

Here is something further from Henry J.
Continued on third page

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

J. R. FRANCIS, Editor and Publisher.

Published every Saturday at 251 S. Jefferson Street.

Entered at the Chicago Postoffice as second-class matter.

AN ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

An Obedient Messenger Against the Enemies of Heaven.

In compliance with a plan long maturing, and believing we can be instrumental in doing a grand work for Spiritualism, Liberalism and Free Thought, and having faith that we can ultimately obtain a circulation ranging high into the thousands, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be furnished until further notice, at the following terms, invariably in advance:

One year, - - - - - \$1.00
 Clubs of ten (a copy to the one getting up the club) - - - - - \$7.50
 Sixteen weeks (on trial), - - - - - \$5.00
 Single copy, - - - - - 5c

REMITTANCES.

Drawn by Postoffice Money Order, Registered Letter, or draft on Chicago or New York. Postage stamps will not be received hereafter in payment of subscription. Direct all letters to J. R. Francis, 251 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

Take Notice.

Subscriptions will begin with number current when subscriptions are received, unless back numbers are desired.

At expiration of subscription, if not renewed, the paper is discontinued. No bills will be sent for extra numbers.

If you do not receive your paper promptly, write to us, and errors in address will be promptly corrected, and missing numbers supplied gratis.

In every letter that you write to this office, never fail to give your full address, plainly written.

A Beautiful Harvest for Twenty-five Cents.

Do you want a more beautiful harvest than we can give you for 25 cents? Just name and think of a moment what an intellectual feast that small investment will furnish you. The subscription price for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER strikes seven cents only twenty-five cents! For that amount you obtain sixty-four pages of solid, substantial, non-oriental and non-referential reading matter, equivalent to a medium-sized book!

CLUBS: AN IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

As there are thousands who will at first venture only twenty-five cents for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER six weeks, we would suggest to those who receive a sample copy, to solicit several others to unite with them, and thus be able to remit from \$1 to \$10, or even more than the latter sum. A large number of little amounts will make a large sum total, and thus extend the field of our labor and usefulness. The same suggestion will apply in all cases of renewal of subscriptions—ask others to add in the good work. You will experience no difficulty whatever in inducing Spiritualists to subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER; for not one of them can afford to be without the valuable information imparted therein each week, and at the price of only a trifle over one cent per week.

SATURDAY, DEC 20, 1890.

A CROWNING TRIUMPH.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER AT THE FRONT!

It is to be Reconstructed.

One Year of Unparalleled Growth.

For one year the PROGRESSIVE THINKER has appeared with unvarying regularity, and during that time its subscription list has been continually increasing in dimensions, until now it is much larger than that of any other Spiritualist paper published in the world. The same good luck that has always accompanied us in the past still abides with us, and we are constantly looking for still greater results. With this abiding spirit we commenced the publication of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, sending out at first a few circulars, in which we stated the following, under the head of—

"A MOST LAMENTABLE FACT."

"It is a most lamentable circumstance that all the Spiritualist papers published in the United States have not a circulation aggregating over 25,000. Just think of this, 10,000,000 Spiritualists, and only 25,000 of whom subscribe for a Spiritualist paper—only one out of 400! Hence we feel that we have ample room in which to work. Three causes for this most deplorable state of affairs have been given us by a careful critical thinker:

"1. The failure of those in charge to take a comprehensive view of the status of Spiritualism; or,

"2. The culpable neglect of Spiritualists generally to subscribe for a Spiritualist paper; or,

"3. The high price of subscription, it being far above the average secular paper, with much less reading matter.

"Those who are editing Spiritualist papers would naturally ascribe their diminutive circulation, and correspondingly limited influence, to the stinginess or culpable neglect of Spiritualists generally, while the latter would assign as a cause the reasons set forth in No. 1 and No. 3. We will state, however, most emphatically that we do not believe that the exceedingly limited circulation of Spiritualist papers is due to the parsimoniousness and culpable neglect of Spiritualists, we believe them to be the most generous-hearted, the most honest and moral of any class or sect of people in the world, and we entertain the opinion that nine out of ten who receive a sample copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will feel inclined to subscribe for it."

Having established through crucial investigation that Spiritualists as a class are the most moral people in the world, as set forth by the Hon. L. V. Moulton, in his address which we publish in this issue, we have now established another fact in their favor,—that they are liberal and generous. Their response to our businesslike appeals for legitimate aid to assist us in putting THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER in the front ranks, so far as circulation is concerned, has been most liberal. What do we mean by legitimate aid? Aid, for which you get fully, if not more, than value received. To beg for gifts, to write eulophantic letters appealing for assistance, to waste ink in pleading for the people to take stock—to that we plead not guilty.

Today, Spiritualists, we are proud to say, that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER leads the Spiritualist world in point of circulation. We have about 8,000 names on our printed mail list, saying nothing of orders from new dealers and meetings. It is no uncommon occurrence for Titus Merritt, of New York, to sell 50 or 100 copies at a single meeting. In order to fill demands from various sources we have been issuing

8,000 weekly, and we will next week increase that number. But our ultimate aim has not yet been accomplished. We started out with the purpose of leading all other Spiritualist papers in circulation, and we have done so. We now propose to take another step in advance. It has been our ambition—an ambition for which every earnest Spiritualist will thank us—ever since our enterprise was first inaugurated, to furnish for \$1 as much, or even more reading matter than our contemporary does for \$2. This accomplishment will be brought about at no distant day,—perhaps four weeks,—by using a type with a smaller body, but equally plain face. We then can give twice as much reading matter as any other Spiritualist paper published at one dollar per year, and as much, if not more, than the average Spiritualist paper furnished at \$2.50 per year. This we shall designate as our CROWNING TRIUMPH!

Yes, our paper will appear soon in a new dress, though only fifty-six weeks of age. Usually type for a Spiritualist paper is used from five to eight years, and then we have known begging letters to be sent in order to get assistance to purchase a new dress. Notwithstanding the great expense we have been to, and are still, and will be for sometime, we are doubly satisfied with results thus far achieved. Spiritualists, we are more than satisfied with your kindness, your forbearance and generosity. You see the result of one year's growth! You see that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER stands foremost in point of circulation, and its usefulness must be in a corresponding proportion. Though not perfect, though its editor is not perfect, this result has been achieved within a year nevertheless.

Spiritualists, in getting a new dress for our paper, great expense will be incurred. You can aid us by soliciting subscriptions. The vast field of Spiritualism in the United States is still unexplored. There are 10,000,000 Spiritualists in our domain. We want to reach this large mass, and bring them in contact with our literature. Only about one Spiritualist out of 300 takes a Spiritualist paper or reads the spiritualistic literature. Let each of our subscribers do a little missionary work for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Work over this vast unexplored field. Wherever you see a Spiritualist call his attention to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Without much trouble on your part our subscription list can be doubled. Just think of it, a well-to-do Spiritualist refusing to take any Spiritualist paper, even THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, which will cost him on trial only 14 cents per week. Such a Spiritualist is an exceedingly small specimen of humanity, as every reflective mind will admit. When ushered into spirit-life, if not so small that he will actually lose himself, he will at once rank himself as exceedingly "small potatoes."

Having established the fact that Spiritualists as a class are the most moral people in the world, and demonstrated that they are generous by nature, we wish to supplement this by showing that they are the most liberal people on all of God's green earth. That can be accomplished by giving THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER a decided boom! We wish to have it said that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has a larger circulation than any of the religious papers now published. We sincerely believe that our desires in that direction will be realized.

Spiritualists, become imbued with our enthusiasm, our zeal, our untiring spirit, our efforts to leave the world better than we found it, our feelings thatentine, as a continual support, the poor and unfortunate of earth! Let no sun pass over the western hills without your having done some good deed, or sent forth some loving aspiration for the world's redemption. If poor in pocket, if cramped for means, let good and holy aspirations ascend heavenward, as the mist ascend the sunbeams, and their benign effects will hasten the day of man's final redemption. If every thought and aspiration were pure, the millennial dawn would be ushered in at once; if you are poor in worldly goods, you can be rich spiritually. Spiritualists, work over, in behalf of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the vast unexplored fields in this country. Induce every Spiritualist to subscribe for our paper, if not for a year, none so poor that they cannot pay 14 cents per week for its weekly visitation, or 16 weeks for 25 cents. Assist us in making THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the CROWNING TRIUMPH of the age!

Though we propose to publish in our reconstructed paper, as much if not more reading matter than some of the \$2 papers, the price of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will remain the same. Just think, Spiritualists, of the gulf that has been bridged by THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It has spanned a chasm that is deep and wide, and demonstrated that a Spiritualist paper that has a HEART, that combines cheapness and excellence, can succeed. Now figure a little. This paper goes forth to thousands at about 14 cents per copy. There will be 27 columns of solid reading matter in our reconstructed paper. Here is a simple problem in mathematics. If we can furnish 27 columns for 14 cents, what kind of a paper could we furnish at 5 cents? Friends, at that rate we could furnish you NINETY COLUMNS of reading matter,—and not over one column of advertisement! and that is just what the \$2 papers should be doing, and would be doing if they were actuated by the same spirit of enterprise that animates us. Such a paper would be a marvel! It would embrace all of Spiritualism, all of philosophy, all of science. It would be a mammoth sheet, and would lead the world! It would be the admiration of everybody, and would have a world-wide circulation. But THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is large enough for all practical purposes. It can furnish a general summary of events as well as the advance-thoughts of leading minds.

Bear in mind, Spiritualists, that we are doing a philanthropic work with our paper, and bear the whole burden ourselves. Your subscription—even if only 25 cents at a time—helps us, and enables us to send the paper free to those not able to pay for it. Ever bear that thought in mind, when working to extend our circulation.

J. J. Moore of Liverpool, Eng., has issued the first number of *The Lyceum Banner*. It will be instrumental in doing a most excellent work.

WE CAN NOT IGNORE THE DEMAND.

It Comes From All Parts of the United States.

A Special Announcement.

