

The PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

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AN OPEN LETTER.

IT IS DIRECTED TO PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN.

And is Written by the Hockessin Philosopher.

DEAR BROTHER:—I have noticed in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of Aug. 16 your criticism of my remarks in a previous number touching upon what were considered objectionable features, found in the Sturgis address of J. M. Peebles, M. D. The points of difference between us at this stage of the world's growth seem to require much thought. It may appear like temerity for so weak a brother as I to presume to question the correctness of views held by those so learned and experienced as both you and he, and it is only my impression of the importance of the questions raised, that leads to the expression of honest thought, that apparently run counter to yours. I say apparently, for your well-known love of the true and the good cannot long allow us to differ.

I have ever regarded you, dear brother, as one to whom we may safely tie, and follow bravely whithersoever Truth may lead. Your words of caution to pseudoscientists, who, without real knowledge, go beyond their depths, and presume to teach where they should be student-learners, have always met my approval and co-operation.

That I do not agree at all points, either with your former remarks, as quoted by Dr. Peebles, or as you now express them in the late PROGRESSIVE THINKER, may be my misfortune, but it is, nevertheless, an honest and earnest difference, and, oh! that a more able pen might state clearly, broadly and wisely the momentous issues at stake.

Come, let us reason together! Ah, how comprehensive should be our premises, how far-reaching the lines of argument, and how can they be narrowed down to the limits of a friendly letter? For sixteen or eighteen centuries a large portion of the human world has been dominated by a class of religious conceptions—an assumed philosophy of human life (we can name it no less) called Christianity.

According to its professed votaries, it and naught else has tended to growth and salvation in the past—it and naught else can be relied upon for salvation in the present and in the future. On the other hand, many sincere lovers of truth and seekers after a means to save from wrong and inharmonious, think they perceive the need of a riper philosophy of existence, more consistent with nature, less trammelled with superstition and miracle, and better proportioned to the vast outstanding cosmos which science now reveals.

Is not the time ripe that these differences in the minds of honest truth-seekers should be frankly met and rationally enquired into?

You say that "the error of Mr. Jackson consists in not recognizing the two contrasted meanings of the word Christianity." I contend that Dr. Peebles' idea of dividing modern advancing thought between materialism on the one hand, and "liberal Christianity" on the other, is too narrow, and does not cover existing conditions. The true Spiritualist, as I averred, realizes as shown by science, a grand, rational, law-abiding, divinely united cosmos of spiritual and material being, and perceives not wherein Christianity, either traditional or historical, is worthy of being named as a measure of its tremendous issues.

Traditional Christianity, expressed in the fewest words possible, is "believe or be damned," while it connects backward and rests upon, as a basis, the well-known mythical stories which are false as the veriest dream of the world's childhood.

What a strange mental phenomena it is that people of even moderate intelligence should have so long read and revered these foolish myths, even where they tell us how the serpent, the devil, spoke truly and the Lord falsely as to the consequences that would follow the eating of the fruit of the Tree of Life; or where they relate how, upon trifling transgression, by the innocent human pair who knew not good from evil, there fell upon them, their offspring, and the world given them to live in, an all-perpetrating curse; or where, as the myths took form, and Christianity has its birth, comes the proposition of an absurd, unjust and illogical remedy, to be applied at some distant day—a hocus-pocus of the shedding of the blood of the only begotten Son of the Creator. Oh! shame to the slow awakening intelligence of rational creatures.

My dear brother, you know as well as I, that these are the foundation myths of Christianity, and that they are and have been a fraud and falsehood upon the human race and upon a benevolent Divine Being as long as they have existed. You admit that you do not rely upon the New Testament as a reliable record.

Ah! why, then, do you cling to any last lingering cord that binds you backward to the Juggernaut car of superstition? Permit me to recite three noted Christian men and German scholars who agree with us as to the uncertainty of Scripture, and whose conclusions may not be familiar to many readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, namely: Dr. H. Oort, Prof. of Hebrew Antiquities at Leiden. Dr. I. Hooykass, pastor at Rotterdam and Dr. A. Ruessen,

Prof. of Theology at Leiden, the joint authors of a critical work in three volumes, entitled, "The Bible for learners." In discussing of the authenticity of the New Testament scriptures on pages 24 to 27 of volume 3, they use language of the following purport: "Of course we should rejoice in an accurate knowledge of the life of Jesus. For this knowledge we have hardly any sources, but the four books which the New Testament begins. No other authorities deserve to be mentioned by their side."

"Flavius Josephus . . . was born in A. D. 37 only two years after the death of Jesus; but though his work is of inestimable value as our chief authority for the circumstances of the times . . . yet he does not seem to have ever mentioned Jesus." At any rate the passage in his Jewish Antiquities, that refers to him, is certainly spurious and was inserted by a later and a Christian hand."

A short distance further on in the volume our learned critic continues: "But alas! not one of these five books," (including Acts, along with the four Gospels, "was really written by the person whose name it bears . . . The titles placed above them in our bibles owe their origin to a later ecclesiastical tradition, which deserves no confidence whatever. . . And alas! this later tradition is such a turbid fountain."

"A more careful examination shows us, that the difference between Matthew, Mark and Luke on the one hand and John on the other is so great that we must choose between them, since we cannot possibly harmonize them."

Attempts to remove this contradiction have been vain. There is no escaping the fact that we must make our choice."

What shall we do, then, with Christianity when these critical Christian scholars admit to us so frankly and so positively that we have no historical authority concerning Jesus that "deserves to be mentioned" by the side of the Gospels, and that the Gospels themselves are not reliable?

After reading of the weak and uncertain authority we have concerning the life of Jesus, as just recited from our learned Christian critics (above italicized) where are we to find those "profound historians" of which you speak in the eleventh paragraph of "The Nazarene?"

And when the unreality of the Gospel of John is generally admitted by scholars—when the mythical nature of many parts of the other three gospels—such as the traveling "star of Bethlehem"—the temptation exercises conducted by the devil—the slaughter of the innocents by Herod and several others appear honestly apocryphal, why should you accuse honest persons of undue "skepticism," who after years of research feel almost sure that the whole gospel record is a romance and a fraud framed for a purpose, and the man of Nazareth himself an unauthentic personage? Was not that an age when it was deemed a virtue to lie for God's glory, and was not the so-called Christian church then about forging the chains for its infernal dominions of the dark ages?

It is implied that Mr. Jackson made an error "in not recognizing the two contrasted meanings of the word Christianity."

While I have no purpose of depreciating the character of Jesus of Nazareth as you conceive him now to be after eighteen centuries in the higher world have advanced him to a depth of wisdom and elevation of nature far beyond what he had on earth, yet I cannot perceive, from the only records that we have from his words and actions while in the flesh (be they either falsely or truly reported) that his character was such either in wisdom or goodness as to enable us to build thereupon a true liberalism, such as the world now needs.

I therefore long sincerely that a portion of the people of this age, after the same eighteen centuries of progress upon earth, may have attained to at least a fraction of his advance in the spheres, and may be able to judge for themselves what was wise, good and consistent in his reported ministry upon earth to aid them in their march in the paths of true liberalism, without loading themselves down with the darkness, shame and wrong which have hung for centuries upon the name of Christianity.

One of the reported sayings of Jesus was replete with wisdom: "By their fruits ye shall know them—men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles."

Ah, my brother! has not poor, struggling bewildered humanity gathered enough of "thorns and thistles" from Christianity in the name of Jesus, as it has blossomed and borne fruit through the ages? Its very childhood brought no peace, comfort and prosperity to mankind, but bitter contentions and bloodshed between the Jewish and Gentile Christians. The amenities of human life amongst the professed disciples of Jesus in the early times were scarce indeed.

First, it may be observed that the votaries of Christianity soon became too fully impressed with the worthlessness of the present life, adopted asceticism, and wasted their time in a fruitless waiting for the second coming of their supposed Messiah. If there be reality in the life of Jesus and authenticity in his reported words, those concerning his own belief in that Messiahship and the false prophecies he was led to make concerning this second coming may be looked upon as amongst the most authentic, since they evidently made a deep impression upon that generation, and belief in them

has survived in various revivals even unto the present time.

If we realize the existence of Jesus in the spirit-life, as you have written in "the Nazarene," does it not occur that he must lament the unwisdom of his impressions while on earth, and more still, the false prophecies that have so long misled the world to its hurt. Surely we can well believe that he would, in his present exalted state of advancement, long to aid in correcting all resultant errors.

You, Brother Buchanan, write as having been favored to hold, in some manner, communion with the spirit of the Man of Nazareth. "You speak of that which you know."

Our experience, as well as that of many reliable Spiritualists, is that those who have been long in spirit life seldom communicate with the earth life. We have often held test communion with good and earnest spirits, but they speak not of having ever seen Jesus. They teach a more simple gospel of humanity than that of "Christianity," which has worried and depressed the human world for centuries, and whose practical merits I am now striving to illustrate.

It is so true that little has been heard of Jesus from our spirit friends that it seems almost phenomenal.

That the reverence for this man has taken, in the professed Christian church, of the nature of idol-worship, and still remains as such, is well assured. Doubtless neither he nor any wise spirits will encourage its continuance. It is time that the idolatry connected with the name of Christ, the emasculating parasitism rooted upon salvation through his merits, the pauperism of the children of God upon the Divine bounty, instead of heirship of his infinite patrimony should die the death to which all error is doomed.

The great question at issue is: Shall we cramp the new wine of a rational philosophy of human life and human progress into the decaying bottles of a miraculous Christianity, however seemingly liberalized? The strength of the latter has ever been in its myths, miracles, rituals and dogmas, pressed home upon the weakened minds of uncultured and enslaved masses of people; while the glory of the former expands with the fruition of knowledge based upon the everlasting reign of law, and inspired by the blessedness of the grand trinity of Wisdom, Love and Power.

I entreat you, Brother Buchanan, along with Brother Peebles and all readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, to hear and weigh a few more earnest words. I am and have been a student of rational Spiritualism for many years, and believe it to be true to nature—to fact and philosophy. I have lived to observe the prophecies of its clairvoyant mediums as coming from persons in the next life, many times remarkably fulfilled to the minuteness of the letter; but I have also known the clairvoyant impressions of first-class mediums to fail as utterly and demonstrably. Some such mediums have perceived and owned to me the danger of their own normal mental impressions mixing with others of an abnormal character coming from the spheres. My own belief is that the powers above us never intended that man should be guided solely by any "Thus saith the Lord!"

This life was designed largely to be a school of experience. Man individually and collectively must strive to gather his own truth, even though he fail. "Seek and ye shall find!" "Knock and it shall be opened unto you!"

There is an old aphorism, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." The Spirit-world may watch and sympathize with us as we each and all struggle with our environments, and even may guard and protect us as far as possible in extremity; but it is proper for us, in a general way, to use our own common sense, knowledge and experience, guided by our highest faculty of sound reason, broadened by light of our best intuitions in working out our own salvation, material, intellectual and spiritual.

Clairvoyance and psychometry are kindred psychic faculties. In the possession of developed men and women like yourself, Brother B., they may make wonderful revelations; but I trust you do not regard them as absolutely infallible, or speak of what you learn through them after the manner of "Thus saith the Lord," never to be questioned.

We read what you say in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER concerning Jesus, with interest; but nevertheless do not learn from the doubtful records we have of him, wherein he was, as claimed, "the noblest teacher of the past," or how you prove "he is still the most conspicuous exponent of the law of divine love."

We have no precepts of wisdom from his mouth that had not been formulated and uttered by far older sages. There was little of that love in his heart if he ever ceased any class "into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." There was little of it expressed in many other of his reported words, that might be cited.

This Divine Love can scarcely enter properly into any equation of life, without having Divine Wisdom with it as a function, under an exponent of equivalent power and influence.

Therefore can we not esteem it Divine self-sacrifice when Buddha, according to report, yielded his own body as food for a starving tigress, that was moaning in motherly misery, having no milk she could yield to

her whining cubs. Therefore, can we not count it a notable example of Divine Love, when the body of a sincere and gifted, though erratic man, was permitted to be nailed to a cross, that a church might be developed therefrom that has cursed the world more than a thousand years.

David Duguid, the noted Scotch medium, as Brother Peebles informs us in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of Sept. 6th, has seen Jesus since "Hafed, prince of Persia," has been acting as his control.

The man of Nazareth, according to "Hafed," is now "The Prince of Heaven—the brightness of the Father's Glory," and holds court, as it were, with him and with millions in the Great Temple." This correspondent, a poor child of earth, would fain ask some questions: where is this heaven? Has each planetary world of human beings got its own surrounding spiritual sphere, as to him would seem most probable, or is this heaven, of which Jesus is Prince, the great heaven for an infinitude of worlds, so vast, so far asunder that light can not fly from some to others in a hundred years, or even much farther still?

