

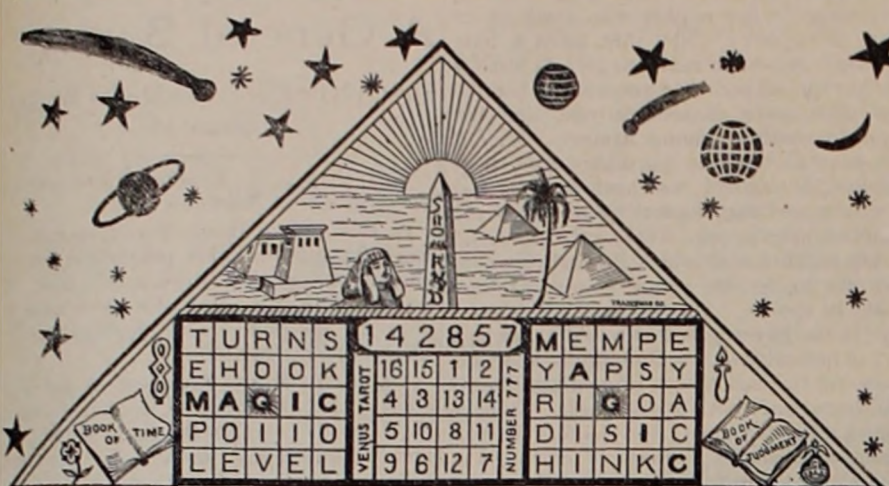
# The Progressive Thinker

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

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## VIBRATIONS.

### LIFE AND MOTION IN NATURE.

A Lecture Delivered at Grand Rapids, Michigan, BY PROF. OLNEY H. RICHMOND.

The Nature of Astral Magnetism—Laws of Vibratory Force—Vibration in Sound—Electricity, Heat, etc.—Nature's Laws Incline Toward Simplicity—Conservation of Energy—Correlation of Forces and Exchange of Vibrations—The Border-Land between Physical and Spiritual—Harmony and Inharmony—Disease Cured by Change in Vibration—Medicine Not a Science at Present—Faith Cures Explained—Vibratory Force in Plants—Planetary Vibrations and Powers—Laws of Mesmerism, Hypnotism, etc.—The Multiple Telegraph and Telephone—Co-ordination of Animal and Vegetable Life—Centers of Vibration, Sarcogeny—Space, Instinct with Life, Power, and Intelligence.

#### LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

In a former lecture I have treated somewhat of Astral Magnetism, the great and wonderful manifestation of Divine Power within and through physical nature. This evening I purpose giving you a deeper insight into the workings of this force and endeavor to tell you how it works. The poet hath said:

"Know, then, thyself; presume not God to scan,  
The proper study of Mankind is man."  
This is all right, and conveys an excellent lesson to those who neglect the physical man while absorbed in the contemplation of the spiritual. But if—

"The Universe is one stupendous whole,  
Whose body nature is, and God the soul,"  
it must perforce follow, that we cannot study the subject of man and his relations with the forces that govern him, without embracing in our studies more or less of the attributes of the Infinite.

#### WHAT IS THE NATURE OF ASTRAL MAGNETISM?

I can answer that question in few words. It is simply *Vibrations*. This may be surprising to some of you, but to the majority it is a well known fact, doubtless, that all the manifestations of the Divine power as exemplified through physical nature are through vibrations.

I am well aware that the human mind tends toward the romantic and impractical in accounting for these manifestations, and many may feel that this explanation is too commonplace and simple; but I ask you to remember that our knowledge of law and nature's forces tends constantly towards simplicity. I will lay down this law: "Every atom in the universe is in a state of constant vibration, and each atom communicates this vibration to surrounding atoms."

Then follows this second law: "Every imperceptible force in the universe is in a state of vibration, and when such vibration ceases the force ends."

The third law is this: "The vibrating forces change from one to another, upon a change of the rate or direction of the vibrations."

These changes constitute what is called the "Conservation of energy." Like everything else in nature, these imperceptible forces can be understood without much effort up to a certain height, beyond which men are prone to deny the properties because they cannot comprehend them; but we must all remember that the Infinite is not bound by man's finite understanding.

#### EXAMPLES OF VIBRATORY FORCE.

My voice is now causing air vibrations to convey my words to your ears. The electric light that enables you to see me, comes from the vibrations set up in a film of carbon as frail as a ladies lace handkerchief. The electric pulsations causing this phenomena, are thrown into the line wires by the magnetic vibrations of the magnets of the dynamo. But what moves the dynamo? We are now back to matter again. The expansive force of steam moves the machinery and this force is generated by vibrations set up in the water in the boilers, which drives each atom of water farther and farther asunder until a small amount of water forms a large amount of steam. This result is attained through the heat vibrations caused by the unlocking of the energy stored up in coal. The coal is the result of vibratory force that was set up in the sap and fibre of trees millions of years ago. These vibrations were caused by the heat, light, chemical and magnetic vibrations thrown across ninety-two millions of miles of space,

and all reaching out constantly after every new thing that is introduced?

My friends, I can answer this, as a chemist and druggist of nearly a quarter of a century practice. I tell you, that the new drugs being constantly introduced and prescribed by our physicians, number so many that the druggists can hardly keep track of them. The physician is not to blame for this state of things. He knows far better than those outside the profession do, that medicine is

#### NOT A SCIENCE YET.

He knows that where he gets the one good effect he strives for, he gets a host of bad effects following. His experience has taught him that his nerves first "quiet the nerves," and then shatter them. Bromide of potassium quiets the aching, throbbing head first, and produces disorganization of the nerves of the stomach that lays the foundation for innumerable future headaches. His purgatives, while affording temporary relief to the overburdened system, produce constipation afterwards. His stimulants are followed by prostration. His quinine and antipyrin, given with great hopes and in heroic doses, to cure the gripe last winter, was followed by the total collapse of many physical systems, whereby pneumonia and consumption hastened thousands to the Summer-land before their allotted time.

The educated physician knows this to be a fact, so he constantly strives, studies and experiments, in the hope of finding at last some remedy that he can rely upon. I am speaking particularly now of honest, conscientious physicians, that really have the good of humanity at heart, and not those who, I am sorry to say, care only to relieve the patient temporarily, for the "money there is in it," regardless of the future sufferings of the patient. I trust there are not many such in the honorable profession.

Now, why is this? I believe it is because every plant that grows, and every mineral salt that is formed by the chemist, has its vibratory power, and is capable of setting up in the human system corresponding vibrations. Administer just enough, and you get the proper vibration to cause harmony; but on the other hand, a large quantity administered sets up too many vibrations, and bad effects, or inharmony, follows.

Again, experience shows that the same medicine that cures one, does not cure another; or, as the old saying goes, "What is one man's meat, is another man's poison." Besides, the same medicine affects a cure on a certain person at one time, and fails on him at another, when he has the same disease. Why is this?

It is because of the different planetary effects, and, therefore, different magnetic vibrations in various persons, and in the same person under differing aspects.

#### HOW WE KNOW THESE THINGS.

1. We know them by recorded observations extending over many years.  
2. By knowledge received from a source I am not at present at liberty to divulge.  
3. Because we have succeeded in measuring the number of vibrations within a given time, of many of these forces.

Sound, light, electric, magnetic, heat, chemical, and many other vibratory forces have been measured already by the scientist, and we have on record also the number of vibrations per second of the astral magnetism of all the planets and the sun. These measures of vibration, mathematically expressed and co-ordinated with the arithmetical expressions of the polar angles of the earth at all parts of its orbit, for all months, days, and other divisions of time, constitute the astral logarithms used in heliocentric astrology, and the numbers known as "Powers of the planets."

It is observable that the planets nearest alike in general effects have the nearest rate of vibrations. Thus Mercury with 994,356 and Venus with 964,224 are nearly alike, and yet do not coincide. Mercury gives passion, and Venus platonic love. The two combined give a power of 1,958,580, which number constitutes the expression of perfect sexual love. But, on the other hand, Mars has a power of 542,376 and Jupiter of 482,112. The former representing hate and its coordinate qualities. The latter the love of money and power.

I will call your attention to the curious fact that Venus co-ordinates in magnetic vibrations with Jupiter, being exactly double in number. This explains the fact that love of money becomes so mixed up with our love affairs that it is sometimes very difficult to separate them.

The gentle heires is made to believe that her suitor loves her with a magnetic force of 1,958,580, when, alas! it is but the combined 1,024,488 of Jupiter and Mars. Of course you must understand that these figures are only given for purposes of comparison and illustration. You must understand that no person could receive the effect at one time of the three planets, to the exclusion of the effects of all the others. But remember, that, as in my illustration of the vibrations of the telephone, as the ear can single out the vibrations caused by the bass drum, from the mass of vibrations of sound, so the astral body of a person can single out and respond to certain astro-magnetic vibrations. I might illustrate this by instancing the case of the multifunction telegraph. You are all familiar with the astonishing fact that eight separate and distinct messages can be sent pulsating over an electric wire at one time. Why don't these various expressions of intelligent vibratory

force get mixed? What if one message going to Chicago says to a broker:

"Buy ten thousand bushels of wheat for my account.—J. SMITH."

At the same instant another passes over the same wire with the message:

"Ten-pound boy, last night. Sarah Jane doing well.—J. JONES."

What is to hinder the mixing up of the baby with the wheat, or Sarah Jane with the broker, or getting them so mixed up that no man could determine whether Smith was the happy father, and Jones wanted to speculate on the Chicago board in "No. 1 Spring," or vice versa?

I will tell you. It is all on the account of the same law that I have mentioned. The electrician explains it by the difference in "tensions" and "resistance." But these expressions are only convenient terms for expressing the vibratory force. In case of the telephone it is obvious to all. In the other case, it is more obscure, or "occult," but it is there just the same, and just as truly.

#### ANOTHER GREAT LAW OF NATURE,

is that animal and vegetable life are co-ordinated wonderfully in growth, life and decay. As a man absorbs to himself certain effects, and becomes a certain kind of a man under these effects, so a certain plant absorbs to itself certain qualities or certain magnetic effects, and rejects certain others.

For instance, plant deadly nightshade and foxglove in the same soil, and water them with the same water until they mature. The first produces the medicine called Belladonna, which corresponds to Saturn in Pisces, while the second is Digitalis, corresponding to Mercury in Leo.

Plant two boys in Grand Rapids. Feed them on the same food; water them with the same Grand river water, and one may grow up a rich nabob, corresponding to Jupiter in Capricornus; and the other a poor clerk corresponding to Uranus in Libra. The clerk may be the smarter man of the two, but he has got the wrong number of vibrations per second. He is tuned to one flat, instead of four sharps. He sends the message regarding the boy; the other sends the one regarding the wheat. The former gauged to low tension, the latter to high. They do not get mixed, like the babies in Pinafore.

How many times we meet cases where severe illness is cured by a simple change of vibration in the magnetism, caused, perhaps, by the receipt of joyful news, the presence of some loved one, or some other occurrence acting through the mind.

On the other hand, how many cases of illness have resulted from the lowering of the magnetic tone through the receipt of bad news, frights, or other similar occurrences.

In fact, the inner or astral man is the man, and the one who responds to the magnetic influences surrounding him. But this inner man manifests himself through the visible outer or physical man, just as the Infinite manifests or becomes visible through the physical universe.

What can be gained by denying the existence of either one of the parts to this simple dual nature, I am wholly unable to understand; or of claiming a more complicated state of existence on the other hand?

The materialist denies the existence of the astral man in toto, and only believes in the physical body. The Christian Scientist admits the existence of the physical man, and, in fact, the entire material universe. But our good friends, the Theosophists, come forward and outdo the entire lot, including the orthodox Christian, with his three times one is one arithmetic, by believing in some six or seven parts to man.

I will not go into this branch of the subject any further at present, however, as it belongs more properly to a lecture I intend to deliver upon "The Dual in Nature."

Do any of my hearers understand why it is that a mesmerizer when exhibiting his power will usually try about seven persons before he finds one over whom he has control?