The demand has been so great for the paper containing the facts in reference to the Assassination of President Lincoln, as set forth by Father Chiquin, that we have come to the conclusion to issue another edition some time in January. Several parties have already sent in orders for 1,000 copies each. We take this method in order that we can furnish them as cheaply as possible. Orders will be filled at One Cent per copy, or 75 cents per hundred. 500 copies will be sent to one address for \$3.50; 1,000 copies \$6.50; 2,000 copies \$12. News dealers should see to it that they order a large supply, for that number will be as staple as sugar, for all coming time. Let every Spiritualist see to it that their respective towns are supplied with this number. It will contain, besides the article in reference to the Assassination, about as much reading matter as is now published in any current number of the paper, making it throughout very attractive. All orders must be sent in before the date of issue.

Postage stamps will be received on all orders not exceeding 50 cents.

If ordered sent by express, the one ordering must pay express charges.

Every large city and every little town or hamlet should be furnished with a large supply of this number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Every church member, every farmer, every politician, every artisan, every true American, will want a copy, and will readily pay five cents for it, leaving a profit of at least 4 cents.

This number will contain valuable data for future reference.

We are corresponding with Father Chiquin, and hope to be able to furnish a special contribution from his pen.

Send in your orders at once.

The Freest Expression.

We aim to give it in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. This week Prof. Richmond gives his views on Astral Force and Magnetic Vibrations. That they exist and manifest peculiarities that are puzzling even to advanced minds has been amply illustrated to those who have taken the initiatory degree in The Temple. No war of words, no newspaper article, no critical review can settle the question; you must have this force and vibration demonstrated right before your eyes,—as plainly as the noonday sun, and that you can have done by visiting Prof. Richmond. The World's Fair will bring thousands to Chicago, who will avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them, and pay him a visit.

A General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers Doings, etc.

W. B. Mills, the well known medium of Saratoga Springs, writes: "We are having a prosperous time with our meetings. Mr. R. H. Kneeshaw gave the address last evening, followed by tests by Mrs. Elmer Ellsworth. Mr. Kneeshaw's address was very fine and Mrs. Ellsworth's tests gave the best of satisfaction. No doubt in a short time Mrs. Ellsworth will be in the field as one of the best test mediums we have. I know her very well, and can say I believe her a genuine medium. Mr. Kneeshaw has become a resident of Saratoga, and he is one of the best speakers I have had. He also has the gift of seeing, and will give evidence of his powers after each lecture, which are marvelous; those in want of a fine speaker and test medium will do well to write to him at 701 White St., Saratoga Springs, N. Y., at once, as but few dates are open for six months to come."

W. T. Kirby, of Sabattus, Me., writes: "We were organized under the laws of Maine, and although only a year old, we are successful in our meetings. We started at the home of one of our members, but soon the outside public began to attend, and as the tests attracted them, they soon obliged us to seek larger quarters, and near by was a large, old-fashioned church, vacated by the Universalists and Baptists, which we availed ourselves of, and repainted it, and now oftentimes the house is nearly filled, and the interest increases so that we are called a live society."

Mrs. H. S. Lake is now lecturing in Washington, D. C.

A. B. French entertained the Cleveland Lyceum lately with one of his admirable lectures.

Mrs. H. N. Read has delivered two lectures lately at Dimondale, Mich.

The Press, of Sherwood, Mich., says: "Mrs. Emily King, of Butler, has made many friends in Sherwood, Mich., during her short acquaintance here. She has talked at the Opera House on four different occasions, to a large and appreciative audience. Her talk last Sunday evening was very interesting, and her ideas on 'Progression after Death, or Spirit Life,' were certainly grand. She did not leave another appointment, on account of a series of meetings at College Hall. She is an earnest worker, and we hope she will speak to us again in the near future."

Bishop A. Beale is now filling an engagement at Indianapolis, Ind. He can be addressed at 98 Mississippi St., for engagements, during January and March.

J. W. Kenyon has been lecturing at Providence, R. I., where he created a great deal of enthusiasm. Jan. 11, 18 and 25, and Feb. 1st, he fills his second engagement at Fall River, Mass. He goes to Brockton, the 22nd. Prof. Kenyon well says: "All good spirits in and out of the flesh, hurray for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER!"

A. S. Prout, of Colon, Mich., writes: "Bro. Abraham Smith, of Sturgis, one of the old pioneers in the lecture field spoke to us last Sunday. Subject: 'Spiritual Gifts.' He showed that man always had these gifts in some form, ever since we had a history. He is a grand old man and a good speaker. Your paper is well liked here."

Hudson Tuttle and Emma Reed Tuttle have been lecturing during November before the Progressive Lyceum of Cleveland. The Ladies, usually very conservative, has published lengthy extracts of the lectures, and gave the one on the Religion of Man, almost entire. This was the most remarkable as it was one of the most uncompromising and radical ever given before the society. The lecturer said others might apologize, he had no apology to make. He arraigned the old system of religion before the tribunal of the people, and demanded cause why it should longer exist and now be blown to the limbo of dead and forgotten things.

Prof. Geo. P. Rudolph is billed for a lecture at Oberlin, Ohio, Dec. 13.

Mattie E. Hull writes as follows from Portland, Or.: "This evening, Dec. 8, finds us in readiness for our departure for California. Our work in this city was concluded last night, on which occasion the house was crowded to overflowing. During the past month we have held three Sunday meetings, and each Friday night meeting at the home of the Advance Thought. We came as we supposed for a week; our stay has extended for two months, and still we are urged to remain, but other engagements make it impossible. Our address for the present will be Oakland, Cal., 462 Ninth St., care of The Henry House."

J. A. Hall, M. D., of Palatka, Fla., writes: "I have doing work with the paper containing the assassination of our lamented President Lincoln, and I hope I have struck a key note for its invaluable paper. My friends say if I can induce you to republish the history of the assassination that we can get at least fifty new subscribers. One man said that he wanted twenty-five copies, and another said that he wanted a like number. Now if all concerned will go to work we can get you a hundred thousand subscribers. Let us make the effort."

H. E. Martin, of Dimondale, Mich., writes: "Mrs. Harriet N. Read, of Lansing, the veteran medium, spoke at our meeting Nov. 30. The spirits of E. V. Wilson and Mrs. L. A. Pearsoll, pioneers in Spiritualism, controlled her, respectively, speaking with their old-time earnestness. In the evening she held a meeting at our house, giving tests and communications. She will speak again Dec. 23."

A subscriber writes: "The People's Spiritual Society held its regular meeting at 2:30 p. m., 93 South Plover street, to a large audience. Dr. G. A. Ferris gave an excellent address on 'The God-Given Gifts and their Development,' after which he delighted the audience with several tests. Then followed Dr. Devero, of Bay City, Wis., who used to be a Catholic. He made some very appropriate remarks on the Catholic Church, and is going to fight it to the end. Mrs. DeKnevert gave some fine tests. Mrs. DeWolf having returned from her trip East, gave us a fine description of her tour which was interesting indeed. Brother Jenner conducted the services."

Dr. D. T. Gilman has removed from Omaha, Neb., to Colfax, Iowa. He has established a Sanitarium there.

Mrs. Rose L. Bushnell of San Francisco, Cal., a medium and literary lady of distinction, writes: "Socially my duties are many, yet I find time to read every word of your blessed paper. I see in this issue one of Sister Flora E. Rogers' poems. She is a genuine woman, a lady of refined tastes, thoughts and feelings; a medium highly endowed with God's most glorious gifts. Her beautiful soul-telling poems speak of the heart within. I look with much satisfaction over the field of spiritual work through America as well as Europe. I take nearly all the papers and note the signs of the times. Spiritualists cannot complain. Spiritualism is on the increase. Its truths are flashing like rays of electric light in many darkened abode."

W. H. Boyer, of Quincy, Ill., writes: "We have a society here of fifty members, and the hall is crowded full every Sunday till we cannot seat the people."

W. B. Bach, trance and inspirational speaker, who also gives tests, character and life readings from the platform, is open for engagements in the Northwest or wherever his services may be desired. Terms reasonable. Permanent address, 633 Cedar St. St. Paul, Minn.

S. N. Aspinwall, of Minneapolis, Minn., writes: "I engaged Dr. J. H. Randall, of your city, to lecture for us Nov. 30 and Dec. 7. His first Sunday lectures were well received by large audiences, and he was frequently applauded during their delivery, showing that he had reached a responsive chord, which forced a recognition and appreciation of the truths sent out upon the world through his organism by the spirits controlling."

A Letter From a Grand Old Man.

Elder F. W. Evans, near to a century old, grand in thought, grand in deed, grand throughout, thus expresses himself in a letter from Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.: "Go on and prosper. You are doing good. 'The Assassination,' 'The Mystic Brotherhood,' 'Christian or Buddhist?' 'The Forensic Contest,'—these are all grand articles, requiring courage of a high order to publish. A paper that is right upon so many points and principles, is worthy of support. I wish you success, and shall not fail to speak a good word for you in my sphere of thought and action."

The Assassination.

James Boyd, of River Side, Cal., writes: "I am sorry that I did not receive these PROGRESSIVE THINKERS with the poetry article. It seems to me that we want something like that to go up and down all through the land to wake the people up to the dangers ahead of us. Father Chiquin's book is admirable, and more, but its size and price delars many people from seeing it; but when it is put in such form as THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER puts it, everybody ought to have it. There is no doubt but it would be a useful document to put into the hands of Catholics, as well as Protestants, infidel as well as believer. Could you not republish the article in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER? Tract form would not be as good, from the fact that we want people to see THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER as a specimen of a live Spiritualist paper. I think no reader of your paper would object to your publishing again, and then put out as large an edition as would satisfy all demands."

LIFE SAVED BY A SPIRIT.

A Remarkable Adventure in a Louisiana Forest.

Two Brave Women.

Warned by a Supernatural Visitor at Midnight of a Little Boy's Fearful Danger, They Put a Murderer to Flight With a Pistol Shot.

Our house stood in a forest ten miles from the city. We considered ourselves fortunate if we got into town once a week, and in bad weather once a month. There were four of us. Mrs. Barton, her brother, the man of all work and I. It was a stupid place to live. Lonely and dreary at all times, but more so in winter, when it was usually all rain and no sunshine.

It was the last of the month and Mrs. Barton had sent the hired man and her brother into town for household supplies. They left at sunrise and were expected back in the early afternoon, but they did not come. The rain began at six in the morning and fell in steady drizzle for twelve hours, so the day was decidedly tiresome.

