

The Progressive Thinker

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

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PROGRESSIVE THINKING.

With a Glance at the Unprogressive Conditions.

A Progressive Thinker Does Not Limit His Horizon.

The Views of
PROF. JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

The existence of a newspaper with so honorable a name as "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER" forcibly reminds us how few really progressive thinkers there are, and how urgently, how sadly, how terribly the world needs still, as it ever has needed, an army of progressive thinkers.

While our hearts are all beating a "funeral march to the grave," and every one who has seen as much of this world as the writer can recall the long array of those who once trod the bright paths of life, exultant in wealth, talent, power, health and beauty, of whom naught but a buried skeleton remains; and when we know that we are all rapidly nearing that condition, is it not strange that men live on, absorbed in the present moment, forgetful of impending death, and if seriously addressed, reply with idiot maxim, "One world at a time"—which is about as wise as the traveler who starts by railroad to the Pacific coast with barely funds enough to pay his way to the next town, and maintains that "one station at a time" is as much as he can foresee and provide for.

A progressive thinker does not limit his horizon by a tombstone for himself; nor does he limit his knowledge and philosophy to this comparatively small globe, or forget that the millions of millions who have preceded him in this life and the incalculable, indescribable and glorious world which they now occupy, are more important than the petty incidents of daily life, for those realms are ours, and the time of entering our grand inheritance is not far off.

Yet outside of the readers of spiritual papers, where are the progressive thinkers who realize this substantially? The great lights of the world, as they are falsely called, the statesmen, soldiers, scientists, and literati, confess that they are wandering in the dark—that they see nothing beyond the dark grave, which they approach with the sentiment of a convict who hears the bell toll the hour of his execution. Where are the progressive thinkers, who dare proclaim in the darkness of the universities, in the darkness of legislative halls, and the sultry darkness of the pulpit, that the world of eternal life is in full view of mortals; that psychometric vision has overtaken its portals, and that the wise and good of earth may hold free converse with the wiser and better of that higher world which Socrates described more than two thousand years ago—to which Jesus pointed and led the way in expressions that will never die—a world which has never ceased in the darkest ages to stand in full view of mortal seers—of millions indeed, in whom the spiritual faculties have had their normal development—that normal development which is coming to all mankind by the slow process of evolution, which will make all mankind progressive thinkers!

We have been living so low down in animalism that, like the fishes of the Mammoth Cave, our proper eyes that should give us a wide horizon, including our permanent home above, have declined and shrunk, until only a vestige remains of our highest faculties and their organs, and in our self-satisfied vanity, we think we are normal human beings, and even regard as abnormal workings those whose brighter faculties enable them to see the higher world and to see our own spiritual surroundings and the interior working of our own purged soul.

Progressive thinking is not and never has been in the fashion, nor even kindly tolerated. Socrates and Jesus had to die for progressive thought—the progress that leads upward. Bruno and Galileo, Hypatia, Joan of Arc, and Mad. Roland, Wickliffe, Vanini, Servetus, Roger Bacon, Dr. Priestley, have shown in their lives the danger of being a progressive thinker. But there is no formidable danger now except the danger of a social boycott in a small way, and the Spiritualist who dare not encounter that is made of soft material.

What is progressive thinking? Is it progressive thinking when the medical faculty begin to talk about hypnotism and gather all the abnormal hysterical subjects with whom they can display the fantastic tricks of illusion? Is this a scientific development or a higher plane of the animal magnetism which has been a blessing to millions, and has revealed in the human soul the wonderful faculties of clairvoyance and prevoyance, which have corrected so many professional

blunders?

Far from it indeed; the fashionable French hypnotism of Charcot and his conferees is destitute of every noble element that made magnetism a blessing. It recognizes no healing power either in the soul or nervous system of man, and does not pretend to use any. It recognizes none of the higher powers of the soul, but grovels in crass materialism. It tolerates no healing by such methods, outside of the authorized faculty. It does nothing to develop the higher powers of its subjects, or to elevate their character. Its favorite patients are hysterical fools upon whose gullible nature all manner of fantastic tricks can be performed, and the condition to which their hypnotic subjects are reduced is one so pitiable that a judicious father would dread to see it develop in one of his family. Demoralizing and dangerous as it is, being a compound of humbug and hysteria, of falsehood and credulous imbecility, it is no wonder that it has created alarm and that laws have been enacted to restrict its practice.

With high pretensions, it is entirely unphilosophic, and has never made the slightest investigation to get the causes in brain development of these abnormal conditions of the human constitution. It simply develops and cultivates the abnormal for the sake of seeing it, and seeks no philosophy. Worthless as it is, it is not even original—it does not belong to the faculty, but was plagiarized from the lower class of amusing psychic exhibitions before in this country about half a century ago by a certain class of mesmeric showmen, which the faculty then scorned but now affect to claim as their own.

It is half a century since I explained the philosophy of these abnormal proceedings, showing that these strange hysterical phenomena, of which the faculty are making a fad, were due to the abnormal predominance of the anterior inferior portion of the middle lobe of the brain—a sensitive region which unduly cultivated, impairs the strength of character, and which ought not to be stimulated and cultivated as they are now cultivated by the faculty. Knowing that these things can be done—that they are strange and amusing, though debasing, I have carefully abstained from that class of experiments—for they are not progress—they are not an advance in the direction of philosophy, science or human elevation. They are a part of the same vicious and unfeeling system which has led to the cruel torture in various methods of slow death of more than a hundred thousand animals, with the delusive expectation of advancing medical science which our wisest medical authors now pronounce a worthless folly, and which Parliament has been invoked to suppress in the name of humanity. Neither the torture of the dog, rabbit, monkey, pigeon and horse, nor the perversion of the rational faculties of human beings, is the road to philosophy—the road of the progressive thinker. He studies the powers of the soul and brain in rational and sensitive human beings, with whom he can discover and demonstrate more in a single day than all the bloody laboratories of vivisection, and all the hypnotism of Parisian clinics have developed in the present century. A single hour of psychometric is worth more than all this pseudo-science, which is but history repeating itself—the history of medical vagaries, which follow each other like the successive scenes of a stupid play, leaving nothing worth remembering, for even the name is a fraud upon intelligence.

Hypnotism is not a legitimate name for the Parisian fad—for it is not a science or practice of sleep as hypnotism signifies, but is simply the art and practice of delusion upon subjects that are not asleep—delusion by positive assertion, imposing on credulity—the same trick which every confidence-man or swindler practices upon the gullible, and which the doctor converts into a pseudo-scientific amusement, which is about as noble a proceeding as if the art of picking pockets for fun were made a fashionable amusement.

I regret to see any disposition to confound this so-called hypnotism, which is but hysterical humbug, with the science of animal magnetism, which is a broad, noble, and benevolent art, and which embraces in its proceedings a genuine hypnotism, in which the entranced subject is made to reveal scientific mysteries, to explore the Spirit-world and to supervise wisely the practice of medicine. That is honorable and genuine hypnotism, utterly different from the bogus affair of the medical schools and hospitals, which is neither medical science nor animal magnetism.

If the reader will pardon a little anecdote on such a subject, I would recall an anecdote of thirty years ago, when secession was under discussion in Kentucky, and a patriotic Democrat explained to his constituents three

modes of progression. Said he: "The first method is to proceed, which means to go forward; the second method is to recede, which means to go backward, and the third method is to secede, which means to go hellward!" French hypnotism is neither the first nor the second method of progress—it is a systematic cultivation of abnormal infirmities,—it is a secession from philosophy, which belongs neither to the dim superstitious past, nor the glorious future; it is a side track along the railway of evolution, such as the faculty find and occupy every thirty or forty years.

I am aware that good impulses cannot be entirely suppressed, even by the faculty, and that Liebaud, Bernheim and a few others are employing this morbid method for the relief of disease. But I do not believe that the end always justifies the means—that falsehood is the proper agency for the promotion of truth; that vaccine filth is the best agent for human hygiene—black magic the proper method for the cultivation of Spiritualism, or anything belonging to the devil's dominions the proper instrumentality of Heaven. The entire class of individuals who are cured of their diseases or infirmities by "Suggestion"—that is, by a falsehood and a command, are the proper subjects for the normal method of animal magnetism, which in relieving brings them up on a higher plane, and may be used to bring them into relation with angels for a nobler life. The methods of animal magnetism, which is the first crude effort of benevolence and common sense, have been organized and changed by SARCOCONY into an accurate and comprehensive science, which employs the agencies of ancient and modern knowledge of all the physical and all the spiritual, never degrading, but always elevating its subjects. But under the regime of the hypnotizing fad, nothing of this law and science has been discovered. They have never discovered, even accidentally, one of the polarities of the human brain and body—one of the locations of the functions of the nervous system, or any of the sublime functions of the human spirit, so nobly realized by Puysegur, Dupotet, Townshend, Gregory, Ashburner, Elliotson, Esdaile, Eschenmayer, Kerner, Colquhoun, Zchoke, Emmenosev, Jung Stilling, Reichenbach, and many others who have filled a library with an arcane wisdom, which the faculty ignore and pass by, as the Devil is said to dread holy water.

They have handled many of the most sensitive subjects in the world, upon whom I could readily demonstrate the grandest truths of psychology and physiology, yet with these splendid opportunities and the wealth of college endowments and governments to assist them, they have failed to detect the faculties and functions for which they have been torturing dumb animals in vain, yet which lie exposed to observation in every sensitive subject. Their resolute blindness is just the same as that of their hypnotized subjects (I use the false word hypnotized because it has become current). Their subject is told that he is not to see a certain person, or a certain picture on paper, and then he never sees it, no matter how often it is presented, until he has another command to see it. Thus the doctor hypnotized by the college faculty and the whole power of professional societies, can never see a single fact of clairvoyance, or human impressibility, however it may come to light in spite of him; but whenever the college announces that clairvoyance or any of the laws revealed by Sarcocony are admissible, our medical journals will be flooded with the most wonderful facts from their pens, and whenever the Academy of Sciences permits a recognition of the Spirit-world, how we shall be stunned with a babel of voices—the clamor of their astonishment at a new world to them, like city boys suddenly transported to the country!

Well, we can wait till the hypnotized subjects of the college are turned loose to walk in the fields of Spiritual Science, and perhaps by that time the hypnotized subjects of the Pope may be permitted to see that the sacred suppers are really not the body and blood of Jesus, but bread from the baker, of very ordinary quality, and wine, perhaps of doubtful manufacture. Whether the doctors or the Papists will be emancipated first, is a mysterious question, but while waiting its answer, progressive thinkers can amuse themselves with the solemn looks and dignified earnestness of both classes of hypnotized prisoners.

Poor learned fools! we should not be angry at their flippant sauciness, nor labor too hard to convince them, for it's unprofitable. A hereditary infirmity of the mind, aggravated and fortified by education, is as hard to cure as a well-developed cancer. The Mussulman, the Brahman, the Buddhist, the Adventist, the Papist and the materialistic doctor are specimens of evolution, like the dolichocephalic and brachycephalic skulls of archeology, upon which a future age will look with a strange curiosity, and wonder if such beings were really their progenitors.

But I must pause. I started intending to give some illustrations of progressive thinking, and I have been led to speak of its opposite—the secession of the human mind from the straight path of progress. I would say in conclusion that I expect to see in the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, guided by its genial and progressive spirit, many rich illustrations of progressive thought, for it has already evinced the spirit of progress which carries men to the front, and I shall with pleasure con-

tribute to its pages some of the elements of advanced science, which I have heretofore held in reserve. JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.
6 James St., Boston, Mass.,

CLERGYMEN.

Their Work Upon the Spiritualistic Platform.

A Critical Letter From
DR. CHARLES W. HIDDEN.

The initial performance of Henry Arthur Jones' play, "Judah," was presented in London before an audience of clergymen, and in alluding to this, Rev. Mr. Spurgeon said: "The Christian church has played the harlot beyond any church in any age. There are no amusements too vile for her. Her pastors have filled the theatre of late, and have set their mark by their clamors on the labors of play actors. To this we have come at last, to which we never came before. No, not in Rome's darkest hour, and if you do not love Christ enough to be indignant about it, the Lord have mercy upon you."