Surely the son of Joseph and Mary, who came to believe himself the Messiah of the semi-barbarous tribes of Palestine, and preached one year to the inhabitants, would spread very thin as "the brightness of the Father's glory," even in the spiritual spheres surrounding earth; let alone the idea of being prince for a heaven proportioned to the infinite cosmos of habitable worlds.

For reasons above hinted at I can not esteem the medium, David Duguid, as perfectly infallible; nor can I place grand confidence in the presumed "Hafed, Prince of Persia." He is too nearly connected with that doubtful story of the wise men from the East who were led by a star to the place "where the young child was." As it could not possibly be a star proper in astronomical language, I doubt it must have been an ignis fatuus—a foolish fire—in the literal sense of the word, or better still, a baseless story, as critical scholars now esteem it. To me, all who build upon the son of Joseph and Mary being, in a special sense, "the brightness of the glory of the infinite Father," are following a like "ignis fatuus" that has led them far astray.

Let us look at it, brother Buchanan and brother Peebles,—all who follow the expression of these poor thoughts of mine: If Jesus is now the mighty Prince of Heaven, and as held by Duguid, the radical and influential spirit now "behind the advancing revolution," as expressed by Brother Buchanan, where has he been until now, throughout the last 1900 years of human struggle and suffering? much of which was legitimate fruit, borne from the seeds sown by his own preaching, or the misreporting or the misconstruction of his own words?

Where was he and his Hafed and other of the millions of influential friends, that they allowed so long the wrangling contentions between the Jewish and gentile Christians? Where was he when his disciples, according to his own philosophy, ignored the value of this life on earth, parted with their substance and spent idle, vagabond lives in vain watching for his second coming? I would not burden with too many questions, but where was Jesus and his influence when Constantine used the Christian rabble—soldiers, in helping him to crush his co-monarch on the Roman throne, and afterwards incorporated the Christian church with the Roman Empire, until kings became its vassals and reigned only by divine right, while for a thousand years, the bull of a Pope was superior in a government to the edict of a king?

Jesus, after these thousand years of progress, must have attained his stature in spiritual strength and power, according to Brother Buchanan's views.

Where, we ask, was his strength under that law of Divine Love, when the sword in the hands of the "Sacred Sword-Bearers," or Danites (otherwise the destroying Angels of Mormonism) accompanied the missionary monks on their proselyting tours; deluged the lands they would enslave with blood and left traces of their advances in carnage and desolation? Gibbon says: "The fields of battle might be traced by monuments of bones. Whole provinces were depopulated that the Lord Jesus should reign as king."

Where was he with his benign influence, that you still wish us to tie to, when Pope Honorius (according to the historian Alberger in his Antiquity of Christianity), "in a paroxysm of rage called Christendom to arms, to proselyte by military force the obstinate Pagans of Prussia" (as he considered them)? "At this period towns were swept from existence; communities were massacred; blood flowed in reeking torrents, while many of the Pagans accepted death rather than baptism."

All the horrors and horrors of which war is pregnant were protracted for fifty-six years before they concluded to accept the gospel rather than total extinction." Where was the influence of the Gospel of Peace, "the brightness of the Father's glory," when it was permitted that in Livonia, Courland and Semagulia, at the instigation of the Pope, a hundred years of like war raged with unmitigated ferocity before the brave inhabitants consented to believe in Jesus and be baptized—to adopt a new and strange form of idolatry and mythology instead of the one under which they had

been born and bred, and had lived in peace and prosperity?

Where were the benign influences from the Spirit-world in the name of Jesus and Christianity, that did not restrain the crusade set on foot A. D. 1096, wherein a motley assemblage of eight hundred thousand persons, composed of monks, prostitutes, artists, laborers, lazy-tradesmen, merchants, boys, girls, slaves, malefactors and profligate debauchees, animated largely by the prospect of spoil and plunder, set forth to wrest Jerusalem from the Mohammedans—set forth as followers of the Cross, yet failed in their purpose, and nearly all perished miserably—immolated at "the shrine of a world-cursing superstition, that avowedly came not 'to bring peace upon earth, but a sword?'" Where did Jesus hold this high court and instruct his millions of exalted spirits (as hinted by Duguid) at the time the Inquisition was organized, about 600 years ago? Where, indeed, was the "Prince of Peace,"—"the most conspicuous exponent of Divine Love?"

That such a hellish engine of wrong and suffering to humanity was permitted to afflict those who were called heretics—persons so strong and earnest of soul that they died as martyrs rather than own a faith in Christianity they could not hold—so wicked, so bloody that, according to Llorente, the Spanish historian, in Spain alone, from A. D. 1483 to 1808, 31,912 of such earnest persons were burned alive at the stake; 17,659 burned in effigy; whilst, in number all told, over 291,000 persons suffered torture and penances.

Brother, why need I ask more questions? Miraculous Christianity is responsible for innumerable wrongs. The reputed goodness of its founder has furnished no remedy. His influence through the ages has seemed to be no saving power.

I told my fellow legislators of the State of Delaware a quarter of a century ago, that "human oppression would always draw human blood." That venerable reformer, Parker Pillsbury, of Concord, N. H., closes a recent pamphlet on the evils and dangers of "Churchianity," that all should read, by this far stronger expression of the same idea: "God made the human soul volcanic, and woe ever to him or them who dare uncap her fires."

In your late psychometric prophecies you foretell of a time that shall so "burn as an oven" that we would fain hope they may prove to be of those that are unreliable; but I fear they contain too much of truth. But why not by brave efforts let us strive to conquer fate? You seem to perceive that the Bible and Churchianity will have to yield place before the volcanic fires. If they do not, and the idol worship of Jesus with them, the fires will be little worth uncapping.

Why shall not all who have faith in Infinite, Divine laws, and in wisely acquiring knowledge of them (of whom I esteem you as one) join together in speaking with no uncertain sound, the trumpet blasts of truth, without fear or favor? Mayhap we may, by unity of action, teach the people, being forewarned, to wisely forewarn in their own protection.

Very truly your friend,
Hockessin, Del. J. G. JACKSON.

BUDDHISM.

A Few Mistakes Corrected.

EDITOR OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER:—Your article in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER on Buddhism, taken from the Chicago Herald, places the number of Occultists in the world at 12,000,000. The Herald's correspondent at Paris seems to have given his subject but little thought; otherwise we note a glaring conflict in Buddhist authorities. Edwin Arnold tells us there are 470,000,000, or more than one-third of mankind who live and die in the tenets of Guatama, the founder of Buddhism. (See his "Light of Asia," pp. 7-8 preface.)

He further tells us: "A generation ago little or nothing was known in Europe of this great faith of Asia, which had nevertheless existed during twenty-four centuries, and at this time (1887) surpasses in the number of its followers and the area of its prevalence any other form of creed."

In regard to the number of Spiritualists, the article is equally misleading.

At the Catholic convocation in Baltimore in 1866, the number of Spiritualists in the United States alone was estimated by them to be ten or eleven millions; whilst their people and the Protestants combined, numbered some seven or eight millions. (I quote from memory.) But the Herald's article is a whole, aside from numbers, is valuable and entertaining.

Occultism in its various forms is becoming interesting to our people in proportion to the extent and accuracy of their information on the subject. Prof. Sennett, in his "Esoteric Buddhism," tells us the same thing that Arnold does, that but little was known in Europe of Buddhism a generation or less than a generation ago. Until the ingress of this spiritual movement and its great prevalence all over the world, the time had not come, in the estimation of its teachers, to give out to the world any direct or esoteric information regarding the doctrine of Guatama or of Occultism in any of its forms. It was claimed, and with good reason, no doubt, that the people not being prepared for it the knowledge would be of less use than harm to those who were disposed to re-

ceive it, hence it was taught esoterically, and only to the child or pupil who was able to satisfy the Mahatma, the master or teacher, that he had undergone a thorough preparation, and that there would be no danger of his making an improper use of the knowledge when obtained.

We are given to understand that but comparatively little has as yet been given out to the public, but that more will be given, and as fast as the people will be able to assimilate, appreciate and utilize the knowledge and make it useful to them. This expectation stimulates the desire for the occult, hence this "Bowling to Buddhism." Springfield, Mo. E. HOVEY.

MRS. ABBOTT.

The Little Georgia Wonder.

Since witnessing a public exhibition given by Mrs. Abbott, "The Little Georgia Wonder," as she is styled, I have been constrained to write this article; and if there is any man or woman who doubts the laws of or the existence of Spiritualism, and he or she be an honest thinker and will lay aside that great barrier prejudice, and wants to investigate facts, tangible, ocular, everyday facts, we ask him to, whenever opportunity presents, to see this wonderful woman whom I, as do all Spiritualists who see her exhibition, regard as the greatest materializing medium on earth to-day, and so plain and simple, open to inspection and examination from every quarter, that she carries conviction with her at once. This little lady is a bright, pretty woman, born and raised in Milledgeville, Georgia. She is now, I should judge, about 22 years of age, a very intelligent and pleasant unassuming woman, and a ready conversationalist. She claims, and I believe honestly, to know nothing of the character of her "power," simply that she is possessed of it, but what it is, whence it comes, she is as ignorant as any one else. But in her work there are all the laws that govern mediumistic powers. Spiritualists recognize the "force" to a superlative degree. First she lays her fingers against a chair, while the strongest men strive in vain to hold it. A man interposes his hand between hers and the chair, yet he feels no sort of pressure.

She takes the chair and holds it out by laying the fingers of each hand against the posts, and the same man can't pull it from its hold. Men can also lay their hands between her fingers and the chair and no pressure or pulling is felt.

She stood erect on one foot balanced on the heel of her shoe, while four strong men pushed against a pole held by her across her breast, until they actually finally broke the pole, yet she remained in that graceful poise, smiling all the while. The breaking of the stick was evidence uncontrovertible of force and antagonistic force.

She laid her hand, open, against the posts of an ordinary chair and lifted clear from the floor, one, two, three, four and then five big men, and in all these liftings she had members of the committee to either lay their hands or hold a hen's egg between her hand and the chair, and in no case did the gentlemen feel any pressure, nor were the eggs broken.

She weighs on the scales 95 pounds, and the smallest man could lift her when she wanted it (as was shown,) but when she didn't, one failed, two failed, three failed, four failed, then six of the strongest men tried in vain, and they all lifted till their every muscle was strained, and their eyes bulged out, but she stood there smiling the "provokingest" little satisfied smile you ever saw, and the gentlemen told me it was like lifting on a great mass of iron or stone, so solid and unmovable was she.

She had the committee select a little six-year-old boy from the audience. She laid her finger on the boy, when he suddenly became rooted to the floor so firmly that the men could not lift the little fellow with all the pulling and lifting. The boy told me that he did not feel their efforts. On the scales two men while lifting at her registered 847 pounds. She held a stick across her open hands; but men enough could not gather around her to pull it off. Many other demonstrations were made and in each and every one she was successful without any sort of delay other than a momentary pause, in which as she claims she was "gathering the force," and it was done. The most eminent citizens from all the walks were upon the stage, and they were accorded every possible opportunity of investigation. She can perform these feats at any time and place, and so plain and simple is it done without any sort of appliances, that the worst skeptic is readily convinced of its genuineness. Mrs. Abbott had the Opera House packed to its uttermost capacity both nights she was exhibiting and I think I never saw anything that set the people so completely at sea to solve or more thoroughly aroused them. I only regret that Mrs. Abbott cannot see her way clear enough to come right out and accept the theory of Spiritualism and present it under its own colors. J. R. WORTHAM.

Steven's Point Wis.

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SATURDAY, OCT. 18, 1890.

THE BIBLE.

IT IS BONE OF CONTENTION.

And Stirs up Strife.

It appears from the *Chicago Tribune* that several ministers of the gospel in this city have refused to sign the petition presented by "the Woman's Moral and Educational Union," asking that "the Bible" be used in the public schools of Chicago. One of them, the Rev. Dr. H. G. Jackson, a Methodist clergyman was bold enough to state his reasons for the refusal, at the risk of offending the female petitioners and many others who are members of the Methodist church. The substance of his remarks is thus given. He said:

"No, I have not signed the petition, and shall not do so. I believe the public school is a State institution, and the State has no business with teaching religion. I take the position that all children should be compelled to attend the public schools, and that it is not fair to require the children of Jews or those of some other faith that are not Christians to read the Scriptures—that is, the New Testament Scriptures. The question arises if you read the Bible in the public schools: What Bible? King James' is the Protestant Bible, and the Douay Bible the Roman Catholic. Then again, we cannot read the whole Bible. Who is to select the portions that are to be read? A great many of the teachers in the schools are not Christians, and then some are Protestants and some are Roman Catholics. I don't want any such person to select the portions to be read. Rather they should not be read at all. Another objection: If the teacher reads the Bible he may feel disposed to comment upon it. He may ridicule it, and say it is not true, and may do a great deal of damage to the children. If you prohibit any comment he may do it by his looks. What we call morality can be taught without the use of the Bible. I claim that the State has nothing to do with religion."

