

The Progressive Thinker

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

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CHILDREN.

THEIR ETHICAL EDUCATION.

Ring Words from the Poetess,
EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Let us set the great world ringing
With our hopeful merry singing,
For the earth is full of promise far and near;
In the fragrant air of summer
We will wake a tuneful murmur
That the faint and weary-hearted all may hear.

COUPLETS.

O, the world is growing good,
For the right is understood,
And our little lives are full of brilliant chances;
Mourning have not died in vain
And we chant a glad refrain
As we follow truth wherever she advances!

O, a thousand lights are streaming,
Brighter far than poets dreaming,
Through the darkness which has shut away the skies,
We see illumined faces
Lighting up the ether spaces
And we meet the earnest gaze of angel eyes.

Wrong is feeling earth's high places,
And we'll shout for honest faces,
And for hearts as strong as time and true as steel.
She is looking all her leases,
And her systems fall to pieces,
While we cheer for men who reason, learn and feel.

Then we'll raise a ringing chorus,
For the golden days before us,
While we work to bring them nearer, day by day;
Heaven is not so far above us
That its inmates cannot love us,
And let us to hear us singing on our way.

I have chosen a subject near to the heart of every reformer, although it treats of a work sadly neglected, notwithstanding the necessity of it is well understood, and we have an army of competent instructors ready and willing to work in behalf of the children. The angels, through Mr. Davis, gave us a beautiful system of moral and physical training, in the Children's Progressive Lyceum. It is entirely satisfactory wherever it has been tested thoroughly, and has turned out some of the most independent thinkers and best citizens of any school I am acquainted with. "Then why have so many Lyceums failed?" "Because a Progressive Lyceum is the worst place where an indolent teacher can enlist. There is no seat for laziness in a hall where one is in working order! All must take hold, and hold on, for weeks, months and years, if the full benefit of the system is reached. People get tired, some are born tired; they get selfish, some are born selfish, and too often, for some petty jealousy over an unexamined thoughtlessness or wrong, they turn their backs and walk out—always to their loss. I mention the Lyceum, because it is distinctively ours, an angel-given plan of education, and one capable of indefinite extension to the young and to adults.

We all wish the children to attain to their highest possibilities and complement the race by their wisdom and excellence. We expect our culture and acquirements to live on in our descendants by the strange but potent laws of heredity, and to further, in a small degree, race education. For this we work and work unselfishly. It is one of the beautiful instincts which seems a guarantee of the divinity of every parent. They do not wish their children to copy their pet vices, nor bodily deformities. A profane parent is often quickest to check an oath issuing from his child's lips, and how eagerly the father and mother ask of the name when the new infant arrives, "Is it well shaped?" If she answers, "Yes, it is all right!" a feeling of proud competency, and infinite hopefulness for the little baby-soul illuminates the faces of the parents, who expect to rear it by countless hours of weariness and self-sacrifice to the stature of maturity, physically and mentally. How carefully it must be taught to sit alone, to creep, to walk, to run to fight the battles of life and to achieve victory! It is well. Hope is merciful, and does not speak to us of the bumped heads; the sudden down settings, which makes the little eyes see stars, and the graceless tumbles which lead two sprawling hands in the mud; and the defeats, when in the tussle of might against right they come out only "the under dog in the fight," nor the sad fact of failure instead of an expected victory, in some instances after doing their level best. The days have gone by when intelligent people told their hands, look heavenward and comfort themselves by saying resignedly, "Well—I suppose it was so to be." "God willed it so." "It was not ordered that my child should have success." That is the way in which ignorance meets defeat. The spirit of to-day would say: "What was it I failed to know in rearing him aright?" "Where was I weak that he cannot conquer?" Now let us, during the hour given me, consider the needs of the children. They are in the world without having asked to come, and we ought to do the best we can for them in every direction;

for their own satisfaction in having human life forced upon them, and for the general good of mankind. The first right of a child is to inherit from its parents a healthy organization, mentally and physically. This can only come with any degree of certainty from those who are themselves proficient in the right way of living, both in a physical sense and in an equitable relationship towards mankind,—yes, and I will add towards all created things, for our ethics should extend to our dumb animals as well as to humans.

I often think as I look at a new-born infant of the present age, reminding me of some heavenly blossom, down-dropped from paradise, which has caught the lacy clouds for garments during its descent, and is so carefully guarded from the disturbing attentions of even its relatives, that its mamma's acquaintances may only dare to send in some dainty floral offering, with their congratulations, until after its first month of earth life is passed, what a streak of good luck has befallen it, that it was not born a hundred years ago, when that old heresy against God's decency was put forth in the declaration that hell is paved with the skulls of infants not a span long. If Jonathan Edwards should reappear and make such a horrible statement to-day, he would find out in a hurry that it "wouldn't wash!" We should all call him an old Moss-back, and tell him hell is obsolete, the devil dead, and heaven full of child-angels which never were baptized at all. The infants of to-day are born with crowns on their heads and scepters in their hands, and the crown and scepter are made of the flowers of Divine love, and not of the nightshades of total depravity.

It took some resolution for a baby soul to make its debut to earth-life a hundred years ago, when it was looked upon as totally depraved, and as soon as it arrived, no matter what the weather, there was no peace nor safety until it was carried to the meeting-house and baptized by the town minister so it would not go to endless torment, if it did not "make a live of it." Think of it! If it arrived in the forenoon of a winter day, in the afternoon the little pink peach blossom must be taken to a church with no fire in it and be baptized. The careful mother, of course could not go and must trust it to a perhaps careless nurse. By such imprudent measures, innumerable little souls sailed out across Death's waters, probably testing the efficiency of infant baptism. Now that a brighter age is upon us, these stories seem untrue, but a woman of ninety years is a member of our household and has been an eye witness to many such things.

Mr. Haven, the town minister of old Croydon, New Hampshire, and his young wife, were extremely devout. Their first-born was received as a gift from God, and immediately after its advent the nurse took it into a cold church, bared its naked head and made a sure thing of its salvation. It got such a chill from the cold church, cold water, cold theology, and cold uncommon sense, that it got the "sniffles;" they grew into something worse, and God took the lamb back to his fold. It was a bad job. The next one he sent came in warm weather and stood the baptizing, and various saving recipes used on it. It grew to be three years old, a prattling toddler, following its mother about the house when she was at work. She had a distaste for housework and was usually dreaming about saving sinners and doing God's work. So it followed that she could not half attend to her own. She was always bustling through her housework heedlessly that she might get about God's work. One day she was getting dinner, her mind, as usual, on heavenly things. She had fried some pork in a long-handled frying-pan, and taking it from the stove, whirled around, hitting her little girl, who had toddled up behind her, pouring the hot fat into her neck, burning her horribly. The mother had not sense enough to remove her clothes, but the town minister dashed on some cold water, and other help soon arrived. The chances were against the little martyr; too much religion, and hopelessly so when they procured an ignorant old woman to nurse it, who declared it must not be fed much because it would throw it into a fever. A little milk and water was all she would allow. The child suffered some days, and grew weaker. The pious pair sent at last for a physician. He examined the patient, talked with the old nurse, and at length said bluntly, "You are starving the child." He ordered half a cup of cream for the emaciated, suffering little creature, but she died, the whole affair proving a worse blunder than the first born endured.

If they had been Agnostics or Spiritualists these blunders would not have occurred. Two worlds at a time are more than most mothers can carry about and perform house-

hold labor, doing justice to a family of small children. God does not expect it—he never did! If children come to women He is perfectly willing to have them work out their religious tax on their own property. The infants of to-day endure wrongs in plenty, no doubt, but nothing compared with what those did who saw the shadow of the dawning of this century,—unless they are mothered by those anti-air lunatics who seem to think pure air is rank poison to children and have been known to throw four thicknesses of blanket-shawl over their faces for them to breathe through. To such mother's I would say, do sneak back into the shadows of the past and take your place with the rest of her horrors! Let somebody take care of the little ones who will give them their natural inheritance, air, food and water, clean and plentiful.

The first education should be to form habits for the growth of a healthy body. That is the basis of all power, and without it the individual will be always hampered in his or her life work, and it is well to remember in body-building that something cannot be built out of nothing, nor out of sugar. Candy bones, and candy muscles do not make much of a show, although candy in itself is not harmful only in this way: it destroys the appetite for the wholesome food needed to make bone and muscle. One royal little oat is better than a candy mite, and a saucer full of oats well cooked, with sugar and cream over them, eaten once a day, will give a child a good set of teeth and bones and muscle which will make him feel able to take his own part, if too unrighteously crowded; that is a feeling of satisfaction akin to religion! The other two meals may suit his taste. He will grow—not into a fine animal only, but into a man whose body can execute the ambitious demands of his mind.