Reading the above recalled to mind a feature at the summer camps, which, in my opinion, does not augur well for Spiritualism, viz.: the employment of clergymen upon the spiritualistic platform. It is not easy to speak thus freely without being misunderstood, but when danger signals flaunt in the air, some one who loves Spiritualism well enough to be indignant about it, needs to speak "right out in meeting," regardless of fear or favor.

The reason the Christian church is not in better repute to-day is because, as Spurgeon so sharply puts it, she "has played the harlot beyond any church in any age." This is an age of proselyting, both within and without the church. Fairs, concerts, lotteries, and similar attractions, call the people out to alleged church worship, instead of the old-time Gospel, once so effective. Each church seeks to out-do the other, in order to "catch the crowd," and the minister who is the most popular and commands the highest salary is the one who can make the most liberal concessions to non-worshippers, and trail the gospel deepest in the dirt and mire of the world without seeming to do so. The church is dragging itself lower all the time, in order to "draw the crowd," swell its coffers, and add to its membership roll.

Spiritualism, if anything, is broader, grander and more beautiful than anything Christianity or Churchianity can offer, and claims to have no need of the church or its teachings, by reason of containing all that is needed to satisfy the critical demands of the mind, and the hunger and longing of the soul.

Time was when the private circle was all-sufficient to satisfy those who sought news from loved dwellers in other spheres; but in time came the desire to air our knowledge for the delight or mystification of others, to convert, or at least to lead the world to consider a new religion, or other ideas equally Utopian, and then was gradually developed the craze for the phenomenal in public mediumship. "Give us more," has been the cry of the spiritual curiosity seekers from the beginning, and "yes, give us more," has been repeated year after year by the worldly seekers after the curious, until the variety and oddity in so-called mediumship is enough to stagger and bewilder the honest seeker after truth.

At length, in order to attract more attention and to gain strength, Spiritualists have begun to copy after the church, more particularly in the way of trailing its glories and its teachings in the dust, for proselyting purposes. We have Bible Spiritualists, Christian Spiritualists, and Spiritualists bearing other and equally unmeaning prefixes, all in keeping with the idea of "catching the crowd," and now, in order to satisfy the crowd, and to aid in swelling our coffers we must needs stultify ourselves by calling upon the church for platform talent. The church always has been, and always will be the enemy of Spiritualism, and it is a confession of weakness to send to her for help. It is well enough, perhaps, to prate of our liberality in employing ministers, but it is well to bear in mind also that the church is not liberal enough to employ Spiritualistic talent in the pulpit. We cater to the church, but the church does not cater to us. The world is apt to declare when ministers preach to us that we are not yet free from the shackles and fetters of superstitious theology, but that fearing Spiritualism may not be true, we are seeking to placate God by straddling the fence.

As a matter of fact, we employ clergymen because we expect they will prove a "catchy" card, and by drawing a crowd help pay the bills. If it has come to pass that Spiritualism needs new talent to attract attention, then for the credit of our cause let us seek such talent elsewhere than in the camp of the enemy. Let us have done with such cheap, belittling methods at once and forever. If we cannot raise talent to fill the summer auditorium, or hall in winter, without calling upon the church for help, it would be more creditable to us as Spiritualists to stop the meetings. Spiritualism by Spiritualists is the demand of the hour.
C. W. H.

DREAMS.

Something on Their Scientific Importance.

In continuation of Du Prel's theory of dreams it is interesting to notice his article in *Le Lotus* (December, 1888) on the "Intuition of Time: or the Cerebral Clock," i. e., the faculty of self-awaking at a given hour. We are again indebted for the summary to Miss Katharine Hillard's article in *Theosophical Siftings*.

Du Prel sets out to show that this faculty is another proof of the existence of the transcendental Ego. He argues:

1. That the cause of self-waking must be internal.
2. That it depends on
(a) Consciousness that the time of sleep has passed.
- (b) Capability of measuring lapse of time.
- (c) Capability of terminating the state called sleep, and introducing into the cerebral consciousness an idea *ab extra*.

The normal will being in abeyance during sleep, this cannot be due to its action. The cause must, therefore, be part of our being, which part does not belong to our conscious personality, yet is part of our will, but not of our conscious will. It resides in our being but not in our person. It belongs to the higher consciousness to which all mystic phenomena must revert.

This intuition of time is most exact in the somnambulic state, when the conscience and will are comparatively inactive, and this shows it to be a problem of the higher consciousness. It must be a continuous condition, for we cannot conceive the sudden and causeless perception of the right moment of waking. It must be proved also that it does not depend upon clairvoyance. Hypnotic experiments supply this proof. The "subject" knows the true time though all the clocks be put wrong. Moreover, a post-hypnotic suggestion is carried out to the minute by the cerebral clock, though there be no means of ascertaining the time.

From this we gather that the transcendental subject or higher self is conscious of the lapse of time, has the faculty of measuring time, and is identical with our organizing principle, i. e., as Du Prel states (Vol. II., Philosophy of Mysticism, p. 156) with the life-principle lying behind all organic nature.

Our organism has its rhythmic movements, such as respiration and pulsation. It possesses the faculty of measuring time for its periodic functions, such as hunger and thirst; and it oscillates between sleeping and waking, and is thus united to terrestrial life. On the other hand we could not distinguish between one sound and another, or one color and another, without the unconscious faculty of estimating the difference in the number of their vibratory waves, which would seem to prove, says Dr. Du Prel, the identity of the organizing with the sensational principle. The rhythmic movements of the body are insufficient of themselves to solve the problem of the intuition of time; we need besides a special consciousness, which measures them, counts them, and remains unrecognized below the threshold of sensibility; which appertains, that is, to the Higher Self, for the content of our unconsciousness is comprised in our transcendental consciousness. Unconsciousness is such only in relation to our sense-consciousness, as is proved by most of the psychic faculties, and especially by this intuition of time.

Professor Wolfart questioned his somnambulist as to their intuition of time, and found that some had before them a vision of a brilliant dial, on which they read the hour, some heard a voice or saw a human form that spoke to them; others had a perception of the time, but could not explain the process of cognition. These are, no doubt, the dramatization of internal sensations which make up so large a portion of our dream-life. In dreams we are often people other than ourselves in the waking state; we invest the characters surrounding us with special characteristics, the *dramatis personae* are creations of our own brain, or characteristic presentations of persons familiar to us.

Du Prel maintains that the threshold of sensibility is the plane where this saundering of the Ego occurs, and that which leaves the state of unconsciousness is taken objectively and ascribed to a foreign source. As Dr. Wolfart's somnambulist give explanations as to their knowledge of time being derived from this dramatic presentation, it follows that the cognition of time must emerge from the transcendental consciousness.

The ancient Hindu idea was that the "Masters of Knowledge," they who had subdued the flesh to the spirit, could so unite themselves with the Divine Spirit as to share its omniscience. This, Du Prel rejects; for the Divine in man he reads the Higher Consciousness. But theorizing does not advance us beyond the fact that there is beside and beyond our waking consciousness something which we recognize as external to that portion of ourselves with which we are acquainted in our normal states. It is at least worth very careful inquiry, whether this something is a portion of our consciousness that does not emerge into activity during our waking hours, or whether it is something external altogether to ourselves. It may further be worth asking what are the stimuli that rouse this sub-conscious or higher consciousness (if so it is rightly called) into activity. Are they applied from without? Du Prel's somewhat abstruse

volumes are quite worth patient study, and, even when we do not agree with them, are fruitful of suggestion.—*Light, London.*

A CANINE CLAIRVOYANT.

He Evidently Sees Spirits.

Sometime in the year 1859 or 60, my boy, then some ten years old, had given to him a somewhat odd looking, but very pretty puppy, some three or four months old. The dog had glass, or what is usually called watch eyes. Soon after he was fairly domiciled in the family, he began to show signs of possessing what is called second or clairvoyant vision. I was myself at the time a full fledged Spiritualist, and my wife was also a believer in the same. We were both quite mediumistic, myself more especially, as I had at the time no less than five distinctive phases of mediumship—such as personating, healing, developing, diagnosing and speaking. Often, in the evenings when all was quiet, and I perhaps reading and my mind entirely off from the dog, he would spring to his feet with a sharp growl and dash forward at something he apparently saw in the room; then he would slowly retreat, backing away with hair erect, still growling, when he would make appeals to my wife or some one of the family as best he could, to be taken up into their laps, or failing in that, he would go to a lounge that had a valence reaching near to the floor, and take his position back of it; but his face and eyes could be seen peering out beneath the valence, still carefully watching some object in the room, while he would tremble like an aspen leaf until the coast was again clear, and the cause of his alarm had departed. Then he would leave his coveted retreat, and as well as an intelligent dog could, express his joy over the quiet, to him, restored.

I have witnessed hundreds of such or similar exhibitions by him in the fourteen years he was with us, and almost invariably when he was thus acted upon, I would either distinctly feel the presence of spirits, or be directly controlled by them for some purpose of their own, and while I could not see them myself, I was equally well aware of their presence.

Skeptics and incredulous persons may smile as they read this short, but strictly true article, and in closing it, I will present one case of a skeptic's sudden conversion to the facts I have set forth above.

When I resided at Royal Oak, some twelve miles northwest of Detroit, this State, I was really the only avowedly outspoken Spiritualist in the township so far as I knew, unless I mention a man by the name of Decker, that kept a public house called the Railroad Exchange. He was favorably inclined, having twice, as he avers, seen and talked with a deceased brother of his, while as he thinks, in a trance at night. Chancing into my shop one day, I alluded to my dog seeing spirits, when he replied thus: "Doctor, I esteem you as an honest conscientious man, but that is a little too thin to daub on to Spiritualism." I did not try to argue the case with him, but said: "Sometime you may be in a way to see and judge for your self," and so he did. A few weeks later he and an express agent called at my house one evening, to while away an hour or so in a social game of cards. It was in the month of June or July, and the evening was extremely warm. Our doors and windows were thrown open, and after playing a while, we left the card table, and my wife said she would much enjoy a fresh cool drink of water, as our well was not deep and the water not very cold. At her suggestion the express agent kindly offered to go to the station and get a pailful. As he left the house, pail in hand, I and Decker drew our seats to the open door, with our feet on or beyond the threshold, and the dog incidentally placed himself a little back of us in the room, sitting on his haunches, all quiet, and but for a subsequent movement might not have been noticed. Not a word or thought so far as I know, had occurred with reference to the dog or Spiritualism when, presto change! a sharp growl and a simultaneous dash forward, even on our very feet. Eyes flashing with fierceness, hair erect, then slowly but reluctantly backing up into the house, still watching and growling more or less, while D's brother, (deceased), took control of me, and greeted his earth-bound brother, saying to him: "You have twice met and conversed with me," giving him some good advice, and then bid him goodbye. Decker looked amazed at what he had seen, and promptly said to me: "That dog must have seen my brother, and any fool might know he did." Seeing a thing usually induces belief, while scores of times repeated, as in my case, establishes a fact beyond any peradventure. DR. W. JORDAN.

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SATURDAY, OCT. 11, 1890.

JESUITISM

IN SPIRITUALISM.

Its Insidious Methods Pointed Out.

It Coils Itself Around a Sensitive.

EDITOR PROGRESSIVE THINKER:—I mean by the above that spirit Jesuits are trying to capture Spiritualism, even as Romanism is trying to capture the United States.
There is a portion of the extract from Father Chiniy's forthcoming book which brings to my mind so forcibly the experiences of some of our mediums in California that, with your permission I would like to lay a few of the facts before your readers. The extract referred to commences thus: "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."
It can be as easily shown that from the first dawning of modern Spiritualism, spirit Jesuits laid their plans for its capture, and Southern California was to be the scene of one of their boldest movements—a materialization so perfect, so wonderful, that the claim of its being Jesus, "the Christ of this planet," would seem at least plausible.
We all remember the eclat with which Jennie Leys came upon the spiritualistic platform about eighteen years since.
Permit me to say that I am not attaching any blame to Miss Leys for what followed. Not in the least. I regard her as but one of many victims of Jesuit cunning or Jesuit experiment. In her case, I believe it to have been an experiment, one which would have had at least a semblance of success had not the plans laid been defeated.
Well, Jennie was a success. She ascended the spiritual horizon like a star of the first magnitude. But the East could not hold her. A voice bade her go to California. There she boldly declared that the spirits had prepared a place for her in which to develop a wonderful mediumship. She was simply to sit upon the platform and her guides were to materialize and do the talking. In the meantime clairvoyants continued to see a Catholic priest following her around.
Had this effort succeeded, and I believe such a thing will yet be done, not only in one but in many cases; but had it succeeded then, at that period of the movement known as modern Spiritualism, and with no other materialized spirit to discuss and counteract the teachings given, all Southern California could have been so brought under his influence, and his suggestions would have been as commands, and they would have been unquestioningly obeyed.
What the results would have been we can not say; but when we look upon the blind fanaticism which has characterized many of the movements claiming to be of spirit origin, we cannot believe that they would have been for the best good of those concerned.
Yes, a place had been prepared for her, and she would know it when she saw it. It was not in San Francisco; she went to Los Angeles, it was not there; to San Bernardino, it was not there; neither was it at Riverside; but never mind, she would find it yet, it was surely waiting for her somewhere.
While at Riverside, Mrs. E. P. Thorndyke, of Temescal warm springs, twenty miles distant, sent for her and the lady who was her constant attendant to come to the springs and rest awhile. When she reached this health resort she was satisfied. Yes, that was the place which the spirits had prepared for her, but through whom?