Dr. Jackson is entitled to credit for this, though stating nothing that is essentially new, as the matter has been agitated times without number in many communities, and been carried into the courts of Wisconsin. The Supreme Court of that State recently decided that the Bible is not a proper school book for communities of divided religious opinions.

Suppose the petition received a sufficient number of signatures to induce the Board of Education to act favorably upon it when presented. The question will then arise, "Which Bible shall be used?" Undoubtedly the great mass of the petitioners would answer, "The King James Version." They reside mostly in the Protestant wards, but all the wards are not Protestant by any means. Throwing out of the account those who might prefer the new version, there is a vast number who, if they expressed any opinion at all, would unhesitatingly prefer the Douay version as the one used by the Roman Catholics, and many of them, including every one of the priests, would insist on it. The Jews do not regard the New Testament as having any claims on their attention, and would protest against having their children compelled to read or hear passages from any books except those of the Old Testament. Then there are many with Unitarian and Universalist leanings who object to many things that are supposed by others to be taught in both, especially eternal damnation, and the thousands of Agnostics, who believe in neither version, would kick. All these classes, as taxpayers, have a right to be heard and heard. No board of education has the moral right to outrage the sense of propriety of any of them, and the attempt to do so in response to the request of the petitioners would probably result in a speedy loss of official authority to do so, as the Illinois courts would probably uphold the

rights of conscience, as was done in Wisconsin.

The difficulty is far from ending at the point named. Dr. Jackson stated a grave objection in the minds of the children by improper comments on it by the teacher, or by shrugs and other sneering gestures if oral remarks were forbidden. To make the scheme work satisfactorily to either class of its constituents it would be necessary for the board to select none but pious Protestant teachers in case the King James version was adopted; or pious Catholics to conduct the reading of the Douay Bible; or choose none but Jew teachers in the school districts where they constituted the local majority. If the board should attempt to pursue a middle course it would find itself in an inextricable tangle and vainly sigh for a chance to throw the whole thing overboard as the only means of solving the difficulty other than by a wholesale resignation.

It is possible that the sober second thought of many who have already signed the petition because they "do not like to refuse a lady," will lead them to regret having done so. They will reflect that the average woman is more impulsive than her masculine brother, apt to jump at conclusions without due reflection, and act before thinking of the probable consequences. They will suspect that this is the case in the Bible as a school-book movement, and feel thankful to the few representative men who have had the hardihood to brave the feminine wrath which such refusal may bring down on their devoted heads.

REALLY NEW.

The Spirits Have Invaded Michigan.

The little town of Chelsea, Mich., is considerably excited over phenomena which for some weeks past have been witnessed on the windows of a vacant house, at the outskirts of the town. People living in the vicinity (not Spiritualists) were the first to see what, to them, were strange sights, the appearance of faces and forms at these windows, and the very strangest part of it all was, the very first ones seen were some of their own loved, so-called dead: one, a child in particular, was seen and recognized by its parents and others. This was all kept quiet for a while, but like smoldering fire it spread gradually, until hundreds have visited the place. The house is open to inspection and has been thoroughly searched, which was but little trouble, as it is a small building of not more than four or five rooms. Some ladies went there and seated themselves at a short distance from the house and watched the windows until they saw several forms; one, a lady so plain they could see the manner in which her dress was made and trimmed; also the lace about her neck. A child was also seen that one lady recognized. While these things were transpiring they requested that if spirits were producing these demonstrations, to give them a sign in some manner to change the appearance from forms and faces. Soon the pane of glass upon which they had been gazing (they were large panes) slowly assumed a hazy, and finally a milky-white appearance. And this is not all. This phenomena seems to be spreading. Several other occupied houses in the town are said to have the same demonstration; perhaps not quite so plain.

There are but few Spiritualists in the place, and they, of course, are as much annoyed as other people. The local mediums say it is a sort of wave passing, and spirits will, as it were, photograph their faces upon everything. They also prophesy light to be seen in that vacant house, and sounds to be heard.
A lady said to me: "You can see faces upon a piece of white paper or a cloth held up to the window a few minutes. She picked up a paper lying handy, and spreading it out laid it against the window glass, when, sure enough, the margin began to look clouded and soon a face appeared. One lady present could see nothing like a face. Three of us could see them plainly. This occurred in my house, where nothing of that description ever was seen before. I can now see different faces at any time I put a paper to the window. I would like to know if any readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER have similar manifestations. By the way, what a grand paper THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is. I wish it might be introduced into every household in the land. I sincerely hope the *baby* will grow to such a size that it will require a *Derick* to raise it to view."

Dexter, Mich. Mrs. J. T. McClain.

Spirit Type Writing.

The Hon. A. B. Richmond writes: "Your paper contains an article on 'Type Writing.' I am glad to see it. I had a most wonderful and satisfactory experience with it and Lizzie Bangs at Cassadaga Lake. I guarded the instrument with care. It wrote with lightning-like rapidity. I said to 'George': 'Are you pleased with my defence of the Bangs Sisters against Bundy's attack?' Immediately I was struck on my back most affectionately and approvingly three times. The sportive blows nearly knocked the breath out of my 'mundane sphere.' I felt hands stroking my face. A match box was brought me from across the room to strike a light at the end of the seance."

R. Neely, of this city, writes: "Please extend at your earliest opportunity the thanks of many readers to Mrs. Lois Waisbrooker, for her excellent letter on the Jesuit spirits. It carries my mind back to my old lamented friend, J. M. Roberts, and his paper, 'Mind and Matter,' and whose memory as an honest and able worker in the spiritual field was never sufficiently honored by the spiritual papers. He was the first to call my attention to that subject; and although he did not attach the same importance to Christianity and the Bible as I do as factors in human progress, yet I received his doctrine as the fulfillment of the 'War in heaven' in the Apocalypse, which I have alluded to in my forthcoming paper on 'Catholicism.' I am happy to be able to say that every succeeding number confirms our confidence in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

HIS HEART IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

To THE EDITOR:—Enclosed find check for \$10 to help enable you to meet some of the demands made upon your sympathies, as publisher of a spiritual journal, by such worthy applicants as that poor Vermont lady who appeals to your sympathies in your last issue, and begs you send her your paper free. There are multitudes of such poor and worthy persons everywhere, who would love to read spiritual literature, and perhaps prefer THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, but cannot for want of means to buy, perhaps, a single paper; but no one publisher could be expected to afford all such demands as charity. I therefore would suggest that you open at once in your paper a fund—a "God's poor" fund, and receive donations for that purpose; for I feel sure that there are many—very many—among the readers of your journal, who, like myself, would consider it a pleasure as well as a duty to subscribe to that fund, so that spiritually inclined persons among "God's poor," might be favored to read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and with us be made glad, in mind and heart, in the refulgent light of its pages.

Fraternally yours,

DR. R. GREER.

P. S. My wife co-operates heartily with me in this matter.

The Doctor's heart is in the right place, and we deeply regret that he is not worth \$100,000,000, for with that amount he would move the world with his philanthropic impulses. Instead of leaving it in railroads, real estate and United States bonds, he would put it where it would go down the ages to bless and help God's poor. We would say, however, to the Doctor and Spiritualists generally, that we have been able so far to meet all direct demands upon the paper by God's poor (who are often the very cream of the earth), and therefore don't deem it necessary or wise to call upon Spiritualists to contribute to that fund, hence we shall return the \$10 to the good Doctor. Sometime there may be a necessity to carry out his suggestions. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER cannot adopt the devices of the impecunious Spiritualist papers. There has been too much begging; to much selling of worthless stock; too much trying to get into the pockets of the sympathetic wealthy, and too much crying for bequests.

We send out many of our papers for 25 cents a year; many copies at 50 cents, and many more at 75 cents, and many copies free. On the Trial subscriptions there is a very little profit; on the Dollar subscriptions of course, more. These little profits, when a large number of them, amount to a considerable in the aggregate, and with that we are enabled to send out the paper to those in poor circumstances, free, or for 25 cents or 50 cents per year. Hence every Spiritualist who takes our paper, either on the Trial terms, or at One Dollar per year, aids us in doing a philanthropic work. He not only gets the advantages of having the paper himself, but assists us in sending it forth to places, which without his little contribution, might be deprived of its weekly visit. Every Spiritualist who discontinues his paper, to that extent weakens us in our efforts to do a philanthropic work, and *withdraws some of the light of heaven which we are sending forth*. Please remember that fact, Spiritualists! We assure the good Doctor, that whenever we find our duties too burdensome with reference to God's poor, that his sympathetic heart will be drawn upon at once. We desire to state that this is the first instance on record in this country or Europe where a Spiritualist editor returned a donation, feeling fully able, for the present at least, of meeting all the demands made upon him by God's poor. This shows a healthy condition of our paper to all. Let him try some other Spiritualist paper, and he will be surprised at the quickness his donation will be gobbled up.

While we do not now deem it necessary or wise to call for special contributions to enable us to send the paper to those not able to pay for it, we do ask Spiritualists everywhere, to search out those who are worthy and of like faith in their own neighborhood, and subscribe for the paper for them. To all such it will be sent for 75 cents per year.

A Spirit Artist.

Gilson Bortmess, a spirit artist of San Francisco, Cal., has arrived in this city and taken rooms at 1218 Michigan Ave. Prominent artists who have visited his parlors have been surprised and delighted at the artistic skill displayed in the various paintings he exhibits. The *Carrier Dove*, of San Francisco, published an illustration of one of his paintings, Princess Yamazeah, and says:

"This is the picture of a spirit purporting to be 'Princess Yamazeah, eldest daughter of King Herchemaya,' of the Lost Atlantist. Her story, given by the spirits is, in brief, as follows: Owing to internal strife, and the success of enemies of the king, the royal family were exiled. During the exile the princess devoted herself to literary pursuits, in which she acquired great fame. Her father died in exile, but the attention of the ruling king having been attracted by the writings of Yamazeah, the family were recalled, and the princess, possessing great beauty as well as talents, so impressed the king that he offered to share his throne with her. She thus became queen over the beloved people from whom she had so long been separated."

"The engraving, as here given, is far inferior to the original, the fine lines being omitted; colors, of course not reproduced. The picture from which the engraving was made, was painted, together with those of other members of her family, by the Spirit Portrait Artist, Gilson Bortmess, the great merit of whose pictures is their originality and the harmony and blending of colors. Spirit painting is a phase of mediumship of recent development with Mr. Bortmess, yet so rapid has been his progress in the art that great perfection has already been attained, and the identity of numbers of his paintings has been clearly established.
Besides painting spirit portraits, Mr. Bortmess gives sittings as a trance test medium with great success, his tests and prophecies being remarkable for their accuracy."

He is a man of excellent character—an honor to the cause he so well serves. Our readers will regret to learn that he will soon leave California, it being his intention to take up his residence in Chicago."

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES.

They Were Formulated at South Haven, Mich.

The Spiritualists of Southwestern Michigan, when holding their convention at South Haven, announced the following fundamental principles, that it would be well for Spiritualists generally to consider:

The Spiritualists of Southwestern Michigan, in convention assembled at South Haven, August 8 to 18, 1890, publish to the world this brief summary of their views upon some of the leading questions of the day, which they hold in common with many millions of their faith in this country: Spiritualism stands for all that is true, exalted and civilizing. It teaches the unity, the divine nature, the immortality, and the eternal progressiveness of all human souls. As a law of human advancement, it enforces the necessity of absolute freedom of thought and speech, and can have no fellowship with that mental blindness which seeks to annul the decrees of God by setting limits to the upward career of the human race in science, in social economy and religion.

We believe in the co-education of the sexes from the kindergarten up and through the University, and in their full equality in rights and privileges. While woman is deprived of the ballot, ours is only a Republic in name.

The common school should be maintained inviolate in all its distinctive features, and Bible reading and all sectarian influences rigidly excluded. Education in the English language should be required of every child under our jurisdiction, and the opposition to the Bennett law, which makes this obligatory, we denounce as unpatriotic, and inspired by theological hate and the basest partisanship.

Life is sacred, and to deprive any human being of it under authority of law is barbarous and uncivilizing.

