

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

VOL. 5.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 2, 1892.

NO. 110

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Was He a Spiritualist?

A Bit of History of the Hot Days of 1863.



TO THE EDITOR:—Was Lincoln a Spiritualist? Of course he was, as established by Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard, and the following shows how closely he was allied to the angel world.

JUS TICE.

"I do not propose to enter into the vexed question of Mr. Lincoln's religious theories—as to whether he was agnostic, infidel, or otherwise, technically speaking. I leave that dismal business to those who fancy it, or were nearer to him, and saw more of him (or thought they did) personally. But as a humble contribution to the truth of history, I venture to report a remarkable conversation of his, which seemed to me at the time like a glimpse of his secret soul; and I verily believe that it revealed the man Abraham Lincoln as he then was, really and practically, and as he would now like to be known to the American people and to mankind.

"It occurred on Sunday, July 5, 1863—the Sunday after the battle of Gettysburg—and happened on this wise: Gettysburg, it will be remembered, was fought on the 1st, 2d and 3d of July, 1863. In the great battle of July 2d, Thursday (held by many to have been the real battle of Gettysburg, because of the heavy fighting and tremendous losses, which took the life out of Lee's army), General Daniel E. Sickles, of New York, commanding the Third Corps, had lost a leg, and on the Sunday morning following he arrived in Washington with his leg amputated above the knee. He was taken to a private house on F street, nearly opposite the Ebbitt House, and here on the first floor I found him, reclining on a hospital stretcher, when I called to see him about 3 P. M. (It was then Lieutenant-Colonel on his staff, and naturally anxious to see my chief.) We had not been talking long, when the orderly in attendance announced the President, and immediately afterward Mr. Lincoln appeared, accompanied by 'Tad,' then a lad of perhaps ten or twelve years. He was stopping at the Soldiers' Home, but, having learned of General Sickles' arrival in Washington, rode in on horseback, with a squad of cavalry as escort. He was clad in citizen's black clothes, with a tall silk hat, a long frock coat, and high top-boots with spurs, and altogether

With his gaunt, gaunt hands, his unkempt, bristling hair, His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease, And lack of all we prize as debonaire, made about as homely and awkward-looking a horseman as was ever seen. He greeted Sickles right cordially and tenderly, though cheerfully, and it was easy to see that they each held the other in high esteem. They were both born politicians; they both loved the Union sincerely and heartily; and Sickles had already shown such high qualities both as statesman and soldier that Lincoln had been quick to perceive his weight and value in the great struggle then shaking the Nation. Besides, Sickles was a war Democrat, astute and able, and Mr. Lincoln was by far too shrewd a Republican to pass any of these by in those perilous war days. Greetings over, Mr. Lincoln dropped into a chair, and, crossing his prodigious legs, soon fell to questioning Sickles as to all the phases of the combat at Gettysburg. He asked first, of course, as to Sickles' own ghastly wound—when and how it happened, and how he was getting on,—and then passed on to our other great casualties there, and how the wounded were being cared for, and finally came to the importance and significance of the victory, and what Meade proposed to do with it. Sickles, recumbent on his stretcher, with a cigar between his fingers, puffing it leisurely, answered in detail, and discussed the great battle and its probable consequences with a lucidity and ability remarkable in his condition then—enfeebled and exhausted as he was by the shock of such a wound and amputation. Occasionally he would wince with pain and call sharply to his orderly to wet his fevered stump with ice-water; but he never dropped his cigar, nor lost the thread of his narrative, nor overlooked the point of their discussion. His intellect certainly seemed as strong and astute as ever, and in an acquaintance with him of over a quarter of a century I never saw it work more accurately and keenly. He certainly got his side of the story of Gettysburg well into the President's mind and heart that Sunday afternoon, and this doubtless stood him in good stead afterward, when Meade proposed to court-martial him for fighting so magnificently, if irregularly, on that bloody July 2d.

"No," replied Honest Old Abe; "no, we can't do that! Sickles may have erred! But at any rate he fought superbly, and gave his leg—his life almost—for the Union! And there is glory enough to go around for all!"

"When Mr. Lincoln's inquiries seemed ended, General Sickles, after a puff or two of his cigar in silence, resumed the conversation substantially as follows:

"Well, Mr. President, I beg pardon, but what did you think about Gettysburg? What was your opinion of things while we were campaigning and fighting up there in Pennsylvania?"

"Oh," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I didn't think much about it. I was not much concerned about you!"

"You were not?" rejoined Sickles, as if amazed. "Why, we heard that you Washington folks were a good deal excited, and you certainly had good cause to be. For it was 'nip and tuck' with us up there a good deal of the time!"

"Yes, I know that. And I suppose some of us were a little 'rattled.' Indeed, some of the Cabinet talked of Washington's being captured, and ordered a gunboat or two here, and even went so far as to send some Government archives aboard, and wanted me to go, too, but I refused. Stanton and Welles, I believe, were both 'stamped' somewhat, and Seward, I reckon, too. But I said: 'No, gentlemen, we are all right, and are going to win at Gettysburg,' and we did, right handsomely. No, General Sickles, I had no fears of Gettysburg!"

"Why not, Mr. President? How was that? Pretty much everybody down here, we heard, was more or less panicky."

"Yes, I expect, and a good many more than will win up now. But actually, General Sickles, I had no fears of Gettysburg, and if you really want to know I will tell you why. Of course I don't want you and Colonel Rusling here to say anything about this—at least not now. People might laugh if I got out now. But the fact is, in the pinch and stress of the campaign there, I went to my room, and got down on my knees, and prayed Almighty God for victory at Gettysburg. I told Him that this was His country, and the war was His war, but that we really couldn't stand another Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville. And then there I made a solemn vow with my Maker that if He would stand by my boys at Gettysburg, I would stand by Him. And He did, and I will!

"And after this, I don't know how it was, and it is not for me to explain, but somehow or other, a sweet comfort crept into my soul, that God Almighty had taken the whole thing into His own hands, and we were bound to win at Gettysburg! No, General Sickles, I had no fears of Gettysburg; and that is the why."

"Mr. Lincoln said this with great solemnity and impressiveness, almost as Moses might have spoken when first down from Sinai, and when he had concluded there was a pause in the talk that nobody seemed disposed to break. We were all busy with our thoughts, and the President especially appeared to be communing with the Infinite One again. The first to speak was General Sickles, who, between the puffs of his excellent cigar, presently resumed, as follows:

"Well, Mr. President, what are you thinking about Vicksburg, nowadays? How are things getting along down there now?"

"Oh," answered Mr. Lincoln, very gravely, "I don't quite know. Grant is still pegging away down there, and making some headway, I believe. As we used to say out in Illinois, I think he 'will make a spoon or spoil a horn' before he gets through. Some of our folks think him slow and want me to remove him. But, to tell the truth, I kind of like U. S. Grant. He doesn't worry and bother me. He takes what troops we can safely give him, considering our big job all around—and we have a pretty big job in this war—and does the best he can with what he has got, and doesn't grumble and scold all the while. Yes, I confess, I like General Grant—'Uncle Sam Grant!' (dwelling humorously and lovingly on this name). 'There is a great deal to him, first and last. And heaven helping me, unless something happens more than I see now, I mean to stand by Grant a good while yet.'"

"So, then, you have no fears about Vicksburg either, Mr. President?" added General Sickles.

"Well, no; I can't say that I have," replied Mr. Lincoln, very soberly; "the fact is—but don't say anything about this either just now—I have been praying to Almighty God for Vicksburg, also. I have wrestled with Him, and told Him how much we need the Mississippi, and how it ought to flow unvexed to the sea, and how that great valley ought to be forever free, and I reckon He understands the whole business down there, 'from A to Z.' I have done the very best I could to help General Grant along, and all the rest of our generals, though some of them don't think so, and now it is kind of borne in on me that somehow or other we are going to win at Vicksburg, too. I can't tell how soon. But I believe we will. For this will save the Mississippi and cut the Confederacy in twain; and be in line with God's laws besides. And if Grant only does this thing down there—I don't care much how, so he does it right—why Grant is my man and I am his rest of this war!"

"Of course Mr. Lincoln did not then know that Vicksburg had already fallen, on July 4th, and that a United States gunboat was then speeding its way up the Mississippi to Cairo with the news that was soon to thrill the country and the civilized world through and through. Gettysburg and Vicksburg! Our great twin Union victories! What were they

not to us in that fateful summer of 1863? And what would have happened to the American Republic had both gone the other way? Of course, I do not pretend to say that Abraham Lincoln's faith and prayers saved Gettysburg and Vicksburg. But they certainly did not do us any harm. And to him his confidence in victory there, because of these, was a comforting and abiding reality, most beautiful to behold on that memorable July 5, 1863.

"Perhaps it should be added that I made full notes of this conversation shortly afterward, and have often repeated it since in private circles, and now give it here as literally as possible—much of it *ipsissima verba*. The talk afterward took a wide range, but Mr. Lincoln said nothing conflicting with the above, and left the profound impression upon both General Sickles and myself that in these two great National emergencies he walked and talked with Jehovah—or at least believed he did. Did he not take like counsel on other occasions, as before Antietam, and Chancellorsville, and Appomattox? For what ever he may have been in earlier years and under narrower conditions, it seems certain that our great conflict, as it proceeded, involving a whole continent and a vast people, with world-wide and time-long results, sobered and steadied him, and anchored him on God as the Superior Ruler of Nations, as a like experience sobered and anchored William of Orange, and Cromwell, and Washington; and in the end Abraham Lincoln became a ruler worthy to rank even with these.

"JAMES F. RUSLING.

"Bvt. Brig. Gen. Vols.,")

ALONE UPON THAT SHORE.

BY ROSE L. DUSHNELL.

Alone! to stand alone upon that other shore,
No one full well the best I can use no more;
All things strange in hue
Sights and sounds all new,
Flowers of richer shade no artist's brush
would paint;
Fragrance so sweet the soul may sink and faint!

Alone! alone! to stand upon that silent shore,
Death having robbed me of the clothes I wore;
There no familiar sound;
Perhaps no shape of ground;
No forms of things my fancy to arrange—
There to begin alone that mighty, mighty change.

Alone! to land upon that other shore,
Knowing full well the best I can use no more;
No voice of loving friends,
No kindly hand to lend
Me, landing on that foreign, foreign strand!
Alone! alone! in that silent, silent land.

Alone! No! not alone. The loved are there,
Waiting for me on that other shore,
Whose loving care I know more
Now, since they have gone before—
One, a life-long friend, so kind and true I know
More sacredly than any earthly friend below.

No, not alone! I'll land upon that silent shore.
I feel and know I have been there before,
And shall meet more I know
Than I have ever met before.
And welcome find like a returning dove,
A welcome home to my eternal mate of love.

Alone! The one I love is on that silent shore,
My pleading heart loves him there still more;
My soul roams its land all through
With a tender love more true
Than other loves. When I am there shall love
him more—
True love begins upon that other shore.

Items from St. Paul.

TO THE EDITOR:—During the past four weeks Dr. and Mrs. Aspinwall have been with the Progressive Spiritualist Society and have given entire satisfaction. Mrs. Aspinwall is, as I have no doubt nearly all your readers are aware, a trance medium and a first-class lecturer, her controls being of a very high order. Dr. Aspinwall was the speaker last Sunday. He was listened to with great interest, and the lecture fully appreciated. Every lecture was followed by platform tests, given by a control of Mrs. Aspinwall's. Not only were accurate descriptions given, but also full names and middle initial. All the tests were fully recognized.

Mrs. Aspinwall has given several of her wonderful materializing seances here. They have been largely attended, and are indeed very beautiful and convincing to the most skeptical, and never fail to give the greatest satisfaction, for the personal friends and loved ones of the people forming the circle always materialize. It is a very rare occurrence if every sitter does not see some loved one, spirit-like materialize, and in some instances as many as seven, and even eleven. All the materialized spirits remain out in the circle quite a long time, conversing with their respective friends in an audible voice.

I am glad to say that there is more interest taken in Spiritualism in St. Paul at the present time than has ever been before. There are two successful societies here now, and both are holding meetings each Sunday evening, which are largely attended by a very intellectual class of people. We hold a test circle every Sunday afternoon, at several of which Mrs. Steers of California (who is at present located in Minneapolis), has given the tests. We would be glad to hear from any good, reliable mediums traveling this way.

MRS. E. BRAUN.

222 1-2 W. 7th St., St. Paul, Minn.

Note from a Prominent Medium.

TO THE EDITOR:—I wish you a "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year." What a great paper yours is! What wonderful progress it has made! Just think of it,—eight pages, and best of all, how much good it has done, and will do! St. Paul, Minn. FRANK T. RIPLEY.

UNPALATABLE TRUTHS.

They Are Lamentable Facts.

A Christian Minister to China Unfolds Himself.

The following letter, addressed to the editor of the *Telegraph*, published at Hong Kong, China, in the English language, appeared in that paper on the 10th of August last. It is to be regretted the author's full name had not been given in place of his initials. It was probably suppressed for prudential reasons. If the facts are as stated, that of every ten converts made to Christianity nine are dragged back into "deeper depths of atheism, materialism and sensualism," then it is not time to ask these real propagandists of immortality to seek other fields of labor? In every city of Christendom the criminal, the idle and the dissolute are found in immense numbers. Our prisons are filled to overflowing with those who have been improperly or not sufficiently instructed in rightdoing. Instead of sending teachers abroad to instruct those called heathen in Christian morals, it seems to us the right thing would be to reform our own people, then tear down our scaffolds, and convert our prisons into asylums for the invalid and the insane. When this is all done, and we find we are a better people than outside nations, then will be a good time to endeavor to engraft our civilization on those ruder people.

While other conditions prevail, we apprehend there is danger these reformers, living in luxury, devoting four hours a day to duty and twenty hours to rest and amusements, supported by penny contributions from Sunday-school children, have mistaken their calling. But we are keeping our readers too long from this valuable letter:

"HONG KONG, Aug. 14, 1891.

"EDITOR *TELEGRAPH*—SIR:—I am a missionary, and glory in my profession. I am but one of a phalanx of two hundred who have given up home, ambition, preferment, social pleasure, kith and kin, to spread the light in the darkness, and to bring salvation to the four hundred million Chinese, who, unless they are regenerated, will be lost to all eternity.

We are opposed in our labors by the active antagonism of the idolaters, and much more by wicked and godless Europeans calling themselves Christians, but leading lives which are an endless delight to every child of hell.

I believe in preserving a dignified silence under all ordinary provocation. But in the past four weeks a number of newspapers, especially those in the north [of China], have been gratifying their love of sin by opening an uncalculated, unjust, mendacious and malicious war as it has ever fallen to the lot of Christian ladies and gentlemen, volunteers in the Lord's army, to be compelled to endure.

As the *Telegraph* has not joined in the mad attacks of blasphemous infidels and moral lepers upon the truest and noblest souls that Christendom has ever dispatched into the land of spiritual darkness, I write these lines, hoping that you will give them space, so as to show the public at large that the missionaries are not to be insulted with impunity, and that the tenets of the sins of the European colony in China has risen up into the nostrils of every decent, God-fearing man whose eyes and ears are open to what goes on around him, and especially to the flagitious and infamous lives of those who belong to our own race and civilization.

In the first place, these mendacious miscreants accuse us of having a good time in China, of playing tennis, dominoes, checkers, chess, backgammon, tempins, and other innocent games; of living well, eating, drinking and dressing like themselves; of taking a vacation in the sultry months, and of resorting to beautiful mountains and lovely seashores wherein to spend our leisure, thereby deceiving and defrauding our societies at home. We do indulge in the harmless and healthful pleasures named, and we have a right to do so. A missionary is a human being, with human wants. Good clothes, a fine house, good cooking, pleasant reading and wholesome recreation, are as necessary to him as to any one. The laborer is worthy of his hire, and he to his salary and his concomitants. A man cannot work all the time. At the farthest, in this hot climate, if he toils four hours per diem he is doing very well, and becomes entitled to the other twenty for rest and restful amusement. Nor is there fraud or deceit about the matter. Our societies are cognizant of all the facts I have mentioned, and sustain us in every regard. We do not come to China as martyrs, or the leaders of a forlorn hope, but as workers in the vineyard, and to work well and successfully demands all that has been said above.

In the second place, we are not as successful as we wish to be, and as we would be if we were supported here by the people of our own race. The curse of the foreign missions in China is the foreigner. Of every ten converts we make from idolatry to Protestantism, nine are dragged back to their old pagan wallow, or to their deeper depths of atheism, materialism and sensualism. Our hands are tied and our voices stifled by the children of Babel of our own race. Nearly every European here is wickedly

than a Chinaman, especially as he has the light, while the latter has not. Nearly every single European and American has his concubine, mistress or female slave, the same as the bestial

mandarins. Nearly every European drinks to excess, and invites the Chinese to the same vice—a hideous vice, I am glad to say, that is almost unknown to the poor heathen. Nearly every European is cruel, callous and brutal to his Chinese inferiors, and shows more clearly than words can ever do, that his Christianity is a sham and fraud. Nearly every European is a hypocrite, and goes to church hot from the bed of sin and damnation. And worst of all, nearly every European sneers at us missionaries, and makes us laughingstocks for their own base minds, and for their heathen friends, companions, employees, and household servants. I know of so-called gentlemen, who are really blasphemous blackguards, who habitually refer to our holy calling as 'Joss-pigeon,' and to the hideous mockery of Buddhism as 'Joss-pigeon,' as if the two were the same. They take their Moabitish women into their homes, but never invite us, our wives and our daughters into their parlors, nor show us in a scantiest courtesy. Last week, in a Shanghai paper they capped the climax by insinuating that when our noble inland apostles, male and female, when traveling in the north, were compelled to sleep together in wagons or beds, they were doing what they ought not to do. A mind that could frame such a thought is gangrened and rotten to the core. It makes my blood boil to see how we suffer and endure at the hands of our fellow-countrymen. Oh that the good people at home could know that the worst heathen, the wickedest idolaters, the nastiest sensualists, the vilest scoffers and the most sinful wretches in the East were not the poor, benighted Chinese, but their own countrymen—[professed Christians]. But let me warn them now and here, that retribution will come in this life and in the next, and that for them is the hottest place in hell, and a hopeless old age on earth.

"Yours, "C. D."

The good missionary, as every one can see by his control of "the hottest place in hell," is genuinely orthodox. It is those other fellows, who object to four hours' labor and twenty hours' rest, who make missionaries "laughingstocks," who do not approve of the "apostles, male and female," sleeping together when traveling on their missions to the poor heathen, and who never invite the wives and daughters of such persons to their parlors, who are "blasphemous infidels."

Several replies to C. D.'s letter appeared in the Hong Kong *Telegraph* the week following the above-quoted letter. One writer says:

"Foreigners who have been years in China cannot help expressing themselves in the way 'C. D.' complains, and which they would not do were it not for the missionary people themselves, who go home and stand up in assemblies, and make false statements of how badly they live, what poor food they are obliged to exist on, etc., etc., and wind up by asking for the usual subscriptions.

"People at home, who never go abroad, do not know that when they are thinking of half-starved missionaries wandering about and living in mud hovels, many are in reality enjoying the best things of this life, living on first-class food, under punkas, lying back in long chairs, quaffing cool drinks, or enjoying a trip out country in a well-furnished house-boat, while the mercantile community are earning a living by the sweat of their brows."

The same writer pronounces the charge that "Every single European or American keeps a concubine, mistress or slave," a deliberate falsehood.

—NOTE.
The Spanish have a proverb: "It is a dirty bird that fouls its own nest." Here our good missionary is as severe on the Christian attendants to his preaching as they are on him.

The Cause at Rochester, Ind.

TO THE EDITOR:—If any one had said to me eighteen months ago that within that period there would be a Society of Spiritualists in Rochester, Ind., I certainly would have said: "Nonsense! foolish prediction." And if he had said: "Yes, and they will erect and own a temple for worship," I would have advised a commission of lunacy to sit upon his or her case. To-day the former is a crystallized fact; the latter is in a fair way to succeed, and will be commenced early in the spring. On the evening of the 17th, those in sympathy with our cause met at the parlors of Major and Mrs. Hitters, and organized the nucleus of a little Society, naming it "The Progressive Thinkers," and electing the following named gentlemen as a board of directors: John R. Stallard, Francis M. Ernsperger, Frank H. Terry, Jacob Rosenberg and John C. Phillips, who met Monday night, Dec. 21st, and elected officers for one year.

The society starts with a membership of forty or fifty people, of high social position and mental and moral attainments. We have no creed or articles of faith to subscribe to. Any one who is in sympathy with the cause of progression is eligible to membership. On New Year's evening the society gives a Social at Lyceum Hall.

Brother Peters' subject on the evening of Dec. 6th was: "The Devil is of Human Origin." Subject the evening of the 13th was: "The True Cause of Civilization." Again we have been compelled to add more chairs to our hall, to accommodate the increasing attendance.

ROBT HENKLE.

During the Count Herbert Bismarck's visit to Paris he remarked to a friend: "The world will not have long to wait for the true history of my father's resignation."

THE PAST.

BY BISHOP A. BEALS.

My thoughts still rise like visions rare,
In pictures of the golden past,
When flowers, blooming divinely fair,
Too beautiful to last.

When childhood seemed an endless day
Of sunshine and of bliss,
And fancy wove in every ray
A dream too pure for this.

Of joys as sweet as springtime roses,
All-faded, bright and tender,
That broke the spell of night's repose
In radiant beams of splendor;

Of faces white, and athen lips
Of silence o'er the marble brow,
Of hearts whose true, divinest gifts
Like fairest flowers droop and low;

Of love that warmed the maiden's eye,
And filled with fragrance all the air,
That whispered with a smothered sigh:
"I lay my heart before thee bare."