The vibratory theory explains this also. It is because the operator must find a person whose magnetic vibrations are a multiple of his own, and fewer in number. It therefore follows that the higher the operator's magnetic tone, the more subjects he will find among a given number of persons.

This is also true of all the co-ordinate branches, such as psychology, vitapathy, hypnotic suggestion and mind cure. Let a magnetic physician undertake to cure a person whose magnetic vibrations are two to his one, or three to his one, and he will fail every time. Let him undertake a case where the patient has four to his five and he will partially succeed only. This is because only one vibration in twenty coincides.

#### THE RULE IS THIS.

"If the number of the patient will not divide evenly into that of the operator, multiply the numbers together."

This rule gives the ratio of success. But suppose the rate is even—one to one. We get the formula, "one times one are one." And they are one, in soul and body. In such a case, if the physician and patient are of opposite sex, they will fall dead in love with each other a dozen times where a cure will be effected once. The one case of cure is a nervous state of the system, which is soothed and quieted by the presence of the loved one.

The vibratory theory explains all the

various potencies and powers in creation. In fact, I believe it to be the key that unlocks the great secrets of Nature.

It explains the nature of love, hate, friendship, passion, sickness, mediumship, mesmerism, chemical combination, heat, light, electricity, and in short, everything, when properly understood.

The subject of Botanical vibratory law would alone fill a volume. The subject of Sarcogeny, so ably presented by that veteran scientist, Prof. J. R. Buchanan, together with the facts of vibratory centers, or centers of vibration, in the cranium and body, corresponding and responding to the planetary vibrations of like magnitude, would fill another large volume.

I have only touched upon the great truths connected with this subject. I can not do more in a single lecture. But this intelligent audience will supply the missing links from their own intuitive knowledge of things.

As you gaze upward and outward, into the vast expanse of heavenly space, and view the millions on millions of suns, speeding upon their pathways around their far off centers of attractions, you will realize that all, all, is instinct with life, motion, vibration and wonderful power. You will think of the glorious and grand fact, that all that vastness of infinitude is filled with vibratory force; exerting its power at all angles and in all directions.

And yet you will realize, that in all, and through all, commingling with every particle of matter, and occupying every inch of space, there palpitates and throbs a grander, higher intellectual force that we name, INFINITY!

#### Written for The Progressive Thinker.

##### MY FAITH.

I do not know thy name, O guide of mine,  
Nor may I trace thine angel face divine,  
I know not why.  
Yet, through the gloom, and oft recurring tears  
Of weary days and heart depressing years,  
Thou art ever nigh.  
I ask not now to see thy sweet and shining face,  
Nor solve the mystery of thine abiding place,  
Content to know,  
That, through the stormy night, amidst the deepened gloom,  
Thou dost guide my trembling footsteps nearer to my home,  
And I, fearless, go.  
I am content to tread, in faith, with thee, the way  
In darkness—o'er rugged paths that, ere long, I may,  
Thy face behold;  
For I know, some day, the sun of Summer-land will shine  
Its beams of splendor upon that spirit form of thine  
Like rays of gold.  
O, guide of mine! may I strong and beautiful be  
To breast the storms of life and follow thee,  
Who knoweth best,  
The paths that lead to God's pure light supreme  
Where man's freed spirit dwells in love and peace serene,  
Forever blessed.  
A. W. MOORE.  
Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1890.

#### Mantua, Association of Spiritualists.

Our first fall meeting was held to-day.

Our Vice-President, Mr. Lewis Todd, of Garrettsville, was with us and gave us a few touching incidents of spirit return.

Last March the wife of Mr. Todd left the body. She had been ill for many months, and Mr. Todd informed us that she frequently talked about passing away, and expressed a desire to be conscious up to the supreme moment, and he believed that she was; for, just a moment or two before her physical form breathed its last, she turned her head and looked, and smiled, and the whole expression of the face, and of the entire body, was that of a person greeting approaching friends that she was somewhat surprised to behold, but very happy to see. With this expression on her face they laid her in the coffin, and with the last lingering look of kind friends, that happy expression of expectancy and surprise was there on her face.

Will that expression of happiness be fixed upon her spiritual face, or will disappointment obliterate the experiences of the past? Mr. Todd said that a few days after the death of his wife he was informed through the planchette by his wife that just a moment or so before she left the body she saw her own father, mother and sister, who had come to attend her on the passage to a higher life, and that was why she was both surprised and happy.

Mr. S. S. Russell, who was at one time a Shaker, and for many years a prominent member of a Shaker society near Cleveland, read a short poem on "Revelation and Science." Mr. Russell is over eighty years of age, has long been a Spiritualist, and to our local papers and society has contributed much for the cause of Spiritualism.

At this meeting was read an article from THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, entitled "Occult Mysteries," by Mr. A. W. Morse, of Rochester. The merits of the article were discussed, particularly that portion of it relating to materialization. Mrs. Cobb, the celebrated materializing medium was present, and she and her husband, and others present endorsed the conclusion of Mr. Moore in relation to materialization.

We are mapping out work for this winter and hope to show a record of having made some souls purer, better and wiser.

BENJAMIN F. LEE, President Mantua Association of Spiritualists.

Sept. 7, 1890.

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#### BONNIBEL MADALINE.

BY EMMA BOOD TUTTLE.

Bonnie Madaline leaned from her balcony,  
Fresh as a young rose unhooded a day,  
Watching the night in her slippers of silver  
Walk on the waves of the murmuring bay.  
High o'er the earth in her rollings of majesty  
Sailed the white moon, like the Lady of Peace,  
Never in ecstasy, never in passion,  
Beautiful always, and always at ease.

Lady of Purity, lady of peace,  
Sing little Madaline, would I were calm as thou!  
Why do the creeping waves, crystal and bright,  
Send the red blood blooming up to my brow?

Never an answer came down to the questioner,  
Never a smile lit the sweet face of pearl,  
She was so white, and so still, and so passionless,  
What could she know of the heart of a girl?  
Still and alone was the Lady of Purity  
When to the beautiful water she came;  
Bonnie Madaline came when her lover's voice  
Lowly and fervently uttered her name.

Lady of Purity, lady of peace,  
Sing little Madaline, would I were calm as thou!  
Why do the creeping waves, crystal and bright,  
Send the red blood blooming up to my brow?

"Bonnie Madaline, why should you ask of her?  
Never a questioner breaketh her peace;  
Ask it of me," said the knight of Lochraven,  
"Let the white priestess sail on at her ease."  
Into her eyes crept a shimmer of shyness,  
Winning him down to her brow with a kiss  
Made of a bud that was joy, and a blossom,  
Flaky and full from the rose tree of bliss.

Lady of Purity, lady of peace,  
Sing little Madaline, would I were calm as thou!  
Why do the creeping waves, crystal and bright,  
Send the red blood blooming up to my brow?

#### A VISION.

##### Interesting Experiences of a Presbyterian Clergyman.

One of the most remarkable trances upon record is that of the well-known William Tennent, a Presbyterian clergyman, then of Brunswick, N. J. There are persons now living who knew this pious man, and some who still believe he actually died, or left the body, and went to heaven. The following is his own account of it:

"While I was conversing with my brother on the state of my soul, and the fears I had entertained of my future welfare I found myself in an instant in another state of existence, under the direction of a superior being, who ordered me to follow him. I was accordingly wafted along, I knew not how, till I beheld at a distance an ineffable glory, and the impression of which on my mind it is impossible to communicate to mortal man. I immediately reflected on my happy change, and thought—well, blessed be God! I am safe at last, notwithstanding all my fears. I saw an innumerable host of happy beings surrounding the inexpressible glory, in acts of adoration and joyous worship; but I did not see any bodily shape or representation in the glorious appearance. I heard things unutterable. I heard new songs and hallelujahs of thanksgiving and praise, with unspeakable rapture. I felt joy unutterable and full of glory. I then applied to my conductor, and requested leave to join the happy throng; on which he tapped me on the shoulder, and said, 'You must return to earth.' This seemed like a sword through my heart. In an instant I recollected to have seen my brother disputing with the doctor. The three days during which I had appeared lifeless seemed to be no more than ten or twenty minutes. The idea of returning to this world of sorrow and trouble gave me such a shock, that I fainted repeatedly."

He added: "Such was the effect on my mind of what I had seen and heard, that if it be possible for human beings to live entirely above the world and the things of it, for sometime afterwards, I was that person. The ravishing sound of the songs and hallelujahs that I heard, and the very words that were uttered, were not out of my ears for at least three years. All the kingdoms of the earth were, in my sight, as nothing and vanity; and so great were my ideas of heavenly glory, that nothing which did not in some measure relate to it could command my serious attention."

This extraordinary event is abundantly confirmed by the worthy successor of Mr. Tennent in the pastoral charge of his church. He states that after hearing from Mr. Tennent's own mouth a particular narration of this surprising trance, he said to him: "Sir, you seem to be one indeed raised from the dead, and may tell us what it is to die, and what you were sensible of while in that state." He replied in the following words: "As to dying, all at once I found myself in heaven, as I thought. I saw no shape as to the Deity, but glory all unutterable." Here he paused, as though unable to find words to express his views, and lifting up his hands, proceeded: "I can say as St. Paul did, I heard and saw things unutterable. I saw a great multitude before this glory, apparently in the height of bliss, singing most melodiously. I was transported with my own situation, viewing all my troubles ended, and my rest and glory begun, and was about to join the happy multitude, when one came to me, looked me full in the face, laid his hands upon my shoulder, and said, 'You must go back.' These words ran through me; nothing could have shocked me more. I cried out, 'Lord, must I go back?' With this shock I opened my eyes in this world. When I saw I was in this world I swooned for several times, as one naturally would have done in so weak a situation."—The Two Worlds.



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SATURDAY, SEP. 20, 1890.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Mind Reading Fully Exemplified.

A Wonderful Man is Paul Alexander Johnstone.

It appears from the Chicago Herald that Paul Alexander Johnstone is a most wonderful man. He spent the first fourteen years of his life in Chicago. He was born at St. Paul in 1867, but two months after his birth his father brought his family to Chicago and remained in this city. The old and trite saying that poets are born, not made, may be aptly applied to devotees of psychical phenomena, more particularly in the case of the fair-haired, slightly built young man who startled the members of the Press Club with his powers. From his earliest years Mr. Johnstone showed a natural inclination to ward mind reading. When not more than five years old he would astonish his parents by reading their thoughts, and even divining the contents of the page of the book they happened to be reading. His father viewed him with strange eyes and was often troubled at the precocity of his son. His mother, from whom it may be said he inherited his marvelous powers, was more lenient. She had herself been a student of mental phenomena for many years. She was one of the earliest lady doctors in Chicago, and before the fire owned a large drug store on the North Side. She was visited by no apprehension of her little boy and, possibly, by quiet acquiescence, fostered the growth of her son's power. When he was sent to the old Elizabeth Street School he raised the hair of his teachers by reading the lightning thoughts in their minds, and as it were foretelling what they intended to do during the lessons. Often enough his powers stood him in good stead. He always knew when the mind of his teacher turned to physical castigation, and would make a break for the door immediately. His school education ended when he was twelve years old, and two years afterward the family removed to St. Paul. Paul obtained work as a clerk in a store and as his powers grew with years he began to study the history and progress of mental phenomena. He was employed by the St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Company and accomplished the work of three men by the aid of his marvelous memory. The company had 3,000 branches, and without reference to ledgers he was able to locate any one of them at a moment's notice. While working in this capacity, he was considered by his fellow clerks as an extraordinary lad, and was always allowed to have his own way. They seemed to think he was in league with the dark powers. It was while working with this company that he first determined to study psychical science. Every moment that could be spared from business was devoted to this study. Through the midnight hours he would pore over old tomes relating to mental phenomena. He plunged deeper into the mysteries of esoteric Buddhism, and from that time determined to devote his life to the pursuit of the fascinating studies. He would sit in Turkish fashion in his room and work himself into a peculiar hypnotic state that he cannot himself explain. Gradually his mental faculties gained the mastery over his physical faculties. Like another Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, but in a different direction, his physical powers came under the sole control of his mind until it reached a stage when intense mental action could stop the circulation of the blood, and he would become to all appearance dead. From this study his mind was led naturally to the examination of religious belief in a future life, and after a long and weary searching into the unknown he became an Atheist. But this staided did not last long. He delved deeper into the mysteries of being, and became thoroughly imbued with the belief in a future life, but as yet he has not been able to put into words his knowledge of the Infinite.