The child should early learn the importance of the commandment: "Thou shalt not steal." You start in amazement and say, "there is no danger that my child may become a thief!" Perhaps not in the usual application of the word. But there is a kind of stealing which almost all children and a great many grown people are very much addicted to and that is *stealing time*. They are time-thieves pretty generally. They get the habit of being entertained constantly, instead of using the playthings given them to amuse themselves. I have seen many children who insisted on being looked at while they played. They early get a taste for display even in the way they handle their playthings. The dear things, how like us older children! They will throw their toys in every direction, but picking them up and putting them in a box, out of the way, is a very difficult thing to teach them. They usually prefer to steal mamma's time and have her do it. They would rather throw books, hats, and shoes under tables and chairs than put them in their assigned places. It is so much easier to steal mamma's time to do that subordinate work. When they grow up they are slow to reform their time-stealing habits.

I know a man who all his life—his wife told me so!—has refused to hang up his bootjack he uses two or three times a day, and as many times steals the use of her hands and feet to put it on the nail where it belongs. She is obliged to do this, or have it knocking about under feet all day, a comment on somebody's want of order. This, kept up a lifetime counts up. How many times does she pick it up in a year? Only 7201 (seven hundred and twenty) times. In thirty years he has, allowing only twice a day, stolen his wife's time to hang up his bootjack 21,900 times, and is responsible for damaging her temper as many times!

I know another gentleman who will never make a button for his gates or barn doors which will let the door by except in a certain position—his father told me so!—and for many years everybody who goes through the gates or doors must stop and turn and try until the irregular button, which may have saved him two minutes whistling when he made it, is gotten into exactly the right position to work. He is a time thief, and I presume learned it when a baby. He steals the time of every man, woman and child who uses that button until it is worn out! He should have received a more ethical education in childhood. Men and boys do not surpass ladies in this sin, but I need not enumerate. Confidentially, I presume if you were to consult my husband, privately, he would be delighted to give instances from his own experience, substantially this:

I feel a little delicate about expressing my private opinion publicly about my sisters, but sincerely I think they steal as much time calling and visiting, and dining and teasing as in any way, besides keeping the composite neighborhood's ears in a disagreeable buzz about minor affairs. And while they gossip, the dear children who accompany them "turn up jack" indoors and out, stealing somebody's time to glue up chairs, calm the canary bird, pick up the clothes pins, which unclad, have been acting as gentlemen, and with skirts on as ladies; unknotted the strings from the chairs which have been made into carriages to take the gentlemen and lady clothes pins out riding, and to sit down with a piece of ice on your head to cool off, which will probably take the whole evening. Ethically the time-thief is a criminal, but as Samantha Allen says, "The law can't touch him!"

A perfect life is a work of art and cannot be approximated without commencing early the active training which will result in true and useful lives. If the child in training is fortunate enough to have inherited a good

physical and moral organization, it is in the best of good luck. If not, the beginning of all sensible education is to supply these deficiencies and make the most of what he does possess. Instead of beginning with such questions as "Who made you?" "Who was the first man?" "Who tempted Eve?" "How long did it take God to make the world?" and all the long list of "sillies" to which every answer you give him is likely to be a falsehood, and which are of no practical consequence to him, begin by asking him "What will make you grow?" Tell him to grow he must have pure air to breathe, wholesome food to eat, and exercise for his body. Tell him it is as unclean to breathe impure air as it is to bathe himself in dirty water, and is even more injurious. He can sense that illustration. Teach him justice by little practical lessons. Do not let him be cruel to any living thing, not even say cruel things to inanimate objects. I have seen mother's give children kittens and chickens, and puppies and allow them to torture them unmercifully, saying if chided "Ho! there will be kittens, or chickens or puppies in the world after these are gone!" It is educating your child in wickedness and injustice which will be a torment to himself and others as long as he lives. There will be something else besides, and that will be a mean man who is cruel to his horses and the animals he owns, and in all probability abusive to his own wife and children. On the contrary, if you teach him that animals have nerves like his own, and are hurt in the same way, that they suffer if not fed, and given water the same as he does, from hunger and thirst, he will learn to be kind and just, and to put himself in another's place. When he grows up and has a home of his own, there will be cleanliness and comfort and morality in it. He will be a good citizen, a good husband and father, unless he is a *born villain*, which is the worst kind. You will have a man who will not sit down to a table of luxuries and gorge himself while his horses are starving and overworked. He will not drink coffee and tea and water in plenty, while his dumb animals are suffering from thirst. His sense of justice and his understanding of their needs would make him uncomfortable. A child when once instructed aright in these things, is pretty sure to carry his lesson with him through life.

When children are old enough to pass from parental instruction into other hands, it is wise to give them a union of intellectual education and physical labor. Industrial teaching is what is most needed. Life is too short to waste years on the dead languages and dead theology now, when there are so many living issues awaiting attention. Time was when there was little else than dead things for mental discipline, but now when science has revealed so much, and ethics glow with her wholesome glory, let us not set the little souls to digging petrified roots when they can gather luscious, sun-kissed fruits from the tree of practical knowledge. It is not sensible nor agreeable.

Royce tells us "the clergy have started our Latin schools, the commercial class have organized our grammar schools, the laboring masses of to-day call for industrial schools." They are a universal necessity. Look at our miserable farmers, and shiftless, lazy housekeepers, planning every way to shirk duties and shun business, and so on in all branches of work. Lack of education, and consequent inefficiency! What we need is theory and practice; practical educational training.

Education also aims at race preservation and improvement, and at prevention of race deterioration; hence no woman's education is finished until she is versed in the art of rearing and training children, as well as housekeeping and housework. Ruskin, in one of his delightful conversations with a class of girls, which he wishes to make little housewives, proud of the name, tells them "wife means weaver. You must be either house-wives or house-moths, remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon them and bring them to decay." The thought of gnawing upon and destroying the fortune of which you are justly a partner is hardly a pleasant one. You may flippantly say: "Fie! I'd like to know how I shall do that? That is a bit of fine philosophical fudge!" Let us see. Two young lovers marry; as all little boys and girls expect to, some happy day, when grown up. They want a home, if it be only a rented one. They locate one, take a few things given them by parents and friends, buy a few more, and start in housekeeping. He has a salary and expects to live on it, hoping for an advance, or if you please, as is often the case, a modest business of his own, which he hopes to enlarge. If they have been sensibly brought up and have health, there is no cause for fear. They will cheerfully deny themselves things which would not advance their growth in intelligence and business capacity. They will not do without books and newspapers, nor wholesome food nor comfortable clothes, but they will see a great many people who live better than they do. However, in time they will have built to their dreams, and a noble man and woman will stand in the place of the boy and girl who together entered the lists for the battle of life, equipped with an education which directs them how to be strong and healthy, physically and morally, and how to use their strength for happiness and the advancement of the race.

Now let us look at the house-moth and

see how easily her work of devouring a fortune, a destiny, I might say, is accomplished. She has thought, from the time she could understand the meaning of the word beau, that the "end and aim" of life is to catch a husband; not to make as much of a woman of herself as her size will permit! She has tight-laced herself until her blood is not well oxygenated, and she shows tendency to phthisis. She needs frequent medical attendance, and her little household duties are irksome. The "cricket meals" she gets up are the result of indolence, disregard for bodily need, and an aversion to anything like work.

It is not appetizing to a husband to know that his wife "hates to cook," and he feels sorry to make himself comfortable by the use of dishes which his moth declares she "detests to wash!" He would almost rather "eat out of hand" at the pantry shelf. If there is a bonnet or hat to trim, or a wash-dress to make, she is utterly incompetent—even the plainest sewing is not agreeable to her inclinations, and is "put out," although she can make paper roses, and cotton flannel rabbits with pink ears and stumpy tails, too lovely for anything! The washing and ironing are not imposed on her—no indeed! not if dear Fitzhugh does send his collars, cuffs, etc., to the laundry. And so the house-moth instead of weaving and embroidering a web of good fortune, gnaws at the threads her husband is putting into his web. If he has their house well taken care of, or regular meals, he must resort to hired help, and work the harder to pay the bill, taking no recreation, when in reality his wife's health would be benefited by the performance of her slight household duties. She would have less time to gossip, and would work off that gnawing uneasiness which eats to the bone. She wants more excitement, a picnic, a new silk, a hundred things which he cannot get, and he wants and needs more than anything else, a sensible, contented wife instead of a house moth!

Do you know purity is a prior virtue, and it is easier to keep pure than to be renovated every little while? We do not believe we can change our spiritual complexion as "quick as a cat can lick her eye," turning from black to white while God says, "I forgive you!" A laborious bleaching is required to whiten a black heart. Hands may be washed and made clean, but hearts must be whitened by more elaborate means. The old style was to whiten over the smoke of an imaginary sulphur-pit—to terrorize, to bleach with fear. But modern reasoning has decided that it is of no use, but that the only effective whiteners are truth, and that integrity of character which will make all possible reparation where wrong has been done.