Of friendship true, and manly love,
Long treasured in the soul,
That lighted up our sky above
When shadowy silence held control.

Of happy nonsense in the heart,
And words of wit and repartee,
That moved our lips to take a part
And mingle in the sportive glee.

Of many a pledge and sacred vow,
That seemed a chain from heaven lent,
And shone like stars upon the brow,
A rich and queenly coronet.

Of these my heart will often turn
To gaze upon love's pictured wall
Where Memory holds the sacred urn
Of cherished forms I loved so well.

TO YOU.

A "Happy New Year" is my greeting to you,
A good wish as old as the hills.
May your pleasures be many, your trials be few,
May the blessings outnumber the ills.

May each passing day bring thoughts to your mind,
Bearing germs of an act or endeavor,
To make one soul happy, to help some one on,
O'er the bridge "tween the Now and Forever.

And so on through life in its varied ensemble
Of sorrow, mirth, joy, and of pain;
May your heart find a pleasure in sharing its treasure,
And yield love for love to obtain.

—B. F. HOPPER.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

As 'Expressed by Judge E. S. Holbrook.

I will follow the style, Mr. Editor, and say to you, "A Happy New Year," and by your leave I will take occasion to say the same to all your patrons—the very few that I know and the very many that I don't know, except in spirit. I wish to say it now, for when one has long since passed the usual period of human life, he had better not take any unnecessary chances in a doubtful future.

So far, so good; but let us reflect on this, a happy new year, on some division point of time! Is it not better to say during the eternal now, a happy time to you; and then reflect again and see if this wish and prayer do not demand some appropriate action to bestow happiness; and does not this mean that we shall first fill our lives over-full with home happiness, and as we go, carry a happy time with us, and so give joy to all?

And now, reflect again, it is worth while to consider if one must have an incentive for promoting the happiness of others, and, perhaps, there are some that do, how much of personal home happiness comes to one from doing good to others. The good Creator seems to have had an eye to the promotion of goodness in establishing a law of reciprocity deep in the nature of things (greatly so in material things; most surely so in spiritual things), that he who helps others thereby helps himself—that, in fact, altruism best subserves egoism, and so is the savior and preserver of the world. The old catechism, which was one of the burdens of my youth, too grievous to be borne, would have been very right if it had stated this as "His eternal purpose" (the good Creator and the treaty of "reciprocity"): "According to the counsels of his will, whereby, for his own glory, he hath fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass." To this we can say "amen," and pronounce "all very good." Mutual happiness, therefore, is "the chief end of man," and our "laudamus" will be "Our Father who art everywhere, 'hallowed be thy name,' and 'thine the glory forever.'"

Another reflection, naming a new year and the eternal now (a special time and a general time), reminds me to speak of stated seasons and matters supposed to be peculiar to stated seasons, such as Sabbath and holy-days, and lucky days and unlucky days, and the like. Likely all the Spiritualists are entirely free from such superstitious whims and notions, but perhaps not, so strong is heredity and early education. I know I have heard among them of the unlucky Friday.

But look upon the ground, there is life and growth every day alike. There is no evidence that God ever rested, ever can or ever will. Look upon the heavens, the earth swings in space and turns upon its axis the same on Sunday.

Nothing to Interest.

"Well, we've got a new minister at last," remarked one lady of an up-town congregation to another.

"No, you don't say? Who is he?" was the interested inquiry.

"Mr. Blank, of Blankville."
"Married or single?"
"Married."
"Pshaw!" said the other one disappointedly, "we'll have no revival this winter, sure."—*Detroit Free Press.*

DO DOGS EVER SEE GHOSTS?

A Question of Great Interest.

FOR IF DOGS SEE GHOSTS, THEN THERE MUST BE GHOSTS—NOW COMES IN THE QUESTION OF BRUTE IMMORTALITY—SOME STORIES IN POINT.

Some time ago I had something to say on animal immortality. In that article I briefly referred to the argument, now not uncommon, that some animals appear to have intercourse with beings, or forms and states of being, unseen by us. This, on the face of it, is not improbable; but it may be a stretch of our own imagination to assume that this is a vision of ghosts. But if it can be shown at first that, as Wallace affirms, objective phantasms appear to men sometimes, and to dogs sometimes, then it would be hardly fair to assume that men are to have a spirit life hereafter and the dog not. It might become necessary for us to shove back our dividing line between immortals and non-immortals, and take over on our side at least some of the beasts. Is the Indian right who, in Pope's language, believes "his faithful dog will bear him company" in the spirit land? There seems, however, to be a conviction in the minds of some observers that dogs not only sometimes, but at all times, see and hear what we do not hear.

First of all, in justice, let us get the facts, or the avowed facts. In *Red and Gun* appears the following letter: "Sir, there is reason to believe that animals can see spirits. At any rate, I have a very remarkable fact to relate. There is in Devonshire a large, rambling old house, which has long had the reputation of being haunted. Family after family tried to make it their home. One after another they gave it up, all for the same reason—that was, frequent spectral goings in one of the corridors. Sometimes the ghost was seen by one member of the household, while it was invisible to others close by," which, of course, would indicate that the seeing, or not seeing, depended on the ocular condition of the family. At least, a skeptic would strongly urge that the probabilities were in favor of visual delusion. "Sometimes mysterious sounds showed the ghost to be about, while he was not visible to any of the watchers." Hearing easily follows hysterical seeing. I have myself seen wires and lamps when I knew none existed. "The family that last occupied the house thought a fierce dog might settle the problem, on the supposition that a human trickster was at the bottom of the disturbance. On the first night of the dog's residence the spectral rattlings were heard. The watchers took the dog to the corridor. True to the instincts of his nature he rushed to the front, barking savagely. Suddenly, when half way through the corridor, the dog stopped and gazed upward in evident terror. His tail dropped, and then he retreated trembling. But to the human eye nothing was visible." This story is authenticated as coming from persons of unquestioned veracity and excellent powers of judgment.

A writer in the *Charleston Democrat* says that he heard a lawyer of ability relate the following incident: "Perhaps you are not aware that dogs and horses are as much afraid of ghosts as the most timid of the human species. I proved it at one time on two dogs. Not long after the war the negroes were so bad about our place in Kentucky that it was with difficulty that we could keep our belongings on our place. Every other method having failed, I finally hit upon the plan of frightening them by appearing before them dressed as a ghost as said to habituate himself. Of course the negroes were successfully frightened away from us, but upon one occasion I also frightened our two watch dogs as badly as the negroes. The dogs were fierce fellows, and would allow no stranger or strange thing on the place; but one moonlight night they came on me in my spectral attire. The first to come up to me humped up his back until his feet covered more than half a square inch. His eyes stood out and his hair stood up, and he began moving backward, never for a moment taking his eyes from me. His companion came up, went through the same movement, and then both backed cautiously off together. As long as I could see them they put distance between us in that way. A few minutes later I heard them barking at home, half a mile distant. They then took refuge under the house, and it was four days before we could coax them out of their retreat."

Of course this writer, as well as the narrator, intends to convey the impression that these dogs recognized the make-up of their master as ghostly, precisely as a timid negro would have done. In which case it follows that this white astral figure really is something in nature that at times become visible to all visual senses—at least of dogs and men. I suppose many would reply, a dog is equally scared at any unusual appearance, and doubtless has no notion of ghosts whatever. The reader must judge for himself. We must at least demonstrate that apparitions are at times visible to human vision, before this story is of any value.

If you will excuse me for turning aside from the main thought, I will give one or two illustrations to show that ghost-seeing is not so improbable as you have judged. Fanny Kemble tells us that when residing in Rittenhouse square, her maid, sitting so that she faced and could see the staircase and upper landing, saw the door of her bedroom open, and an elderly woman, in a flannel dressing gown, with a bonnet on her head, come out, walk the whole length of the passage, and then return deliberately in the same manner. The maid knew her mistress was downstairs, and also was confident that no such person as she saw could be in the house. Having good nerves, the woman did not at first tell Miss Kemble what she had seen, but ransacked the rooms to see if she could solve the puzzle, all the time afraid her mistress would be disturbed by some similar apparition. She afterward came on a portrait in the house suddenly that was an exact copy of her ghost.

A good chance, of course, for an imaginative maid, or a cunning one, to work up a fine yarn. Yet it is something that Miss Kemble believed the girl did see an apparition. Miss Kemble tells a better story, as follows:

"Corryboro, my friend's pleasant home in the Highlands, was a moorland farm and grouse-shooting property. The house stood within its own grounds, at a distance from any other dwelling, entirely isolated, with no habitations in its neighborhood but those of the people employed on the land, which circumstances render curious what I am to relate. I was expected on a visit there on a certain day of a certain month and week. The persons staying in the house were friends of mine, as well as of the laird's, and had all been looking for my arrival in the course of the day. When, however, the hour for retiring for the night had been overpassed in the hope of my still possible advent, and everybody had given me up and gone to their rooms, a sudden sound of wheels on the gravel-drive, the loud opening of a carriage door, and violent ringing of the door-bell, drew every one forth again with the exclamation: 'Oh, there she is—come at last!' My friend and host ran down to the door to meet me, but found nothing but emptiness and darkness—no arrival and no carriage, nothing and nobody—and he retired again to his room. The next day I arrived, but though able to account for my delay, no one could account for what had been distinctly heard by half a dozen persons." Evidently we must find more solid ghost evidence than this for a foundation to build an extensive theory on.

The Epworth parsonage case, involving John Wesley, is one of great value because it links both man and beast in the sensing of apparitions. Mr. Wesley says: "Soon after our large mastiff dog came and ran to shelter between us. While the disturbances continued he used to bark, and leap, and snap on one side and the other, and that frequently before any person in the room heard any noise at all. But after two or three days he used to tremble and creep away before the noise began. And by this the family knew it was at hand; nor did the observation ever fail." The testimony here is certainly credible merely as honest asseveration, but we are free to judge whether it was some electric or magnetic phenomena that the dog felt, or was ghostly presence.

A very strange case is reported by Mr. Hodgson in September, 1890, in which a white lady appeared. "The third night the haunted man's dog crouched and stared, and then acted as if driven around the room. Brother saw nothing, but heard a kind of rustle, and then the poor dog howled and tried to hide, and never again would that dog go to that room."

Robert Dale Owen reports a case of a haunted man who had not been able for years to keep a dog.

I confess these cases all seem different when looked at with some knowledge of dog nature. I am sure that a scared man would scare a dog out of his wits. When once a family is convinced of the presence of uncanny powers, the dog and cat will be convinced of the same. "Like master, like beast," is a very subtle law. Besides, we know that all domestic animals are easily disturbed by unusual sights and sounds. They are descendants of creatures that have lived on the constant alert. The rustle of a leaf startles a stag; the dropping of an acorn makes the squirrel leap. To introduce into their lives a nervous, excited environment is to carry them back at once to their savage fear.

Mr. Wallace accumulates a host of these instances, and seems to feel, after a while, the force of numbers. But there is the old saying yet sound, that "An ounce of certainty outweighs a pound of guesses." It would take a good many pages of the following to approach the force of demonstration: "We had three dogs sleeping in my sisters' and my bedrooms; and they were all cowering down with affright; their bristles all standing straight up; one—a bulldog—was under the bed and refused to come out; and when removed was found to be trembling all over." All this while "sleeping," if we are to take the words of the witness. But at least such careless testimony must not go for too much. During the disturbances at the cemetery of Ahrensburg, when coffins were overturned in locked vaults, and the case was investigated by an official commission, "horses of country people visiting the cemetery were often so alarmed and excited that they became covered with sweat and foam." Before we believe there were ghosts in such a case we should wish to know several things: Were the country people so excited as to drive furiously? Were they so excited as to become poor witnesses? Were the circumstances such as to make a strange story swell and grow? I am quite sure that, as a precautionary measure, any one examining this testimony should read Virgil's description of "Fawn," or the old story of the "Five Black Crows"—why may I not by this time say six?

One more case cited by Mr. Wallace in the *Arena* is of a female figure seen by three persons floating over a hedge ten feet above the ground, when the horse suddenly stopped and shook with fright. I have myself seen too many of these floating females—although there may be a question of sex in a ghost—to believe in any of them. A puff of white mist has fooled me; better yet, at night, a bush covered with white flowers. Being somewhat short-sighted, I remember with vexation standing and shooting at a clump of bushes which, in the twilight, I mistook for my wandering cows. Dr. Hastings, the celebrated musician, was so short-sighted that, running into a cow he pulled off his beaver gallantly and said: "I beg your pardon, madame!" Mr. Wallace insists that in the demonstration of spiritual presence there are crucial cases. "They show us unmistakably that large numbers of phantasms, whether visual or auditory, and even when only perceptible to one of the persons present, are objective realities; while the terror displayed by the animals that perceive them, and their behavior, so unlike that in presence of natural sights and sounds, no less clearly

prove that, though objective, the phenomena are not normal, and are not to be explained as in any way due to trick or misinterpreted natural sounds." The point in the case is one that is assumed. Mr. Wallace skillfully covers that issue, which is, whether the terror displayed by the animals really was, in any case, unlike that in the presence of natural sights and sounds. This is what I believe is not proven. A dog is very sensitive to human emotions displayed about him; he is above all creatures the echo of his master. The real question is therefore shovled back to whether the people saw anything extra-natural. I will not say they did not; but I say we are not called on to believe what they did, without the most irrefragable testimony. By far better is it to turn to the argument that "Phantasms can be photographed, and are therefore objective realities." The kodak may be of great value in the case, because then there is opportunity for cool review of facts.

I am deeply sympathetic with the purpose of the testimony given. I, too, sincerely wish to demonstrate that spirits do exist, tangible and visible at times, and that by that witness we, too, have assurance of a higher sort of after-life. I will turn to a case somewhat different, and which seems to me to have more weight than the others in demonstrating spirit phenomena. A writer in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* says:

A few years ago one of my sons brought home a five-week-old puppy of the Irish water spaniel breed. He was brought up as a family pet, and became a great favorite. He had more real character than any other I ever saw. When about two years old he broke through the ice in the park and was drowned. The family mourned for him sincerely, and I personally felt bereavement. My nights are often wakeful, and I fell in the habit of wondering if all that intelligence and affection—that curiously original character—had gone out forever. He had a habit of rushing into a pile of wood shavings in the back yard, for sport, and then carrying the bits in his curly hair everywhere. We scolded him till he formed a habit of shaking himself with vehemence after his game, and then marching in as if he had done his duty. Some weeks after his death I returned from a few calls; the dog was entirely out of my mind. The housemaid let me in. I went straight to the library for letters. I stood in the middle of the library, and the maid stood in the hall, facing me, and delivering a message; when, just outside the staircase door, we heard a sound, exactly the sound of Romeo's bangles, that led both of us simultaneously to start and scream. "The dog," she cried. "He was shaking himself." I said that I fully expected to see him. We examined for the cause of the noise, and tried all expedients to reproduce it, but in vain. To me, since then, Romeo is in a comfortable dog heaven." I like such a story, and such a pleasant faith, but really this is a story that needs cross-questioning. If Romeo could shake his bangles once, why not oftener? Did the maid possibly have a visitor?

The subject, however, is whether dogs see ghosts, not whether they can reappear themselves, although by parity of reasoning one proves the other. I am ready to believe that sensations may not be the same in its functional breadth in other animals as in man. That is a point not difficult to yield. The sense of smell is not only in dogs and cats more acute, but so much so as to be incomprehensible to us. While we have developed brain and reasoning power, they remain in a vastly closer sense-relation to nature. With that range is it possible, or not possible, that they directly sense things and conditions that we have no knowledge of through our senses? A cat smells a bit of meat through three doors and rooms. A dog smells his master's tracks five days after passing. A hawk sees his food or prey when to us it is invisible. A horse senses a prairie fire fifty miles away. We have here a field of study that should be judiciously studied. Do apparitions or ghosts come inside the range of animal senses and not inside ours? So far we can only say that, in spite of all that has been brought forward, the question is not proven. It is a case of *non sequitur*.—*Globe Democrat*.

Passage of Matter Through Matter.

IT HAS OFTEN BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.

TO THE EDITOR:—I notice an article of the 19th from O. G. Richards, Eudora, Kansas, telling of the Passage of Matter Through Matter, and saying he had never seen or heard of anything of that kind before. I can tell him that it is not at all uncommon. As long ago as 1876, at the residence of Mr. Kase in Philadelphia, through the mediumship of Mrs. Thayer, I saw large quantities of plants and other things come into a room that was closed tightly. Among other things was a canary bird, which I brought with me to this city and kept here a number of years. We are told that chemists on the other side of life have been for a long time studying these matters, and have succeeded in disintegrating matter so as to let matter pass through matter. I have witnessed it in numerous instances;—mediums coming out of an iron cage that was sealed and locked with no chance of deception. I have not only seen this once, but probably twenty times, and know that there could be no deception. It is no more a miracle for matter to pass through matter, than it is for the forms of those in the spirit life to be made up out of the atmosphere and appear to us as real and tangible, and are as real and tangible as those in the flesh. I have probably seen five hundred such manifestations, and nearly all old Spiritualists, or those who have had opportunities, have seen the same thing.

Topeka, Kansas. F. P. BAKER

The Empress of China has started a vast silk-weaving department, in which employment will be given to thousands of girls and women. The industry will be carried on in the palace grounds, which her Majesty, by Chinese custom, is forbidden to leave.

The Old Barn's Tenantry.

A MERRY JINGLE BY R. F. TAYLOR.

The rooster stalks on the manger's ledge,
He has a tail like a scimitar's edge,
A marshal's plume on his aghast neck,
An admiral's stride on his quarter deck,
He rules the roost, and he walks the bay
With a dreadful cold and a Turkish way,
Two broadsides fires with his rapid wings,
This sultan proud, of a line of kings—
One guttural laugh, four blasts of horn,
Five rusty syllables rouse the morn!
The Saxon lambs, in their woolen tabs,
Are playing school with the a, b, a, b;
A, e, i, o, All the cattle spell,
Till they make the blatant vowels tell,
And a half-laugh whinny fills the stalls,
When down in the rack the clover falls.
A dove is waltzing around his mate,
Two chevrons black on his wings of slate,
And showing off with a woolen note
The satin shine of his golden throat—
It is Ovid's "Art of Love" re-told,
In a binding line of blue and gold!
Ah, the buxom girls that helped the boys,
The nobler Helens of humbler Troys—
As they stripped the husks with rustling fold
From eight-rowed corn as yellow as gold,
By the candle-light in pumpkin bowls,
And the gleams that showed fantastic holes
In the quaint old lantern's tattooed tin,
From the hermit glim set up within;
By the rarer light in girlish eyes
As dark as wells, or as blue as skies.
I hear the laugh when the ear is red,
I see the blush with the forfeit paid,
The cedar cakes with the ancient twist,
The cider cup that the girls have kissed,
And I see the fiddler through the dusk,
As he twangs the ghost of "Money Musk!"
The boys and girls in a double row
Wait face to face till the magic bow
Shall whip the tune from the violin
And the merry pulse of the feet begin.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

How to Reach the Higher Planes of Spirit-Life.

An investigator of the phenomena of Spiritualism recently received, from what claimed to be the spirit of Rev. Mr. Patten, through the mediumship of Mrs. A. Rush, of Los Angeles, Cal., the following message on the Day of Judgment:

"It has always been believed that there will be a Day of Judgment and a great judge before whom all must appear. Now, you do something today that you soon forget. You have done many things in your life that you have entirely forgotten. The folds of your memory turn down on these acts and hide them from your view—but they are not obliterated from your mind.

"Occasionally some incident in your life, apparently long forgotten, will, without any effort on your part, suddenly occur to your mind.

"Persons rescued from a drowning condition will tell you that every act of their lives appeared before them while in the process of drowning.

"It is the same way when you enter the spirit-life. Every act and deed of your past life appears at once before you.

"The folds of your memory are lifted and cleared away and you see it all.

"There is no recording angel, but the record is kept in your own brain of every act of your entire life.

"When you enter the Spirit-world you will find no great judge there to judge you—but you will be compelled to judge yourself and do it correctly. There can be no escape from this. And you will know that every one near you will also see the full record of your life.

"I have seen many men come into spirit-life who had been looked up to in earth-life—but when all the acts of their lives appeared before them they would have gladly fled from their sense of shame and degradation—but there is no escape, and their torture is equivalent to the hell taught on earth.

"Do not fear God. It is your own acts alone you have to fear.

"Teach these great truths to your children and your friends.

"If the people of earth could but know and fully realize them they would produce such a revolution in the morals and conduct of mankind as the world never saw.

"All are more or less imperfect when they enter the Spirit-world. All have to go through a preparatory process of training. It would be as impossible for one, on entering spirit-life, to understand the mysteries and beauties of the third and fourth degrees, as it would be for a child to go at one step from its alphabet into geometry.

"But the better a person has lived in the earth-life the easier it is for them to reach the higher and happier planes of spirit-life. Such persons soon pass the preparatory course and rapidly go on to the higher spheres—while the wicked, vicious and avaricious ones of earth are kept back from happiness by the full realization of their shame until they are sufficiently purified by good deeds to others to allow of their progress to a higher plane. It will do them no good to worship the great God or to pray to Him. The only way they can obtain help is by doing all the good they can to others. By this means they can gradually progress to a happier condition."

The above and many other messages of much importance were given while the medium was under control, and had no knowledge of what she was saying. She was receiving no pay and had no possible incentive to deception.

INVESTIGATOR.

