

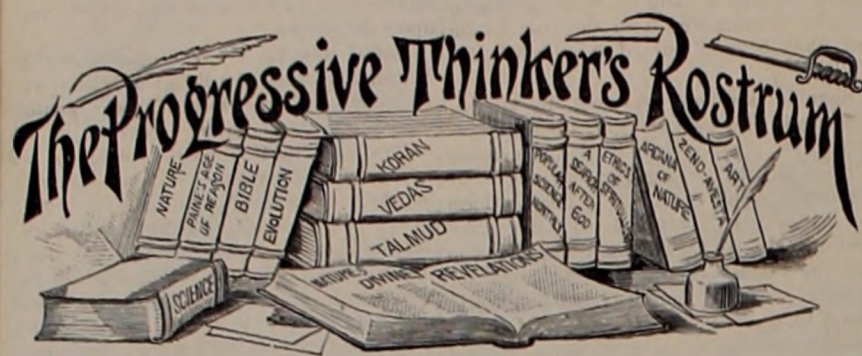
The Progressive Thinker

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

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EGYPT.

A SCHOLARLY GLIMPSE INTO THE PAST.

The Religion of an Ancient People

A Paper read at Englewood, Ill.,
BY ERVIN A. RICE.

I have made copious notes from such authors as Wilkinson, Clodd, Rawlinson, Osborne, Tiele, Renouf and Verschoyle, from which I have compiled as best I could, the most salient and essential points found in each, retaining in many cases the exact words of the author. The opening of this study was a revelation to me. I had had no conception of the extent and grandeur of my subject. Its vastness fairly overwhelmed me, and as I began to comprehend its magnitude, I realized something of the intense interest of the enthusiastic Egyptologist.

Of the earliest periods in the history of Egypt very little is known. So far as has been traced, no beginning of the early Egyptian civilization has been found. The highest antiquity points to an antiquity beyond. Enormous intervals of years appear to have elapsed between the different epochs which are all classed together as "Ancient Egyptian."

In view of this fact, the thought comes that these different epochs, separated by thousands of years, must have developed vast differences in the religious views held during the respective periods. This would account for the varying statements of the older historians. Even the most reliable of the old Greek writers, read in the light of recent discoveries, show most glaring errors and violent misconceptions in regard to Egyptian theology. This is not strange, either, when it is considered that for many centuries the Egyptian civilization has been extinct—that it practically ends where the Christian era begins, and that the language, even the alphabet, was an unknown quantity until the discovery of the Rosetta stone by Champollion in 1822, while the great bulk of the translations and discoveries have been made during the past fifty years.

The real, practical religion of the primitive period appears to have been the worship of ancestors; and their sepulchral chambers were the true temples of the period where worshippers met to conduct their sacred ceremonies. They also worshiped their kings, and Pharaohs seem to have been worshiped beyond all the rest, being called "The Great God of the Day" on scores of monuments. There are reasons for believing that he was even considered the reincarnation of Osiris, and Osiris himself may at a more remote period have been a king of Egypt.

This king worship is supposed to account for the existence of the pyramids which the most ancient Egyptians built, but made no representation of other gods. Herodotus said that Cheops neglected the gods, which doubtless is a true but faint echo from the older period. The pyramids are distinguished from all other works of Egyptian art by the entire absence of idolatrous figures and inscriptions.

While the gates, walls, columns and obelisks of the later period are covered with such sculptures, the pyramids are entirely and most significantly plain. The first pyramid yields only the founder's name with the hieroglyphics of Kneph, which appears to be the oldest appellation of Creator. The pyramids stand as monuments of a period which had already passed into oblivion at the time of Moses. That they had no connection with the later idolatry and Zoolatry is proven by the ignorance of Herodotus and all other Greek writers in regard to their date or their object. Other indications of the same fact are that the pyramids were all constructed with their faces to the four points of the compass, while in the later Egypt the sacred buildings face in all directions, no two facing exactly alike, and in their funeral dispositions the West was the abode of Osiris and the symbol of futurity, while in the pyramids the entrances are in the North and the sarcophagi are placed north and south in the interior. The inclined passages in the pyramids point to the constellation which contained the North Pole Star 4,000 years ago.

In the beginning of Egypt's history we find the purest Monotheism; at a later period the most fanciful mythology and polytheism—followed at last by the most debased idolatry and animal worship—but through all runs the worship of ancestors and king and the principle of re-incarnation.

There is little or no connection with other systems of religion, but there appear to be many streams combined. As compared

with other ancient religions, one writer sums up thus: "The chief object of religious adoration among the Egyptians was Nature; among the Greeks, Beauty; among the Romans, the Law; the Northern Races, Courage." The oldest Egyptian book, "The Maxims of Ptah-Hotep," (3,000 B. C.), presents (God as) One whose name is NUTAH, meaning power, and this name has never been corrupted.

In the "Book of the Dead," parts of which are among the oldest documents of Egypt, the doctrine of an impersonal First Cause is clearly taught. Along with high and worthy ideas of the One God, there was a belief in a plurality of divinities, Ra, Osiris and Isis, Ammon, Set, Seb, Nut, Horus and others. All the powers of nature, sun, moon, night, day, earth, heaven, etc., were personified and converted into gods of greater or less degree with Ra, the sun god the leading divinity, while in the various political divisions, the cats, bulls, ibis, ichneumon, crocodiles, various kinds of snakes, etc., were held in reverence as the incarnations of the several deities.

The strange mixture of Monotheism with Polytheism and Zoolatry has suggested the very plausible theory that it was a combination of two races and two religions; that the first conquerors of Egypt, finding it impossible to uproot the native system, attempted to engraft it upon their own.

The "Litanies of Ra," (1400 B. C.), taught the pantheistic doctrine and evidently attempted to reconcile the two systems, thus: "Ra is the One and Only God. Ra is all and all is Ra."

All the various deities are but aspects or names of Ra."

Animals were to be worshiped because being manifestations of Ra they were sacred.

And yet in the midst of all this wild confusion of ideas we find the fundamental principles which lie upon the very basis of human society. Thus, one confesses in the "Book of the Dead" to "doing that which is right and hating that which is wrong. I was bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, and refuge to him that was in want. That which I did to him, the great God hath done to me." Their external manifestations of religion were magnificent and splendid, and a large part of their daily life was spent in religious ceremonies. In every city and town grand structures were erected, enriched with painted and sculptured decoration and dedicated to the honor of some divinity. Within the temple walls the ceremonies were continuous—priests were in constant attendance while never ending strains of music and fumes of incense filled the air.

The worship was conducted chiefly by litanies or hymns of praise and prayer. The calendar was crowded with festivals and holidays, and, in fact, there was an almost perpetual round of religious services.

Belief in a future life was a main principle in their religion.

Immediately after death the soul descended into the lower world, and was conducted into the "Hall of Truth," where Osiris and the judges of the dead were assembled to pass judgment upon him.

Anubis, the son of Osiris, brought forth a pair of scales, and after placing in one side an emblem of Truth, set in the other a vase containing the good deeds of the deceased. If the good deeds weighed down the scale, the soul was permitted to enter the boat of the sun, and was conducted by the good spirits to the "Anhu" or dwelling places of the blest. If the scale remained suspended, then the soul was sentenced to go through a round of transmigrations in the bodies of animals, the number, nature and duration depending upon the degree of punishment deserved. Ultimately, if the wicked soul proved incurable it was condemned to absolute annihilation, and was destroyed upon the steps of Heaven by Shu, the Lord of Light.

The good soul, after passing through a basin of purgatorial fire, was made the companion of Osiris for 3,000 years, after which it returned to and re-entered its former body, rose from the dead and lived upon earth again as before. This process was gone through again and again until a certain mystic cycle was complete, when the good and blessed were absorbed into the divine essence from which they had once emanated, thus attaining full perfection, and the true end of their existence.

Thus the transmigration of wicked souls into the bodies of animals led to zoolatry, while the idea of the good soul again inhabiting the body accounts, of course, for the embalming of the dead and the elaborate preparation of the tombs.

The worshippers regarded their sacrifices and offerings as contributing to the happiness of the departed, and looked to receive

in return spiritual and temporal benefits.

Sculptured likenesses of the deceased were put into the tombs for the use of the "Ka" as a habitation. The Ka was supposed to be a spectral something inseparable from the body during life and surviving after the death of the body. While the soul was on its pilgrimage through the lower world the Ka remained with the body. One definition of Ka is that it was man's personality or individuality.

Through all these fantastic notions the Egyptian had a strong and abiding conviction that his fate after death depended upon his conduct during life, and their code of morals contained three cardinal requirements: First, love of God, as indicated by their litanies and prayers. Second, love of justice and truth, as indicated by their criminal code. Third, love of mankind, as indicated by the constant claims of men in their epitaphs that they had been benefactors of their species.

Their criminal code was severe to a degree. Perjury was punished by death. Adultery by a thousand stripes and mutilation. Murder, even of a slave, was punished by death. Usury was limited, and the interest could never exceed the principal. Debtor's goods were seized for debt, but his person, never. Treason, forgery, counterfeiting, cheating by false weights and measures, and like offenses were all most severely punished. Every man was required to deposit with a magistrate a written statement of his means of subsistence, and a false statement subjected a man to the death penalty. A man who made his living by illegal means was put to death.

And yet the moral standard thus set up, when judged by our modern ideas of morality, was in many respects sadly deficient. There seems to have been no such thing as purity recognized. Their religious sculptures were many of them grossly indecent, and many of their religious festivals were conducted with the most abominable rites.

They tolerated incest and could justify it by their gods. Unbridled licentiousness prevailed in every quarter, and theft was common,—yet with serene complacency every Egyptian declared himself upon his tomb to have been possessed of all the virtues and free from all the vices. For instance, thus:

"I was a good man, I saved the people when famine came. I did all good things when the time came to do them. I was respectful to my father and did the will of my mother. I was kind to my brethren. When dire calamity befell the land I made the children to live and did for them all such good things as a father does for his sons."

On account of their intense devotion to their religion, and possibly because of the lugubrious source of all our direct historical information—the tombs—the Egyptians have been pronounced a gloomy and unhappy people, saddened by the habit of abstruse speculation, but the fact seems to be that in spite of their priestcraft, their enormous burdens of taxation and their innumerable sacrifices, they were by nature a mild, peaceful, contented and happy race.

In their treatment of women they were far in advance of contemporary nations;—indeed, their customs in this respect were much like modern Europe. Women were given social precedence over men, and daughters of kings succeeded to the throne, like male branches of the royal family, and though this law more than once entailed upon them the troubles of a contested succession, yet it was not rescinded. It was not a mere influence which the woman possessed, but a right acknowledged by law, both in public and in private life.

One pleasing peculiarity of the Egyptian people was their passionate fondness for flowers, which they cultivated in profusion, and used on every occasion. In their domestic architecture, flowers formed the principal ornaments of the mouldings, and a visitor, upon entering a house, always received a bouquet as a token of welcome, while guests at a party were presented with garlands of flowers for the neck and head. They were equally fond of music, and proofs exist that it was studied with the same minute care and investigation as were other arts and sciences. Their popular amusements were feats of strength, wrestling, tumbling, jugglery, ball, checkers, etc.

The Egyptians were the first who had books and loved them. They had works on science; they had stories and they had poetry. According to Miss Edwards, they had tales corresponding almost exactly with the stories of Sinbad the Sailor, Cinderella, Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, and other stories so familiar in modern times.

They were large producers and consumers of wines of various kinds and beer brewed from barley, but without hops, other plants being used to impart a pungent flavor. No restrictions appear to have been placed upon the use of intoxicants, and though the priests exhorted the people to temperance, yet the consumption was enormous and both men and women indulged to excess.

Socially, the people were sharply divided into three, or rather four, principal classes, though caste, in its true sense, did not exist.

The first consisted of the priests, the military and office-holding class, together with the rich landed proprietors living on their estates and employing a vast army of dependents, servants, laborers and slaves.

These were the nobility, who were exempt from taxation and whose offices, titles and positions were hereditary.

The second class was made up of the literati, the professors and teachers of the arts and sciences who looked with contempt upon the third class, which comprised the merchants, traders and skilled artisans.

Below these three classes, and separated by an almost impassable gulf, was the multitude. These were engaged in manual labor of various kinds. The greater number were employed on the farms of the nobles, cultivating the soil or rearing cattle. Some were boatmen and fishermen. There were weavers, smiths, stone-cutters, masons, potters, carpenters, tailors, shoe-makers, glass-blowers, painters, sculptors, embalmers, and other trades. All these occupations were looked upon as low and degrading by the upper classes, and considered unworthy of any one who wished to be thought respectable. Still, the gulf was not too wide to be occasionally crossed. In the public schools the son of the artisan sat on the same bench with the son of the noble, and enjoyed the same education, and had an equal opportunity of distinguishing himself. If he showed sufficient promise he might adopt the literary life, and a literary life was a passport to State employment, which, once entered upon, secured advancement as a reward of merit. Thus he might rise to the highest positions in the administration of the empire, and as successful ministers were usually rewarded by large grants from the royal domain, the son of a laborer might by good conduct and ability make his way into the ranks of the nobility or landed aristocracy.