An important fact to impress on the young is that it is only by our own acts and not by the misdoings of others that the purity of our hearts can be affected. We may grow weary, discouraged and exhausted under their malevolent actions toward us, but we are safe from real danger if we do not ourselves grow malevolent. The earth is plentifully sprinkled with people who cannot rejoice in seeing others successful; who are ambitious without having the capabilities of rising to their ambitious height, and whose only way of being as high as others more talented is to try to drag them down to their level. It is an ignoble method, but oh, how these pigmies will fight! How these mosquitoes will sting! How these gnats will annoy! One hesitates to slap them into oblivion—they seem so tiny! Well, if you cannot bear the annoyance without doing something in self-protection, whatever you do, do not grow small as they. Don't turn gnat, mosquito or pigmy too! Look up ahead, endeavoring to rise high enough so they will not pursue. If you cannot do that, smother them with burnt sugar—give them a sweet smoke. It is an important lesson in the "Conservation of Force," to teach children not to go out of their way to do spite-work. It is waste of strength. We cannot begin too early to instill into the minds of our children that saving and redeeming truth, the equality of the sexes. Our own loved country stands far in advance of other nations in this reform and it matters not to us if the older civilizations which tenaciously cling to masculine domination call America "the country where the women wear the breeches." It does not alter our determination to wear a little better breeches and more of them as fast as we can get a chance. It would be better if in those European countries where the peasant women are expected to do out-door labor in all kinds of weather if they could not only allegorically speaking, but in very truth wear the breeches too!

It is best that we begin early to give our little men and women, which are to be, just and true ideas of their capabilities and relations to each other. Two bright children, a girl of five and a boy of three, were visiting at our home. One day they were playing horse through the house and the boy insisted on *driving* all the time. His sister wanted to drive, but he had the lines, and refused to give them up. "Oh," I said, "you ought to let Madge drive part of the time."

"Why!" he said, "Madge can't drive!" "And why not?" I said. "Because she is a girl!" "Oh! you little oppressor!" I said, "where did you hear that?" Your grandparents, parents, and all their friends believe women as competent as men, and talk

it, but here came out the old heresy, *born in him*, that he was the most competent.

After a great deal of argument, strengthened by a cream chocolate drop, he let her take the lines, but declared she did not drive as good as he did, and that it was too hard work for her! She could pull the cart easier and let him drive. There was the old idea that by some strange partiality of a male God the boy was made of better stuff, his brain larger, his endurance greater, and he had the natural right to hold the ribbons and *drive*. That funny old bundle of wit, wisdom and goodness, Josiah Allen's wife, puts the matter in a very understandable shape in some of her scrapping matches with Josiah. Do you remember the day she went to "lection with her 'pardner,'" to buy shirt buttons at the store while he voted? He had secreted his dead father's old blue coat in the back end of the buggy, to trade for votes. After he had sold it to a fool, who "didn't know enough to keep out of the fire," on the way home Josiah and Samantha got to scrapping again.

He led off by saying: "Women may mean well, but they haint got the lofty ideas of national honor and purity we men have. The pint's here; not knowin' so much as we men know, not bein' so firm and lofty mind as we men be, if women should vote, corruption would stalk, they not havin' firm enough grip to choke it off!"

Samantha couldn't stand it another minute, and said in her awfulest tones: "Where that old blue swaller-tailed coat of father Allin's, with the brass buttons? Where is it, Josiah Allen? Sold! Sold for votes! I'd talk purity, and women bein' whiffin'! Do you suppose George Washington ever tried to sell his jack-knife to Patrick Henry, to get him to vote his ticket? If you should see that little hatchet Georgie couldn't tell a lie with it, I should think you'd be ashamed to look at it! I should think it would cut your conscience clear to the bone—if you have got a conscience!" And I agree with Samantha. It behooves us to attend to the budding Josiahs growing up around us.

I believe that women should be versed in all the knowledge which will enable them to be good housekeepers and builders—not because they are weak and unfit for anything else, but because they are strong and patient and faithful. I would be glad to have in every school where girls are instructed a professor to instruct in every matronly duty; and I would like a degree A. M.,—Accomplished Matron, which women would wear with pride and write it after their names, having won it honorably at school.

I would like to see a more correct idea of etiquette taught, for good manners are the blossoms of good sense. The primary basis of truly good manners is morality. Good manners are the expression of love to our fellow men, and love is courteous, appreciative, and not given to disrespect or indifference. As individuals make up nations, this would do away with war, and courts of arbitration would take the place of armies. Ethical education can accomplish what religion has failed to do or even establish, peace on earth and good will among men!

TALE OF TWO FORTUNES.

One Boy Got a Gold Mine by Chance. Spirit Helped the Other.

The writer of fiction has told no tale more extravagant than that connected with the personal history of Mr. James Treadwell, the quicksilver millionaire of California. Twenty-five or thirty years ago the Treadwell brothers, John and James, left their place in St. Andrews, New Brunswick, determined to win fame or fortune or both, in the far West. California was their goal, and it was the goal of many another New Brunswick lad. But it has remained for few New Brunswickers to acquire the immense fortunes that these two brothers now own. John found his wealth among the gold hills of distant and forbidden Alaska. Going thither on a prospecting tour, he fell in with the owner of a gold claim, who was willing to sell out for a mere song. He bought the mine, secured the capital to develop it, and it is now producing more riches for its owners than any other gold mine in the world. But the story of John Treadwell's fortune is commonplace when compared with the mysterious manner in which his brother James claims to have acquired his wealth.

This is the story as gathered from the lips of himself, Chief among Mr. Treadwell's friends in California were a young married couple. The husband was a native of New Brunswick—a fact which will probably account in great measure for the warmth of the friendship existing between them. Husband and wife were ardent believers in Spiritualism and were devotedly attached to each other. Mr. Treadwell had little faith in their Spiritualism and did not hesitate to make known his skepticism. But subsequent events caused a complete change in his opinion. Some years ago Mrs. R. became ill and died. Though removed from her husband in the flesh he claims that she held frequent communions with him in spirit. During one of these conferences she expressed a desire to meet Mr. Treadwell, intimating that she had a communication of importance that she wished to make to him. After some coaxing from the husband of the

Continued on third page.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 22, 1890.

CHURCH AND STATE.

Thanksgiving-Day.

President Harrison "follows in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors." And "they all do it!" Since he is an avowed Christian, it is natural to expect of him all the religious exhibits that his position will tolerate. The national day of Thanksgiving is not an ancient affair; but the day first named for such recognition is adhered to from year to year, not because it is better than other days, but the habit of adhering to precedents dominates law and religion alike. It is so easy to follow a path already made for us. This tendency in human life is as marked and regular as the flow of water in the opening made by the first jet that leaps from the pent-up sea. We readily recognize the tendency in the elements to follow the line of the least resistance, and do not think it strange or unnatural. Indeed, it would be thought very unnatural if it were otherwise. This law accounts for the lightning's crinkly chain as it measures the vapory cloud with links of fire and wraps the gloom in flames. A thing once done is easy to repeat; but what never has been done is well-nigh impossible to even attempt.

Only genius carves out new paths for millions to follow without ever asking why. Rarely does it rise from the procrustean bed of dormant authority. Precedents rule the statesman as an arbitrary despot. The most striking example of bold originality and political daring is to be found in our famous Declaration of Independence. It was the product of the most important crisis in the history of nations. It spread a new map on the mental canvas of the world. It shocked and stunned authoritarians with its declarations of natural rights and the proper source of constitutional enactments. It transferred the seat of authority from heaven to earth, from Gods to men; from hereditary genealogy to the "consent of the governed." It divorced religion from the State, God from statutory law. The Declaration of Independence, with the issues that followed, and the Constitution that crystallized and reduced its enunciations to working order made a new epoch in the history of the world. The government thus founded was neither Christian nor pagan; it was neither atheistic nor deistic, religious nor irreligious. It had no religion, yet tolerated and protected all religions with no distinctions or preferences. Jew and Gentile, Christian and pagan, were alike safe and free within its impartial dominion. Nevertheless, the varied States that made up the Republic came in with their religious combinations and proscriptive legislation, more or less definitely expressed, amounting to religious dictation and practical union of Church and State, variously modified under State constitutions. The rigid Sabbath laws and persecution of the Quakers and Catholics, and the hanging and burning of witches, all attest the strong religious character of State authorities, which were against the spirit—if not the letter—of the National Constitution. Chaplains in Congress and the State legislatures, and in the military organizations are interpolations of religious discipline in the affairs of government not justified by the spirit of the Constitution or the Declaration of Independence. The appointment of religious observances of any and all kinds are out of place in the secular government, and ought to be abolished and forbidden. Religious societies are abundant, and amply qualified to look after spiritual interests, and if need be, defend the character of God. Chaplains may do no harm in the army or legislature, but their function is specifically religious, and therefore has no proper place in the administration of secular affairs.

I said they may do no harm; yet under the circumstances, their very existence as government appointees is a menace to our free institutions. It is a relic of the union

of Church and State, and tends to dull the popular perception of the secular character of the government. The people should be educated in the fundamental principles which have distinguished this nation from all others; and the strongest characteristic in this distinction is the principle of the absolute independence of all religions—while protecting all—and that "government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed." All religious tinkering in State affairs tends to weaken this idea and confuse the public mind upon these vital questions. In this respect, if in no other, these seemingly innocent religious ceremonies are harmful; but they are also a tax upon the people to support these hurtful aggressions of religion unwarranted by the spirit of the Constitution. Thanksgiving day is more a pretense than any expression of real gratitude or national reverence. It makes an excuse for a minor show of sectarian authority, and for a large display of gluttony, rioting, recklessness and crime. Besides, the whole trend of the proclamation is misleading! "By the grace and favor of Almighty God the people of this nation have been led to the closing days of the passing year, which has been full of the blessings of peace, and comforts of plenty."