Spiritualists, bear in mind, that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is sustained on its merits alone, and not by crowding it with twelve or fifteen columns of advertisements that can be seen in every country paper. This fact alone should commend it to you. It is sent 13 weeks for 25 cents, or \$1 per year. Add us to publish the best Spiritualist paper in the world, by sending us a new subscriber. Sent 13 weeks for 25 cents, or \$1 per year.

THE DRY ROT.

It Attacks a New York Church.

One of the most significant and radical movements in advance yet made in the religious world is that of the wealthy Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City. Its congregation is one of the largest and richest in that city. It has long been known as a fashionable church, and has enjoyed an enviable reputation in society for the excellence of its pulpit and its Choir. Of late, however, there has been a feeling that the church is in a condition of dry rot, and that, while its members are personally edified, the church as a church has not been doing much for religion or for the world outside of its membership. This feeling has led to an investigation by a committee appointed for that purpose. Its report is a significant one. It finds that "the gospel does not adequately reach our population; that the people are not gathered into our churches, and that it becomes us to consider whether there are not other ways of presenting the old gospel and bringing the people under its sway." To accomplish this the report recommends that the church bring itself into closer sympathy with the common people, and one of the first steps in this direction will be to make its pews free to all on the basis of the following suggestion in the report: "A healthful religious condition, as well as a healthful social condition, demands that the rich and poor should meet together. To separate them in churches is fatal to the best spiritual interests of both. We will have to fight our way back to the simplicity and earnestness and faith of the early church."

The Madison Avenue Church has gone to the very root of the causes which have induced the dry rot of which its committee complains, and if it can carry out its purpose and fight its way back to the methods of the early church, it will have accomplished a great work. It will have overcome a hitherto invincible prejudice in the minds of the poor, namely, that they can not afford to go to church, and that the church has no place for them which they can occupy, except at the sacrifice of self-respect. This is the kind of revision which the fashionable church needs. Fashion is well enough in its place, but its place is not in the church. That the scheme of the Madison Avenue Church will be a success, if it is honestly carried out, there can be no doubt. Brother Moody, for instance, has no difficulty in filling his free churches to overflowing, and there is no reason why the Madison Avenue, or any other church in which the lines between rich and poor hitherto have been drawn so rigidly, should not have the same success. There are numerous other churches in our large cities which might well afford to imitate the example of the Madison Avenue congregation—throw open their doors to rich and poor alike, and give all alike the benefit of the old simple gospel preached according to the primitive methods, and thus inevitably bring rich and poor nearer together.

The above, from the *Chicago Tribune*, illustrates a most important fact—that the heaven that Spiritualism spreads broadcast in the air is taking effect and creating uneasiness in unexpected quarters. Yes, there is "Dry Rot" in the churches, and the mission of Spiritualism will not have been completed until they are completely reconstructed.

A Boy Who Could Not Find God.

BUT FOUND HIMSELF TURNED UP ON THE FLOOR WITH A BLEEDING SCALP.

TO THE EDITOR:—The day that I was five years old my mother gave me a top as a birthday present, and told me to go into the clothes-room and play with it, saying, "Do not touch the gun; it is loaded!" and remember, too, that if I do not always see you, God does." I took my top and retired to the clothes-room. My first business was to find God, and failing to do so, I concluded that my mother's God was only a scare-crow of her own manufacturing, to protect the old gun.

A few minutes later I found myself "turned up" on the floor, and a window badly demoralized, my mother bathing a torn scalp with camphor, and informing me that the proper place for such a disobedient scamp was hell, where God would keep me in fire and brimstone eternally.

The next day the village parson, calling "to see the folks and get some peaches," he sympathetically inquired: "Well, Capen, do you love God?" I replied, "No, sir; I hate him, because he is going to put me in fire and brimstone for emptying Mr. Pratt's old gun. Yes, I now hate him, and so do you."

Query: Why have I had so little regard for Moses' God?

CAPEN LEONARD.

Very Much Offended.

DEAR SIR:—I am receiving weekly THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER from your office. I do not know who authorized you to send this paper. Who ever did, please send the money back to them, with my compliments, and erase my name from your mailing list at once, and do not permit another copy to be sent to my address. As a fair-minded man, I don't want such abominable literature coming through the U. S. mail to me. I trust I will not have to call your attention to this matter again.

R. S. QUIGLEY.

Some friend undoubtedly ordered the paper sent to Mr. Quigley. We will stop it at once. He is altogether too narrow in his intellectual capacity to comprehend even the first principles of Spiritualism. He is in benighted darkness and prefers to remain so, rather than step into that glorious light which Spiritualism is shedding. He is the loser in consequence of his rejection of the truth.

Assistant Secretary Nettleton favors the creation of another executive department of the government, to be known, perhaps, as the "Department of Commerce," so as to relieve the Treasury Department, which has grown too big for one man, he thinks.

DO DOGS EVER SEE GHOSTS?

A Question of Great Interest.

FOR IF DOGS SEE GHOSTS, THEN THERE MUST BE GHOSTS—NOW COMES IN THE QUESTION OF BRUTE IMMORTALITY—SOME STORIES IN POINT.

Some time ago I had something to say on animal immortality. In that article I briefly referred to the argument, now not uncommon, that some animals appear to have intercourse with beings, or forms and states of being, unseen by us. This, on the face of it, is not improbable; but it may be a stretch of our own imagination to assume that this is a vision of ghosts. But if it can be shown at first that, as Wallace affirms, objective phantasms appear to men sometimes, and to dogs sometimes, then it would be hardly fair to assume that men are to have a spirit life hereafter and the dog not. It might become necessary for us to shove back our dividing line between immortals and non-immortals, and take over on our side at least some of the beasts. Is the Indian right who, in Pope's language, believes "his faithful dog will bear him company" in the spirit land? There seems, however, to be a conviction in the minds of some observers that dogs not only sometimes, but at all times, see and hear what we do not hear.

First of all, in justice, let us get the facts, or the averred facts. In *Rod and Gun* appears the following letter: "Sir, there is reason to believe that animals can see spirits. At any rate, I have a very remarkable fact to relate. There is in Devonshire a large, rambling old house, which has long had the reputation of being haunted. Family after family tried to make it their home. One after another they gave it up, all for the same reason—that was, frequent spectral ongoings in one of the corridors. Sometimes the ghost was seen by one member of the household, while it was invisible to others close by," which, of course, would indicate that the seeing, or not seeing, depended on the ocular condition of the family. At least, a skeptic would strongly urge that the probabilities were in favor of visual delusion. "Sometimes mysterious sounds showed the ghost to be about, while he was not visible to any of the watchers." Hearing easily follows hysterical seeing. I have myself seen wires and lamps when I knew none existed. "The family that last occupied the house thought a fierce dog might settle the problem, on the supposition that a human trickster was at the bottom of the disturbance. On the first night of the dog's residence the spectral rattlings were heard. The watchers took the dog to the corridor. True to the instincts of his nature he rushed to the front, barking savagely. Suddenly, when half way through the corridor, the dog stopped and gazed upward in evident terror. His tail dropped, and then he retreated trembling. But to the human eye nothing was visible." This story is authenticated as coming from persons of unquestioned veracity and excellent powers of judgment.

A writer in the *Charleston Democrat* says that he heard a lawyer of ability relate the following incident: "Perhaps you are not aware that dogs and horses are as much afraid of ghosts as the most timid of the human species. I proved it at one time on two dogs. Not long after the war the negroes were so bad about our place in Kentucky that it was with difficulty that we could keep our belongings on our place. Every other method having failed, I finally hit upon the plan of frightening them by appearing before them dressed as a ghost. It is said to habituate himself. Of course the negroes were successfully frightened away from us, but upon one occasion I also frightened our two watch dogs as badly as the negroes. The dogs were fierce fellows, and would allow no stranger or strange thing on the place; but one moonlight night they came on me in my spectral attire. The first to come up to me humped up his back until his feet covered not more than six square inches. His eyes stood out and his hair stood up, and he began moving backward, never for a moment taking his eyes from me. His companion came up, went through the same movement, and then both backed cautiously off together. As long as I could see them they put distance between us in that way. A few minutes later I heard them barking at home, half a mile distant. They then took refuge under the house, and it was four days before we could coax them out of their retreat."

Of course this writer, as well as the narrator, intends to convey the impression that these dogs recognized the make-up of their master as ghostly, precisely as a timid negro would have done. In which case it follows that thin white astral figures really are something in nature that at times become visible to all visual senses—at least of dogs and men. I suppose many would reply, a dog is equally scared at any unusual appearance, and doubtless has no notion of ghosts whatever. The reader must judge for himself. We must at least demonstrate that apparitions are at times visible to human vision, before this story is of any value.

If you will excuse me for turning aside from the main thought, I will give one or two illustrations to show that ghost-seeing is not so improbable as you have judged. Fanny Kemble tells us that when residing in Rittenhouse square, her maid, sitting so that she faced and could see the staircase and upper landing, saw the door of her bedroom open, and an elderly woman, in a flannel dressing gown, with a bonnet on her head, come out, walk the whole length of the passage, and then return deliberately in the same manner. The maid knew her mistress was downstairs, and also was confident that no such person as she saw could be in the house. Having good nerves, the woman did not at first tell Miss Kemble what she had seen, but ransacked the rooms to see if she could solve the puzzle, all the time afraid her mistress would be disturbed by some similar apparition. She afterward came on a portrait in the house suddenly that was an exact copy of her ghost.

A good chance, of course, for an imaginative maid, or a cunning one, to work up a fine yarn. Yet it is something that Miss Kemble believed the girl did see an apparition. Miss Kemble tells a better story, as follows:

"Corryboro, my friend's pleasant home in the Highlands, was a moorland farm and grouse-shooting property. The house stood within its own grounds, at a distance from any other dwelling, entirely isolated, with no habitations in its neighborhood but those of the people employed on the land, which circumstances render curious what I am to relate. I was expected on a visit there on a certain day of a certain month and week. The persons staying in the house were friends of mine, as well as of the laird's, and had all been looking for my arrival in the course of the day. When, however, the hour for retiring for the night had been overpassed in the hope of my still possible advent, and everybody had given me up and gone to their rooms, a sudden sound of wheels on the gravel-drive, the loud opening of a carriage door, and violent ringing of the door-bell, drew every one forth again with the exclamation: 'Oh, there she is—come at last!' My friend and host ran down to the door to meet me, but found nothing but emptiness and darkness—no arrival and no carriage, nothing and nobody—and he retired again to his room. The next day I arrived, but though able to account for my delay, no one could account for what had been distinctly heard by half a dozen persons." Evidently we must find more solid ghost evidence than this for a foundation to build an extensive theory on.

The Epworth parsonage case, involving John Wesley, is one of great value because it links both man and beast in the sensing of apparitions. Mr. Wesley says: "Soon after our large mastiff dog came and ran to shelter between us. While the disturbances continued he used to bark, and leap, and snap on one side and the other, and that frequently before any person in the room heard any noise at all. But after two or three days he began to tremble and creep away before the noise began. And by this the family knew it was at hand; nor did the observation ever fail." The testimony here is certainly credible merely as honest asseveration, but we are free to judge whether it was some electric or magnetic phenomena that the dog felt, or was ghostly presence.

A very strange case is reported by Mr. Hodgson in September, 1890, in which a white lady appeared. "The third night the haunted man's dog crouched and stared, and then acted as if driven around the room. Brother saw nothing, but heard a kind of rustle, and then the poor dog howled and tried to hide, and never again would that dog go to that room."

Robert Dale Owen reports a case of a haunted man who had not been able for years to keep a dog.

I confess these cases all seem different when looked at with some knowledge of dog nature. I am sure that a scared man would scare a dog out of his wits. When once a family is convinced of the presence of uncanny powers, the dog and cat will be convinced of the same. "Like master, like beast," is a very subtle law. Besides, we know that all domestic animals are easily disturbed by unusual sights and sounds. They are descendants of creatures that have lived on the constant alert. The rustle of a leaf startles a stag; the dropping of an acorn makes the squirrel leap. To introduce into their lives a nervous, excited environment is to carry them back at once to their savage fear.

Mr. Wallace accumulates a host of these instances, and seems to feel, after a while, the force of numbers. But there is the old saying yet sound, that "An ounce of certainty outweighs a pound of guesses." It would take a good many pages of the following to approach the force of demonstration: "We had three dogs sleeping in my sisters' and my bedrooms; and they were all covering down with affright; their bristles all standing straight up; one—a bulldog—was under the bed and refused to come out; and when removed was found to be trembling all over." All this while "sleeping," if we are to take the words of the witness. But at least such careless testimony must not go for too much. During the disturbances at the cemetery of Ahrenburg, when coffins were overturned in locked vaults, and the case was investigated by an official commission, "horses of country people visiting the cemetery were often so alarmed and excited that they became covered with sweat and foam." Before we believe there were ghosts in such a case we should wish to know several things: Were the country people so excited as to drive furiously? Were they so excited as to become poor witnesses? Were the circumstances such as to make a strange story swell and grow? I am quite sure that, as a precautionary measure, any one examining this testimony should read Virgil's description of "Faun," or the old story of the "Five Black Crows"—why may I not by this time say six?

One more case cited by Mr. Wallace in the *Arena* is of a female figure seen by three persons floating over a hedge ten feet above the ground, when the horse suddenly stopped and shook with fright. I have myself seen too many of these floating females—although there may be a question of sex in a ghost—to believe in any of them. A puff of white mist has fooled me; better yet, at night, a bush covered with white flowers. Being somewhat short-sighted, I remember with vexation stoning and shouting at a clump of bushes which, in the twilight, I mistook for my wandering cows. Dr. Hastings, the celebrated musician, was so short-sighted that, running into a cow he pulled off his beaver gallantly and said: "I beg your pardon, madame!" Mr. Wallace insists that in the demonstration of spiritual presence there are crucial cases. "They show us unmistakably that large numbers of phantasms, whether visual or auditory, and even when only perceptible to one of the persons present, are objective realities; while the terror displayed by the animals that perceive them, and their behavior, so unlike that in presence of natural sights and sounds, no less clearly

prove that, though objective, the phenomena are not normal, and are not to be explained as in any way due to trick or misinterpreted natural sounds." The point in the case is one that is assumed. Mr. Wallace skillfully covers that issue, which is, whether the terror displayed by the animals really was, in any case, unlike that in the presence of natural sights and sounds. This is what I believe is not proven. A dog is very sensitive to human emotions displayed about him; he is above all creatures the echo of his master. The real question is therefore shoved back to whether the people saw anything extra-natural. I will not say they did not; but I say we are not called on to believe what they did, without the most irrefragable testimony. By far better is it to turn to the argument that "Phantasms can be photographed, and are therefore objective realities." The kodak may be of great value in the case, because then there is opportunity for cool review of facts.

I am deeply sympathetic with the purpose of the testimony given. I, too, sincerely wish to demonstrate that spirits do exist, tangible and visible at times, and that by that witness we, too, have assurance of a higher sort of after-life. I will turn to a case somewhat different, and which seems to me to have more weight than the others in demonstrating spirit phenomena. A writer in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* says:

A few years ago one of my sons brought home a 5-weeks-old puppy of the Irish water spaniel breed. He was brought up as a family pet, and became a great favorite. He had more real character than any other I ever saw. When about two years old he broke through the ice in the park and was drowned. The family mourned for him sincerely, and I personally felt bereaved. My nights are often wakeful, and I fell in the habit of wondering if all that intelligence and affection—that curiously original character—had gone out forever. He had a habit of rushing into a pile of wood shavings in the back yard, for sport, and then carrying the bits in his curly hair everywhere. We scolded him till he formed a habit of shaking himself with vehemence after his game, and then marching in as if he had done his duty. Some weeks after his death I returned from a few calls; the dog was entirely out of my mind. The housemaid let me in. I went straight to the library for letters. I stood in the middle of the library, and the maid stood in the hall, facing me, and delivering a message; when, just outside the staircase door, we heard a sound, exactly the sound of Romeo's bangles, that led both of us simultaneously to start and scream. 'The dog,' she cried. 'He was shaking himself.' I said that I fully expected to see him. We examined for the cause of the noise, and tried all expedients to reproduce it, but in vain. To me, since then, Romeo is in a comfortable dog heaven." I like such a story, and such a pleasant faith, but really this is a story that needs cross-questioning. If Romeo could shake his bangles once, why not oftener? Did the maid possibly have a visitor?

The subject, however, is whether dogs see ghosts, not whether they can reappear themselves, although by parity of reasoning one proves the other. I am ready to believe that sensations may not be the same in its functional breadth in other animals as in man. That is a point not difficult to yield. The sense of smell is not only in dogs and cats more acute, but so much so as to be incomprehensible to us. While we have developed brain and reasoning power, they remain in a vastly closer sense-relation to nature. Within that range is it possible, or not possible, that they directly sense things and conditions that we have no knowledge of through our senses? A cat smells a bit of meat through three doors and rooms. A dog smells his master's tracks five days after passing. A hawk sees his food or prey when to us it is invisible. A horse senses a prairie fire fifty miles away. We have here a field of study that should be judiciously studied. Do apparitions or ghosts come inside the range of animal senses and not inside ours? So far we can only say that, in spite of all that has been brought forward, the question is not proven. It is a case of *non sequitur*—*Globe Democrat*.

Passage of Matter Through Matter.
IT HAS OFTEN BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.
TO THE EDITOR:—I notice an article of the 19th from O. G. Richards, Eudora, Kansas, telling of the Passage of Matter Through Matter, and saying he had never seen or heard of anything of that kind before. I can tell him that it is not at all uncommon. As long ago as 1876, at the residence of Mr. Kase in Philadelphia, through the mediumship of Mrs. Thayer, I saw large quantities of plants and other things come into a room that was closed tightly. Among other things was a canary bird, which I brought with me to this city and kept here a number of years. We are told that chemists on the other side of life have been for a long time studying these matters, and have succeeded in disintegrating matter so as to let matter pass through matter. I have witnessed it in numerous instances;—mediums coming out of an iron cage that was sealed and locked with no chance of deception. I have not only seen this once, but probably twenty times, and know that there could be no deception. It is no more a miracle for matter to pass through matter, than it is for the forms of those in the spirit life to be made up out of the atmosphere and appear to us as real and tangible, and are as real and tangible as those in the flesh. I have probably seen five hundred such manifestations, and nearly all old Spiritualists, or those who have had opportunities, have seen the same thing.
Topeka, Kansas. F. P. BAKER

The Empress of China has started a vast silk-weaving department, in which employment will be given to thousands of girls and women. The industry will be carried on in the palace grounds, which her Majesty, by Chinese custom, is forbidden to leave.

The Old Barn's Tenantry.

A MERRY JINGLE BY B. F. TAYLOR.

The rooster stalks on the manger's ledge,
He has a tail like a scimitar's edge,
A marshal's plume on his Afghan neck,
An admiral's stride on his quarter deck,
He rules the roost, and he walks the bay
With a dreadful cold and a Turkish way,
Two broadsides fires with his rapid wings,
This sultan proud, of a line of kings—
One guttural laugh, four blasts of horn,
Five rusty syllables rouse the morn!
The Saxon lambs, in their woolen tabs,
Are playing school with the a, b, a, b;
A, e, i, o, u! All the cattle spell,
Till they make the blatant vowels tell,
And a half-laugh whinny fills the stalls,
When down in the rack the clover falls.
A dove is waltzing around his mate,
Two chevrons black on his wings of slate,
And showing off with a wooing note
The satin shine of his golden throat—
It is Ovid's "Art of Love" re-told,
In a binding fine of love and gold!
Ah, the buxom girls that helped the boys,
The nobler Helens of humbler Troys,
As they stripped the husks with rustling fold
From eight-rowed corn as yellow as gold,
By the candle-light in pumpkin bowls,
And the gleams that showed fantastic holes
In the quaint old lantern's tattooed tin,
From the hermit glim set up within;
By the rarer light in girlish eyes
As dark as wells, or as blue as skies,
I hear the laugh when the ear is red,
I see the blush with the forfeit paid.
The cedar cakes with the ancient twist,
The elder cup that the girls have kissed,
And I see the fiddler through the dusk,
As he twangs the ghost of "Money Musk!"
The boys and girls in a double row
Wait face to face till the magic bow
Shall whip the tune from the violin
And the merry pulse of the feet begin.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

How to Reach the Higher Planes of Spirit-Life.

An investigator of the phenomena of Spiritualism recently received, from what claimed to be the spirit of Rev. Mr. Patten, through the mediumship of Mrs. A. Rush, of Los Angeles, Cal., the following message on the Day of Judgment:

"It has always been believed that there will be a Day of Judgment and a great judge before whom all must appear. Now, you do something today that you soon forget. You have done many things in your life that you have entirely forgotten. The folds of your memory turn down on these acts and hide them from your view—but they are not obliterated from your mind.

"Occasionally some incident in your life, apparently long forgotten, will, without any effort on your part, suddenly occur to your mind.

"Persons rescued from a drowning condition will tell you that every act of their lives appeared before them while in the process of drowning.

"It is the same way when you enter the spirit-life. Every act and deed of your past life appears at once before you.

"The folds of your memory are lifted and cleared away and you see it all.

"There is no recording angel, but the record is kept in your own brain of every act of your entire life.

"When you enter the Spirit-world you will find no great judge there to judge you—but you will be compelled to judge yourself and do it correctly. There can be no escape from this. And you will know that every one near you will also see the full record of your life.

"I have seen many men come into spirit-life who had been looked up to in earth-life—but when all the acts of their lives appeared before them they would have gladly fled from their sense of shame and degradation—but there is no escape, and their torture is equivalent to the hell taught on earth.

"Do not fear God. It is your own acts alone you have to fear.

"Teach these great truths to your children and your friends.

"If the people of earth could but know and fully realize they would produce such a revolution in the morals and conduct of mankind as the world never saw.

