, in an Eden of perfect happiness, amid the opulent bloom of flowers, making the air sweet with perfume, he united man and woman in marriage. They were to mutually support each other; to share each other's burdens, to enjoy each other's pleasures, and walk the paths of the new world hand in hand, and heart beating to heart, actuated by a common purpose. This ideal union has become more and more actualized with advancing civilization, with the refinement of intellect and purity of morals, until we can look forward to that grand civilization which will recognize perfect equality between man and woman; the husband and wife, with perfect trust and exclusive love, walking the path of life, realizing the Eden of the dreaming past in the wreath of joy that ever the dull realities of the present give them.

Marriage is thus the foundation of social life, of the home, and all that word implies. There is no other in the language around which cluster such a host of delicate fancies which recall such a flood of memories! We remember the stories related by the blaze of the evening fire, by our dear old father; the songs sang by our sainted mother; the lullaby which hushed our infantile petfulness and the hymns which first lifted our souls to heavenly things. "A mother is more than a thousand fathers," and the sweetest of all words is wife, for it implies a world of blessedness from the day she was a blushing maiden, through the long years of devoted motherhood, to the tender care with which she gives her last kiss to the pale and silent lips of the companion of her life journey.

They had two children, bright, beautiful, joyous, the embodiment of health, now grown to the estate of manhood and womanhood, and gone out like fledged birds to seek what the great world had in store for them.

Well developed minds have an intuitive belief in immortality. The pure spirit feels the prompting assurance of a glorious future, of which the present is a shadow; it cherishes the truthful conception that death will not sever the ties of affection. Fully recognizing this, Leon and Hero looked forward with joy to the hour of dissolution. Not that they wished to die, or leave the cares of this life, but they knew that the change would be for the better, and when their task was finished on earth, they wished to renew their lives in other scenes. Perfect happiness is limited amid the jarring scenes of earth. It rests shortly and moves on. There is but one assurance, that all things will change; nothing will endure forever, and the purest joy has its clouds.

They grew old together; not in spirit, for that never feels the pangs of decay; but the years fell on their physical forms, and the frosts whitened and paled. It should be a joy to grow old; to feel the ripeness and full fruition of the years! What a glad fact it is that as we approach the West the days shorten and time rushes with ever accelerated pace! The weeks are days and the days hours, all too short for the work we wish to crowd into them. In life's morning the day before us stretched out and away into the dim vista, and at night the morning seemed so far away we forgot its events. There was infinite time, and we wondered at people who had no time. What became of their time? How did they dispose of it, when time to us was the most cheap and common. The steep ascent of the mountain of life was laborious, but we soon had burdens laid on us, and duties which we were compelled to perform. Our pathway over the flinty rocks had to be hewn with our own hands, the way cleared, and day by day came new cares, and to do all that was required of us filled full the measure

of each day. Then the time shortened. Then we understood the necessity of haste. We reached the summit. The whole way had been up hill. The sun has come to the meridian and shines with increasing splendor. We can pause for a brief moment on the grand divide, and while the past stretches down the slope into the grey East, to the west, away to the remote sky-line, is our future. If the sun low down casts lengthening shadows, we hurry and are hurried on to the nearing goal, feeling that though weary, there is not time remaining to perform all that there is for us to do. Such a vast amount of obligations, such intimate dependencies reach out near and remote, it seems we have done little else than contract alliances, and gather the sheaves for others to thresh the grain.

The sun passes into the golden glory of the West, and our journey is now not up a toilsome path, but descends by gentle inclinations. We have learned the grand lesson of doing, of sustained effort, and what were burdens become delights. We have double lives, a conscious present, and the delicious memories of the past. We stir the embers of recollection, and they flame with beauty, for even from our remembered pain there comes a sad pleasure, and life has many joys. If we have lived rightly we have learned time is measured by actions, and have gained the meaning of the legend carved over the grand central entrance of the Cathedral of Milan: "That only is important which is eternal." Religion has taught us with her silvery voice of charity to little purpose if the affairs of this life do not begin to merge into the boundless realm that extends in mystery beyond the clouds of life's setting sun.

Age had rested lightly on those of whom we write, but the hour of the great transition came. Hero's gentle spirit was first to close her eyes on the scenes of this life, and awake to the eternal realities. Spirits of departed friends welcomed her to the higher sphere, and her love found sympathy in the hosts of resplendent beings who surrounded her. Joy of joys! No barrier separated her from her beloved, except that of invisibility. She could approach him when she wished, and when dark thoughts clouded his agitated heart, she soothed him with her gentle influence, changing his thoughts by turning them toward heaven. How cheering the belief in guardian angels! It lifts the soul above the mists of sorrow to feel the presence of the loved ones who have passed from earth—from mortal gaze, but who nevertheless live in a far brighter sphere amid the light of the source of love, and for the affection they bear their friends on earth, come and solace them in time of trial, and ennoble them with great truths. It is a blessed belief which purifies and intensifies the life.