Mrs. Thorndyke had been led to this spot through spirit influence. Wonderful promises had been made to her, and under the psychic influence thrown upon her, she could not sense the Jesuit influence with which the valley was filled. But between the house she built as a residence and the baths at the spring there once stood an old Catholic monastery, some of the bricks of which still remained to mark the place.
Mrs. Thorndyke Newman was successful in every way but one. Custom flowed in upon her; her resort was popular and prices were high. She fairly coined money. But Dr. Newman, her husband, who has since passed over, was a fine medium, and so sensitive that he could not live in the spirit atmosphere of the place. She would not, could not leave, and he could not stay, and the result was a separation. It was very hard for her, and could she have understood the situation as it really was, and been strong enough to break away from that which bound her and gone with her husband, she doubtless would have escaped much of the suffering that she has since had to pass through. Permit me to say here that that class of spirits has broken up families unnumbered.
They consider the carrying out of their plans of more account than human happiness. It is the God-idea practicalized. "You owe God all service; we are God's agents, you must obey us, even though you have to break all earthly ties." Such is the language of their demands. I can well understand Dr. Newman's feeling, for, had I been forced to live in that valley three months I think I should have gone mad, but it was the place spirits had prepared for Jennie, and at the above terrible cost to two human hearts.
She named the different mountain peaks after those around about Jerusalem, and talked of the Mecca of resort that the place would be in the future. She stayed on month after month, her expenses being paid by a wealthy gentleman in Los Angeles, who expected to be remunerated when the wonderful development came, for then, so it was promised, wealth would come in abundance.
But in time Mrs. T. found that everything began to center around Jennie. Every one's forces seemed to be drawn upon. All things had to move to suit Jennie's convenience. I do not say that she meant to be selfish, but it was the development that was to come; that must not be hindered. Finally Mrs. T. decided that her other guests had rights also, and she told Jennie she could keep her no longer.
This was a terrible blow. I am told Miss Leys denies having told who her guide was, and I have no doubt she thinks she never has, but other mediums have said things of which they have no after recollection, and why not she? In the midst of her distress at being obliged to change her quarters she said to Mrs. Thorndyke: "I am so sorry for you; my guide will make you suffer so for breaking up his plans."
"Who is your guide?" asked Mrs. T. "The Christ of this planet, and I am his counterpart." The bride of Christ, and why not? The church is called his bride; nuns take the veil for Christ's sake, and why should not one spirit want a bride as well as another, and to win a heart devoted to Christ, why should not a spirit claim to be Christ? Miss Leys, it will be remembered, was taken from the church to the spiritualistic platform. She went to Los Angeles into a Catholic family, and the woman who cooked her breakfast went to mass first.
She remained with this lady till changes made another change for Jennie necessary, and for years she waited for her development, but it did not come. In the mean time, the threat of suffering to Mrs. T. was being fulfilled. The powers that had directed the currents of success to that point now reversed them. Misfortune succeeded misfortune, till finally her home was laid in ashes, and the land became an object of litigation; whether settled yet or not I do not know.
One other resort owned by a Spiritualist who could not be handled by Jesuit power was burned. The first was doubtless the work of an incendiary; the other was accomplished by other means.
We have said that we had been obliged to stay in that valley three months, we think we should have gone mad, and yet there was a deliberate plot through a medium dear to us, to take us there, and but for almost superhuman effort, it would have succeeded. We well remember the morning the plot first burst upon us. It was before breakfast, and we had eaten nothing since the day before at two o'clock. A power not our own took possession, and we started on foot for Temescal, twenty miles distant, walked all the way, with the exception of two miles, and by our presence there defeated the plans. We remember, too, afterward, in San Francisco, when a priest that we had seen clairvoyantly a few minutes before controlled a medium and threatened us with terrible suffering because we had broken up his plans, claimed that we would have been well provided for if we had not defeated him.
We could write a volume and not exhaust the matter I have of this nature; the experiences of so many mediums which go to show that the Catholic power, as spirits, is as busy in trying to capture Spiritualism as it is in the mortal form in trying to capture our Republic. One more illustration, and I will close. A friend of ours, many years a Methodist, became a medium. A Catholic priest followed her; he could take control instantly and make her do what was both against her will and judgment, she being conscious the while. We often remonstrated with her about this control. "How can I help it?" she would say. "He takes me so quickly, I have no say in the matter, and I think there must be a use in it, or the spirits would not allow it." In that belief lay her weak point.
Once, while under this control, she urged another friend to become a Catholic, said it was the only true church, and why should she not unite herself with it. The lady replied that Spiritualism was good enough for her. "Spiritualism," sneered the priest. "We will harness your Spiritualism and make it serve our ends in spite of you," and that is what they are trying to do with our Republic, harness it and make it serve their ends.

Spiritualism is the outgrowth of our form of government, one in which there was enough of religious liberty to make it safe to life and limb when spirits manifested their presence, and because this freedom has thus opened the way to this investigation, which must end in the death of all church power, the Catholic church seeks to destroy the government, that it may destroy Spiritualism. Will it succeed?
If we would defeat their aims, both the government and Spiritualism must free itself from Romanism. The hope of the Republic is to be found in its entire secularization. The Bible must be taken from our public schools, and all our children must have a secular education. The church must take them out of school hours, if at all. If legislative bodies want prayers, let them pay for the same out of their own pockets, and all church property must be taxed the same as any other property.
The only safety for Spiritualism lies in an utter repudiation of all church forms, symbols, and as far as possible, of all church phraseology. This is strong language, but only decided measures can save us.
"Nearer, my God, to thee," a cross, or other symbols, attracts church spirits, and recognizing their labels, they come to take possession.
Not long since I received a letter from my friend who has been so easily controlled by that priest. She expressed surprise that he should continue to try to annoy me, as he had not troubled her for a long time. I have not replied as yet, but when I do I expect to say to her: "He has no further need to trouble you; he has got you so interested in Theosophy, mental science and kindred topics, he knows he can safely leave you to yourself."
The same can be said of many others; they are not troubled, because they are doing the church no particular harm; Christian Spiritualism is only a new sort of churchism.
LOIS WAINBROOKER.
190 N. Division St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Announcement Extraordinary!

In four or five weeks we propose to publish an elaborate article in reference to the part that the Jesuits took in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. It will contain an aggregation of all the facts of the case that have been for years floating around in the secular press and elsewhere. We desire to open our books at once for orders for this special edition. Orders will be filled at One Cent per copy. Five hundred copies will be sent to one address for \$3.75. No order will be received for less than five copies. In order to accommodate our readers and facilitate remittances for this edition, two-cent postage stamps will be received for any order not exceeding 75 cents. For larger amounts, send postal order. We want to issue an edition of 50,000. Every subscriber from Maine to Texas, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, should send in orders for from 10 to 500 copies each. Let wealthy men order a supply that will last them for a year to distribute. Let your orders commence at once to come in.

Leading Minds.

They visit the office of the leading Spiritualist paper in Chicago. They come for information on various subjects. From the East, North, South and West they come pouring in. Last week Col. Van Horn of the Kansas City Daily Journal, gave us a call. Eminent as a newspaper man, eminent as a politician, ex-congressman, and distinguished as a profound thinker, he was with great pleasure that we met him. He is one of God's noblemen,—a humanitarian in thought, word and deed; a light that shines for humanity in general, and he can have the satisfaction in knowing that the world has been made better by his presence. He was agreeably surprised as he examined our printed list of subscribers, and delighted at the phenomenal growth of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. He is a constant reader of the paper, and feels repaid a thousand fold in its perusal.

Prof. Joseph Rhodes Buchanan.

In this issue Prof. Buchanan gives his views on "Progressive Thinking." As a critical comprehensive thinker and scientist he stands forth the peer of any man living to-day. His services to Spiritualism, to humanity, to the world at large, has been great. His discoveries have been important, and we take great pleasure in honoring him therefore. He promises to contribute to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER occasionally some of the elements of advanced science which he has heretofore held in reserve. Thus it is, one by one THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is bringing to its aid the leading Intellectual Lights of the world. They readily realize that we are engaged in a philanthropic work, and that to them is important. But something else inspires them also; they know that our list of subscribers is large, and increasing, and that the good they can do is comprehensive.

Chicago to be his Future Home.

We are glad to announce that Olney H. Richmond, whose articles in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER have created such widespread interest, and whose demonstrations of the underlying principles of law as permeating matter and spirit has puzzled the scientist and delighted the student of nature, has been induced by his many friends to take up his residence in Chicago. Chicago as the centre of intellectual growth in America, as the headquarters of the leading Spiritualist paper, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and destined to become at no distant day the largest city in the United States, seems to be the proper place for Mr. Richmond to establish his future home. He will labor here in the interest of the Order of the Magi.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

Mrs. Richmond, a permanent fixture of Chicago, which is the center of civilization and enterprise, is now lecturing at Martine's Hall, on Ada St., near Madison. For fifteen years she has not only labored effectively in Chicago, but other places occasionally receive the benefit of her inspirations. With her lectures, with her books, with her circles where Omnia presides, she has been able to accomplish a most important work for the Cause.

Hon. A. B. Richmond.

Not only is he popular in this country, but he is widely known and his talents as a lawyer, author and jurist recognized. To add to his already splendid reputation, *Light*, of London, England, republishes his interesting narrative, "Is there a Tomorrow for the Human Race?" We congratulate you, Mr. Richmond. Like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, you are on a tidal wave!

The Leading Spiritualist Paper.

So far at least as Chicago is concerned, Spiritualists throughout the United States now realize this important fact, that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the leading Spiritualist paper. We are able to prove to the satisfaction of any one who so desires, that it leads in circulation and soul-elevating influence, hence prominent writers and thinkers who are anxious to enlighten the masses, and who wish to reach the greatest number, contribute to its columns. Especially do we feel gratified in announcing that Prof. Joseph Rhodes Buchanan, will from time to time contribute the advanced thoughts for which he is distinguished.

ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.

Popularly Known as Hypnotism.

It Can Become a Powerful Agent for Good or Evil at the Will of the Magnetizer.

Although hypnotism (says a writer in *National View*, Washington, D. C.), is popularly supposed to be a somewhat recently-discovered science, it has been known for many years under various names, such as animal magnetism, mesmerism, mind reading, etc., and was heard of in 1784, when magnetism was said to have been discovered by Mesmer, about which time Louis XVI. appointed a commission "to investigate its uses and abuses," which body of men appear to have condemned its use in the strongest terms.

Hypnotism is really a mild form of electro-magnetism, and comprises what is known as animal or personal magnetism, augmented or assisted by electrical force—electricity and magnetism being almost identical, the chief difference being in the greater strength or power of the mechanical agency. This agency consists of some form of an electro-magnet, by the aid of which the subject's current or brain becomes gradually absorbed, until, in some cases, they become entirely subservient to the will of the magnetizer or hypnotist.

When under this influence the subject can be made to do exceedingly strange or wonderful things. His mind may become strengthened, his intellect brightened, and his feelings, tastes, thoughts and pursuits improved in a hundred ways.

Dr. Charcot, the French scientist, has recently been advocating the introduction of this science into certain colleges and asylums for the purpose of improving defective intellect and to cure drunkenness or intemperate habits.