"All are more or less imperfect when they enter the Spirit-world. All have to go through a preparatory process of training. It would be as impossible for one, on entering spirit-life, to understand the mysteries and beauties of the third and fourth degrees, as it would be for a child to go at one step from its alphabet into geometry.

"But the better a person has lived in the earth-life the easier it is for them to reach the higher and happier planes of spirit-life. Such persons soon pass the preparatory course and rapidly go on to the higher spheres—while the wicked, vicious and avaricious ones of earth are kept back from happiness by the full realization of their shame until they are sufficiently purified by good deeds to others to allow of their progress to a higher plane. It will do them no good to worship the great God or to pray to Him. The only way they can obtain help is by doing all the good they can to others. By this means they can gradually progress to a happier condition."

The above and many other messages of much importance were given while the medium was under control, and had no knowledge of what she was saying. She was receiving no pay and had no possible incentive to deception.

INVESTIGATOR.

IF Spiritualists, bear in mind, that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is sustained on its merits alone, and not by crowding it with twelve or fifteen columns of advertisements that can be seen in every country paper. This fact alone should commend it to you. It is sent 13 weeks for 25 cents, or \$1 per year. Aid us to publish the best Spiritualist paper in the world, by sending us a new subscriber. Sent 13 weeks for 25 cents, or \$1 per year.

THE DRY ROT.

It Attacks a New York Church.

One of the most significant and radical movements in advance yet made in the religious world is that of the wealthy Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City. Its congregation is one of the largest and richest in that city. It has long been known as a fashionable church, and has enjoyed an enviable reputation in society for the excellence of its pulpit and its Choir. Of late, however, there has been a feeling that the church is in a condition of dry rot, and that, while its members are personally edified, the church as a church has not been doing much for religion or for the world outside of its membership. This feeling has led to an investigation by a committee appointed for that purpose. Its report is a significant one. It finds that "the gospel does not adequately reach our population; that the people are not gathered into our churches, and that it becomes us to consider whether there are not other ways of presenting the old gospel and bringing the people under its sway." To accomplish this the report recommends that the church bring itself into closer sympathy with the common people, and one of the first steps in this direction will be to make its pews free to all on the basis of the following suggestion in the report: "A healthful religious condition, as well as a healthful social condition, demands that the rich and poor should meet together. To separate them in churches is fatal to the best spiritual interests of both. We will have to fight our way back to the simplicity and earnestness and faith of the early church."

The Madison Avenue Church has gone to the very root of the causes which have induced the dry rot of which its committee complains, and if it can carry out its purpose and fight its way back to the methods of the early church, it will have accomplished a great work. It will have overcome a hitherto invincible prejudice in the minds of the poor, namely, that they can not afford to go to church, and that the church has no place for them which they can occupy, except at the sacrifice of self-respect. This is the kind of revision which the fashionable church needs. Fashion is well enough in its place, but its place is not in the church. That the scheme of the Madison Avenue Church will be a success, if it is honestly carried out, there can be no doubt. Brother Moody, for instance, has no difficulty in filling his free churches to overflowing, and there is no reason why the Madison Avenue, or any other church in which the lines between rich and poor hitherto have been drawn so rigidly, should not have the same success. There are numerous other churches in our large cities which might well afford to imitate the example of the Madison Avenue congregation—throw open their doors to rich and poor alike, and give all alike the benefit of the old simple gospel preached according to the primitive methods, and thus inevitably bring rich and poor nearer together.

The above, from the *Chicago Tribune*, illustrates a most important fact—that the heaven that Spiritualism spreads broadcast in the air is taking effect and creating uneasiness in unexpected quarters. Yes, there is "Dry Rot" in the churches, and the mission of Spiritualism will not have been completed until they are completely reconstructed.

A Boy Who Could Not Find God.

BUT FOUND HIMSELF TURNED UP ON THE FLOOR WITH A BLEEDING SCALE.

TO THE EDITOR:—The day that I was five years old my mother gave me a top as a birthday present, and told me to go into the closet-room and play with it, saying, "Do not touch the gun; it is loaded!" and remember, too, that if I do not always see you, God does." I took my top and retired to the closet-room. My first business was to find God, and failing to do so, I concluded that my mother's God was only a scare-crow of her own manufacturing, to protect the old gun.

A few minutes later I found myself "turned up" on the floor, and a window badly demoralized, my mother bathing a torn scalp with camphor, and informing me that the proper place for such a disobedient scamp was hell, where God would keep me in fire and brimstone eternally.

The next day the village parson, calling "to see the folks and get some peaches," he sympathetically inquired: "Well, Capen, do you love God?" I replied, "No, sir; I hate him, because he is going to put me in fire and brimstone for emptying Mr. Pratt's old gun. Yes, I now hate him, and so do you."

Query: Why have I had so little regard for Moses' God?
CAPEN LEONARD.

Very Much Offended.

DEAR SIR:—I am receiving weekly THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER from your office. I do not know who authorized you to send this paper. Who ever did, please send the money back to them, with my compliments, and erase my name from your mailing list at once, and do not permit another copy to be sent to my address. As a fair-minded man, I don't want such abominable literature coming through the U. S. mail to me. I trust I will not have to call your attention to this matter again.

R. S. QUIGLEY.

Some friend undoubtedly ordered the paper sent to Mr. Quigley. We will stop it at once. He is altogether too narrow in his intellectual capacity to comprehend even the first principles of Spiritualism. He is in benighted darkness and prefers to remain so, rather than step into that glorious light which Spiritualism is shedding. He is the loser in consequence of his rejection of the truth.

Assistant Secretary Nettleton favors the creation of another executive department of the government, to be known, perhaps, as the "Department of Commerce," so as to relieve the Treasury Department, which has grown too big for one man, he thinks.

MOTHER EARTH'S BIRTHDAY

REFLECTIONS IN REGARD TO OUR DUTY.

Hail and farewell to the old year that goes! Hail and greeting to the new year that comes! Behold, Mother Earth has another birthday. How many years do her birthdays number? Are they thousands, or thousands of thousands? Who knows, and who will tell?

But be she never so old, she forgets naught of her cunning. The days and nights alike serve her in the perfecting of her labors. Both clouds and sunshine paint her robes for her. Winter succeeds summer. The spring receives the seeds flung into her bountiful lap; while autumn fills full her arms with the high-piled, plenteous harvest.

The grass, flowers, and trees continue to grow upward toward the loving sky, which alternately smiles and weeps above them. The rivers still run downward from the mountains to the sea, which is ever wooing them to its embrace. There is now beauty on every hand, as there was thousands of birthdays ago. In only one particular is there difference on this momentous anniversary, and that is the condition of her youngest son, the earth-born spirit, who, beginning at the instant he left the "Father's house," has been searching, seeking continually to know and understand whereof the surroundings, and whence and how he came forth on this weary pilgrimage, out of the everlasting Past, and whither and why he returns into the eternal Future. The way is hard, and none the less difficult because of its shortness. Over it hangs the darkness of ignorance. Through this pall of darkness shimmer constantly the lightnings of desolating fear.

A rare old mother is Earth, tender and cruel; ingenious and crafty; heartless and beneficent. She is all things to all men, because she reflects the potency and creative energy of men's spiritual condition. Man, laying one hand upon the unseen and omnipotent, with the other controls and governs all manifested nature, beginning with himself and reaching down to the tiniest cell that grows in the vegetable or animal kingdoms.

At times, when the good mother sways and rocks under the immediate influence of the terrible potencies pent up within her, man little dreams it is the result of his own power which thus appears as disturbance and inharmonious. It may be urged that man is not equal to such manifestation; but the hand of the tiny infant may scoop a passage through the towering embankment for the mighty sea resting behind it. At the first, a trickling stream of threaded drops slowly makes passage over the top. Little by little space widens and powers increase, until, like a tiger leaping on its prey, the elemental force crouched behind the barrier sweeps all obstacles from its path. It is an axiom in occultism, that the smallest cause may produce the greatest effect.

May the old Earth have many and happier birthdays.

But how shall it be with us who live upon the earth? In the olden time, when men watched and cared for their herds, camping here and there, on grassy plains, wherever water gave promise of supply, whenever the herbage was exhausted they moved to greener pastures. By and by, as they narrowed down the conditions of their living, they simply moved from one habitation to another, as they do at this day.

When man is ready to so move now, at the outset he finds himself encumbered with accumulations filled full of old purposes and completed plans, agglomerations of disaster and other useless impediments, all of which, having finished their usefulness, if they ever had any, have now become rubbish.

If he is wise, he leaves all these behind. He takes with him only that which will be of service under the new conditions. He then proceeds, in the new dwelling, to gather from his surroundings another set of fresh material, from which to bring the essential.

We move out of the old year into the new cycle (strange to say, if we regard the spirit of numbers), out of the one into the two. From the collection of potencies we enter into the manifestation of the same. Let us take account of stock and see what we had better leave behind us.

It is not difficult to perceive that our heap of refuse ought to contain all hatred, revenge, jealousy, envy, malice, uncharitableness, evil-speaking and idle words; all sense of separateness from our brothers and fellowmen; all selfishness or self-seeking without other end; all fear; all doubt of the ONE; all clinging to ignorance and darkness; all desire for the vibrations on the lower plains, because, around these, in the soul-self, gather the activities which have been, through all the ages, both for us and our fathers, our misfortune and our karmic curse. The farther away we can get from them the better for us and our houses. So let us leave them with the old year, as it plunges into the dark tide of oblivion.

Let us take into our unsoiled home in the New Year the love that believes in and enjoys the brotherhood of all men; the desire and instantaneous wish to help, up to the limit of our ability, those that dwell on the fringe of the world; trust in the ONE, and in His messengers, and in our friends, who, though dead, yet speak to us; an insatiable thirst for knowledge; a never quenchable desire for light, more light; hope for man's growth and advancement into the limitless; and, finally, that the Eusoph may so broaden and expand our souls that all things may become new. If we do this, when we move again into a New Year, we shall have more to carry.

W. P. PHELON, M. D.

John Ingalls Handley, the tallest soldier from Maine, and the tallest but one in the Army of the Potomac, died recently at East Wilton. His height was six feet seven and a half inches, and he was Color-Sergeant in the Eighth Maine.

My Dream, and the Lesson Learned.

MALICE AND ENVY, HATRED AND STRIFE.

I dreamed a sweet dream of the angels As they hovered so close round my bed, Their garb was immortal, their faces so pure, And around them a bright halo spread. I dreamed they came for me to bear me away To the realms of the bright glory land; They beckoned me onward and pointed the way: The vision to me seemed grand.

I tried in my eagerness to haste me away Before they were hid from my view, But something restrained me and held me back While they at the gate passed through. I looked all around to see where were my bonds That fettered and held me below, Then a bright-robed messenger opened a book, And said, "Read, if the lesson you'd know."

Then I glanced o'er the pages written with care, And found what it was held me back: So much malice and envy, hatred and strife, Your good deeds is wherein you lack. [strife, You must cleanse and be pure from all earthly And free from all hatred and sin, [back, To find where the fetters are that's holding you Just pause and search well within.

CARRIE L. SHAW.

A SWEET OLD AGE.

THE SUPREME BEAUTY OF THE SAME.

One day this week a young gentleman in Amesbury, Mass., known and loved by a great many thousands who never grasped his hand or looked into his eyes, will pass his eighty-fifth birthday. Young, because whatever may have happened to his physical powers in all these crowded and eventful years, he has carried with him through all of them abounding love for humanity, and for all his fellowmen, that keeps the spirit always young, always in touch with to-day. Gentleman, because in more than sixty years of service to the thinking, reading world, he has said no word that was not helpful, full of that gentleness and tenderness which, outside of all creeds and beliefs and theologies, attracts today the loving reverence of mankind for the "first true gentleman."

It is one thing to grow old. Love of life is so strong in us that we slide into the belief that we are greatly blessed in living long! We come to count old age among the beatitudes. It is not so. In the ordinary course of nature the losses we suffer, the disappointments we meet, the bereavements that come to us, and the growing loneliness of the thinned-out circles that have been so much to us, become weariness. Growing old is a melancholy necessity. But to grow old gracefully, to keep with us, spite of disappointments and bereavements and losses and increasing physical ills, the youthful spirit, the charm and sweetness of a gentle temper and unselfish soul, that indeed is a beatitude; one of the greatest; to be crowned by the last of all, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," for "their works do follow them." It is such a graceful drawing to a close of a long and useful life that the attention of the English-speaking world will be drawn to this week by the occurrence of the eighty-fifth birthday of the Quaker poet.

There have been and are greater poets than Whittier. The critics tell us that his art is not perfect; that he slips sometimes in his metre; and that he has not given the world any startling effects, any great sustained effort, or any manifestation of what the profound or the sophisticated call poetic genius. Let it go so. But with or without poetic genius he has for more than sixty years been writing verse that sustained the weak, encouraged the oppressed, inspired the disheartened, put new life and hope into the despondent; that lifted up wet eyes and failing hearts to the Eternal Goodness. Such a life is in the very highest sense a benefaction. It offers no startling surprises, dazzles with no coruscations, but it irradiates the whole horizon with the beams of tender sympathy and the gentle glow of an unflinching trust. It is for this that one day this week thousands of hearts will turn with emotions of grateful tenderness to the New England home of the Quaker poet. For he has kindled in them hope and trust.

And away yonder in the coming time, when a great deal of what passes for art has crumbled, and a great deal of what is called genius has gone out, the weary and doubting ones of this world will be taking fresh courage and renewing their trust from the simple lines:

I know not where His islands lift
Their fringed palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

—N. Y. Tribune, Dec. 13.

Slate Writing Extraordinary.

I would say that I have just received a test of independent slate writing, and a portrait drawn in colors between two slates prepared in the following manner: Having cleaned the slates I put them together with heavy, short, wood screws, countersinking the heads well down, when with the aid of Mr. Cornell, the jeweler of this place, in the presence of others, the heads of the screws were sealed and stamped, each seal being of a different color and stamped with a different stamp, after which a fac-simile of the same was taken and preserved for reference. The slates were then sent by mail to George A. Goodwin, of Liberal, Mo., and upon the return, they were taken before the persons who saw them sealed, and who will vouch for the fact that seals had never been tampered with in the least, and there opened, when, to our astonishment we found on one slate a portrait in colors representing an Indian chief, whom we became acquainted with on the plains in 1851, and whom the writer traveled with many days, and who exhibited a strong attachment for him. There was also a message from the same, and four different hand-writings on the same slate. On the other slate there was a message from my father covering the whole slate. Skeptic, how is this done. Brother Goodman has many phases of mediumship. This, I understand, is a late development. The above are facts for which I will vouch.

Colon, Mich.

A. S. PROT.

Illinois Spiritual Association.

MISSIONARY'S REPORT.

Commencing service Nov. 20, I visited Peoria, under the auspices of the Progressive Spiritual Society, recently organized. During the two weeks I was there I delivered two public lectures, and three lectures to gatherings in parlors for this society. I also delivered two lectures for the Spiritual Alliance, a second group just organized in Peoria.

December 3, I visited Bloomington, remaining there ten days. After considerable effort I succeeded in getting some friends to co-operate with me, and three meetings were held in Dr. Z. Water's office, resulting in the organization of the Bloomington Progressive Spiritual Society, and the election of Maj. M. W. Packard, who is well known as a good magnetic healer, as president; Dr. Z. Waters, a leading physician, vice president, and Mrs. M. E. Akers, a thoroughly representative lady, as secretary. Under the management of the Society, Sunday, Dec. 13, the Independent Church was secured at 3 p. m., and a large audience assembled to listen to the gospel of Spiritualism. This society starts with a membership of thirty or more, and is sure to prosper.

December 9 I visited Clinton, Ill., and delivered a lecture in Mr. Wright's parlor, that was attended by earnest friends of Spiritualism, who will come into organization when a little more work can be done among them.

These organizations will become auxiliaries of the State Association, and will do their part to sustain its missionary work.

RECEIPTS.

By collections at Peoria.....	\$18 80
" " " Bloomington.....	13 00
" " " Clinton.....	1 10
Donated by Mrs. Cook, of Normal.....	3 00
" " Mr. Shaffer, Bloomington, 1 00	
" " Rev. F. J. Briggs, 5 00	
	\$41 90

Railroad expenses.....	11 31
------------------------	-------

Missionary's compensation.....	\$30 59
--------------------------------	---------

If friends of the cause, of whom there is a large number in Illinois, will contribute something to aid this work, it can go on, and within six months at least twenty-five organizations can be produced and any reasonable work undertaken and supported, without any heavy expense on any person or society. I especially request friends to write me whenever they feel that my services for a few days will give them strength to stand up and be known and counted by the organization of a society. All communications will be answered promptly, and donations will be reported monthly.

Respectfully submitted,

J. H. RANDALL,

269 California Ave., Chicago, Ill.,

Missionary and Corresponding Secretary Illinois Spiritual Association.

Wrestling With the God Question.

TO THE EDITOR.—Permit me to make a few remarks on the subject of "One God, or Many Gods." Dr. Greer's belief seems to be, as he expresses it, if one God exists (and he affirms one does), there must be many. I notice a great many Spiritualists base their ideas on scriptural passages to show the plausibility of their statements. Allowing Dr. Greer the same privilege, we find in Genesis, 1st chapter, 26th verse, these words: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." This quotation savors very much of a plurality of Gods. The words "us" and "our" are certainly plural. We also find in Genesis, 11th chapter, and 7th verse, after giving vent to "His" favorite expression, "Go to," He said: "Let us go down and there confound their language," thus using "us" again. If this "us" don't mean a congregation or parliamentary body of Gods or advisors. I would like for some one to explain to me its real meaning.

Do not understand me to say the Bible is any authority on this subject, but if it is, Dr. Greer is certainly substantiated in his affirmation.

Dr. A. A. Davis seems to think the Bible is a one-God propounder. I hope the above will cause him to see his error. He also says, when speaking of Gods: "If each was all-wise and equal in all things, and of one mind, then they would not be interesting playfellows, for diversity only makes the social circle enjoyable." Let us compare this with the world. We have heads of countries, and then we have representative bodies. In this country our President is in every sense of the word our head man, but if two-thirds of each house choose (even with his veto) they can pass over his head any law they see fit, and we find all other civilized nations similar. It could be the same with God, for Gods are lower than "supremacy." Conceive the meaning of the word supreme, and you solve the mystery of Deity, for we need no Gods. Read C. W. Tennant's article in the December 12th edition of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER; it is an able one.

I consider Dr. Greer's proof and Dr. A. A. Davis' comment both inadequate for this subject, as they throw no light upon it. I desire to start thinking people in this line. A consolidated Deity, or all that is, is Deity, or parts of Deity, except the human race, and they constitute the Gods; every man is his own God, but I wish to speak only of Deity. I can not conceive of a materialistic Deity, while an inorganic supremacy is easily understood. I imagine an organic existence shaped as a man, large enough (even after all the machinery be in position) to push a lever that would start this whole universe whirling through space at the rate of one thousand miles an hour. I can not conceive of it; but, on the other hand, if this lever be a part of that unseen existence, as well as all the machinery, then it is made plainer and easier understood. If Deity be the motive power of all worlds, in fact is all worlds and all component parts that pertain to worlds, then I can understand Deity; but if he be a materialistic personage, I know him not.

C. HYFF.

A TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION.

It Will Fall Sometime on Russia.

TO THE EDITOR.—Spiritualism, never having persecuted any one, has no terrible retribution hanging over it as has Russia. What awaits that country? Terrible calamities, surely! The story of the clearing of Marina Rostcha is perhaps the most cruel and repellent episode in the whole record of last spring's barbarities, says a London correspondent of the New York Times. As related, the Jews living here were of the lowliest class—artisans, petty traders and street hawkers, porters and pay laborers. They had congregated here, it is true, to avoid the police, but this involves no suggestion of wrong-doing on their part. Their object in getting as far away as possible from the police was not that they were criminals, but that they could not raise the money to pay them for permission to live unmolested in the town. There is no record of an arrest ever having been made among the Jews of Marina Rostcha for a criminal offense. The heads of families—all the men, in fact—went daily to Moscow to work, returning in the evening to their homes. Some of their children came into the technical or handicraft school maintained by the Jewish community of Moscow. Most of them, however, studied their primers and elementary books at home.

Of a sudden, without warning, on an inclement wintry night, a troop of police and Cossacks surrounded this out-of-the-way country suburb, and forming an engirdling cordon, proceeded to carry out Prince Goltz's written order to expel the entire community. This order was executed with what even Russians regarded as incredible brutality. The lights had been extinguished in almost every house, and the unsuspecting people were asleep. They were awakened by the crash of their doors being broken open, and the boisterous entrance of Cossacks with torches and drawn swords. The terrified inmates were routed out, and driven with blows and curses into the night, without being given time even to dress. They snatched such garments as they could and ran. The tales that are told are too harrowing to dwell upon. At least three hundred families were thus dragged from their beds and chased out into the wintry darkness on this first night's raid. Barefooted, half-naked, frightened out of their senses, these outcasts wandered helplessly through the black woods, moaning in their misery or raising shouts in the efforts to keep together. Some of them, at least, were able to build fires in the forest, and gather around these the old and the infirm, and the women with nursing babies at their breasts, or little children, who had made their way thus far with bare feet over the snow and frozen ground. The soldiers pursued them hither and stamped out these fires. Others did not stop in their flight until they reached the cemeteries, lying just outside the town. Here they found refuge, and, crouching for shelter among the tombstones, waited for morning.

No allusion to this amazing event has ever appeared in any Russian paper. There was no editor who dared so much as mention it. Although many deaths resulted, directly and indirectly, from the terrible shock and exposure of that night, there were no inquests, no investigations, no official reports.