Instead of having tea at six, as was the usual hour, we sat down with a book with the intention of reading until old Martin and Willie returned. They were usually late, but we attributed that to the rain and expected them every moment to drive up. At time went on Mrs. Barton became uneasy, and, closing her book, she stood by the window peering out in the night. I saw that she was nervous, so, drawing her away from the window, I related the contents of a humorous chapter which I had just finished reading. I think she tried to listen, but I do not believe she heard one word that I said. I linked my arm in hers and led her to the front door that she might have a better view of the road than she could from the window. The atmosphere was dreadfully damp and hazy, but the moon shone faintly through the thin gray clouds, which were going slowly northward.

We had been standing in the door an hour, for the clock had just finished striking nine, and yet there was no sign of old Martin. I became uneasy, too, particularly for the reason that there was no man in the house to protect us if anything happened. Not that anything ever had occurred at Maple Grove to alarm anyone. To the contrary it had always been a very quiet place, untainted by the presence of all evil-hearted people. But at the same time I would have felt braver if old Martin or Willie had been with us. But I had no fears for their safety. I thought them much better off than we were in case of danger. The road was a long one, it was true, and a good part of it ran through the woods. But that was nothing to old Martin. He knew the road and all its turns and crooks, was a giant in size and strength, and afraid of nothing. He had lived with Mrs. Barton's family for years and was fond of Willie, as if he was his own son. Besides, Willie was a bright boy and brave. They had a strong wagon and were driving two large, strong and gentle horses. Worrying over their account was surely time thrown away. But Mrs. Barton did not seem to think so. She looked perfectly miserable.

It had grown a little chilly, and that with the dampness was not only unpleasant, but there was danger of taking cold. I advised Mrs. Barton to go in for a while, but she would have gone to the moon as readily. Seeing her determination to stay out in the night air, I resolved to stay with her. She walked out on the steps and shading her eyes with one hand, looked most searchingly down the road, but there was nothing of Martin in sight. She then began to walk up and down the gallery and I could see that she was painfully uneasy. I laid my arm lightly around her waist and walked at her side. I chatted all the while, trying my best to cheer her or lessen her anxiety, but nothing I said had any effect. I did not stop talking when I noticed this, knowing full well that stillness only adds depth to gloom. Ere we had taken many more turns up and down the gallery Mrs. Barton, unable to control the depression of her spirits, began weeping, and said that she knew something terrible had befallen Willie, and then she added:

"Father was devoted to him. I don't believe he loved any of his children as he did Willie. He always said he would watch over the little fellow and see that he never came to any harm, but their poor papa died, so he couldn't keep his word. I promised him that I'd watch over my brother as faithfully as I could, and I think he died easier for that promise. But I haven't kept my word. I shouldn't have allowed him to go so far without me. That wasn't taking care of him."

Mrs. Barton continued to cry and I to feel uncomfortable. I think it was nearly twelve when Mrs. Barton threw a shawl over her shoulders, and, requesting me to take care of the house, started out to look for Willie. But I had no idea of doing any such thing. The house was safe enough, but she wouldn't be at that hour of the night on that long, dreary road. In a moment I threw a scarf over my head and followed her down the walk to the gate.

Just as we were about to open the gate, we both saw the outline of a man in the distance. We returned to the house and there awaited the movements of the man. He was walking very rapidly and in a short while was up at the yard gate. We didn't see him open it, it was done so quickly, and in one second it seemed to me he was standing in front of us on the gallery. He looked to be a little past middle age, tall and slender, with a man of dark brown hair pushed back from his brow, rather fine features, which bore a striking resemblance to Mrs. Barton.

When he turned so that the light fell full on his face, Mrs. Barton gave a piercing shriek and fell on the floor in a faint. While I was busy trying to bring her to the man stood restlessly looking on. His face was colorless and his eyes expressing the greatest alarm, but he said nothing nor offered any assistance. Perhaps he knew that at such times men were a nuisance and profited by his knowledge.

As soon as Mrs. Barton became herself she ran in her room, calling her brother's name all the while, and returned almost immediately, bringing her revolver. I thought it was her intention to shoot the man, but,

holding it firmly in her hand, she walked along by his side out of the gate and down the road and into the woods. Her face was as white as his, but on she went without saying a word. Three times she fired off her pistol, and the bullets went cutting through the leaves in the distance ahead. The man walked on rapidly or glided—I never saw anyone walk like him—that he was ahead of her most of the time, turning and backing on her to hasten her steps every moment. But trying to keep pace with him was not an easy undertaking, still Mrs. Barton managed to keep within a yard of his heels.

When she left the house she did not take me to follow, but you may be sure I trotted along behind them at as lively a gallop as was breathless as either of them. We had gone about three miles when the man glided in the right, down a crook in the road, then stopped, and there was Willie sitting up against a tree with blood trickling down his face.

I wiped off his face with my handkerchief and saw that he had two ugly slashes from a knife, one on his brow and the other on his throat. He was a little faint from the loss of blood, but seemed in no danger.

With him leaning on me for a support, in case his strength gave way, we turned homeward, just as Martin drove up. He was a wild-eyed as an untamed animal.

Willie looked at him and smiled at the frightened look in his eyes, then began to chat, so we knew he was not dangerously wounded. We climbed in the wagon—all of us, except the man who had brought us there.

He looked at Willie lovingly when he saw that he was safe, and instead of the same painful anguish in his countenance there was a smile. Mrs. Barton, still pale, and trembling held out her arms to him, but the man with the food smile on his face flashed like a breath of vapor into the air!

The rough roads and the frequency with which the horses became bogged was the occasion of Martin's delay. Knowing that they couldn't possibly reach home before midnight, both agreed that it would be best for Willie to walk, which he could do very well by picking his steps, reaching home much earlier than if he depended on the wagon, and thus prevent Mrs. Barton becoming uneasy. When within a mile of home he was lifted up and carried back three miles, held as firmly as if he were in an iron vice. The person had crept up behind Willie and held him in such a position that he could not see his face. When Mrs. Barton fired her revolver the man through fear of being caught, threw two dashes with his knife at Willie, threw him from him in the place where we found him and disappeared rapidly down the crook of the road. That was all Willie could tell us.

We had all recovered from our excitement by the next day, except Mrs. Barton, and she was still nervous and unusually quiet. Late in the afternoon she opened her trunk and drew out a picture which she handed to me, saying as she did so, "That's my father." The moment I looked at it I saw the man who had come for us the evening before and guided us to Willie's rescue. He had the same face, the same features, the same mass of hair combed back from his brow, and bore the same resemblance to Mrs. Barton. I knew then that she had fainted from the sight of her father's ghost. Who the man was who attempted to murder Willie we never discovered, but we knew that the spirit of the father who had been dead ten years had saved the life of his son.

VIRGINIA PATNE HENRIEUX.

Passed to Higher Life.

Passed to the higher life Nov. 30, 1890, from his home in Shaftsbury, Seth Peabody, aged sixty-five years. He leaves a wife and four children to mourn the loss of the physical, but they all have a knowledge of spirit-communication, and realize that their loss is his gain. For long years he was afflicted with that terrible disease, consumption, but bore his sufferings patiently, often telling his loved wife that he felt the presence of his spirit friends, who came to strengthen and comfort him. Funeral services were conducted by the writer.

Passed to the higher life on Wednesday, Dec. 3rd, infant child of J. and E. Ellis. She was a bright little bod of promise. While the parents knew nothing of Spiritualism or spirit communication, we hope in time their spiritual vision may be opened, and they may realize her presence. Services conducted by the writer.

Clapac, Mich. NELLIE S. BAIRD.

To Cassadagans.

Messrs. Barrett and McCoy wish to announce to all who have subscribed for their work on "Cassadaga, its History and Teachings," that the work is rapidly advancing in preparation, and is expected to be ready for delivery by March 1, 1891. The work will be of great interest to all who have visited Cassadaga, or who are interested in Spiritualism, and in order that the size of the edition may be estimated, they will be pleased to receive the names of all who wish the book at \$1.50, delivered free. No money to be sent until notified that the book is ready. The work will contain, besides historical matter, articles by the ablest writers in Spiritualism. Address Barrett & McCoy, box 533, Mendville, Penn.

The Assassination.

To the Editors:—I have purchased and read Father Chiquin's "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome" since reading No. 44 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and I have become thoroughly alive to the need of doing something to stir up our people who have gone to sleep, and are completely oblivious to the danger that is steadily and stealthily creeping upon us.

I have tried all of the papers here, to get them to copy some of the items from your paper on "Rome vs. Reason," but in vain. They have not the courage or patriotism to print a single word, so, under the circumstances, I hope you will listen to my appeal, and help me to sound the danger signal here in the northern part of the old Bay State.

If you think you can fill my order for No. 50, 500 copies, let me know, and I will forward remittance at once, and give you my blessing besides; in fact, as regards that, God only knows how many times I have done that already. H. E. WALKER, Haverhill, Mass.

THE VOICES.

They Come With no Uncertain Sound.

C. A. Cowles, of Hamburg, Iowa, writes: "I like your paper very much. I take a number of spiritual papers, but I consider yours the best of all. We have had several seances given here by a truly good medium, Dr. A. W. S. Bohmer, of Brooklyn, N. Y."

C. Norwood, of Ludlowville, N. Y., writes: "The PROGRESSIVE THINKER is catching, catching, catching, in advance."

Mary A. Weeks, of Onset, Mass., writes: "I like something practical. We must dive into politics, if it is necessary, and see what we can do to abolish laws that place burdens upon the poor, the laborers of the nation, while they help the monopolists, syndicates and railroad kings to roll up their millions. I like the story of 'Aunt Chloe,' in No. 52. Thank heaven, there are a few such souls on earth."

V. C. Taylor, of Des Moines, Iowa, writes: "Next to the paper being a consummate exponent of Spiritualism, its radical liberalism is to me a great attraction."

Helen E. Greer, of Eureka, Cal., writes: "Your grand paper is doing much good here, and all the progressive ones seem to think they cannot get along without it."

B. Kent, of Steamburg, N. Y., writes: "I like your paper very much."

John L. Parker, of Stevens Point, Wis., writes: "The PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the grandest paper we ever read."

Mary Ingraham, National City, San Diego Co., Cal., writes: "I think THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the best spiritual paper published."

Mrs. E. J. J. of J. J. Dale, N. Y., writes: "I am highly pleased with the tone of your paper, and it merits my approbation."

W. L. Wheelock, of Bridgman, Mich., writes: "I consider THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER one of the best, if not the best, spiritual papers published."