On the other hand, the condition of the laboring classes was a hard one. The kings were entitled to employ many of their subjects as they pleased in forced labor, and the lives and happiness of thousands were thus frequently sacrificed to the inordinate vanity of the monarch.

Private employers were cruel and exacting, and redress was not easily obtained. Taxation was enormous, and an inability to satisfy the demands of the collector subjected the defaulter to the bastinado.

Those who have studied the antiquities of Egypt with the greatest care assert that there was not much choice between the laborer of Ancient Egypt and the miserable fellow of the present day.

As the poorer classes lived much in the open air, their houses were very simple, consisting of four walls and a flat roof of palm branches and mats plastered with mud.

The houses of the rich were constructed of crude bricks, stuccoed and painted in the bright colors in which all Egyptians delighted.

Over the doorway was usually inscribed the name of a king, or some symbol of good omen, much as superstitious people of to-day nail a horse shoe over the door "for good luck." Open courts and wide corridors gave access to the faintest breeze, and wooden wind sails called "Mulkufs" were fixed over the upper story, so arranged as to conduct the prevalent, cool north-west wind down their sloping sides to the interior of the house.

To recapitulate then, briefly, the interest which the Egyptian religion inspires is derived solely from itself, and not from any connection whatever with other systems. We find Egypt a powerful and highly civilized kingdom not less than 2,000 years before the birth of Moses, with religious beliefs and institutions externally identical with those which it possessed till the last years of its existence, and efforts are visible from the very first to cling to the idea of the Unity of God—the power by whom the whole physical and moral government of the universe is directed, and to whom every individual was responsible.

The gods of their mythology were by the educated regarded merely as names of attributes of the Deity, and a real monotheism underlay the superficial polytheism; but as their mythology grew, that power which they had originally recognized without any mythological adjunct, and to whom no temple was ever raised, was practically forgotten by the worshippers at the magnificent temples of Memphis, Thebes, Abydos and Heliopolis. The worship of brutes was not at first a principle, but a consequence, and presupposed the rest of the religion as its foundation, and acquired its full development and extension only in the declining period of Egyptian history. It was based upon symbols derived from the early mythology. The primitive language having no words to express abstract conceptions, the operations of Nature were spoken of in poetical or metaphorical terms, which terms, later, became worshiped in the actual for what had been intended only to represent abstractly.

Thus at the last Egypt sank ingloriously, her art, her literature, her national spirit decayed and almost extinct—her religion fallen from a pure and holy conception of the one universal God to a vile and disgusting practice of zoolatry—the earliest and the highest type of ancient civilization, she paid the penalty of her extraordinarily precocious greatness by disappearing from among the nations of the earth.

Mrs. W. E. Cressy of Independence, Or., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is becoming one of our household necessities from which we derive much valuable instruction. The broad, liberal and fearless position assumed by this paper cannot fail to make its influence felt in the minds of all who come in contact with it."

SCINTILLATIONS!

THEY COME FROM THE NEW YORK PSYCHICAL SOCIETY!

They are Pointed and Telling.

The New York Psychical Society, November 19th, was addressed by Mr. J. W. Fletcher, and entertained with music by Mrs. Nellie Miller, the versatile artist, and by Mr. Loney, the popular humorist. A crowded house greeted this professional talent. Mr. Fletcher excelled with his usual *suaviter in modo*, satire, logic and pathos. Mrs. Miller sang with facility and refinement, and Mr. Loney presented various dialects. Mr. Fletcher will continue to lecture before this society for the present, and give tests after his address. On the above occasion he spoke (in part) as follows:

There are fossils and bigots in Spiritualism as well as elsewhere. The majority of religious people accept their doctrines as a finality, but the Spiritualist adds to his religion the words progression, growth, unfoldment, which mean more liberality, and a better understanding of the grander truths of life. Forty years ago people turned to the assertions of the theologian and said: "These are insufficient, I know, but they are all there is of it, and I take them and endeavor to be satisfied." From that moment the new light dawned, the light of the spiritual world. It no longer withheld its secrets from us, but revealed them to those whose eyes were opened to better things, and whose minds were ready to receive them. If you accepted the conditions of belief, then you were religious. If you refused them, and were not firmly planted on the articles of faith, and attentive to the theological creeds, no matter how honest, how pure, how good, how earnest you were, you still lacked the one thing needful. The question was, "Do you believe in God?" But what kind of a God do you mean? The evangelical theologian said, "There can be but one kind, our God." Although there are many hundred forms of religion, which ever one the people themselves believe in is the right one, and all others are wrong, no matter how well satisfied the others are with theirs. Theologians tell us there are three Gods in one, that one is equal to three, and the three are equal to one, but it is not definitely settled which is the one. They only declare that the Son is equal to the Father, and that the holy ghost comprises within himself all the power and glory of the other two. But if there be a supreme being, there is no room for three supreme beings. If there is but one who holds all worlds and their inhabitants in his hand, there cannot be two others to assist. If supreme, he will not need any assistance, or if he must have assistance he cannot be supreme.

You and I can understand how men and women are pleased or displeased, according to circumstances. That comes out of the weakness of our human nature; but when we talk about God being pleased or being angry, that is another thing, for God must be beyond change and the sway of the emotions. If he is angry with the wicked every day, and there is none good, no, not one, then he must be angry all the time, and be pleased with nobody. To say there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repents than over ninety-nine that need no repentance, is to offer a reward to the fellow who waits until the eleventh hour. If there is such a man, I am sure he is an American; he would hold off for the last moment, do what he pleases and finally expect more happiness than ninety-nine of you who have behaved yourselves all your life. No friends, if you live an earnest, kind, devoted life, your reward will not come from a God in heaven, but from the consciousness of merit within your own soul.

Another point in theology is, that everybody must have a savior; nobody can go to heaven without one. Jesus died for me. I am a poor, miserable worm of the dust; I am not fit to live; I have no merit of my own; I am a sinner, and all my relations have been sinners, and theirs before me; and Jesus paid my debts for me. It is such a satisfaction for some people to have somebody pay their debts,—they never pay them themselves. There are people who are always in debt, and if they can have their large account settled for them, what a relief it must be! I will go limping along into the kingdom of heaven upon the merits of somebody else. Such men thank God they are not like other men, and the others thank God they are not like them. Jesus died the death of a noble truth-seeker, passed on to the Spirit-world called heaven, and left behind him the pathway to that life, but you and I must travel every step of the way ourselves. Instead of saying vicarious atonement is the law, we would say, individual responsibility is the law. Whatever comes to you in this world or the next comes because it belongs to you, because you deserve it, and no power can ever take it away from you.

The devil also goes about the world, like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. He always finds his hands full, and always divides his power with the author of the universe, and we are not sure but that if he has nine-tenths of it, he will overthrow the whole. When modern Spiritualism and common sense came to the world it struck the death-knell of all such blind superstition and put out the fires of hell. Formerly, if we wanted to convert a human being to religion, we always built the fire very hot, and brought it so near to him, or him so near to it, that he could almost feel the heat, and the more we frightened him, the more anxious he was to believe in something to get away from it. But when the Bible was made over they changed hell to sheol. It is now 75° cooler than it was.

Of course people are not so deeply affected now. Instead of imagining heaven away up beyond the stars that shine so brightly this night, or hell beneath the very foundations of the earth, where innumerable souls suffer an endless torture, we have discovered that they are conditions of the human heart; that instead of being without, heaven and hell are within. The more you are in harmony with all that is good, pure and honorable, the diviner your aspirations, the more you have of heaven, and the more bitter, more selfish, more wicked and unkind you are in your dealings with your fellow men, the more you have of hell in your mind and heart. No matter how splendid your house, how fine your satins, how polite your speech, the eye of the spirit sees behind it all, and when death comes by the law of spiritual gravitation, you will drop into your exact place. You may cheat the world to-day, and by power and peculiar circumstances be honored among men, yet what you appear to be will be left behind you, and only what you really are goes with you.

Many whom we honor to-day will have to step down from their high position, and many whom the world puts down will stand a thousand times higher than they who condemn them. Failure, weakness, wickedness, are often due to circumstances, and those whom the world calls virtuous are often so because they have no temptation to be otherwise. The most intolerable people are they who think themselves very good, and who carry their goodness about with them like their garments.

Sunday is God's day in the country more than in the city. The common people put on their best clothes, and seem to say, "Don't touch me, it is Sunday. I have got religion." They take their place in church with a sanctified air, but you would never think that the holy deacon was the man who tried to swindle you not twenty-four hours before. They walk home again, hang their good clothes in the closet, and almost all their religion with them, and both get very dusty before the next Sunday. Religion is one thing and theology is another. Modern Spiritualism demonstrates man's immortality, and through its phenomena and philosophy effects a complete rearrangement of religious ideas in its efforts to bring man to a better understanding of the origin, conditions and destiny of the human soul. In politics, you may belong to one party, and your neighbor to another, without any trouble. The Democrat would never think of the Republican as a heretic because he differs in theory. In social matters you may have the same opinions, but when we enter the realm of religion the worst and narrowest elements in human nature come to the front, we assume that we only are right, and everybody else is exactly wrong. Superstition often plays a prominent part in this division.

An American once traveling in Rome went down into the catacombs. The noted dead lay there, the people were very superstitious, and two priests always stood there with a light that burned all day and all night. This American saw them standing there day by day, and of course being an American he had no curiosity whatever, but he said, "What is that light for? That is the light of the sacred heart. How long has it been burning?" For 350 years, and it never goes out. Puff!—well, it's gone out now! And they had to light it again, that's all. A great many people are just like that old priest, they think the light of their religion will and must burn forever; they lug the notion to their heart, for otherwise the world would stop, but the sunshine and the seasons come and go, and men continue to live just as if nothing had happened.

We have as many different kinds of Spiritualism as different kinds of individuals. There are what are called Christian Spiritualists, but heaven only knows what they are. You might as well talk about sweet sugar, or sour vinegar. If Spiritualism is true, it is all of Christianity, and infinitely more. If you try to strain Spiritualism through a Christian sieve, you will either break your sieve or spoil your Spiritualism. Another kind is the Liberalist. He flies off everywhere, adopts every theory, and tells you he always says just what he thinks, and allows everybody else the same right, yet if you touch him on a sore spot he is at once very angry. A man came over to this country, and said, "I don't like America." "Why?" "Well, I thought it was a free country, and that one had all the rights he wanted." "Don't you have them?" "Yes, but all the other people want them too!" True liberality is respect for the rights of others, and for their opinions, allowing every person to do and think as he thinks best, so long as he does not interfere with the privileges of others.

Then there are Spiritualists who are enemies to Christian Science. The world is full of babes that have not left the church nursery; they cannot take anything but air and water, and Christian Science is giving them a spoonful of milk to get their stomachs ready for the strong meat they will take afterward. They could not eat a square meal right off, and so the Christian

Continued on third page

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SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1890.

SOMETHING NEW.

THE INTELLECTUAL LIGHTS OF ENGLAND.

They Will be Transferred to This Country.

And Will Illuminate The Progressive Thinker.

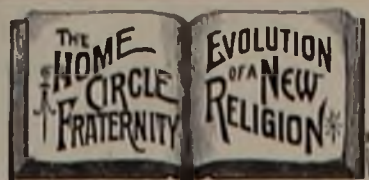
THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be a continual surprise to its readers. It is not of the hum-drum kind, constantly following in a beaten path, and constantly presenting a cold side to the world. Its mission has been, and is now, to awaken within the minds of Spiritualists a realizing sense of their duty to themselves, to others, and to the angel world. In order to accomplish that important duty, we have brought them in contact with leading minds, and what more beneficial than that? But these minds have been residents chiefly of this country, and now we are going to England. Emma Hardinge Britten lives there. She is a grand medium, a grand lecturer—in fact, a grand woman throughout. She is assisted in her arduous labors by E. W. Wallis, an earnest and eloquent advocate of our cause. The first number of our reconstructed paper, which will appear soon, will be composed exclusively of articles from leading minds in England, collected by them, and on account of their superior excellence, combined in a missionary number of *The Two Worlds*. They have expressed a desire that they see the light of America in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the paper that leads in circulation. In doing so, we pay those two earnest workers a well-merited compliment. The articles all relate to Spiritualism, and will prove a rare treat to our readers. Among them are the following: "What do we know of the Life Hereafter?" and "Summary of Spirit Communications Concerning Creation," by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten. "Extracts From Spiritual Stray Leaves," by Peary Chand Mitra. "What is the Condition of the Suicide in Spirit-Life? An Oral Communication Given by Marie Stuart, the Hapless Queen of Scots." "Message From One Drowned at the Johnstown Flood." "Spiritualism in Relation to Science and Religion." "Bible Spiritualism in Relation to Modern Spiritualism," and other articles of great interest.

This venture on our part will bring our readers in cordial contact with many of the leading minds of England, and will infuse them with fresh thoughts and fresh courage, and cause them to wonder what will THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER do next? We can tell them that there never will be a lack of such attractions; we are boiling over them, and could fill a paper a mile

long, too, that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the Spiritualist organ of the Secular Union, of which Dr. R. B. Westbrook is President. It is the only paper of the kind in the action of that body of men. Remember, too, that it is the only Spiritualist paper in the world.