Notes from Mrs. Nellie S. Baade.

In answer to the many friends as to what I am doing, and what progress the cause of Spiritualism is making here in Detroit, permit me to say that through the kindness and courtesy of the Spiritualists here in the city, our home is one of the pleasantest, surrounded by loving and sympathetic friends, and we are happy and contented.

Detroit sustains three regular meetings every Sabbath, and we have some of the best test and physical mediums in the State, consequently we are bound to succeed.

Personally speaking, our time is so occupied we do not have the opportunity of attending the seances that we would like to, but are always willing to speak a good word for all, and bid them God speed in their good work.

During December I lectured in Lansing, both for the Spiritualist Society and Court of the Magi.

By the way, Brother Champion, the Magi, is in Chicago, taking those degrees so necessary for our spiritual unfoldment, and as he has taken his good wife with him, I predict for the Court of Lansing many pleasant as well as profitable meetings, from a spiritual standpoint at least.

When we commenced our labors at Lansing the society was comparatively small, the audiences being few in number; but now we have both large and appreciative audiences. There is that harmony existing among the members so essential to success. We are also highly favored with some of the best musical talent in the city. The choir is first-class in every respect, and the officers and members are doing all in their power for the general good.

We are having many calls of late to lecture here in Detroit, as well as other cities, and we would say to the friends that we will do our best to arrange dates so as to make it satisfactory to all concerned.

We understand that the materializing medium, Mr. Archer, of Grand Rapids, is desirous of showing the people of Lansing what his guides and other spirits can do, and how they can materialize in the light. We hope the time will come when the phenomena and philosophy will be presented in such a manner that death will have lost its sting, the grave its victory.

MRS. NELLIE S. BAADÉ.

576 Fifteenth St., Detroit, Mich.

The Marquis of Hartington, who succeeds to the dukedom of Devonshire, with its vast landed estates, is a bachelor. Somebody asked him, once upon a time, why he had never married, and he replied that he was a modest man, and no woman had ever asked him for his hand. Poor thing!

AN EXCELLENT MEDIUM.

A Story of Mozart's Requiem.

That Mozart was a most wonderful medium, no one can doubt who is acquainted with his remarkable history, or whoever analyzed his character. His soul vibrated in harmony with the Sphere of Music on the spirit side of life, making him one of the best mediums that ever lived. The *Christmas Century* says of him:

"One cannot read the oft-told tale of the 'Requiem' without a sympathetic tear. The light of subsequent facts has long since dissipated the atmosphere of mystery that hung over it for so long time. We know now that it is to the vanity of a man willing to make his wife's death the occasion for posing before the world in borrowed plumes that we owe this immortal hymn. With Mozart's extreme susceptibility, heightened by his failing health and his dark outlook, it is not strange that the somber and unknown messenger who appeared before him to order a requiem for a nameless friend seemed to foreshadow his own doom. Haunted by this conviction he rallied all his drooping energies for this final work. 'I wish to condense in it all my art, all my science,' he writes to his wife, 'and I hope that after my death my enemies, as well as my friends, may find in it instruction and a model.' He was interrupted in the midst of it by an order to write an opera for the great festival at Prague. 'La Clemenza di Tito,' was written and put on the stage in eighteen days; then Mozart returned to his last task. He was pursued by the idea that he had been poisoned, and in order to divert his mind his wife took away his work. His spirit revived a little, and after a few days of repose he called for his music again. To a friend, probably Du Ponte, who tried to sustain his courage, he wrote a note in Italian, the last we have from his hand:

"I would willingly follow your counsel, but how can I do it? My mind is struck, and I can not dispel the image of that unknown man. I see him continually before me; he presses me, pursues me without ceasing, and urges me to composition in spite of myself. When I wish to stop, the repose fatigues and harrasses me more than the work. Must I say it? I regard the future without fear or terror. I feel that my hour is about to strike. I touch the limits of my life. I am going to die before having touched the fruits of my talent. Yet life is so beautiful! My career opened under such happy auspices! Alas! one cannot change his destiny. No one here is master of his fate, and I resign myself. It will be as it pleases God; as for myself, I must finish my funeral hymn."

"Into this exalted work he breathed the last flame of his divine genius. In the hymn of death, the sorrows, the longings of his life found voice. Who can listen to the sublime and heart-rending strains of the 'Lachrymosa' without feeling that beneath the prayer for pity is the cry of a suffering human soul? It is the prayer of the world translated into a form of everlasting beauty by one who adds to the divination of the poet a subtle something born of individual tears.

"In the intervals of fever and delirium Mozart still works at the 'Requiem,' giving directions also to Sussmayr as to its completion. . . . While the public of Vienna was wild with enthusiasm over the 'Magic Flute,' Mozart followed the nightly performance in his bare little room, with a watch beside him, counting the fast fleeting moments as the play went on. 'Ah, Sophie,' he said to his sister-in-law, whom he had thoughtfully asked to stay with Constance the last night of his life, 'did I not tell you I was writing the 'Requiem' for my own funeral?' A few hours before the end he joined his friends in singing the parts already finished. At the 'Lachrymosa' he began to weep, and could sing no more. He died with the score beside him."

When will the world produce another Mozart? When one is born who is in harmony with the Sphere of Music to the same extent that he was, and not till then.

New York.

H. ARMONY.

Light from a Past Age.

MOUND BUILDERS' ART BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

The members of the World's Fair Archaeological Expedition, which for the past six months has been excavating the Indian mounds in the vicinity of Chillicothe, Ohio, came across a collection of copper ornaments and utensils, consisting of 120 pieces, wrought into all manner of intricate and beautiful forms.

There are anklets, bracelets and earrings and thin sheets of metal representing perfectly the form of the common Scioto river sucker. But the strangest of all are two pieces made exactly in the shape of the "swastika" or cross of the Greek Church. This is the first swastika found in North America.

The ornamentation of the whole collection is plainly of Mexican or Peruvian design, and this corroborates the theory that the Ohio mound builders were closely allied to the Aztecs. And who knows but these ancients were superior in morality to the masses of the present time.

LAW.

Chillicothe, Ohio.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER not only has the largest circulation of any Spiritualist paper on earth, but it is able thereby to do a correspondingly greater amount of good. In order to publish such a paper at so low a price, we need your hearty support and sympathy. Call your neighbors' and friends' attention to the paper, and get them to subscribe. Sent 13 weeks for 25 cents, or \$1 per year.

M. Naget, whose divorce law in France freed a great many women, including Sarah Bernhardt, from objectionable husbands and vice versa, is a hunchback, Socialist, poet, and publicist.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Published every Saturday at No. 40 Loomis Street.

J. R. Francis, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at Chicago Postoffice as Second-class matter.

Terms of Subscription.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be furnished until further notice, at the following terms, invariably in advance:

One year	\$1.00
Three months	.35
Single copy	10c

Remit by Postoffice Money Order, Registered Letter, or draft on Chicago or New York. It costs from 10 to 15 cents to get drafts cashed on local banks, so don't send them unless you wish that amount deducted from the amount sent. Direct all letters to J. R. Francis, No. 40 Loomis St., Chicago, Ill.

Take Notice.

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

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

Whenever you desire the address of your paper changed, always give the address of the place to which it is then sent, or the change cannot be made.

A Bountiful Harvest for 25 Cents.

Do you want a more bountiful harvest than we can give you for 25 cents? Just pass and think for a moment what an intellectual feast that small investment will furnish you. The subscription price of *The Progressive Thinker* is only twenty-five cents! For that amount you obtain one hundred and four pages of solid, substantial, soul-elevating and mind-refreshing reading matter, equivalent to a moderate-sized book.

CLUBS: IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

As there are thousands who will at first venture only twenty-five cents for *The Progressive Thinker* for a single copy, to solicit several others to unite with them, and thus be able to remit from \$1 to \$10, or even more than the latter sum. A large number of little amounts will make a large sum total, and thus extend the field of our labor and usefulness. The same suggestion will apply in all cases of general subscriptions—solicit others to aid in the good work. You will experience no difficulty in inducing Spiritualists to subscribe for *The Progressive Thinker*, for not one of them can afford to be without the valuable information imparted therein each week, and at the price of only about two cents per week.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1891.

Exit 1891!

The old year closes; the new year dawns, as young, as bright and beautiful as it has countless times before. Our hearts may throb and break, or overflow with joy, yet the restless march of the days and years goes by. We look back into the mists slowly gathering over the yesterdays, regretful of the full measure of happiness they pressed to our lips, or with gladness that they are past and no more the bitter cup of affliction they forced us to quaff to the dregs, is ours. What's gone is gone forever; but, oh! what a sweet, delicate perfume lingers in the sunny valley and what a golden light is reflected from the mountain summits of the past!

The year has gone. Many gather at Christmas tide, and the family circle has no break. There is happiness unalloyed in the renewal of the golden ties which weave the hearts of all together. They meet and there is no cloud on the horizon of memory; no vacant chair where one sat dearer than all others; no vacant place in the heart which, like a void, absorbs all pleasure.

There are many who, when the day of peace and gladness comes, will miss the dearest face of all. At the hearth will be a vacant seat; at the table no merry voice or laughter sweeter than music. The wind, bearing its fleecy snow, will tell how cold it is out under the cypress and trailing willow, where a headstone gleams amidst the dark foliage of evergreens, bearing the name of one who went away to dwell with the angels, taking all the light out of the world.

Other family circles will gather, and the broken links be filled with memories of the absent. A few years ago all the merry children were together, and the late years would bring was unthought of. Now the father and the mother sit on Christmas day at the table alone, and in low voices of restrained feeling speak of the nestlings who have sought homes beyond wide seas and lands. We cannot turn back the hands pointing to years, nor revive the ashes of the past. We must press forward into the future, doing what comes for us to do, and receiving what is ours to receive. We shall be able to realize that as every year is a station nearer the end of this life's pathway, that we have reached higher grounds, and with a broader horizon breathe a purer atmosphere, and infinitely more is given us in the assurance that all the broken strands of love and affection will in the end be gathered up, and the dreams of hope be realized. If there is drifting asunder in the fogs and darkness of this life, a common haven receives us all, where the sunlight never falls, and the angels know as they are known.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Immense!!

That was the exclamation of many who called at our office last week, when alluding to *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*. Yes, in one sense it is immense. *The Religio-Philosophical Journal* in its most prosperous days, under S. S. Jones, never paid out as much money in one week to its "types," as we did last week. With \$100,000 private capital, and at \$3 per year, it never published as much reading matter as we do now. One great trouble with some Spiritualist papers is, they are too anxious to have somebody die and leave them a bequest—they prefer spending somebody else's money, instead of their own. *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* is beyond any such mercenary motive. It is sustained on its merits alone. Just think, readers, what a feast! Send in an additional subscriber at once. You are only asked for a few cents. Just think of such a feast—13 weeks for 25 cents—104 pages of solid reading matter.

Don't Forget!

Don't forget our call of last week, in furnishing a testimonial for Anna Lord Chamberlain. It is the aim of this paper to bring its patrons in harmony with the spheres of benevolence. Our list of subscribers is now so large that a small sum from each one will swell into a large sum total. Don't, we entreat you, let this opportunity pass.



The House at Hydesville.

AN APPEAL FOR MARGARET FOX KANE.

The above house will always remain a part of the history of Spiritualism. It was there, in the humble cottage, where modern Spiritualism first originated, and now see the wonderful influence it has exerted on the world! The Spiritualists of the United States, the millions who are thankful that they have a knowledge of the grand truths imparted at Hydesville, should ever hold dear to their hearts those instruments who were first used for this divine purpose. Any relic of Washington, Jackson, Jefferson, and the early founders of the Republic, is held in the highest esteem and commands fabulous prices. But they represent only an individual, while Spiritualism represents a principle, and one who assisted in giving it birth in the above house at Hydesville, N. Y., is still alive and needs the kind assistance of Spiritualists generally. We allude to Margaret Fox Kane. As one who assisted in ushering in this grand truth so dear to our hearts, she should be made the recipient of favors from Spiritualists. However much her missteps in life may have contributed to place her in her present unfortunate condition, it has no part in the appeal we make. It is enough to know that she is in destitute circumstances, and that the appeal made by Frederick F. Cook and Titus Merritt some time ago was responded to by so few that in this New Year's number of our paper we resolved to call again on our readers. No one will miss a small sum contributed for this purpose. We desire to cultivate a spirit of giving among our patrons. Our list of subscribers is even now so large that a small sum from each swells into a magnificent total amount. Each edition is undoubtedly read by at least 25,000. If we could touch the hearts of each one, and they would all send a nickel, there would be \$1,250 raised at once, and no one would feel the poorer for giving. If each should give a dime the result would be eminently satisfactory. It is the aggregate that counts.

Spiritualists, look at the above house, where the tiny rap first originated, and then open your hearts and send something for Margaret Fox Kane's benefit. Don't wait, expecting some one else to do it, but respond at once. We have commenced the good work by sending \$5. Now don't rest!—don't stop thinking about it!—don't forget this appeal!—but send something at once. Let the whole family contribute its cents, or its nickels, or its dimes, or its dollars, as circumstances will permit; but by all means do something. Don't send the money to us, but to FREDERICK F. COOK, 79 Fourth Ave., or TITUS MERRITT, 323 West 34th St., New York. They will see to it that every cent of the money is properly used.

THE BAND OF MERCY.

A Movement Spiritualists Should Imitate.

George T. Angell, when he instituted the Band of Mercy, sought to bring an influence to mould the conscience and refine the feelings of the children, and thereby cultivate popular sentiment. He has admirably succeeded in interesting the public, and great good will assuredly result. In Chicago, the pupils in sixty schools met and pledged themselves to sustain the teachings of the Society, which is to be humane to all animals, and defend them when abused. The members are distinguished by a beautiful badge worn on the breast, which reminds them constantly that they are to be kind, gentle and sympathetic to all forms of animal life. Such a society is needed, for abuse of animals, either thoughtlessly or intentionally, begets cruelty, harshness and selfishness toward human beings, and it is well to begin early with the child, that the mind may be turned in the highest channel.

Especially is this society to be recommended to Spiritualists, for the work is in line with the purest teachings of this belief. Every Lyceum should move in the matter, and the members not only wear the badge, but work for the principles it represents. The abuse of animals, especially the patient, noble horse, in our cities, is a shame to our civilization. Compelled to drag heavy loads with galled and festering shoulders; their mouths tortured with harsh bits, or the informal, tightly-drawn over-check; rapidly driven over the hard pavement, with bruised feet, every step as painful as though the foot pressed on a thorn; overloaded and unmercifully beaten, the beautiful animal is quickly worn out and finds in death a relief to its constant torture. There is need for a Band of Mercy in every neighborhood.

Anti-Catholic.

A square issue was made in the election of municipal officers in Omaha at its last election, resulting in giving a majority to anti-Catholic candidates in every instance. In the past, the arch-conspirator against the liberties of the people had been in the ascendant.

St. Torquemada.

Pope Plus IX. canonized the great Inquisitor General, appointed by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1483, who, during his term of sixteen years, burnt at the stake nearly 10,000 persons charged with heresy. With the title of Confessor of Sovereigns, he was a very monster of wickedness. He now appears in the calendar of beautiful saints as *St. Torquemada*. It is said an attempt is being made to remove this name from the calendar; but as the good Pope Nino was infallible, how is it possible to reverse his official action? *St. Torquemada* is a sanctified person, and eminent for piety and virtue. In the Roman calendar he is registered with the apostles; he is one of the blessed in heaven, an angel in fact, and it would be gross usurpation to unseat him at this late day, and send him down to hell, where his philosophy still the erring.

A Happy Discovery.

Perhaps no more astonishing revelation has been made since the decipherment of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and the reading of the cuneiform inscriptions on Babylonian and Assyrian monuments, than that many Egyptian mummies are preserved in cases made of the leaves of books, by various Grecian authors, such as Plato, Euripides, etc. These leaves are pressed together by some powerful appliance, forming a sort of *papier-mache*, and can be separated by long soaking in water, and then easily read. The genuineness of some, at least, of the old classical writers, can thus be tested, and we can then see how greatly they have been changed on the way down the centuries to our times; for these newly-revealed manuscripts were beyond the reach of alteration more than two thousand years ago. The dead past is giving up its dead, and is bringing the present generation each day nearer and nearer to its remote ancestry, and the civilizations which ushered in our own.

The Status of Papacy in Italy.

That the papal authorities have earnestly desired the restoration of temporal power in Italy to the Pope is known of all men. They have schemed and intrigued, hoping the interference of outside parties in their interest. So assured were they of success, fears have been entertained that there was a possibility the Italian Government would make concessions that would be inimical to national honor. A recent debate sprang up in the Chamber of Deputies in which this question was fully discussed. The Minister of the Interior was appealed to for information, in which it is stated he said: "Regardless of what may be said in other quarters, inside or outside of Italy, the status of the papacy has been finally settled." The report continues: "The minister's words were received by the Chamber with loud and long-continued applause."

A Conundrum.

In a recent lecture in the Church of the Covenant, N. Y., Rev. Dr. Chas. A. Briggs, no longer a Presbyterian heretic, is reported to have inquired:

"What are we to think of a system of faith formed on the notion of only one world, in which the Almighty, quitting the care of the millions of other worlds, comes to die because a woman eats an apple?"

That is a conundrum for the clergy to answer. Will they dare attempt the task?

A Mournful Retrospect.

Mackenzie, in his "Royal Masonic Cyclopedia," makes a computation of the sacrifice of life in the propagation of Christianity:

Holy wars.....	17,000,000
Holy Inquisition.....	5,000,000
Religious massacres.....	3,000,000
Burnings, bollings, roastings, fryings, drownings, beatings, stabblings, hangings, poisonings, crucifixions.....	500,000

Total.....25,500,000.

And all for the glory of God! Such figures are perfectly appalling when we reflect that they approximate very closely to facts, and that they who are responsible for those crimes against humanity insist that they gave us our present civilization.

A Sad History.

For breaking into a church, in Yorkshire, England, several centuries ago, the burglar was caught, condemned and flayed alive, while his skin was nailed to the church door, as a constant example to evil-doers. Such is the kind of civilization we inherit from our Christian ancestors, their pious descendants ever claiming that it was Christianity which lifted the present century to Alpine heights. Why did not Christianity at that period treat the criminal with more consideration than in the manner indicated? A cruel and bloody record is the history of those early ages in which the race was outgrowing its "Christian civilization." Instead of civilizing humanity, it was Christianity that was civilized through the slow process of human development.

Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Magoon are now located at Fitchburg, Mass. They are capable of doing good work in the reformatory field, and we hope they will meet with success in their new home.

Judge M. P. Rosecrans.

We are most happy to announce that this gentleman, whose heart goes out in loving sympathy to all mankind, who is, in fact, as near to the angel world as one can well get on this side of life, and whose mind is comprehensive in its action, will unite his energies with ours during the coming year in assisting us in building up and sustaining the best Spiritualist paper on earth. We are proud to say that he will write exclusively for *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* during that time at least. His "Twilight Musings," his happy hits on the evils of the day, and his critical review of passing events, will prove a valuable acquisition to our paper. We copy a brief life of the Judge from the published history of Franklin and Cerro Gordo counties, Iowa, 1883, by the Union Publishing Company, of Springfield, Ill.:

M. P. Rosecrans was born in Delaware county, Ohio, March 28, 1822. His parents were natives of Pennsylvania. He received a common school education through his own endeavors unaided, and spent a year at Kenyon College, where he was a schoolmate of Rutherford B. Hayes, now ex-President of the United States. Before he attained his majority, he learned the trade of carpenter and builder and worked at that trade some years. In 1841 he went to Burlington, Iowa, then the Capital of the territory. After a few months he proceeded to Washington county, Iowa, then the extreme frontier of civilization. He returned next year to Ohio, and in 1844 was married to a lady of Pennsylvania origin, Lucy A. Green. In 1849 he returned to Iowa with his family, locating at Sigourney, the county seat of Keokuk county, where he remained till 1855. In that year he fixed his residence in Hardin county. He was regularly admitted to the bar at Eldora, Hardin county, Sept. 28, 1857. In June, 1858, he was elected County Judge of Hancock county, and during eight successive years continued to discharge the duties of that position. October 21, 1863, he was admitted to practice in the United States Circuit Court, Judge Love presiding. In 1866 he resigned his position of Judge and removed to Clear Lake, where he operated in general merchandise. His transactions in trade covered a period of two years, during which time he was engaged in law practice also. In the spring of 1872 he purchased the *Clear Lake Observer*, a weekly paper, and published it for nearly a year. A notable fact connected with Judge Rosecrans as a journalist is that the printing press used in publishing the *Observer* was the one used by Lovejoy at Alton, Illinois, and which was thrown into the Mississippi River by a mob who, in this characteristic manner, essayed to enforce pro-slavery principles. When the integrity of the Union was assailed by the same element that injured Lovejoy's press and attempted to throttle the inherent liberties of every soul north of Dixie, there was with him but one issue, the United States, one and inseparable, and he hurled every influence and power he possessed into the breach, devoting all his energies to the Union cause. Since the close of that terrific struggle he has been entirely independent in political principles, believing it the duty of all men to base their actions and convictions on a conscientious understanding of public measures. He is also liberal in his religious views, holding as sacred the privilege of men to be bound by no creed that hampers freedom of opinion. Judge Rosecrans is too well known in Cerro Gordo county to need the tributes of a casual observer; but these records are made in the interests of coming generations, and it is incumbent upon the local historian to put his claims upon their grateful consideration in no uncertain terms. His life has been characterized by honesty; his integrity is stainless, and his record without a flaw. The Judge now resides in Clear Lake, in a comfortable, pleasant home, the result of his own labor; owes no man in the wide world one cent, and has held the office of treasurer of the incorporated town of Clear Lake for seventeen years in succession without opposition."