In an accommodative sense this may be acknowledged; but in the sense commonly accepted it is mischievously absurd, and tends to demoralization of those who accept it. It is enervating to conscious individual responsibility and self-dependence and self-helpfulness. If we are "led" to our prosperity by the special "grace and favor of Almighty God," what have we to do but blindly and indolently fall into line, and drift with the God-guided current? If the "blessings of peace and comforts of plenty" are the direct manifestations of Providence, why waste our energies and fortunes in whetting the intellects of statesmen and trying to solve the problems of national economies? Why sweat and quarrel over the tariff and prohibition, and pure elections, woman suffrage, the public schools, the fishery disputes, anarchy, socialism, etc., if the "grace and favor of Almighty God" is what leads us, and determines our destiny? But there is one sentence in President Harrison's proclamation that redeems it. It should be burned into every human heart; not only for Thursday, Nov. 27, but for every day and all time, and its inspiration should light the valley of woe and the desert of despair with a hallowed flame of redeeming love. "I commend to my fellow-citizens the privilege of remembering the poor, the homeless and the sorrowful. Let us endeavor to merit the promised recompense of charity, and the gracious acceptance of our praise."

It is well to "endeavor to merit the promised recompense of charity;" but it is infinitely better and more ennobling to deal out blessings to "the poor, the homeless and the sorrowful," with no thought of the "recompense of charity." It is better to do good from an inferior motive than not to do it at all; but the beauty and blessedness of all charity is sweet and opulent with a spiritual grace and moral fruition in proportion as the inspiration to bless moves us without a taint of selfish ambition or a thought of reward. To a soul above all the hardening dogmas of selfish creeds, who lives in the freshness of truth and the fullness of a warm, loving heart, the "privilege of remembering the poor, the homeless and the sorrowful," is a perpetual benediction; and the tear that washes the ashen face when hunger stings and the merciless storms whip the nude limbs of the homeless and desolate, thrills the tender spirit with such emotions as are never evoked by Thanksgiving proclamations, and which open the fountains of helpful love, breathing balm, warmth, comfort and cheer into all the gloom of the lone, starved and sorrowing heart, and the "reward" is in the love and blessedness that are a perpetual part of all true righteousness. More truth, less creed, more spiritual companionship and less stilted aristocracy and pious show and sham is the need of all days and all men.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

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OUR WINTER CAMPAIGN.

It Will be Inaugurated by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

We are happy to announce to our readers that we have secured the services of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, one of the finest mediums in the world for the transmission of thoughts from the spirit side of life, and she will deliver twelve addresses, to be reported especially for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. These addresses will be from leading denizens in the Summer-land, who will, among other thoughts presented, detail some of their varied experiences in the celestial regions. These productions will prove of great value to our readers and will appear monthly. Just think for a moment of the feast of good things in store for our readers, and that, too, at the cost of only about 14 cents per week—16 weeks for 25 cents. Mrs. Richmond's lectures will fill an important niche in the Spiritualistic literature with which our paper will be crowded. The first lecture will appear about the 6th of December, and will embrace the "Spiritual Experiences" of Wm. Ellery Channing. Spiritualists, we are presenting you the very best thoughts of leading minds at a price within the reach of all, and we believe these addresses by Mrs. Richmond will prove a rare treat to our readers. Please manifest your appreciation of our efforts by extending our circulation. Other attractions will be announced from time to time.

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LYMAN C. HOWE.

We were gratified to receive a call from Joseph Beals, the President of the Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting. With his son, he was on his way to Denver to attend to important business interests he has there. Notwithstanding Lake Pleasant has passed through some severe ordeals, (one occurring last summer) under the management of its President it has emerged therefrom with clearer and brighter prospects. We admire his independence of spirit, his self-reliance, and devotion to the right.



BLACK ON EARTH.

Grandly Beautiful In Spirit-Life.

I.

That all humanity emanated from one common source, whether that source be Nature, Principle, Law, or a being designated as Infinity or God, no one has any reason to doubt. That all are linked together in one common bond, designated as humanity, is recognized everywhere; that the right to live is as sacred to the peasant as to the king; as important to the ignorant as the sage, and that "right" involves certain responsibilities. Health is attained by living in accordance with nature's laws. The thief, the highwayman, the murderer, the wife-beater and the liar, all can gain that important desideratum by following the methods that lead to it, and be free from pain and loathsome diseases. This is a characteristic of natural law as connected with the physical organization. To maintain good health, no religion, no adoration of any particular deity—Brahm, Vishnu, Osiris, Jupiter, Jesus, Jove or God—is necessary. It is maintained by living simply in harmony with Nature's laws, without respect to any religion whatever. There is, however, a spiritual law, broad and comprehensive in its nature, which is intimately connected with the soul, and which shapes its future destiny. The one who lives exclusively for self, whose whole aim is self-aggrandizement, and who takes no active interest in the welfare of others, has an equally narrow field assigned him in the spiritual realms. The selfish cultivate no heaven within them; the uncharitable cannot, while that feeling predominates, behold the transcendent beauties of the celestial regions; to the unforbearing, only the lower spheres of spirit life are open for their reception; to the egotist, the bigoted, the supercilious, the haughty and proud, nothing responds that is beautiful and elevating in characteristics.

Being a Spiritualist does not indicate that your spiritual nature is refined. Knowing that spirit friends can commune with you is no passport to their presence in spirit life. Proclaiming the truths of intercommunion between the two worlds, will not aid you in the least, unless you refine your spiritual nature.

II.

Off in Missouri, in early times, we knew an old colored woman. She was ignorant; she could not read, and her only treasure consisted in a magnanimous heart and generous impulses. Her presence was a benediction; her voice mild, sweet and gentle; and her only aspiration to do good. Aunt Chloe, as she was called, was regarded with reverential awe by the whites as well as the colored. She was blessed with a strange, weird knowledge of the efficacy of herbs, which she said God gave her. She was herself a healing balm; her touch even on the brow of the fevered patient would dispel the disease. She could, it was said, see God (it was a spirit) hear his voice, receive his kindly admonitions and advice, and learn how the sick should be treated. She had a large segment of heaven in her nature, and it bloomed there with transcendent beauties; a golden thread from the supernal regions entwined her generous impulses; her soul chords vibrated with a spirit as kindly, as nobly, as possessed by any earthly sage or philanthropist. She passed along in life, her grandeur of soul and philanthropic impulses acknowledged by all. Her mission was not altogether among the poor, but the wealthy sought her as a nurse. She had been a slave, and at times badly treated by a cruel and relentless master. After the war of the rebellion, she left him, and for a time he ignored her altogether.

III.

Finally, Aunt Chloe's old master was taken sick, given up by the physician to die, and she was sent for to nurse him in his last moments. Did she go? Yes, she did, for her God told her to go, and laden with angelic impulses, star crowned, and with a retinue of benign spirits, she retraced her steps to the old plantation. It was evening when she went. The sun had just set and the rainbow-tinted clouds in the west and the balmy air of summer time and the aroma of flower, garden and fields, seemed to be intensified a hundred fold as this dark-hued Savior passed along toward the home of her former cruel master. In her mind, however, she did not even chide or blame him; her God standing by her side enveloped her with the grandeur of his own soul, and she walked as if in a cloud of hazy light. She entered the sick chamber. The windows were open and the sweet scent of flowers and fragrant vines pervaded the room like an incense from heaven. Raising her hand heavenward she said: "Lor me, massa James, you ain't going to die! God says so."

Her face seemed to be illumined and her eyes to shine with dazzling brightness, and her actions like one having authority, and the attendants gazed at her with superstitious awe. She cast the medicine one side; compelled the attendants to go to an adjoining room, and then knelt in prayer by the side of her former cruel master. She placed her hand upon his head, and in tones pathetically sweet, and tremulous with the melody of heaven, she prayed not only for his restoration to health, but that his acts might in the future be more kind and gentle, and his presence a benediction to all. The prayer was crude in language, but as pure in essence as the flowers that bloom in paradise and as earnest as any ever uttered by the Nazarene. The man apparently dying seemed to rally, and whispered, "Auntie I have been cruel to you. Will you forgive me?"

"Lor yes, massa James, ize forgive you."

"Auntie, cure me, and I will be as good in the future as I have been bad in the past."

"Stop talking, massa James, and go to sleep. The Lord sees you shall git well."

IV.

What a grand scene. Heaven interblending and overcoming hell! An ignorant old woman, once a slave, forgetting all wrongs, banishing all hates, subduing all bitter feelings, standing by the side of her sick master night unto death, and with a halo of spiritual light beaming with all the beauties of heaven enveloping her—what a grand scene! With her hand gently laid upon the sick man's head she soon had him asleep, and then sitting there, he was charged with her healing magnetism; he was bathed with the divine essence that emanated from her soul as naturally as the aroma from a flower.