The customary observance of the first day of the week as a day for rest, recreation and spiritual culture is most salutary in its influence, and meets our hearty approval. We should deplore it as disastrous did we conceive it possible public sentiment could undergo any change in this regard. But for the superstition, which is not permitted to die, that the day has any sacredness of itself, that this period of time in the providence of God has any special value, or is other or different from any other twenty-four hours, we have only that contempt that we have for all other childish whims and crude beliefs born of a barbarous and benighted age. The scholars of the world, in the church as out, assert in the most positive terms that this claim is substantiated neither by enlightened reason nor scriptural authority.

The coming World's Fair is the creation of the people, sustained and paid for by the people, and its treasures and beauties should be accessible to the public on the first day of the week as fully and completely as on other days, and to debar any citizen its privileges on that day in obedience to the dictation of ecclesiastical bigotry would be the exercise of a despotic power which should call forth the indignant protest of all honest men.

Concerning the labor problem, we wish to place ourselves on record as in full sympathy with the great mass of our fellow citizens who are victims of the maladjustment of our industrial system to our industrial needs. That hideous monster, poverty, is everywhere increasing, is everywhere tightening its grasp. The farmer cannot lift his mortgage, bankruptcy to the business man outside monopolies and trusts promises to become universal, and wage workers are being driven to despair, to suicide and immorality. To assert to establish that this earth is most bounteous in its provisions for the sustenance and comfort of the whole human family, and but for that selfishness and greed which denies the equal rights of each to the gifts of Nature, there could be no involuntary poverty in the land.

The issues involved, in their magnitude and far-reaching consequences, cannot well be exaggerated, and it is plain to the thinking mind that our very civilization is at stake; that in fact, one of the great crises in the world's history has been reached. With the immortal Lincoln, we believe this is the paramount question of the hour. A great and vital issue, a prolonged and heated struggle confronts us, and let us remember that no settlement can be final, no solution adequate, that no security, no peace can be assured that leaves out of account the lowest strata of society, that is not founded upon equal and exact justice to all. With the lowliest, the most impoverished and degraded we are indissolubly connected, and with them we must rise or with them we must sink.

JESUITISM.

Announcement Extraordinary!

In No. 50 OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER we propose to publish an elaborate article in reference to the part that the Jesuits claimed to have taken 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. It will be published as a matter of history, with which every Spiritualist should be familiar. 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.

A General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers, Doings, etc.

K., of Webster, Me., writes: "The Progressive Spiritual Society held their first annual three days' meeting at the large 'Webster Corner Church,' and with unusual success, and especially on the last day (Sunday) as the crowd more than filled the old church, very many being obliged to stand outside. The old inhabitants of the town said that the church had not been so filled during the past 25 years. We had able speakers, and the Spirit-world handled them acceptably to all. The most prominent speakers on this occasion were, Mrs. L. M. Leavitt, of East Turner, Me.; Mrs. L. P. Curtis, of Auburn, Me.; W. G. Haskell, of Auburn, Me., and Nelson Chase, of Medfield, Mass. The Society is only one year old, and has no organization. Still we are active and hopeful. Our next meeting will be on Sunday, Oct. 19, at the same place."

S. K. writes: "At Bricklayers' Hall, 93 S. Peoria St., Sunday, 5 inst., the People's Spiritual Society held an interesting service at 2:30 p. m. President Jenifer announced the exercises. Mrs. S. F. DeWolf spoke, Subject: 'Natural or Supernatural.' She also gave independent slate-writing messages and fine tests to many, all of which gave satisfaction. Rev. Dr. Martin and Mrs. Snell each spoke well. Miss Cora Denny of Dayton, O., the phenomenal musical medium and improvisateur, rendered several selections on the piano. She also sang sweetly. As her fingers glided over the keys of the instrument, guided by a spirit master's hands, the musical melodies filled the audience with surprise and delight at the wonderful performance. Thus closed the exercises on this important occasion."

J. B. Bryant, of Freedom, Maine, thus pictures the death of a little boy: "Died Oct. 3, and born again, little Willie Bryant, aged 12 years, 1 month and 16 days; gone to the Summer-land; a child that did not walk or talk; a little boy that rocked his own cradle and sung the music of songs that were sung to him, and would join in sweet alto when others were singing. But for this and a few other little lights, life would have been filled with secret sorrow and silent sobs. His desire to play with other children, the affection he displayed to all who noticed him, caused each one to love him. In your paper, No. 45, blessed be Mr. Tuttle in his Summer-land. Blessed be the Christ in whom we may trust, and now blessed is the child."

J. H. Randall is lecturing regularly every Sunday and conducting a Children's Lyceum in Fort Dodge, Iowa, and his work is giving exceptional satisfaction. He will make engagements to lecture anywhere desired.

Mrs. M. A. Clayton, an efficient worker of Albany, N. Y., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is just what its name implies—'Progressive.' All who have had the pleasure of reading the addresses, the correspondence and the items concerning spirit phenomena, feel it is giving much-needed light concerning Spiritualism and occultism. Trusting it will enlighten thousands still groping in darkness, I hope to continue to add to its circulation, as it is worthy the effort."

F. G. Wilson, Secretary, writes "that a meeting of the Camp Association will be held in King's Opera House, Mantua Station, Ohio, Sunday, Oct. 19, 10:30 A. M. Business of special importance demands a full attendance of officers and members. A good programme of exercises, speeches, music, etc., will be given in p. m. The dining hall will be used for a grand picnic dinner and social reunion, and all are invited to bring large and well-filled baskets. Bring some friends to join the association. All are cordially invited."

A. C. Stickle, of Newark, N. J., writes: "Last June I received a sample copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and was favorably impressed with it, as a glance was sufficient to show me it was wide awake, bright and sparkling, as well as soul-inspiring, elevating and progressive, as its name implies; so I subscribed at once, and since then I have had a rare feast of good things spread before me each week. In my estimation it is the best spiritual paper in existence, and destined to lead all competitors in the march of progress. It is spiritual food and drink to me and each issue grows better. I know a good thing when I see it. Eleanor Martin, Columbus, O., is a most excellent medium, and she gives perfect satisfaction."

B. B. Hill of Philadelphia, is not only a veteran Spiritualist, but he takes a comprehensive view of things generally. He says: "I pray that Dr. Peebles may continue to write upon Christianity and Spiritualism, and that your able and gifted correspondents may continue to criticize the proceeds of his pen on the above subjects, for in no way can light be imparted to the people more effectually than on the broad rostrum of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Stuart L. Rogers of Kingsville, Ohio, indulges in some plain talk. He says: "There is no reason under heavens why THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER should not have 50 subscribers from this town; but it is hard work making a whistle out of a pig's tail. Spiritualists here are dead. There is one thing sure, 'they' can't borrow my copy any more. I am without doubt the poorest financially of any in the lot, but I can pick up paper rags enough once in four months to keep myself supplied with the best paper published. Well, the 'Baby' is growing. I am strongly impressed it will run alone before it is a year old."

Geo. Baxter, of Enfield, writes:—"I have spent the day gathering apples, and by the time the shades of night gather, I become quite weary; thought of retiring early, but at the sight of your weekly messenger of good things resting upon my table, I took it, meaning only to glance hurriedly over it, but as my eyes ran over the six columns of Mrs. N. T. J. Brigham's address, 'Clouds,' I could not resist reading it all; and the influx of new thoughts it has given me I know will do me good. Would that the Spiritualistic field had thousands of such grand workers as this fine laborer referred to."

Number 40 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is entirely exhausted. That is the reason why orders for the same has not been promptly filled.

Edgar Sutton, the efficient Secretary of the People's Progressive Spiritual Society of Detroit, Mich., writes:—"The People's Progressive Spiritual Society of Detroit, Mich., opens up every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in Rowe's Hall, 263 Michigan Avenue, near Fourth street. Some Sunday's we have an evening meeting also. We use local talent, with occasional assistance of friends at a distance. We have had in the past valuable assistance from Mrs. Dr. Jameson, of Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Carrie Firth, of Coldwater, Mich.; the Hon. R. V. Moulton, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, and last, but not least, Giles B. Stebbins. We have local talent that is very promising, including Miss Lovina Thast, a young lady only a trifle more than fifteen, but who is always ready with clairvoyant tests and trance controls, and whose sweet presence can always be seen flitting around in all our gatherings. Among our members, and those with whom I come in contact, I find THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER more than any other spiritual paper, and I hear nothing but the highest terms of praise for it."

J. R. Newton, of Leadville, Col., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER ought to be in every home in the United States, and be perused by every body, and if its teachings were followed, the world would not be so uncharitable or the people so selfish, and I think only a man who is guided by the Spirit-world can deal out such mental food as the editor of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

S. K. writes: "G. G. W. Van Horn, test medium, held his last Progressive Spiritual Service, 8 p. m., Sunday, 5 inst., at Bricklayers' Hall. His subject was: 'Spiritual facts of the Nineteenth Century.' Innumerable spirit tests were given, fully recognized. Miss Cora Denny gave a splendid musical seance in presence of a large audience. The lights were turned down quite low. For thirty minutes her spirit guides discoursed through her the most wonderful pieces of music, operatic, etc., rendered on the piano. She sang a fine selection. The audience was charmed as the strains of melodies reached them. Applause greeted the medium's efforts. Verily she is a musical prodigy. The meeting closed with many congratulations to the conductor."

Mrs. DeWolf commenced last Sunday evening to hold meetings at 93 S. Peoria St. Mrs. DeWolf is an efficient worker and excellent medium. Her slate-writing is truly remarkable.

Mrs. Navillus is said to be doing an excellent work with her meetings on 22nd St.

C. O. Thiel sends us \$2 to aid in distributing sample copies of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Thanks, Bro. Thiel.

D. C. Dow, of Appleton, Minn., writes: "I have been a Spiritualist over thirty years and I think your paper fills the bill the best of any paper now printed."

We are glad to announce that Mr. J. E. Hoyt, a prominent Spiritualist, has returned to this city and will make it his future home. He resides at 218 Washington Boulevard. He has done a good work for Spiritualism.

We are glad to know that the South side Spiritualists are doing so well. Edwin Jones writes: "We so rarely see any reference made in the columns of the papers as to what the Spiritualists on the South side (Chicago) are doing, and not wishing that any should conclude that we are idle, allow me to say that Spiritualism is in a very healthy condition, not only on this, but on all sides of the city, and as we believe throughout the world. The Spiritualist Medium's Society, with which the writer is connected, holds meetings in Douglas Hall, 35th street, near Indiana Ave., on Sundays at 2:45 p. m. Our audiences are good, composed of earnest seekers after truth. Many find (through the aid of our mediums) that which they seek, and go home rejoicing. We owe a debt of gratitude to the many earnest workers (speakers and test mediums) who have kindly aided us in the past, and would earnestly request other mediums to pay us an occasional visit, to lend us a helping hand. On Sunday Oct. 5th, Prof. G. G. W. Van Horn occupied our platform, speaking to an attentive audience on the subject: 'Mediumistic Environments,' following his lecture with spirit messages, giving convincing proofs to the recipients, that the friends they had mourned still live. On the evening of the 8th we had a social gathering. We are pleased to announce that Mrs. O. E. Daniels, after an absence of a few weeks, will again speak for us on Sunday Oct. 19. Investigators are cordially invited. For THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER we anticipate a large circulation. It should be read by all."

Oscar A. Edgerly lectured Sunday, Oct. 5th, at the Opera House, Rockland, Me., to appreciative audiences, thus closing a successful lecturing tour in Eastern Maine. Sunday, Oct. 12, he is engaged in Haverhill, Mass. The last two Sundays in October are open for engagements in New England. First two Sundays in November he will fill engagements in Salem, Mass. He would like to make engagements in the state of New York for the spring months.

Bishop A. Beals has an engagement at Battle Creek, Mich., for three Sundays.

Geo. P. Rudolph, Ex-Catholic priest, lately lectured before the United Brethren Conference at Findlay, Ohio, on "The Present Attitude of Romanism Towards the United States." It was most highly appreciated. He has engagements every night until Oct. 20. He is doing a much-needed work. His permanent address is Clyde, Ohio.

Dr. G. A. Ferris, formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, is now located in this city, at 220 West Monroe St. The Doctor comes well recommended. He will give private sittings and heal, and answers calls to lecture. Dr. Boynton, of Riverside, Mich., speaks of him as follows: "I find him possessed of remarkable psychic powers, and a thoroughly honest man, and is always striving to do all the good he can, whether compensated for it or not."

ONE DEPARTMENT alone of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER—"The Progressive Thinker's Rostrum"—will be more than worth the price of subscription. Just think, for only 14 cents per week you can have the paper visit you regularly.

TEST CONDITIONS.

They Are Crucial in This Case.

MARVELOUS MANIFESTATIONS WITH A YOUNG LADY OF SIXTEEN.