The Fulfilling of a Prophecy.

A. J. Davis, in the 3d volume of "The Great Harmonia," written forty years ago, uttered a prophecy which has been fulfilled beyond cavil or doubt, and with an implicitness which can be said of no vaunted forecast in the Bible:

"By the magic of MIND, rough places will be made smooth, the crooked straight, the wilderness to blossom as the rose; and the cold, damp, pestilential winds which now sweep over the earth—spreading consumption and negative diseases in every direction—will ultimately be changed into a healing influence, calm as the zephyr breathing over the gardenized fields and vineyards, and fraught with sweet perfumes. Man will yet learn how to create and preserve an equilibrium between earth and atmosphere. The hot deserts of Arabia, now mere seas of sand and desolation, will yet appear, under the well-directed mechanical treatment and scientific skill of man, as beautiful, productive, and habitable as the undulating valleys of Italy. He will be enabled to investigate, control, and direct the fall of rain over such portions of land as need moisture—elevating thus much parsimonious soil to the height of richness and abundance, and to the bringing forth of pure productions."

In a series of letters to the *Hartford Times*, Mr. Davis discussed the science of rainfall and pointed out the means whereby rain might be produced. Prof. Vauquelin, of Cincinnati, published a little later a pamphlet taking grounds so similar that there was mutual recrimination, on the charge of plagiarism.

Mrs. Besant.

It was suggested by eminent Spiritualists that Mrs. Besant, who from the materialism of Bradlaugh has become an enthusiastic Theosophist, and who stops by the way to fling mud at Spiritualism, be met in discussion by that queen of the rostrum, Emma Hardinge Britten. Col. Olcott wisely refused to meet Mrs. Britten in discussion, and Mrs. Besant will never rush to the humiliation of the defeat that would await her in such an encounter.

G. H. Brooks was in the city last week. He represents the Spiritual cause in Elgin, Ill., where he resides, as flourishing finely. He can be addressed there for engagements.

NO MISTAKE!

Wants Another Revelation.

The Progressive Thinker Striking a Responsive Chord.

TO THE EDITOR:—Your New Revelation is a corker, and no mistake! An eight-page, weekly newspaper for a dollar! Cheap! I should think it was. There never was a serial, even in Chicago, the city of surprises, on any line, that deserved mention in the same month with *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*, either as to details, or an all-around, wholesome average. When we are discussing Spiritual papers, like Abou Ben Adhem's name, it "leads all the rest." Like the Koh-i-noor diamond, its value is separate and unapproachable.

I think it is now in order for Spiritualists everywhere to do their share in the work which spirit power inaugurated, when they called you to the mission you have so successfully commenced and carried on. No one, living or dead, can do another's duty for him; and now it is the duty of individual Spiritualists to act. It has been said: "If we only had a genuine, Spiritual paper." Now we have one; and it is the privilege of every person who believes that the spirit survives the death of the body, to lift, as they may be able, be it a pennyweight, or a ton.

And I move you, sir, that Spiritualists, all over the world, both in the church and out, signify their willingness to help on the cause of truth, by uniting to make a second Revelation, of 25,000 subscribers, to *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*, before January closes its calendar in 1892. Let every old subscriber send one new one and lest some one may neglect even this easy task, all had better send two subscribers for the most liberal, broadest and brightest Spiritual paper published in the world.

As I put the motion, for fear your modesty may object, I hear a sound as of many peoples, kindreds and tongues, saying: "Aye!" W. P. PHELON, M. D.
619 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Letter from the Great Agnostic.

TO THE EDITOR:—Yes, we were all taken by surprise! You certainly lead in the amount of reading matter, in its quality as well as cheapness, all other spiritual papers which have come under my notice. When I wrote you last I expressed myself delighted with the paper, as it has been; now, only superlative words would express my delight at its improvement. Liberalists of every shade of opinion should now rally to the support of *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* as never before. I cannot comprehend how Agnostics go back on you. Aside from the phenomena of Spiritualism, there is little difference between us. On those differences we can well afford to be tolerant of each other. Even Ingersoll, the most prominent in the Agnostic ranks, prefers to be silent in regard to another life. He commenced his mission "kicking hell," and had it not been for the violent opposition, it is probable he would have been content with that task. Incited to opposition, he has surveyed the whole field of theology, and has repudiated the whole system. Thousands of Spiritualists have done the same thing, and are still Spiritualists.

You have so many good things in the paper that meet my approbation, I cannot afford to go back on it because you have some things I do not approve. A little toleration of conflicting views, incidental to independent thought, and we can all work together in harmony. On many subjects, *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* has been an educator, and as such we all like it.

Success to you, to your energy, your enterprise, and your grit. Long may you rock! Fraternally yours,
Rockford, Ill. G. W. BROWN, M. D.

State Association of Spiritualists and Liberals.

The First Society of Spiritualists, of Delphos, Kansas, having re-chartered, called a State Convention for Dec. 4th and 5th, for the purpose of organizing a State Association of Spiritualists and Liberals. The following representative delegates from abroad were in attendance: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moody, Otero, Kansas; Mr. and Mrs. William Bickle, Beloit, Kans.; Mrs. M. T. Allen, Wichita, Kans.; A. B. Montgomery, Goodland, Kans.; Mrs. Vick, Junction City, Kans.; Mallinda Fletcher and Mrs. A. M. Shaw, Beloit, Kans. After two days' session an organization was effected, the charter and by-laws of the local society being adopted as a basis. In the new organization all the property belonging to the local society was conveyed to the State organization including all in our society. The purposes for which the State Association was organized are, to further the knowledge and widen the field of both scientific and spiritual philosophy; to extend its influence all over the State in the way of assisting local societies, by granting to them privileges which must necessarily come under the State laws of chartered societies. Its object is to maintain and hold yearly camp-meetings; to arrange for delegate conventions, and to extend a protective influence around media powers; to purge the cause, as far as possible, of all objectionable "barnacles" which may fasten thereto.

Delphos is a quiet little city, nestling in one of the most picturesque and fertile valleys in the State. Its surrounding resources are inexhaustible. In this valley, close to the village, the society has a beautiful grove of natural oak and ash. A fine rostrum is erected upon the grounds, with other contemplated improvements as fast as financial circumstances will permit. The State organization is formed into a stock company, with capital resources to the amount of \$5,000, of which \$1,500 worth of stock has been issued at \$1 per share. It is the urgent desire of the society to dispose of as many shares as possible, to enable them to complete improvements as fast as the needs shall demand. All those who invest in stock will never regret the investment, as a fund will be created to sustain a home for the promulgation of knowledge and truth in all of its fundamental branches. The books are now open for subscription of stock. A certificate will be issued for each share, en-

titling the holder to an interest in the grounds. For full particulars, etc., address
L. N. RICHARDSON,
Delphos, Kansas. Secretary.

Made Foolish.

Stultify, to make foolish, is just what the printers did for us last week. In the brief editorial on the 4th page, entitled: "A Very Common Question," where was written "stratified rock," the types made it "stultified rock." To the geologist there is no doubt the genuine expression conveys a better idea of the antiquity of the earth's crust, than does the amended expression. But there are a great many types in an eight-page paper, and if some of them go astray, and are overlooked by the proof-reader, it is hoped the writer will be excused. A gentleman of good literary ability, who has contributed largely to our columns, a type himself, was kind last week as to complement the general accuracy of our typographers.

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Workers, Doings, Etc.

Lyman C. Howe speaks in Grand Rapids, Mich., the Sundays of January: Indianapolis, Ind., in March; St. Louis, Mo., in April; Duluth, Minn., May and June. His camp engagements as far as made are, July 30 to August 5, Haskell Park; August 11th to 18th, Martin's Station, Ohio; August 20th to 26th, Ashland, Ohio; August 26th to 31st, yet from the fact he will answer calls for a new series of lectures at accessible points from any of the localities named. Permanent address, Fredonia, N. Y.

Dr. J. H. Randall has engagements to lecture at Elgin and Rockford, Ill.

An exchange says: "The eagle will never roost on the cross."

Miss Abby A. Judson has gotten out a very nice and valuable pamphlet on the "Development of Mediumship by Terrestrial Magnetism." For particulars she can be addressed at Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. C. T. H. Benton, of Peoria, Ill., writes: "Sunday, Dec. 13, Dr. Allen, of Springfield, Ohio, was speaker of the evening. Saturday, Dec. 19, annual election of officers for the ensuing year. Elected: Dr. H. C. Nick, President; Mrs. M. Hodenden, Vice-President; Mrs. Stephens, Treasurer; Mr. Davy, Secretary; and Mrs. Dr. Kenyon, Mr. Elsworth and Mr. B. Broyshaw, trustees. The four officers and three trustees constitute the board of directors. Mrs. Elsworth is at present serving the society. She can be addressed at 1007 State St., Peoria, Ill."

Frank T. Ripley has been ordained as Minister of the Gospel by the St. Paul Alliance, Minn.

Wm. Stackhouse, of Montezuma, Iowa, writes: "You are doing a noble work with your paper, sending it broadcast over the land to emancipate humanity from superstition, bigotry and priestcraft. It is the best Spiritual paper published in America; and is destined, by the help of the angel world to grow in strength as the years go by."

There was an organization started in Allegan, Michigan, the 13th of December; the name of the society is: "Spiritualists, Freethinkers and Liberalists."

J. Jay Watson, of New York, writes: "Mrs. Elsie Reynolds has been producing startling results at private seances given in some of our best New York and Brooklyn homes. One Monday evening recently she gave a private seance at the residence of a well-known publisher in this city, in presence of more than fifty persons. She has gone to Washington, but, I believe, purposes returning to New York in the near future."

"Sagamore" writes as follows from St. Paul, Minn.: "Frank T. Ripley will return to Boston in April next, and societies desiring his services as a lecturer and platform test medium should address him at once, so that he can arrange his route. Large audiences greet him at every meeting, and great interest in Spiritualism is felt. Large numbers of church people come out. His subject for Sunday, Dec. 27th, was: 'Observances of Christmas, and Their Relations to Christianity.' Tests at the close of lecture."

Mrs. Emma Wilks, trance and test medium, is now located at 2927 Vernon avenue, this city.

Dr. J. C. Phillips, the excellent psychometrist, says *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER* should have 25,000 subscribers, and to aid in the attainment of that number he proposes to get ten new subscribers. Thanks, Doctor, for your good intentions. It is worthy of imitation. Now is the time to boom *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*.

THE NEW REVELATION.

It Is a Stunner!

TO THE EDITOR:—"A Happy New Year" to you and yours. The "New Revelation" is here, and it is a stunner! If you can sustain it that size, without depending on advertisements, and keep up the quality and lively interest as heretofore, there is no guessing what may follow. I was completely surprised at the character of the "New Revelation." But it is one that will interest many thousands, and naturally inspire enthusiasm. That warning to Hudson Tuttle is a significant sign of the times. It is possible that bigotry is so rank in this country at this late day as to have such a warning rally in earnest: "Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad." Let the spirit of the assassin reveal its murderous animus as the only answer to the revelation of truth, and the religion it represents is doomed! It is too late for such arguments to help any cause in this country. Let us hope that this death's head and cross bones is not the expression of real purpose, or of the dominant spirit of the troubled church; but only the croakings of a crank, or a trick for malicious amusement. LYMAN C. HOWE.

Dr. McLeod.

Dr. Norman McLeod passed to spirit-life last week, at No. 13 Carpenter St. Last Sunday Dr. Bishop officiated at the funeral. Dr. McLeod was prominent as a Spiritualist, and for many years sustained meetings in this city. He leaves a large circle of friends. He was nearly eighty years of age.



HOW TO GAIN HEAVEN.

A Sweet and Beautiful Soul.

"The gentleman whose funeral we have just attended was a sweet and beautiful soul—but I have forgotten his name." So said Emerson, with the frankness of second childhood, just after his friend Longfellow had been laid in the grave—Emerson, the poet's poet, great thinker and scholar, already on-feebled by age, his memory gone, and himself soon to follow to the land of the immortal. Very suggestive are the words. The name, which every lover of a pure literature hopes will be gratefully cherished while time endures, had already gone from his recollection, but the impression of the man's character remained—Emerson still remembered his "sweet and beautiful soul."

This eminent man, whose life was pure melody, whose soul was a garden of flowers, whose very thoughts were far more brilliant than earthly gems, and whose whole life was a poem of exquisite loveliness and sweetness, had then commenced dying—dying at the top, yet his very presence was as pleasing as the vanishing notes of one of Beethoven's symphonies. The world had ceased to be a book to him, and he could no longer read therefrom the practical lessons of life. He had attended a funeral where concentrated sorrow, solemnity and tear-stained thoughts hover over each one like the dark mantle of a starless night, and the power to recognize the cast-off form of the peerless spirit vanished like a half-forgotten dream; he realized that "he was a sweet and beautiful soul"; and beyond that, his autumnal mind, brilliant with golden fruitage, pulsating with divine thoughts, radiant with God's own electrifying light, and rich with the exquisite verdure that can only spring forth in the soul of him that has had a foretaste of heaven, did not venture.

As Emerson attended that funeral, he too, was dying—just as the golden sun dies when it disappears in the rainbow-tinted skies of the West, to burst forth again at the morning dawn; just as the acorn dies, only to appear in a majestic forest tree; just as the little rootlet perishes, to come forth in a queenly flower; just as the caterpillar vanishes, in order to assume the garb of a gaudy butterfly, and to dazzle the beholder with its brilliant colors; just as the blossom dies, to hang forth on luxuriant branches as a luscious peach—he was slowly undergoing the god-like metamorphosis from the mortal to the immortal, from the material to the spiritual, and gradually becoming unconscious of his surroundings. Then, when he attended Longfellow's funeral he was partly dead—oblivious to the fact that a near and dear friend was lying before him in the coffin, only realizing that he was in the presence of a "sweet and beautiful soul."

With Emerson, the sweet and beautiful was ever present. In his own pristine thoughts the sweet and beautiful lingered like the mellow tenderness of an autumn day. In his own children the sweet and beautiful rippled like the melody of the winds when kissing the orange or apple blossoms. In little children he saw the sweet and beautiful in their dimpled smiles; heard their divine qualities in their merry laugh, and felt their soul-inspiring nature in their gentle words and caresses. He lived in the sweet and beautiful, though his frame had become weak, his memory treacherous, and his eyes less sparkling. The older he grew, the grander and more towering his spiritual nature became.

What a pleasant life this would be if all would establish a garden in their own souls, and cultivate therein all that is sweet and beautiful, discarding every little rootlet, every seed and every germ that could possibly produce acrimonious feelings, unkind thoughts, or wayward acts. We must not wait for the enjoyment that emanates from spiritual sources in the Summerland; we must have a congenial soil in our own nature, from which the grandest impulses of heaven itself will spring forth, naturally rendering our happiness complete.

Can you pass the poor cripple in the streets without sad emotions? Can you repel the poverty-stricken hand, appealing for assistance? Can you turn away the tear-stained orphan without granting a word of encouragement? If so, you have none of the sweet and beautiful in your nature that characterized the life of the immortal Emerson or Longfellow. The sweet and beautiful is only the heritage of the pure in heart, the benevolent, the kind, the forbearing, the merciful, the sympathetic.

He who has the sweet and beautiful in his nature has a foretaste of heaven; he can even catch a glimpse of the Celestial City, and he thinks at times that he hears the sweet whispers of angel visitants. You who have family jars; who have scolding, fault-finding words nestling like vipers on your tongue; who treat the humblest of God's children haughtily or cavalierly, your nature is like a Siberian plain—cold, heartless, desolate! The sweet and beautiful of human nature are merely fragments of heaven, finding lodgment in congenial soil. If sincerely invited, they come, and yield their angelic influence to all around.

When the time arrives on earth that the sweet and beautiful shall find congenial soil for fruitage in each human soul, then the golden morn of the millennium will be ushered in, and poverty, discord, wars and calamities of all kinds will have disappeared. To have a sweet and beautiful soul, you must not—cannot—believe in the existence of a hell, where you think God punishes forever some poor, wayward child—indeed, in that nature which believes such a hideous doctrine.

Heaven only comes to earth in the sweet and beautiful lives of the noblest of God's children. It never finds lodgment in angry expression or an unkind thought; a haughty curl of the lip knows nothing of its holy, benign influence. Within Longfellow's soul, all ablaze with poetical genius and adorned with divine love, was a fragment of heaven; not all of heaven, with its melody, its grandeur, its simplicity—only a fragment thereof, which was the sweet and beautiful that attracted the attention of Emerson. Heaven exists here in frag-

ments. In some it scintillates as poetry, and the soul is tremulous with divine melody. In others, like Mozart and Beethoven, it gives expression to music, the essence of poetry, and unites the two worlds in the gentle bonds of harmony. In others, like Newton and Kepler, it promulgates a grand philosophy, and reveals the secrets of the starry realms. In others, like Florence Nightingale and Howard, it manifests itself in deeds of charity, and gives the unfortunates a foretaste of the celestial regions.

The fragments of heaven only find lodgment in genial soil. They never can be manifested in an unkind word, in a scornful look or by the garrulous tongue of gossip. In souls like Emerson's and Longfellow's, fragments of heaven, sweet and beautiful, find a temple suitable for the expression of their divine fragrance. They, finding a congenial soil there, vibrate the chords of their souls, and poetry and philosophy flow therefrom as naturally as from the rippling spring. If you kindly forgive your enemies; if you cheer the unfortunate; if you feed the hungry; if you return a kind answer to insulting words and constantly try to cheer some faltering soul, then you have a fragment of heaven nestling in your soul, keeping it warm and fruitful.

The little beggar girl, wan, pale-faced and tired, to whom a gentleman had given five cents, had her sympathies excited by a tramp—a hungry tramp, as she thought, and worse off than herself—and she gave him the nickel to get something to eat. She, poor, weary, faltering, half-starved wretch, had a choice fragment of heaven in her soul and it bore abundant fruitage, for she gave to another what she needed herself, thinking him, alas! worse off than she was. He, however, had a fragment of hell in his perverse soul, spending that money at once for liquor.

Every fragment of heaven, besides being sweet and beautiful, is prolific in its fruit-bearing properties, enriching the whole nature, and laying the foundation of your celestial home. If you have no fragments of heaven in your nature, your home in spirit-life will be black, dreary, dismal and desolate. If you want heaven in the future you must cultivate it in your soul here, and give it free expression in all the acts of life. In spirit-life, when you first make your advent there, you will be greeted by just what you have cultivated here. If you cultivate perverse, haughty, domineering feelings on earth, you will scarcely find a fragment of heaven to greet you after death. Bear these thoughts in mind; ponder them well; learn a deep and significant lesson therefrom, and act accordingly. Cultivate the sweet and beautiful in your own home; in your very voice; in the words you utter to cheer some lonely heart, and in all your acts of life, and great shall be your reward in the celestial regions to which you will soon ascend.

John R. Francis
THE FAIR WIDE OPEN.

AN ELOQUENT APPEAL FOR THE SAME.

We are pleased to observe that even intelligent clergymen are taking a more sensible view of opening the World's Exposition on Sunday. The Rev. J. J. Jones is reported to have said in his pulpit a week ago:

"How the marvels of that world of lightning will burst the walls of our little village theologies; how cheap and crude will appear the best stock of miracles Christianity can array; how uncertain and unsatisfactory will the boasted revelations found on moth-eaten parchments, written in ambiguous Greek, and still more ambiguous Hebrew texts, compare with those subtle and unerring revelations of the Almighty that travel with the celerity of light, carrying the thoughts of men around the globe!"

"We who believe in the sanctifying power of art," he continued, "the devoutness of science, the piety of thought, should leave no legitimate thing undone toward securing the privileges of this object lesson in civilization, this great cathedral service of humanity, to as many people in as many hours of the day, as many days in the week throughout that six months as a generous administration can devise. Let who will go to church on Sunday during those fair days in Chicago; but let no church turn the key on that greater sermon, that nobler ritual, on that day most available to many, the most conducive to high thoughts and noble reflections to all. If the World's Fair must be closed on one day of the week, let it be on any other day than that differentiated by all the social and religious evolutions of the centuries to be the day for a spiritual quickening and moral sympathies. But it is not necessary to close it any day in the week. The employees and attendants should be numerous enough that they may find more rest and release from their arduous toils than any Sabbatarian division would give them."

"I plead for an open fair on Sunday, not simply in the interest of some poor man or mechanical class which we impudently patronize in our speech and insolently ignore in our manners, but I plead for the open fair on Sunday in the interests of all workers and all worshippers. I belong to that working class who need the Sunday privileges of that fair. I want to take my children, my Sunday-school classes, my Unity club sections, with me into the fair on Sunday afternoons, that we may clothe the whole with Sunday graces, and religious solemnity, and I wish—oh! so much—that I might take my Sunday morning congregation within the gates, and there, in the presence of those magnificent triumphs of man, sing our praises of God. St. Peter's at Rome and Westminster Abbey in London have often appeared to me as great preaching places. If one could get in there untrammelled by their traditions and unfettered by their conformity, but a more inspiring pulpit would be that granted within the gates of the Columbian Exposition."

Earl Russell, of the recent sensational divorce case in London, is coming to this country to lecture on electricity, which is one of his hobbies, and on which he is generally considered to be an expert. Among his warmest friends and sympathizers is Mr. Gladstone, who, as one of the most intimate friends and colleagues of his grandfather, is asserted to have promised to provide him with a government office of some kind under the next Gladstonian administration.

EXPERIENCES AT LILY DALE.

The Way a Lost Ring Was Found.

BY DR. C. T. H. BENTON.