The morning was ushered in, not only with anthems of birds and chirping of insects, but there was rejoicing in that family circle, when the patient awakened, relieved of pain, the fever gone, and feeling apparently well. The daughters threw their arms around the old slave and wept with joy. The wife and mother raising her hands towards heaven, thanked God that Aunt Chloe lived to save her husband. Special provisions were made for her during her earthly pilgrimage. A fine cabin was furnished for her special use; and orders given that during her earth life, her larder should be supplied entirely to her liking. She was even assigned a special place of honor at the table. Her master, once characterized for his cruelty, had seen the River of Death, and could peer through its open door into the celestial regions, and now stood forth redeemed, dealing only in the currency of the spiritual realms.

V.

THE TRANSLATED.

Finally Aunt Chloe's mission was ended. The summons at last came to her. No death was ever grander, of philosopher, sage, king, queen or statesman. It was morning when the final summons came. The azure east seemed as if illumined with brighter colors, the aroma of flowers sweeter, and the air purer, as the family surrounded her bed and listened to her words of wisdom. She saw the angels around her bed and conveyed messages to each one, and told them of the beauty and grandeur of the spiritual realms, and exhorted each one to be good and do good. Her advent into spirit life was a pageant more grand than ever attended any earthly sovereign. She was spiritually wealthy. Her soul was beaming with charity and love.

Thus it often is that the humblest of God's children are selected for some noble work. And we say to you that without charity, without gentleness and kindness of spirit, without aiding to lift the burdens of others, and without doing something of importance for the general good, you have no currency of the bright spheres of spirit life. There are thousands of Spiritualists who cannot approach the sphere of light where Aunt Chloe now lives, until they shall have cultivated a spirit in harmony with hers—being good and doing good.

John R. Francis

The Magi in Chicago.

We publish this week a circular regarding the order of the Magi, which is designed to furnish the information asked for by many of our readers. We have no hesitation in saying from personal knowledge that the organization is all it is represented to be, and even greater and grander than appears from the outside. Its objects are noble, and we know of none other more worthy of the consideration of thinking men and women. All who are able, and who are suitable persons, should aid the good work by becoming members. We also publish a letter to Prof. Richmond from L. A. Hulse, Esq., of Lowell, Mass. The Lowell philosopher is a close student of science, and an investigator, belonging to the Boston Club, of which our esteemed friend, Prof. J. R. Buchanan, is the head. We think the letter will be read with much interest. All who are interested in the new light of the mysterious brotherhood, should not only subscribe for the official organ, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, but induce as many others to do the same as is possible. This will aid us in spreading the light to a waiting world.

Immortality and Our Employments Hereafter.

Our readers were informed in these columns several months since that the *Banner of Light* would soon bring out an enlarged edition of Dr. Peebles's above-named work. This handsome edition of between three and four hundred pages now lies before us, containing communications from spirits (Western and Oriental) through mediums in the South Sea Islands, Australia, India, South Africa, England, and nearly every portion of the civilized world. The new chapters embody the account of Dr. Peebles's seance in Jerusalem, and the one with David Duguid of Scotland, the famous spirit artist and medium for the Persian Prince Hafid. In brief, the book is a book from the spirits, informing us all about their homes—where they live, how they live, and upon what they live.

Our Deep Regrets.

For three or four weeks before our day of publication of No. 50, we gave notice that we would receive orders for that issue—the one containing the account of the Assassination of Lincoln. Orders came pouring in from all sections of the country, and to supply standing orders we issued an edition of 18,000. We did not anticipate that orders would continue to flow in, hence our supply has been inadequate. As the sums are generally small, we have applied the same to extend the time of subscriptions. We presume, under the circumstances, that this will be satisfactory. We could have disposed of 100,000 copies of that issue.

Two Prominent Women.

They appear in this week's PROGRESSIVE THINKER; one Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle in the Rostrom Course; and the other, Mrs. Helen T. J. Brigham, in parting words over the dear, good Mrs. Leah Fox Underhill. Both have something to say, and say it well.

Psychometry.

Continued from 3rd Page.

and a half at a time. Now as to the prediction, Dr. Ferris gave this reading some three or four days before the actual occurrence of the accident. I hope for a scientific solution of the problem.

D. BOYNTON.

O. S. Posten.

This gentleman was once a prominent lawyer of this city. He now resides at Harrodsburg, Ky. He has a high appreciation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the same as all leading minds. Thank you Bro. Posten.

A General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers Doings, etc.

H. M. Robinson, whose wife is a most excellent medium of Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "To say I have been blessed and satisfied with the paper does not one half express my mind. It is all its name purports. It is not only progressive, but aggressive, boldly advancing on the strongholds of bigotry and superstition. I have read many Spiritualists papers, but I can candidly say, I think THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER far in advance of them all. I carefully read each number, and then send it out on missionary work. Enclosed I send you two dollars for the renewal of my own, and a friend's subscription for one year each. Perhaps the many readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be interested to know of the progress of Spiritualism in Indianapolis. For two or three years previous to the last, the cause has appeared to be at a stand still in this city. About a year ago, however, the 'Indianapolis Society of Spiritualists' was formed, which has since been supplied by some of our best speakers, among them being G. G. W. Van Horn, Miss Emma J. Nickerson, Moses Hull and others, and during the current months of October and November by Mr. Frank J. Ripley. Bro. Ripley is doing a grand work, large audiences being drawn to his lectures. As a test medium and psychometric reader he stands among the best, very rarely making a mistake. During the past three months a second society 'The Mediums Home Society' has been formed and both are now in a flourishing condition. Bro. Ripley is open for engagements for the months of December, January, and February. His address for November is 513 North West St. Indianapolis, Ind."

S. M. Baldwin, a prominent Spiritualist of Washington, writes: "I congratulate you, Bro. Francis, that you have struck the key note for the millennial era. Your simple, heavenly teaching is becoming a stumbling block to the growing creeds, which, it is hoped, have had their day. Your paper comes in the nick of time to satisfy so many loving hearts for substantial salvation. I trust that you will have THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER run by a Stock Company soon as circumstances permit, so that it may continue after your promotion." Many thanks Bro. Baldwin, for your encouraging words. As to a Stock Company, No! most emphatically, No! The paper will live after us, and continue to do its work. We are now doing a philanthropic work, which we could not do, if hampered by a stock company. To the poor and needy, and to reformatory institutions we are sending out hundreds of copies free. You, Bro. Baldwin, and hundreds of other noble souls, who work to extend our circulation, furnish us the means to do this missionary work. Those who are interested in doing no philanthropic works don't train with us. They don't like our spirit and will not even contribute 1 1/2 cents per week, for our paper.

Mr. and Mrs. Aber, the excellent mediums, of whom Mr. Pratt of Spring Hill, Kan., speak so highly, have established themselves in their own home there, and are prepared to receive those who are seeking after truth.

Mrs. E. Cutter of Philadelphia, Pa., is at present engaged in Newark, N. J. She would like to make engagements with society meetings as test medium and psychometric reader. In the readings, spirit descriptions and names are given. She will go on terms to suit society. Address her at 97 Washington St., Newark, N. J.

A subscriber writes: The Spiritual Mission is held at 517 West Madison St. every Sunday evening at 7:30 p. m., by Miss S. Thomas, whose lectures are interesting and her tests genuine and satisfactory. Miss Thomas graduated from the Methodist church and brought with her all that was spiritual in her old religion on the principle of "truth wherever found," so that church people coming to investigate will not have their feelings harrowed up by rude antagonism. Is there a "Rachel weeping for her children and will not be comforted because they are not," let her read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER; and they should all read it, then let them call at the Spiritual Mission 517 W. Madison, or at the cozy rooms of Miss Thomas, 390 W. Madison, and hear her wonderful control and they will be no longer in doubt about their departed children.

Spiritual meetings at 93 S. Peoria St. are manifesting a greater interest. The People's Progressive Lyceum held its first regular session last Sunday, 1:30 p. m., with larger attendance than was expected. The discourse which followed upon the subject, "Love," by Mrs. E. V. Snell, was heard with deep interest with the different mediums who expressed themselves. Mrs. DeWolf gave independent slate writing, and others gave tests which made the meeting pleasant and profitable for all. Dr. Ferris will lecture and give tests next Sunday, in place of Mrs. DeWolf, who has accepted an engagement in Cleveland, Ohio, for two or three weeks.

R. J. McGrew, of Evansville, Ind., writes: "Prior to the introduction of your paper here we had a number of spiritual publications circulated in our midst; some good, some indifferent, and others worthless. No paper coming to us has struck the universal chord of human sympathy in such perfect union and harmony as THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Will C. Hodge, prominent as a lecturer, writes as follows from Davenport, Iowa: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER continues to be filled with good things, and it would seem that the article on the Assassination, in your issue of the 8th inst., ought to be an eye-opener to every man and woman in America in regard to the power and influence of the Roman church, while the splendid article in No. 51 ought to satisfy any fair-minded person, yes, and even the bigots, in regard to the Bible in the schools. Both articles should be put in pamphlet form, and a copy put in the hands of every intelligent man and woman in the United States."