Paul's father had succeeded so well in the

steamship and ticket business, that he could now rest on his oars and devote more attention to the vagaries of his son. He tried in vain to wean him from what he considered his evil ways, but all in vain. Paul would have his way and his father refused to have anything to do with him. Since 1884 Paul has worked alone in the pursuit of his favorite science, and it was only a year ago that he determined to give in public an exhibition of his powers. The effort to subject his body entirely to his will, however, has through constant and severe training produced a strange result. Little by little under the effect of his will, his physical powers have lost their salutary balancing influence in his organism, until his mind reigns supreme. He cannot now restore the normal healthy condition of his body, and is liable at any moment and in any place, to fall into a deathlike trance. This has necessitated the carrying of papers on his person, stating that if found in such condition he should be treated as a mind-reader, and not to have any medicine administered to him. His relatives have been shocked to receive telegrams from different cities, stating that he was dead, but he has always been restored to what may now be termed his usual condition.

Describing his sensations on recovering from a trance, Mr. Johnstone says that a horrible jarring of the nerves succeeded by an agonizing mental strain extending through every part of his body. He can run his pulsations up to 180 and then suddenly stop, and the tremendous strength exhausts him so utterly that for several minutes a terrible grinding pain racks his whole body. When the pulsation returns he describes it as like a cord drawn slowly but forcibly through his limbs. The effect on his eyes as he turns them up to meet the optic nerve, is such that he was rendered absolutely blind for three weeks after an exhibition. With regard to his other feats he requires the complete concentration of the mind of the subject on whatever test has been brought forward. Without this he can do nothing. Let him be securely blindfolded and placed beside a good billiardist. If this billiardist thinks of a certain way to make a good shot, Johnstone will by merely touching the subject's fingers, grasp a mental photograph of the table and reproduce the shot. Figures, dates, characters in all languages are easily seized by the mind of the psychologist through the subject and immediately reproduced. As one example of his power, Mr. Johnstone took an album of portraits and asked the reporter for *The Herald* to select one from the group. In the meantime he left the room while the selection was made. Carefully photographing the picture on his memory, the reporter closed the album and recalled Mr. Johnstone. He then bandaged his eyes tightly and placed a black cap over his head to prevent any light penetrating through the bandage. In a moment Mr. Johnstone took the album and placed his hand on the back of the picture chosen and said, "That is the one." But it wasn't, and he asked the reporter to think of the number of the picture in the album, and he immediately repeated it aloud. Then he sat on a chair two feet away from the reporter and described minutely the dress and appearance, even to the parting of the hair, on the photograph chosen. In every particular he was correct, and he gave several examples still more impressively showing his wonderful powers. During his study in this city he intends to produce what he terms the "hack scene." An article will be hidden by some well-known gentleman in any part of the city, and Mr. Johnstone will take the subject along with him in the hack and drive blindfold through the streets until he locates the hidden article. He has always been successful in this feat and he does not fear the result in Chicago. Another feat which he hopes to attempt is the steering of a steamboat across the lake. He will stand beside the pilot, who will think of the course the vessel must take across the lake, and in an instant Mr. Johnstone will carry out physically the thought of the man at the helm. Mr. Gooding, his manager, has already approached the Goodrich Steamship Company with regard to this test, and he expects to receive permission for Mr. Johnstone to try the experiment.

"I cannot explain how I became possessed of these powers," said Mr. Johnstone, "other than by inheritance from my mother. I believe that when this science receives due recognition from the public, an incalculable amount of good will accrue therefrom. For instance, I think that crime will become a dead letter through the agency of this particular mental faculty. If the manager of a bank finds that the funds are disappearing gradually, the mind-reader will be able to tell by coming into contact with every officer in the bank who is the thief. I can describe this power only as a sort of mental bloodhound following a trail of criminal thoughts in the mind of the thief. Though the evidence of a mind-reader could not be taken, perhaps, without circumstantial evidence, say, in the case of a murderer, yet contact with the man would reveal his mind to the psychologist. Hidden motives would come to light, the weapons of destruction would be discovered and the whole train of evidence could be laid bare. I was sent for last year by the warden of the Stillwater jail, in Minnesota, to aid him in tracing an escaped murderer. The jailer afforded me the connecting link between the murderer and myself. This was all that was needed. Like a bloodhound following a scent my mind tracked him to St. Paul, and he was discovered in the exact spot where I located him. In cases of mistaken identity I shall be able to read the minds of the accused and prove an alibi as clear and as positive as if I had seen the man in the spot far away from where the crime was committed. This, it is my proudest hope, will revolutionize the world, and an era of peace, tranquility and happiness will dawn on the suffering human race."

Mr. Johnstone as portrayed above is certainly a notable character, and not only a medium but an independent mind-reader and clairvoyant. The world is on the verge of great revelations.

JOS. TICE.

S. N. Aspinwall, of Minneapolis, writes: "We have opened meetings again here. We had a very successful camp-meeting at Clinton. I expect to inaugurate one in this vicinity for the month of July next."

ELECTRICITY.

Electrical Currents and their Philosophy.

A Word from the Boston Philosopher.

Observing the remarks of Dr. Greer and O. H. Richmond, I would suggest that each is right from his own standpoint or definition, for in one sense there is no current of electricity, but in a better sense there is one. The views expressed by Mr. Richmond are such as scientists generally entertain, and were happily expressed by Prof. Dolbear.

But it is the fault of superficial thinkers to state only what appears to the senses and to ignore the essential realities of all phenomena. Hence it is the prevailing fashion among scientists to speak of man as though he were nothing but the hundred and fifty pounds of matter which we recognize by sight and touch, ignoring entirely the real man, who is invisible in this sphere, and is very distinct from perishable combinations of matter.

In accordance with this superficial materialistic method, the imponderable agents, which are realities of very substantial nature, and are the soul of matter or immediate cause of all that occurs, without which the world would be utterly dead and motionless, are spoken of not as realities, but merely as appearances or phenomena. Tyndall's elaborate illustration of heat or caloric as merely a "Mode of Motion," is a specimen of this superficial and vicious style of thought, which runs through all our text books, and is a bulwark of materialism, as it establishes the materialistic modes of expression and thought.

The power of caloric, as well as of magnetism, electricity and light, is exhibited to our senses mainly by modes of motion (though not exclusively), and hence we rationally infer that caloric is something that has motion. So is man something that has motion, and to the rigid materialism which dominates the universities to-day, man is but a complex aggregate of motion—thought itself being nothing but molecular action, resulting in combination and decomposition of particles or atoms.

But we know that there is something else in man than motion of matter—an efficient living cause, without which those motions could not occur. So in caloric and electricity the motions which science recognizes without looking at causes (and virtually denying the causes in its modes of expression) are mere effects of the invisible force. A motion without a force to cause it is a self-evident absurdity, for which no one would seriously contend, and yet our scientists, in all their language, by continually ignoring the force, and treating the motion as all, are ignoring causation, and practically inculcating a falsehood which they could not seriously maintain. This is not an unimportant matter, or matter of words only, for forms of expression universally adopted become forms of thought. And the effect was illustrated by the remark of a really scientific lecturer who, recently discussing the nature of electricity, said that it was nothing. The reality of the force had been so long ignored that he ceased to consider it at all and forgot its existence—hence stating that electricity was nothing, because it was not matter.

The scientific truth is that electricity is one of the grandest realities that we know, for it is FORCE—the force that produces all the phenomena or motions which manifest its existence—a very mysterious force, the laws of which are very imperfectly understood—a continual puzzle to the scientific mind. The currents of electricity are real. They are currents of invisible force. But they are not currents of matter, and we may deny that there is any current, if by current we mean a flow of fluid matter, gas or any conceivable form of matter, for no such current is electricity.

But the word current is not properly limited to material things. The passage of anything may be properly called a current; or may even speak of the currents of thought or opinion. A current of force may properly be called a current, as the force passes from one place or substance to another. It is not merely an effect that passes, for effect is always accompanied by a cause, and the cause is a force which is invisible and very difficult of comprehension. The force passes from atom to atom, and this progress of force is as much a current as the progress of water or air.

In its passage it seizes and carries matter with it. It propels with additional speed the water flowing from a bucket through a hole, and the blood flowing in human veins. In its sparkling progress it carries along fine particles of metal or carbon from the point where it is discharged to the point where it is received. The fact that it is invisible does not diminish its reality or its power, except to materialistic minds. Its tremendous descent from the clouds in a lightning flash, revealing its passage by producing light as real a flow or fall as that of the rain.

Let us, therefore, discard the stultifying phraseology of materialism, and speak of electricity as a reality, and as something that flows in currents or leaps into sparks and flashes. The stupid conception that electricity is nothing, and that motion is all that exists (an effect without a cause) has so stultified the medical profession that it has prevented them from realizing some of its most important powers and uses.

Electricity is a wonderful carrier—not only of ponderable matter, but of imponderable realities. The orthodox medical graduate knowing nothing of this, would as willingly hold the negative pole with current coming from a very sick patient as the positive pole with current going to him; and in this pedantic ignorance he remains, ready to laugh at one who would instruct him, until he finds that after receiving a current from a patient, he has done himself serious injury by the pathological conditions which electricity carries.

Electricity carries not only the vital influence and condition of the human constitution, but the vital physiological and pathological influences of medicine, which I have been demonstrating many years to my students, and it is even capable of conveying psychic conditions. How it does these things is as mysterious as everything else that it does, for it is an embodied mystery.

I have lately been attempting to make

known some of its heretofore unknown powers as nature's great carrier. I have constructed an apparatus in which electricity, flowing in a suitable current, CONVEYS MAGNETISM to the patient—not human magnetism merely, but MINERAL MAGNETISM, with splendid results. Of course I do not attempt to present these things to the old medical colleges, consolidated as they are in bigoted orthodoxy and unwilling to investigate, for the suggestion would be received with scorn, and I have long since given up the idea of attempting to instruct a Faculty satisfied in its own omniscience. But those whose minds have not been stultified by a materialistic college, are capable of learning.

The advantage of this new apparatus is that it substitutes a conservative for a destructive force. Electricity is repulsive, disrupting, decomposing, disorganizing and irritating alike with lightning flash, and in the battery current,—capable of burning, decomposing and ulcerating the flesh, unless used in the infinitesimal doses, in which it becomes a safe stimulus.

But the limitation has not been observed in the heroic practice of medicine, and hence it has done much harm in unwise hands. In magnetism we have an agent exactly the opposite, which has not heretofore been made available to any important extent. It is attractive instead of repulsive, soothing instead of irritating, constructive instead of destructive, cooling instead of heating. This I am teaching in the College of Therapeutics, and shall bring before the intelligent public in the next edition of "Therapeutic Sarcognomy," next winter, and in the new apparatus.

I took my pen merely to correct the language of scientists in reference to electricity, and as the practical results which I have attained by a correct philosophy of this subject are very important, I have thought proper to mention them as matters of public interest.

JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.  
P. S. Our newspapers have failed to give any correct idea of the sickly summer which was mentioned in my essay on the "Coming Cataclysm." Had they reported fully the awful devastation of cholera (and the grippe or influenza) in Asia and Europe, their readers would have seen that my prediction was as true in reference to that as in reference to the terrible cyclones and storms of the summer. We may yet feel something of it, but our time will come in 1891.

The Right Road to Spiritual Elevation.