While all this could undoubtedly be accomplished under the influence of the intelligent and conscientious hypnotist or electro-magnetizer, it is plain that the adoption of this form of mind-culture opens up a wide field for scoundrels, rogues and would-be assassins of every kind, for it is a well-known fact that human beings are often electro-magnetized into insanity or crime.

Thieves and inebriates can also be made solely by this agency, as well as immorality of all kinds. The mind becomes warped and distorted, the moral faculties deadened and the brain unable to reason intelligently, through the evil influence of the magnetizer, who keeps up the magnetic current upon the brain of the victim he has selected until his aim is accomplished.

F. Despine in an extract from the records of the Druggan assizes of July 1865, cites the case of a young woman of respectable family and character, who lived in the village of Guils-Var, in France, magnetized by one Castellan, under whose influence she was compelled to leave her home and follow her destroyer, who soon deserted her. Soon after, her condition resembled insanity. It is gratifying to learn that the miscreant was afterwards sentenced to twelve years of hard labor for his crime.

At this trial, Drs. Heriart, Paulet, Theus, Auban and Rorox, all eminent French scientists, gave their testimony as to the evil effects which may be produced by electro-magnetism.

Several cases have recently come to light in Europe, in which this science has been used to add a new and terrible chapter to the records of crime. We quote the following from the *Poll Mall Budget*:

One malefactor, a French libertine, actually in the hands of the police, is said to have selected his victims, choosing those of emotional temperament, and then to have magnetized them and ordered them to commit suicide. One poor girl did so. Law and science are equally interested in an investigation, which, it is said, will very shortly be held. If the facts are proved, the question will arise, whether the offense actually amounts to murder.

Another case which recently came to light in Leeds, England, "as that of a student who caused the arrest of a certain scientist for magnetizing him so as to seriously injure his health and prospects."

At the trial the witnesses, whom the student had caused to be summoned, gave such strange and meaningless answers to the questions put to them, that the jury were at a loss what to make of the whole matter. The student then summoned another scientist, who testified that the witnesses had been purposely hypnotized by the defense.

We can cite plenty of cases in our own country, from J. Wilkes Booth, Guiteau and others, down to pretty Jesse White, who was tortured through electro-magnetism or hypnotism into shooting herself at Joliet, in March. That she was the victim of this horrible form of torture, there can be no doubt, not only from her own statements, but from her looks and expression.

The effects are easily detected by the expert, chief among which is a grayish or yellowish pallor, a fixed or set expression, dilated pupils and dark circles about the eyes, showing that pressure from outward

force had been brought to bear upon the brain.

The theory that no one can be hypnotized against their consent, is not true. Often the subject is put under this influence by the slow process of absorption, before he is aware of the influence which has been brought to bear upon him, and his actions largely controlled. When he does realize it, then, if he possesses sufficient will power, he can fight against this influence, without his brain has become so magnetized and absorbed before he realizes his state that he is not under the control of his own will and judgement.

The exact process of hypnotizing or electro-magnetizing a human being, without their knowledge or consent, by absorption and induction, is but little known and understood, and is a crime that calls for judicial investigation. This latter process, which consists in fastening and keeping up an electric current upon the human body, is only resorted to, as a rule, by the secret assassin for the purpose of producing a gradual decay of the mind and body, or often immediate death. By mind we mean brain.

That many secret crimes are perpetrated by these means, there is not the slightest doubt, or that the secondary or milder effects of an electric current will produce or at least simulate, almost any form of disease. Mr. Croft says:

By means of hypnotism, vicarious assassination and suicide are both possible, as are forgery, perjury, arson and immorality, and the fact, instead of being a reason why hypnotism should be avoided and ignored, is a reason why it should be investigated and studied. What, then, shall be said or thought of the medical societies of a great city which deliberately refuse to examine this potent force, or take any means to inform themselves concerning its conditions and limitations? The more dangerous to human life and human rights hypnotism can be shown to be, the more promptly should medical men take it in hand and the more earnestly they should study its conditions and limitations.

As stated before several members of Senator Dolph's investigating committee, it is through magnetism that state and executive secrets are obtained, and it is the secret of the mind reader and the medium. In conclusion I would say, that if a person cannot be made subservient or ruled by an electro-magnetizer, they can be terribly tortured and their health seriously injured and impaired by these secret means.

MARION GUILD WALFORD.

A General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers, Doings, etc.

Miss Cora Denny, of Dayton, Ohio, the Musical Medium, will give a seance, consisting of piano and vocal music, at Bricklayers' Hall, Wednesday evening, October 8. Entrance, 243 West Monroe St. Tickets 50 cents. Spiritualists, give this little lady a large meeting.

Miss Emma J. Nickerson will lecture and give poems and tests every Sunday during Oct. at 3 P. M. at Kimball Hall, 245 State St.; she is permanently located at 661 LaSalle Ave., opposite Lincoln Park. She will be glad to see her friends and those interested in the cause of Spiritualism.

Mr. O. A. Bishop informs us that Mrs. L. Howard, an estimable lady and a most remarkable medium, of St. Charles, Ill., was, about a month ago, stricken with apoplexy, and it left her blind and partially paralyzed. She is now unable to help herself. Her physician says she will never be any better in this life, and may pass to spirit life at any moment. Mrs. O. A. Bishop, her daughter, is now at her bedside, and will remain with her until the great change comes.

S. K. writes: "Bricklayers' Hall, 93 S. Peoria St., Sunday, 2:30 P. M., 28 ult., was filled with a large audience. This service of the Peoples' Spiritual Society was a harmonious success. G. L. S. Jenifer, President, called the meeting to order. Mrs. S. F. DeWolf spoke. Subject: "Happiness Attainable Here." She also gave a seance of independent slate-writing, which interested every one. Miss Thomas amused the audience. Great applause followed. G. G. W. Van Horn, Mrs. Cutler, Mrs. Moran, Mrs. D. K. DeKnevit, test mediums, each gave very convincing tests of spirit identity. The evidence of spirit communion is awakening an interest that is beyond doubt, and each service at this hall is well attended."

Mrs. H. N. Read, formerly of this city, is now located at 127 River St., Lansing, Mich. She is an excellent medium.

S. K. writes: "G. G. W. Van Horn, Psycho-Magnetist and test medium, held an interesting service at Bricklayers' Hall, 8 P. M. 28 ult. Under control he spoke on: "The power of Spiritual Chemistry," which brought forth applause by the large audience. Spirit tests (innumerable) were given, all of which were fully recognized. The service was fully appreciated and the skeptic was dumbfounded at the power of the invisibles."

We are gratified exceedingly when we hear from the "Hub." E. B. Herrick, of Boston, Mass., writes: "I can say for myself and wife that we think more of your paper than all others of the kind put together."

L. Worthen writes: "The Spiritualists have no organized society here, in Hillsboro Ridge, N. H., but on Saturday evening and Sunday, in Odd Fellows' Hall, we heard four good lectures. The first lecture, Saturday evening, was by Mrs. Addie M. Stevens, of Claremont, N. H., and psychometric readings by Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, of Boston, Mass. Sunday morning, Mrs. Stiles gave an interesting lecture and readings. Afternoon, Mrs. Stevens gave one of her best lectures; then readings by Mrs. Stiles. She told how she became a Spiritualist, which was very interesting to all."

Bishop A. Beals will lecture in Battle Creek, Mich., the three last Sundays of this month. Last Sunday he closed his engagements in the West for the months of November, 1890, and for February, March and April, 1891. During December and January he will be at Indianapolis, Ind.

John W. Fletcher, who is lecturing in Albany, N. Y., much to the satisfaction of the society there, writes to us as follows. We only have space for a portion of his interesting letter: "I feel impelled to congratulate you on the success of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. In Albany, where I am lecturing with success, the present months, I hear only words of praise, not only from Spiritualists, but also from many liberal-minded persons who have recently become readers of your valuable paper. Indeed, Mrs. Clayton has been so assiduous in her efforts to get subscribers that every one knows of you, if they are not regular readers. Mrs. Clayton is one of those active women, who never let the grass grow under their feet, and she has the courage of her convictions. She is an earnest worker in the society here, which is running on in a satisfactory manner. The Alliance here, as one society is called, is for all liberal-minded people to get together, exchange thoughts, and move on to a higher unfoldment. Vituperation, malice, slander, have no place in the heart of the spiritually unfolded, and thus every effort is made to eliminate these elements. One of the active workers in the society and community is Dr. Marcus Caryl and his charming wife. By the sudden death of their son, who was just entering upon a professional career, their attention was called to this subject. How essentially true it is that death opens the door to the other world. How many persons, wrapped up in the ordinary cares and pleasures of daily life, never think of the future life, until, in the very hey-day of their enjoyment the Death Angel stops at their home, calls a loved one to himself, and then passes on, leaving hearts desolate and homes deserted. Then it is that the heart cries out for comfort, for light, for help, and the angel of the new dispensation leads the sorrowing heart unto the light of a new revelation. Spiritualism, with all its mistakes, is the only form of religion that comforts sorrowing hearts with the blessed knowledge of continued life."

Mrs. Lois Wainbrooker has an article in this number that will excite deep interest. Her lectures at Grand Rapids, Mich., have been well received.

M. E. T., of Ft. Calhoun, Neb., writes: "We have recently had a visit from Miss Jennie B. Hazen, of South Framingham, Mass., in this State, and it has proved a pentecostal feast. Sept. 6 and 7 she was with the friends at Decatur, and a goodly number from near and far were fed and filled, and still wanted more. Sept. 14 the people at Fontenelle were presented with a dish of spiritual condiments. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, Sunday and Sunday evening, Arlington, in the west part of this county, was feasted with spiritual viands. On Wednesday and Thursday evenings, the 24th and 25th ult., the Blair county seat was treated to a grand feast through the same medium. On the last evening in Blair the Christian Church was kindly opened to her, and was full to overflowing. Some six or eight subjects were presented on each occasion, were read, classified and handled in a masterly manner by her controls."

Dr. P. T. Johnson, M. D., a clairvoyant and Electric physician of Battle Creek, Mich., called on us last week. He is an earnest worker.

J. P. Keener, of Snohomish, writes: "My wife is a medium; she is a trance speaker. We enjoy our evenings conversing with our dear ones gone, not forever, but to return. We need a good speaker here."

Thoughts

As the brain depends upon the nerves and arteries for its action, it cannot act independently of the body; thoughts are, therefore, an involuntary action of the brain. Remove the brain from the body and brain action ceases, or we cease to think; as the brain depends upon the nerves and arteries for its action, it is acted upon, therefore negative. A positive effect was produced where this article was read. As no substance can be both positive and negative at the same time, the question arises "what read this article, or how do you know you have read it?"

If it is impossible to think without brains, how can we assert that consciousness, after death if the spirit body, has not got brains. If the spirit body has a brain, can we prove that it has not got the other organs of the body? Or who has authority for asserting that it has not? J. W. CURTIS.

Transition of Dr. James A. Bliss.

Dr. James A. Bliss, the well known editor and publisher of *The Worker*, passed on to the higher life Saturday evening, Sept. 27, at 9 o'clock. His death was peaceful and quiet, though he had suffered many weeks with general dropsy. A large number of relatives and friends gathered at his residence, 232 1/2 Fifth St., Detroit, Monday, Sept. 29, at 2 o'clock to witness the last sad rites. Hon. L. V. Moulton, of Grand Rapids, Mich., gave a very fitting eulogy and timely address. The writer offered such words of consolation as the inspirers dictated, and though many denominations were represented, all were unanimous in their opinion that our philosophy was not only a good thing to live by, but to die by.

FRED A. HEATH.

Researches in Oriental History.

BY G. W. BROWN, M. D.

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

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

THE VOICES.

They Come With No Uncertain Sound.

E. M. Hendricks, of Springfield, Mo., writes: "I have never been better pleased with a paper than I am with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. There are several articles in the right number. I have received each one of which is worth more than a year's subscription to any other paper."

Mrs. Mary A. Lake, of Haudauka, S. Dakota, writes: "I like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It is a very interesting paper and I have received it with great pleasure. I am glad to hear of its success."

A. F. Phillips, of Fredonia, N. Y., writes: "Every week I am spiritually fed and greatly delighted in reading your most excellent paper. I like it very much. I am glad to hear of its success."

Mrs. S. T. Atkins, of Sutton, Tex., writes: "I like your paper very much. I think it gets better all the time."