That Spiritualism is the greatest and least understood of all the isms, is no longer a matter of doubt; that it has had ample time for better and higher development is also beyond question; that its growth has been retarded and ruinously impaired by man's innate fear of becoming identified with anything unpopular is a fact too patent for comment. But the truths of Spiritualism, for there are truths of great and lasting import, to be found in the awful wreck and ruin brought about by dishonest mediums, remain the same. In that "beautiful house not made by hands"—Truth, all error shall be winnowed and substance for the bread of life be given to those who seek for it earnestly and honestly; but the seeker after spiritualistic truths must have the courage to meet falsehood at the very threshold of his own temple, and to remove with patient hands the things that obstruct his way to the "holy of holies." In these latter days a great and growing industry has sprung up among mediums of a certain class, that of "exposing Spiritualism," but it has come to stay and will not remain "exposed," any more than a man's taxes will stay paid, and while it is conceded that these irresponsible slight-of-hand-men and rope-fairies have, to some extent, injured the truth of the cause, yet the facts are unshaken and they only succeed in obscuring, and not in destroying the fundamental principles of the great and central truth, that man shall never die. Spiritualism has paved a way from the somber and bitter fields of the known to the illimitable depths of the unknown. It proves the added sum of human life and opens up to human understanding that narrow thoroughfare upon which human souls are traveling to and from the spirit realm. The eye of faith is no longer a necessary adjunct of true Christian character, for it is possible for man to know by the senses of sight, hearing and touch that "this mortal shall put on immortality;" that "what is sown in corruption shall be raised in incorruption, and what is laid down in weakness shall be raised in power." Over the bridge that spans the chasm our friends come to meet us, not in the drapery of dreams, but in the blessed sense of reality. To enjoy the sacred communion with the dead two conditions are necessary. First, the seeker must be in a proper frame or condition. The great English poet truly says:

"How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
As hours communion with the dead."

While it is not necessary for the seeker to be overcredulous, or that he effect a compromise with his best judgment, yet it is absolutely and imperatively necessary that he shall allow the embodied spirit within him full control of the tabernacle of flesh, in order that the comely and gentle ones who come from the elysian fields of the spirit world, can successfully appear to eyes of flesh, for the spiritual eye—the eye of spirit within—must overcome the drossiness of natural vision, before it can view the infinite splendors of the spirit land.

The second condition applies to the Spirit-visitants, and for them to appear satisfactorily at public, or private seance for that matter, it is necessary that they should lose a degree of their intense spirituality for a short time. I attribute a large per cent of failure at legitimate materializing seances to the inability of the disembodied spirits in attendance to lay aside for the time the robes of immortality, or to mix in a small degree with the drosser elements of mortality. The conditions on both sides of the gulf must be favorable to insure successful materializations. That these conditions are not always favorable is no fault of the medium, but that they are sometimes unpropitious, offers tempting inducements to the medium to practice chicanery, for reputation is at stake and without having witnessed a store-bought exhibition of spiritualistic phenomena the seeker is loth to part with his money.

The few mediums who are striving to be honest in the matter deserve great credit, and to them and their successors will belong the glorious victory of bringing the whole world to a substantial knowledge of the love-ness and matchless verities of Spiritualism. Darkness is never so dense that it is not susceptible to the influence of light, and ignorance is never so massive and powerful that true wisdom cannot break it down. Therefore it follows "as day follows night" that Spiritualism will be the school teacher that will finally lead the world to heaven and make earth a blessed abiding place.

I had the pleasure, recently, of attending a private materializing seance at the home of a dear friend in the city of Indianapolis. This friend is a man of unimpeachable character, and the medium a daughter of sixteen summers, whose air of sweet girlish simplicity, refinement and honesty of purpose, would be enough in itself to disarm anything like suspicion of fraud. However, we were not limited to surface appearances, but were invited to protect ourselves against the very appearance of evil; an invitation of which we gladly availed ourselves.

The cabinet, a rude affair, made by myself and another man whose only interest in the matter was to saw the boards and drive the nails, stood on one side of the room a parlor of convenient size, and was closely examined by the twelve or fifteen persons present. All decided that nothing could get into the cabinet except from the front entrance before which the group assembled. The medium who had changed clothing entirely, in an adjoining room, in the presence of a committee of ladies, appeared in garments prepared and brought to the house by the ladies of the committee. She was led in by a good Methodist lady, who is above reproach, and seated in a chair at one side of the cabinet. Around her waist we placed a

Similar chains from the handcuffs and the band of brass were passed through holes in the side of the cabinet and given to two gentlemen selected by those present, the object of these precautionary measures being to prevent any movement on the part of the medium which could not be readily detected by those holding the ends of the chains. When about to close the cabinet a string was placed around the girl's neck and pulled through a hole in the top of the cabinet. She innocently inquired what it was for, and was laughingly told that it was "none of her business." A skeptical friend had brought a burglar alarm, to which one end of the string was attached without the knowledge of the medium, and had she attempted to free herself the alarm would have sounded immediately. The front of the cabinet, made of two doors, with an aperture or transom for ventilation, was closed, securely locked and the key given to a Presbyterian clergyman, who at once put it into his pocket. Those present encircled the front of the cabinet, joined hands and sang a few selections of sacred music, and the lamps was turned quite low.

Our genial hostess, the mother of the girl, played a soft and touching piece of music on an organ that stood in one corner of the room. When she ceased playing, those of us who were there for the first time, were somewhat startled at hearing the same piece of music strike up in the cabinet and continue until an exact reproduction had been given, only softer and infinitely sweeter. We were told that it was from a spiritual photograph owned and operated upon by the spirit control of the girl, and that it signified that the spirit forces in attendance were in harmony with the expectant group, and that a successful seance was probable. After a short time a hand appeared, holding a beautiful ornamented vase of roses. The hand pointed directly at a gentleman in the circle who arose, accepted the offering and placed it on a card table. By and by the hand appeared again, this time waving something white, which was thrown to the floor. A gentleman sprang to get it, but he could not pull it from the floor, it being held by some unseen power. Evidently it was not intended for him. One of the ladies picked it up readily, and having examined it closely by the aid of the lamp, burst into tears, claiming that it was the identical lace collar worn by her dead mother when buried. The initials "L. C." in indelible ink, were discernible, and were known to be the correct initials of the lady's deceased mother. She placed the collar lovingly around her own throat. Next a gold band ring was thrown from the cabinet and fell directly at my feet. I picked it up and on close inspection at the lamp, I saw the name of a deceased sweet-heart engraved on the inside. It was a ring I had given her, and one that could not be removed at the time of burial. Quite a while elapsed before other demonstrations were made on the part of the spirit control, and we were growing quite weary, when suddenly the doors of the cabinet opened, slowly and noiselessly, without the aid of the preacher's key, which he still retained in his pocket. By the dim light of the room the medium was discovered exactly as we had placed her, and the gentlemen who held the chains testified that she had not moved, and the burglar alarm was a silent witness of the truth of what they said.

A spirit form began to materialize, and soon an elderly lady, dressed in black, stood before us; then another form came and stood beside her, a little girl five or six years of age; after a little, a sweet faced boy, probably ten years of age, materialized, and as I looked at the three in the dim light of the room I thought that here surely was enough to convince a skeptical world of the truth of Spiritualism. The girl went timidly to a woman in the circle, held out her hand and whispered, "Mamma." She was instantly recognized, and the weeping woman stood with a mother's tenderness to hold the little one, but it dematerialized in full view of the circle, the tiny hand which the mother held being the last particle visible. The boy was also recognized, but he dematerialized in the cabinet. The elderly woman in black stepped out and walked once around the room. Two doubting Thomases quickly closed the doors of the cabinet, hoping to make a damaging disclosure of fraud; but they were disappointed, for the spirit form was not apparently disturbed, and seemed to be looking for some relative or friend whom she did not find. Very gracefully and composedly, and with a sweet smile, she stood in front of the cabinet doors, which were closed, and dematerialized slowly and completely. After this the doors of the cabinet were thrown open in a violent manner and the medium seemed quite uneasy, as if about to come from her trance. We were told that the ungentlemanly conduct of the ones who closed the doors had broken the harmony, and that nothing further could be expected on that occasion.

The medium's head was lying gently on the head rest, she being still unconscious, the fetters, handcuffs, band of brass and the string attached to the burglar alarm were found as we had left them, and it was obvious to all present that the medium could not have made the demonstrations witnessed. The light was turned on and I felt for the ring which I had placed on the little finger of my left hand; it was gone. The vase of flowers had vanished from the card stand and the collar from the lady's neck. "You see," said my friend, the host, by way of explanation, "we are never able to keep what the spirits bring; they seem to be quite miserly in that respect, and dematerialize whatever they bring."

The name of the medium and her family are withheld by request. Many friends of the family have witnessed similar seances and all so favored have been converted to the doctrines of modern Spiritualism.

Winchester, Ind. EZEKIEL.

SAMPLE COPIES.

If not a subscriber already, and this paper falls into your hands, please read it carefully and observe its numerous attractions, and the low price, combining cheapness and excellence. After reading it, hand it to your neighbor, and request him to subscribe for it. Keep it moving. If already a subscriber, and if an extra number comes to your address, do missionary work with it. Any one can afford to send for the paper 16 weeks, as the cost is only 25 cents.

WHY

I Am An Agnostic.

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL IN NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

My mind is so that it is forced to the conclusion that substance is eternal; that the universe was without beginning and will be without end; that it is the one eternal existence; that relations are transient and evanescent; that organisms are produced and vanish; that forms change—but that the substance of things is from eternity to eternity. It may be that planets are born and die, that constellations will fade from the infinite spaces, that countless suns will be quenched—but the substance will remain.

The questions of origin and destiny seem to be beyond the powers of the human mind. Heredity is on the side of superstition. All our ignorance pleads for the old. In most men there is a feeling that their ancestors were exceedingly good and brave and wise, and that in all things pertaining to religion their conclusions should be followed. They believe that their fathers and mothers were of the best, and that that which satisfied them should satisfy their children. With a feeling of reverence they say that the religion of their mother is good enough and pure enough and reasonable enough for them. In this way, the love of parents and the reverence for ancestors have unconsciously bribed the reason and put out, or rendered exceedingly dim, the eyes of the mind.

If we are to follow the religion of our fathers and mothers, our fathers and mothers should have followed the religion of theirs. Had this been done there could have been no improvement in the world of thought. The first religion would have been the last, and the child would have died as ignorant as the great-grandmother. Progress would have been impossible, and on the graves of ancestors would have been sacrificed the intelligence of mankind.

And there is this peculiarity about man: he can see the absurdities of other religions while blinded to those of his own. The Christian can see clearly enough that Mohammed was an impostor. He is sure of it, because the people of Mecca who were acquainted with him declared that he was no prophet; and this declaration is received by Christians as a demonstration that Mohammed was not inspired. Yet these same Christians admit that the people of Jerusalem who were acquainted with Christ rejected him; and this rejection they take as proof positive that Christ was the Son of God.

The average man adopts the religion of his country, or, rather, the religion of his country adopts him. He is dominated by the egotism of race, the arrogance of nation, and the prejudice called patriotism. He does not reason—he feels. He does not investigate—he believes. To him the religions of other nations are absurd and infamous, and their gods monsters of ignorance and cruelty. In every country this average man is taught, first, that there is a Supreme Being; second, that he has made known his will; third, that he will reward the true believer; fourth, that he will punish the unbeliever, the scoffer and the blasphemous; fifth, that certain ceremonies are pleasing to this god; sixth, that he has established a church; and seventh, that priests are his representatives on earth. And the average man has no difficulty in determining that the God of his nation is the true God; that the will of this true God is contained in the sacred Scriptures of his nation; that he is one of the true believers, and that the people of other nations—that is, believing other religions—are scoffers; that the only true church is the one to which he belongs; and that the priests of his country are the only ones who have had or ever will have the slightest influence with this true God. All these absurdities to the average man seem self-evident propositions; and so he holds all other creeds in scorn, and congratulates himself that he is a favorite of the one true God.

A VERMONT MEDIUM.

Interesting Experiences At Several Seances.