Mrs. E. J. J. of J. J. Dale, N. Y., writes: "I am reading your paper every week with great interest. I am especially attracted to articles written by Prof. Olney H. Richmond. The lecture entitled 'Vibrations,' 'Life and Motion in Matter,' was the magnet."

Mrs. E. J. J. of J. J. Dale, N. Y., writes: "We anxiously welcome THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER on the day of its reception. Its angelic truths we hail with gladness. The dark clouds of error are being scattered, and light glories illumine a dark world."

L. Agnes Moulton, of New York, writes: "I am reading THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the best agent for the dissemination of light and truth to those who are groping in darkness and doubt."

Viola A. Arnold, of South Chicago, Ill., writes: "Every week your paper comes to us laden with good things."

Thomas S. Kizer, of Decatur, Ill., writes: "I feel satisfied, if we had some one that could give us some lectures, and tests in addition, it would benefit us greatly here."

Mrs. E. J. J. of J. J. Dale, N. Y., writes: "This makes thirteen names that I have sent you. I think so much of the paper that I am doing what I can to increase its circulation."

C. A. Shattuck, of Brighton, Ind., writes: "I think THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the best spiritual paper that I have ever read."

W. F. Shaw, of Princeton, Mo., writes: "I am gratified to notice that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is everywhere meeting with favor and increasing patronage among liberals and Spiritualists. It is certainly doing noble work in the interest of truth and religious liberty."

Wm. Hicks, M. D., of Rockford, Mich., writes: "I am willing to write and pay the postage myself, to get all the subscribers I can. May the good angels stand by you until you reach the list of subscribers to at least one million, for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the greatest educator that is printed in the world."

Mrs. S. E. Warner, of Topeka, Kansas, writes: "I read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the best paper that I ever read. It is so full of spirit and force. It always reads me to sit down and read it."

Mrs. A. R. Fulton, of Des Moines, Iowa, writes: "I am much pleased with your paper."

S. M. Arnold, of Watrous, Mich., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is one of the best papers in this world."

M. H. Henry, Jr., of Pawnee, Ind., writes: "I like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER very much, it is the sun of the spiritual journalistic horizon."

Mrs. E. D. Schull, of Oberlin, Ohio, writes: "I am much pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and hope its light will be kept burning."

A. Eldebach, of Flatonia, Texas, writes: "I am glad I can find your paper. I am more than pleased with it."

F. L. Fletcher, of Westford, Mass., writes: "I like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER very much, as my renewal will show."

John J. Van Male, M. D., of Bleck, Cal., writes: "I like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the best and most liberal paper that I ever read."

A. J. Kline, of Decatur, Mich., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the best educator of the present age. I had rather cartload my bill of fare to me than to sit down and read it."

Capt. Wm. A. Brown, of Washington, D. C., writes: "Rejoicing, I congratulate you and the Cause, on the rapid and richly-deserved success of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

L. M. Tarbell, of Ludlow, Vt., writes: "I should feel I was out of sympathy should I not take even one number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I trust you may be yet spared many, many years, to publish your fearless, progressive articles, and do all the good you can, as the lamented S. S. Jones tried to do in his time."

Dr. G. W. Balcom, of Marshalltown, Iowa, writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a most welcome visitor to me and my family."

Mrs. E. M. Jendry, of Leicester, Vt., writes: "I have never seen your paper until the past summer. I was very much pleased with it, and for the first year, and this is the fifth friend I have ordered it sent to."

M. A. Reddeman, of Pomona, Cal., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is just away ahead of any other paper I ever read. Every number is a feast of good things."

Mrs. Emma Rader, of Boontown, N. J., writes: "I like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER so well that I shall hereafter be a life-long subscriber."

E. E. E. of E. E. E. of E. E. E., writes: "The more I read THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the more I enjoy the rich and grand principles it contains."

C. H. Williams, of North Hanford, N. Y., writes: "I enclosed \$1 for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I have been without it for some time."

E. Wilson, of Salt Lake City, Utah Ter., writes: "I am very much pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Wilson Bray, of Lameville, N. J., writes: "I took your paper on trial, and our verdict is, good enough."

W. H. Bentley, of Ionia, Mich., writes: "I enclosed please find \$1 for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the grandest paper out."

B. F. Gage, of Petoskey, Mich., writes: "I am much pleased with your paper, and intend to continue to read it."

S. Sullivan, of Covert, Mich., writes: "I cannot get along without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Mrs. A. C. Thorpe, of Hancock, Minn., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the best paper for the money in the U. S."

J. J. Marsh, of Rochester, N. Y., writes: "I have become so well pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER that I have concluded to subscribe for one year."

Mrs. H. D. Homestead, of Palmyra, Me., writes: "I have taken this very interesting and instructive paper ever since the first number was issued, and never intend, as long as it lives, to do without it."

Dr. T. J. J. of T. J. J., writes: "We would not know how to get along without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

E. J. Gager, of St. John, Kansas, writes: "I am a reader of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and like it very much."

Alex. Thompson, of Paris, Mich., writes: "We are all well pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It keeps up with the times, although it is but a baby yet, not a year old."

Henry S. Miles, of Randall's Island, N. Y., writes: "I am lonely without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It is the beacon light of this nineteenth century."

J. J. Swabe, or Lockport, N. Y., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the best paper I ever read. It is one of the greatest helps to those who are trying to ride on the bygone waves."

E. Elmer, of Lodi, Ohio, writes: "I wish to continue THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER without a break, as I have been very much attached to it in the sixteenth week of its life. I had it."

K. Smith, of Ashland, N. H., writes: "Go on with your work. The angel would be with you. The most advanced minds are for you. No other paper has yet been established as a suitable voice for the media of the best minds of this age. Your labors will be crowned with success, if not financially, with success in raising the minds of your readers to a higher plane of action."

A FORENSIC CONTEST.

Continued from first page

Newton, a man of large experience; he says:

"Although there have been, as I have stated, Spiritualists who were free lovers, it has never been the doctrine of Spiritualism, and in my thirty-five years and more of the investigation of the subject, I have never heard a spirit advocate that doctrine. The spirits with whom I have communicated (and there have been a vast number of them) have been emphatically opposed to any such system."

If you will go back in the history of Spiritualism and look at the characters of such men as Judge John W. Edmonds, Dr. Robt. Dale Owen, Epes Sargent, Rev. John Pierpont, Gov. Talmadge, and hosts of others in this country who were the founders of Spiritualism, you will find they have left a pure and unsullied record."

I have here a book by M. E. Billings, "Crimes of Preachers," which contains a table of over 2,000 crimes of preachers, in this country and Canada, as reported in the papers. These are tabulated and classified as follows:

Total crimes as charged, 2,053; against women in a sexual way, 849; against women in other ways, 264; total against women, 1,113; all others, 940.

This authority says: "The statistics of crime, including the preachers, show that but about three per cent. of all crime committed is against women. Do the ladies always tell on the dominion?"

In this list, the highest is adultery, 335, and seduction next, 191. Total 526, over one-fourth of the whole list.

Another table, giving denominations, heads the list with Methodist, 165; Baptist (a close second), 101; running along down the scale, and ending with Unitarian, none.

From report of Detroit F. of C., I find in one year, 2,636 commitments, of which, only 35 were for the sexual crimes; 1,323, over fifty per cent, were Catholics; 1,136, over forty-three per cent, were Protestants; 4 were Jews; 1 a Mormon; 172 no religion.

The last would, of course, include the Spiritualists. Over ninety-three per cent Christians, against less than seven per cent of Jews, Mormons, Spiritualists, Atheists, Agnostics, etc., all told. Of 177 convicts sent to Jackson in one year, only five were sent for the crimes under consideration, and not one for adultery. From the table of occupations we find a fact, which possibly explains it. There was no clergyman among the lot!

One of our lecturers, Jennie B. Hagan, told me that her home is near the Massachusetts State Reformatory for Women. That at one time inquiries were made, and out of over 300, there was found only three Spiritualists. A great many were there for street walking, and like offenses. If Spiritualists are licentious, is it not strange there were so few of them there? As to the first steps to crime, strong drink led the list; seduction next, in which latter cases preachers and priests came in liberally as seducers. Now, all this does not prove that Christianity is bad, or causes crime. It does show that such evidence is no proof that Spiritualism leads to licentiousness; if so, the same is true of Christianity. Also, that assumption of superior morals, on account of creed, is not true, and also that there is plenty of work to be done in the church.

When the clergy have plucked out the beam from their own eye, they may be able to see clearer to pluck out motes from their neighbor's eye. We believe there are many noble, sincere and pure people in the church and ministry, but they have not, as a class, reached such perfection that they can afford to throw stones at the religious belief of others.

Now, what has Rev. Dr. Phelps seen all this? What company has he been keeping? How long has he been in the church? Not among Spiritualists. He does not associate with them. Can he mean what he says?

"Eternity only can reveal to us all its hellish works, wrought out within the radius of Christian churches and Christian life." Can it be that he means that he has seen it in the church? Some of the facts I have put before you would acquit that way. I cannot say what effect it might have, should those who know the truth of Spiritualism deny this truth, stay in the church, and try to put the new wine into the old bottles.

Possibly such a "hellish work" might result; I have not tried it—have not been in the church; but have been among people who dare to speak out an unpopular truth without fear or favor, and have seen no alarming amount of crime going on among these.

Let us consider the matter from another position: Is it true that licentiousness is rampant in the country? We do not believe it. Year by year, generation after generation, the people are improving. We have faith in the God within us, in the aspirations and upward tendencies of the race; in the germs of future possibilities planted in us by our Father above, which struggle up toward the light forever and ever. Go back to the early history of the race. Take the Bible. Father Abram palmed off his wife as a sister, upon the Egyptians, and is rebuked by them. (Gen. xii.) He again plays the same dirty trick on a heathen ruler, who learns the truth in a dream, refuses to commit the crime, and rebukes him again. (Gen. xx.) This good old patriarch turns his own son Ishmael and the mother out to starve, and it is all right in that age. David, "a man after God's own heart," commits adultery and murder, to gratify his free love, and many other villainies. Such things would not be tolerated in any civilized nation to-day, not even in the church. However, in Scranton, Pa., Rev. Peter Roberts a few days ago is unanimously sustained by his church, after being convicted in court of breach of promise, and fined \$3,000. He made no defense, was in hiding when tried, and was shown to have committed seduction, lustfully and abominably.