Editorial Organ.

"An Excellent and Win. Chiquet, something to say to The suggestions and we hope they will be fully defined in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER in that paper, they are the official



SIMPLE SIMON.

On a Christmas Morning he Ascents to Spheres of Light.

I. In order to advance spiritually; in order to prepare the way for an exalted home in the celestial region, each one, thank God, has got to work his way. You cannot make an investment in the Summer-land in the same manner you would buy railroad stock, a farm, a horse, a cow, or a palatial residence. There is no occupying from the method which Divine Providence has ordained. The wealth of a Vanderbilt, or an Astor, or the autocratic power of a Czar, or the commanding influence of a General, can not circumvent this grand and beautiful ordinance which rules with iron hand in every department of God's vast universe.

In order to gain an exalted position in spirit-life, it must be through your own instrumentality. Ancestry can avail you nothing; blood acts no part therein; friends can not loan you Celestial Currency, nor give it to you, nor by any method whatever secure you a home you are unfit to occupy. The ordinances of the celestial regions are written on the fleecy clouds that float in the azure sky; on each flower that scintillates with ineffable sweetness; on the landscape which is more gorgeous than the loftiest imagination can picture; on the river which moves along in rhythmic melody; on each home where harmony reigns supreme; in fact, on all things you find the ordinances of Divine Providence, which no one can by any possibility circumvent. A boaster could not endure for one moment the serene influence that, like an angel's smile, illuminate the higher spheres of spirit-life. The falsifier could not inhale its aroma laden atmosphere! He who is actuated by a single selfish thought is repelled therefrom by himself. The low, the vile, the licentious, the miserly, can never steal into the region I have pictured. No police are required; no mantled fortresses there; no barricades; no alert sentinels; in fact, in the higher spheres of spirit-life no one can enter who is unqualified therefor. Your own goodness; your own selfishness; your own sin; your own uncharitableness, constitute an anchorage which holds you out of the spheres of Love, Charity and Wisdom. Between the ineffably pure and the exceedingly vile, there is a gulf that admits of no intrusion. There never was a war in heaven, for the Devil could not exist there a moment.

II.

The life of some seems to be cast in stormy places sometimes. Thorns pierce them; broken glass cut their feet; the ragged edges of life's road rend their garments and bruise their flesh, and whichever way they turn unsurmountable obstacles greet them. There was Simple Simon, who lived in a Western town. He inherited a fortune from an indulgent mother, yet it slipped through his hands into the possession of an artful Uncle. He knew the world was grand and beautiful, and as harmless as a babe, and perfectly docile, this child of God lived a life of serene happiness. A noble mother who realized his misfortune, surrounded him with the aroma of her love, and taught him childish prayers. Though childish, they caused angelic emotions to well up in the soul of the loving and sympathetic who heard them. When eighteen he was a robust boy, cleanly in his habits, yet simple and loving as the darling child that nestles on a mother's bosom. His eyes were lustrous, and it seemed as if a fragment of heaven glistened therein, while a smile of ineffable sweetness would illuminate his features when his mother would try to explain to him the nature of the things around him. Simple Simon lived in a world entirely his own, and while his gentle mother lived, his life was one of perfect happiness and bliss. He was taught to do some kinds of work and to do them well; he could visit the country store, take a note, and return with what it called for. Everybody treated him with kindness, and in response, he was taught to say in his sweetly modulated voice, "God and the Angels bless you!" His simple prayers at night were chuck full of the innocence of heaven. He could not learn a prayer by rote; he could not learn to repeat three consecutive sentences, yet his prayers, on bended knees and hands clasped, and eyes reverently closed, with his mother's hands resting lovingly on his flaxen curls were models of exalted innocence and love. "Simple Simon asks God and the angels to bless mamma; to bless Auntie; to bless Charlie," and he would repeat the name of everybody he knew, and then rise from his knees and clasping his mamma in his arms he would say, "But God must bless mamma more'n all the rest." His prayers were the simplicity of childhood, but in them were mingled the sweetness of heaven. There was unalloyed innocence in Simple Simon; in this child on whose brain there rested an obstruction, and his life was a continual summer day while his devoted mother lived. But, alas! she sickened and died. What a sad picture in that lonely household. This child of Nature realized that something was wrong while his mother was lying on the bed pining away. Standing by her bedside, tears streaming from his lustrous eyes and scintillating down his face, in tremulous tones he would say, "Poor mamma, sick! Poor mamma going to leave Simple Simon! Poor mamma going to Heaven." He would kneel by her bedside at night and pray, while her head would rest lovingly upon his head. Poor boy, he knew not what was in store for him. At the funeral he sat by the coffin and gazed listlessly at the flowers thereon, and after the sermon, when the lid was opened this child of God reverently raised his hands and prayed. It was the same simple prayer that he had uttered a thousand times; but sadder and more tremulous was his voice as he asked the blessings of God to rest on his mamma, who had told him he should meet her in Heaven.

The funeral was over, and a new life opened on Simple Simon. His uncle, a rank selfish man, was appointed his guardian. He used the estate to further his own selfish schemes. To him, Simple Simon was a fool, and had no soul. This uncle was a supercilious church member, and he regarded Simple Simon's prayers as unceremonious, as an insult to God and heaven, as too idle to profane the atmosphere of his sanctified home. With his mother, he lived in an atmosphere of love, and the serenity of heaven illuminated his footsteps. At night when he attempted to pray, that uncle would silence him. The children of the house treated him with the utmost contempt. He sat at a side table; he slept in the poorest room in the house; he wore the cast-off clothing of the other children; he was never allowed the little delicacies that his mother continually lavished upon him. He was called up first to build the fire. He did the dirty jobs of the house. He was compelled to do the work which others did not want to perform, yet this poor child never complained. The cruelty only silenced him. He rarely spoke. He never smiled. He grew careless as to personal cleanliness, and he seemed to live within himself. Finally one morning this simple child seemed to be transfigured; there was an angelic beauty in his eyes, and a smile illuminated his features as if an angel of light had painted them with the radiance of heaven, while his boyish voice was tremulously sweet. He had seen his mamma, his mamma whom they buried in the cold ground, and he clasped his hands in childish glee, and holding forth the fingers of his right hand, he said that in so many days he was going to her. His actions seemed to overawe the household. There was something supernatural in his behavior; something calculated to cause those around him to open their eyes with astonishment. That night he acted strangely; at bed time he knelt in prayer, as in olden times when his mother lived. He saw her spirit standing by his side, with her hands resting on his head; he heard her sweet voice and tender admonitions. But his prayer, it was full—chuck full—of the radiance of heaven. It was simple, it was childish, and it asked for the blessings of God to rest upon the uncle. He took him by the hand and thanked him for his kindness; the children, he blessed for their generosity towards him. His aunt he praised for giving him such good food to eat. In so doing he heaped coals of fire on their heads. Alas, what a prayer! Cruelly treated, tortured at times, made to do all the odious burdens of others, yet this simple hearted child had no words of condemnation. For four days he was transfigured, and the intelligence of mature manhood seemed to beam from his soul. The fourth day was anxiously looked for. It was Christmas morning and without any apparent cause, amidst the anthems of angels, and the crystal clearness of a winter's morning, Simple Simon breathed his last, and was ushered into the spirit realm, greeted by his mother and those who had watched over him during his last moments.

IV.

This picture from real life should have its lesson. This simple-minded child had heaven cultivated in his soul, and it was as radiant and beautiful there as when he opened his eyes upon its bowdlerizing scenes the morning of his death. A home of transcendent beauty was his, while the uncle, who so cruelly treated him, can no more approach at the present time the sphere of Light where Simple Simon dwells, than a bat can ascend a sunbeam until it reaches that gorgeous luminary. If you want heaven, cultivate it in your soul; cultivate it in your thoughts; cultivate it in all your acts of life by being good and doing good. Better be a Simple Simon, animated with Divine Love, than his uncle rolling in wealth, and pious without, but whose soul is actuated only by selfishness. Learn, then, this lesson of life: you gain that which you are like. If your soul is not actuated by charity, kindness, love, and a philanthropic spirit, and if you are not continually inspired with the one thought to do good and be good, you are only prepared for the lower spheres of Spirit-life. Listen well to these words. They are as high as the highest heaven, and as broad and deep as the universe. Your capacity to advance in the spiritual realm is measured by your innate goodness. With that only can you rise higher, while with selfishness animating you, you will be anchored to the lower spheres until that is removed. Choose this day which course you will pursue.

Selected as the Organ.

Dr. R. B. Westbrook is the efficient President of the American Secular Union. That Union, under his ministrations, has a part to act, and it will, I have no doubt, act it well. Dr. Westbrook is one of the best and ablest of men. He wants to reach the Spiritualists, and what more natural than for him to select THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER (it leading in circulation) as the organ for that purpose. He says: "We are about to make a special effort among the various Spiritualistic societies to secure organization and co-operation; and we shall desire to make your paper an organ for this purpose among the Spiritualists. We will furnish you the matter—short items—from time to time."

A. C. Williams writes: "I saw an account in a city paper about a 'mind reader' who could find things by that power, and to use the gift was more or less weakening. I find it so. The world in general does not know how to sympathize with and protect the sensitive no as to get the best results. A medium should have no worldly care. I have now for several years found my lost things by this spiritual gift, and I find it weakens one very fast while exercising the faculty. I wait until I feel the condition to be right, and then wait until it seems that my mind finds the lost article, and I go and get it. I have not lost anything for years, but I've found it, if I cared to."

WE CAN NOT IGNORE THE DEMAND.

It Comes From All Parts of the United States.

A Special Announcement.

The demand has been no great for the paper containing the facts in reference to the Assassination of President Lincoln, as set forth by Father Chiquet, 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 Chiquet, and hope to be able to furnish a special contribution from his pen.

Send in your orders at once.

A General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Its Workers Doings, etc.

Geo. Y. Nickerson, of New Bedford, Mass., writes: "J. Frank Baxter will speak for us to-morrow, and we expect something rich. Prof. Kenyon was with us all last month, and he is a No. 1."

Dr. J. M. Peabody, looking healthy and hearty as usual, dropped in upon us the 18th, on his return trip from Memphis, New Orleans, Galveston, San Antonio, and other Texas cities. The doctor, in connection with another gentleman, has purchased a valuable Sanitarium property in the city of San Antonio, Texas, delighted with the climate, and the prospects generally with Southwestern Texas, he considers this the incoming health paradise of America. Intellectually speaking, it is progressive. He here saw, of course, the principal Spiritualist Journal, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. We wish the doctor abundant success and a long life.

Dr. W. O. Knowles, prominent as a medium and lecturer in Michigan, and for several years a resident of Grand Rapids, has removed to Chicago. The doctor will answer calls to lecture, and attend funerals. He can be addressed for engagements at 204 S. Clark St.

Golf A. Hall, secretary of Society, Washington, D. C. writes: "We desire the numerous readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to know that the Spiritualists of the National capital are in a most cheerful and happy mood. Our meetings in Grand Army Hall are largely attended this season, and our Lyceum is in a healthy condition. We have been very fortunate in securing good speakers, and this month through the ministrations of the gifted and eloquent Mrs. H. S. Lake, of the 'Boston Temple,' our audiences have been largely increased, and great interest manifested. The very able and interesting manner in which Mrs. Lake handles subjects discussed, have given us intense satisfaction. At a recent meeting of our Board of management, Mrs. Lake was by a unanimous vote requested to serve us again next season, Feb. 1892, which she has consented to do."

M. G. Parmenter, of Williamette, Ct., writes: "The past week the ladies of the First Spiritualist Society held a Bazaar and Prizes Tea Entertainment at Exeter hall, assisted by Hon. Sidney Dean and W. E. Peck. They realized something over three hundred dollars, the same to be used in procuring speakers. One thing I observed with some surprise, the assistance rendered by other church members. The spirit of liberality is growing in this locality. The society is in a very good condition. They own the hall, free from debt, which will seat between four and five hundred; and it is well filled Sunday afternoon and evening. Since the advent of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, seekers after truth are wending their steps from the old and fossilized creeds to something that is alive."

R. D. Jones of Rochester, N. Y., writes: "The meetings of the Spiritualists of Rochester N. Y., are well attended, and the congregation is increasing every week. The large hall in the Odd Fellows building on Clinton Street, recently engaged, is filled every Sunday evening. At a meeting held Dec. 12th, for the election of officers, the following were chosen: President, H. T. King; Vice-President, A. W. Moore; Secretary, F. Schumacher; Treasurer, M. H. Joslyn. A Board of Trustees and a Finance Committee were also appointed. It was voted to retain Dr. E. Schurmerhorn as speaker, and the work he has been doing in Rochester has tended greatly to advance the cause of enlightened Spiritualism. The doctor spoke usually under control, and the doctrine enunciated met the views of progressive minds. It is believed that Spiritualism is making an important advance in Rochester."