Mrs. Maynard, of North Dorset, Vt., has been a medium for thirty years, but not a public medium, but visited by a great number of persons, and the benefit of her mediumship has been given gratis. The party consisted of Dr. Cheney, my wife and myself, from Troy, N. Y. We arrived there about 4:15 in the afternoon, and at about eight o'clock held a seance. At supper, when nearly through, the raps came upon the table, which they invariably do at all meals. The commencement of the seance was in full lamplight. My father came with raps, and gave us communications by the alphabet. They then directed the lights to be put out. My grandfather came with raps, and to further convince me it was him, he being a wagon-maker, he filed and sawed spokes, etc., heard distinctly by all present. The spirits kept time with the music by first raising one end of the table, then the other; sometimes there would be three beating time all at once; one appeared to be like the sound of a stick would make, and one like the sound of fingers on the top of the table. My aunt Chloe rapped very loud upon the back of my chair and answered quite a number of questions. Then Home Sweet Home was sung by a number of voices as loud as the music by a church choir. My grandmother, who was 88 years old when she died, sang Home Sweet Home alone, and her voice trembled just as a person would at her age. We then played another tune and they whistled it through. I got a communication from father, he asking if I wanted to see my light I answered, "Yes." Soon after the room lighted up as by a great flash of lightning. On the afternoon of Aug. 20, I received a communication from father by the alphabet, saying: "Oh! Frank, is this not glorious?" My uncle Robert rapped on the chair my wife was sitting in, and showed his hand to Mrs. Maynard. Zancis, Dr. Cheney's guide, moved my wife's chair forcibly; many questions were answered by raps.

In the evening of the same day, Dr. Cheney's little grandson came and talked with him, saying: "Grandpa, Leo has come." Then my wife's sister came and held a conversation with her quite loud and distinct. Aug. 21, my little niece who is in the spirit-land took two tray cloths that my wife was working, from the sitting-room, and took them into the dining-room, and placed them on a chair at the table; also took some clothes after being done up in a paper and carried them into Mrs. Maynard's bedroom and placed them on the bed. There was a transfiguration. My grandmother, little grandchild and little niece showed themselves in the face of Mrs. Maynard, the medium. This phenomenon no one present ever saw before. Saturday at noon, Mr. Charles Doring, a music and jewelry dealer, visited with us until the following Monday morning. He had numerous communications with his spirit friends, the table keeping time with the music, singing, whistling, etc. The spirits sang one tune at the same time the Aristophan was playing another.

F. E. CRUPSEY.

A NARRATIVE OF THE SUMMER-LAND.

(Continued from fourth page.)

me with the fury of a tiger. Her cheeks and lips were purple, and her eyes red as blood. "It is all you," she hissed; "you with your arrogance dictating to me!" She struck me in the face with her clenched hand, and turned to bite me. Our father caught her in time to save me and held her head and hands, while she screamed in impotent rage. I was overcome by the shock, and lost consciousness. When I recovered I was lying on a couch and heard strange words. My father was standing on one side and the physician on the other. The voice of the former was choked and scarcely audible: "Oh! God, why was this infliction mine? Must both die? Must Maimie die because Maimie is dead?" Then the horrible truth flashed on my mind. My sister, more than sister, a part of myself, was dead! By my side was her corpse. The hour had come, the possibility of which I had often thought of with a shudder. It was a question only of time, how long I should live. I placed my hand on the band of flesh, and found it ligatured. On one side of that tightly drawn cord was warmth and life; on the other side coldness and death. The physician spoke to my father and I learned that my sister had ruptured a blood vessel in her brain by her violent anger, and that he had as soon as possible ligatured the band between us, so that her blood might not mingle with mine. "I only fear," he said, "it was not soon enough. Some of the changed and therefore poisonous blood must have passed into her system. We now have but one alternative, to sever the band, and if the tissue has not become affected from the other side we may yet hope."

Oh! merciful heaven, I may yet be free! I opened my eyes and they met his. He understood my thoughts and said, "Yes, yes, your wish shall be gratified. It will not pain you now. I wish for your sake, for both of us, it would be more painful." How still I remained! There were twinges of pain as the knife went through, but I thought of his words and wished it were more acute. It was finished. For the first moment in my life I was free, and felt a new desire to live, for the happiness that was mine, and to be mine. My mind was intensely active, and pictured the future in brilliancy of coloring, the realization of my dreams. Now I no longer was borne to earth by my heavy burden.

My father wept and laughed by turn for joy. I looked at the physician, expecting to see unbounded satisfaction, but was surprised at his sad expression. He took my hands in his, how warm they were, and said distinctly, as though each word caused him pain: "Maimie," it was the first time I had heard him speak my name, and it sounded sweet to me; "Maimie, you have read the secret of my heart, and I need not tell you that I would cheerfully give my life to save yours, but fate has decreed against us. My feeble hands could not place a barrier between you and death, for he had already entered before my resistance began. While we can, let us say good-bye!"

While he was speaking I felt a whirling in my brain, and there was growing darkness, and when I attempted to reply I could not move my lips. I saw his face and knew by its expression I was understood.

What rushing of strong winds broke on my ears, and flashes of flame changing color. A sinking down, down, and wafting as though borne by gentle arms! Then a light dawned, such a soft, cool light, and in it I saw, like a stronger light, my dear mother, and by her side, as a dark shadow stood Maimie. We were distinct, for death had severed us with more subtle power than the surgeon's knife.

When I thought of the earth-life, the pleasures that might have been mine, had my wish been realized, I have regrets, especially when I catch a reflection from the minds of those who there await; but a few years, more or less, what are they? The fullness of time brings all our wishes, if in accord with the highest good, and what was dimly outlined as a dream, will all be realized and infinitely more.

(To be Continued)

MEDIUMS LOCATED IN CHICAGO.

Mediums, Clairvoyants, Trances.
Mrs. O. A. Bishop, test, 79 S. Peoria street.
Mrs. L. S. Sloan, 434 W. Randolph street.
Mrs. Kate Bladde, a late writer, 85 S. 3d street.
Mrs. Coverdale, 79 Thirty-fifth street.
Mrs. S. J. Cutter, 309 Fulton street.
Mrs. J. E. Knevet, 87 S. Morgan street.
Mrs. Hansen, 34 Bishop court.
Mrs. S. De Wolf, 108 S. Center Avenue.
Mrs. M. Ohl Williams, 18 North Ashland ave.
Mrs. Gustaf Wolf, 615 Fulton street.
Mrs. C. Richmond, 11 Walnut street.
Mrs. L. J. Oviatt, test, psychometrie, 346 W. Lake.
Mrs. F. Kingsbury, 2420 Cottage Grove avenue.
Mrs. M. D. Gage, 47 N. Ashland avenue.
Mrs. P. R. 971 W. Madison street.
Mrs. C. Richmond, 11 Walnut street.
Mrs. L. J. Oviatt, test, psychometrie, 346 W. Lake.
Mrs. Hall, 522 West Madison street.

Healers.

Mrs. Dr. K. A. Mohr, 714 W. Lake street.
Dr. R. G. 122 LaSalle street.
Mrs. H. Richardson, 1285 W. Lake.
Mrs. Navillus, 2914, Cottage Grove Ave.

H. S. Hanson, of Snohomish, Wash., writes: "I like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER very much; think it is one of the best educating papers that I have ever read, and I have read a good many. It is also the expression made by several readers in this place."

AN EARNEST PLEA.

It Is For Cold Water and Vegetable Diet.

A Menace to Animal Food and the Culinary Art.

BY DR. R. GREER.

But few persons seem to understand the real value of water as a nutriment, for the majority seem to prefer wines, liquors, etc., and for which immense sums are unwisely expended. I frequently meet persons who declare they never drink water, preferring wine, coffee, beer, etc., but such persons are generally unhealthy and invariably emit a very uncomfortable odor.

Great ignorance, too, prevails in regard to foods in general. To agitate thought on dietetics I have written this article for publication, to help eliminate thought among progressive thinkers. From a rational point of view water is the blood of the universe and the very elixir of life, for without water there would be no life. In the beginning, we are informed, "the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," and I believe the same divine element exists in all pure waters now as anciently. Water predominates largely everywhere in nature. It forms about four-fifths of the human body. To estimate the value of water as a nutrient you must measure the value of the universe, with all its ponderous and magnificent productions. For instance, water creates moisture and moisture gives freshness and fertility to the soil, plumpness to the staff of life and volume or magnitude to all the kingdoms of nature; but, on the contrary, the lack of moisture results in drought, shrinkage, famine and death! Without water all nature would be a moving mass of particles devoid of life and beauty; but with water all is life and health and bloom.

Considered dietetically, water—pure, cold, living water—is the very best of beverages. It will gratify and allay thirst and restore animal energy more than any artificial drink or alcoholic beverage. It repairs the loss of the watery part of the blood, caused by evaporation and the action of the secretory and exhalant organs, and contributes to most of the transformations which occur within the body.

Sanitarily considered, water—copious draughts of water—flushes the system and washes out every organ, and excites to action the entire secretory and excretory systems, bathes every tissue, removes all poisonous effete matter, and practically overhauls and reorganizes the entire animal economy. No better disinfectant or blood purifier than a liberal absorption of pure, plain, unadulterated water.

As a student of Nature I am an earnest advocate of water, and regard it not only as a natural necessity, but as a life-generator of great importance. But water boiled is water spoiled, and if you doubt it, place such water in your aquarium and soon all your fish will be seen to die. Water boiled is certainly water spoiled, because of the liberation of the oxygen and hydrogen. All the nutritive gases are therefore eliminated in the boiling, or evaporated in the team. Water boiled is therefore no longer water, but the remains of water.

As I before said, water forms about four-fifths of the whole human body, and is the great medium which conveys the nutriment of the tissues, and also carries off the waste products of organic action, through the urinary passages and pores of the skin. Water, therefore, to enter the composition of the body, should be pure and natural, for there is no life nor blood product in boiled water.

All food-material, too, subjected to the action of fire for cooking purposes, is no longer food but the debris of food. Lifeless food and drink will not renew or animate the living system. Fire, which is a devouring element, will destroy all the vital properties in food as well as water. If you doubt it, plant out grain, or seeds of any kind that have been boiled; plant them under the most favorable circumstances, and in vain you will look for a reproduction. Or if you want to raise a brood of chickens, spare the living germ. Do not boil the eggs, for if you do you will never raise a chicken, and where there is no life for reproduction, there is no life for nutrition.

This same logic applies to animal food, or corpse of any living creature. When the life has departed from any animal, man or beast, there is only the lifeless corpse remaining. There is no life in dead animal matter, and therefore no nutrition. There is no life nor nutrition in any chop or steak, more than in an old Egyptian mummy. All animal food, therefore, should be excluded and none but vegetable employed.

If the human system be composed of a living body and a living spirit, such can not be sustained by dead animal matter. Dead animal tissue cannot impart life to living animal bodies. There is no life in dead animal tissue for that purpose. Dead animal matter may serve to fill an empty stomach, as a plaster would to soothe or cover a sore, but if it is not vital food, no vital force can be obtained. You may succeed to cheat the stomach, as you often do, but you cannot defraud the system, which must be sustained by absolute living nutrition, or the vital energies will become depressed and exhausted, premature decay, and death will follow sooner than otherwise.

I often think if it were not for the elements of life which we are compelled to take in with air and water we would perish sooner than we do. The fluids and solids of the system should be sustained by natural food. When the human blood, which is the life, is not sustained by the raw material, it becomes devitalized, and degenerates into a polluted or unnatural composition. Hot food and drinks are decidedly stimulant. They inflame the system, soften the brain and take away the strength. By their use the action of the heart is unduly excited and the circulation accelerated. Hot food and drinks will inflame the teeth and gums, debilitate the stomach, disorganize the blood, induce apoplexy, tremors, and lead to a host of distressing maladies that are unknown to the lower animals. Every kernel of grain, every fruit or vegeta-

ble, represents a living principle, but when subjected to the action of fire, as in bread, etc., that living principle is destroyed.

It is said that electricity is life and, if so, there is life in fruits and cereals, in their natural state—for experiments recently made show that all plants and fruits possess electricity, as demonstrated by the galvanometer. For instance, when fruit is divided in a line at right angles with the long axis, and the juice is squeezed out of the two halves in vessels connected with a galvanometer, then on completing the circuit the electric current is observed. What human life, therefore, needs is genuine dynamic or electric foods and drinks in their electric states, for the non-electric are insufficient and unsanitary. Cooked fruits will not exhibit these electric properties.

Here lies the secret of the marvelous sustaining power of the live green grasses and their indwelling spirit-essences upon animal life in the lower kingdoms of nature; and I believe were civilized humans to abandon all dead animal matter for food, and all absurd fermented liquors for drinks—or confine themselves more to a regimen of live vegetables and cereals, cold water, fruits and nuts, they would become more civilized, better citizens, and more spiritual, and they would discover that they require less than one-half the food they now do, and yet not feel that sense of exhaustion which is generally felt between the intervals of eating food cooked to death.

Better health, too—because of more vitality—and longer life would prevail. Man then would not have to be a slave for a mere subsistence, nor have to help to kill himself trying to live—for life could be sustained at one-half the cost or one-half the toil.

If the animal kingdom be the product of the vegetable kingdom, then all the alleged nutrition in animal food must reside in the vegetable kingdom, and, if so, then the elements of nutrition in the vegetable kingdom, with all their electrical matter, etc., must be the great animal force-producers for both man and beast.