Mrs. G. R. Starr, of Warren, Pa., writes: "We like your paper very much. I think it gets better all the time."

J. F. Green, of St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Several copies of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER have been sent me by a friend, and I am very much interested in it. I think it is the best spiritual paper I have ever read."

Mrs. E. M. Shirley, of Worcester, Mass., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER certainly commends itself to the good taste of your patrons."

E. F. Baldwin, of Granville, N. Y., writes: "If you could look back over the history of the names of the past in the PROGRESSIVE THINKER, you would say, 'Well, I believe it is a thoroughbred Spiritualist.' By working to get subscribers for this enterprise, it is the way to bring Spiritualism before humanity. Let the good work go on."

Dora Ferris, of Whitman, Mass., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER grows better and is more entertaining every week."

J. Eglon, of Middleport, Ohio, writes: "I like your paper very much; in fact, I would not like to do without it."

Mrs. S. B. Carwin, of Greenport, L. I., writes: "I have had THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER on trial, and am well pleased with it; I think it is the best paper published."

Maggie Wellenger, of Marengo, Ohio, writes: "I am delighted with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

F. F. Cartmell, of Tulare City, Cal., writes: "We are all pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Mrs. Kate Edwards, of Stockton, Cal., writes: "I do not want to miss a number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I keep mine going from one to another. Some have gone many miles from here."

J. N. Parker, of Rochester, N. Y., writes: "I like the paper better and better."

E. F. Baldwin, of Granville, N. Y., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the best tool that I ever had to use in the interest of Spiritualism."

Mrs. E. Chase, of Topeka, Kan., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is cheap enough to be within the reach of all, and as good as cheap."

G. A. Goodman, of Colfax, Iowa, writes: "I must have your good paper, for it is bound to take the lead."

Mrs. Mary Pinney, of Stafford Springs, Conn., writes: "I was at Lake Pleasant and heard your paper spoken of very highly by every one. I am an old man, but I want the paper as long as I can read it."

Dr. C. M. Green, of Topeka, Kan., writes: "We like the paper very much."

W. Pitts, of Aersey, Mich., writes: "We do not know how we can do without your paper, as it strikes from the shoulder against error and superstition."

A. B. Goodknight, of Jonesboro, Ind., writes: "You have got me to a point that I cannot do without your paper."

Mrs. Emma Rader, of Boonton, N. J., writes: "I am a spiritualist paper."

Charlotte W. Thomas, of Anderson, Ind., writes: "Your paper is truly a gem; it is the best on the spiritual boards."

Dr. Harkins, of Muskegon, Mich., writes: "We like your paper very much, and wish to renew our subscription for a year."

George W. Harper, of Ft. Lapwai, Idaho, writes: "Your paper is too good to miss a single number. I prize its columns with much pleasure and profit, and hope it may soon reach the hands of every intelligent and thoughtful person in the country."

May F. Clayton, of La Jolla, Cal., writes: "I am very glad to hear of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It is a most valuable and spiritual paper, bringing into every home a feeling of peace and harmony, which I am sorry to say, many other spiritual works fail of doing."

Mrs. E. Mattison, of Watertown, N. Y., writes: "Please find enclosed the required amount for your paper for 16 weeks. You give more solid news in your paper than any other two spiritual papers I have read."

Mrs. M. K. La Ransier, of Independence, Oregon, writes: "Your very valuable paper is a household blessing, containing elevated and pure ideas, refined language, and is spiritual in every sense of the word."

William M. D., of Winterville, Mass., writes: "Enclosed please find one dollar for which I wish you to send me THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I have had your paper for some time, and it has been a most valuable and spiritual paper, bringing into every home a feeling of peace and harmony, which I am sorry to say, many other spiritual works fail of doing."

Mrs. R. H. Simpson, of Centralia, Wash., writes: "I have taken your paper from the first copy, and am pleased with it."

J. H. Lowry, of Pittsburg, Kan., writes: "We all like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER splendidly."

Just Agnew, of Waterford, Pa., writes: "To us your paper is ever welcome, and we trust it may meet with the success it merits. Your position relative to Spiritualism, please us much, for the true will live; the false will die a natural death if left to themselves."

Mrs. E. Brannon, of Liberal, Mo., writes: "I have had your paper for some time, and it has been a most valuable and spiritual paper, bringing into every home a feeling of peace and harmony, which I am sorry to say, many other spiritual works fail of doing."

Grandma Hathway, of Kenyon, Minn., writes: "Every one who takes your paper will be well pleased that it does one good to know that it, knowing that it is such an 'Eye-Opener.'"

Timothy D. Rayson, of Mt. Banon, N. Y., writes: "We think your paper rightly named, and that it will do much good. It is just the paper we need in the next six months. I am preserving them for the future; they are too valuable to throw away."

Leila H. Bridges, of Silver Lake, Mass., writes: "I have had THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER since the summer and I have got more comfort from it than any other paper I ever read."

Mrs. C. A. Haskill, of Menomonee, Wis., writes: "Go on, brother, fearless and strong; your pathway is well illuminated. I would like to see it circulate with the success it merits. Your position relative to Spiritualism, please us much, for the true will live; the false will die a natural death if left to themselves."

E. B. Brown, of Burlington, Mich., writes: "As for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, I cannot get along without it."

W. M. Blain, of Akron, Ind., writes: "Your paper has been asking us to come higher, and greet the loved ones who are coming with us, with outstretched arms to show us the better way."

Mrs. C. W. Wheatley, of Schenectady, N. Y., writes: "I am indebted to the kindness of a friend, Mrs. C. A. Haskill, of Menomonee, Wis., for the latest issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, which has won still holds my interest and attention in that paper ever since; hence I am constrained by a grateful sense of the worth of an entertaining and highly instructive sheet, to thus briefly express the satisfaction and enjoyment I derive from a weekly perusal of its columns—so rich in intellectual food it must be a favorite with all who are so fortunate as to receive it by subscription."

A. Gals, of Hart, Mich., writes: "Would not like to do without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I have taken a great many spiritual papers; have read spiritual and other liberal papers for over 35 years, and I think THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the best of them all."

Orland Thomas, of Parisville, N. Y., writes: "I do not do without the paper. It is a perfect gem of thought for the nineteenth century."

E. B. Chappel, of Athens, Mich., writes: "I like the paper very much and am glad to help to get it in circulation."

Mrs. N. W. Hilleker, of Kansas City, Kan., writes: "I am doing missionary work each week with my own paper, but it doesn't reach around. It is a welcome letter each week, and I try to have others see the light through your teachings as far as possible."

E. D. Moore, of Watertown, N. Y., writes: "I like the paper very much; a cheap paper is what we need."

Mrs. N. M. Davis, of Bostwick, Mich., writes: "I am taking the Better Way, but can not give up your paper as it has become a household necessity."

O. W. Tennant, of Belle River, Mich., writes: "Mr. Chas. Baas, of Cape, has just handed me one dollar to renew his subscription to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER for one year. Mr. Baas is a fine nature medium. They are well pleased with your paper."

E. Y. Cornell, of Holdrege, Neb., writes: "I take two spiritual papers now, but like the tone of the sample copy that you sent me very much."

O. B. Underhill, of South Park, Minn., writes: "We feel that hereafter, come what will, we will not be so much to value for so little money."

Dr. S. W. Fluke, of Norwich, Conn., writes: "I like your paper the best of any spiritual paper I have read."

James M. Carroll, eminent as an author, writes: "I have just returned from a visit to the actors and actresses at 'The Forrest Home,' near Philadelphia, and have found that though some of them are spiritualists they do not take it. I do not take it. I do not want to get one in among them some way, so I enclose you a subscription for one to be sent."

SOMETHING NEW.

Spirits Manipulate a Type Writer.

It is exceedingly gratifying that the various phases of spiritual phenomena are being from time to time increased in number. The announcement that independent slate writing and telegraphing by spirits were veritable facts created widespread interest among all classes. Through those phases a grand work has been accomplished, and many sad hearts rendered happy and joyous. Now the Spirit-world has resolved to bring one more agent to aid in the work of transmitting their messages to mortals, and that agent is the type-writer, and Miss Lizzie Bangs is the fortunate medium. One evening last week we had the pleasure of witnessing this new phenomenon at the pleasant and hospitable home of Mrs. Voorhes, No. 47 Campbell Park. To say that the manifestations were remarkable, but feebly expresses the facts of the case. There were five gentlemen and one lady besides the medium present. Chas. Mangang, of 200 La Salle St., was present. He is an expert type writer, and he was to try his skill in detecting the *modus operandi* brought to bear in producing the writing. The type-writer was placed on a stand, and a circle formed around it, the instrument being side-wise to the medium. No sooner was the light extinguished than the keys moved very rapidly, and the machine was manipulated with the greatest dexterity and ease. Several received messages, and then the following was written for us:

"EARTH SPIRITS, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 30. MY KIND FRIEND AND CO-WORKER, J. R. FRANCIS:—You are doing a grand, good and noble work in the promulgation of this glorious truth. You have for a long time battled amid the turbulent waters of contention and censure, striking here and there for the driftwood. You have grown strong in your experience, and gathered around sustaining influences, at last reaching the shore of success. Stand firm in your battlement for right. You are sustained and guided by a strong band from the other side, and pure motives and victory are with you. I, as one at the lead, my work it is to assist and sustain. I will, as far as possible, make right the errors in earth-life. Yours for the Right, Justice and Truth, S. S. JONES."

That such a message should come from S. S. Jones is apparent. Whenever an opportunity is afforded, he comes to us with words of cheer and cordial greeting. He is now closely associated with us in the grand work we are doing, and his request to us that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER be sent broadcast in prisons and reformatory institutions is characteristic of the man. It is not probable that he manipulated the type-writer, as that is accomplished solely by the guides of the medium, who stand in the same relation to the instrument as the telegraph operator does to his. The following message was written and handed to J. H. Hines, an attorney-at-law, whose office is at 87 Washington St.:

"CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 30, 1890, P. M. MY KIND FRIENDS IN EARTH LIFE:—We are most pleased to be able to come into your midst this evening, and demonstrate the fact of eternal life and spirit return; that the dear ones who have seemingly left you in death are with you still in spirit, having only thrown off the material form and passed to a higher condition of spirit; and though those whom you most desire to communicate with may not be able to do so this evening through demonstrations of this instrument, they are with you in spirit and thought."

"It is not always possible for spirits in their freed condition to manifest their presence to you through every instrument of communication; there must be a full feeling of receptivity between you, your friends from the other side and the instrument through which they are to manifest."

"Spirits are sensitive and easily repelled, and the laws through which they return to you in manifestation, are intricate, and not all are able to master or govern them. We learn and accomplish as you do, through study and experience."

"This manifestation of spirit power this evening is given more to demonstrate the fact of the phenomenon. There are many friends present for all, but all alike are not able to manipulate the forces governing."

"As you open the way of experience for them, so will they be able to come to you in understanding and identity."

"With sincere thanks and kindest regards, Yours by guidance, Geo. W. S."

"P. S. I have just perceived an error in my communication; it is in the date; but as a spirit is not infallible, these mistakes will occur. The error is due to the thoughts received from some of those present."

After the above message was produced the following was handed to us:

"MY FRIEND, MR. FRANCIS:—It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you this new phase of spirit demonstration, and while we are not yet able to manipulate it in a more positive manner, we shall in time, and with encouragement, bring it to a standing in evidence far exceeding that of former evidences or phases of spirit demonstrations. We solicit your assistance and attendance at any and all times."

Yours, Geo. W. S., Guide."

After these remarkable demonstrations of spirit power, then the expert type writer, Mr. Mangang, was called upon, and cheerfully responded, trying his skill in type-writing in the dark. The following was the result:

"I sllskwCLht C.D GMD BLDLF \$8LS

Ixt Uskuu3,y"

He intended to write the following:

"I am competing now for the first prize."

"CHAS. MANGANG."

The extreme difficulty in manipulating the keys in the dark is illustrated in the above attempt. No mortal could have written the messages received, if they had so desired.

We consider this manifestation the crowning triumph of spirit power. In a few months Miss Bangs expects to be able to get the writing in broad day light. Her guides have

promised her that, and it is much to be desired. We congratulate her on this new development, and predict for her a large field of usefulness.