According to the *Illustrated American* Beatrice Potter is at present one of the most famous and talked-of women in England. She is superbly handsome, tall, and vigorous, of a decided Spanish type, with brilliant olive skin, big brown eyes, blue-black hair, and wonderful scarlet lips that give color to the warm pallor of her charming face. Miss Potter is of aristocratic connections and owns a large fortune in her own right, but it is neither her beauty, birth, nor wealth, that entitles her to the distinction she enjoys just now. For several years past she has been a devoted pupil and disciple of the great sociologist, Herbert Spencer. Studying his methods, imbibing his doctrines, and striving to put into practice some of the theories he preached, she soon found herself out of sympathy with conventionalities and prepared to go out in the world to serve her fellow-creatures. Then did she undertake her recent startling feat, the success of which has put her name in every one's mouth. Having read and heard all manner of ghoulish stories of the horrors endured by women in sweaters' shops, she dressed herself in the odious rags worn by that class, went down into the city, found work, and for two months lived and labored side by side with those miserable white slaves of the needle. Few knew her secret, and so cleverly were her plans carried out that neither employers or employees ever suspected her identity. When Miss Potter had thoroughly informed herself on all minutiae relating to the criminal tyranny exercised by the sweaters, and on the hideous lives led by their female victims, she threw off her disguise, returned to the West End of town, gave exhaustive newspaper interviews, and appealed for legislative interference. So strong and unanswerable were her arguments, seconded by her own experience, that Parliament is at present discussing ways and means for righting this great wrong. Miss Potter's heart is with the people. She has been deeply touched by the manifold miseries of the London poor, and is ready to devote her ardent young life, with all its possibilities of selfish pleasures, to alleviating the wretchedness of the pauper population. In all of these signs of the times one seems to see the slow but sure preparation women are making to fit themselves for self-government. Every day chronicles the story of some woman who, finding her life untrammelled by the more sacred duties of home, has slipped beyond the bounds of narrow conservatism to lend a hand in raising the fallen or strengthening feeble knees.

Miss Potter is carrying out most vigorously one of the cardinal principles of Spiritualism, that the most potent method to elevate one's self, is to try in every way to assist in elevating others. Spiritualists generally would do well to ponder over this fact more carefully. There are many Spiritualists who are such only in name; who never think of doing any humanitarian work; who will not even take a Spiritualist paper, even if it combine, as THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER does, cheapness and excellence.

A Word from Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle.

She writes: "It is strange, the grip your paper gets on every body. We give a number, and it is pretty sure to bring a subscriber."

Lewis Knapp, of Kenosha, Wis., writes: "My own headstone has stood beside that of my departed wife eighteen years. The last part of the inscription is as follows: 'The Fear of the Right Reverend Doctors of Divinity, Theological Scarcement of Hellfire and Damnation to all who Refuse to Join the Orthodox Church and Pay Tithes for their Support, had no Force or Effect on Lewis Knapp.'"

THE PSYCHOGRAPH.

It Gives Some Convincing Tests.

A correspondent writes of the Psychograph as follows:

"The Psychograph I purchased of you at first disappointed me; but I must say that it has at length more than satisfied me. A friend who is a rather zealous church member, saw the advertisement and purchased me to send for it. We two sat several times with it, without any result. Then by accident this friend's daughter came into the room, where we were holding our seance, and was persuaded to sit with us. In a very short time the index began to move and several well known names of departed friends were spelled out. Among them was the name of a young lady who died some years ago, and she indicated a wish to send a message to her mother who lived about three miles away. She then gave a long message, and when asked to give a test for us, she spelled out that she wanted her yellow table given to such an one, and her quilt to another (giving names). We did not know at the time anything about these articles, nor could we have known, but events proved that the intelligence knew the exact circumstances. We were astonished at the rapidity with which the index would indicate the letters, almost as fast as they could be spoken."

"If the Psychograph only calls attention to the necessity of forming circles and thus inducing the conditions of mediumship, it will have conferred a great benefit. We have found it to do a great deal more. It furnishes a satisfactory means of communication. We learned even by one failure, and had we become discouraged and given it up then we feel that our loss would have been great. Now we receive tests at every sitting, and at times the instrument gives little more than names, so many seem present waiting to communicate."

The Psychograph is for sale at this office. Price \$1, sent to any address.

Information Wanted.

Yes, we want information on one important point. It is said that there are 10,000-000 Spiritualists in the United States. The circulation of Spiritualist papers outside of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, do not exceed 20,000. Only about one of every four or five hundred, take a Spiritualist paper. We are striving to reach those who have never awakened to the necessity of assisting in the dissemination of spiritualistic literature. In order to accomplish that we have succeeded in securing the services of all the leading Spiritualists in the United States as contributors, and putting the price of our paper at the very lowest point, we combine cheapness and excellence. For only one cent and a fraction of a cent you can have THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER visit you weekly, and have your mind enriched with the varied thoughts it presents. Its intrinsic worth will be brought home to you very plainly, if you will only compare it with the papers that cost three times as much. Indeed, we invite comparison, and in so doing we don't expect to suffer either. If you are not taking any Spiritualist paper (and are abundantly able to do so), and will not take THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER even at its exceedingly low price, then if you are not a "poor stick," what kind of a mortal are you any way? It is on that point we are seeking information, and are bewildered in the contemplation of the subject. Our life is so wrapped up in Spiritualism, and we do so fervently pray that we may be instrumental in leaving the world better than we found it, that we are content to work untiringly to accomplish the end in view, and we can not conceive why any one should refuse to appropriate at least 1 1/2 cents per week to be brought in contact with the leading minds and thinkers of the age. We send out this week 5,000 sample copies. We want you to do missionary work with them. Each paper should be instrumental in getting at least one new subscriber. It is freighted with rare gems of thought. It will be sent to you 16 weeks for 25 cents.

Devoutly Thankful.

Yes, we are devoutly thankful—devoutly thankful to Spiritualists generally, for our phenomenal success, while they are devoutly thankful, no doubt, that we have not tried to get deep down into their pockets by some artful subterfuge, or under the pretense that without our existence the whole Cause would tumble into a chaotic state. Spiritualists generally should understand that the publication of a Spiritualist paper is a business venture, and he who undertakes it, should never plead the baby act, or become a constitutional beggar, or carry in his pocket a lot of worthless stock with which to extract money from the unwary. In conducting THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER we have refused all gifts, considering it a sacred duty devolving on us to return value received (even more than that) for every cent forwarded to this office. But believing that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER can become a potent instrument for good, and while we combine in the paper cheapness and excellence, we do feel that every Spiritualist in the United States should take an interest in the Cause to the extent of contributing at least 1 1/2 cents per week, so that it may become a regular visitor to their fireside, and be instrumental in adding sunshine to their homes. The very fact that all the Spiritualist papers in the United States outside of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER have not a circulation aggregating 25,000, shows conclusively that they have not struck a responsive chord in the hearts of Spiritualists, and that a paper like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is imperatively demanded. In order to make it a potent instrument of good, its circulation should range high into the thousands. Spiritualists, our list should reach at least 10,000 within the next three months, and it will, if each one will do his duty, by soliciting subscriptions.

Watch The Tag.

Watch the little tag on the wrapper of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It will tell you with what number of the paper your subscription expires. By renewing before your time expires you will receive the paper without a single break.

The Progressive Thinker.

This number will be found especially valuable and interesting to all. Olney H. Richmond gives his views on "Vibrations." That is a favorite subject of many, and one that continually reveals something new, and we are glad that Mr. Richmond presents his views in such a fascinating manner. A. W. Moore and Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle give poetical gems. "Beatrice Madaline" is from Mrs. Tuttle's forthcoming work, now in the hands of the printer. Hudson Tuttle's narrative increases in interest. Prof. Buchanan gives his views on electricity, which will be carefully considered. Other Articles: Home Circle Fraternity, Mantua Association of Spiritualists, A Vision, Clairvoyance, Rome, etc. will contain something to interest the general reader. In fact this number of the paper is most excellent.

A General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—its Workings, Doings, etc.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond has resumed her meetings at Martine's Hall.

G. W. Van Horn, Psycho-magnetic and test medium, holds progressive Spiritualists services, at Bricklayers Hall, 16 South Peoria and West Monroe Streets, at 8 P. M., on Sundays of September only. The public are invited.

Dr. W. B. Mills, President of the Free Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., writes: "Our meetings are well attended, and more interest is manifested than ever before. Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving is our speaker for the next two Sundays, followed by Mrs. Conant, of Washington, D. C. October, Mrs. Yeaw and Mrs. Beale will occupy our platform. November, Mrs. Stiles and Mrs. Minor will be here."

J. E. Crossfield, Secretary, of the Indiana State Association of Spiritualists will hold their Annual meeting in Indianapolis, at English's Meridian Hall, commencing Oct. 9, and continuing four days. Good speakers are engaged to lecture, and some good mediums will be present. Arrangements have been made with some of the hotels at reduced rates. A cordial invitation is extended to all to come, and hope we may have a feast."

Clifford Weedon writes as follows from Indianapolis, Ind.: "While on a visit to Mrs. Carrie Van Duzee, of Geneva, Ohio, I read your valuable paper, which I think unequalled. Mrs. Van Duzee has been doing great work there. She will lecture through the west this fall. Societies needing a good worker and test medium will do well to secure her services, as she has numerous engagements."

Bishop Beal's engagement, we are glad to learn, has opened up well at Toledo, Ohio. He can be addressed at 804 Washington St., that city.

Dr. P. T. Johnson writes as follows from Battle Creek, Mich.: "We had Brother Moses Hull occupy our rostrum Sunday evening, and he gave us a glorious sermon, and created considerable interest here."

The number of Mr. Bonham's residence, the spirit artist, is 95 Fifth Ave., New York. Mr. Shufeldt made a mistake when giving it in his communication.

The People's Medium's Society held their meeting as announced at Douglass Hall, 35th and Indiana Ave., Mrs. Daniels speaking on the subject, "America as a Republican Government," which was handled to the satisfaction of every one. This Society is growing slowly but surely.

Dr. George Ferris, the magnetic healer and lecturer, has had the misfortune to break one of his arms.

Mr. J. W. Fletcher, of Saratoga, N. Y., began his lectures in Albany, N. Y., on Sunday, the 7th, before "The Alliance" recently formed there. There was a large attendance, and much interest. The evening seance was supplemented by a fine test seance, at which many remarkable things were read. Mr. Fletcher continues for the present.

G. W. Kates and wife may be addressed until further notice at 2234 Frankfort Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. They will accept calls for brief service from near-by places.

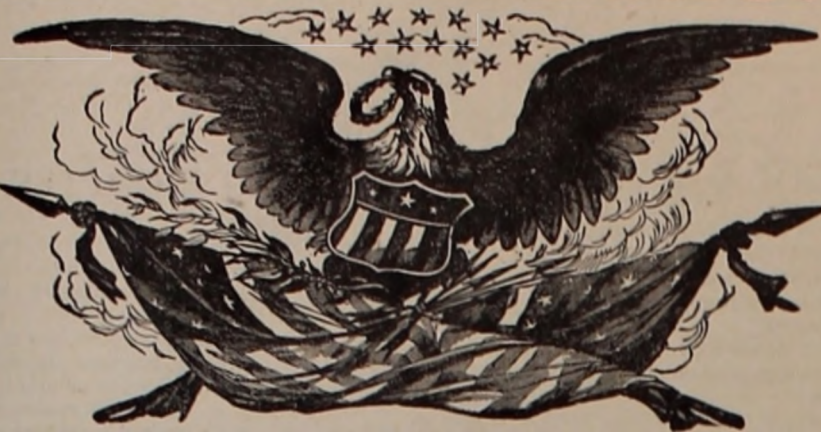
Oscar A. Edgerly, of Newburyport, Mass., has for the last month filled engagements at Onset camp meeting and Etna, Maine, camp. His engagements for the months of September and October, are as follows: Sunday Sept. 14, Bangor, Me.; Sunday Sept. 21, West Hampden, Me.; 28, Liberty, Me.; Sunday, Oct. 5, Rockland, Me.; Oct. 12, Haverhill, Mass. He would like to make engagements in New York State for the month of November.