Some traces yet left of the good old times of the patriarchs, it seems. But these are exceptions. The churches are improving. Impelled by science and secular civilization, they are compelled to modify both creeds and usages. David had a son Solomon, reputed the wisest man of his time, who could discount his father in the free-love business. He had 700 wives and concubines. In those "good old days," polygamy and concubinage was the rule. Women were bought and sold, or captured

in war, like sheep. They had no rights that men were bound to respect. Divorce was very easy then. If a man liked not his wife, he had only to write a bill of divorce himself, alleging no reasons, and send her out, she was utterly helpless in the matter. Innocent or guilty, she must go. Then licentiousness and easy divorces were truly rampant. Such things are not tolerated to-day. With Jesus and the apostles, a new and better dispensation came in, but they were heretics and infidels to the old system. Polygamy and concubinage were gradually abandoned, and the right of the wife to remain, unless guilty of adultery, was eventually established. She no longer could be turned out at pleasure. But Paul says: "Woman was created for the man, and if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands," etc. They are commanded to be under obedience. "Man is the head of the woman, as Christ is the head of the Church," etc.

The dominant idea of the New Testament dispensation, in this regard, is the subordination of woman to man, not her equality. Its improvement over the preceding system was the monogamic idea, that she had some rights, and could not be put away without cause. Giving her the right to stay if she behaved herself well, was a step forward. The world makes progress, and with the secular idea of marriage, there comes a more exalted idea of woman's sphere. Mutual rights and duties are the new rule. Each equal, and each supreme, in their proper sphere and function. This secular dispensation declares also: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," but does not confound or substitute the word of a priest with or for, the word of God. No prayer of priest or preacher can interfere with or change the laws of nature, or the attractions and repulsions of the human heart. The will of the priest is not necessarily the will of God. The doctrine of the sacredness of the marriage ceremony, because performed by a priest, has been productive of misery, and prevented education. No prayer of priest, or ceremony, will take licentiousness or brutality out of a man, and no woman is bound to endure and suffer, because of some supposed sacredness of a vow or divine sanction of an intolérable union. People are coming to understand this, and look upon marriage from the secular standpoint, as a civil contract. But that is no proof that they are growing licentious.

We should shake off creeds, and find out what is going on in the world. All religions are adapted to aid people to do better. If one should fade away and another take its place, the new will preserve all the good in the old. The idea of marriage is that a man and woman should each take the other for a companion, and abide together for life, in peace, harmony and happiness, joined together as one flesh. This often occurs, now, and such need no strong bonds, of either church or State, to hold them; they can not be parted asunder. I have two children and a wife whom I love dearly. I do not abide with them because of canon or statute law, but because of the higher law of God implanted in man's nature. All agree in this ideal, and to bring about such a state in every family, is the object sought by all good people, in church and out, Christian, Spiritualists, or infidel. Dr. Phelps says: "Let good people come to the front and make their influences felt." We agree with this. But how? Go into politics? Seize the power of the State and make more law? Why, my dear sir, we cannot thrust the strong hand of the law among the heart strings of a man and woman, and make them love each other. "Make one code for men and woman alike?" We heartily agree! But that is the secular idea. That is heresy. We say one code for man, woman and preacher. Do not retain the preacher in the pulpit, excuse and cloak his sins, and kick out and damn his victim. We do not object to uniform divorce laws, but who is to make them? Will we practically unite Church and State, and make laws according to the alleged "divine law." Laid down in this book? Who is to interpret it into secular statute? The priest or preacher, orthodox, Protestant, Liberal Protestant, Catholic or whom? I can find in that book, polygamy, monogamy, celibacy, easy divorce, hard divorce and much else. Which of all these shall prevail. As samples of a few texts see:

Gen. xvi, 3; Deut. xxv, 5; Judges xxi, 21; Matt. v, 32; 1 Cor. vii, 1, 8, 9, 10, 11, 27; Heb. xiii, 4; Gen. xx, 2; Deut. xxi, 11, 14; Hosea, i, 2; 1 Cor. vii, 32, 33, 38; Lev. xx, 21; Deut. xxvii, 32; Num. xxi, 18; Heb. xiii, 4; 1 Thess., iv, 3.

Many more contradictory and incongruous texts can be found. As stated before, any tune can be played with the texts of this book. We have in past time danced to the music of union of Church and State, with a priest for a piper. To help on the festivities they lighted the fires at Smithfield, and devised the *Auto-da-Fé* of the inquisition.

In the words of our critic: "God only knows of the wail of suffering and despair wrung in blood drops from the hearts of its devotees." "Eternity only can reveal to us all the hellish work, wrought out" by a union of church and State. Let the priest-hood keep their holy hands out of our family affairs, and those of the government. Let the State remain divorced from the Church. Then secular reforms will carry forward the good work of purifying the marriage relation, by placing woman the peer and equal of man. The electrical science, the power to attract, implies the power to repel. Before marriage woman exercise this, and all these old men know how attractive the wife was then. Let her always retain this right to control her own person, and exercise such rights according to her *purser instincts*. Married life thus be one long honeymoon, and the race improved.

Take this matter from the church and science will grapple the problem, and disclose the laws of God, implanted in our nature. Then teach these laws to our children, instead of creeds, and they will learn to choose and live aright. Divorce courts will then have less to do. Why do people seek divorce? Rev. Phelps appears to hold that the object is usually greater freedom for indulgence. The motive is oftener to escape licentiousness and filth, and to protect the applicant from rape, and

indecent assault from some drunken brute, authorized by law to do so, and often backed up by a priest, or preacher, with solemn ceremonial. This struggle to escape, indicates a healthy reaction against disease, of some sort, rather than moral death.

No good doctor treats symptoms only, but from these learns the cause of the disease. To arbitrarily compel people to stay together, by law, whether content or not, will not cure, any more than to make people hot when chilly, and cold when burning with fever, will antidote the poison of malaria.

The laws of heredity, and pre-natal conditions were observed in breeding cattle, even as long ago as the days of Jacob. When these are observed by men and women, then the race will be rapidly improved, whether they are married by a justice, a preacher, or not at all. If they mate properly and live properly, they will stay together for life, and bless the race with healthy morally developed children. To secure a higher type of humanity, the appetites and passions must be subjected to the intellectual and moral elements in us. Does it tend to corrupt the morals to teach people that their so-called dead friends can watch their every act and their most secret thoughts? Hardly! Spiritualism teaches continued existence for man, after death, in which he reaps what he sows here, the open communion with and watchful care of, our spirit friends; purity and love in this life, as a proper sowing for a rich harvest of happiness hereafter. What better can any creed or church do than this? "Why count me thine enemy?" Our critic is a stranger to me. In conclusion I have no reason to believe him other than a good sincere Christian, doing as well as he knows to better his fellow men, but Rev. Dr. Phelps has made this bitter and libelous attack upon the cherished faith of millions of his fellow citizens, unprovoked. He affirms from what he knows, it originates in fraud, is kept up by deception, and induces licentiousness in its dupes. He ought to expect us to resent it, and be prepared to prove his allegations. We believe we have admitted all the evidence that he could bring forward. We only regret that he could not be here to present his own proofs, we have shown plenty of bad people in church and pulpit, not to prove that their religious belief has made them bad, but to show how utterly inadequate such proof is, to show that a belief in Spiritualism leads to crime. We have not sought this. We are on the defensive, and have submitted proofs to show that we are not deluded or licentious. These proofs he must meet, or admit his error. If he knows how we have been deceived, let him tell. If he knows the effect to be licentiousness, let him prove. It is a crime against humanity, if he knows so much, to refuse to disclose it. To keep silence is confession of error. Induce him to make disclosure in some way, if possible. Don't let such valuable knowledge die with him.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

MESMERISM.

The Medical Profession, and the Law.

I prefer to do just honor to science and scientists by saying mesmerism, not "hypnotism."

In a daily paper a short time ago a gentleman says: "Should hypnotism become generally known, especially among the intellectual criminal classes, the whole country would be at the mercy of rogues. Nothing could be safe from their reach." This is an exaggerating statement; it implies that every rogue could mesmerize every individual he wanted to, whereas professional mesmerists have to find "subjects" to operate successfully upon. It is, I think, a general fact that criminals and ignorant persons in general cannot learn the science of mesmerism; we know there are individual exceptions; but we know also that there is a general law of intellectual and moral ability that keeps beyond the comprehension of the vulgar that which would be dangerous in their hands. In my opinion mesmeric power is not easily attained or used; many could go through most of the books on the subject and still be unable to understand or use it.

The gentleman referred to (Mr. Morris Ellinger) further says: "It is only a question of a very short time before hypnotism in this country will be regarded as a legitimate science, the same as it is in France, England and Germany, and then it will be absolutely imperative that the law recognize it and adopt methods for its control." Now I would like to know if the law does not recognize the powers of mesmerism, and if there is not enough law already to punish all kinds of crime? Those who seem to recognize mesmerism the least are the M. D.'s of this country; how many M. D.'s are mesmerists? How many works on the subject are written by M. D.'s of this country? And if the reader wants a sample of "medical" reason and experimenting I refer him to Dr. Hidenblain's little book on "Animal Magnetism: Physiological Observations"—to compare it with his personal knowledge and the other works on the subject.