A certificate signed by several persons, comes to hand from South Paris, Me., speaking in high terms of the mediumistic powers of F. W. Mathews.

O. R. Babbitt, of Seattle, Wash., writes: "A new Spiritual Society has recently organized in this city, with bright prospects of success."

Lyman C. Howe speaks at Peconic, L. I. N. Y., the 18th and 19th. He is engaged in Meadville, Pa., for January, 1891, and in Pittsburg, Pa., for December, 1891. He is yet free for February, March, April, May.

Dr. W. B. Mills of Saratoga, N. Y., writes: "Mrs. Stiles, of Boston, Mass., is our speaker and test medium now. She meets with great favor. Mrs. Emma Minor, of Clinton, Mass., will be with us on the 16th and 23d, and Mr. R. H. Knushow, of Montreal, will come next; not only as a speaker, but a resident of our beautiful city."

T. Babcock, magnetic healer, is located at Whitewater, Wis. His office is in the Temple erected by Morris Pratt, and dedicated to the cause of Spiritualism. He will be able, we hope, to do a good work there.

Mrs. Sarah Graves of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "We had our good Brother, Dr. A. B. Spinney, speak for us at the Union Spiritual Hall. There was a good large audience. Brother Moulton lectured for us on the 10th. We appreciate his lectures. Next Sunday we again have Dr. Spinney."

M. L. Stanwick, of Holton, Me., writes to us, speaking in high terms of Mrs. A. J. Martin, and Dr. E. Palmer, of West Garland. He says: "We were more than pleased with the result of our camp meeting, as we called it." He details how Mrs. Martin was controlled to play on the organ; she is now controlled to play on the piano most beautifully, thus illustrating spirit power. Mr. S. concludes by saying: "Our camp meeting bids fair to become a revolutionizing means in the ranks of Spiritualism; and long may we be blessed with the presence and faithful aid of its earth-side projectors, Mr. and Mrs. Martin. Dr. P. is engaged for next year's camp meeting."

I. L. M., of Quincy, Ill., writes: "There is far better authority to believe that President Lincoln was murdered through and by the influence of priests in the church of Rome than that Christ was killed by the Jews."

A MUSICAL MEDIUM.

Since the retirement of the inimitable Jesse Shepard from the exclusively superlative representation of the highest phase of musical phenomena for a literary career, we have been hoping for the advent of some gifted one to fill this regretted vacancy, thus to the world's sorrow made. With this hope came the mention of Miss Lina Crews, on the Pacific coast; of whom we still see some notice; but whose development does not seem to have kept pace with the needs of the cause, though she may yet rank as a star of the first magnitude.

Cora Denny has been playing only seventeen months and has sung only three months; yet her performance to-day is worth going a long distance to hear. When it is considered that Mr. Shepard played his first real music only after two years' training at the hands of his guides, Miss Denny is truly a wonder.

A girl of eighteen, yet very child-like, quiet and retiring, it is interesting to observe as she enters upon her work, an entire absence of fear or nervousness. With a most complete abandon to the controlling influence, she at once displays the most skillful and delicate touch of the accomplished musician of long training, and the general performance is one of great interest; while in the course of the evening she will at times produce passages like those of Mr. Shepard, which spontaneously unite the listeners in one breathless hush of awe—indescribable combinations of sweet sounds unlike any music on earth.

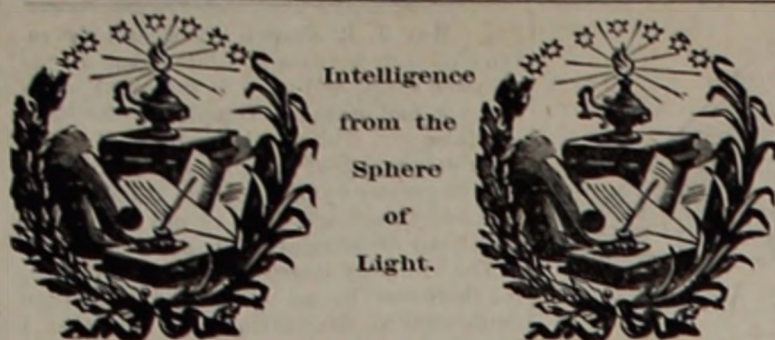
That the unseen artist is Liza, I can readily believe; as, having often heard his ever-to-be remembered playing through the organisms of two other sensitives, his style is unmistakably identified. So, when the analysis of this girl-child's ordinary voice is made, and the time of its training by the immortal Jenny Lind is taken into consideration, the spirit's claim, too, in this direction does not seem without reason. The qualities required for the sudden transitions of the voice, the ease with which these are made, the rapidity and precision of their execution, the volume of sound and the magnetic life and intensity of the outbursts of melody, all indicate that the sensitive is operated on by a very superior mind, if not a genius in vocalization.

Without musical education she plays neither by note nor ear; but it comes to her as with matchless skill; she performs or sings the most difficult music—classical, sacred and operatic—the pieces being seldom recognized—all of her work being genuine improvisations, and the words sung frequently in a variety of languages not her own.

We shall hope and pray that the destiny of this gentle girl shall be in the near future a most brilliant success, and thus be the means of bringing joy to the hearts of thousands who are interested in one of the most elevating and inspiring of Spiritualism's phenomenal phases—in music, the gift of gifts divine.

H. W. BOOZER.

Grand Rapids, Mich.



A NARRATIVE OF THE SUMMER-LAND.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

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

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FORSAKEN AND DESPISED.

Proves it that she
Was wrong in being constant in her love!
The man she loved in after years was not
The one who wooed her girlish love:
Her lover changed to fiend; and could she love
A fiend?

While engaged in this discussion, a spirit came near, on whose countenance rested the shades of grief and regret. She saluted the group with a low bow, for their dazzling brightness informed her of their superior purity and wisdom. Her salutation was returned, evidently to her surprise.

"Enter our circle," invited the silver voiced, "and be one with us."

"Not a heart as sad as mine," she answered sorrowfully.

"Here the tearful eye is made bright with gladness," said the Sage.

"Why are you sad?"

"Ah, noble sir, I am sad, and more than sad; I am in woe and misery. My heart is bursting with its secret grief."

"Why is it that one so fair and pure should be thus troubled?"

"Call me not pure; the words burn my brain. I am miserable because I am not pure."

"What have you done to stain your purity or make you sad?"

"Ah, it is a sad tale—one which should remain a secret from any but those as bright and pure as you. I was a happy girl. The day was but a round of happiness. I sang in the old forest to the evening breeze, culled flowers from the murmuring brookside, gathered moss from the gray old rocks, and listened breathlessly to the songsters of the grove, for hours. Ah, I was happy then! I had no cares of the morrow, and the world went cheerfully on without infringing on me or mine. I lived to love, and was loved in return. How noble was my lover! Such towering aspirations as he possessed, united with such gentleness and affection, I never found in another. We were youths then, but had loved for years; and I began to look upon him as mine forever. Then fancy built airy castles, in which we always dwelt; and hours and hours I passed in those delicious day dreams. Nothing so bright, so joyous, so beautiful, as 'Love's young dream.' How I have experienced that! how felt its influence! The heart-pangs those dreams have caused me have more than compensated for the short hours of bliss they afforded."

"After years of love, my lover left me—why, I never knew—and married one much my inferior in every point of view. Oh, that was a dark day—the darkest in my life! I sunk under its miseries. My brain seemed on fire, and long I lay in delirium; but my physical strength grappled with the disease of my mind, and overpowered it. I was again free, but no more the joyous girl I had been. I brooded over my crushed hopes in secret; stifled my aspirations as much as was in my power; and blame me not, great sir, if I called pride to my aid. Yes, pride was the greatest strength I possessed. A friend would have said from my demeanor that I cared nothing for him by whom my being was enthralled. And still more; to show my indifference for him, I married a man, my equal in talents it is true, yet as black-hearted as night. It was a childish revenge—one which came bounding back, and struck its keen edge in my own bosom. It was too late for repentance then—too late for hope! I soon found a misery greater than all. The man I thought I married, I married not. It was a sham, and the priest was a priest for the occasion. I was deserted, left in the heartless world, despised and scorned. Of the many friends I had previously, not one remained in the hour of my adversity. They passed me without recognition, while scorn mantled their lips. I had no friends, no society—nothing but enemies who hated and despised me!"

"Oh, it is fearful to feel continually the jeering taunts of those who once pretended to be friends! I could not bear it and I sank to rest. A kind mother who had been my support while I lived, had me buried beneath the family willow in the church-yard, and planted flowers over my grave. I was there when she moistened them with her tears, and I whispered to her, 'Mary lives with the angels.' The delicate breeze wooed the drooping willow, rustling to my thoughts, and blowing back the tresses from my mother's brow, revealed the care-worn features and the tearful eye. Oh, I was sad, sad! I was translated into a new world, of which I knew nothing. I sat down on my own grave, and oh, what sorrow I endured! I sat for a long time wrapped in my grief, not daring to stir for fear of encountering some one who would laugh at or scorn me, when one came near me, with the most beautiful expression of countenance I ever beheld. Perhaps I thought so because it was the first spirit I ever had seen. She took me by the hand, raised me up, saying in the sweetest voice, whose melody I yet hear:

"Be cheerful. Let not such saddening thoughts influence you. You are no more of earth. Heaven is yours with its joys."