Mrs. S. M. A. Bartholmes writes as follows from Denver, Col.: "Having spent the month of July in Lincoln, Neb., with the First Society of Spiritualists, I found there a very progressive class of people. Their hall is small but pleasant; all seem to work in harmony. We had crowded houses during the month, and several social circles at the home of J. E. Klock. His wife is prepossessing and kind, doing all possible to assist her husband in his development. He is a very promising test and healing medium; J. N. Baker is another. H. George, the President of the Society, is a very fine gentleman, and many others, too numerous to mention. I left Lincoln to attend Mount Pleasant camp-meeting where I found a very social class of people. I returned to Omaha, Neb., to fill an engagement there, but before my time expired I was called home on account of sickness in my family, which has compelled me to cancel my engagement at Topeka, Kansas, for the month of October. I hope not far in the future to be able to return and again take up my work. If any of our lectures are coming to or going from the coast, I hope they will make it a point to call at Lincoln and give one or more lectures. They will receive a cordial welcome. I expect to return to Lincoln in the future, as I promised to do, and shall not forget the many kind friends I found there."

Willis J. Whitehead will in some future number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER give the evidence that the Jesuits played an active part in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.



## DANGER SIGNALS!



ROMAN CATHOLICISM. GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION. MEDICAL LEGISLATION. CREEDS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, ETC.

## ROME.

## THE ENEMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Extracts from a Wonderful Book.

Fifty Years In The Church of Rome.

What Father Chiniquy, Ex-Roman Catholic Priest, Writes Concerning Our Nation's Perils.

The following extracts are made, by permission of the author and the publisher, from what I consider the most remarkable book ever published on the subject of popery. "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," by Charles Chiniquy, ex-Roman Catholic priest. The book reads like a romance, and the light it throws upon the mysteries and iniquities of Romanism are of that sort as to most effectually disclose every secret plot and plan of Rome upon our free government. We shall in a future number give a sketch of the life of Father Chiniquy, who is now in his eighty-second year, and spends his time in reform work, going wherever duty may call, although his home is at St. Anne, Illinois. The publisher, Mr. Adam Craig, located at 77 and 79 Jackson street, informs me that the plates, together with just completed editions of this wonderful work, have been twice mysteriously burned. The book has over 800 pages, and costs \$2.25 post paid. It would repay any patriot a thousand per cent to procure a copy.

WILLIS F. WHITEHEAD.

When it became evident, in 1851, that my plan of forming a grand colony of Roman Catholic French-speaking people on the prairies of Illinois was to be a success, D'Arcy McGee, then editor of *The Freeman's Journal*, official journal of the Bishop of New York, wrote me to know my views, and immediately determined to put himself at the head of a similar enterprise in behalf of the Irish Roman Catholics. He published several able articles to show that the Irish people, with very few exceptions, were demoralized, degraded and kept poor, around their groggeries, and showed how they would thrive, become respectable and rich, if they could be induced to exchange their grog shops for the fertile lands of the west. Through his influence, a large assembly, principally composed of priests, to which I was invited, met at Buffalo in the spring of 1852. But what was his disappointment, when he saw that the greatest part of those priests were sent by the bishops of the United States, to oppose and defeat his plans!

He vainly spoke with a burning eloquence for his pet scheme. The majority coldly answered him: "We are determined, like you, to take possession of the United States and rule them; but we cannot do that without acting secretly and with the utmost wisdom. If our plans are known, they will surely be defeated. What does a skillful general do when he wants to conquer a country? Does he scatter his soldiers over the farm lands, and spend their time and energy in ploughing the fields and sowing grain? No! He keeps them well united around his banners, and marches at their head, to the conquest of the strongholds, the rich and powerful cities. The farming countries then submit and become the price of his victory, without moving a finger to subdue them. So it is with us. Silently and patiently, we must mass our Roman Catholics in the great cities of the United States, remembering that the vote of a poor journeyman, though he be covered with rags, has as much weight in the scale of power as the millionaire Astor, and that if we have two votes against his one, he will become as powerless as an oyster. Let us, then, multiply our votes; let us call our poor but faithful Irish Catholics from every corner of the world, and gather them in to the very hearts of those proud citadels which the Yankees are so rapidly building under the names of Washington, New York, Boston, Chicago, Buffalo, Albany, Troy, Cincinnati, etc. Under the shadows of those great cities, the Americans consider themselves as a giant and unconquerable race. They look upon the poor Irish Catholic people with supreme contempt, as only fit to dig their canals, sweep their streets and work in their kitchens. Let to one awake those sleeping lions to-day. Let us pray God that they may sleep and dream their sweet dreams a few years more. How sad will their awakening be, when with our outnumbering votes, we will turn them, forever, from every position of honor, power and profit! What will those hypocritical and godless sons and daughters of the fanatical Pilgrim Fathers say, when not a single judge, not a single teacher, not a single policeman, will be elected if he be not a devoted Irish Roman Catholic? What will those so-called giants think of our matchless shrewdness and ability, when not a single Senator or member of Congress will be chosen, if he be not submitted to our holy father, the Pope? What a sad figure those Protestant Yankees will cut when we will not only elect the President, but fill and command the armies, man the navies, and hold the keys

of the public treasury. It will then be time for our faithful Irish people to give up their grog shops, in order to become the judges and governors of the land. Then our poor and humble mechanics will leave their damp ditches and muddy streets, to rule the cities in all their departments, from the stately mansion of Mayor of New York, to the humble, though not less noble position of teacher.

"Then, yes! then, we will rule the United States, and lay them at the feet of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, that he may put an end to their godless system of education, and sweep away those impious laws of liberty of conscience, which are an insult to God and man!"

D'Arcy McGee was left almost alone when the votes were taken.

From that time the Catholic priests, with the most admirable ability and success, have gathered their Irish legions into the great cities of the United States, and the American people must be very blind indeed, if they do not see that if they do nothing to prevent it, the day is very near when the Jesuits will rule their country, from the magnificent White House at Washington, to the humblest civil and military department of this vast republic. They are already the masters of New York, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Paul, New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah, Cincinnati, Albany, Troy, Milwaukee, St. Louis, San Francisco, etc. Yes! San Francisco, the rich, the great queen of the Pacific, is in the hands of the Jesuits!

From the very first days of the discovery of the gold mines of California, the Jesuits had the hopes of becoming masters of these inexhaustible treasures, and they secretly laid their plans, with the most profound ability and success. They saw, at once, that the great majority of the lucky miners, of every creed and nation, were going back home, as soon as they had enough to secure an honorable competence to their families. It became then evident, that of those multitudes which the thirst of gold had brought from every corner of the world, not one out of fifty would fix their homes in San Francisco. The Jesuits saw at a glance that if they could persuade the Irish Catholics to settle and remain there, they would soon be the masters and rulers of that golden city, whose future is so bright and so great! And that scheme, worked day and night with the utmost perseverance, has been crowned with perfect success.

The consequence is, that while you find only a few Americans, Germans, Scotch and English millionaires in San Francisco, you find more than fifty Catholic Irish millionaires in that city. Its richest bank (Nevada Bank) is in their hands, and so are all the street railways. The principal offices of the city are filled with Irish Roman Catholics. Almost all the police are composed of the same class, as well as the volunteer military associations. Their compact unity, in the hands of the Jesuits, with their enormous wealth, make them almost supreme masters of the mines of California and Nevada.

When one knows the absolute, abject submission of the Irish Roman Catholics, rich or poor, to their priests; how the mind, the soul, the will, the conscience, are firmly and irrevocably tied to the feet of the priests, he can easily understand that the Jesuits of the United States form one of the richest and most powerful corporations the world ever saw.

It is well known that these fifty Catholic millionaires, with their myriads of employees, are, through their wives, and by themselves, continually at the feet of the Jesuits, who swim in a golden sea.

No one, if he be not a Roman Catholic, or one of those so-called Protestants who give their daughters to the nuns, and their sons to the Jesuits to be educated, has much hopes, where the Jesuits rule, of having a lucrative office in the San Francisco to-day.

The Americans, with few exceptions, do not pay any attention to the dark cloud which is rising at their horizon from Rome. Though that cloud is filled with rivers of tears and blood, they let it grow and rise without even caring how they will escape from the impending hurricane.

It is to San Francisco that you must go to have an idea of the number of secret and powerful organizations with which the Church of Rome prepares herself for the impending conflict, through which she hopes to destroy the schools, and every vestige of human rights and liberties in the United States.

In order to more easily drill the Roman Catholics and prepare them for the irrepressible struggle, the Jesuits have organized them into a great number of secret societies, the principal of which are: Ancient Order of Hibernians, Irish American Society, Knights of St. Patrick, St. Patrick's Cadets, St. Patrick Mutual Alliance, Apostles of Liberty, Benevolent Sons of the Emerald Isle, Knights of St. Peter, Knights of the Red Branch, Knights of the Columskill, the Secret Heart, etc., etc.

Almost all these secret associations are military ones. They have their headquarters at San Francisco; but their rank and file are scattered all over the United States. They number 700,000 soldiers, who, under the name of United States Volunteer Militia, are offered by some of the most skillful generals and officers of this Republic.

Another fact, to which the American

Protestants do not sufficiently pay attention, is that the Jesuits have been shrewd enough to have a vast majority of Roman Catholic generals and officers, to command the army and man the navy of the United States.

Rome is in constant conspiracy against the rights and liberties of man all over the world; but she is particularly so in the United States.

Long before I was ordained a priest I knew that my church was the most implacable enemy of this Republic. My professors of philosophy, history and theology had been unanimous in telling me that the principles and laws of the Church of Rome were absolutely antagonistic to the laws and principles which are the foundation-stones of the Constitution of the United States.

1st. The most sacred principle of the United States Constitution is the equality of every citizen before the law. But the fundamental principle of the Church of Rome is the denial of that equality.

2nd. Liberty of conscience is proclaimed by the United States, a most sacred principle which every citizen must uphold, even at the price of his blood. But liberty of conscience is declared by all the popes and councils of Rome a most godless, unholy and diabolical thing, which every good Catholic must abhor and destroy, at any cost.

3rd. The American Constitution assures the absolute independence of the civil from the ecclesiastical or church power; but the Church of Rome declares, through all her pontiffs and councils, that such independence is an impiety and a revolt against God.

4th. The American Constitution leaves every man free to serve God according to the dictates of his conscience; but the Church of Rome declares that no man has ever had such a right, and that the pope alone can know and say what man must believe and do.

5th. The Constitution of the United States denies the right in any body to punish any other for differing from him in religion. But the Church of Rome says that she has a right to punish with the confiscation of their goods, or the penalty of death, those who differ in faith from the pope.

6th. The United States have established schools all over their immense territories, where they invite the people to send their children, that they may cultivate their intelligence and become good and useful citizens. But the Church of Rome has publicly cursed all these schools, and forbidden their children to attend them, under pain of excommunication in this world and damnation in the next.

7th. The Constitution of the United States is based on the principle that the people are the primary source of all civil power. But hundreds of times, the Church of Rome has proclaimed that this principle is impious and heretical. She says that "All government must rest upon the foundation of the Catholic faith; with the pope alone as the legitimate and infallible source and interpreter of the law."

I could cite many other things, proving that the Church of Rome is an absolute and irreconcilable enemy of the United States; but it would be too long. These are sufficient to show to the American people that Rome is a viper, which they feed and press upon their bosom. Sooner or later, that viper will bite to death and kill this Republic.

This was foretold by Lafayette, and is now promulgated by the greatest thinkers of our time.

The greatest inventor, or rather, the immortal father of electric telegraphy, Samuel Morse, found it out when in Rome, and published it in 1834, in his remarkable work, "Conspiracies Against the Liberties of the United States." The learned Dr. S. Irenaeus Prime, in his life of Prof. Morse, says: "When Mr. Morse was in Italy, he became acquainted with several ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome, and he was led to believe, from what he learned from them, that a political conspiracy, under the cloak of a religious mission, was formed against the United States. When he came to Paris and enjoyed the confidence and friendship of Lafayette, he stated his convictions to the General, who fully concurred with him in the reality of such a conspiracy."

That great statesman and patriot, the late Richard W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy, in his admirable work, "The Papacy and the Civil Power," says: "Nothing is plainer than that, if the principles of the Church of Rome prevail here, our constitution would necessarily fall. The two cannot exist together. They are in open and direct antagonism with the fundamental theory of our government, and of all popular government everywhere."