Now Mr. Ellinger wants a law passed "to control the practice of hypnotism"—granting it use only to the medical profession. For he says: "Comparatively few people of recognized standing, out side of physicians have paid any serious attention to the matter." But facts support Dr. Clark Bell in saying: "The American physicians have neglected the science, while the French, English, German and Swedish doctors all regard it as an established scientific fact. None of the latter dispute the wonders of hypnotism as demonstrated in the Parisian hospitals in the cures wrought by hypnotic suggestions." And no wonder that Dr. Bell "six months ago prepared an exhaustive paper on the subject, urging the medical profession of the whole country to take up the study of hypnotism and treat it with the seriousness of thought that it deserved." I do not see how we can agree with Mr. Ellinger, that, "The great danger lies in the possibility of the public at large becoming acquainted with the powers of the phenomenon before adequate laws regarding its use have been passed," of course these "adequate laws" would limit its practice to the medical profession. We will judge further on if they are capable to handle the "powers of the phenomenon." It seems to me that

according to Mr. E.'s own view of the matter the only safety for the "public at large" would be to get acquainted with all "the powers of the phenomenon" as soon as possible, because, if the law can limit the outward practice of Mesmerism to the medical profession, it cannot prevent an individual villain from acquiring the power, and then making more easy victims of the unsuspecting public at large. Nor can I see how Mr. E. can consider the medical profession "better qualified to judge upon the nature of its control than any one else" when Dr. Hammond tells the following story of how he handled the powers of the phenomenon; he says: "Not long ago I placed a patient in a hypnotic sleep and gave him a lead-pencil, telling him that it was a pistol, and to shoot himself through the heart. In obedience to my command he fired the weapon as supposed and fell in a faint on the floor. He supposed that he was dead, and so strong was this impression imprinted on his mind that it was several hours before I succeeded in arousing him." Just think of it! But Dr. Hammond thinks that "This experience only goes to show the mysteries and awful powers that attend the practice of hypnotism." But it shows more, it shows in strong light the folly of a reckless and careless experimenter! and such conduct deserves severe censure. Every mesmerist, and I think even the public at large, knows more of the disastrous effects of a sudden mental shock than to do any such thing as this. Who would the law hold responsible for the death of a child who drove a dagger into its heart, having been told by its father that if it did so an abundance of gold coin would flow out? Suppose the impression on Dr. Hammond's patient had been a little stronger—and it might have been twice as strong and he would not have known it, until the command was given to fire!—and the shock had caused the action of the heart to cease,—and the patient had died!

Verily the public ought to be protected against the "powers of the phenomenon."

How can the law control the practice of mesmerism? Can the law check individual scientific advancement? When I come home and find a member of my family suffering with a raging toothache which nothing will stop, shall the law say I have no right to allay that pain? Or when on another occasion this same child was horribly scratched in the eye by a cat, shall the law say I have no right to soothe that eye into insensibility? When one sees a little boy going along the street with a cigarette in his mouth and an accompanying get-out-of-my-wayish air, has one no right to tell that boy mentally: "You are deceived, my boy, when you think you appear manly. You should not smoke nor be so proud?"—and if I haven't any right to do so, can the law prevent me?

Mesmerism in itself is a grand science; and having the power to do much good, has its necessary correlate in the possibility of doing much harm with it. Dr. Bell spoke nobly when he said: "How far can hypnotism, properly administered, be used as an incentive to higher education?" How far can it be used as a means for moulding character and lifting the aspirations to nobler ideas and higher planes of action and life?" It will do a great deal to uplift character. And it is a terrible thing to see low tendencies phrenologically visible in a young life and no chance of correcting them save careful training. Every father and mother should understand mesmerism. Its value in moral guidance, in allaying pain and curing disease, is inestimable.

The medical profession denied stubbornly the curative powers—in fact all the powers—of Mesmerism for years. Let M. D.'s hold to medicine; Mesmerists to Mesmerism; Mental Scientists to "Mental Science," etc., and see which can prove itself "fittest" by surviving in the present spread of knowledge and advance of science. C. C. SMITH.

New York.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

AN AGED LADY.

Her Son Materializes in Her Presence.

Not very long ago the writer of this was holding pleasant converse with some old friends in their snug little parlor on Logan avenue. After a time his eye fell upon the photograph of an exceedingly interesting old lady whom he was told had lately passed away in California. His friends had several times been in that favored State, and spent some years there. In one of their later visits they became acquainted with a dear old Methodist mother in Israel whose name was Drake, and the photograph in question was her shadow. Mrs. Drake had reached the ripe age of eighty-six or eighty-seven, was beloved of every one, and shown every attention. She had survived all her relatives and descendants and was living alone, "only waiting till the shadows were a little onger grown." She often remarked that the did not see why it was that people seemed to love her so much, but it was a fact, and all the neighbors were down to her as by a magnet. She was now rapidly nearing the Spirit-world and the foregleams of coming glories lighted up her features with that sweet calm that is not of earth.

The friends whose guest we were were Spiritualists, and Mrs. Drake knew it. She had had a peculiar experience, and she questioned them much about Spiritualism. They gave her all the information they could, and the reasons of their convictions. The old lady told them a story of her own observation, and they were forced to remark: "Why, Mrs. Drake, you know more than we do, and yet you come to us for information!" She had lost a son some years before by a dreadful and sudden calamity. He was her only support and the pride of her heart. Of course her affliction was very great—almost too grievous to be borne. But after his burial he came to her in her home as natural as in earth life. She knew she had seen his body buried from her sight, and yet there he was present with her. He endeavored to console and comfort her. He spoke of his untimely end, and said that it was all for the best. He would do all he could to make the remainder of her life journey peaceful and pleasant, and it would not be long before they would be together again in the beautiful world to which he had been called. She talked with him familiarly and naturally day after day for two days, when he disappeared. But he

left her reconciled and at rest. She had not mourned for him since, and looked toward with pleasure to a re-union not far away in the distant.

Some friends of Mrs. Drake got together and raised a sum sufficient to place her in a home for aged people, where after a year or so her life ebbed sweetly and peacefully away.

Our Denver friends were not in California when she passed to the Spirit-world. The photograph upon the table which had attracted our attention had been forwarded to them at her request. R. A. REYN.

Denver, Col.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

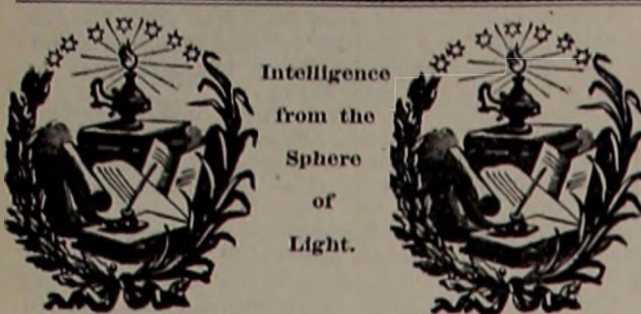
STRIKING BACK.

That is What he is Inclined to Do.

Ministers Must Not Assail Spiritualism With Impunity.

Did you see the article regarding the sermon of J. J. Phelps in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER? was the salutation which every reader of your paper here received from every other reader after the receipt of your issue containing it. Can malignity, hate, slander, intolerance, and bigotry go further than such utterances, slandering hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of good moral, honest, intelligent people, as this "follower of the meek Nazarene" does in a Christian pulpit? Is it not time that Spiritualists begin to take notice of the insults, so often and so openly repeated, and thrust them back into their throats. If this bigot was called on for the proof, does any human being think or believe for a moment that he could make good his assertion? I will ask Spiritualists all over this country to examine themselves and their surroundings, and try to count within the circle of their acquaintance and knowledge, how many such cases as he has described, have occurred? I make bold to say that where one real medium has strayed from the path of rectitude we can point to a thousand preachers who have done so. Where one Spiritualist has done the same, we can point to another thousand of professing Christians who have gone astray. Where one authenticated case of a Spiritualist having become demented, we can point to thousands of cases where religious excitement has driven them crazy.

Why will Spiritualists let such assertions pass, and not resent them to the fullest extent? We are not looking for war, but they are continually forcing it on to us. Unless provoked, I believe that every medium and every speaker on the spiritualistic rostrum minds his or her own business. We, as an ism, have nothing but kindness for every one. We condemn no one. We cheerfully and tearfully acknowledge that humanity is fallible, and instead of condemning, we are continually trying to cheer, to build up, to assist, and throw the mantle of charity



A NARRATIVE OF THE SUMMER-LAND.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

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

CHAPTER XX.

THE SAGE CONTINUES HIS ADDRESS.

Pearls of Wisdom for all to Consider.

(CONCLUSION.)

You turn from these in disgust and blush! But enormities as great stare you to-day in the face, from which you withdraw your charity. An age of iron called for blood. These things were necessary concomitants of the struggle for civil freedom. Four jails and prisons, and the manner in which you treat your prisoners, though mild, compared with the past, are harsh, when compared with the standard of humanity.

Society has a right to protect itself, but it has none to infringe on the just rights of the individual. If a man threatens you with injury, you are justified in restraining him, and if gentle means will not do, in using strong measures; but never are you justified in taking his life, or maiming him intentionally. The fact that he injured you yesterday does not justify you in retaliating to-day. Revenge is the basest of the animalities. In the undeveloped state of things now existing, the majority are born with bad organizations, in all classes of society. Reared from the embryo in the worst conditions, surrounded by circumstances calculated to excite alone the animalities, why should you be astonished that men are as they are? They are surrounded by objects which excite their acquisitiveness, by companions who allure them on to crime. They are bred amid filth, vice and corruption, with scarce food enough to sustain the life within them, or fuel to keep them from freezing; while all around is wealth, luxury and comfort. Blame them not, brother; you would lie, and steal, and cheat, if you were similarly situated.

The disposition to crime is a disease, like lunacy and other cerebral disorders; and charity should teach pity and not revenge.

How were lunatics treated a few years ago? You shut them up in dungeons, gave them straw for a couch, and only a little grating window through which to look out on the beautiful world! Then you appointed iron-hearted men, almost devoid of humanity, to oversee them. When they screamed and tore their clothes, and gnashed their teeth, and twined their fingers through their hair in their agony, they were scourged, lashed, bruised and beaten. Did you cure lunacy by these means? "Never, never!" echoes the cold, damp walls. Enlightened humanity stepped in and said: "Lunacy is a disease," then insane asylums arose amid beautiful parks, comfort, convenience and health were consulted; the insane were taught that they were not hated but loved; and now the consequences are apparent. The lunatic is sent back to society a useful man.

Take the criminal; shut him up in a cage as you would a wild beast; give him nothing to divert his mind from his gloomy situation. He feels crushed and insulted; he feels that in him humanity is outraged. What do you shut him up in that dismal place for? To protect society? No, but for revenge, cold-blooded, premeditated revenge. He knows this, and resolves, when he regains his freedom, to profit by the example. He passes his gloomy years in concocting desperate plans of revenge, and is turned loose upon society like a fierce tiger from the jungle. Your roofs shall blaze now. Your property and life be in danger. You have made him worse by such training.