"Oh, say not so!" I cried. "I am a poor, despised thing, with no one but my mother to think or care for me."

"The inhabitants of this world," replied she, "despise not the unfortunate, but pity those who grieve and under circumstances, especially such as yours. The people of the world crush and then despise the blighted flower. There, prejudice may exist, but it has no place with angels who read motives and are not misjudged by actions. We love the unfortunate for their misfortunes. Cheerfully, then, sister, go with me."

"I can not," I replied. "It will cause every one to look with compassion on me. I can't bear pity. I want to be regarded as when a girl I played in the old forest, or sang to the babbling brook."

"And that is as we regard you, not as those who commiserate."

"Ah, then I am happy!" I exclaimed in a flood of tears, and flung my arms around an angel's neck, and she returned the embrace with the same warmth."

"Then accompany me," she said, "to those who will by their love strive to remove every trace of grief from your mind."

I grasped her extended hand, and soon found myself in the midst of a band of bright beings, who came forward with joy on their radiant countenances, and with embraces manifested their friendship and love. I could not repress my tears; they came from an overflowing heart. The change was too great. The scenes of earth were still fresh in my memory. Even now, great sir, a shadowy recollection crosses my mind when I meet with these bright beings of my own inferiority, and I fear the scorn I never receive."

"Nor ever will. If any scorn you, they are not worthy of your contempt, much less your regard. Earth's children have a great lesson to learn, and that is charity for their fellows and regard for their feelings."

"If one so elevated as you despises me not, I will not care for others."

"Never let the thoughts of how men regard you enter your mind again. Riot it out by thinking how angels regard you. You took a false step; and who has not taken one false step? And is a false step in one direction so much worse than one in another?"

"The world regards it so."

"Mankind are governed by their lowest faculties. They see mistily the principles of right. To show you my appreciation of you, and to dispel every doubt from your mind, I request you to join our circle and become one of us."

"I feel so beneath you, I can not. It is too great a privilege to ask."

"You will confer a favor on us all by doing so, and place yourself in a position for rapid advancement."

"I cannot express my thanks to you by words."

This is the reception the broken heart receives from the angels. Their discriminative powers are used, and the thoughts weighed in an equitable balance. Be careful then, O man, how you condemn and despise the lowly; and the victim of circumstances.

CHAPTER XV.

DISCUSSIONS.

"Can ye burn the truth in the martyrs' fire,
Or chain a thought in the dungeon dire!
Or stay the soul when it soars away,
In glorious life from the mouldering clay!"

"Being now in the rudimental sphere, we might profitably tarry for a time, and improve the opportunity in learning various ideas entertained by the spirit before it has left earth to try the unknown realms of eternity," said the Sage.

"Then you still hold that man knows nothing of the future state while he remains man?" asked Hero.

"He can not know with certainty—all is obscure and doubtful. He may possess an interior desire for immortality, but he can not reason upon this important subject from the testimony of his senses; and he has no other data from which to draw his conclusions."

"Has he not the Bible?"

"What data can that afford, when there is no external evidence of its truth? And those who profess to believe it do not live exemplary lives as a proof of its inspiration. The fact is, that man believes not fully in immortality. If he did, think you he would not depart the earthly life with joy, when he was sure of being ushered into the presence of his God? Verily, if he recognizes fully in his conscience such a beautiful place as his ideal heaven, he would rejoice at grim Death's approach. Men profess to believe the Bible fully, and are terribly shocked if you question its veracity in the least. It is the idea they believe, not the substance, educational prejudice compelling them to take for granted that which the internal light of their natures condemns."

"Reason, they say, is carnal, and not of God," said Leon.

"and should not be exercised."

"Yes, and those who preach this doctrine, exercise their reason to shut the light from their own and others' understanding."

"That is the light in which it always appeared to me. I have heard preachers declaim by the hour on the fallibility of poor human reason, and the infallibility of the Holy Scriptures, exerting their own benighted reasoning powers to prove reason false."

"But why should they declaim so much against reason?" asked Hero; "they of course admit that reason and nature, as well as the Bible, came from God; why recognize one as superior to the other?"

"To support priestly rule, the mass must not think, nor reason, but be kept in ignorance. On these grounds, reason must be debased from all access to the Bible—for you well know that, admitting the right to reason on a subject, gives also the right to pronounce true or false. Without this privilege, reason is useless. When we reason on a subject, we are in doubt as to its truth. Our reason may condemn, and no one should question our right to obey its dictates, or condemn us for not accepting that which appears contrary to our understanding. If the right to reason on the Scriptures and the various church schemes of salvation be admitted, then we can, after mature investigation, condemn the whole or a part. To maintain the present system of theology, the Bible must be taken as an infallible standard. Everything must be measured by it. Reason, if allowed, would condemn a portion, and prove very hostile to the monstrous speculations drawn from mythic tradition. Hence it is hurriedly aside, and from one end of Christendom to the other, the cry is sent up: 'Trust not carnal reason and poor foolish nature; they have plunged more souls into hell than the arch-fiend himself, who bids you follow their guidance.' The whole fabric of the church system is founded on educational prejudice. This system, accumulated under priestly rule, has assumed the character of a dead weight on man's advancement, dragging him down to ignorance and blind servitude. Why is it indisputably the case that the lawyer, physician and clergyman are generally striving with their united energies, and have ever striven, to keep the mass in mental darkness? Simply because their whole success—their wages, depend on the ignorance of the masses concerning the organic and physical laws. Under these, and no other conditions, will they swallow stale doctrines and nostrums without murmuring. But set them to thinking, and they make sad havoc with the professions. If clergymen would preach practical lessons of morality, instead of such endless, verbose theorising, they would become more useful members of society. If the doctor would lay aside his antiquated theories and mystical technicalities, and discourse in a language which common sense could understand, explaining the laws of health and life in a simple style, his patients would soon know enough not to be sick. If the lawyer would strive with his brother, the clergyman, to elevate the moral condition of his clients, instead of arousing all the base principles of their natures, his quibbling falsehoods and deceptions would not be needed. Mankind, properly elevated by their moral teachers, would forgive the trespasses of their brother, as they already have the idea of doing, and not nourish those feelings of hate and revenge, too often found among the highest order of Christians. If all would strive to elevate their fellows, instead of keeping them in ignorance, how soon, think you, the race would be redeemed, and all these professional men who now live, like sharks in the ocean, on the smaller fishes, be compelled to forego delicacies for which others have labored; and with the motto, 'dig or die,' ringing in their ears, of necessity be forced to honest toil. The clergy have ever acted as a millstone around the neck of reformation, checking progress until it could be restrained no longer—when the mass, bursting through their efforts to hold them back, takes a mighty leap upward and onward, carrying everything with its accumulated energy. All the clergy's influence has been directed backward, while humanity has moved forward, despite their efforts. Their cries of infallibility are now but little heeded. Few have patience to hear the jargon of diplomatic physicians; and none but the ignorant have confidence in their remedies. A less number of persons think of consulting a priest while on the death-couch. The once prevalent idea of infallibility is fast decreasing. The question now asked is: 'How much do you practically know?' not, 'At what college did you graduate?' Oh, that the bright day, fast dawning, may shine forth, when every one will be his own master, his own sovereign, his own ruler, and govern himself with the strength of his manhood! Then shall we hail a millennium, where all will be developed up to the plane of the highest now on earth. Then we will hail an age of practical intellectual power and morality, shadowed forth in the vague prophecies of the past."

Near the place where they were reposing, a clergyman and an infidel were engaged in argument.

"Then you doubt all claims of the Bible to inspiration?" said the clergyman.

"Not only do I doubt, but wholly, totally disbelieve," replied the infidel; "what claim has it to my belief?"

"Why it commands all to believe, or be cast into hell, where there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth forever."

"Because it commands, is that a reason why I should believe?" was the retort, with a sneer.

"In truth it is, and a strong reason, too."

"Must I believe that which contradicts my senses?"

"If God says so, you must."

"Does not God speak through nature, as well as the Bible?"

"Yes."

"Do they agree?"

"Not apparently."

"Do they in reality?"

"I must acknowledge that God has seen fit to throw great mysteries in the way of reconciliation, and to my feeble knowledge they cannot be harmonized."

"Of the two, acknowledging both came from God, which one must be taken as a standard? Why, the written page, you say, descending through centuries, unknown as to its origin except its own assertion, and even if true, but the rude chronicles of a tribe of low barbarians. Yes, the written page, mutilated, interpolated, falsely translated, must be taken as infallible; and Nature, the living mouth-piece of Deity, the instrument through which he now speaks to mankind, must be rejected! God made nature, and pronounced it all right according to your Bible. We are left to

judge of its laws and actions. Our lamp is reason, which you attempt to ridicule and despise; and we call all Christendom to witness, that our lives are as correct as yours."