The eloquent Spanish orator, Castelar, speaking of his own Church of Rome, said, in 1869, "There is not a single progressive principle that has not been covered by the Catholic church. This is true of England and Germany, as well as all Catholic countries. The church cursed the French Revolution, the Belgian Constitution, and the Italian Independence. Not a Constitution has been born, not a step of progress made, not a solitary reform effected, which has not been under the terrific anathemas of the church."

But why ask the testimony of Protestants or Liberals to warn the American people against that conspiracy, when we have the public testimony of all the bishops and priests to prove it? With the most daring impudence, the church of Rome, through her leading men, is boasting of her stern determination to destroy all the rights and privileges which have cost so much blood to the American people. Let the Americans, who have eyes to see and intelligence to understand, read the following unimpeachable documents, and judge for themselves of what will become of this country, if Rome is allowed to grow strong enough to execute her threats.

"The church is of necessity intolerant. Heresy, she endures when and where she must, but she hates it, and directs all her energies to destroy it."

"If Catholics ever gain a sufficient numerical majority in this country, religious freedom is at an end. So our enemies say, so we believe."—*The Shepherd of the Valley*, official journal of the Bishop of St. Louis, Nov. 23, 1851.

"No man has a right to choose his religion. Catholicism is the most intolerant of creeds. It is intolerance itself. We might as rationally maintain that two and

two does not make four, as the theory of religious liberty. Its impiety is only equalled by its absurdity."—*New York Freeman*, official journal of Bishop Hughes, Jan. 26, 1852.

"The church is instituted, as every Catholic who understands his religion believes, to guard and defend the right of God, against any and every enemy, at all times, in all places. She, therefore, does not, and cannot accept, or in any degree favor liberty, in the Protestant sense of liberty."—*Catholic World*, April 1870.

"The Catholic church is the medium and channel through which the will of God is expressed. While the State has rights, she has them only in virtue and by permission of the Superior Authority, and that authority can be expressed only through the church."—*Catholic World*, July, 1870.

"Protestantism has not, and never can have, any right, where Catholicity has triumphed. Therefore, we lose the breath we expend in declaiming against bigotry and intolerance, and in favor of Religious Liberty, or the right of man to be of any religion, as best pleases him."—*Catholic Review*, June, 1865.

"Religious Liberty is merely endured until the opposite can be carried into effect without peril to the Catholic church."—*Rt. Rev. O'Connor*, Bishop of Pittsburgh.

"The Catholic church numbers one-third the American population; and if its membership shall increase, for the next thirty years, as it has the thirty years past, in 1900, Rome will have a majority, and be bound to take this country and keep it. There is, ere long, to be a State religion in this country, and that State religion is to be the Roman Catholic."

"1st. The Roman Catholic is to wield his vote for the purpose of securing Catholic ascendancy in this country."

"2nd. All legislation must be governed by the will of God, unerringly indicated by the pope."

"3rd. Education must be controlled by Catholic authorities, and under education; the opinions of the individual, and the utterances of the press are included, and many opinions are to be forbidden by the secular arm, under the authority of the church, even to war and bloodshed."—*Father Hecker*, *Catholic World*, July, 1870.

"It was proposed that all religious persuasions should be free, and their worship publicly exercised. But we have rejected this article, as contrary to the canons and councils of the Catholic church."—*Pope Pius VII.*, *Encyclical*, 1808.

"It is of faith that the pope has the right of deposing heretical and rebel kings. Monarchs so deposed by the pope, are converted into notorious tyrants, and may be killed by the first who can reach them."

"If the public cause cannot meet with its defense in the death of a tyrant, it is lawful for the first who arrives, to assassinate him."—*Suarez*, *Defensio Fidei*; Book VI., chap. 4, Nos. 13-14.

"See, sir, from this chamber I govern, not only to Paris, but to China; not only to China, but to all the world, without any one knowing how I do it."—*Tamborini*, General of the Jesuits.

"A man who has been excommunicated by the pope, may be killed anywhere, as Escobar and Deaux teach, because the pope has an indirect jurisdiction over the whole world, even in temporal things, as all the Catholics maintain, and as Suarez proves against the King of England."—*Bussbaum*—*Lacroix*, *Theologia Moralis*, 1757.

The Roman Catholic historian of the Jesuits, Crateneau Joly, in his Vol. II., page 435, approvingly says: "Father Guivard, writing about Henry IV., King of France says: 'If he cannot be deposed, let us make war; and if we cannot make war, let him be killed.'"

The great Roman Catholic theologian, Dens, puts to himself the question: "Are heretics justly punished with death? He answers: 'St. Thomas says: Yes! 22, question 11, Art. 3. Because forgers of money, or other disturbers of the state, are justly punished with death; therefore, all heretics who are forgers of faith, and, as experience testifies, grievously disturb the State.'"

"This is confirmed, because God, in the Old Testament, ordered the false prophets to be slain, and in Deuteronomy it is decreed that if any one will act proudly, and will not obey the commands of the priests, let him be put to death."

"The same is proved from the condemnation of the 14th article of John Huss, in the Council of Constance."—*Dens*, p. 88, Tome II., Dublin, 1834.

"That we may, in all things, attain the truth. That we may not err in anything, we ought ever to hold, as a fixed principle, that what I see white, I believe to be black, if the superior authorities of the church define it to be so."—*Spiritual Exercise*, by Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits.

"No more cunning plot was ever devised against the intelligence, the freedom, the happiness and virtue of mankind, than Romanism."—*Gladstone*, *Letter to Aberdeen*.

In consequence of that infallible decree of the infallible Pope, Galileo, in order to escape death, was obliged to fall on his knees and perjure himself, by signing the following declaration on the 22nd of June, 1663.

"I abjure, curse and detest the error and heresy of the motion of the earth around the sun."

In obedience to that decree, the two learned Jesuit astronomers, Lesueur and Jacquier, in Rome, only a few years ago, made the following declaration: "Newton assumes, in his third book, the hypothesis of the earth moving around the sun. The proposition of that author could not be explained, except through the same hypothesis; we have, therefore, been forced to act a character not our own. But we declare our entire submission to the decrees of the supreme Pontiff of Rome against the motion of the earth."—*Newton's Principia*, by Fathers Lesueur and Jacquier, vol. iii., page 450.

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## THE LITTLE WAIF.

## Who Are the True Ministers?

I.

At one time in the history of the world it was esteemed as an exceedingly great honor to be a "Minister of the Gospel." Ministers were regarded as special mouthpieces of God, and they were looked up to with reverence and awe. To be a minister was, in some respects, to be something super-human—a peculiar commingling of the human and divine. The word minister and its derivations figure conspicuously in the Bible. "Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child" (Sam. 2:18). "Then the devil leaveth him, and behold the angels came and ministered unto him" (Mat. 4:11). "And he touched her hand, and the fever left her, and she arose and ministered unto them" (Mat. 8:15). "And many women were there, ministering unto him" (Mat. 27:55). "And take unto thee Aaron thy brother, and his son with him, that he may minister unto me in the priest's office" (Exodus 28:1). "That they may minister unto me in the priest's office" (Ex. 28:41). "I will satisfy also both Aaron and his sons, to minister to me" (Ex. 29:44).

In the United States there are about 90,000 ministers of the gospel whose special duty it is to interpret the word of God, and who claim to be His favorite children. What a ministerial army! What a phalanx of praying Christians, who are constantly trying to destroy the citadel of Satan! Yet they are not—astonishing announcement!—by any means perfect! If they were congregated together, forming a city of their own, with their wives and children, and an impenetrable wall around them, they would still require laws against adultery, stealing and murder; in fact, a law against every conceivable grade of crime would necessarily have to be enacted. Statistics show this.

The members of the Home Circle Fraternity honor goodness, virtue, honesty, kindness of heart, benevolence, whenever they are manifested by an individual, however poor and lowly his condition. A man may be a devout, active and intelligent minister, and yet minister to no one in a way acceptable to God and angels. In the Home Circle Fraternity, all are SAVIORS, all are REDEEMERS, all are MINISTERS. If an individual does not possess those three characteristics in their purity, then he is not a member of the Home Circle Fraternity, and can no more breathe its refined and pure air than he can understand the transcendent wisdom of God! But few ministers of the gospel—very few indeed—who could be admitted to our grand brotherhood and sisterhood; they do not possess the requisite qualifications; nine-tenths of the 90,000 ministers of the United States do not. They are not Saviors; they save no one correctly. They are not Redeemers; they redeem no one from his wayward ways, in the right manner, and in the true sense of the holy word, they are not Ministers.

## II.

## WHO IS THE TRUE MINISTER?

How true it is that one-half of the world don't know how the other half live. A heart may be sad, care-worn, destitute of sunshine, devoid of happiness, and utterly miserable, with no one to minister thereto! Such a case was Elva H.— She had given birth to a child outside of wedlock. She had brought into the world an immortal soul, and the Finger of Scorn, emitting the poison of a serpent, was disdainfully pointed at her! Not one of the Home Circle Fraternity knew of her sad disconsolate state. She wondered, when she clasped her child to her heart, bathed it with her tears, and gazed wistfully into its bright eyes, and surveyed its finely moulded features, if God had written the seal of condemnation upon her and her child.

She wondered if God or angels would hear her prayers, her appeals so full of tender pathos, of divine sweetness and love! She wondered if God had any "Fingers of Scorn" to point at her; and she wondered, too, if illegitimate children and their mothers were outcasts in the Spirit-world. Her thoughts ascended heavenward illumined with a divine radiance—divine because she earnestly hoped and prayed for the welfare of her own child, and her own redemption.

But what could she do now deserted by one who had seduced her—cruelly abandoned her to the cold heartlessness of the world! But a strange thought came to her mind! Thoughts sometimes come from heaven; they glide into the mind like an Angel of Light, and kindle a resolve there to do something that is for the best! So she thought. An hour passes, and a basket is procured. A light comes to her soul—a divine message is written thereon: "You, poor woman, give this immortal soul to James L.— deposit it on his door steps early to-morrow morning, and a pleasant home it will have."

We knew James L.— well. He was a thrifty mechanic, and highly esteemed for his many sterling qualities. Elva passed a sleepless night, a night of sadness, misgivings and tender recollections. It was a night of prayer, a night of tears, of moans and sighs; a night wherein all things seemed draped in mourning. She uttered a prayer for the child's future welfare and happiness; a prayer glistening with a mother's love, a love as pure, as gentle, and abiding as that ever felt by Jesus; but the voice within that she had heard must be obeyed.

That night her soul was lacerated with a thousand conflicting emotions, and a gloomy cloud enveloped her; but through that she could discern in the distance a bright sky, and her little child joyous and happy. The morning came, and then her child, placed in a basket was stealthily carried to the home of another and placed upon his door steps. She looked upon its radiant features serenely locked in sleep, and imprinting thereon a farewell kiss, she tore herself away. Returning to her room, poor frail creature, she threw herself upon her bed, was taken sick, and never recovered. But the child, what became of that? Mrs. L.— went to the

door first in the morning, and was surprised at the sight which greeted her. She found there a sweet little baby—an immortal soul!—just as pure, as good, and as precious in the sight of God and angels as any of your own children. She caught up the basket, and rushing back said:

"See, James, what I have got—just what I wanted—a baby. Glory be to God! It is pretty too!"

"Take away the brat, her husband replied. I don't want it around—won't have it either. Some bad character has deposited it here."

"Oh! James, why do you talk so! See its bright eyes. What a pretty mouth! What a sweet face! I must keep it! Heaven sent it!"

"The devil sent it, I guess. We can't keep it, I will notify the authorities."

And so he did; and when the officer came around, Mrs. L.— told him she had adopted it—it was a gift from heaven, a Messenger of Love!

"But your husband says he will not have the brat," said the officer.

"Oh! engage me to keep it two weeks, and await results."

"Agreed," he responded and then left."