P. C. Mills, of Ross, Wash. Ter., writes: "Once more I send you my little toward sustaining the very best paper in the spiritual ranks, for reasons that are highly appreciated by a vast army of Spiritualists

throughout the world, for it is within the reach of the masses. I have been lecturing here at Seattle since the first Sunday in November, to increasing and appreciative audiences. We have organized a society, and shall charter the same under the State laws."

J. E. P., of Springfield, Mass., writes: "My object in writing this is to draw attention to a medium who is a hard, honest, and an earnest worker in the cause of Spiritualism. He is also a man who possesses many phases of mediumship to a wonderful extent, but through lack of fortunate advocacy, has not received anywhere near as much literary notoriety that his gifts and acquisitions would justify. The person in question is Dr. Geo. M. Frost, of Russell, Mass., a clairvoyant of no mean repute, he also possesses great powers as a physical medium. His impressions (in the home circle of departed friends, are very fine, and invariably correct. He is not one of the glibly or tricky kind, as his life is mostly spent on a farm in Western Massachusetts, far removed from the busy life and daily temptations of a crowded city life."

Regular services are held by all the societies in Boston and the attendance is uniformly good. Mrs. H. S. Lake closed a three months' engagement at the First Spiritual Temple Nov. 30. The platform has since been occupied by the blind medium, Mr. A. E. Tisdale. The Lyceum and the Choral Union connected with the Temple are each doing excellent work. The Union, though lately organized, holds regular meetings every week, and a marked improvement is already noticeable in the singing at the Temple. Mrs. R. S. Lillie speaks regularly at Blackely hall to large and appreciative audiences. The subject Sunday evening, Dec. 13th, was "Why?" Her guides handled the subject in a most interesting manner, showing that evil in all forms—poverty, injustice, intemperance, etc.—is a natural result of the imperfect development of man, and his consequent frequent violation of Nature's laws. In its present condition, the human race is like unripe fruit. Time will surely bring about a change for the better in accordance with the law of Progress.

The Evening Tribune of Evansville, Ind., speaks as follows of Miss Cora Myrtle: "This little lady (if she is old enough to be called a woman) gave a very entertaining lecture last night at A. O. U. W. hall. She is eloquent and deep, and her delivery is picturesque and very effective. This child medium as she is called, is a puzzle even to those who are disposed to have no faith in Spiritualism, and they listen to her words of wisdom and wonder at them, coming from such a young head. She is indeed a marvel. Her lecture was one that any one, whether Spiritualist or not, would enjoy, for it was an intellectual treat. The Spiritualists ought to be very proud of this able little exponent of their cause."

Dr. W. J. Atkinson of Clarkburg, Mo., writes: "I want to say that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the most progressive of any of the spiritual papers I have seen. The articles with regard to the Catholics are worth more than the cost of the paper for two or three years."

The committee of the Spiritualist Mediums' Society present the following: "We have been called together as members of the Spiritualist Mediums' Society, to give expression of our deepest sympathy to Sister Daniels in the loss of her three children. Each of us can, in a measure, help her in this dark hour of her deep affliction. We, as a society, cannot be silent, when her heart is so sorely tried, knowing as we do, that words cannot console nor bind up her broken heart; but realizing that we can at least show to her that her sorrow in a measure is our sorrow. We can assure Sister Daniels that although her darlings have gone to that spirit home for which she is ever working, that in some way unknown to her, they can be helping her more than they could here, and may she feel that those little spirits, after a short confinement in their bodies here, have at last soared away to endless liberty, to live in that beautiful Summer-land where, in some future day, she will join them. May the Angel world draw near to her in her sorrow, drawing aside the veil, where she may again get a glimpse of her dear ones. And now again may we the Mediums' Society, extend to her its heartfelt sympathies."

J. E. Crossfield, of Muncie, Ind., writes: "The First Quarterly Meeting of the State Association of Spiritualists will be held in Aberdeen, Ind., at Dr. J. N. Westerfield's hall, commencing on the 8th of January next, and continue four days. Good speakers will be in attendance. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Dr. J. Westerfield is President, J. E. Crossfield Sec'y."

Mrs. M. A. Graves, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "I have learned more about Spiritualism by reading your Home Circle Fraternity than by listening to all the lectures I ever attended. Your paper containing the account of the assassination of Lincoln created quite a comment among the friends. The people of Cleveland had quite a treat a short while ago. Mrs. Ella Moss, of New York, came here on a visit, and gave some marvellous seances. She is a genuine medium. After her alleged exposure at 337 Prospect St., she went to stay with Mrs. M. A. Graves, at 37 Rowley St., and the first seance she gave there was a test seance. Her guides brought her out of the cabinet, and while she stood there, a spirit materialized right alongside of her, and every one in the room could distinctly see the medium, the spirit, and the person who held the medium while the spirit materialized. Besides this, several spirits materialized away from the cabinet."

Dr. John Hennessey, of Butte, Mont., writes: "I think the Indians will not try to force their Christ on us by the enactment of Sunday laws, as his white brothers have done, by adopting a law passed by a pope, laying off one day in seven to come to his church and give up part of your week's wages to support a lot of 'no goods.' If the Indians are to be put down for believing in their Messiah, why not put down the other humbugs that get money from people on condition that they will make it all right with St. Peter to let them into the Christian heaven, receiving money on false pretenses."

Speaking of Lyman C. Howe while at Clinton Camp-meeting, a writer in The constructor says: "The lectures of Mr. Howe have been a feast of fat things to the people. They have been models of excellence. For depth and clearness of thought, for logical evolution, scientific accuracy, and peerless eloquence of expression, we have never heard them surpassed on the spiritualistic platform. With the image of the inspired Finney before us, we dare say we are equalled. But we would admit no exception to even that word. For a long time we have noticed the superior phase of thought in his written articles, but we have somehow gotten the idea in our mind that Bro. Howe was a rather prosy sort of speaker. In fact, rather dull, so we had prepared ourselves to meet a most estimable man, a fine writer, but rather an affable speaker. We found all we looked for in the last, and surrendered that before the first fifteen minutes, to the general tagion of feeling that we were listening to the most eloquent speaker we have ever heard upon the ground."

Happy New Year! Grand opening of the National Spiritual and Religious Camp Association, at King's Opera House, Main Station, O. Jan. 1, '91. Services at 11 o'clock a. m. Picnic dinner. Conference at 1:30 p. m. In the evening a grand ball will supper from 10 to 12.—proceeds for lease of the camp, music, Chalkers orchestra Hawley Bates prompter. Supper 75 cents a couple, hall, 75 cents. Committees of arrangements: Lillian Lane, Bertha B. Wilson and Blina Clapp. Floor Managers: Emma Simpson, Merg. C. Wilson and Frank Barber. All are invited. E. G. Wilson, Sec'y.

Dr. C. T. H. Benton, magnetic clairvoyant physician, as a trance lecturer, test, developing medium and healer, is open for further engagements. Any society in need of an earnest missionary worker can address the Doctor, 104 S. Clark St. O. for his terms.

The Indiana Association of Spiritualists will hold their First Quarterly Meeting at Dr. Westerfield's hall, in Anderson, Ind., commencing on the 8th day of January, 1891, and continuing four days. There will be a number of able speakers in a tendency, amongst whom are Mrs. C. G. Lather, Miss Jennie B. Hagan, and others are expected, both speakers and mediums. A cordial invitation is extended to all to come out and hear and know the truth in themselves. All speakers and mediums of the State and out of the State, are cordially invited to attend. Arrangements have been made at some of the hotels for board at reduced rates. Persons receiving these circulars will please circulate; Dr. J. W. Westerfield, President, J. E. Crossfield, Sec'y.

Dr. E. B. Wheelock resides at Liberal, Mo., and says that those desiring information about the country should write to him.

Mantua Station, Ohio

To our many friends and all lovers of truth and right everywhere, greeting with happy New Year, peace and good will, with notice. The grand opening of the National S. and R. Camp Association now being incorporated and established here, will be held in King's Opera House, this plan Jan. 1, 1891; services at 10 a. m. Picnic dinner. Conference 1:30 p. m. Good library and musical exercises given during meeting. All friends from a distance provided for while here. In the evening a same place, a Grand New Year's Ball, with supper, is given for the Camp's benefit, under the auspices and management of the Ladies' Camp Aid. The music by Chalkers' famous orchestra, with H. D. Bates prompter, ranks among the best in Northern Ohio. The committee and floor managers were well selected, and are making an earnest effort to achieve success. The call for donations to the supper has been liberally responded to, thus far, and trust members and all interested or wishing to encourage the movement, will send or bring a donation for the benefit. A most cordial and earnest invitation is extended to all to present, both day and evening. Come and join with us in friendly co-operation for the upbuilding of a good and worthy cause. A plot of the recently-purchased camp site will be shown, and lots offered for 1891. Don't forget day and place.

A number of members of the camp association from this place met with the Ober Union Society, of Genoa Co., at H. Potter's, Newberry, O., Sunday, Dec. 14. On Saturday evening, the 13th, a very interesting and successful dark seance was held at his son Hudson's home, near his own, marked manifestations being given through E. Morse, wonderful harmonica music, and many large blue lights moving to lead him to his playing were seen by all. Some violin music of a peculiar and superior quality and a brief lecture in explanation, was given to the delight of all present by the guides of the writer.

Sunday a. m., was devoted to conference, owing to late arrivals. After an ample dinner the meeting again convened, and the guides of the writer gave a subject for a lecture as follows: "Define Voluntary and Involuntary Action or Effect and from what Respective parts of the brain are they Evolved? Of what Effect are they on the Problem of Human Life, Here and Hereafter?" After some appreciative vocal and orchestra music, a strange control through Prof. D. M. King, of Mantua Station, O., gave a truly inspired lecture on the above subject, being in every respect highly satisfactory, holding the closest attention of all for one and a half hours, and could it have been reported and published, as it well merited, its worth and benefit to the spiritual cause could not be estimated. Their next meeting is held Jan. 11, 1891, 10 a. m., at the home of Mr. Cuthbertson, one mile West of South, Newberry, O.; picnic dinner as usual; a good programme of literary and musical exercises will be given by members and friends. All are invited. Verily, the cause of truth advances, nor halts a moment for circumlocution.

Frank G. Wilson, Sec'y National S. and R. Camp Association.

Herman Fancher, of St. George, Utah, writes: "The promised article of actual experiences through Mrs. Mahammad will be a great attraction."

SCINTILLATIONS.

(Continued from first page.)

Scientist is doing for the church to-day what you and I could not do, and the churches are getting ready for large allopathic doses of Spiritualism. There is also another class, the Theosophists, Occultists, etc., who affect large names, but are simply men that have progressed from the primary school of modern Spiritualism.

The orthodox church to-day is what the liberal church was twenty-five years ago. Now you hear what is very good liberal preaching from what used to be a very narrow Christian church. Last year in Saratoga there was a large convention of ministers (they are always convening for something) who got together to see whether infants are eternally damned or not! They put off the question for a year before deciding it. Another large convention was held, to determine whether a man once in hell could ever get out. The Rev. Joseph Cook thought that after a man got in, he should stay there. But then, he hadn't been there himself! Most of the clergymen thought as he did, but a few, although generally strict in their teachings, thought he should have a chance. If you should say to a child of yours, there is an apple, don't you eat that apple, and he should go to work and eat it, and you should say to him, I will punish you forever, every day, every night, all your life, and through all eternity, everybody would say, fool! Why do you punish a child at all? To make him better; but if you punish him forever, you give him no chance to be better. It is against common sense, good judgment, and common justice.

These things have been made clear to all intelligent minds, and to-day we hear first-class Spiritualism, without the name, on every side. If you hear or read the Rev. Heber Newton, you cannot fail to see the handwriting on the wall, and that right through everything he says is the voice of the Spirit-world. Minot Savage, one of the most intelligent preachers of the present time, in nearly all he says simply gives you straight Spiritualism. He has not labeled it yet, but by-and-by, when popular opinion demands Spiritualism, he will come out and say, Why don't you see that I have been talking this truth for fifteen years?

We have our physical bodies; some of you know too much of that for your own good; and they are supposed to be adjusted to each want. We eat, drink, sleep, walk, run, sorrow, enjoy. Some think there are only three important events in the day, breakfast, dinner and supper. If only fifteen minutes late, they act as if the entire economy of the universe were disturbed. They live a physical life, one they can touch and feel, but the spiritual, the aspirational life, is as much above the life of the body as the mind itself is above it. The attributes of the mind are but the links between the inner man and the outer man. Science says that all you find of mind is the result of the association of the physical elements, while Spiritualism reverses the matter, and says, instead of the mind being the result of the body, the body is the result of the action of the mind, and the whole material universe, from the tiniest blade of grass to the loftiest archangel, is simply an effort of the indwelling spirit to reveal itself.

The spiritual universe is everywhere, and what is called the physical universe is but the effort of the spiritual to unfold and express itself.

The artist, when painting a picture, does not do it from the physical life, and only he succeeds in the world, like an Angelo or a Raphael, who into his color, form and grace puts a soul, and makes his work live long after he is dead. The work of a Mendelssohn, Mozart, Beethoven, and all the great musicians of the past, is only the expression of the spiritual, something of the master mind that creates it. Clever mechanical arrangement is one thing, but true music, like art, belongs to the realm of the spirit.