The Angel of Death, who really is the angel of the Resurrection, waited not long before he again visited the cottage. Leon is to cross the limits of the two worlds. There is nothing to draw him back from the threshold of the unseen land. Children, family, friends, and a thousand cares generally bind the striving soul to earth, but his children he had educated, and beheld them all rightly directed in life. The family tie was severed; nothing remained.

A spirit in this condition softly sinks away to sleep, but the agonies caused by its striving to remain after death is inevitable and terrible. All his attractions are beyond the grave. His second self has passed through the "shadow and the vale" before him, and he must pass its mythic terrors before he can behold her angel purity. His being folds inward, and the deep sleep of the transmutation comes slowly on. Oblivion hovers over all things. All perception for the time is gone. Hours pass away, and he awakes from his dream-state to full consciousness, to hear his name spoken in endearing accents.

"Leon, it is I. Do you not recognize your Hero? I who went before you, and who now with your friends have come to welcome you to your new home! Take this robe, finer it is than the gossamer, setting to shame the purple of eastern fable; wear it, it is your habiliment, similar to ours."

So suddenly and unexpectedly did the brilliant reality burst upon his vision that he stood in speechless astonishment. With an effort he called the name of Hero, as he threw his arms around her. Do spirits weep? Ah! there is a pain in joy itself which sooner forces tears to strong eyes than grief.

"Realization of my former fancies, am I eternally to enjoy such bliss as this? Can, can this be reality; or is it delusive fancy which gives my dreams form and substance?"

"Leon, this is no hallucination. Our belief was true, and all that you now see and feel is but a drop compared with the ocean of delight in store. You have yet to behold the groves and bowers; murmuring streams and dashing waterfalls; the rose-hued landscapes; the continual delight of our new home. Here, too, are the joyous and enlightened companions with whom I have passed my hours while tarrying for you. They have been my guides, instructors and friends, they are now yours. We have much to learn before we go onward, for my longer stay here has advanced me further than you in the ways of spiritual life."

"Then I am to detain you here until I become equally proficient! Ah! I cannot ask you to make such sacrifice. Go on in the ways of light, while I struggle on as best I may, sometime I shall overtake you in the ascending ladder of light."

"Oh! speak not thus. Are not our destinies bound together by inviolable laws? Shall these ties be broken? In all that I have learned I will instruct you, and together we will go on in progress."

"But the sacrifice you make is too great and I am not so selfish as to ask it."

"You will see it in a different light, for what I have acquired relates to the spirit's home, and in teaching you we shall journey through its vast domain, enjoying the sweetest pleasure."

"Where are we now? Oh! have I not quitted my own room yet! How long am I to remain?"

"No longer than you desire. Every spirit follows its own inclination; some go away immediately, while others are so engrossed in the cares of life as to remain around the old homestead or familiar places for years. You having no such attractions, may at once depart to our new home, and become acquainted with your new associates."

Passing upward with the attendant spirits, Leon found himself far, far above the Earth. Through the breaks in the clouds he saw the green fields and mountain slopes beneath him. With soul thrilled with pleasure he gazed on the gorgeous panorama which met his astonished sight. His cottage with its garden became a mote and disappeared in the distance.

"Hero," he said, "are you not sad to leave that spot where we have passed so many happy days? I must confess it produces on me unpleasant feelings."

"Should the butterfly regret its caterpillar state?" she responded. "Should it lament how many sunny days it passed in the shade of the old oak, and gnawed the acrid leaves? It has wings now and can swiftly fly from flower to flower. Its sunniest day in the oak was passed in eating the rough leaves; now it can sip honey from the flowers the day long, and the heavens are far brighter than before."

"Is the change I have undergone so great? Will the pleasures of this life so completely eclipse the enjoyment of my previous state, that all its happy hours will be forgotten?"

"Not forgotten, but surpassed. If you believe not my words, look around you and become assured. We are in the Sphere of Light."

He gazed about him, and beheld the Spirit-world in all its ethereal beauty.

"This the Spirit-home? Why, the floor is of earth! The plants are true plants! I can grasp them; and yonder the far expanding ocean reflects the azure sky, while from its crested waves a zephyr comes to fan my brow! Am I dreaming? Such beauty and transparency can belong alone to the ideal!"

"My beloved, this is no fancy, but reality. This is land, that is water, these are plants. You are not deceived in the least. I do not wonder at your incredulity. I have seen those who for years thought themselves dreaming, and no argument could persuade them that they were not. One I knew who kept a memorandum of every occurrence for a long time, that when consciousness returned he might relate all he had heard and seen to his friends. Remember that this world corresponds to the lower world, as a reflection in a mirror, and that spirits hold the same relations to spiritual substance that man holds to physical matter, and you will soon comprehend the reality of these scenes."