## III.

James L.— for two or three days was incorrigible; would not have the squalling infant around. The fifth day he was induced to hold it for five minutes. The sixth day he actually thought it quite pretty. The seventh day he held it for an hour, it being Sunday, under the shade of a tree. The eighth day, he complained that his wife was neglecting it, because it happened to cry when she was busily at work. The ninth day he left the house admonishing her to be careful how she treated the baby. The tenth day he came at noon from his work—never known to do it before—to see the baby. The eleventh day he was bragging among the workmen what a pretty baby he had. The twelfth day you never saw a more delighted man when it looked up towards him and seemed to smile. The thirteenth day he wondered if the officer would allow him to keep it. The fourteenth day he left for his work with injunctions to his wife to not give up the baby under any circumstances, that it was theirs by right of discovery. He came home at noon again to see his little pet, and to see that she had not been molested.

Ah! James's head was chuck full of gladness, sunshine and goodness, and that little Messenger of Light was just what he and his wife needed. Blessed be God that two such noble hearts exist; they are honored members of the Home Circle Fraternity. They are SAVIORS; they saved the earthly life of an immortal soul. They are REDEEMERS; they redeemed the child of a heart-broken mother from poverty. They are MINISTERS, too; yes, high and holy MINISTERS; they ministered to the wants of another. To be a minister of the gospel, with a large salary, surrounded with wealth, luxury and extravagant display, is comparatively easy. To become a minister in the Home Circle Fraternity requires great self-sacrifice, sterling worth and nobleness of character. No salary is given there. He who ministers to the poor, receiving compensation therefore, cannot be received as a member of our glorious, angel-born brotherhood and sisterhood. From the very nature of the case, no such person is worthy of a position with us. To minister to the poor; to MINISTER to the care-worn and wretched; to MINISTER to the utterly helpless, is one of the qualifications that entitles you to a position as Minister in the Home Circle Fraternity, and an exalted position in Spirit-life.

James had a "charge to keep," in its highest, purest and holiest sense. And when little Star Eyes, the pet name of his little adopted daughter, was taken sick and given up by physicians, to die, what did he do? He cried like a child, sitting, by the side of the cradle he said:

"Ma, I feel like praying; I feel that if I take this child in my arms, my little Star Eyes, and pray! pray!! pray!!! she will get well."

"We will try," says Mrs. L.—, and carefully taking up the prostrate form, then nearly a year old, she placed her in the arms of her brawny husband. He held her on the pillow, and knelt in prayer. He did not close his eyes; he did not look heavenward, even, but gazed tenderly and compassionately into the face of his child. The prayer was uttered in very bad English. All the rules of grammar were violated. His pronunciation was wretched! His sentences were sadly distorted. It was not eloquent like that of an educated church member; but in honesty, purity and zeal, it was one of the grandest prayers ever uttered. It ascended heavenward; it thrilled the hearts of angels; it pulsated in space, and awakened tender emotions in the hearts of spirits, and they formed a circle around him and sent down upon the child their healing magnetism, and so relieved it that it would recover. And this minister of the Home Circle Fraternity, was surprised to see the child in a profuse perspiration; and he held it, and held it, and prayed, and prayed, and the next day the child was well. Mr. L.— was a healing medium, and through his organism the cure was perfected.

We had rather be J. L.—, ministering to this little waif, and uttering a fervent prayer to heaven, than an orthodox minister praying over an aristocratic congregation, like Talmages at a salary of \$10,000 a year. James L.— prayer, uttered in bad English, in defiance of all the rules of grammar, and his pronunciation bad enough to make a horse laugh, met a response from the higher spheres. Such a man, so far as genuine goodness is concerned, is an honor to God; an honor to angels, an honor to the Home Circle Fraternity, and verily great shall be his reward. He is a Savior, a REDEEMER and a MINISTER—saving, redeeming, and ministering. If you wish to be an honored member of our brotherhood, minister to the wants of poor and forlorn souls less fortunate than yourself. If you do not, you are only fit for the lower spheres of spirit-life, and some day you will awaken to a realization of what constitutes the true Minister.

John R. Francis





## 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 Psychology; Science; etc.*

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE LOW SOCIETIES CONTINUED.

What clouds of mystery are hung  
Around that one idea, heaven;  
And though forever songs have rung  
Across its bars, by angels sung,  
The cloud which veils it is not risen.

"We are yet in the lower societies of the second sphere," said the Philosopher; "you will now behold examples wherein you will recognize the same passions which animate many of earth's children, plunging them into misery and woe. In the last scene, you beheld the influence of uncontrolled acquisitiveness, the desire for wealth which avails not. Here you see the action of combativeness and destructiveness, resulting in quarreling and dissension."

As the Sage ceased speaking a wretched group appeared, all unprepared to be ushered into a higher state. Bad as their condition was previously, it was a paradise to this. They were discontented on earth, and often had wished for death. How little knew they of the change. The discontented, unbridled bird would fain skim the ethereal air, like its strong parent, but not being adapted to that element until mature, it falls from its happy nest, and receives many a bruise. The caterpillar would sport in the atmosphere among the gay flowers, sipping delicate nectar from gaudy corollas, but spins its cocoon before its time, and then, when too late, finds its food shut out, its life cramped, and if it live, at most makes an imperfect fly.

"These examples illustrate the condition of those who depart from the present to try the unknown future before full preparation. Man should live in the earth-life to a ripe age, and die as the apple falls from its bough in autumn time."

"I fear extremely few thus mature."

"Alas! mankind have everything of their spiritual being yet to learn; everything—how to live, to breathe, to think, the infinite lesson—know thyself."

They paused before a wretched group consisting of father, mother and children; an entire family. The Sage spoke, but his charity not allowing him to injure the feelings of the sufferers, aside to his companions:

"I know this family well. Many years since, while passing over the earth, I encountered them, the same as now. The parents whom you behold, worn with care, were unhappily wedded. They falsified, and deceived each other into the belief that they were adapted to each other. But marriage as is to often the case, revealed the true character of each to the other. They united as a fearful majority unite, from selfish and passionate motives. One passion necessarily excites the others, hence, as this turned out, the fuel becoming exhausted, their bodies diseased, their minds irritable, attraction is complimented by disgust. The laws of attraction and repulsion, as sublimated in the realm of spirit, are as yet unknown to earthly science. Yet do they rule with the same adamant inflexibility in the spiritual as in the physical world. Can you ask what the offspring of such unions must be? The bad qualities predominating in their parents, descend and cumulate in the children. This is an ill-understood, but inevitable consequence. The Bible says truly of such: 'Conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity.' These children are an illustration. They hate their parents, and are kept together, and in obedience by fear. The family circle, instead of being a school to instruct them in practical goodness, has taught them nothing but evil. Here are ten children and a group of twelve persons (a contagion swept them all at once from earth) having as much affinity for each other as the lamb for the wolf. Ten children! No parent can rear during their short earthly life that number, and impart all the necessary vitality and instruction their natures require. And what right have parents to bring immortal beings into the world, if not prepared and qualified to sustain them?"

"Then you would have the parents instruct their own children?"

"Yes, every child has a right to be well born, and then the mother should instruct them in the sciences, teach them all they require to know, and point them the direct road to preferment and honor. This is her duty, and she obeys the voice of nature in proportion as she performs the task. Who teaches the young eagle to poise its untrained pinions, or to dart with unerring precision upon its prey? Who gives it its first lessons in the art of cleaving the airy tide, and then, and not till then, throws it upon its own responsibility? Who but its mother?"

"But how is she to obtain time amid all the cares woman on earth is obliged to submit to?" asked Hero. "True, she might do it here, but there it seems impossible."

"Did you not educate your children? Did you not send them all directly to posts of honor? Do they not constitute the pride of your heart; for *as* a mother be indifferent to the success of her children? They are an honor to you and lights to the world; and to *you* they owe all that they are. Depend upon this, that just as a mother uses her child, so will the child use the world. How the children before us illustrate this! The words they utter are too low to be spoken or heard, being the language of unrestrained animalities."

"How they can do so, I can not imagine; why do they not separate?"

"It is because they have not yet discovered that it is possible, but believe that similar restrictions prevail as on earth. This they will soon find, and then they will dissolve."

"Oh, it is dreadful to see such confusion! Let us away."

"Then, fair Hero, we will go, and not halt to provoke an outburst of their passions; but perhaps the next group we meet will be no less inharmonious."

"Can you smell the fumes of tobacco, or inhale the breath of those who drink wine that maddeneth? Nay, you can not, but we now stand near those who fully believe that they in reality do."

Have you ever entered a saloon? Have you ever watched the stupid stare of the inebriate when his eye grew less and less lustrous, slowly closing, the muscles relaxing, and the victim of appetite sinking over on the floor in beastly drunkenness? Oh, how dense the fumes of mingled tobacco and alcohol! Oh! what misery confined in those walls! If you have witnessed such scenes, then we need describe no further. If you have not, you had better not hear the tale of woe. Imagine to yourselves a bar-room with all its ills, and your number multiplied indefinitely, with the conscience-seared and bloated fiends who stood behind the bar, from whence they deal out death and damnation; and the picture is complete! One has just arrived from earth. He is yet uninitiated in the mysteries and miseries of those which, like hungry lions, await him. He died while intoxicated—was frozen while lying in the gutter, and consequently is attracted toward this society. He possessed a good intellect, but it was shattered by his debauches.

"Ye are a fresh one, ain't ye?" coarsely queried a sot, just then particularly communicative.

"Why, yes, I have just died, as they call it, and 'tain't so bad a change after all; only I suppose there'll be dry times here for want of something stimulant."

"Not so dry; lots of that all the time, and jolly times too."

"Drink! can you drink, then?"

"Yes, we just can, and feel as nice as we please. But all can't—not unless they find one on earth just like 'em. You go to earth and mix with your chums, and when you find one whose thoughts you can read, he's your man. Form a connection with him, and when he gets to feeling good you'll feel so too. There, do you understand me? I always tell all fresh ones the glori-

ous news, for how they would suffer if it wasn't for this blessed thing!"

"I'll try it, no mistake."

"Here's a covey," spoke an ulcerous-looking being; "he's of our stripe. Tim, did you hear what an infernal scrape I got into last night? No you didn't. Well, I went to our friend Fred's; he didn't want to drink when I found him, his dimes looked so extremely large. Well, I destroyed that feeling, and made him think he was dry. He drank, and drank, more than I wanted him to, until I was so drunk that I could not break my connection with him, or control his mind. He undertook to go home; fell into the snow, and came near freezing to death. I suffered awfully, ten times as much as when I died."

"Can these ever progress from their fearfully depraved condition?" asked Hero in sorrowful accents.

"Yes," replied the Sage, "the lowest mind can progress, and ages hence we shall find these same degraded men on our present plane. The years of eternity are unnumbered. In their duration there is time for the elevation of all. The capabilities of the human mind are infinite, and these degraded objects have the germs of all the faculties ready to awaken into life under proper circumstances. There is no retrogression, but constant onward movement. The planets oscillate to and fro, so may the mind; but its retrogression is confined to narrow limits, and its real motion is forever one of advancement. These degraded beings will some day awake to the consciousness of their position, and the relations they hold to their fellows, and arousing from their lethargy will renew their lives. The flame once kindled can never be extinguished, however loathsome the atmosphere in which it burns, and though for a time its light may be obscured, it will finally triumph over all difficulties, and blaze forth in immortal splendor. Once drawn with the verge of progressive movement, they will be propelled by the swift current."

### CHAPTER V.

#### HADES.

He stood there desolate and lone,  
Wealth, titles, honors all had flown;  
Like oak o'er which the storm winds sweep,  
Around which lightnings busy leap  
In lurid gleam, and thunders about,  
And echoing peal their laugh about.

As they passed from the scene described in the last chapter, the Sage seemed wrapped in deep meditation. At length he gave utterance to his feelings:

"Here I behold minds equal in natural strength to my own, yet debased lower than the brute. This is the punishment for the many misdeeds of the body. Here you behold the reactive energy of those laws. They must work out their own redemption. Though not plunged into a fiery gulf of sulphur, smoke, and wrath, their punishment is a thousand-fold more severe. If they feel this not now, the thousand cycles of the future will reveal their trespasses in all their deformities. The knowledge of what they have lost will force itself upon their minds."