Mankind could not live on flesh alone, and were it not for other auxiliaries or luxuries they would die of inanition. Who, therefore, would venture to deny that it is the other auxiliaries that are the chief supports of life? or who would venture to deny that it is the other auxiliaries or luxuries that make men brainy among "beef-eaters" in countries affording a literary education? But in all countries it is mental culture, and not dead animal matter that helps to make men brainy. Power of mind, therefore, I argue, is not dependent upon animal flesh for food, so much as upon education.

Almost everybody has heard of the ancient insane king Nebuchadnezzar who, under divine supervision (as kings are said to be), was placed under divine discipline, and to bring him to his natural senses was made to browse like an ox among the salads. This was the only medicine or brain-food prescribed for the shattered mind of the pompous "King of Kings," and after dieting a certain time upon the plain but potent elements of nutrition, with all their potents, saps, gases, phosphorus, etc., in their natural state, King Nebuchadnezzar recovered his reason. I only refer to this instance as a mere matter of history, to show the benign influence of uncooked vegetable life upon the diseased mind of the royal patient.

I know this new theory in dietetics will not be regarded with universal favor. The thoughtless will not applaud it. On the contrary, I know that many of our free-eating friends will think it a strange or ludicrous revelation, antagonizing as it does long-acquainted usages; forgetting that, like all discoveries, some one, sooner or later, is generally chosen of Providence to ventilate some new thoughts, or develop some new truths, which, when put in tangible fact, create revolutions in food, medicine, science and art. But whatever our born fire-eaters may happen to think, I know whereof I speak, for my own investigations and experience have long since demonstrated it.

In conclusion—as long as the atoms and forces of nature contained within the fruit or vegetable bodies, and in the natural body of water, remain intact, and which we call life, these are absorbed as food, and they are transformed into tissue by the elective affinities of pre-existing atoms. How necessary, therefore, if man be the product of his food, and his life dependent upon it, that we have a pure, natural, practical dietary and that the life generators of our food and drink are not destroyed by fire nor excluded by evaporation.

THE PSYCHOGRAPH

—OR—

DIAL PLANCHETTE!

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

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Intelligence
from the
Sphere
of
Light.

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.

SYNOPSIS.

Anticipating an increased demand for *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* by the publication of the spirit narrative, *Intelligence from the Spheres of Light*, we had a large number of extra copies printed, but the call has been so unprecedented that all the back numbers cannot be supplied. For the benefit of new subscribers we publish this brief synopsis, which will make the succeeding chapters plain. The narrative is peculiar in the fact that while a charming thread of connection runs through it, each chapter stands by itself, complete. The first scene of the story is the beautiful earthly home of Leon and Hero, and pictures a harmonious union of two loving souls who live and work for each other. From the Western slope of life Hero departs to the Spirit-world, and is soon joined by Leon in the full maturity and ripeness of age. They are taken to the home of the Sage, where they are taught the secrets of the Summer-Land. The home is described and philosophy taught by conversation. The group of spirits visit the sphere of the miser, and the wretchedness of money getting for money's sake alone, is fearfully represented. The group visit other selfish societies, and at length enter what is truly styled "Hades," where those who had been on earth so absorbed by their selfishness met no change at death but still absorbed remained oblivious to the beauties and happiness that might be theirs. At Christmas tide new characters are introduced, and the lingering memory of Earth-life revived. Episodes of the mother's love, and the awakening of the intelligence of an idiot child is graphically illustrated. The chapter closes with a recitation by the Poet, giving a vivid picture of human progress and suffering. The subject is continued in the next chapter where in a spirit illustrates by a narrative drawn from her earthly experience, the influence of prenatal conditions and the escape of the spirit therefrom. Death is shown by Hero to be oftentimes an Angel of Blessedness. The Charmed Circle at the Portico of the Sage is approached by a stranger who, "Feeling the current of invitation, drew near." As harmonious marriage had been the theme, the narrative of this stranger, reveals the bitterness of inharmonious unions, and their blighting effect on the spirit.

CHAPTER IX.

EASTER DAY AT THE PORTICO OF THE SAGE.

Lo, in the golden sky
We angel forms descry;
Celestial hosts descend to-day.
The friends of earth, years,
From their exalted spheres,
Walk with us on our earthly way.

"Ten years ago to-day," said Leon, "I wrote a monody of a sad heart, sorely tried, which ran as follows:

AN EASTER MONODY.

To-day is Easter. Yesterday was our day of sorrow; the forty days of Lent crowded into one. Now the whole Christian world is rejoicing over the Arisen One; for the triumph over death; for the assurance that beyond the clouds of grief shines the eternal sun of life.

To us the weeping of Egyptian mothers for Horus, blessed infant lost, and their rejoicing in flowery processions when he was restored; the weeping at the sepulchre of a later savior and his appearance in the glory of light of an ascending spirit, have been as beautiful myths sharply defined against the poetic background of history. Now they have become reality. We mourn with those who weep, refusing to be comforted. Our Horus, our babe is lost! The bright Easter morn has no brightness for us. Why does the sun rise glorious, with no sympathy for grief? Why sing the birds so sweetly when the house is dark with woe? It seems wicked to have the day so bright, such music in the air, such fragrance of budding leaf and flower, and one dead!

From the far West she came to visit us, bringing so many winsome ways, such sweet smiles and rippling laugh that was the spirit of all melodies, that we loved her with all our heart, our one-year-old first grandchild, and as our own child, was she the light of our household.

Oh! heart be still while I write how this beautiful vision, this embodied prophecy of grace, purity and nobility; this blessed child, so little yet so much, of whom we were so proud, around whom every fibre of our hearts clung, faded as a flower touched by the rude breath of frost and disappeared! Her cheeks, soft as the blush rose, faded, her lips paled, and her mother quick to detect the coming shadow, cried in agony, "She is dying!" How we chafed the chill hands, how we sought to force the stagnant blood to move in its channels; how we implored the overruling forces of the world for aid! And while we held the little hands tightly clasped, as though to save her from a flood which laved our very feet, and whose sullen waves we heard breaking on the receding coast line of oblivion, to drag her back despite the power of fate and wrench her even from the hand of God without a pang, a sigh, a quiver, even as of a wave that vanishes on the shore, she passed out of our hands into the voiceless sphere of death and night. With a suppressed shudder while beaded drops gathered on our foreheads, we listened for the breath which came not, and looked into those blue eyes over which a mist had gathered, to find the soul no longer looking through them into the world.

"Come back, oh, babe of mine!" the mother cried. "What have I done that you must die? Is the sin mine? Then bind me to the rack and make me live an age on the confines of deathly pain, but spare this blessed, innocent one who has no sin or evil thought."

Is there a God, and does he suffer such injustice, wrong and cruelty to exist? Has he strung our hearts with the chords of love, vibrant to such tender sentiments, such profound emotions, that he may with rude hand break them asunder and leave us helpless, hopeless victims of infinite torture? No! If such be God, there is no God. Better, far better, blind chance than a demon God. Better the inflexible, iron hand of fate as expressed in the laws of the world, loveless, feelingless, heartless, unavoidable in their dire consequences.

Dead? no, no, she cannot be! Look again! Listen for the breath! The heart must still beat. We cannot hear it; our hopes blasted, our dreams dissipated, our air-castles vanishing, and in the place of love the blackness of regret, merciless, cutting through our hearts.

Had we known; oh! had we known with infinite prescience, then would we have laughed at fate and defeated the decree of destiny. Ah! are we sure that had we known the result and acted differently, the end might not have been still more deplorable? Can we do more than use our infinite powers to the best of our knowledge? Who can ask more?

Why should we regret? Life is the complement of death, and death a necessity of life. Death unlocks the gate of eternal life and swings it open wide for the ascending spirit. True—"out of our hands she passed," but into gentler hands than ours. The waiting angels received her in their tender arms, arrayed her in new robes of their sphere of light, and she knew not of the change. She received her angel-mother as her own, and after the pain of the second birth had passed, her life became a constant joy. She will perfect herself in the future life, as she would have done here had she remained, and if our spiritual perceptions are sufficiently quickened, we shall see her from day to day and year to year in her ascending course. We shall see her sweet spirit taken from earth unsoiled and spotless as the Calla's bloom, mature so delicately and spiritually that we shall be glad her feet were not called to press the flinty pathways of earth-life; that she was not called to drink its bitter cup of pain, nor bear its heavy burdens of cares.

If we could see! but, oh, we do not, for it is dark! How, when we have sailed between two coasts of stars, the heavens above reflected on the pulsing sea, a breath of storm has blotted out the reflection—so within our hearts that mirrored all this heaven, a breath has changed to darkness; yet as in storms, we gazed far more above than in the blackened depths, we turn not to the lower world of mortal life, but to the heavens of light, where shine the stars of Hope, Faith, and Promise, with knowledge, keep their watch and ward. Oh, how this thought doth purify our lives! Around and very near are our departed friends! Our child is with them and with us. The casket with its flowers contained another casket from which the jeweled soul, immortal dead. It was a garment cast aside; a cage deserted by our bird of song.

Mother of an angel, weep no more. The time will come when your regarded loss will count as gain. We will unite around our hearth, not with bowed heads and bleeding hearts, but with rejoicing of the men of old when he who made the Easter what it is, before them solved the problem of immortal life, upspringing from the creek of death! Not with the crape, the sackcloth of despair, but cheerful that we win the presence of our friends, nor on them turn the shadows of our sorrow and lives as ordered under the eyes of these dear ones, until this pilgrimage is over, and at length we reach the shore, beyond which lies the country for which we have in all our dreams been longing. Then will come a sleep and we shall awaken, glad, greeted and happy in the consciousness that at last, after the long journey over the quacking bogs and hidden quicksands on which life's firmest structures find their base, we have the certain world, the world of fact, the real of the shadow.

There our love shall know no blight, our hopes no disappointments, our aspirations no rude rebuff, our friendships no frosts, and there shall be no parting there.

"You had a very, very sad beginning," said Hero, "and to mortals who accept not the truth of immortality dark indeed must be the night which closes over the grave. I will sing you a song appropriate to this day which commemorates the resurrection of life from death; the return of the sun, with the joyous spring to roll the stone from the grave of winter."

Low hung the sickled moon adown the west,
As to the garden gate she slowly came—
"You pledge to love me true, to love me best,
I pledge to you a heart for ever the same."

Then plucking immortelles of beauty rare,
Bright garnet mixed with purest gold,
He placed them lightly on her bosom fair,
And said, "By this my constant love is told."

After a weary waiting he returned
To find in bridal garments she was dressed,
Pale immortelles upon her waxes brow,
And snowy callas on her pulseless breast.

Then from the grave he plucked an immortelle,
Upon his heart its fadeless bloom enshrined—
The angel Death had rang their wedding bell,
And their twin souls eternally combined.

Thus faithful hearts, the dreary years are past,
When softly rung the golden wedding bell—
He heard, and closed his weary eyes at last,
To waken greeted by his immortelle.

"You are all too sad," exclaimed a sister who had just returned from a visit to the earth. "To-day is for joy, for mirth; for flowers not for regimens. I have been unusually interested in my reunion with mortal life, and the narrow conceptions formed by the most susceptible minds of the realm of spirit. They are like the canary bird that having been born and bred in a cage, has received all ideas from the standpoint of his cage."

"The world," exclaimed a canary from its perch, "is no great affair. The difference between my cage and the parlor in which it is hung, is not much. My mistress has one, I the other, and she sighs the most."

Then he hopped up on his perch and looked about, and nodded his head on one side like a philosopher.

"The world is square," he said sententiously; "that is self-evident, for my senses unmistakably say so; square, and about fifty times taller than I. Above is a ceiling, with a big lamp hanging from the centre. The sides rest on a brown and green carpet. There appears to be a strip of something outside, bright and green, which I can see through a clear spot in the side of the room, which my mistress calls a window, and I have seen moving things there, like men and birds, but as they are continually coming and going, this spot I think I see out of, evidently is only a fancy, and I have ceased to look out—to do so, regarding it as a waste of time. Really, I pity her as she sits there gazing out, not knowing how supremely foolish she is in accepting the hallucination. People come in and go out of this room, so there must be another room like it, and these two rooms make what they call the world."