"You may be moral, and do right; yet morality is not religion. You are not baptized in the blood of the Lamb, and therefore can never enter life eternal. In the last great day you will be found wanting. Christ died to save sinners; but they must take up his cross."

"If Christ died to save sinners, of course without him none can be saved. By what miracle were those saved who died before him? They must necessarily all be lost."

"You deny the great doctrine of the atonement!" said the priest, in holy horror.

"I never could believe that my sins were to be laid on an innocent man. I expect to suffer for my own errors, and for no one's else. The world must be saved by its own merits—sink or rise by its own wickedness or goodness. Salvation must be by growth and not by blood even of a slaughtered God."

"Few, then, will be saved. If our own goodness is to save us, I fear few, few will ever enter heaven."

"Then few will; for to my understanding there can be no other scheme for their salvation—if saved."

"If saved! Why an if?"

"Because I feel the case doubtful."

"Why should the human mind desire immortality—why such an excessive hope in the future?"

"I answer this question by asking another: If man is not annihilated at death, why does he so sadly fear that end?"

"Ah, my dear friend, I fear the old master of evil has hardened your heart, and turned you to error!"

"Satan, do you mean? I do not fear him; in truth, sir, I never could see the use of the old rascal."

"Worse and worse! Where will you land next? Better disbelieve all else than that. The Bible teaches of a devil as much as of a God."

"And nature says that there is not, as plainly, and a thousand times more conclusively."

"Clergymen musily." "Disbelieves in a devil! why that says the very foundations of our theology, and destroys all our systems of salvation, all our creeds, our churches—everything. [Aloud] Nature teaches! Ah, vain and miserable mortal! you but exercise your carnal reason."

"If there is a devil, why does God suffer him to exist?"

"It is a part of his inscrutable providence to suffer him to tempt souls to hell."

"You say God knows who are going there; if they are doomed, why does he take all this trouble to obtain an excuse for sending them there? You say God made all things good: the devil is not good, nor never can have been good. Hence God could not have made him, and he must be co-eternal and co-equal with God, or else so good a being as God must be would not allow such a scoundrel to forever defeat his best plans. Hence your God is limited, and of but little use in nature's government."

"Oh, perverse sinner! Satan himself is in your heart. I can not argue with your stubbornness. Oh, when will you see the true way, and join our holy order?" He turned and walked away, leaving the infidel exulting in his supposed triumph, musing to himself:

"I hate these professors. They appear to think they have a right to abuse anybody who believes not as themselves. Our 'holy order!' Poor self-deluding fools!"

"How mistaken are both! One is as much as the other."

"It does seem," said Leon, passionately, "that there might be some means to converse with these our erring brothers, and convince one and all that they are in error."

To be Continued.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

SPIRITUALISM.

Is it a Religion?

Striking Phenomena and Incidents.

CHAPTER VI.

Religion is a belief in the supernatural. It is a belief in an incarnate God, who brought "life and immortality to light."

Spirits have manifested themselves to religionists in all ages, but these manifestations have been considered as belonging to the miraculous. It has always been an indispensable part of religion to believe in miracles. Spiritualism revolutionizes religious faith and effects a complete transformation in the character of religious ideas. Since the two systems teach or believe in immortality, it might be supposed they are in some way related to each other. They may seem to co-exist in the minds of many unsuspecting people, but the difference soon becomes manifest when an analysis of the mind's contents is taken. Spiritualism is continually taking people out of the churches, and has already demoralized Christian dogmas beyond any possible repair. Spiritualism denies that there ever was a miracle, that there ever was any necessity for an incarnate God, and confines her business to the relation she sustains to nature. All her phenomena are natural, and miracle, only to those who do not understand her mode of thought and action. Her uniform mode of action, by which spirits have made their return, has had the effect of stimulating some to further investigation; and to others it has had the effect to drive them into deeper superstition.

The same class of phenomena is not received alike, or rather, not interpreted alike by both Spiritualist and Christian. This is owing to a receptive condition of the mind of the one, and the lack of perception on the part of the other. I will mention a few reliable cases of the same class of phenomena, and give the different interpretations placed upon them. I will omit names here but will give them to any person who wishes to privately verify the same. The first is the experience of a professed Christian. His mind was somewhat in doubt as to the certainty of his conversion. He was laboring under a dark mental cloud, and desired more evidence that he had "been born again," as it is called. The test he asked God to confirm

his faith with was that he would shower rain upon him from a clear sky. He was in his field at this time, and the noon-day sun was shining brightly. As he arose from his attitude of prayer, rain descended upon him in profusion, while yet there was not an intervening cloud to be seen. This phenomena, or event settled his doubting mind and brought comfort to his soul.

He was already superstitious, and the interpretation he placed upon this phenomenon tended to make him more so. Here is a more complicated case, produced upon a different conditioned mind. It was that of a lady friend, who, when engaged about her household work was passing from the pantry to the kitchen, and being in a free condition of mind and asking no tests as in the former case, water was sprinkled on her forehead by unseen agency, and on returning and passing out again she was made to stumble as though there had been a rope placed across the door-way for this purpose.

This lady was just beginning to develop mediumship. She soon became an automatic writer in the hands of the invisibles, and it was her own sainted mother who cleared up the mystery of the water and the seeming rope experience. This lady has recently become clairvoyant. She is in possession of the keys that unlock the whole mystery, and no God figures in the affair. But how about the former case? Why, just this: the church holds the keys, and Christ alone can solve the mystery.

In what way does Spiritualism interpret it? It interprets itself. Here was a mind bordering on insanity, and brought, no doubt, to this condition through an uncertainty of religious belief. His spirit friends, cognizant of this fact, answered his prayer, whether objectively or subjectively, it matters not. The result was all the same. Had it been possible for them to have informed him of the real agency in clearing up his mind it might have destroyed the effect. They knew best, for here they let the matter rest.

I had a distant relative who had been educated in the orthodox faith, but had not subscribed to orthodox tenets. He was cutting a tree that he had felled, and casting his eye along over the tree, there seemingly sat a person. Being surprised at this visitor he turned his eyes away for a moment, and on looking again he had gone. This occurred before the advent of modern Spiritualism. His religious education was in keeping with the superstitions of his day, and he naturally concluded that the mysterious personage who had paid him a visit, was none other than Jesus. This conclusion might have been true in the light that the spirit of any other person could have come, and in no other. He became frightened over the circumstance, and went and got what is called religion, whatever that may be. He had a sister that was less superstitious. One day, while entertaining company at her own home, an outside door was standing ajar, and she sat looking across the fields and remarked there was a man coming towards the house. The rest could not see any one, and so told her. But she continued to describe his course, which was directly toward the house, and when he had approached within a short distance of the same she took a place back farther from the door, when the form presented himself in the doorway.

Forgetting for a moment that her father had been gone from the form fifteen years, she started to greet him and exclaimed, "It is father!" The appearance was so life-like and made such a lasting impression upon her mind that she insisted upon it to her dying day that she had seen the spirit of her father. If any one is prepared to say that she did not, let him proceed to prove it.

O. W. TENNANT.

Cape, Mich.

Mrs. Leah Fox Underhill.

A woman who has done much and suffered many indignities for the truths she was a noted instrument in promulgating, has passed from earth to the Summer-land. She was the elder sister of Margaret and Kate Fox, and the three were known as the "Fox Sisters," in the early days of modern Spiritualism. When the rappings and other manifestations commenced at Hydesville, Mrs. Underhill (then Mrs. Fish) was a resident of Rochester. On hearing of the disturbance at the home of her parents, she went there, thinking she could expose the tricks of the mischievous neighbors or others who were annoying her father's family. She soon found there was an intelligence and power beyond her human control. As the manifestations seemed to attend her young sisters, she determined they must leave the premises, and one was sent to the home of a friend in Auburn, and the other she took to her home in Rochester; but the rappings did not cease, and at her request friends took part in trying to solve the mystery. Subsequently followed the noted Corbin Hall investigation, which drew public attention to the phenomena.

When Mrs. Underhill was fully convinced of the spiritual origin of the manifestations, under the direction of spiritual advisors, she gave herself up to the work of demonstrating the truth. She suffered bitter persecution and was the subject of vile slander during the first years of the manifestations. It was some months after Mrs. Underhill had charge of her young sisters before she was aware of her own mediumship. She soon became a superior medium for the invisibles, and for years she bravely continued the work of enlightening the public, affording opportunity for the learned and the unlearned to investigate.

Something over twenty years ago the subject of this notice was married to Mr. Underhill, a prominent and well-to-do citizen of New York City, and there she gave up public mediumship; but she never ceased to labor for the cause, for she knew its truth and her whole soul was in it. In the last years of her earthly life she contributed freely to advance the cause she loved, and she greatly aided many poor mediums. A few years ago she wrote "The Missing Link," which is a wonderful record of her mediumistic life. I have known Mrs. Underhill well and intimately for more than forty years, and was conversant with many of the facts recorded in the "Missing Link." A brave, honest woman and a devoted Spiritualist has passed over the river, and those who knew her best will ever honor her memory.

R. D. JONES.

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