The advanced thought in Spiritualism is not to bring the Spirit-world nearer to the earth, but to bring the people of the earth nearer to the spiritual world, and this is done by the power of clairvoyance, or spiritual seeing, and clairaudience, or spiritual hearing, and psychometry, or the sense of spiritual feeling. You go to see a medium when in trouble, to get things straightened out, and to get communications from spirit friends, but how many of you personally devote any part of your time to the Spirit-world? Every one of you should give half an hour or so of each day to this purpose, and shut the door to every mortal friend, and get acquainted with yourself. A really unfolded man is never alone. When by yourself you can recall a thousand impressions, and ally yourself to those who are thousands of miles away.

We know of the wonderful power of transportation from one place to another by electricity, and of sending messages by telegraph, etc., but when the spiritual side of man is unfolded more fully, there will be a spiritual telegraphy that will laugh these things to scorn.

The higher Spiritualism consists not only in an understanding of the beauties of another world, but in a better understanding of the duties of the present world. Mediumship to-day demonstrates the great truth of spirit return, and there is one grand lesson which Spiritualism has brought to us all, a sweet and tender one, always new, always old, the bright, holy and sublime knowledge that there is another life, where we shall know as we are known, where our friends shall stand forth exactly as they are, and where, free from the trials of earth, the sorrows of every-day life we shall at last join hands, friend with friend, soul with soul, and life with life.

J. P. SNIPES.

WARNED BY A SPIRIT.

Angus, his Old Friend Saves Him.

Such a glorious night! The snow sparkled like diamond dust, and the sleigh runners squeaked as they passed over it, with frosty sound so dear to the heart of the true Canadian.

The moon had risen and it was as bright as day. The horse's breath seemed to fill the air with clouds, and his coat already began to sparkle with frost. Oh, it was good to be home again! "Canada for the Canadians." Is it any wonder we love our beautiful country with such passionate devotion?

From these high and patriotic thoughts I was aroused by coming to a turn in the road, a fork. Now, there were two roads to the village from this point, one leading down a long, steep hill, at the bottom of which an aboideau, or primitive bridge, built of fir trees and brush, with alternate layers of earth and stones—a sort of earth-work, in fact—spanned a deep, treacherous little creek, in which the ice piled in huge blocks in winter, and as it was an estuary of the river, it was a dangerous spot when the tide was high. Taking this road would cut off more than half a mile of my journey so I decided to try it, despite a curious reluctance on the part of my horse. The road certainly did not look as if it was traveled much, but just at the turn the snow had drifted off, leaving it nearly bare. So I forced the unwilling nag into the roadway and jogged on cautiously.

The spot bore an unpleasant name, and a still more unpleasant reputation. It was called "Ghost's Hollow."

Fifty years ago, in the old days when the province was thinly settled and a weekly stage coach was the only means of communication between the different towns, the horses of a heavily laden coach had taken fright at the top of the hill, and dashing down at mad speed had gone over the aboideau. The tide was full in at the time and the creek filled with great blocks of ice. There were none to help in that lonely spot, so every one had been drowned, and the superstitious country people insisted that on wild winter nights anyone standing at the top of the hill and listening intently could hear the muffled sound of sleigh bells, the shouts and groans of the drowning people and the splashing and struggling of the horses. Certain it was that, when the tide was very low and the wind high, the water running through the sluices under the aboideau made an weird, gurgling sound that was not by any means cheerful. I could hear it now with painful distinctness, though there was no wind. And my thoughts traveled back to my boyhood and to old Angus McDonald, a queer old Scotch farmer, with whom I had been a great favorite, who had taught me how to make fox traps and to shoot rabbits, to believe in omens and to be frightened in dreams.

A superstitious old fellow, who declared that he had the gift of second sight, and who had always insisted that to hear the sounds of the groans and struggles in "Ghost's Hollow," was a sure forerunner of coming misfortune to the one hearing them.

I smiled to myself as I remembered it, and made a mental note that I would tell Angus the first time I saw him, and ask him what he made of the omen now.

The horse stopped so suddenly that I nearly fell over the dashboard! And directly in front of the sleigh I saw a man plodding slowly along through the snow. I could have sworn that he was not there half a minute before, and yet he could not have come out of the woods without my seeing him. "Holloa!" I called. He turned slowly, and I saw that it was old Angus himself.

"Why, Angus, old fellow," I said, "what in the world are you doing in this lonely spot? Jump in and I'll drive you home. I was just thinking about you."

"Many thanks, Walter, for yer offer and yer thoughts, too; but it's a cold night, and I'm not that wrapped up for driving; walking's warmer," he answered.

"But what brings you out here on such a night, Angus?" I persisted. "Your rheumatism must be better than it was, or you would not run such risks."

"Ay, the rheumatism's not that bad. I was seen' to the fox traps, an' then I heard the bells an' knew some one was going down the hill, so I came out to warn them. The 'bito's' all down, Walter, an' you'd get an ugly fall amongst those ice cakes if ye went over; turn back, boy, and go the long way."

"But, Angus," I cried, "I don't like to leave you here."

"I'll do well enough, lad; I'm going home now; good night."

"Good night," I answered reluctantly.

"I'll see you to-morrow."

He made no answer, and I turned the trembling horse, who pranced and snorted and tried to bolt until he realized that he was going the other way. When I looked back Angus was gone.

Once on the main road again we went like the wind, and soon the lights of home shone out, and in a few minutes more I was in the hall being shaken hands with, and kissed, and questioned, passed around from one to the other like a sort of cordial, exclaimed over and commiserated because I had not had any tea, and reading a welcome in Maggie's sweet eyes over "truly sustaining," as the old ladies say, than all the teas in the world.

"Walter dear," said Maggie, "you have not been taking care of yourself. You look terribly worn and pale."

"Never mind, Maggie," I answered, "I am going to rest and get strong again now."

The boys were both home for the day. Jack was in the civil service and Will was in a bank, both younger than I, and already winning their own way in the world, I thought with a sigh.

The mother came in to tell me my supper was ready, and every one came into the dining room to see that I was well taken care of. Maggie poured out the hastily made coffee, and if I could have shaken off a curious feeling of languor that would creep over me, I should have felt as if I were in Paradise, after my long months of solitude.

"By the way, Walter," said Jack, sud-

denly. "How did you happen to come the Marsh road, as of course you did, or you would not be here—you know you always took the old coaching road because it was a little shorter. Was it by chance, or did they tell you at the hotel that the aboideau was down?"

"I believe they did tell me," I answered. "At least the hostler called after me, but I did not hear him. So I took the coach road, and if it had not been for poor old Angus McDonald I should be floundering among the ice cakes now instead of sitting here. I met him before I had more than started down the hill, and he told me about the 'bito,' as he called it."

For a full minute after I spoke there was a dead silence. Then Jack opened his mouth to speak, but was checked instantly by a look from father. Maggie grew very pale, and then flushed uneasily, and mother said something hurriedly about my having missed the train, and how disappointed the girls had been.

Something had evidently happened, for every one seemed constrained, but made nervous efforts to talk, so I was glad when the meal, which had begun so merrily, came to a close.

I went back to the parlor with the girls and tried to feel as I did when I first came in, but it was of no use, and, hearing Jack's footsteps crossing the hall, I slipped out and stopped him.

"Look, here, Jack," I began, "did I say anything out of the way at supper?" "No! Oh, no," said Jack, uneasily; he had evidently received private instructions to hold his tongue, and he found the task a hard one.

"Very well," I answered shortly, "if you don't choose to tell me, I'll go out in the kitchen and ask the servants. They will tell me fast enough. Now what was there in my saying I had seen old Angus to startle any one so?"

"Well, if you will have it, there was a good deal. Angus died six weeks ago. I can't imagine how we forgot to write you about it—Walter!"

I can't tell much about what happened after that, for the reason that I don't know. Jack says I just staggered and fell, as if I had received a blow. And when next I was able to take an interest in what was passing around me it was nearly the last of January and I had lost count of time for many weeks.

GEORGE CUTHBERT STRANGE.
St. John, N. B.

WAS I DREAMING?

(BY ALTON E. HULLARD.)

I lay me weary down to rest,
My heart was heavy and oppressed;
I journeyed on, I journeyed on,
Half lull'd to go,
Towards Dreamland.

And then I wandered far away,
On wings I flew from where I lay,
Fast through the air,
Now here, now there;
In fair Dreamland.

With flight as swift as lightning's dash,
From world to world, so light, I dashed;
Beautiful land,
On every hand,
Boundless Dreamland.

And faces long years before,
Around me hovered as of yore
With flowers crown'd,
While songs resound,
Songs of Dreamland.

Through happy worlds, through realms
above,
All filled with sunshine, joy, and love.
From star to star,
So quick, so far;
Happy Dreamland.

"Ah, did I dream?" I wildly cried,
And angels answered, "Only died."
Dreams—sleep—away!
He lives for aye,
In Dreamland.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

The Christmas that never was,
On this dark December air,
With clear pale gleam, like the ghost of a dream,
It is painted everywhere.

The Christmas that might have been,
In the light of the old sound,
Down the lonely street, with the tread of feet
That lie silent underground.

The Christmas that yet may be,
Like the Bethlehem star, leads kind
Yet our life slips past; hour by hour, fast, fast,
Few before, and many behind.

The Christmas we have and hold,
With a tremulous tender strain,
Holy joy, holy fears—the palm of the years,
"Grief passes, blessings remain!"
—MRS. MULLOCK-CHALK.

Materialization in Tunis, Africa.

TRANSLATED BY Z. T. GRIFFEN.

M. Eurico Chetcuti, an attaché of the Courts in Goulette, Tunis, whom I have known for six years, but who has never before mentioned the subject of Spiritualism wrote me the following account:

In 1881, I was keeping a grocery in Goulette, which yielded a fine income from the French troops that were encamped nearby. Having quite a sum of money, after providing abundantly for my family, I desired to place it in some secure hands, and so I sent it to my sister, who had always been my confident. The sum was 520 francs, composed of twenty-six pieces of twenty franc gold pieces. Several days afterwards my sister was taken very sick and soon died, but during the time she was sick I dare not enquire of her about the money I had deposited with her.

At the end of six months after her death, having recovered from the shock consequent upon her death, and my affairs were again in their normal condition, I fell into a kind of lethargy or state of semi-trance. One evening while in bed, I got into a train of thought about the money I had deposited with my sister before her death, and which I could learn nothing about. I finally dropped off to sleep, but in the course of the night I was awakened by a pressure on my left arm, and at once heard a voice, clear and distinct, and of the exact tones of my late departed sister which spoke to me in the Maltese dialect, our mother tongue, saying: "Do not worry and conclude that the money which thou placed in my hands, is lost. Thou wilt find it wrapped up in a paper, sewed up in the pocket of my green dress at the bottom of my trunk." I knew there was no living person in the chamber, except my aged mother, who was asleep.

On arising in the morning I at once asked my mother for the key of the designated trunk, and judge of my surprise, not only to find my gold intact, but in the exact place designated by the voice during the night before. This must surely have been the voice of my sister's spirit as no one in the world knew the fact that I had made this deposit with her.—M. GONTIER, in the *La Lumiere* for November.

A PROPHETIC DREAM.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

It Revealed the Capital of South Dakota.

I do not wish to prevail upon your columns to the exclusion of any other communication, but about one month before our great capital contest which has ended in Pierre's favor by about 10,000 votes, as I lay upon my bed in a semi-trance, which many of my old friends will recognize as being not at all unusual, I received a vision of the general outcome of the capital contest, a theme uppermost in my mind at that time, and arose from my bed and wrote it down for publication under the caption of "A Prophetic Dream," for the *Pierre Journal*, for which I was acting as editor though the last two months of the campaign. The following is the article in full taken from that paper, and as every thing has transpired as per the interpretation and much to the letter of the vision, it is assuredly worthy of a reproduction for the personal of these who, with myself, understand such things:

We would not ask the space in your columns in which to relate a mere dream, were it not for the fact that it is relevant to the most important issue now before the people. I have had a few of these prophetic visions as they were commonly called in Bible times, and never did one fail to be correct in actual occurrence.

As a prelude I will state that being a property owner in Pierre, I have ever been anxious about the location of the permanent capital, which fact, no doubt, inspired this dream.

Sunday night last, after reading and writing through the day in regard to the future prospects of Pierre and the general outlook for the permanency of the capital within her corporate limits, I retired only to continue my thoughts for an hour or more. At last Morpheus came to my relief and I slept soundly until two o'clock. On awakening I rehearsed my vision, which was as follows:

A CAPITAL DREAM.