This last August my wife and I took our first trip to Lily Dale camp meeting, conducted under the auspices of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association. We started from "the Garden State" of the Union, Peoria Ill., August 6, 1891, on a pleasure excursion for the Niagara Falls, and returning from there reached Lily Dale Saturday, the 8th, where we received a cordial welcome by all, and were made to feel quite at home in the neat, cozy cottage of Mrs. Ruth Waite, No. 4 Second Ave., Lily Dale, N. Y. It will be impossible to give in detail all that came under our observation, but I will briefly state some of the most interesting features of our experiences and observations, and trust that they will be the means of calling the attention of others to investigate the grand and glorious truths of Spiritualism.

Early in the summer Mrs. Mary Hovenden and son, both of Peoria, and well-known friends of ours, started across the "big waters" to England, to visit the home of her birth; and while in midocean the main shaft of the steamship was broken, and left them helpless and at the mercy of the wind and wave. As good luck, or Providence, or both, would have it, there was no heavy wind or storm while they were in that condition, and after a few hours they were rescued and towed back to New York. After reaching New York Mrs. Hovenden was in very poor health, caused by the shipwreck and general excitement of travel, and after resting a few days concluded to start for home. The strangest part of this experience was this: At the time of the shipwreck Mrs. Hovenden appeared to my wife in the night and talked with her. As far as my wife can remember there was nothing said about the wreck; only Mrs. Hovenden stated she had come back, but intended to go again. The next morning we were deeply impressed that our friends were in trouble, and in a few days we received a letter from Mrs. Hovenden, from New York, giving an account of the accident, and requesting us, if we intended to go East during the summer, to meet them at Lily Dale camp.

Not having concluded to take any such trip during the summer, until a day or two before starting, we did not notify our friends at the camp of our coming, and upon our arrival you can imagine our surprise and disappointment when we learned that they had taken the train for home the day before. Arriving at home and learning of our whereabouts, they both returned, and Mrs. Hovenden remained with us till the camp closed.

WHAT I SAW AND HEARD WHILE AT LILY DALE.

During the last two weeks of the camp, while holding developing circles, I lost a ring, the finding of which was one of the best tests of spirit power and spirit knowledge that I ever received, and gave me greater confidence in spirits, especially my own beloved guides, than I ever had before. Soon after losing the ring, and while holding one of my developing circles, I was entranced by Stillwater, my Indian control, who, speaking to my wife, related all the circumstances concerning the losing of the ring, and stated positively that we would succeed in recovering the same.

Previous to this time I had notified the President and Chairman of the camp, and many others, of my loss, but no trace of the ring could be found. After my wife told me what Stillwater had said, it was a quandary in my mind how the ring would be restored to me. Having read accounts of lost things being restored by spirit power during materializing seances, I resolved to try the experiment, and accordingly my wife, our friend Mrs. Hovenden and I attended one of Hugh Moore's seances; but alas! the ring did not turn up. Before going to this seance I wrote a few questions, addressed to my spirit friends and guides, upon a sheet of paper, and during the seance, unbeknown to any one, I threw them into the cabinet. The manifestations were very good, but nothing in particular came for me. Trumpet-speaking and etherization were the principal manifestations, and a good many forms appeared which were recognized by some one present.

Moore's controls gave me some very good advice, how to sit for slate-writing and materialization, but nothing was said about my questions by myself or them. After the circle I entered the cabinet to get my questions, and, greatly to my surprise, they were nowhere to be found. Let me state that Mr. Moore was sitting on the outside, joining hands with the sitters, and was not in the cabinet. Not being satisfied with the experiment, and feeling that my magnetism would be better harmonized with that of the medium at another seance, I concluded to give it one more trial. The next seance was a success, but no clue of the missing article was given. It would make my article too long to relate all that occurred during this seance, but suffice it to say that my sister etheralized and gave some very good advice, and mentioning my questions, she said: "Your questions contain matter that would not be wise to give in public, but continue your sittings at home, and we will inform you there."

Before this, Little Pansy (I think this was her name), Mr. Moore's Indian control, came out and stated in her innocent, childlike manner, that she had taken the "letter to the angels" with her, and would bring it back to me that evening, which she did before the seance closed. These seances were given in a dim light, except for trumpet manifestations, which were produced in total darkness. I received several messages through the trumpet I never shall forget, one from my beloved uncle and spirit guide, and one from Stillwater, my Indian guide, but nothing about the lost ring. I then concluded to make another attempt, but with a different medium. Our friend Mrs. Hovenden, my wife and I, accordingly made arrangements with a Mr. Green, a materializing medium, for places in one of his seances, but nothing of the lost treasure was heard of there. Of the beauty and soul-thrilling experiences of a true materializing seance, my language is inadequate to give the smallest description; one

will have to be there to appreciate anything of the kind. A Spiritualist from this place who had recently passed over appeared there in all his spiritual manhood, and was, without a single doubt, recognized by those present who knew him in earth life.

A stranger in the circle said that while he was at Washington, D. C., and at a seance, Franklin materialized and gave him a rule whereby he could test the genuineness of spirit manifestations, especially materialization, and requested the privilege to apply the test there, which was granted. The gentleman stated that Franklin informed him that a genuine materialized spirit would have cold feet, and accordingly he applied the test to one of Mr. Green's cabinet controls, by feeling of both her feet. The test was perfectly satisfactory.

There was an English gentleman with Mr. Green who was a medium for independent pictures on slates in oil colors. These pictures were just wonderful, considering the time in which they were produced, which was from a few seconds to a few minutes. Mr. Campbell, the medium for this phase of spirit power, charges nothing for his seances, and whenever one of the pictures is sold (they sell for ten dollars each, and more, as the purchaser is willing to give), the money is given to some charitable purpose. His circles are formed in a complete ring, ladies and gentlemen sitting alternately, with the medium within the circle, the paints and brushes upon a stand just outside. The slates are handed to each of the sitters, until the spirit controlling designates the one who shall hold them for the picture. The one chosen holds the slates firmly with both hands upon his head until the usual signal is given that it is finished. These circles are generally held in the dark.

My experience with Dr. P. L. O. A. Keeler was equally as satisfactory, but I will not enter into details, as his seances have been written up many times before. I wish I could write up all the "finger-boards" I saw at Lily Dale, that pointed with unmistakable clearness the doubting ones of earth to a positive knowledge and proof of immortality, but I must hasten to a close my most enjoyable experiences. To say we were kindly treated by all, and that we were benefited and repaid for all our efforts while there, is only a mild way of expressing our appreciation of Lily Dale camp and its management.

One day, after arriving at home, while alone in my office, I was seized with a very strong impulse to write, and seating myself at my desk, placing my hands upon it, I received clairaudiently the following message:

"Write to Mrs. Sarah Jordan, the lady who stopped at the same cottage you did while at Lily Dale, and she can assist you in recovering your ring, for she knows the one who found it."

"JERRY."

I did as requested, and greatly to my surprise I received from the lady the following reply:

"The day I left Lily Dale for home I sat in a seat with a young man, Mr. Wright, of Wisconsin, who had found a ring, and who was going to return the next day, to see if he could find the owner, but I do not know whether it was your ring or not. I will write him to send the ring to me if he has it yet, and I will forward it to you. If it is not yours, you can return it to me; but should it prove to be yours, I shall feel much gratified in rendering what assistance I am able in its recovery."

"S. A. JORDAN."

It was several weeks before I received the ring, but it proved to be our long-lost treasure—one I gave my wife on our wedding-day, and its value was more than doubled by its mysterious disappearance and recovery through spirit agency.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From his home in Thornton, N. H., where he had resided more than sixty years, Nov. 25, 1891, Carter Foss, at the ripe age of 94 years, passed from the mundane to the supermundane sphere of existence. He leaves a wife and three children, several grand and great-grandchildren, and a large circle of friends and acquaintances, to struggle on a little longer through the rough journey of earth-life, until the white-robed messenger calls them to join that innumerable company that no man can number, on the evergreen shore, where, doubtless, they will meet his purified spirit, freed from earthly conditions, ready to go on by the law of progression, the never-ending cycles eternally!

He was a Spiritualist in heart and practice long before he heard of Spiritualism.

By his special request the funeral services were conducted by Mrs. A. P. Brown, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., an old, tried and trusty friend and advocate of Spiritualism. DANIEL K. SMITH, Ashland, N. H., Dec. 5, 1891.

Tuesday, Dec. 8, 1891, passed from his home in Ashland, N. H., to the higher life, Daniel K. Smith, aged 84 years. His body had been feeble for several months, but his mind was clear, his intellect keen and active, to the last moment. Only three days before his transition, he penned the above obituary concerning his long-cherished friend, Carter Foss.

Forty years ago he found in Spiritualism that peace and comfort which passeth understanding, and convinced of its truth, he loved it. It was not only his religion but his life.

His house became a home for mediums, who were ever welcome to come and stay as long as they chose, "without money and without price," and scores of mediums, as they read these lines, will fondly revert in memory to "Uncle Daniel and Aunt Martha," whose kindly welcome and generous hospitality they have so many times enjoyed in their harmonious retreat among the Granite Hills.

Daniel K. Smith was a man among men; firm as his native hills, yet tender as a babe. In no sense a caterer to public opinion, he had the courage of his convictions, and still commanded the respect of the entire community. He was a constant teacher for grander truths, a great reader, a deep thinker, a profound reasoner, a growing soul! Such was the man, and the world is better for his having lived in it.

In accordance with his request, Mrs. A. P. Brown, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., conducted the funeral services, every detail of which he himself arranged. JENNIE S. JOHNSON, Haverhill, Mass.

Passed to Spirit-Life from Salamanca, N. Y., Oct. 6, 1891, Ellis Gamble, aged

66 years. He was for many years a firm believer in the truths of Spiritualism, and an earnest advocate of the cause. He passed peacefully away to the joys of a higher and better life; not in doubt, fear or darkness, for as he approached the transition, a loving son and other friends whom he saw and recognized came to welcome him home. Friends and relatives assembled to pay the last tributes of respect to the departed, and as they listened to an inspirational address by Mr. Beals Letchfield, the bereaved were not made more sad, but their minds were cheered with a certainty of a reunion with the departed one. In accordance with his request his funeral was conducted by his spiritual friends. The floral offerings were beautiful.

A. A. G.

Mrs. Mary Wemple Caulk departed the earthly life at Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 16, aged 45 years. She was a firm and devoted Spiritualist, and was such for the last twenty-five years of her life, and was also a medium. Her mediumistic powers were put in practice but little, as circumstances made it necessary for her to labor constantly for the support of herself and an invalid mother. But she was earnest and decided in her views, and did what she could to promote the spiritual philosophy.

The funeral of Mrs. Caulk was held on Sunday, Dec. 20, and was well attended by relatives and friends. Mr. R. D. Jones delivered an address on the occasion, in compliance with the request of Mrs. Caulk while anticipating her departure to the Spirit-world. In her last hours she suffered much, but she felt the presence of invisible friends, who came to comfort her in the trying hour of dissolution. To the end, her belief in the spiritual philosophy never faltered.

C.

Passed to spirit-life from Fletcher, Vt., Dec. 6, 1891, Horace Chapman, in his 71st year. He was a man honored and respected by all who knew him. His life was as quiet and calm as his transition. He went to bed with a bad cold, but rested well until morning. He was then spoken to, and said: "I am so tired." He then turned over and breathed only a few times. He had been a Spiritualist for thirty-four years, and always with the courage of his convictions. He owned a cottage at Queen City Park and was a constant camper there. The singing was from the "Angel Lyre" of Prof. Longley; the speaking from a poem by James Whitcomb Reilly. Manchester, Vt. LUCIUS COLBURN.

William R. Barbour, son of Dr. J. M. Barbour, passed to the higher life, Thursday, Dec. 11, from his home in Pittsburg, Kansas, after a short illness, in his 19th year. He was a young man of a fine spiritual nature, and a prominent worker in the cause of Spiritualism. G. H. Walser, of Liberal, Mo., delivered the funeral discourse in an eloquent and touching manner. He was preceded to the Spirit-land by his mother and sister. He leaves a father, one brother and three sisters, who will sadly miss his earthly presence. The home is lonely and desolate to those who remain; but another bright and loving band has been added to the invisible band who watch over it from the other side.

BIRDIE ABEL.

Notes from Cleveland, Ohio.

TO THE EDITOR:—In this city of smoke and theological bigotry the sun of Spiritualism penetrates, warms and enlightens the few faithful souls who have valiantly stood by our cause through good and bad report, and given their influence and means to its support. There are but few of the old-timers here remaining who championed the cause in the early days of Spiritualism; but their places have been filled by others, who are doing good work, and the cause seems progressing steadily and attracting the attention of all classes in this wonderful growing metropolis. The Children's Progressive Lyceum here is in a flourishing condition, and ably conducted by efficient officers. Bro. Pope, its present conductor, is the right man in the right place, and highly respected and beloved by all for his zeal and fidelity to the Lyceum cause. Bro. Thomas Lees and his noble sister, who have so long labored in the interest of the Lyceum and the educational work of their posts of duty, and are essential to the work of our cause here, not only in the Lyceum, but all that pertains to the general growth of Spiritualism and progress.

There is an effort on foot here to perfect plans and raise means for the erection of a Spiritual Temple, and quite a considerable sum has already been raised, with the promise of more to complete the work in the near future.

My lectures have been well attended since my engagement commenced here, and by a representative class of thinkers. There is evidently a growing interest among the Spiritualists for a better understanding of the higher principles involved in the word Spiritualism, and a deeper appreciation of its teachings pertaining to a life here as well as one hereafter.

Psychometric readings and spirit tests given at the close of my lectures have engaged the attention of the honest student of psychic phenomena and have led the mind from the inductive to the deductive reasoning. The newsstand at the hall Sundays contains all our spiritual periodicals for sale, and there is the usual good demand for them, and no paper is read with more interest and appreciation than THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

BISHOP A. BEALS.

Oakland, Cal.

K. Thompson, Secretary of the Oakland, Cal., Mission Spiritual Society, writes: "Dec. 12th the Mission Spiritual Society, of Oakland, had two splendid meetings. In the afternoon Ben M. Barney, of San Francisco, gave his experiences and told how he became a Spiritualist, which was very interesting; and in the evening, Mrs. S. Cowles, of East Oakland, occupied the rostrum, and as usual gave some remarkable proofs of spirit return. All mediums and speakers coming to the Pacific coast are invited to come and see us. We meet at 918 Washington street."

The Rev. James E. Sentz, of the Presbyterian Church in Morristown, N. J., is being disciplined for playing tennis and treating the young men of his congregation to cigarettes. Ex-Judge Angell made the complaint, and altogether the affair looks neither angelic nor sensible.

JENNIE S. JOHNSON.

Haverhill, Mass.

Passed to Spirit-Life from Salamanca, N. Y., Oct. 6, 1891, Ellis Gamble, aged

DO CHILDREN PAY?

"Do children pay?" said old man Scruggs, a leanin' on his hoe, "Jest wait till you've been married, say, some twenty years or so. You'll have more sense than to stand up there and throw your time away. By askin' such fool questions. Pay! Great gosh! Of course they pay!"

"We go home tucked out at night, they climb upon our knees, And when we try to keep 'em down they cry for one more squeeze. And rear and pitch about us until, fust thing we know, Our joints are free from aching and our hearts are in a glow."

"They pay us when their frank young love shines out in their jolly eyes; Even when our ears are deafened there's a music in their cries Sweeter than all the fiddles and planners ever made."

Don't think it's so! Well, now, you wait and member what I've said.

"The man whose children's hearts are his is the man who is truly blessed; The sight of home, somehow, is boys and girls—more to him than rest. I swear! There wouldn't be half the fools in this weary world today If all men could only understand what big intrust' children pay."

—BROWNE PERRIMAN.

ANSWERING REPETITIONS.

There is ne'er a bar of music But must have repeating strain; There is ne'er a thought deep-seated But must bring its busy train.

We can see the sun or shadow In each clear, reflecting pool. There was ne'er an army ruler But obeyed preceding rule.

And the sweetest wreathing fancies Of a peaceful, dreamy hour, Somewhere, somehow, were implanted In the heart's secluded bower.

And all fair things are the fairest When in recognition lent, When the mind but grasps the image Of its thought's ideal bent.

Gifted bard has never written—Grandest inspiration breathed, But he trembled in the writing With an ecstasy inwrought;

For he knows the inborn glory Of the sweetest truth revealed. Found its way in gleaming radiance From an inner depth concealed.

And no harp-strings ever fluttered 'Neath a touch that seemed divine, But the player's heart beat wildly, Nerved his pulses like rare wine.

For he knew though all unwritten, Though he never strike them more, Somewhere, somehow, through his being, Welled those self-same notes before.

Has his soul in bygone ages Heard another reach the strain? Why this joy, half fear, half longing, So intense it breathes of pain!

Oh! there's a mystery in living; There are poems unexpressed; There is music never written, For 'tis locked within the breast.

And the rarest carols listed Are but echoes half suppressed, And the greatest statue modeled Is a mimicry at best!

So through varied lands and travels Life is but a mirrored way, Plain the secret it unravels—That we are not here to stay.

—MRS. DR. J. N. MAGOON.

The Cause in Springfield, Mo.

TO THE EDITOR:—We left our comfortable home and dear band of co-workers to come out into the "highways and hedges," to enlighten others, if possible, and prove to them the fact of continuity of life after so-called death. I am pained to say that we found the Spiritualists so divided that it is almost impossible to do very much in this field of labor in a short time, and truly wish we could remain here a year at least. I am sure a grand work could be accomplished for the Spirit-world, and I am sure we have been brought here to change conditions now existing, which are certainly grieving and detrimental to our blessed cause. No soul ever loved the cause of Spiritualism more than your humble correspondent, and to come into a field which is all chopped up, and to find it is owing to Jesuitical influence, I feel as though I could lay down my very life, if need be, to raise it out of these conditions. The faithful workers here tell me they have never yet been able to form an organization which would hold together very long. They knew not why; but oh, it is all like an open book to me, and I have made it plain to them. There is a silent force centered here against it far more powerful than the living workers, and this moment, while writing this message to you, there is a host of silent voices about me, crying: "There's a cry from Macedonia, come and help us." Will you not—will not all good, true Spiritualists send their best thoughts and spirit forces here, to banish these Jesuit influences. Silent thoughts and good wishes cost nothing, but oh, they are potent, and far above riches. The progressive thinkers know this.

We are in the field; we have been chosen for this work; we can no more escape it than we can escape our existence. It is simply a work for humanity, a work of love, a work for the uplifting and upbuilding of our fellowman.

Should we not do all we possibly can, and thus build for ourselves a mansion eternal in the heavens?

MABEL ABER.

Notes from Portland, Ore.

F. A. B., Portland, Oregon, writes: "Some very interesting and instructive meetings have been held in this city for the past six weeks. Judge M. A. Maguire, a prominent liberal writer and speaker, delivered free-thought lectures in Masonic Hall, followed by platform tests by Harlow Davis. The work of both was greatly appreciated by the large audiences which gathered together every Sunday evening. Judge Maguire is a deep thinker, and Mr. Davis, who is well known on the Coast as a platform test medium, succeeded in giving some of the most remarkable proofs of spirit return ever witnessed in this city. Upwards of seventy-five distinct tests, with full names, were given and recognized. On the occasion of his last meeting he was presented with a beautiful bouquet of flowers as a token of the esteem of his many friends. The meetings will be conducted at the same hall by Mrs. C. Cornelius, who is recognized by every one as a faithful and noble worker for the cause. She is a platform test medium and lecturer, and will prove a great attraction during the next few weeks."

Going Out on the Tide.

A DIVINE LESSON IMPARTED.

Going out on the tide to-night—
Out on the unknown sea,
To lands and friends far out of sight,
I've longed so much to see.

Will they meet me, as of long ago,
With a welcome word, and kiss?
Will they look the same, I long to know—
In that world as in this?

I hear a whispered word reply:
"Our love is strong and true,
And lives; whatever else may die,
It is the God in you."

"And we are known for what we are,
In every act and look,
There's no disguise here to mar
The spirit form we took."

"In deeds of kindness and of love,
To mortals here below,
Is the Great Passport far above
All others, that we know."

M. S. COOK.

THE SABBATH QUESTION.

An Argument in Favor of Keeping the World's Fair Open Sunday.

As the clergy have secured the enactment of those grave enactments upon the constitutional liberty known as Sunday laws, and as the clericals composing the "Ministerial Association" are endeavoring to influence the directory of the Columbian Exposition to close its gates on Sunday, it becomes a matter of general interest to know the more important facts relative to the Sabbath question. By consulting the fourth commandment, Exodus, xx., 8-11, it will be seen that it is not the first day of the week, but the seventh, to which was applied the mandate, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" and, as it was given for an everlasting ordinance, it is necessarily the true and only Sabbath of the scriptures. By reference to the same commandment it will also be seen that Sunday is one of the six days in which it was ordained that man should labor and do all his work, and, as it is called the Lord's day, it is pertinent to our subject to inquire why it is thus called, and when and how it was converted into the Sabbath.

Referring to that ancient form of religion popularly known as Paganism, which was founded in the worship of personified nature, and accorded special homage to the imaginary genii of the stars, it will be discovered that it was instituted by a sect of priest astronomers who, believing that the sun was the ruler of all the host of heaven, inculcated supreme adoration to the divinity supposed to reside in that luminary; and who, designating that mythical being by the exalted and exclusive title of Lord, or Lord-God, dedicated to him the first day of the week and called it the Sun's day, or Lord's day. In the light of the teachings of the ancient astral-worship, and of comparative mythology, it may be asserted without fear of successful refutation that the mythical genius of the sun is the true and only Lord of all forms of religion—the divinity to whom is addressed the prayers of Pagan, Jew, and Christian.