"You, I already accept as a reality! How am I to learn the ways of this higher life?"

"I am extremely glad that in your progress such desires should fill your mind. You would know from whence came this sphere, by what laws it is governed, and all the other mysteries of nature usually denominated spiritual. All this I do not feel capable of expounding. I might, through mistake or misunderstanding, lead you into errors. This is our first lesson in our renewed lives. It seems as though we were renewed or restored to each other, for although much of the time after my departure from my earthly form I was near you, yet you did not seem to me as now.

The impenetrable veil which concealed me from you only rent by impressions often fully understood, clouded my brightest hours. I am pleased with your inquiries. My first object is to lead you to the dwelling of one whose acquaintance has greatly aided me in my advancement. He is to aid you likewise in ascending the embowered pathway of the light."

"And who is this benevolent spirit who so interests himself in our welfare as to neglect himself to advance us?"

"Oh, he is an ancient sage, well known by his Portico and school. He taught erroneous doctrines then; he is right now. His name is The Sage."



WOMEN AND HOME.

How a Mistake and Misstep Redeemed two Men.

I. It was not long ago that a gentleman said to me—he was in wine—"Johnny, I will take your best bouquet—that big one on a tray, fit to be the bridal bed of Eve—if you will carry it to this address."

"All right, boss," was my response, as I took his \$10 bill, and observed a rather devilish light in his eye, while he wrote a name on a card. It was a beam of the light that shone in the eye of Cain as the discriminating flame of heaven spelt past his offering and blazed on Abel's altar.

However, I wasn't particular about what was going on in his mind, and he slipped the card in the bouquet, and I started off to deliver it. Stopping close by to change my note and eat a bit of lunch, a good many people gathered near the great prize bouquet and began to talk about it, and so, whether some jealous rival stole that card, or whether I had dropped it on the street, the card was missing when I took up the great salver of flowers again.

I hastened back to the place where I had met the gentleman. He had gone away in a carriage. I told my trouble to the hotel clerk, and he said, "Pshaw! take it to his wife. He is no sporting man."

Now, that gentleman I knew, by an accident of passing his house, and had often admired the inflexible, the solitary, the lofty and self-radiant quality in him. He was kind to his inferiors, manly to his equals, haughty to his superiors. About once or twice a year he showed liquor in his eyes, as if Cain had bred on Abel's stock, and a little liquor brought out the consanguinity. I said to myself: "These flowers will wither for which I have been paid. I believe he meant to send them to his wife, and I will take them."

I rang the door bell of his house and asked for the lady. Shown into the parlor I saw my buyer's picture over the mantel. The house was not expensively furnished, but looked like the abode of perseverance in some moderately-compensating profession, and slow but gaining conquest on half fortune. A lady entered the parlor and beheld the flowers. She turned to me and said:

"Who are these for?"

"For you, madame."

"For me?" Her face flushed. "Who has dared to send flowers to me?"

I saw I was in for it somewhere, and there was no safety but in consistent lying. "Your husband sent them Mrs.—"

I had heard his name and felt that this was his wife.

"My husband!" Her voice faltered.

"How came he to send me flowers? Have you not made a mistake?"

"No, madame. He has never bought flowers of me before. He is not a customer of gallantry. There is no mistake about it."

She seemed all fluttered, like a widow told that her husband had returned to life. Looking now at the flowers, again at his portrait, her eyes dilated, her temples thrummed. She walked to me like a woman of authority and under some high mental excitement. Looking into my eyes she said:

"What did my husband say?"

"He said, madame, 'I have not made a present to my dear wife for years. Business and care have arisen between us. Take her these flowers, that their blossoms may dispel the winter from our hearts and make us young again.'"

She turned to the bouquet and rained her tears upon it. An orange bud she took, all blinded so, and hid it in her bosom. She sank upon her knees, and laid her head among the flowers to let their coolness refresh her parched, neglected heart, and sobbed the joy of love and confidence again. I stole away like a citizen of the world.

As I went up the street and stopped at the same hotel, the husband was there. "Johnny," said he, "did you deliver the bouquet?"

"Yes, I took it to your wife."

"To my wife?"

"Yes; boss, you are too good a man to wander as you wished to go. Go home. The ice is broken. Your wife is full of gratitude. Saved by a mistake, embrace the blessed opening made for both of you; plant those rich blossoms on the grave of estrangement and, in the words of the great good book, 'cling to the wife of thy youth.'"

He staggered a moment, looked as if he ought to knock me down, and rushed from the place.

Next day I met her upon his arm.

"Johnny," he said, "bring her as big a bouquet every week, and save one scarlet rose for me!"