The present campaign had closed, the ballots were all cast and counted, with a few Pierre counties on the east side of the river and the whole west yet to hear from and Pierre ahead several thousand votes. But the interesting part of the dream is yet to be told. I started over to Huron, in company with several gentlemen who are quite familiar residents of Pierre, but whose names are unnecessary here, on a tour of inspection and this in the face of the report that the Huron people had blood in their eyes for all Pierre men, and to go there meant war, but I started all the same, after sizing up the muscle and grit of my escort. On going something near half the distance we were met by a perfect army of laborers and business men carrying banners that read as nearly as we can recollect: "We fought, bled and died, and in the battle died." "Peerless Pierre has gained the day, despite all we could do or say!" "We are coming Peerless Pierre, receive us with good cheer!" "Give, oh! give us work and give us bread, and we will labor with you, hands and head." "The world is yours, oh victor Pierre, now take it and we will help you a paradise to make it." These I supposed to be mere symbols of their actual feelings over the defeat. I interpret them to mean that in the far future, when these animosities, now at white heat, have been cooled down to a peaceful warmth and friendship shall be substituted for hate over their lost prize, they will want to shake hands with us and we will shake with our brothers. We saluted them and received a very cordial salute in response and an invitation to go with them to an o. p. house not far away and float our friendship and down our animosities. We accepted the invitation to a man, but instead of being led to the aforesaid o. p. house, we were escorted to a boat that was crowded to its utmost with Huron people, the leaders of whom were crazy drunk and were badly bruised as though they had been the under dogs in a very savage fight. One of them took me by the hand and led me upon the boat saying, "come (hic) here young feller (hic) I want you to (hic) write it down that you saw (hic) the editor of the Huronite take water, (hic) and state that it was because all other supplies had been exhausted and (hic) he was too full (hic) to know the difference." I glanced around me, made a note of what had been said, saw the water fall into his neck and I passed through the crowd to the rear of the boat, opened the side gate and again joined my escort upon the bank, not being very fond of such a drunken rabble. The captain of the boat informed us that this was Salt River and his boat was ordered up stream with its load, but he was fearful of the consequence and should hug the shore pretty close lest she sink.

On our return we had much to say of the final result; but the most important was that the Huron boys had given up the fight only after finding themselves so badly downed east of the big muddy, with the vote of the hills so largely against them. They were a sorry lot indeed and had they not made such a disgraceful fight I could not have helped feeling a deep sense of pity for them, but even in my dream their low down tactics were taken into consideration.

I am not at all superstitious and one who is student of nature's laws need not be to draw the right interpretation of the above dream. It simply means that when all the eastern counties are in and the figures added up Pierre will have Huron down badly east of the river with the west side largely in Pierre's favor; that at first the count will be wired through Huron, where they will no doubt be changed to wire to Pierre, but as the official returns must be given to the capital, we will get the straight of it with regard to just what majority she gets in the west end and find about 10,000 majority all told.

Huron will not give up the battle before all the returns from the west are in. Pierre will go out beyond the half way line to meet her conquered foe and extend kindly greetings, eventually, not till after that trip on the briny stream, the two will float in friendship on the peaceful waters of progress, but must remain as sisters estranged until the months and years of time have obscured their little hatchet.

Those motives mean their honest sentiments after due reflection upon the true situation, and the inevitable sequence of their own vile methods.

Were I a betting man I would stake my last penny on the result of the capital election in favor of Pierre. I have had them before and know what these prophetic dreams mean.
Pierre, S. D.

CHRISTENED BY SPIRITS.

Nobody Knew the Baby's Name Until It Was Spoken.

It Was Wafted to the Medium's Spiritual Ears by the Spirit Guides of the Independent Club, which had Adopted the Infant.

Dressed in a pretty confection of fleecy lace and creamy silk, decked with roses and ribbons, his big black eyes filled with wonder, Clarence Fidelio Sweet, aged 4 months, was the centre of attraction, the admired of all admirers, and the leading actor in a scene of unusual interest in Conservatory Hall, at the corner of Fulton and Bedford avenues, Brooklyn, N. Y., one evening a short time ago. The occasion was a "Spiritualistic christening."

The child's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Sweet, are leading members of the Independent Club, a Spiritualist organization, and the boy was adopted as the child of the club, and it was resolved that, departing from the usual custom of Spiritualists, he should be initiated into the fold of the faithful with proper ceremonies.

J. William Fletcher, a medium, one of the founders of the club and its regular speaker, was consulted, and communication on the subject was soon opened with the Spirit-world. It was decided by the parents and friends that the naming of the child and all the ceremonies of the christening should be left to Mr. Fletcher's "spirit controls," and for several weeks past Brooklyn Spiritualists had been looking forward to the event of last week. Consequently the large hall of the Conservatory was well filled long before the opening of the services last night, anxious mothers and curious maids predominating, though there were at least 100 of the sterner sex in the audience.

The baby arrived at the hall in the arms of his mother, escorted by his father, and attended by a dozen or more of adoring women slaves, promptly at a quarter before 8 o'clock, and he was at once enshrined amid the mysteries of the ante-room.

His next public appearance was precisely an hour later, at the close of the regular services. Mr. Fletcher, the celebrant, is a handsome, dark-eyed man of good figure. His hair is silvery, but he has a raven-black moustache, and he wore a La Gloire rose in his coat lapel. In the course of his address, which dealt with "The Relations of Spiritualism to Religion," he said, apropos of this special occasion:

"Spiritualists do not believe that children should receive a strict religious training. They have only horror for the Calvinistic dogma that hell is paved with the skulls of infants. We think children should be cared for as flowers are cared for—allowed to grow as Nature directs—and cultured with plenty of love and warmth and sunshine and gladness."

After a hymn sung by the congregation the strains of a processional pealed forth from the organ, and the christening party marched from the ante-room to the front of the platform. First came Miss Ida Richards and Miss May O Shea, maids of honor, dressed in white and carrying big bouquets of Mermé roses. Then followed his highness as he was borne in the arms of his pretty young mother, with the father on his left hand. Two pretty little girls in white, the Misses Wilder and Richards, followed with baskets of flowers. Arriving at the front of the centre of the platform they all faced around and stood in a row in the order of the march. Upon a large table at the edge of the platform was a large basket of flowers.

The basket was in the shape of a golden cornucopia, with its wide mouth upturned, from which burst masses of color in roses, chrysanthemums, entwined with violets and smilax. Rising out of these emblems of life was a single star of white chrysanthemums, the spirit emblem adopted by the club. In the centre of the star appeared the letter "S," the initial of the baby's family, in violets.

A verse of "The Beautiful River" having been sung to an organ accompaniment, Mr. Fletcher, stepped forward to name the baby. Up to this moment no one present, not even the father and mother or the medium himself, knew what the child's name was to be. So the anxious interest with which the medium was listened to may be imagined. Probably the only unconcerned and serene person in the hall was the baby. He stared at the medium, reached out his little pink hands for the flowers, and crowed as if keeping time to the music.

His parents had spread the startling intelligence that the infant had already given remarkable evidence of the possession of mediocrity powers, but if he knew what his name was going to be he kept it to himself.

Mr. Fletcher, standing over the infant, began by invoking the presence of the spirits and asking them to bless and guide the child on his entrance into a new life, directing his steps in the way of spiritual life and wisdom, charity and brotherly love. Then stepping down from the platform he took a wreath of rosebuds from the table and fastening it by a wide crimson silk ribbon on the breast of the child, he said:

"By direction of the spiritual guides of the Independent Club I name thee Clarence Fidelio."

This name had just been wafted into his spiritual ears. A long pent up sigh of relief burst from the crowd, who had been so anxiously waiting for the disclosure of the great secret. Continuing, the speaker gave expression to all sorts of good wishes.

After more music the christening party retired in the same order in which it had entered. But the little hero went into temporary seclusion. As soon as the meeting was adjourned he appeared with his bright-eyed mother, and for about an hour held a reception.

All crowded around him, congratulated his happy parents, and kissed him and said what a wise and beautiful and big-eyed and lovely baby he was—quite as if he had been christened in the ordinary way and was not a gifted spiritualistic prodigy.

AN EXCELLENT MOVE!

Let it Take Definite Shape.

It has been suggested by many leading Spiritualists of this vicinity and other places that we need a better organization, a State institution with headquarters somewhere in the State, and a State lecturer employed by this organization, at a stated salary, raised by different localities and organizations, to go through the State and give a few lectures in a place, organize new societies and try and hold together those already organized.

There is hardly a town in this State but has from one to fifty or more good Spiritualists, who are not afraid to be known as such, and a general liberal element ready to join when presented in proper shape. If the lecturer could be a good platform test medium, it would be all the better, as there is a great demand for phenomena.

Without a general organization, it is useless to try to hold together a local organization, as it is sure to go to pieces. I judge by the workings of our own society; we started out with great prospects and encouragement, rented and fitted up a hall in the best location in town, with banquet room adjoining, tables and dishes to seat thirty guests at one time; still there is a lack of something. We are like a ship without a rudder, we are drifting about in mid ocean, with no one at the helm to guide us. The officers of this society are all good men and women, but don't seem to have the desired effect.

Take the churches, for an example; their success lies in a great measure to their thorough organization. Without it they would be in the same condition as we are.

We have been shamefully imposed upon by transient speakers, who started out well, but soon drained our treasury and our patience, and left us at the bottom, to find our way up again as best we could. Failure seems to be stamped on the face of all our undertakings. I see no remedy except as above stated, to give it a better tone and place in community.

We have a general liberal element here among business men, who desire to see it go ahead, but are intimidated by church members, who they know will boycott them if they are known to have anything to do with it. With this grand organization, it would give it a better standing, and become more popular, as this is the key-note to success.

We would need an official organ to report through, as there is no paper of the kind published in the State. It has been suggested that your paper be made that organ, as it is widely circulated in this State.

We would like to see all the States take the same course, and have a national organization and a delegate convention once a year, to map out our course.

We do not wish to be hasty or prominent in this matter, but have carefully looked the field over and come to the conclusion now is the proper time to set the ball rolling, and formulate some plan for action.

Parties wishing to correspond on the matter privately, can write to the undersigned, and their letters will receive prompt attention.

By request of many Spiritualists.

W. H. PRINDLE, } Committee.
WM. CHUQUET, } Fort Dodge, Iowa.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

The Twenty-Fifth Anniversary.

For twenty-five years the banners of the Cleveland, Ohio, Lyceum has been borne triumphant. Difficulties and trials have been met that would have discouraged less earnest workers, and self-sacrifice has been demanded, such as few would care to make. But the way has become easier and the harvest has been ripening for those who continued to the end. No other Lyceum organization has had as long a life, and none continued to increase in numbers and usefulness as this has done. Now it is proposed to celebrate the event of the closing of the twenty-fifth year in a manner worthy of the occasion. The Lyceum Theatre, one of the most attractive pleasure resorts in the city has been secured for the day and evening.

It has a seating capacity of over 1,200, and nearly half the seats are already sold, so that financial success is assured. There will be lectures and music during the day. Frank Baxter, A. B. French, Hudson Tuttle, Emma Rod Tuttle and other speakers will be present.

The evening programme has not yet been completed, but its main features will be a complete working session of the Lyceum on the stage that the audience may see what it is like and how vastly superior it is over all other systems of training. There will also be music, instrumental and vocal, recitations, short speeches and a poem written especially for the occasion by Emma Rod Tuttle. The marching and calisthenics are almost perfect in the common session, but the Lyceum is under drill for still greater precision and elegance. When it is known that Thomas Lees, with the efficient officers of the Lyceum, as Conductor Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Black, Guardian, Mrs. Martin, Assistant, Mrs. Calkins, and a score of others have taken hold of the matter with their characteristic earnestness, Spiritualists will be assured of the rich feast in store.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Mrs. Albert Stocker, of Geneva, Ohio, writes: "We are much pleased with your paper and find it has no equal as a family paper."

Albert Jackson of Grand Tower, Ill., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the best spiritual paper that I ever read, and I have been investigating the glorious truth of spirit philosophy for over thirty years."

S. N. Aspinwall, of Minneapolis, Minn., writes: "We are perfecting our camp-meeting arrangements; have beautiful grounds selected, well shaded with a fine grove, on the shores of a beautiful lake, with hunting, fishing and boating, a hotel and cottages, a quiet, lovely place."

THE SPIRIT REALMS

Experiences in Spirit Life of a Celebrated Dramatist.

He Visits the Fourth Sphere.

At the termination of my last discourse I left you on the border of what may be termed the centre-sphere—for such is the position of the fourth sphere. Those who have not studied this subject will, perhaps, find it difficult to comprehend but it is not difficult to understand that at some future day every man and woman must pass away from this earth. That is to say, they will be made to part with their physical body, and a new birth will take place.

It is to this centre-sphere where the spirits are brought preparatory to the second death, or, rather, say the second transformation, for the spiritual body, having discarded the unworthy influences that were around it in the previous sphere, is now fitted for a higher state. It may be asked, how can this possibly be? Many have said that when once the spirit takes its flight from the body, all pains and sorrows are over, that it is borne away and rises to a land of perpetual bliss, where sorrows never more will move it, and having reached that state, they consider the summit of progress will have been attained, that the laws of Nature are then suspended, and the spirit is instantaneously fitted to enter into the presence of the Supreme Father, or Deity!