Poor little canary, with a head full of philosophy, and a good reasoner from the scant data of his observations, but the little he knew made him proud and arrogant, and having settled the problem of the world, he took no further thought. He would sing, and with a flutter of wings, and shake of feathers he began his sweetest refrain. He was an excellent singer, far better than philosopher, and he became infatuated with his own music until he sprang from perch to perch, setting the cage to swinging so violently that in the middle of one of his most charming passages, its support broke, and down it came to the floor with a crash. The bottom fell off, and with wild fear, he flew up into the room and through the open window out into the garden. If he was frightened before, he was now unspcakably so. He flew up into a tree and perched on one of the branches. The sun was shining brilliantly and the garden was ablaze with gorgeous hues of flowers. The wind was rocking and swaying the trees, as though an invisible hand was moving them. A great many birds, some large and others even as small as himself were flying here and there, singing gaily. What did it all mean? What were the clouds, and the sky, and the birds?

When he had somewhat recovered his self-possession, he said: "This is the greatest hallucination I have met with; I was mistaken about the world being a room; it self-evidently is a large garden, lighted by a lamp from a round ceiling. The birds seem to fly with ease, and to be happy, but it is after all, so wide and high, she will be sure to get lost. I'll fly over to the other side, and see how it appears from there."

He spread his wings, and by great effort sustained himself until he reached, or rather fell into a tall rosebush. Cage life had not given him strength of flight, and panting for breath, he exclaimed:

"This may be delightful for those other birds, but it is in no wise so to me. I wish I were in my cage, where it is not so wide, and one can see to the end, to the top and the bottom."

Just at this moment he saw his mistress at the window, heard her calling to him. His heart fluttered with delight and he flew towards her. It made even the sparrows laugh to see him go from side to side, now up, now down, and beating the air with rapid wings, now scarcely moving them enough to prevent his falling. His full song was now only a pitiful yelp, as he neared his keeper and fell exhausted at her feet. She took him gently in her hand, and with tender words of assurance placed him in his cage.

There he swings now, happy and contented, singing rapturous songs, but occasionally he will become thoughtful as the memory of his brief experience is revived, and he says to himself: "I wonder what it could have been? Was it real? Is there such a vast place outside? Oh! there cannot be; evidently I had indignation from my supper of hard-boiled egg, and that gave me a dreadful dream."

"A most instructive story," interposed a sister whose name was Maimie, "instructive as showing us how we misjudge because we do not know. My own story is illustrative how we all have a good and evil genius, speaking allegorically, and how the latter casts us down, and death only can sever us from the burdens of the flesh. As I rejoice at my freedom from the weight which dragged me down, so all spirits ought to be thankful for their escape from the physical body, which casts its selfish reflection on their best intentions. My story however is long, perhaps too long."

"We wait and listen," said they all, "to learn how light wedded to darkness was separated therefrom."

Then in a voice often broken by painful memories she recited the following strange story:

We were known as the Weinsberg Sisters. Her name was Maimie and mine Maimie. Nature in sportive humor, after making us two distinct beings, had bound us together with a fetter stronger than steel. Her left side and my right side were united by a band of flesh, through which the blood pulsated in commingling streams. We ought to have been alike, similar in appearance, tastes, temper and disposition, but, alas! we were not. Nature carried her sport to the unkind limit of making us opposites. This antagonism was even manifested when we lay helpless in our mother's lap, and strengthened with our years. While I was gentle and winsome, my mate was cross, fretful, restless, and constantly an-

gry with me, as though I were the cause of her discomfort, and undoubtedly I was an annoyance, preventing the free motion she so much desired. As we grew older, this animosity increased, and nothing I could say or do appeased her.

Well do I remember the first time I realized the terrible burden attached to me, which made me so different from others. I was still a child when the knowledge dawned on me. Mother said to us in a laughing way that her four-handed girl should assist her in some household duty. I enjoyed the task, but Maimie was provoked at being called four-handed, and sulkily refused. When mother spoke again to her she became uncontrollably angry, and accused me of being the cause of her misfortune. Then by a strange interchange of thought she awoke to the same ideas in my mind, and I found to my sorrow afterwards that she had the power of introducing within me evil thoughts. "Why do you blame me? Are you not as much to blame as I?" I asked. Then she burst into most violent language and turning her red face to mine, her eyes scowling with rage, she fastened her teeth in my cheek, and would not let go her hold until our mother choked her away and held her fast. The hurt was slight, though the blood came freely, but the mental effect no words can describe. I had felt inconvenienced before, but never bound. I realized, young as I was, that there was no escape, and I was wild with fear. At any moment she might become angry—and as she was the stronger I would be compelled to receive her blows or bites, being incapable of resisting or running away. In the silent hours of the night I thought of my sad lot, and bitterly wept. Our mother, my strength and reliance, was taken away. By her coffin I gained my first idea of death. My sister looked stolidly on the pale face of the loved one, and rudely rebuked me for my grief. That night I thought of death. We all must die, the preacher had said. What if Maimie should die? Then, she being a part of me, I would be buried with her! I trembled at this dreadful possibility, and wearied myself to sleep only to dream of being buried alive.

What a fate was mine, to be thus bound by a band of flesh to one utterly unlike myself! As I older grew, I felt the chasm between us widening and deepening and the hatred and malice she bore toward every one was vented on me. We were inseparable companions, yet without the least sympathy of feeling. My likes and dislikes were not in accordance with hers. I delighted to sit down quietly and read, to enjoy music or works of art, or the conversation of friends, while she being dull of understanding and unable to learn even the rudiments of knowledge, would allow me no rest or quiet anywhere. When in one place she wanted to be in another, and if I refused to go she dragged me with her. Her conversation was unpleasant, and it depressed and stifled me, as she talked incessantly of the most trifling subjects. When I spoke of things dear to me—my studies, reading or observations—she would remain silent, or answer with contempt. Of course, we were subjects of interest, were constantly invited out by friends, and were recipients of unusual attention. My sister greatly enjoyed this while I, more sensitive, shrank from publicity. We were related as the bad and good sides, and while most people are capable of concealing the bad by the good from superficial observation, mine represented by my sister was ever present as my shadow. She at any moment was liable to utter coarse expressions, angry words, or scowl her hate. What to me was still more fearful, was her power of impressing on me her most intense wishes, and awakening in me the desire to do wrong; to take that which was not mine; to speak falsely and commit greater crimes, and my tongue would utter words not mine, and thus place me in unhappy situations; at other times, when I saw some desirable object she would urge me to take it, and my being seemed torn asunder by the conflict between these contending influences. The bad at times actually triumphed and after I recovered self-mastery, conscience would drive me to despair. I would turn to her, saying: "How I wish you could appreciate the glories of the day and the beauties of the night, and feel the thrill of poetry in your soul. How I wish we could talk together of the books I have read, and the charming scenes around us." Then she would look at me with her dull eyes, and sneeringly say that it was fine talk, but she would rather have a nice dinner; a dinner was the height of her aspiration, and chief topic of conversation.

The crisis of our lives came when we were eighteen. I was said to be handsome, except being too pale, and the mirror told me the same. By the side of my reflection was another that was not handsome. Even to my eyes that constantly saw it, that face was repulsive. It was a strange contrast with mine. The lips were thick, the eyes large and round, with a dull and stony gaze, which absorbed without reflecting light; the cheeks were of dull red, and neck short and heavy. She was sensitive of her personal appearance, and would turn from the glass with horrid imprecations on my head.

Did I love? Did ever woman live who loved not? I was abnormally sensitive and lonely. Those with whom I conversed spoke not as to an equal, but in tones of pity or condescension. I had no companionship, and yearning for some one in whom to confide, who would understand my trials, my wants and aspirations, I idealized a hero I had not seen, nor even expected to meet. I said to my heart, "Your hero must not be a reality. Your love must be a dream, for do you not see your fetters hold you fast and make the fulfillment impossible?" Thus I dreamed, when suddenly the reality came. A young physician from a celebrated university was introduced by a friend, and he became deeply interested in us. He was the ideal of my dream. From the first time I saw him I loved him as I would a remote and inaccessible star, never for a moment hoping for a return of my affection. As the days went by and we often met, he expressed the first words of sympathy that I had ever heard, coming from an understanding of my situation. He appreciated the bondage in which I was held, and yet his words were so delicate he did not offend my sister. On the contrary she accepted them as addressed to her, and with all the uncontrolled earnestness of her nature,

she became in love with him. While I shrank from an expression which might indicate my sentiment, she boldly gave hers utterance. After these interviews what a burning sense of shame I felt; how exasperated at the cruel fate which bound me to a form of flesh actuated by desire rather than reason.

One day we accidentally met the physician, and he spoke so low and earnestly, and there was such a strange new light in his eyes, I questioned my heart, and while I held my breath I dared to believe he thought of me as I of him; but with that light I saw also the sign of despair. Love admits of only two; there were three, for I was already united with my mate, and terrible as it was, so must I remain. Out of the depths of regret I was called by the amazing words of Maimie, who by an unerring instinct caught the sentiment of the physician, her egotism changing it to herself. With startling vehemence she replied: "I know you love me, but you know not how much I love you. Yet," she added, turning fiercely on me, "what is the good as long as I am a part of you?"

Deeply chagrined, I said: "Pardon me, dear sir, and do not hold me responsible for these words!"

"Who holds you responsible?" she cried in anger. "If I am attached to you by this band of flesh, I am not in any other way, and my words are my own."

"Be assured," said the physician soothingly, "I understand." Each of us could interpret this to suit herself. Then he added, "You are two souls holding two bodies in partial community. I think the recent progress of knowledge makes it certain that your union is not indissoluble, and that a skillful surgeon might easily sever it, and free you from each other."

"Do you mean it is possible to cut the band of flesh which unites us?" we both exclaimed.

"It is quite possible," he replied.

"Would you undertake the task?" I asked, feeling as though my hope of life depended on his answer.

"Yes," he replied, "under certain circumstances. The risk is great, but I think you do not place a priceless value on life under present conditions?"

"Priceless value! It was irksome, and I almost daily prayed for death. Never before had I thought separation possible. Here was an offer of liberty, and with it every thing which would make life worth the living. My heart was expanding under the influence of a new-found delight. The heavens had become of softer hue and the dull past was vanishing. Separation and freedom! The cutting off of this lower self, this oppressive self; this wearisome, aggressive, asserting self, with its coarse thoughts, unbidden words and suggestions of evil!—would I accept the risk? What folly to ask. What risk would I not take to be free; enabled to go where I pleased, do as I pleased without trembling with apprehension that there would come a storm of abuse or blows from which I could not defend myself?"

While these thoughts flashed like flame through my mind, my sister applying the words to herself, at once voiced her feelings: "Cut us apart! Glorious! Can you do it? Will you? Did you ask if I was willing? You may this moment. I have been a slave long enough. Every enjoyment or pleasure has been denied me. I am checked in eating and in drinking; I am wrong in my desires, I am made to understand that I am lower and meaner, and of coarser stuff than Maimie. What a delight to be free from her constant talk of right and duty, and what I ought, or ought not to do!"

Consulting with our father, as we urged with one mind, he reluctantly consented that the operation be performed. At the appointed time the physician with an assistant came. I know I was very pale, for I could not free myself from dread, and had any one else been the surgeon, my strength must have failed, but I knew by the tender tones of his voice and gentleness of his manner, that to cut my flesh would be to him like cutting his own, and that not an unnecessary nerve would be severed. I could bear the pain at his hands, and if he succeeded, greater and more priceless than freedom was the love I might claim for which now it was a sin to ask. Maimie had constantly talked of the operation, her love for the physician and what happiness freedom from my restraint would bring her. Now the time had come, she was seized with one of her sudden impulses, such as unreasonable or instinctive beings have: "If I have this band cut," she said to the physician, "I do so because I love you and because you love me; and because I cannot be your wife as long as I am tied to another. You promise to marry me when my bondage is over?"

To this unexpected demand made in a tone of authority, he was so astonished he could make no reply, but stood as one overwhelmed, blushing deeply and then becoming pale as death. Recovering his self-possession he replied in his usual low voice, but with a firmness and distinctness I had not heard: "This is a grave matter and we ought not to lay plans or make promises when the result is so uncertain. First let us attend to the operation, and then we can talk on this subject."

Had the solid earth given way beneath my feet, I should not have been more overwhelmed. Her first words gave me the key to what would follow. Her rude breath blotted from the heavens every star of hope, and left me helpless and despairing. He would not promise; I prayed he would not, for had he, the strength which sustained me would have departed. The hasty glance I gave him must have opened to him the complete volume of my heart, and I saw in his eyes, pity and that which to me was infinitely more.

Our father spoke kindly and assuringly, saying to Maimie that it was folly for her to require promises when she ought to wait until restored. This inflamed her the more, and she reiterated what she had said, adding: "Unless the promise is made I will not allow you to be separated. Now I have you and can keep you, and who knows, if I let you go he may marry you."

I was inexcessibly frightened, and forgetting that under such circumstances my interference always increased her anger I said: "Do not, Maimie, insist on this, but wait until the operation is over." She turned on

(Continued on third page)

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