II

The above narrative by Gath in the N. Y. Tribune illustrates an important truth. In the course of human events it frequently happens that the affections are diverted from the beautiful channel in which they should flow, and become corrupted with the slime of some siren's touch. The wife, bearing the burdens of life, rearing children, and assuming the heavy duties of domestic life, often becomes faded, careworn, destitute of the vivacity of youth, and then it is frequently the case that the husband's affections become estranged. He fails to

realize that the grandeur of her soul scintillates in her children, like sunbeams in crystals, and that radiations from her own self-sacrificing nature has strengthened and nourished them as emanations from the sun, earth, atmosphere and lake had nourished fields, flower gardens and lawns, and made them beam with new-born beauties.

There was Alice Gray, who lived in one of our large cities. She had reared seven children—four lovely daughters and three stalwart boys. She was no longer beautiful; her cheeks were faded, like autumn leaves upon a tree; her eyes had lost their youthful brilliancy, and the clouds of despair seemed to nestle therein, as if to tell a tale of misery. Her countenance had assumed a hue of agonizing despair, and her existence appeared to be one cheerless night. Her life, the refined essence of her benign spirit, the intellectual diamonds of her plastic mind, the flowers nesting in the Garden of her Soul, all had contributed to enrich her children's natures, and prepare them for future usefulness in life. While she had their united love, which clustered around her, forming a citadel of strength, she found that the affections of her husband had been diverted to other sources by an adventurously siren, and she cast upon a bleak and desolate shore. What grander sight than a mother fading into her children! What more beautiful picture than the presentation of her self-sacrificing nature, building up the physical structure of seven souls, radiant with youth, beauty, intelligence and vivacity, and when that grand work is consummated, the affections of a husband withdrawn, just as the sun once was from the Northern regions, leaving desolation in its stead. There is grandeur in such a mother's soul, far surpassing the loftiest imagination of poet or seer, and she felt the degradation of her position, and the disgrace which would come to her and her children unless the siren's fascination over her husband was broken. What should she do? What scheme could she devise to break the horrible satanic charm?

III

But as a misstep in life had estranged a husband from his wife, and a mistake reunited them, so had a misstep in life estranged the husband of Alice Gray, and a mistake in not fully guarding his footsteps, led to his returning to his first love. Returning one night from his siren's room, he made a misstep, fell, and striking against the pavement, he became unconscious. He was soon discovered, taken home, and a physician summoned, who worked over him for hours without being able to resuscitate the spark of life. Finally a faint breath was discernible; the pulse again beat, the heart throbbed, and John Gray awoke again to a new life, to a new world, to grander realizations, to a home radiant with divine affection. His wife was tenderly watching by his side when faint gleams of life returned, her soul scintillating with the same affection for him as when on a summer morn thirty years before, she had given all to him on the bridal altar. It was not long then before the full tide of consciousness returned, and a new world was disclosed to this recreant husband. The air seemed balmy, the atmosphere of home more radiant with the sunshine of love; the apple blossoms before his window had new charms, and the flower garden appeared to have borrowed new colors from the fields of paradise. His wife seemed to him beautiful again; her voice possessed its old charms; her ways were sweetness itself; her benign influence was like the radiance of an angel, and clasping her in his arms, he kissed her as he did on the bridal morn when their hearts beat as one, and that venerable wife and mother seemed to become young and radiant again. To his children he freely conversed and affectionately caressed them, and one would think that John Gray had had a foretaste of heaven. There was rejoicing in that family! There were anthems of praise that went forth like sweet melodies from angel's lips! A soul had been redeemed! a family had been reunited, and the grandeur of God's providence displayed. From that time, the siren's influence over John Gray had departed; a misstep in life had saved him. As told by himself: After the serious accident when he was returning from the room of his siren, he lost for a time all consciousness. Then he had a singular dream. He appeared to be on a bed, surrounded by relatives who had passed to spirit life, and who kindly and tenderly ministered unto him. His own angelic guardian stood by his side, and with sweet smiles of recognition and love tenderly greeted him, and then chided him for neglecting his noble wife, who, though faded, was the embodiment of angelic perfection. Her virtues, her self-sacrificing spirit; her amiable qualities and devotion to her children were pointed out as the attributes of angels, while the influence of this siren was represented as a slimy serpent, coiling itself around its victim, and which if not abandoned, would finally ruin him. Raising her hands in an attitude of prayer, and with face upturned, while all around her were standing in reverent awe, his guardian invoked the blessings of God upon this recreant child of earth until his soul almost burst with anguish over his wayward steps.

At that moment he awakened from what he regarded as a dream, surrounded by his physician and family—a changed man!

IV.

Thus a mistake saved one, and a misstep another. Where was discord, now reigns love, peacefulness and rest, and a venerable mother sits enshrined in a halo of light, the emanations from her husband and children, and the family altar, untarnished by the influence of a siren, is a fit place for the angels to congregate and give forth their benign influences.

John R. Francis

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