Yes, this is the teaching, but let us more carefully examine the facts. And I wish to impress upon your minds that, unless you have attentively followed me in my progress hitherto, you cannot understand what I am about to tell you here, viz., that this is the last sphere attained by the spirit ere it is placed in a state to be borne to what is termed the "Summer-Land," for between the Summer-Land and the spheres below there is a vast difference, so vast that it would be as easy for you to reach one of the other planets in your bodily form as for a spirit to attain to the Summer-Land who is unfitted to enter it! It is here, in this central sphere, where the spirit must lose all the evil passions and inclinations which influenced it in the lower spheres. In this transitional sphere there are not the different and conflicting sects by which the under spheres are characterized, for here all religious creed, all old superstitious teachings, are levelled to the ground. The spirit before entering this sphere must have a certain power over the organismal structure of its being, and have extirpated the cravings and passions of earth. 'Tis in this sphere that the principle of affinity is begun to be realized in its true essence. There are no scattered or different tribes, clans or bands here, all are on a par, that is to say, a par of preparation for a higher sphere—the Summer-Land!

It is with rapidity the spirit comprehends its position when placed here, where it finds there is no idle time. It now perceives that what it has hitherto considered so beautiful has become dwarfed in insignificance, so to speak, compared to the glories around and awaiting its advent to more advanced states, that the past scenes, although associated with transcendent beauties, are as it were a speck compared to the vast expanse that lies beyond. The sun rises and breaks through the clouds, and the great mystery unfolds itself to the spiritual faculties. It is here, upon this very stepping stone, that the spirit learns that what it has heretofore seen has been but a mere nothing to that which is beyond. There is no man, probably, who, believing in a future existence, does not imagine or paint it in the brightest colors. He pictures it to himself in no small degree of grandeur. Even the prophets and patriarchs of old, although they cherished great and glorious ideas concerning it, did not fall into the right way of thinking, viz., that of passing through a gradation of spheres, each one brighter than the other. Such a rational arrangement was ill suited to their ideal and erroneous conceptions. Each generation has decked the future state in the old pomp of their forefathers' ideas, who reared it up on a basis of ignorance and superstition.

Ne'er has been a time in history when so deep and fervent an inquiry has been made regarding the destiny of the race as is now taking place upon earth. Thousands will tell you that they belong to this or that denomination, that they are "true and holy Catholics," "devout Protestants," etc., but I perceive many, very many, within the so-called pale of the church who are faltering. The real crystal waters of truth have been long dammed up in his ignorance has prevented their being poured down to refresh the drooping spirits of those who thirsted for them.

Yes, "holy Catholics," and "devout Protestants." You have called upon Deity through Mary or Jesus, but how many will the latter know of you in the sense that you expect? You have yet to learn that he knows none of you in the manner you seem to anticipate. It is by certain ways and means—the knowledge of which is easily gained—that you can alone cleanse yourselves. No intercessor is needed, as you have been falsely taught, for you have to rely solely upon yourselves. Listen, earthly beings! in the arched vault among countless orbs, each world appearing in the vast distance as merely a little twinkling star, seemingly placed there as diamonds to adorn His works, unnumbered, unseen worlds abound, unceasingly revolving in their appointed orbits.

Myriads there are in spirit-life who rejoice that they have found those whom they jealously had supposed were lost. They no longer mourn with tears those whom they had unwittingly consigned to those mythical localities—the main props of the various churches. Of "Hell" and "Heaven's" existence nothing do they know, poor benighted, ignorant man. In thy Father's kingdom there are many mansions, however, which thou knowest not of. Who gave thee power, presumptuous man, to divide the signs and quarter them? Who gave thee sanction to halve, or rather apportion His realms as thou hast done to suit thy personal interest? Who gave thee that power? Speak! You that have lived so long upon the running stream of pretension, which is slowly, but surely, becoming exhausted before the advance of that philosophy upon which you have attempted to cast disgrace.

There are some of you who would have welcomed it with open arms if it could have entered into a compromise with your man-made creeds, as if truth could or would descend to demean itself. It stands, however, upon a foundation that you cannot shake or touch. Let me further ask, Canst thou tell where those are gone who once did grasp you with friendly hand, who once did see with flashing eyes? Whither have they sped their solitary way? Oh! hurl back the stone, and let your religion answer the question. Blank, indeed, is thine answer, thou canst not tell, ye holy priests of pretension and ancient superstition. Through thy false teaching, and the impious power so long at thy command (which, happily, is slipping from thine hands) men have languished through an indefinite period of time, but now they are beginning to drink of the golden waters pouring down upon their thirsty souls, bringing them hand-in-hand with those they loved, who have only entered a higher domain of Nature where they still live and love though existing in changed forms of matter.

To return to our subject, viz., the preparatory sphere for the second transformation. Everything here is work, each spirit is studying to fit itself for the higher land, to which they are conducted by what are termed white-robed spirits, who are beautiful to behold, though robed in perfect simplicity. The dress that is generally worn is of an olden fashion or stamp. It is merely a sort of gabled muslin, lightly and loosely clothing the form, and braided in at the waist by a girdle or belt, upon which are written certain emblems, such as Truth, Love, Simplicity. You smile, but such means are employed to bring those whom they conduct to harmony with their neighbors.

The idea of books in the future life will, by many, perhaps, be looked upon as absurd, but the contents of books are supplemental to the teachings of the higher spirits. Many, very many, who leave this earth and the lower spiritual sphere have never been enabled to read books, but they are eventually taught to do so.

I noticed that those whom I saw in this grade appeared to look as if they were advancing in years. The youngest there seemed to be spiritually older than the eldest I had left behind.

I spoke, and these are the words as far as I can remember:—"Noble elders, I greet you! I, ignorant as ignorant can be, have traveled far, but I suppose you have traversed the same space before me. Can you say how thus you all seem to be growing older? Can you to me the secret unfold to earth and give me light, that I may go back and convey the tidings of the revealed mystery?" One, with beautiful blue eyes, and with a halo dazzling and sparkling around his face, whose beauty I could not help admiring thus returned:—"Strangers, for I see many such are here, 'tis here where the final education for the Summer-Land is commenced. I have passed through the grades and spheres which you have traversed. I have also seen others that I cannot in any way picture to you or enlighten you upon, you must see for yourselves. Upon this very ground where I stand, and around and about once dwell certain spirits who lived upon earth far back in time. You cannot but have admired the scenes which you have witnessed, but those which you will yet see are beyond description, they are past even your imagination. It is in this sphere, within whose portals you have just now stepped, that you have to learn to throw behind and away from you those old dispositions which formed part of your earthly nature. Here, friends, must you awake to the grand reality before you can take your flight to the Summer-Land with its silvery shores. Even that has to be passed, but ere you do so a great deal has to be learned, the future with its golden light will be ever beckoning you forward. You must here become, by the laws of affinity, in perfect harmony with all whom you meet. Behold! I see some of you even now whose faculties grow larger and expand. By such a growth and expansion if continued you will attain to true harmony with each other and all the spirits of the same sphere, so that you will be enabled to feel when you pass into the land of perfect harmony that you are without one spot, without one blemish, without one flaw, standing forth in your naked simplicity, pure, good, true and holy, knowing and comprehending the laws that govern you; your whole spiritual form can be looked upon, and none can then say there is one blot, one stain, but that all is lovely as in the Summer-Land." I will now draw the lecture to a close.

The following was here spoken through the medium, still entranced, in tones of voice a child:

List, oh! list to the music. Hark, oh! hark to its chords, which strike in unison with the chords above. Oh! listen to the silvery fountains beaming with light as they softly play. Away, away! oh! let us away to those who are joyous and happy, who have no cares to mar their spiritual life. Away to the lands of those bright and glorious spirits! See what perfect love is reigning there, blending their soul to soul, so that naught can sever them. Up then, up and away through the deep blue sky and o'er the realms of light to the regions far above.

Canst thou not conceive that those pure and joyous beings have merely gone before to brighten up thy dark and dreary day? Oh! list while I tell you there are countless numbers there from lands of which you can not tell, nor can you know until lifted up and away into those realms of bliss. Then awake! and ne'er go back to the weary track. Keep up your spirit and body too, and live while you can upon earth, doing and saying naught but what is good and true. Seek and encourage the loving ones who surround you waiting to be of service to you. From them knowledge you will gain to guide you here and to bring with you to the Spirit-world. Good night.

Mrs. Mary E. Marcy, of Petersboro, N. H., writes: "I like the paper because its outlook is not confined to one isle of progress, but sweeps the horizon of the universe."

Mariett Richmond, of Charlton, Ohio, writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the very best spiritual paper it has been my fortune to get hold of."

DEATH'S THRESHOLD.

EXPERIENCES IN FREEZING TO DEATH.

He Hears Enchanting Music.

"Freeze to death if you want to. You will like it. But don't let any body fetch you to again. That will almost kill you."

That was the strange remark made by Capt. R. L. Zely of Uniontown, who gravely had declared that in the terrible rigorous winter of 1839-40 he was "actually frozen to death," which declaration he supplemented with the above remark.

"The first snow of that season," said the Captain, "fell the first week in October, 1839. The last snow of the season came May 16, 1840. Between these two dates there wasn't less than six feet of snow on the level all the time, and where the wind had full sweep twenty feet was no uncommon thing to see. We had eight months of uninterrupted sleighing, and the thermometer for five months was at no time higher than 20° above zero, while most of the time it sported between 15° and 20° below.

"This was in Maine. I had an interest in some lumber that year up in the Piscataquis country, and it was necessary in February, 1840 for me to go into that region and look after my interests. It was a long journey, but the sleighing was like glass, and I had one of the best horses that ever lived. If he hadn't been I wouldn't be here to-day to tell what occurred to me on that trip.

"The second day of my journey the weather was as cold as 20° below zero could make it, and was gradually getting colder. I knew I would reach one of those queer little villages common to the Maine backwoods early that evening. There I intended to stay all night and drive on next morning to the house of the agent of the lumber property, twelve miles further along. I reached the village and found that there was no tavern there. Accommodations were offered me at a private house, but I was informed that I could not obtain a drop of water for my horse in the entire settlement. There had been no rain since winter set in, and there wasn't a well or a spring anywhere in the region in which there was a drop of water. The nearest water was in the Piscataquis river, nearly three miles distant, to which stock there was in the village was driven every day to drink, and enough water was carried back in buckets to keep the personal wants of the villagers supplied. My horse was badly in need of water, and I couldn't think of letting him go all night without a drink. So I ate my supper at the village house, and finding that I must drive on to the river if my horse was to have his much-needed drink that night, I made up my mind that I might as well keep right on to the agent's as to drive back to the village after watering my horse.

"It was a starlight night, but the air was filled with that peculiar frozen mist frequently noticeable in high, frosty localities. As we neared the river this haze became more dense, until finally it was with difficulty that I could see anything ahead of me. It was almost like passing through a storm of scaly ice. Suddenly—I was thinking that we must be almost on the margin of the river—there came a crackling sound, a loud splash of water, and the next second my horse was floundering in the water, which also covered the sleigh and the robes and myself up to my waist. In that thick bank of icy mist the horse had plunged into the river below where I had been told to cross, and had broken through the thin ice that had formed since the ice had been cut away that evening to give the cattle from the village a place to drink. The water splashed about by the horse soon drenched the rest of me, and in less time than I can tell it I was coated with a rapidly thickening armor of ice. I guess my noble beast must have floundered at least a minute in that hole before he knew exactly what had happened. When the situation did come to him he became quiet, threw his fore feet up, and lodged them both on the ice with a concerted blow like a trip-hammer. The ice was thick, but beneath that blow an immense cake was broken off and carried down under the edge of the ice below. The horse swam onward, dragging the sleigh with it, through the rapidly-freezing slush. Once more he pounded the ice ahead of him with his powerful fore feet, and again the ice yielded. During all this time I was shouting for help. I might, at the first breaking in of the horse, have turned and leaped back to the shore, but I did not collect my thoughts in time. It was now too late, and even if it had not been I was stiffened by the casting of ice that I couldn't have moved to save myself from death. The horse kept on, and, strange as the story may seem, broke a channel for fifty feet across that river and drew the sleigh out safely on the other side. Then he started off at the top of his speed toward our destination. He soon struck the road, and away we went.

"I knew that although one danger was escaped, a greater one was before us, and I urged the horse on. My sleigh robes and my clothing had frozen so solid that if I had been incased in iron I could not have been more motionless. My horse was naturally jet black, but his icy coating made him stand out even against that frozen mist, like a spectre horse. I could not move even my hands. We were not yet half-way to the agent's house when I found myself growing drowsy. I could no longer use my voice. The clatter of the horse's hoofs and the creaking of the runners on the icy road sounded to me like thunder claps, and wild, hideous cries. I knew that I was freezing, but I labored hard to rouse my will, and fight with it against my fate. The stars looked like great coals of fire, although before they could be seen but dimly through the peculiar haze. The trees, their branches covered with snow, took on the shapes of gigantic and fantastic ghosts. Still I preserved all my powers of reasoning. Finally I found myself growing deliciously warm. An indescribable languor, attended with pleasant visions, took possession of me. I heard sweet strains of music where before only tumult and startling cries had assailed my ears. Still, knowing what all this meant, I made one more mental effort to shake off the deadly spell. That was all.