THE VEIL REMOVED.

Psychical Reminiscences.

Having been referred to by Col. Bundy as one of Mr. Pratt's "swift recognizers," it might not be far out of line to pass by for the present some thirty years of personal experience, to some of the latest; and this, in order to answer, though but feebly, a very pertinent question of Col. Bundy, while he was visiting Aber's seances at Mr. Pratt's: "How do you recognize the spirit personality or identity?" The question as to identity is, perhaps, the most difficult in the whole field of Spiritualism's deep water, but this "little fish" will endeavor to keep near shore. The particular spirit referred to in Col. Bundy's question was William Denton. In the first place, let us examine negatively this form claiming to be William Denton. Is not the medium Aber? Aber and Denton, it is true, in some respects resemble each other; they are of about equal size and height, and faces somewhat alike. Denton has large reflective organs, especially caustion, so prominent as to overhang the perceptive, and his perceptive are more than average. Aber has not more than average perceptive, while his reflectives do not protrude in the least, but leave the forehead smooth and even. Denton's Ideality and Sublimity are large and of marked phrenological prominence. The same organs with Aber are not prominently marked. Aber has fuller spirituality than Denton, but Denton's spirituality is full, phrenologically speaking. Such are some of the perceivable cranial differences between the two personalities.

It is not, cannot possibly be a confederate. It is not a psychometrical, biological, or hypnotic delusion, for the Colonel remarked that any person would be a fool to suppose that certain parties of these "swift recognizers" could be put under the hypnotic influence. If Bro. Bundy should meet one of these "swift recognizers" on the streets of Chicago, and should recognize the "recognizer," and should be asked the question, "How did you recognize that man any way?" he could no more answer that question than he can tell how grass grows; but he could partly answer the question and would, perhaps, say: "He looks like the person in question; he looks to be about sixty years of age (or just a little too old to be trusted in judging whether he met the veritable Col. Bundy), hair and whiskers gray, blue eyes, large amount of brain in front of the ears, five feet ten inches in height, weight about one hundred and seventy, large prominent nose, perceptive overhang the eyes, heavy eyebrows, face not very round and full, had a scar on the right cheek, only the thumb and forefinger remaining on the right hand. All this corresponds to the personage in question. Then he said: 'He is that person,' and more between that, he told me all about what occurred between our lone selves down there. Oh! he is the man, there can be no question about that. So this alleged spirit, Denton, presents to us the physique that we remember to have been his when in the mortal. He says he is the same Prof. William Denton. He tells us of the lost mounds we visited together in Indiana; of the cave at Salem, Indiana, and our last gathering of those beautiful stalactites and stalagmites in that cave; and finally, to get away with Moses and his slaves, hewn stone on Mt. Sinai, and that writing at Belshazzar's Feast, this spirit form stands outside the cabinet, and asks for a slate. We hand him a clean slate; he takes the slate in his left hand and writes on it with his right hand. We "swift recognizers," old as we are, see not only "the part of the hand" that writes, but we see both hands, arms, and the entire body as a veritable human being standing and writing in our full view and presence, and he signs his name, "William Denton," as near as we remember (but we are growing old). This autograph is very like that of William Denton in the mortal. Oh! Colonel it must certainly be Prof. William Denton! How do you know that Mr. Aber may not after all have slipped out of the cabinet and done that writing, drawing on your credulity, imagination, and "old age" to work the imposition?

The strong point in this case is that the alleged spirit form did not come out at the cabinet door, but we "old people" saw it as a little white mist arise, apparently through the carpet, between us and the cabinet door, and gradually assume human shape, right in our plain vision, in light sufficient for all things in the room to be clearly discernible. Then the form spoke; we heard and understood its words. Then it wrote on a slate. We saw and heard the writing being done. Then the form stepped out, and stood in the cabinet door and there gradually sank down, apparently through the carpet and floor, until the head reached the floor, when the head, with the words, "good-by," vanished. No, sir, we did not have any "trap door" there just for the fun of playing a trick on ourselves.

Such was the beginning, on May 28, 1890, of a series of visible, full form materialized spirit writings, that to us, some of whom have been intimate with most of the developments of spiritual phenomena since the toe-joint Buffalo M. D.'s, pretended exposure, are new and wonderful, even astounding. An alleged materialized spirit form stands in our full vision; says his name is Prof. Hare. He steps to a stand table in front of us, and begins to write in a pencil tablet that we have laid there for that purpose. We count the lines as written, time the count by our pulse beat, and when the writing is done, we calculate from the best data in our possession, and find that the rate of the writing was near six hundred common English words per minute. Another form appears in what we have been led to believe ancient Greek costume; says he is a Greek, and he writes in our full view as rapidly as the alleged Prof. Hare had written; but we find the message to be written in classic Greek, which it takes a week or more with the aid of a Greek grammar and lexicon to but poorly translate. So Latin, German, Scandinavian and other tongues are written; and a hundred other equally wonderful things are done; standing us face to face

with immortal glory, to us the "veil being entirely removed."

J. H. NIXON.

Spring Hill, Kan.

AN EARNEST WORKER.

A Spirit Voice Joins in his Singing.

I commenced my engagement for this society the first Sunday in this month and to a good select and intelligent audience. The increase in the audience last Sunday indicates the revival of Spiritualism in this city before my work closes with the society, which is small; but its members are earnest and intelligent and make up in real worth what they lack in numbers.

Among the number are the names of the president, Mr. Drake and his respected wife, Mrs. Dr. Jemison and father Bebee, the last named individual, a most noble veteran in the spiritual cause. The society have the use of a fine commodious hall situated in a central part of the city.

Last Sunday evening while I was singing the closing song, a spirit voice rose, clear and distinct, above my own, swelling into a volume of melody as sweet as angel choristers, attracting the attention of all present, and created considerable comment at the close of the meeting. This phenomenon has occurred a number of times before at my public meetings, and may under favorable circumstances become more frequent and a source of delight to the investigator as well as a pleasure to myself.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is making its way into the homes and hearts of the intelligent Spiritualists and commanding the respect of every grade and class of progressive thinkers.

BISHOP A. BEALS.

Toledo, Ohio, Sept., 1890.

Notes From a Prominent English Trance Medium.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am settled down with wife and family, at the address below.

You may judge of my surprise when I found that even here THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was in circulation in more houses than one; and much appreciated, not only by the subscribers, but by others to whom copies have been passed for perusal. It is, indeed, a pleasure to note the rapid growth and spread of Spiritualism. I am on the road daily, and have been for years past, and am continually meeting with bright intellects who are well posted in spiritualistic affairs, and recognize the fact that church religions are fast decaying, or giving place to a more rational teaching. Modern Christianity is no longer the spiritual religion its founders intended it to be; the Christ element has become a marketable article, bartered solely to gratify selfish ends, or to satisfy the cravings of the thousands of professing hypocrites who bend the knee of fashion to Mrs. Grundy. The pulpiter knows this, but they lack the courage to speak out; they know they are losing touch with the masses on pure spiritual grounds, and the gap must continue to widen unless the Peoples' Religion develop and grow with the people; the world and its inhabitants are progressive, and religions, to be in harmony with the people, must be progressive likewise.

I am glad to learn that your paper is meeting with such success among all classes of thinkers, and trust it will continue to increase in circulation, which it must do, on the very liberal stand you have taken, and at the extremely low and popular rates of subscription it is issued at.

I have done no mediumistic public work for some months, owing to physical inability, but I hope to be able to assist the cause in Buffalo during the coming winter. There are a few good sterling thinkers here in Fort Erie; some with practical experiences of phenomenal facts, which I hope to arrange shortly on paper and mail to you.

I shall probably start a family gathering, including a home circle for general investigation.

Geo. W. WALROD.

Fort Erie, Ontario, Canada.

REASON VS. REVELATION.

Whatever motives prompted the promulgation of the Christian scheme of religion, subsequent light shows it is without foundation, consequently its professors are either hypocrites or dupes. [Christian reader, which are you?] "As in Adam, all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

—1st Cor. xv 22, Adam being a myth, nobody dies in him, "even so," no Christ is needed to make anybody alive.

The history of the creation of the universe and of the fall of Adam, recorded in Genesis, should excite no more serious thought than the story of Sinbad the sailor, for according to it God personally engineered the whole matter, and if the job of starting the human family was imperfectly performed; he, unquestionably was alone to blame. He purposely withheld the ability to know good from evil, from Adam, therefore he could not, consistently, blame him for doing evil nor commend him for doing good. God exposed Adam to a trial he knew (if he was fit to be God) he couldn't stand, and then damned him and his posterity because he didn't stand it—damned him for being precisely what he made him. It appears that he not only made a botch of the job, but shirked the responsibility of it by charging the blame to the job, and was still as vexed, after the lapse of four thousand years, because of his blunder, that nothing short of the murder of his only son could cool him down.

If God is really down so near man's level that man's words can flatter and fret him; surely the passages in the Bible are blasphemous which proclaim him revengeful, cruel, jealous, repentant, in short ungodly.

A man needs but a moderately-developed bump of causality to be able to discern that the Adam story is sheer fiction. Yet, the Christian religion—the religion, under many conflicting rituals, of 300,000,000 people—is grounded on that Munchausen story.

No reference is had, in the foregoing, to the "unknown" and "unknowable" God; only to the God myth of the Bible.

A distinguished statesman truly said that "the study of theology as it stands in Christian churches, is the study of nothing; it is founded on nothing; it rests on no

principles; it proceeds by no authorities; it has no data; it can demonstrate nothing; and it admits of no conclusion."

L. B. FIELD.

A SPIRITUAL RETREAT.

Its Significance Vividly Portrayed.

The scholastic year of the new Catholic University of the District of Columbia began September 23, with a Spiritual Retreat, a season of devotion lasting six days, the sixty students, all of whom are priests, spending the time in religious exercises.

What is a Spiritual Retreat? We have a graphic description of it in Father Chiniquy's "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome." In 1855 he was ordered to attend one in Chicago. He arrived there two hours ahead of time, and this is the way he begins his description:

"Never did I see such a band of jolly fellows. Their dissipation and laughter; their exchange of witty and too often unbecoming expressions; the tremendous noise they made in addressing each other at a distance; thus: 'Hallo, Patrick,' 'hallo, Murphy,' 'hallo, O'Brien! how do you do?' 'How is Bridget? Is Margaret still with you?' The answers, 'Yes! Yes! She will never leave me,' or 'No! No! the crazy girl is gone!' were invariably followed by outbursts of laughter."

"Though nine-tenths of them were evidently under the influence of intoxicating drinks, not one could be said to be drunk. But the strong odor of alcohol, mixed with the smoke of cigars, soon poisoned the air, and made it suffocating."

About an hour before the opening of the spiritual exercises a fat and florid priest proceeded to take up a collection for the purchase of a sufficient supply of spirits to last through the holy week. The hat was filled with five and ten dollar bills. Chiniquy declined to contribute, saying, "I am a teetotaler." A discussion of the temperance question followed. All the priests were in favor of temperance, that is to say, moderate drinking, and one of them said, "I thought we were to be preached to by Bishop Spaulding; I had no idea it was Father Chiniquy who had that charge."

Father Dunn, of Chicago, and one other priest, afterwards approved of Chiniquy's course; but they had given their contributions before the objection was made.

The exercises consisted of two sermons a day, and two meditations, each lasting forty or fifty minutes. The rest of the time was spent in reading aloud the life of a saint, reciting the breviary, examination of conscience and going to confession. Half an hour was allowed for each meal, followed by another half hour for recreation.

"Thus were the days spent. But the nights! the nights! What shall I say of them? What pen can describe the orgies I witnessed during those dark nights? And who can believe what I have to say about them? Though I will not and cannot say the half of what I have seen and heard."

"The drinking used to begin about nine o'clock, as soon as the lights were put out. Some were handing the bottles from bed to bed, while others were carrying them to those at a distance, at first with the least possible noise, but half an hour had not elapsed before the alcohol was beginning to unloose the tongues and upset the brain. Then the *bon mots*, the witty stories at first, were soon followed by the most indecent and shameful recitals. Then the songs, followed by the barking of dogs, the croaking of frogs, the howling of wolves. In a word; the cries of all kinds of beasts, often mixed with the most lascivious songs, the most infamous anecdotes, flying from bed to bed, from room to room, till one or two o'clock in the morning."