So of the drunkard. You despise him as you do the criminal fresh from prison. Both feel that their manhood is forever lost; and, do they ever so well, they feel that it is impossible for them to retrieve their former position. You say the murderer is past all hope, and you hang him for an example. Once, and that but a short time since, he was seated on his coffin, and paraded through the streets, and the gallows occupied the most conspicuous position in every town. Crime was then more prevalent than now. Such scenes do not intimidate and frighten the lower faculties, but rather excite and feed them. You now acknowledge this, and hang the poor culprit in one corner of the prison yard, out of sight. Crime is not awed by fear, and the gallows cheapens human life, the inviolable sacredness of which should be inculcated by every possible means. In none of these proceedings is charity exhibited. Take the drunkard away from his influence of his associates; take the poisoned cup from his burning lips, and apply healing balms to his wound. If you retain men for revenge and retaliation, and if your object is to intimidate others, then apply the lash, and invent tortures at which a demon would shudder. But if your object is to reform the unbalanced, and send them home to their friends and to society regenerated men, capable of struggling honestly with the adversities of life, then a great change must be made in your prison system. The offender's morality and intellect should be aroused, and everything which excites the basal or animal propensities avoided.

Have charity. Do not say that any one in their present circumstances, can do better, but place yourselves in their path, and become a new circumstance in their lives. Copy benevolence from the external world. The rain falls equally on the just and the unjust. Gifts are bestowed alike on the savage in his wild forest home, and the most refined Caucasian in his beautiful mansion.

Again you ask: "How can we become exalted in the spheres?" He who seeks exaltation for his own sake will be debased. Genius may soar on eagle's wings, tireless and strong, but the same wings which carry it to heaven will, when used by a perverted mind, depress it downward to perdition. Great men are necessary, and to them the race are loyal at heart. Genius may tread secure in its upward march among the precipices of fame, and so long as it keeps its eye steadfastly fixed on the radiant orb of truth and love, it may go on until it rests upon the summit; but so sure as it looks down with contempt on the masses toiling below, whom it has outstripped in the race of life, with scorn or egotism, so surely will it grow dizzy and fall, mangled and crushed, on the rocks below—its light put out when in its noon-day glory.

Men of genius a tremendous responsibility rests on you. Strive never so hard, and you cannot accomplish the work demanded of you. The towering mountain which overlooks all its neighbors is a sublime spectacle to behold. From its craggy sides flow many crystal streams, to water and fertilize the warm valley below; where the flowers bloom in fragrance, and the grass spreads its downy carpet over the hills; where the cool breeze waves the sighing forest, and ruffles the beautiful lake. Away up on its granite brow the storm and the sleet beat in wild fury, and the avalanche plows great furrows in its jagged sides. Thus genius, which towers above common men, must expect to live in a different climate, and encounter storm, tempest, hail, snow and driving sleet, while those on a lower plane enjoy the warm sunshine. The demand is, to manfully combat all opposing forces, and, like the mountain, resting on its strong basis, present a granite front to the battle.

All have duties to perform to their fellow men. It is in vain to cry, "I am not my brother's keeper." Mankind is a great brotherhood. The depression of one individual depresses all, as a blow of the hammer moves the earth. So the elevation of a single mind is felt by all. You cannot progress without dragging the whole world after you. Are you envious of the fame of the great discoverer or inventor? Be not so; the light is not shut from you, for by their efforts has been opened a larger field for your research. Most men make themselves prominent by putting out other's lights. These do not appreciate the truth that by bringing the world with them, they can accomplish an infinitely greater good. The Nazarene understood this. His precepts, his philanthropy, his pure life, embraced the race and he lives forever. If any one would speak through the coming ages, he must do likewise.

Thus you perceive what exalts the man; what depresses him? The pursuit of wealth has no correspondence in the Spirit-world. The miser and speculator are men of this world. They are respected and called great. All their powers of mind are directed in one channel, and that the accumulation of wealth. In their haste for riches their intellect is perverted, and the rank weeds of error luxuriate in the neglected mind. After death they awake the same in every minutia of thought; but having no real objects upon which to exert their selfish desires, the only channel through which they can receive enjoyment, is closed, and they are miserable. On earth nature always presented to them the sunny side; now her light flashes up but to reveal their hideous development. You know that these cannot be happy but miserable, under this recoil of the moral law.

Death is a great leveler. When Charon wafts the weary soul over the Styx, he strips it of all its wealth, titles, honors and ornaments. The mind remains in its unconcealed magnanimity or meanness, and gravitates to its proper sphere. Kings and nobles awake and find themselves kings and nobles no longer, and hence are greatly disheartened with heaven's grand republic.

The condition in which men are born has great effect on them here. You do not expect the ignorant boor, the vagabond who roams your streets, to be as elevated as yourselves. Why? Because the circumstances in which he was reared, and over which he had no control, made him ignorant, vicious, and criminal. But perhaps in the infancy of future ages, you will behold the power of that vagabond's mind transcend the united strength of Newton and Humboldt.

If you would exalt your children through life and eternity, make the family circle harmonious and pure—a primary school where all the virtues, and magnanimity are taught.

No parent should be guilty of the unanswerable crime of bringing into the world an immortal being, unless able to bestow a healthy constitution, and the long continued, patient care essential to prepare for the race of life, what can be expected of children bred in antagonistic unions and the atmosphere of animal passions?

Instead of striving to be born again, have the first birth what it ought to be—what every child has the right to exact. Do not talk of correct maternity, for the mother but cherishes the gem given to her care. Correct paternity! A pure and holy fatherhood is demanded. Although the errors and misfortunes of sinful conception and untoward conditions may be and are outgrown in the ages, the demands of earth life alone are more fully answered by being from conception to maturity at the best.

You ask what is the condition of spirits? That is but one law and condition of happiness—to do right; Which means adjustment to the laws of being.

This is as true of the Spirit-world as of earth, which are intimately blended, and the passing from one to the other is like going from one room to another, the only change being as that of garments.

The earth is the first stage in the life of the spirit, and not without profit as those believe who regard it as an evil to be borne, and escaped from by death.

Immortality is necessary because of the constitution of the mind. Every individual has the germ of an intellect which if fully developed would surpass that of the ideal angels. Shall that germ never be allowed to develop? Nay, there is no soul made in vain in creation, and if man cannot be developed on earth, he will have an eternity in which to expand hereafter. Men look on the surface when they speak of greatness. Very few kings, lordings, or autocrats are great; he alone is truly great, who not only has love, not only philanthropy, not only wisdom, but all of these combined into one harmonious whole. Then harmonize your being; make this the object of your lives. "Eradicate your peculiar evils one by one, with a firm faith in success. Your position, estimated by the world's standard, is nothing. The poor beggar shall stand on a higher plane than the proud king, and many a poor African will be more elevated than his master."

The slavery of the body is terrible, but incomparably more that of the spirit.

A great incubus hangs over the American nation; stand from under when the weight falls, for fearful will be the crash. That incubus is a small cloud compared with that which rests on the mental firmament. Mankind are ever ready to drag the corpses of their dead ideas after them, traveling slowly onward, but looking wistfully over their shoulders at their old superstitions, and hence are very liable to stumble in their course. How loudly you praise your free-thinkers! But how free are they? How can you clamor about your reformers! Your free-thinkers are bound by superstition, and your reformers have their strong prejudices. Here is one who attenuates his ideas until he becomes as befogged as the fogies he has deserted, and riding his hobby until he is as bigoted as those he decries.

There is one who goes out into the future a little way and stops, frames his ideas into a creed, and awaits the coming up of the advance guard of the world. He forms them into an army looking around to prevent any from passing or leaving him. The stream of life is choked, and must stop at the creed, until it has accumulated sufficient force to sweep away the reformer and all away on its impetuous current. Luther built a strong craft, but must use some parts of expiring Catholicism in its construction, and it was no sooner finished than all progress stopped. Men are slaves to their passions, their creeds, their superstitions and prejudices. He who dares to stand up nobly defending his manhood and acting true to his convictions, is but one in millions. You laugh at the Chinese compressing their feet until they can scarcely walk, while you yourselves are greater slaves to fashion.

Where is the natural man or woman? All have some distortion. Well might the rude mind refer the deformities he saw in his companions to judgments of the gods, and look back to a period of perfection, from which he had fallen, instead of forward to future perfection.

Every man and woman should consider themselves individual sovereigns, to think and to act as best pleases themselves, if they do not infringe on the rights of others. There should be no conformity except to Nature. The thoughts of yesterday, if they cannot bear the light of to-day, should be cast aside. If you take any part of the old craft to build your new one, it will be bungling and incapable of withstanding the rough waves of reform. Cense lopping off the branches, and strike at the roots of error.

To be perfect, thereby, great, should be the aim of all. Not as Caesar or Alexander, as warriors not as Laplace and Cuvier in intellect, not as Confucius, or Plato, in morals, but as all of these combined in one. For the advance of the race it is well to have the vanguard go out from the circle in tangents, but for the individual this is injurious. The perfect mind is represented by a circle. Specialists go out in their particular directions until the circle is almost obliterated, and although science has been in this manner advanced the individual has suffered. It must be accepted that such distorted development, special, narrow and one-sided, receives and distorts the truth in the same manner, and only an harmonious, and full-rounded mind can give it perfect expression.

There is one last and greatest subject for consideration: That is true religion. All creeds, beliefs, and moral systems melt into one fundamental command:

DO ALL FOR OTHERS.

The golden rule: "Then for all things whatsoever ye would men should do unto you, do you to them," is not enough. Jesus himself by his life taught a higher rule, for he devoted himself to the good of others, and gave himself a sacrifice to that principle. His constant struggle arises from the idealizing of his perfect unselfishness. All the great deeds of history, sang in verse and told in story, are the products of self-sacrifice.

THE IDEAL ANGEL.

When we picture in imagination angelic beings, they are arrayed in spotless purity, and no shadow of selfishness is upheld in their actions. They are absorbed in doing for others, and thereby gain the greatest happiness. That we are able to entertain such ideals proves that we are ourselves capable of actualizing them. We can become all that we aspire to become, for the ideal is a dim prophecy of what is possible for us.

Man as an immortal being, with infinite ages for progress before him, occupies the most exalted position conceivable, and as the next life is in continuity with this, the ways of angels are not, and should not be foreign to him. The rule of the conduct of his life should be to do that singly which has relations to his future life as well as the present.

The angel-life should begin on earth. Man is a spirit, flesh, elixir, and stands in the very courts of heaven if he so desires. Circumstances and cares may impose their burdens, yet it is through such struggles strength of will and nobility of purpose are acquired.

You have seen a plant whose lot was cast in a desert spot, growing amidst stones in a sandy soil.