"I don't know how far I was away from my destination when I thus froze to death, but I was after a time made aware that I was being called back to existence by suffering such tortures as the victim of the rack might feel. Greater agony I could not feel. Suddenly, at my feet, the pricking of a million needles assailed my flesh. Torturing me at that spot a moment until I writhed in agony, it dashed quickly up my legs, stopping an instant here and there, as if glowing over my misery, and then crawled with awful pain slowly upward, until it seemed that tiny jets of the flame were being blown into my body, heart and brain. The intensity of this agony was not constant. If it had been, I must have died again. It came in torturing waves. Each wave was a trifle less furious than its predecessor, until at last the storm was passed, and I found myself a weak, speechless, limp and helpless mortal, lying on a robe before the fireplace of my friend the agent.

"He had brought me back to life, but, as true as I tell you, I did not feel it in my heart at the time to thank him for doing it. When I was strong enough to bear it, he told me that soon after going to bed he was aroused by the peculiar and loud neighing of a horse. He got up and looked out of the window. He saw a sight that startled him—a ghostly horse with a ghostly sleigh and a ghostly driver—in the road before his door. As soon as he could recover himself he hurried out. Discovering that the horse's driver was dead, he carried him into the house and laid him on the floor, and then recognized me in the driver. Knowing that even if he could resuscitate me, nothing could be done toward it until the robe and clothing were thawed away, he made the fire blaze, and hurried out to the rescue of the faithful horse, that had reasoned with himself that he must stop at the first house he came to on that terrible night, and that my life depended on it.

"By the time the horse was cared for, I was in shape to be brought back to life, if it could be done. I was stripped and rubbed briskly with snow-water for over an hour before I gave any evidence that I might be called back. Then another hour was spent in the same treatment, when a spoonful of brandy was poured down my throat. After that, circulation of my blood began, and so did the agony I described. That suffering continued for an hour, and then I was pronounced once more alive. And that coming back over the boundary makes me ache yet whenever I think of it. I don't mind the dying. That, in fact, was rather a pleasure. But the coming to life! If ever I freeze to death again I want it done so that the man who resuscitates me does so at his peril."

Pendleton Lapham, the Medium.

A Note From a Philanthropic Worker.

Chance or the angels directed me to call a few weeks since at The Spiritual Home of Mrs. Emily B. Ruggles (alias "The poor mediums' good Godmother" No. 402 State St., Brooklyn, N. Y.), and it was well, for I met there a worthy old medium, Pendleton Lapham, and he gave me a truly good sitting, telling much of my spirit intuitions, aspirations and some grand visions—"within the veil" of my future work and usefulness.

This good medium was born at Stamford, Duchess Co., N. Y., April 30th, 1822, and resided for many years in Poughkeepsie, since in New York, and now at Greenville, N. J. His father, Solon Robinson, was a sturdy farmer, twice married,—his first wife being the mother of four boys and one girl; the second, Pendleton's mother, bore three boys and four girls. All this large family have lived out life's fitful scenes, met its sorrows and joys, and gone to our blessed Summer-land, and now weary, old and feeble, our friend Pendleton nears the end, and waits for the summons of the angels "to come away" to Spirit realms.

His first tidings of the divine gift of mediumship was in 1847, and he experienced conscious spirit intercourse in 1850, and he has continued working in the vineyard, proclaiming to many the glad tidings, and proving his birthright through many trials and losses, and now, in old age, meeting the stern, severe lessons of poverty, he needs immediate aid from some of the kind and loving, who realize that "the drying up of a single tear has more of honest fame than sheding seas of gore."

Our great seer, A. J. Davis was a friend of our medium in early days, and Lapham's mother was truly a mother to Jackson. He resided with her in her home in Poughkeepsie. It was her death and spirit birth that Mr. Davis so beautifully describes in his Autobiography, page 345, with a cut. He had so often received requests from Spiritualists concerning this change, and of the spirit's new birth, that he came from New York during this good woman's last illness, and in an upper room waited and watched for this glorious vision, the first which has ever been thus fully described of death's change and the Spirit's birth.

To return to our good purpose, speaking kind words for Pendleton Lapham. Now, after so many years, and life's various changes, seeing one after another of his large family circle leaving earth scenes, he really needs a little timely aid to minister to pressing needs and prepare for emergencies—death! Kind Spiritualists can remit even trifles to Mrs. Ruggles, the good valiant worker, and the home of mediums, No. 402 State Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and thus realize that "the little charities that soothe and heal and bless, lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers."

STEVANUS LYON.

Vice-President of the Moderation Society.

The Hartford Meeting.

Feeling that your readers would be interested in the well doing of Spiritualism in our part of the country, I send you a brief report of our meeting at Hartford, Mich., Dec. 6 and 7. The day was fine. The meeting was called to order by the President, L. S. Burdick. Mrs. Winsor, of Benton Harbor, was called upon for the opening lecture. Her influences showed us the dark side of life in this world, and how we ought to live to make it brighter. She gave us many moral lessons that we all ought to profit by. In the evening we had the pleasure of

listening to Hon. L. V. Moulton, of Grand Rapids, who spoke with reference to early education, giving us facts and proving his points from early history all along down to the present time, it was grand. As a Society, we appreciate him. There is no need for a change of speakers, for he gives us something new every time.

Our next speaker was Mr. Sullivan Cook, of Hartford. His subject: "We are Spiritualists Because we are Forced to be." He made many sharp points that all enjoyed.

Mrs. Winsor then gave us a short address, showing the brighter side of life. Mr. Moulton again took the rostrum, and from a scientific standpoint proved to us that all things strange and new had to run the gauntlet of superstition, how all the learned men, clergy, doctors, lawyers and professors of different schools, will try first to sneer it down, then to explain it away, then at last steal it and claim it as their own.

For the closing lecture Mr. Moulton took subjects from the audience. Mrs. Jackson, of 138 Hermitage, Grand Rapids, Mich., a psychometric reader, gave a number of readings from the rostrum. She gave several names that were recognized, and, in my judgment, she is a good medium, capable of doing a good work wherever she may be called.

The music, by Prof. A. J. Davis, through the entire meeting was fine, and one of the best parts of our meeting. All from a distance were provided for by the generous hospitality of the citizens of Hartford. Many thanks for the same. Our next meeting will be held at Paw Paw, Mich. We think of changing the date a little, and have the quarterly and anniversary at the same time.

Mrs. R. A. SHEPHERD, Sec'y.
South Haven, Mich.

THE THREE RICHMONDS.

They are in the Field!

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, the Hon. A. B. Richmond, and Prof. Olney H. Richmond.

TO THE EDITOR:—A poet says: "There needs but thinking right and meaning well." And while I award to you the credit of doing both in the conduct of your paper, I have just discovered that I am guilty of neglecting to think at all of an easy duty that endangers the loss of the first of the "good things" you have "in store" for your readers in the forthcoming addresses by Mrs. Richmond. Had I sent my second year's subscription—as all ought to have done—before the first expired I should now be in no danger of losing the first lecture of the series.

We have three real "Richmonds in the field," instead of six counterfeit, as in the case of Richard III., in the battle of Bosworth, and either of them is more fit to wear the crown than any who are arrayed against us. Pity we had not more of the spirit that would build mortals up rather than tear angels down—then like the house of York and Lancaster we should become united and irresistible.

Of all the mysteries that have retarded our progress towards an ultimate triumph over all opposition, none have been so really incomprehensible—to me—as the warfare in a conspicuous quarter, against the lady whom I learn through THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER that the Spiritualists of Chicago, in common with yourself and our people generally delight to honor, till I saw the battery of the same citadel opened on another Richmond that we may justly regard as our General-in-chief.

But the aphorism, "United we stand, divided we fall," is destined to find an exception in Spiritualism, or rather in its interpreters, for its real phenomena in themselves are vital in every part and can but by annihilation die, and with them annihilation is as impossible as with any other natural law.

G. B. CRANE.

St. Helena, Cal.

In Vindication.

EDITOR PROGRESSIVE THINKER:—In your issue of the 6th inst., I am grieved to read from Mary Hayes-Chynoweth, "An Important Denial" of any truth in the report of my ten days semi-trance, recently published in your paper; and while I shrink from the humiliating necessity of being arrayed against my sister in a newspaper controversy, I know that my silence would be a greater wrong, and I can not do less than establish my sincerity by reiterating, under oath, the statements, as published in that report, with a few minor exceptions, which are errors made by the reporter, who, knowing that Mrs. Hayes' fortune came out of the iron mines was impressed to state it that way, while in the prophecy no mention was made of iron,—it was simply stated that her fortune should come out of the ground; that Mrs. Atwood and the Doctor remained with Mrs. Hayes nine months instead of one; and others of no more importance. I very much regret that my sister's memory is so short that she is able to say positively that I did not at the time stated in the article mentioned, nor at any other time to her knowledge, make any prophesy whatever in regard to mines of wealth to be possessed by herself or any one else.

LORENA ATWOOD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of December, 1890.

W. D. BIGOLE, Notary Public.

To show that Mrs. Hayes-Chynoweth is wrong in her statement; that she knows nothing whatever of our gold mines, I desire to make affidavit to what occurred during a visit by Mrs. Atwood and myself to the home of her sister in Edendale, Cal., just prior to our removal to Redding in April, 1890. On that occasion I had with me several specimens from our mines, showing fine gold in large quantities all through them, and when shown to miners, have called out such remarks as: "They are the richest specimens I ever saw," etc. These specimens were handled by Mrs. Hayes-Chynoweth, while I gave her a full description of the mines and all pertaining to them.

DA. I. ATWOOD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 13th day of December, 1890.

W. D. BIGOLE, Notary Public.

The Best of Its Kind.

Not only do Spiritualists generally write to us approvingly of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, but to each other. A Seaman, proprietor of the Leland Hotel, De Land, Fla., writes to Mr. Wm. Lohrherst, of this city:

"I am taking and reading THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It is decidedly the best paper that I have ever read of any kind."

J. W. Stuart, of Broadhead, Wis., writes: "I must commend the article of Sister Tuttle on the first page of a late PROGRESSIVE THINKER as evincing a comprehension of the causes of character in humanity, and the influences which are efficacious in moulding the desirable traits of character."

SPECTACLES BY MAIL.

Thousands testify that my Melted Pebble Spectacles restore lost vision. Send stamp for full directions how to be fitted by my new method of clairvoyant sight. Address, B. F. POOLE, Clinton, Iowa.

MRS. A. M. ROBINSON Psychometrist will give full spirit delineation by letter. Send lock of hair and two hand writing, with full name. Mrs. Robinson is receiving numerous letters from persons for whom she has written, attesting to the truthfulness and accuracy of her delineations. Enclose \$1.00. 180 West Vermont St., Indianapolis, Ind.

SEND FOR PAMPHLET of Dr. Thomas' Electric Lung, Heart, Stomach, Spine and Kidney Batteries. Galvanic Insulator, Female Battery Supporter. Awarded Gold Medal and Diploma by the Academy of Sciences, Paris, France. For address, send three stamps, age and sex, to Dr. Thomas, Secy, Thomas Battery Co., 117 Public Square, Cleveland, Ohio. Liberal terms to agents and physicians.

ANNOUNCEMENT: I have located at the Spiritual Temple erected by Morris Pratt and dedicated to the cause of Spiritualism. It has an Opera Hall for holding lectures, seances, etc.; also a special hall lighted by electricity. I shall devote my time to healing. "Chronic cases a specialty." A limited number of patients can receive all the care and comforts of a home at the Temple. Have had good success treating patients at a distance by the aid of magnetized remedies. "Babcock's Magnetic Salve" is a positive cure for piles. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of one dollar. Correspondence solicited. T. Babcock, Magnetic Healer, 230 Center St., Whitewater, Wis.

REV. DR. MARTIN, trance, test, healing, clairvoyant, business medium. For readings from lock of hair, \$1. Diagnosis and treatment from lock of hair, No. 3, South Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PSYCHOMETRY. Consult with PROFESSOR A. B. RICHMOND in all matters pertaining to past life, and your spirit friends. Send lock of hair, or handwriting, and one dollar. Will answer three questions free of charge. Send for circular. Address, 195 4th street, Milwaukee, Wis.

YES YOU CAN

Get well. Send \$1 for a bottle of Elixir of Life. A spirit remedy. Send for circular. Dr. E. K. MYERS, Clinton, Iowa.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL. Electro-Magnetic and Psychopathic Healing Institute. Enclose \$1 with two 2 cent stamps for circulars, and a diagnosis of your diseases, or a psychometric and clairvoyant reading from hand writing, lock of hair, or other article. Address Dr. Geo. A. Ferris, 2914 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.

DR. R. GREER, 30 years practice, may be consulted, personally or by letter, upon all diseases of the blood, brain, nervous system, and syphilis. Distance treated with unparalleled success. Give one or two leading symptoms. Genuine remedies only employed and consisting of the herbs of the field, the roots of the forest, and the leaves of the tree. Trial treatment \$5 per month. 157 LaSalle Street, Chicago. Mention this paper.

PHYSICAL PROOFS OF ANOTHER LIFE in Letters to the Editor. Send 2 cent stamps. Brentano's, Washington, D. C.

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