"One night three priests were taken with delirium tremens, almost at the same time. One cried out that he had a dozen rattlesnakes at his shirt; the second was fighting against thousands of bats which were trying to tear his eyes from their sockets; and the third, with a stick was repulsing millions of spiders which he said were as big as wild turkeys, all at work to devour him. The cries and lamentations of these three priests were really pitiful. To those cries add the lamentations of some dozen of them whose overloaded stomachs were ejecting in the beds and all around, the enormous quantity of drink they had swallowed."

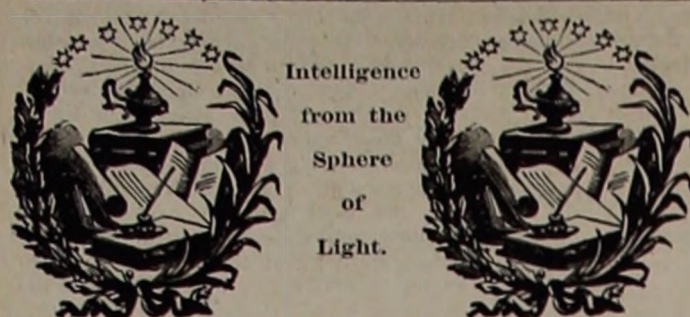
"The third day I was so disgusted and indignant that I determined to leave without noise, under the pretext that I was sick. It was not a false pretext, for I was really sick. There was no possibility of sleeping before two or three o'clock. Besides the stench in the dormitories was horrible."

But before carrying out his resolution to leave he consulted Father Dunn, who had spent the last night in the dormitory, witnessed all the horrors, and had already reported them to Bishop Spaulding. Father Dunn felt that the bishop did not believe half what had been told him, and advised Chiniquy to go to the bishop and tell everything. This he did without delay. Bishop Spaulding was not at all surprised, and went with Chiniquy to lay the matter before Bishop O'Regan. The result was that Bishop Spaulding gave two temperance addresses instead of sermons, which made a little improvement in the conduct of the holy fathers at night."

But the sum of \$500 was expended for drink during the six days' Retreat—or rather during the five nights. And Father Dunn told Chiniquy the following incident:

"A respectable policeman who belongs to my congregation came to me this morning to tell me that the first night six prostitutes, dressed as gentlemen, and last night twelve came to the university after dark, entered the dormitory and went, directed by signals, to those who had invited them, each being provided with the necessary key. I have just reported this thing to Bishop O'Regan, but instead of paying any attention to what I said, he became furious against me, and really turned me out of his room, saying, 'Do you think I am going to come down from my dignity of bishop to hear the reports of degraded policemen or of vile spies? Shall I become the spies of my priests? If they want to damn themselves there is no help, let them go to hell! I am not more obliged or able than God himself to stop them. Does God stop them? Does he punish them? No! Well, you cannot expect from me more zeal and power than in our common God.'"

On the last day of the Retreat, which was Sunday, all the priests marched in procession to the cathedral, to receive the holy communion. And the next night, thirteen of them were taken by the police from houses of ill fame where they were rioting and fighting, and lodged in the calaboose.



A NARRATIVE OF THE SUMMER-LAND.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

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

CHAPTER VIII.

THE UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

Oh! how your spirit quivers at his fate,
As trembling aspen in the wind-swept grove;
I to his rescue fly before too late,
And by my virtue will his vice reprove.

As the society were thus engaged, a stranger approached and paused near the portico. Feeling the current of invitation, he drew near and seated himself with the members.

"Welcome," said the Sage. "Welcome, even if you come with grief darkening your heart. You are free now from earth and its sorrows have passed away, in part; and you ought not to allow recollections of the past to disturb your peace."

"I am sad when I think of what a paradise earth might have been for me, had it not been for one false step, which made me forever miserable."

"Not forever! If you are not stained by a great crime, it will yet be well for you."

"I am not a criminal fearing justice. Justice—that is what I want. I am a victim of false marriage."

"Then as you are released from its bonds you ought to be happy."

"Yes, I might be happy, for I am free, if I could forget my brothers, and their ignorance and misery."

"Then it is your manifest duty to go to the earth and instruct them, and you cannot advance until you have fulfilled the demands thus made upon you."

"But, ah! great Sage, what shall I teach?—I can not approve the doctrines of free love as commonly understood, and yet I feel that there should be freedom in love. As soon as love is confined, it is love no more. But if freedom is given, I fear the consequences."

"Earth is not yet prepared for the doctrine of which you speak. It will be true for them when they become as the angels in purity. In the abstract, it is true; in the practical application of today, it is false. It is not the doctrine you should teach. Rather go to earth and teach man the laws which govern the mind, that they may know each other's character, and not be deceived by appearances. Teach them that purity is worth all else."

"Ah! it is a great task—one I shrink from with fear and trembling. Something must be done to relieve me, for my mind is lacerated with a dreadful lash; I can not bear it long. Great God, give me strength to perform the task before me with energy and success! Give me patience and perseverance to grapple with the work successfully."

"If you act as earnestly as you pray, you will be successful. But why so troubled? Does it all result from your philanthropy and the love you bear your race? If so, that alone will place you above us all."

"I am selfish, I fear. Perhaps regret for what I might have enjoyed causes my sorrow. I was a happy youth. Educated at college, and enjoying all the facilities the latter afforded, I climbed rapidly up Wisdom's mountain. As I arose higher and higher, the prospect sped further and further away, lost in the dim distance. The far off objects came forward to meet me as I advanced, until beneath me spread a glorious view to ennoble my life, and give me a position of honor among men. The rose-bud, half expanded, when just about to bloom in fragrant beauty, or change to disgusting odor its fragrant beauty. I was, like the bud, just opening to the beauties around me. My heart yearned for congeniality—for sympathy of a kind I could not express. I could only catch a glimpse now and then, so bashfully it approached me. The cold selfishness of the world galled me. I shrank from its rude breath. I wanted a cottage in the wild woods, far from the haunts of man, that there I might employ the learning I possessed in diving into the depths of mysterious nature—exploring her laws, and journeying through her labyrinths with the torch of reason to light my path. I desired a kindred mind to journey with me—to become one with my thoughts—whom I might love with unexpressed affections, and who would love me with a love that would never die. This was a rude effort of dawning love to picture the ideal of my dreams—an effort of mind to reach out into the undefined future, and make fancy a prophecy of my destiny."

"While in this state of mind, I saw one who appeared to be the ideal of my dream. In her I saw all my fancy had adored. Ah, how beautiful she appeared! Poets might strive in vain; the pencil would be a useless instrument; the pen of the novelist, in its wild flights, is inadequate to convey the dimmest shadow of her beauty. So long had I dreamed over my ideal, that the object which represented it was mine. Shall I give a particular description? No, I will not—I can not, for they are only for the lover! Ah, why did not the angels who weep in heaven for the ignorance of man, come down, and by some means make me sensible of the gulf on whose fearful brink I stood? With all my learning I was ignorant. My knowledge was theoretical, and not in the least adapted to the demands of life. It was useless to me when most needed—rather worse than useless, for it gave me a confidence in myself which it did not support. I knew nothing of the laws of life, or how I might arrive at the knowledge of another's character. Why I loved I knew not; I only recognized the fact. I was led on by the blind instinct of a misdirected love, or rather an instinct wholly undirected. I had heard of affinity and attraction of spirit, but it served only to involve me more inextricably, for I supposed, if attracted, I should follow that attraction, and that it was an instinct pointing out my proper companion."

"She loved me, or so pretended; and when I was near, to all appearances was an angel in goodness and love. How philanthropic she was! How she desired seclusion from the wide, wide world! How she hated selfishness, and how disgusted was she with the passions! She made herself the ideal I sought. I loved that ideal, for it was the offspring of my childish dreams—of my youthful heart, my dawning manhood's thoughts. I will not say I loved her, but I did love the attributes I supposed she possessed—her apparent beauty, goodness, and gentle, affectionate spirit. How fancy flew then! What would I not have done to gain her applause? I strove for a name for her sake!"

"Shall I tell you that we united our destinies? Nay, you know that already. Oh, how the bright vision faded away! How fell the famished traveler on the desert, when groves of palms, and lakes of clear blue water, spread out in all loveliness on the brim of the horizon. He urges on his camel with renewed pace, that by night-fall he may slake his feverish thirst. The sun sets in the western sky, and with its last crimson blush, the glorious palms and blue waters all vanish away, and are seen no more. So I felt when that glorious vision of happiness seemed just within my grasp; but the moment I reached forth my hand, it vanished away."

"We put on smiles and politeness, and are ever so communicative, benevolent, and unselfish in company, just as we would a garment, to be packed in the closet when at home. It was her exterior garment I loved; and when the soul revealed itself joy fled forever!"

"I had never seen—I was totally unacquainted with the being who now revealed herself to me. I loved her not, but hated her for her selfishness and affection, and for the deception she had played me. My angel was not an angel. My ideal had faded into a low actual. How, then, our minds antagonized! She feared the wide, wide world no more, but wished for show and popularity, and she told me plainly that she sold herself for my wealth. May the great God blot from my memory the years—long ages they seemed—during which I suffered the penalties for my ignorance of the laws of the relations of mind. Let me pass them by; I am there no more. I am transported from misery to regret. I would

live longer on earth to plant a little monument in the minds of men, to tell them I have existed. The desire for the wide influence I wished to exert, has vanished. I have lived so far to no purpose but misery in the end. Is there no balm in Gilead? Shall the weary find no rest?"

"Be calm and reason," said the Sage. "Misfortunes are necessary to undeveloped beings. If you were ignorant then, you can inform yourself now. If a few years are lost, remedy the fault by intenser application. You are only one in millions who have suffered in a similar manner. In fact, you have given a perfect description of earthly marriage, where each deceives the other into a belief that they are what they are not; and after union, the two unhappy beings find each other not the ones they loved, but strangers, who have by some jugglery shipped into the places of the lovers."

"This is the cause of my grief—because so many are going to the banquet of woe with garlands of roses on their brows, all unconscious of the suffering in store. And is there no remedy?"

"Yes, a remedy is at hand. That remedy is education. Laws are not often violated willfully but through ignorance. Man must be taught the distinction between animal instinct and love. Where the spirit leads follow. Magnets have no surer attractions than souls, but that attraction must be understood or it may of itself lead to ruin."

"Go! What shall I teach?"

"That marriage is more than the means of gratification of animal instincts; an eternal relation of two immortals, fraught with vast and far reaching consequences, which even death cannot annul, remaining strengthened and purified from every impulsive instinct."

"But what of the mistakes? What of the ignorant and suffering?"

"In the present transition state, laws which are compromises and expediences are man's reliance. The pathway to all great truths is hedged with suffering, which in its own stern way is an educator. With knowledge comes light, which will lead out of darkness. Life is a discipline, wherein the dominant instincts are taught obedience to the eternal spiritual faculties."

"But how, O Sage, am I to teach such lofty doctrines? I shall be scoffed by those who would be improved."

"The truth is superior to all conventionalities. Go to some sensitive mortal and write. Your thoughts may be ridiculed to-day, but to-morrow will be treasured, and in future generations become your earthly monument."

"Oh! speak not thus; I feel like the mystic Jonah; I can not go!"

"Go," repeated the Sage in cheering accents. "You have been a fellow sufferer and can address their feelings. We all have our work and this is yours."

"The prospect of doing good, makes me happy, I am satisfied and will depart."

[To be Continued]

SPIRITUALISM.

IS IT A RELIGION?

Before proceeding further it may be necessary to ask, what is Spiritualism, and define the same? Is it true, and what are its claims? To fully describe and define Spiritualism as I conceive it in all its important details, would require a life-time of scholastic leisure; in fact, it would be impossible to gain its mastery. The most important researches into its domain should be to obtain its application to general practical laws, and arranging them in the order and sequence in which they naturally apply to man, as effecting his true status and relationship to man in the life to come, and what will be the result growing out of the conduct of the ever present rational and individual life when viewed in the light of immortality. It is with man that we have to deal and not with God. There is no common ground upon which man and God can meet—the one being natural, and the other being supernatural, their dominions are forever separated.