It strove to perfect itself in the fullness of its nature, and mature its fruit, but the rains ran away and left its roots parched and the air refused its dew. A scraggy stalk, with ill-shaped leaves, and a few pale blossoms, are all of it, yet the fruit matured under these unfavorable conditions; its fruit is perfect. The plant has been true to the laws of its growth, and made the most of the surroundings.

So should the spirit make the most of its environments, comprehending that sunshine or clouds, day or night, success or defeat, are the threads woven by time's shuttle into the web of its destiny.

The spirit stands on the eminence of life, and sees before it an infinite vista of joys in acquisition unending. Terrible and sublime position! bringing magnanimity of thought and purity and fervor of purpose. Why should we hate those who injure us? The injury is only of the hour, and to-morrow will be no more than a mark on the sands effaced by the waves. Why anger, when those who call it forth so far beneath us? Why envy, when we have only to reach, and the qualities envied are ours.

Every soul inherits the possibilities of infinite acquirement, and some time we shall deserve this inherent quality, and find those now degraded, perfect and beautiful beyond our present conception.

As the angels are perfect, and their realm is harmony, so ought you to labor to make the present life as a lower stage. Earth life is too brief to waste in any pursuit which bears no benefit to the immortal state. Every selfish act is waste, for the deeds of love alone are treasures carried to the higher life.

When the Sage had concluded, Leon spoke to the group which had drawn close together, but his words were not heard by the circle.

"Once for all the principles of conduct of life, based on an eternal existence, have been clearly presented, and the dominant motives of its rule disclosed.

The world worships at the shrine of unselfish action, and the real Bible of humanity would be a narrative of self-abnegations without a reflected thought of self. Here Christianity has its fundamental hold on the human heart. Let the sharp winds of criticism blow away everything else, prove miracles idle tales, its doctrines false, even Jesus a myth, and yet there remains the ideal, divine character, exalted, ennobled, purified by the fervid fancy and innate aspiration of man for excellence through all historic time. This ideal has gathered force from intellectual culture, and of necessity is a part that may be called "the spirit of the age." Take this away, and Christianity is a dead and withered bough.

The central thought and ideal are held in common by all religions, and are the heritage of the race. Hence, if we cast aside all the dogmas, trappings, creeds and extraneous teachings, which hedge in and obscure this germ-principle, we still retain all that is essential for the highest and purest moral growth. The idea of superlative excellence expressed in a God, wrought in every human soul, and possible of complete expression in god-like thoughts and actions, is never assailed, is always tacitly accepted as the spirit of the highest civilization.

"Once, in the days of our earth-life, do you remember," said Hero, "that yachting excursion when we sailed by Scotland into the grey northern seas? Aye, you remember! We had recently sailed the Ionian Sea, by the lovely isles of Greece, and the contrast heightened the weirdness of the rocky coast and turbulent waves. We went as far as the desolate Orkneys, where the poor people fight a desperate battle with nature for their lives. Yet even there, the fundamental principle which distinguishes humanity from brutality—doing all for others, is recognized and worshipped."

"I also call to mind," replied Leon, "that after we turned our course homeward, you wrote a poem on an incident of that hard northern life."

"A poem!" exclaimed the Poet, "then you must repeat it."

"I will," he quietly responded, "for it is a pleasure to recall some memories, as it ought to be all that clings to the past."

We sailed into the north, past Pontland Frith, Where all seemed strange, recalling Northland myth, It was a summer day, yet dark the sky, And all around the lanky sea flung high Its foaming crests, the wolfish winds howled low Through every burning sail and moaning shroud, The sun went down in flame behind the ledge Of leading waves on the horizon's edge, And from the landless waste the storm-wind swept Against the headlands, black in silent pride, That held at bay their madness on that side.

When of the desolate waste swept down the night, We saw shine through the dark a cheering light, And by its aid the foaming crests were cleared, Fast unken crests, the wolfish winds howled low, And as we gained the harbor's sheltering bay, The moon broke through the east with many a star, But vainly sought we waters grateful flame Which o'er the darkling waters hopeful came.

Then spoke the captain, "Strange it falls to-night! For fifty years I went that guiding light! Has unfulfilled shone. You never heard the tale! Nay! It is known in every hill and vale In all the Orkneys, beautiful and fair, Was she with softly waving, daren hair, And like a bloom of blue her liquid eyes, Which ever spoke in glances of surprise; And with the sweetness of the gentle south Was wrought the soft lines of her winsome mouth.

Her rugged father never shrank for fear To guide his bark into the foaming mere, And in the early morn she saw his sail Far out at sea bend to the freshening gale. The long day passed, a beautiful and fair, Watching the storm its angry lightnings burn, The thunder roared, the wind rose high and loud, And sudden darkness folded like a cloud The restless earth. In agony she wept, Her fair face pressing hard the blackened pane Against which beat in floods the drifting rain. All night she watched and in the early morn, Cold grey with mist most dismal and foreboding, she sought and found half buried in the sands Her father with the ether in his hands, And what cannot the soul triumphant bear, Nor break beneath the uttermost despair, Though all her charms were crushed by her great grief.

Her sought in one kind task to gain relief, Each day she came to buy the constant light, She in her window burned the coming night, To warn the sailor from the treacherous reef, While centered all her joy in the leading light. And countless toilers on the storm-went main, Have caught its glow and taken heart again.

Our good ship in the harbor safe at last, Forth close her weary sails and anchor cast; When over the gentle tide she distant bell Mounded on the air a sad and lowly knell, Oh, weary hand! Oh, stricken heart, at last Your years of bitter patience all are past; Your life has burned into the treasure's flame Which made the thousand toilers' lives and name.

After the recitation, the group drifted away to the portico, leaving a subtle influ-

ence, like a delicate perfume, felt but not comprehended by the members of the circle, who were uplifted and ennobled by the contact with the dwellers in the Sphere of Light.

STRIKING BACK.

Continued from third page.

persons. The latter had good Biblical authority for her action, but so far I fall to see where the "engaging" young pastor got his authority.

Now, friends, let us gather all that kind of ammunition we can, and by watching we will find plenty of it. Then when they open, as this man has done, let us train our batteries on them loaded with the ammunition they furnished, and fire it at them, covering them with their own madness.

I tell you again, that we shall have no dearth of ammunition; there will be enough for all the batteries which we have to bring to bear, and then see how they will like it. *Aberdeen, S. D. LOVER OF TRUTH.*

THE INDIAN MESSIAHSHIP.

It is Disturbing the Peace of the Indians.

It has its Foundation in Christianity.

Miss Alice C. Fletcher, for many years stationed at the Nez Perce Indian Agency, Idaho, and an expert on Indian folk-lore, gives an interesting and altogether new account of the origin and history of the Messiah craze among the Indians. She sets forth that this Messiah craze is an old story, and has possessed various Indian tribes for a number of years. Being very much interested in the outbreak, she took the trouble thoroughly to investigate its history and origin, with the result of ascertaining that it had its rise in the neighborhood of the Cheyenne River, between six and seven years ago. The exact date she was unable to learn, but the craze began with the nominal conversion of an Indian to Christianity. He became very enthusiastic, saw visions, and recounted them to his comrades, who took on his enthusiasm and were also able to observe strange sights. The vision seen by the original convert was one representing the good old time of Indian history.

There was a large herd of buffaloes, and the convert also saw his ancestors come from the spirit-land, agitated by a great awakening, and there seemed to be a path opened from the Indian village to the luminous place. Along this path a figure advanced, it was not that of an Indian, but pale-faced, because not so light as a white man. The mysterious figure had a robe thrown around it so as to conceal the form, and spoke to the Indians, calling them "my Indian children." Throwing aside its mantle, the figure proclaimed itself to be the Christian Savior, and, baring its arms, exhibited the marks made by the nails that were driven into the cross.

The figure entered into conversation with the Indians and explained that it had been rejected as the white men's Savior and had come to the red men. "This is what the white men did to me," said the figure in the vision, showing the scars received at the crucifixion.

"I come now to my Indian children, whom the white men have oppressed and despised." The figure counselled with the Indians and declared to them that all of their former glory would return and that the dead Indians were rallying from the spirit land around their living descendants.

In these early visions the figure did not betray any active antagonism to the white race beyond that arising from the rejection of the figure by the pale faces as their Savior. The Indians who saw these visions returned to their village and related what they had seen and heard. The outcome of this was a great religious revival, and these visions and revivals occurred and recurred during a period of six or seven years, spreading from one Indian tribe to another. Men undertook to impersonate the vision seen by the genuine converts at the revivals. These impostors indulged in sayings and advice differing from those proceeding from the vision.

This brought trouble. The Indians were aroused over a wide stretch of country, from the Cheyenne River down into the Indian Territory. The craze prominently affected the Cheyenne Indians, who made pilgrimages to those places at which the visions were seen by the converts, so as to come into contact with the figure proclaiming itself to be the Savior or the white race. The bona-fide vision did not counsel using arms against the whites, but simply counseled arraying one race against the other. The story of Christ's second coming was echoed and re-echoed over the Indian country, and it exerted an effect upon the Christian as well as upon the pagan Indian.

"These crazes have occurred before," said Prof. Franz Boas. "There was a wide-spread craze among the natives of the west of Greenland about the opening of the present century. There was great excitement there. At the outset a prophetess appeared and converted an entire settlement. What was known as the 'dancing disease,' which occurred in Europe during the middle ages, constituted a similar phenomena. There was a revelation to an individual, and the craze spread from Aik-la-Chapelle as far as Italy. There is a similar craze now in progress in Siberia, where the natives fall into ecstasies and see visions. I do not attribute these crazes to a great extent to politics. They are diseases."

"There seems to be a strong impulse," said Prof. Daniel S. Martin, "to excite masses like this Indian craze among all oppressed races. A short time previous to the beginning of the Civil War a great craze took possession of the negroes in one part of Kentucky. The idea spread among them that Gen. Fremont was coming to set them free. He and his soldiers were to appear Christmas night. There was a flood in the Kentucky River about the time the craze was at its greatest height, and the negroes accounted for it by saying that Gen. Fremont and his soldiers were concealed under the bottom of the river, secretly waiting for the hour of deliverance."

H. Watkins, of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "I have about four times as many papers as I can read, but I always find time to look carefully over THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

H. P. Griffith, of Danby, Vt., writes: "Why do I want the Baby in becoming when it talks, it says something, and that something agrees with me or I agree with what it says."

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