As the Sage paused, Leon raised his eyes from pondering his words, and beheld a majestic yet mournful prospect. They were standing on a lofty eminence overlooking the horizon. Far away stretched an arid plain, interspersed with hills, valleys and ravines, and oasis-like green spots would now and then break out like islands in the Sahara. The plane appeared boundless, and on every side it lost itself in the thick clouds of vapor hanging over it. On every side appeared the scenes beheld by ancient clairvoyants, seers and visionaries, and by their excited imagination wrought into a fiery hell of Jehovah's wrath. Oh, the loneliness of the prospect! The dim view of millions of human beings, all once of earth, wandering over the arid waste, with hearts as stunted and souls as contracted as the stunted mimosa and dwarf acacia which grow in clumps here and there on the desert.

"Here have I often contemplated the scenes of spirit misery and woe," said the Philosopher; "we beyond all possible conception—beyond all expression; for while pursuing the ruinous course of error, they one and all think they are enjoying the fullest measure of happiness. Their minds are hermetically sealed to the light. They can never progress until their mental vision is unshrouded from the thick veil of their present ignorance."

"This seems," responded Leon, "like a realization of earth. To appearance this is an earthly prospect, and the spirits I behold yonder are as busily engaged as man with all his cares. Have I not viewed this prospect before?"

"True, it is an earthly scene. This is earth. The lowest circle or plane of our existence is not removed above man's plane. Thus a good opportunity is given the undeveloped to learn the laws which govern earth; and you well know that they must learn these before advancing."

"Then these shaded spirits who flit about and till the ground, and appear so busily employed, are yet in the flesh, though they scarcely differ from the others?"

"Yes, those are the inhabitants of earth toiling for food and raiment, which is right, and ten thousand useless luxuries which are hurtful. Here we find all classes and varieties of minds—the bigot, the hypocrite, the trader, the trafficker who used fraudulent and unlawful means, deception and scant measure—the narrow-minded, the selfish, and the sensual—all are here."

"For a long time I have watched them intently, but owing to the diversity of occupations I cannot satisfy my curiosity."

"They are variously employed. Yonder is a group who believe life created for to-day; that to 'drink and be merry' is the ultimate of existence. They have in consequence permitted their minds to run to ruin, and have prostrated all their energies in the cultivation of a lisp of speech, and what they style grace of manners. Now they join in the dance—well enough in itself, it is true, when performed for exercise, but when made a chief employment of life, extremely bad in its effects. Hundreds of years since I passed this way on a mission similar to my present, and then I beheld this same circle employed just as you now see them. I say the same; it appears as if some are not here now who were here then, and that the number is augmented. Perhaps some have seen their folly in a new light, and arisen above the pursuit of mere animal gratification. Yonder is a group of sensualists, thinking, talking and acting as on earth—sacrificing their energies on the altar of sensual desire. Think you on this spectacle! Let me drop the veil of modesty, remembering that these have their likeness on earth. Leon, do you recollect Marvin, the merchant prince, the speculating capitalist, the bigoted religionist?"

"I have cause to remember him. Many a time have we argued until he became angry, and condemned me to the infernal gulf of misery as an outcast and infidel."

"He has departed from his palace home. Can you see that dark spirit yonder? How wildly he gazes around him. He is bewildered and lost!"

"It is the one of whom you speak. There is the churchman, the creed-fettered man—a strict observer of bigotry. How often have I heard him repeat, 'that one could tell Sunday from a week day by his appearance!' How often has he cursed me from his Bible, and said I was elected for hell, and he for heaven! Why cometh he hither?"

While he was speaking, Marvin, attracted by the superior light issuing from the eminence, hastened up, wildly gazing around at every step. The moment he came within speaking distance, he recognized Leon, and exclaimed:—

"Leon of the hamlet! and your wife!—you here? What keeps you in this dismal place? What are you doing here? Where am I?"

"We came here to observe the lights and shadows of spirit-life. You are in the place where I once told you you would go, for which you scorned me."

"I remember, and believe none the more or less now. I am not dead yet!"

"No, but you are dead to the world."

"Say not so; I am only dreaming a fearful dream."

"If you should behold your body conveyed to the tomb, your dreams would begin to put on form and substance."

"I should believe them reality," exclaimed he, still gazing with an insane stare, and starting at every sound.

"Follow, then," said Leon, who well knew the position of the stately hall that reared itself near by his humble cottage.

The group proceeded to the former home of Marvin, and entered the marble walls, furnished with the sumptuousness of untold wealth, proclaiming Marvin a prince in dollars and pride. In a mahogany coffin, on a marble table, rested the earthly remains of

the great leader in commerce and religion, bloated with the ravages of disease. His spirit drew near, folded its arms, and with a fixed gaze, stood over the corpse. Not a limb moved nor a muscle vibrated, except a slight quiver would now and then run over the face. The view of his mortal form held him fascinated. "Never will the earnest look he fixed upon his former self be forgotten. The bearers entered, and placed the coffin in the hearse, which began its measured movement toward the family tomb. Then, with a loud scream of agony, he appeared to wake to consciousness, threw himself on the coffin, hugging the corpse with all his energy—crying with might and main he was to be buried alive—he lived—he was not dead—he was to be murdered! He had seen too much beyond death already. He only slept. After lamenting in this manner for a while, he became aware that the spirits with him heard his voice through the vibrations of ether. His friends, whom he wished to hear, could not hear in the least. He then strove to move the corpse—to move the arm to make them know that he yet lived. All was vain! He had lost control over his own form, and knew not how to move matter. Frantic with fear and anxiety he clung to the wreck of his mortality, and refused the request of the Philosopher to rise. When the coffin was placed away side by side with the previous generation, and with a lingering look the bearers were about to depart, he became alarmed for fear of being shut up, and followed them out into the free air, declaring all the time 'he was in a trance! Oh, what an awful dream!'

"Nay," said the Philosopher; "your body is dead; you live, and are a spirit in the Spirit-world."

"In Heaven!" exclaimed he in extreme surprise.—"I in heaven!"

"No, not heaven to you, but it is to us."

"Why, this is no heaven, this is earth! Where is heaven—I can't see it!"

"What kind of place do you expect to find heaven?" asked the Sage, with something of pity mantling his brow.

"What kind of a place? I believe it is as the Bible describes. It says heaven is paved with bright gold, and walled about with precious stones, so that no sinner can get in through the narrow way which I have traveled, with now and then a slight transgression, which the Lord has forgiven me. Now you are sinners, for you are waylaying me, and declaring me dead while I live. And am I in all the heaven I shall ever find? Now if I am in heaven, where is God, to whom I have prayed three times each day all my life?"

"He is here."

"Where?" he exclaimed in terror.

"Here, around and within us."

"No; I see him not; and thus you have proved that I am not in heaven. God is in heaven; the Bible says so. If he were here, I could see him far plainer than I now see you. He sits on an ivory throne, with scepter in his hand, dealing out laws and punishments to the nations. All around are elders and angels with golden harps, singing his praise. Where is all this? I hear nothing. Do you suppose such a concourse could escape my sight? No, I could see it across the universe."

"You hear them!—no, nor never will."

"Oh, sinners, evil angels sent to tempt me from the path of right! Oh that I could awake! Where is heaven? Don't stand pointing to your mind; I want to behold the real heaven, with its glittering pavement!"

"Many of the earth's sons would far rather see the 'glittering pavement' than heaven itself, but none will ever be gratified," calmly replied the Sage.

"Is there not such a place?" and again the storm of passion arose within.

"No local heaven. Heaven is a condition, not a locality."

"Do you deny the Bible?"

"No."

"That says heaven is located."

"Not if rightly understood."

"Yes it does, plainly. I have crucified my flesh, suffered everything, carried my grievous cross—all for nothing! Nay, nay, I'll find the place yet."

"Not yet."

"Never?"

"Never!"

"Are my sufferings of no avail?"

"None whatever, unless to depress you. The path of happiness passes not through suffering. Suffering is the consequence of infringed law—happiness, of obeyed law. To be happy is to enjoy all the pure pleasures of earth. You have always labored under a great mistake."

"But my prayers?"

"Prayer without action is worthless."

"Did not Christ die for me?"

"No."

"Why was he sacrificed then?"

"He died because the Jews were angry at his reformation, and treated him just as all reformers have been since time began—burned, crucified, murdered by the mob at the instigation of the priesthood."

"Can he not forgive sins?"

"No; every man has his own accounts to answer for. If he is debtor he is necessarily punished."

"Atonement false?"

"Yes, Christ suffers not for your sins. He is not a scapegoat on whom you are to lay your burdens."

"Heretic! heretic! No wonder you have not been seen. I'll argue no more with you, but retire to my house, and show you I live there yet."

In a few moments Marvin rushed from his once lively halls with a frantic gesture, exclaiming:

"Oh! they have buried me, and believe me dead, and have already divided my property, which I have strove night and day to accumulate, that in my old age I might enjoy it. They are quarreling like wolves over a carcass. When they opened my safe, and I saw how determined they were to waste all my savings, I shouted right in their ears, and though they must have heard, they gave not the least attention. I am dead, and why does not the good angel come to conduct me away? I'll go and search for heaven myself."

"How large do you think it to be?"

"Why, it is limited somewhere."

"A limited spot is uncertain to find in infinite universe. This globe is large—larger than you imagine heaven, yet one unac-

quainted with its orbit might search a million of ages and not find it."

"Now truly, did you never learn of its locality?" asked he in a supplicating tone.

"Yes, everywhere where there is a happy mind—where there is a mind capable of enjoyment, for heaven is happiness."

"Where, then, is the other place—the awful, inconceivable hell, with the old master of iniquity? If that is everywhere, too, I shall be haunted by evil spirits all my days."

"It is everywhere where there is an unhappy mind; and as for the devil, he can not trouble you, for he exists only in the overheated imagination of those trained in prejudice."

"You are all fully punished for your sinful thoughts while on earth. What an awful place!"

"True," said the Sage, "this is just as bad a place as can be found. It is just as you make it—heaven or hell; and as for evil spirits, if you are good they can not approach you, being repelled; and if bad, you will seek their company. To convince yourself that heaven is not a locality, you had better search until satisfied. It will then be a greater reality to you."

"That is what I mean to do, and am in no doubt that I shall be successful."

"Go! Meanwhile we will take our departure, with the humble wish that you will return to nature, and be guided by the light within you."

[To be Continued]

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Col. Irvin Camp, of Erie, Pa., writes: "Herewith I send you a photo of a message and likeness received by me from Henry Ward Beecher, through mediumship of P. L. O. A. Keeler, at Cassadaga camp. This message came to me, uncalled for, inside of two states, untouched by mortal hands, other than my own, holding them on my right shoulder, close to my only good ear. The likeness occupied about one-third of the length of the slate; the other two-thirds being occupied by a message too confidential to be seen by other eyes, hence only a portion of the slate frame is shown in the photo. Several persons claiming to be familiar with Beecher's autograph say it is very good. I give you below the reading of the message: 'I am not subdued by man-written Bible, but that work must be subdued by me. We can live out of error as well as in it. I am ready to preach the new gospel of truth to the world.' 'Henry Ward Beecher.' While the message was being received I said to Keeler: 'They are taking longer time than usual to fill the slate.' I think the extra time was devoted to the sketching of a most striking likeness of the great and good man."

Charles Yeakel passed to the higher life August 21, at Harrisburg, Pa. He was a firm and fearless advocate of the spiritual philosophy for a period of about 40 years, and a subscriber to, and a great friend of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. He was conscious of the approaching change and arranged his earthly affairs, and also requested our old friend and Spiritualistic Brother, Jonas Faught, to conduct the internment service which was carried out in harmony with his wishes. Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 6, 1890. D. W. PERCY.

E. R. McLouth, passed to the higher life, in Allegan County, Mich., the 28th of August. He had suffered much by being blind in his last few years. He was a firm believer in the spiritual philosophy, and did live to help all mankind. He married Miss Sarah Sheffer in Lenawee Co., Mich. He leaves a wife and six children to mourn the loss of a kind father and husband. He was 73 years old.

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