Man has only natural sense, and a capacity only for taking cognizance of natural laws and things, and is an epitome of the forces that created him. If a God created him, he is a God. If he is a natural production, he is nature personified. According to the law of evidence we can not prove the supernatural without supernatural evidence. The finite cannot conceive of an infinite. The domain of Spiritualism is within the confines of nature. Natural senses we have, hence we are competent witnesses to testify to the truths of Spiritualism.

Webster defines Spiritualism thus: "It is a belief in the frequent communication of intelligence from the world of spirits, by means of physical phenomena commonly manifested through a person of susceptibility called a medium." According to Webster, it is a belief and not the fact itself, not necessarily a truth. In this light it might be called a religion the same as any other system of religious belief. According to the same authority "religion is a system of faith (belief) and worship; pious practice."

There is a vast difference between believing a thing and knowing a fact—between knowledge and belief. If Spiritualism was simply a matter of belief without any proof that spirits do "return," it would be of no more value than any system of religion founded upon vagaries with very doubtful proof of man's immortality.

Spiritualism claims that man is a spirit here and now; not that he is to become one when he dies; that it is only the body that dies and releases the spirit from its chrysalis tenement of clay; that this tenement of clay is not the individual conscious spiritual man; that this tenement of clay did not create the spirit, and death can not destroy it; that after the dissolution of this tenement of clay the real man lives on and does make this continued existence palpably certain through what is called "a return." The only significant question that we can ask here is, Is it true? If true, it is only a continuation of life under other conditions and environments; and the question, "Is Spiritualism a religion?" is answered by asking the question, "Is man, who is a spirit, a religion?" Does what might be called monism, constitute a religion because we believe man exists on the continent whom we never saw? A knowledge that man or spirit does return and makes this continued existence known, makes it distinctly a fact and isolates it from constituting a religion. Neither has Spiritualism anything in common with either Romanism or Protestantism, in any recognized form; whether their doctrines be taken as a system or singly, it rejects them entirely. The scheme of salvation it has no concern with; the drama of redemption it never stars. It has a distrust of priests and priestcraft, and denies to the church the depository of the divine life, and its highest inspiration is utterly foreign to its modes of thought. Its high priest is Reason. It distrusts the records of ecclesiastical pens. It teaches development as opposed to the fall, and progression instead of conversion. It denies total depravity and embraces natural goodness and rejects supernatural grace; while religion is a device for reconciling the here and the hereafter, Spiritualism declares the unity was never broken and never can be. While it has nothing in common with Christianity, it is not another form of religion. The Christian theory assumes that nature sprung from the devil and is crooked, evil, distorted, and can not be trusted, and the mind that studies her laws in search for truth, is not an adequate organ.

Spiritualism declares with greater emphasis the utter emptiness of all these assumptions, and points to the mind which studies Nature as the only perfected organ conceivable. These foundations are so dissimilar that kindred structures cannot be built upon them.

If Spiritualism was all embraced in the fact of spirit return and had nothing else to accomplish only to establish this fact, it has nothing new to present to the world, and is perfectly at home with all religions so far as it pertains to personal belief in this respect, as the ages bear witness to this fact. Spiritualism to be of any additional value to the world must show that it is a distinct form of intellectual growth or force, and must place itself at the head of every movement for the reconstruction of the present theological creeds and political governments as the foundation and supremacy of moral law, and the moral enemies of the human race. It should no longer content itself to act on the defensive, but should become aggressive by placing itself in position to show that it is the embodiment of superior principles that place it at the front of all moral and religious systems, and as a secondary matter of importance should be the inspiring thought of all political govern-

ments. Spiritualism is simply *naturalism*; denies the existence of the supernatural. It supplies all the means for moral and intellectual growth, and possesses the divine right to rule the world, because it teaches the immortal development of man. It enlarges the human mind, and as it does so, its ideas multiply and expand, broaden with knowledge. The knowledge it thus gains broadens the intelligence of the world and reveals the laws by which it is concluded. A perfect conformity to those laws is essential to man's happiness, hence, "Knowledge is the world's true Savior," and Spiritualism is knowledge.

O. W. TENNANT.

Caprie, Mich.



ONE SUPREME MOMENT.

It Must Come to Every Individual Soul.

I.

There is one supreme moment in the life of every individual; one that is extremely important; one that must occur in the career of every imperfect being, and without it there can be no progress whatever. Just as sure as the seed is compelled to burst, to produce a stem and then a flower radiant with all the colors of the rainbow; just so sure as the bud must bloom in order to produce the luscious apple, peach or pear; and just so sure as sunshine, earth and moisture must act jointly in producing the golden harvest, so in the life of every individual there will come a time when he (or she) must in order to advance, lay aside selfishness, banish unkind feelings towards any of God's children, and cultivate charity, and extend a helping hand to those less fortunate than self. That law is imperative; that law is a part of God's vast universe, and without adopting it in its length, breadth and thickness, there can be no progress, no advancement towards the higher spheres of spirit life.

I care not how learned you may be, or how great in the estimation of puny mortal—whether king, queen, president, governor, or millionaire—the supreme moment must arise in your life when selfishness in all its varied forms must be banished; when love, radiant with the impress of an angel's smile must prevail; when charity, like the golden rays of the morning sun, must embrace all of God's children; when the aspiration must rise, beaming with God-like impulses, and encircling every forlorn soul in its warm folds. If you have never experienced that supreme moment when the old is brushed away, the night dissipated, and the bright sunshine of charity for all takes possession of your soul, then you certainly are in the background, and require regeneration before you can advance. As the azure-hued morning, the bright sunshine of noon, the golden sunset, the fertilizing shower, and the life-giving properties of nature are intended by Divine Providence for all alike impartially, so your gifts, your opportunities, your aspirations,—your love, charity, and kindness should be equally broad and comprehensive.

II.

The brilliant orator Gough, at one time drank excessively; he was then brutish in his tastes, and groveling in his aspirations. The supreme moment at last came, and his whole nature was illuminated with a light divine, and heaven blossomed in his soul, and what a grand work he accomplished for humanity. There was another inebriate, now dead, Andrew Lovejoy, who, too, had a supreme moment in his life, but it came in another way. He was, while intoxicated transferred into a brute; seemingly an insatiable monster. His life, like the barren tree, the exhausted spring, the desolate desert and lava fields, seemed to have no use. Sober, he was intelligent, gentle, refined, courteous and loving; drunk, he was a fiend, cruel, remorseless and daring. His wife through long and weary years clung to him with a heroism grand and beautiful. He would abuse her most shamefully, and make her life wretched; but, poor soul, radiant with angelic impulses, all aglow with the characteristics of heaven, and with a constant prayer nestling on her lips like a halo of light on the face of one of God's holy messengers, she cherished within her soul the fond hope that some day he would be redeemed. When cruelly tortured during his drunken debauch she would despair of reformation; but when sobered again, that fond hope would immediately rise like a beacon light in her soul, and she would still cling to him, constantly peering through the hazy clouds of the long night of struggle for the rosy hues of a morning when her mate in life would stand forth redeemed!

Strange bewildering scene! A lovely wife, with a disposition and character that receives a cordial recognition in heaven, cruelly treated—even choked by a husband rendered brutal by intoxicating drinks, yet after each debauch, putting her arms lovingly around his neck, and forgiving him, while he would promise to reform, only to repeat his wayward ways again in a short time.

Such a wife, constantly praying for the redemption of a soul in darkness, showering kisses and caresses upon an inebriate, and strewing his pathway with the flowers of Love, Charity and Kindness, ever cuddling in her soul the fond belief that in the sweet sometime in the golden future her persistent and unflinching faith would bloom forth in full fruition, and her husband stand forth redeemed, did more than the most exacting, seemingly, could demand. Though he pulled her hair, blackened her eyes, tore her dress into fragments, yet she, poor soul, as he came forth from his debauch, would have her faith renewed that the long prayed-for day of his redemption would come when she could stand by his side, his angel, his savior, his redeemer! God bless this noble woman! Angels breathe for her a crown of flowers that shall speak a divine language which can be heard by all the nations of the earth! After years of suffer-

ing the supreme moment in the life of her husband finally came. Coming home one evening intoxicated as usual it seemed as if he was in possession of a fiend. His features were distorted; his eyes bleared; the tones of his voice sepulchral, and his general appearance that of a devil. In endeavoring to get hold of his devoted wife, he stumbled, fell, and his head striking against the stove in the room, he became unconscious. A physician was summoned, and after days of sickness, he awakened to a realization of his own existence. His wife, with features beaming with the same divine love was bending over him. He raised his arms and clasping her around the neck whispered: "Dear wife, the morning has at last dawned and my redemption is at hand, God bless you!" Hethen relapsed into an unconscious state again, and all efforts to revive him then proved unavailing. The next day an ineffable smile illuminated his features as he again recognized his wife, and she bending over him, he again whispered: "Dear, dear wife, my angel, my savior, forgive me for the misery I have caused, and I will be to you a tower of strength during the remainder of my life. The supreme moment has arrived, and now I have strength to reform." She showered down upon him the kisses of forgiveness and love, and intuitively recognized the truth of what he said. He told her that though he could not stir his body or speak at times, yet his senses were on the alert, and he saw what he had been, what he was then, and what he might be. On one side was gloomy darkness and despair; wretchedness beyond comparison, and a life so miserable that no pen can adequately describe it. But there was a bright side that beckoned to him, and there he determined to go, and if possible make amends for the misery he had caused.

III.

Thus the supreme moment came at last, and a fragment of heaven found permanent lodgement in his soul, and he went forth redeemed, an illustration of the great good that a little wife accomplished, who had nesting in her soul a spot so tender and loving that it vibrated in unison with those angelic beings who can read the very thoughts of mortals, and weigh with accuracy each one. The wayward husband had his spiritual nature quickened during his suspension between life and death, and he saw himself as others saw him, his own repulsive condition coming before him like a panorama. And the wife! Ah, she did more probably, than any human being could desire or expect; more than the law of love, charity and kindness, seemingly demanded. Illy treated,—tortured at times—she never lost faith in the final redemption of her husband. She waited with faltering step, pale cheeks, and emaciated form for that illumination of soul and grand awakening which came at last; and while Jesus, as it is claimed, died that others might live, she lived, enduring a thousand crucifixions, that one man might be redeemed. The supreme moment must come to all who have not Charity, Love and Kindness in their souls, and who do not try to redeem some poor forlorn mortal from selfishness and sin. We say to them as our vision glances at the higher spheres of celestial life, that you will be shut therefrom until the Gardens of your Souls bloom with those characteristics, and the conviction takes possession of your minds that TO DO GOOD in multifarious ways, and BE GOOD in nature and essence, is the sole end of existence! Let the supreme moment in each life, if not already experienced, commence at once for it must come to all sometime.

John R. Francis

CONSOLATION.

TO THE EDITOR: In Philipsburg, Pa., a poor mother is sorrowing over the so-called death of her bright and promising eight year old little daughter. Not being a Spiritualist, the mother does not understand, that though she can not see her darling, the beautiful spirit is round her as ever, and only the form of flesh has been laid in the cold grave, hidden forever from the gaze of mortals. The child's grandfather is on this coast, and is endeavoring by writing letters and sending spiritual papers and books to his daughter, to interest her in our beautiful philosophy, and cause her to investigate, and thereby relieve her grieved heart, and give her hope for a blessed reunion in the future with her loved ones. On hearing of this, I was impelled to write the following lines:

A little girl lay on her bed of pain,
With her mother beside her praying.
The tears poured down her cheeks like rain,
And her body with sobs was swaying.
Oh! God of mercy, spare our child.
A few years yet, let her remain.
To cheer our hearts, to love us home;
The Angel of Death can come again.
Minnie, my child, oh! pray with me,
My all beneath the sun.
I cannot yield and kiss the rod,
And say, "God's will be done."
Mamma, I hear an angel's voice
Say, "Minnie, darling, you must come
To try and cheer your spirit home."
We'll take you to our spirit home."
But, dear mamma, I'll often come,
To try and cheer your bleeding heart.
You'll meet again your darling one,
If faithfully you do your part.
I'll leave you now, but not forever.
The fleshly form you will not see;
The spirit bonds no one can sever,
They live through all eternity.
And, dear, when death shall call you hence,
Your little child will guide you thence,
And cheer you with her song.
So, dear mamma, kiss me again,
And in your arms let me recline;
In sleep I shall forget my pain,
And pass away to realm divine.
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