In conformity to the fact that all that is said in the New Testament in reference to the Sabbath is to ignore its observance, we find that the Christians had no Sabbath until the year 321, when the first royal patron of the church, Constantine I., Emperor of Rome, inaugurated by her hierarchy, promulgated an edict converting "the venerable day of the sun" into a rest-day or Sabbath, the observance of which was made obligatory upon all people, excepting those living in the country, who were allowed to cultivate their fields on that day, "lest with the loss of favorable opportunity the commodities offered by Divine Providence shall be destroyed." This edict, which may be found in that digest of Roman law known as the Justinian Code, Book III, title 12, sections 2 and 3, constituted the very first move toward converting the Lord's day into the Sabbath, and which, becoming the basis of all succeeding action upon the subject, was ratified at the third council of Orleans in the year 538, at which time it was recommended that all agricultural labor should be suspended on Sunday, to the end "that the people may have more leisure to go to church and say their prayers." In the ninth century the Emperor Leo issued a decree requiring the suspension of all labor on Sunday; but, in spite of Imperial edicts and efforts of the church of Rome to make a Sabbath of the Lord's day, it was not until the twelfth century that its observance became so general as to be called "the Christian Sabbath."

Now, as the Sunday-Sabbath is purely a human institution, it necessarily follows that the day cannot be desecrated by the indulgences in innocent recreations and amusements. Hence it behooves all lovers of equal rights to demand the immediate repeal of the Sunday laws, and to insist that the gates of the Columbian Exposition shall be opened Sunday, that all people who may desire to attend it on that day may have the privilege of doing so; besides, financially considered, such a huge enterprise as it is to be will cost too much and run too long to dispense with the receipts of one day in each week merely to please the "Ministerial Association." S. H. HILL.

White Hall, Ill.

Never Saw the Paper Before.

TO THE EDITOR:—I have just seen one of your papers, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, the first I ever saw. I am much pleased with it. I have several friends that have never seen the paper and I will give them one.

San Francisco, Cal.

THOMAS G. ASHTON.

There are millions of Spiritualists who never saw THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and who would at once subscribe for it, if it came under their scrutiny. Spiritualists, each one of you should search out those in your immediate vicinity, and call their attention to the paper, and thus aid us in the great work of elevating mankind.—EDITOR.

A STRANGE STORY.

One Pathetic in Nature.

Was She Buried in a Trance?

An English officer, says the New York Tribune, tells the following strange and most uncanny story, which ought to be given as far as possible in his own words: "A great friend of mine, a fellow named D—, one of 'Ours,' was engaged to the daughter of an old clergyman in Leicestershire. They were awfully in love with each other, and were to be married in ten days; he had asked me to be his best man, and all the arrangements were completed for the wedding, when he received a telegraphic message from the father of his bride, to say that she had been taken suddenly ill, and to come at once if he would see her alive. Of course he started for their place immediately, and was so completely cut up about it that I went with him, feeling that he ought not to be alone in such a condition of mind. We found the sad news only too true; the poor girl was dying, and as they both greatly desired that he might have the right to be with her until the end, the old rector performed the ceremony, and they were made man and wife. It was the most affecting thing I ever saw. Her mother drew off her own wedding-ring, which the poor fellow placed on the finger of his broken lily of a bride, who lay there so white and wan, the only calm member of the agitated group. Three days afterwards all was over. Unable to bear his old life, D— sent in his papers and left the service. For several years I completely lost trace of him; and then, from an English surgeon who had proffered his services to the German authorities during the Franco-Prussian war, I heard a tale so weird that it might well seem impossible. Finding the monotony of his life unendurable, D—, it seems, entered the French army, and without much difficulty, through his previous connections, obtained a commission in one of the regiments which had been ordered to the front. After the battle of Sedan, among the many who had been carried to the hospital mortally wounded was D—, 'Was it a vision?' He thought, as he lay dying, he saw bending over him his old love, his dead wife, in a garb of a Sister of the Red Cross. He saw the startled white face and the deep blue eyes that he knew so well all filled with an awakening wonder. There was a sharp cry, and the Sister swooned away. The surgeon in attendance hurried up, and giving her in charge of some of the other nurses, returned to the excited man, who insisted that he had seen the face of his dead wife. The shock was too much for his enfeebled condition, his wound broke out afresh, and in a few hours he was dead.

"On leaving his patient, who no longer required his services, the doctor found the Red Cross nurse delirious with brain fever. Over and over again she lived what seemed to be the last weeks of a previous existence. She was a happy, promised bride—she was girlishly excited over her trousseau and the pretty presents—she talked proudly of her handsome devoted lover—and finally of a solemn death-bed wedding. That was all; over and over she seemed to live again a former period of her life, but of the time since the doctor had known her, there came never a word. A year or two before he had been connected with one of the London hospitals, and he had been greatly interested in this woman, who had been brought there and placed in the ward for the insane. The only point upon which her mind seemed affected was that she had no recollection of the past, and seemed entirely oblivious of her own identity. Her name had been given as Mrs. Clark, and the people who had left her had never appeared again. Showing herself most capable and intelligent, with the one exception stated, she was kept as an assistant in the wards, and gradually became one of the most experienced of the hospital nurses. When the doctor decided to go to the seat of war, it occurred to him to take her with him, not only on account of her acknowledged competency, but with the idea that change and excitement might possibly touch some chord that would awaken her memory. But she died without recovering consciousness, and the mystery was unsolved. Among D—'s effects, however, the doctor found a letter directing that his few papers, etc., should be sent to me in case of his death; and a photograph in a frame which was so marvelously like the dead woman that he at once wrote and gave me all particulars, not only of D—'s death, but of 'Mrs. Clark's' life while under his observation. He forwarded at the same time a plain gold ring, which was on her finger when she came to the hospital, and which had a simple date of thirty years back engraved inside the rim. Feeling that the strange coincidence—for it could be nothing more—was hardly enough to warrant me in disturbing the family by awakening painful memories, I concluded at first to say nothing about it; but the affair troubled me, and at length I grew fairly haunted with the idea that there was more in it than I liked to think possible. I found myself en route for Leicestershire village without any clear idea of what I really intended to do. There I found changes: the old rector and his wife had both died; their only remaining child, a son, had gone to Canada, where his wife's people lived. I knew no one, all the faces were strange to me. I felt that eerie sense of living in the past, or having nothing to do with the present, that comes over one sometimes. While waiting for the afternoon train which was to take me back, I wandered into the churchyard and sought out the graves of the old couple and of my friend's bride 'Mary' was written on the headstone, 'beloved wife and daughter—died May 15, 18—' But did she die then or long after? That is what haunts me to this day."

"Do you mean that she was buried in a trance?" said the listener. "That is what I believe," he answered. "I think that her rescuers were afraid of the law and finding signs of life, hurried her to a hospital, where her entire lapse of memory tempted them to

keep the matter forever a secret. Thinking it over, I deemed it inexpedient to take any steps in the matter. The publicity would have been painful; they were all dead. It could do no good, and so I let the matter rest. But from that day to this I have been doubtful whether I did right or not in not carrying the investigations no further."

A PLEA.

To Extend Love to All Humanity.

In searching the columns of a late Summerland paper with my usual interest, my eyes rested upon an article by H. L. Williams, well known to the public as the founder of the new spiritual colony called "Summerland." As it seemed to contain certain rules or conditions with which applicants of the new town are requested to comply, or rather, necessitates a degree of unfoldment for those who may wish to become residents, I became partially interested in its meaning, having for some time contemplated a move to that place, with the intention (if pleased with the location and principles of the colony) of building me a home there, in which to spend my last days, and use the means, which are the accumulation of years of honest and diligent labor, for purposes deemed most wise for the progress of the colony and for promoting the cause. In the first place, I would ask Brother Williams to define his understanding of morality. He says: "Spiritualism includes not only phenomena, but it is educational, philosophical, and inculcates the highest code of morals; consequently the believers who live only truly moral lives are true Spiritualists; that is, spiritually-minded."

Now, the question is this: Where is the line to be drawn between the two classes, the truly moral and the immoral, and am I sufficiently unfolded spiritually to pass examination and become a member?

My next curiosity is to know more of this new Summerland Savior, who is competent to judge the moral standard of the people; the one who has reached that degree of excellency qualifying him for that position?

The next important question is this: Providing I am spiritually advanced enough to enter such a glorious community, to dwell in such celestial environments, associated continually with the heavenly influence that would naturally surround me in such a place, would I be happy and content, knowing that my less fortunate fellow-men were struggling in ignorance, with none to extend a helping hand, or a kind word of encouragement, as I see them climbing the same rugged steps I, in my past incarnations, had passed bowed down with the sins of ignorance? According to that popular doctrine, we were once all in a crude and undeveloped state, and could I look down upon them in my home of glory and say: "No, brother, I must not contaminate myself with your impurity. I am holier than you. Go on in your blindness and error. You have asked for bread; I will give you a stone. You have knocked but it cannot be opened unto you. I am thy judge. I have attained the height from which I may cast the first stone."

Can Spiritualism be inculcated under such instructions? To me, the simple Golden Rule made practical, brought daily into our lives, is a religion that will prepare us for the heaven from which the greatest happiness is derived. It may sail under the name of Spiritualism, or any other ism; it is nevertheless the true philosophy; but such a heaven cannot be obtained by proclaiming from the platform the teachings of charity and universal brotherhood; by soaring into the ideal state of Spirituality and then stepping down into the world, with a curse in one's mouth for their brother, and with a determination to exclude them from our ranks. Such is not practical Spiritualism. Oh! Humility, thou art a jewel. Give to me the hard and brawny hand of the laborer struggling for bread, whose soiled and tattered clothes cover the soul that says: "Come, brother, we will buckle on the armor together, wherever our light may guide us into paths of wisdom, and truth. We will assist those whose dim rays have not yet revealed to them the better way. We will solve the great problem of life together—not with swords of malice or injustice, but with hearts of sympathy and love."

Again the Modern Savior would exclude all "Free-lovers" from the sainted city. I wish the brother would define the term. Where do we find the doctrine of free-love more zealously taught than by Christ? I certainly can not subscribe to "licensed love," or "licensed lust," for what is more intolerable than the licensed lust of many a marriage life. What is more degenerating to the human race than children begotten under such conditions?

I most sincerely advocate and endorse universal love; a love that is broad and charitable enough to encircle all humanity; a love that is unselfish enough to reach down to the least of the race, and extends to them a welcome hand and loving heart, be it to my neighbor's wife or husband, sister or brother. Free love is defined by people according to their spiritual capacity; its degree of purity is measured or understood according to your development. I much prefer to live in a colony of workers for humanity, than to seclude myself from that portion of the world that needs assistance, and I think I will purchase my ticket for the Summerland "over there," where the good, bad and indifferent are all welcome, and leave my legacy to found a colony for the education of the immoral. A SUBSCRIBER.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Yes, send on the quarters if you don't have the dollar to spare; or get four to unite with you, and send a dollar bill. It will come safely. A quarter will come safely if partly imbedded in a card and secured there. It is an easy matter to send three dimes, if you choose to do so. The paper, greatly improved and enlarged, is now sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.

Letter from an Old-Timer.

HE EXPRESSES HIS VIEWS WITHOUT RESERVE.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am an old, chronic grumbler. Grumbling is as natural to me as Talleyrand says deception and lying was to Buonaparte. From the birth of your PROGRESSIVE THINKER to its present vigorous manhood, I have sought in its columns something worth grumbling about; unable to find it, I have grumbled at myself for my failure to find it.

Falling in that direction, I turned my attention to the search for something to praise. Here again I was in trouble, for while I could not open the paper without seeing something calculated to awaken the gratitude of every human being who had trembled through life by regarding death as the "King of Terrors, and a terror to all kings," I found myself forestalled in awarding the due meed of praise by some of the tens of thousands of your readers, consequently there was no room for me to speak approvingly of your enterprise without repeating what had already been better said and incurring the charge of plagiarism.

But I am tempted, nevertheless, to grumble about something you have done or failed to do, even if, like but too many Spiritual and theological journalists, I have disgracefully to invent charges that have little or no foundation in truth. And right here, a rather remarkable coincidence; your 105th Number came in. I stopped writing to read, and found under the heading:

"Old and Infirm, but Wants THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER!"

Something to grumble at!! Instead of giving some of your readers the pleasure of relieving the octogenarian, you have ingeniously availed yourself of your advantages and done it yourself.

Now, I claim as a matter of simple justice that you remove the old man's name from your free list and accept a dollar of the enclosed as payment for his eighty-fourth year's subscription. He will need THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER several additional years, if his transition is delayed till he reaches the age attained by your humble servant, and which makes me feel as if the writer of Ecclesiastes, xli, had me prophetically in view when he wrote. We all, and old men especially, should think of the Seybert Commission, which A. B. Richmond has flayed alive, before we resolve to make our good deeds posthumous, and of C. W. Field, when we find ourselves working for lineal descendants rather than for the unfortunate, and for general humanity.

The man with a competency, aspiring to honor and fame, can find more of both by following the advice General Jackson gave one of his adopted sons, in an autograph letter I have kept as an heirloom over half a century, than in accumulation. In it he pertinently says: "What a bauble is wealth beyond a real independence." But it is no bauble when the surplusage of its proceeds is used to enlighten mankind in spiritual knowledge, to prove to them that death does not end all, nor lead to orthodox fire and brimstone, but is the sleep that precedes a glorious awakening for all who, in this rudimentary state, live according to the highest conception of duty to their fellows; while the man whose ambition is controlled by narrow-minded greed alone is admonished by the new revelations to be duly considerate of the parable of the rich man and Lazarus.

Allow me to say, in conclusion, and that may not be considered as "grumbling," that a paper which numbers among its correspondents a Tuttle, a Swearingen, and A. B. Richmond, and has no superior in general usefulness to the great cause of Spiritualism, ought not to be furnished at one dollar per year unless backed by an ample missionary fund.

St. Helena, Cal.

G. W. CRANE.

Now that the paper has been enlarged to eight pages, and combines cheapness and excellence to an extent not equalled by any other Spiritualist paper on earth, we are anxious to know how our venerable brother will grumble.—EDITOR.

Likes it Better and Better.

TO THE EDITOR:—I like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER better and better. I pursue column after column, and find a depth of feeling, of thought and beauty, consecrated in every line. "A pebble thrown into the vast ocean causes its undulations to widen and still widen, until they reach the farthest shore, and every drop of water which composes the ocean feels the influence." So it is with the grand sentiments breathed forth in every line of your valuable paper. Oh! child of humanity: a voice is calling from the deep pulsations within your heart, saying: "Let your light beam with radiance of living beauty to cheer and make glad some desolate heart. Listen to the love-whisperings wafted to you from the Eden-bowers of souls and spirits, and breathe a prayer of thankfulness for the glorious truths streaming in upon you."

Mrs S. C. BALDWIN.

Lamba Corners, N. Y.

He Wants the Paper to Grow.

TO THE EDITOR:—THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER lies before me, and I prize it highly as being a medium of thought well adapted to the wants of the people at this time.

What we want is a fearless and judicious presentation of facts, phenomena and reason, that will serve the purpose so earnestly wished and labored for by our friends in spirit-life. Religion should be stripped of its mystery, and presented to the more ripened thought of the intellectual freemen, in facts and phenomena that court the light of close analysis and honest investigation. I therefore hope THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will continue to increase in circulation, and thereby inspire multitudes to reason, untrammelled by fear and uninfluenced by theological absurdities.

Troy, N. Y.

JOHN A. CARPENTER.

EXCELLENT BOOKS!

They Are for Sale at This Office.

ALL ABOUT DEVILS. BY MOSES HULL. A work you should read. Price 15 cents.

AGE OF REASON. BY THOMAS PAINE. A book that all should read. Price 50 cents.

A FEW PLAIN WORDS REGARDING Church Taxation. It contains valuable statistics. By Richard B. Westbrooke. Price 5 cents.

BIBLE MARVEL WORKERS. BY ALLEN Putnam, A. M. A marvelous book. Price 75 cents.

BIBLE OF BIBLES. BY KERSEY GRAVES. It will well pay perusal. Price 47.50.

DEATH AND AFTER LIFE. BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. Something you should read. Price 75 cents.

DEMANDS OF ALL PROGRESSIVE MINDS for a pure, Christian, non-sectarian doctrine, and a review of the ancient religious ideas. By Rev. S. Wegener. Pamphlet, something good to read. Price 15 cents.

GOSPEL OF NATURE. BY M. L. SHERMAN and Wm. F. Lyon. A book replete with spiritual truths. Price \$1.00.

GIORDANO BRUNO. HIS LIFE, WORKS, worth, martyrdom, portrait and monument. Compiled from Freethinkers Magazine. Excellent for reference. Price 15 cents.

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL REVIEW OF the Sunday question. It is invaluable. By G. W. Brown, M. D. Price 15 cents.

HOW TO MESMERIZE. BY PROF. J. W. Cadwell, one of the most successful mesmerists in America. Ancient and modern miracles explained by mesmerism. An invaluable work. Price, paper, 50 cents.

IMMORTALITY, OR FUTURE HOMES AND death, interesting to every body. Price \$1.50.

JESUS AND THE MEDIUMS, OR CHRIST and mediums. By Moses Hull. A pamphlet well worth reading. Price 10 cents.

LIBERAL LECTURES. BY A. B. FRENCH. They are worth their weight in gold. Price, paper, 50 cents.

LIFE IN THE STONE AGE; THE HISTORY of Adam, the first of a band of A. Arvans. An outline history of man. Written through the mediumship of U. S. Higley. You should read this work. Price 30 cents.

LIFE AND LABOR IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD. By Mrs. Mary T. Shelhamer. It abounds in facts in reference to the Summerland. Price \$1.00.

LEAFLETS OF THOUGHT GATHERED from the Tree of Life. Presented to humanity through the mediumship of B. K. Litchfield. Excellent throughout. Price 15 cents.

LIFE, A NOVEL. IT REAMS WITH AD- vanced thought, and is fascinating. Price 50 cents.

OUTSIDE THE GATES; AND OTHER daring places. By J. M. Westcott, M. D. A book of rare merit, interesting to every body. Price \$1.50.

POEMS OF PROGRESS. BY LIZZIE DOTEN. They are really valuable. Price \$1.00.

PHYSICAL PROOFS OF ANOTHER LIFE. Letters to the Seybert Commission. By Francis J. Lippitt. An illustrated pamphlet. Worth its weight in gold. Price 25 cents.

PSYCHOPATHY, OR SPIRIT HEALING. A series of lessons on the relations of the spirit to its own organs, and the interpretation of human beings with reference to health, disease and healing. By the spirit of Dr. Benjamin Rush, through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. A book that every healer, physician and Spiritualist should read. Price 15 cents.

PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUAL INTER- course. By Andrew Jackson Davis. A rare work. It possesses great merit. Price \$1.00.

FROM SOUL TO SOUL. BY EMMA ROOD. Fifty years. A beautiful book of poems of rare merit. Price \$1.50.

FIFTY YEARS IN THE CHURCH OF ROME. By Rev. Chas. Chiniquy, ex-priest. A remarkable book. Price \$2.00.

RESEARCHES IN ORIENTAL HISTORY. embracing the origin of the Jews, the rise and development of Zoroastrianism and the derivation of Christianity; to which is added: "Whence our Aryan Ancestors?" By G. W. Brown, M. D. One of the most valuable works ever published. Price \$1.50.

REAL LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-LAND. GIVEN to humanity by Mrs. Maria M. King. You will not become weary while reading this excellent book. Price \$1.50.

ROMANISM AND THE REPUBLIC. BY Isaac J. Lansing, M. A. Every patriot should read it. Price \$1.00.

STUDIES IN PSYCHIC SCIENCE. AN IN- valuable work. By Hudson Tuttle. Price \$1.25.

SEERS OF THE AGES. EMBRACING SPIR- itualism, past and present. By J. M. Peebles, M. D. An encyclopedia of interesting and instructive facts. Price \$2.00.

STATUOLISM, OR ARTIFICIAL SOMNAM- bulism, hypnotism called mesmerism; or animal magnetism. By Wm. Baker Falesbrook, M. D. A very suggestive work. Critical minds should read it. Price \$1.25.

SELF-CONTRADICTIONS OF THE BIBLE. 144 Propositions, theological, moral, historical and speculative; each proved affirmatively and negatively by quotations from Scripture, without comment. Price 15 cents.

SHALL THE BIBLE BE READ IN OUR public schools? By Richard B. Westbrooke. It is a check fall of intellectual meat. Price 10 cents.

STUDIES IN THEOSOPHY; HISTORICAL and practical. A manual for the people. By W. J. Colville. Valuable to those investigating theosophy. Price \$1.50.

SPIRITUAL SONGS. BY MATTIE E. HULL. Eighteen in number. Admirably adapted for meetings and circles. Printed on cardboard, price five cents; on paper, two for five cents.

THE MYTH OF THE GREAT DELUGE. Something you should have to refer to. By James M. McCann. Price 15 cents.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM. A manual, with directions for the organization and management of Sunday schools. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Something indispensable. Price 50 cents.

THE SPIRITS WORK. WHAT I HEARD, saw, and felt at Casanades Lake. By H. L. Foydman. It is a pamphlet that will well pay perusal. Price 15 cents.

THERAPEUTIC SARCOCOLONY. THE AP- plication of Sarcocolla, the Science of the Soul, Brain and Body, to the Therapeutic Philosophy and Treatment of Bodily and Mental Diseases by means of Electricity, Nervous, Medicine and Harmonics, with a Review of Authors on Animal Magnetism and Mesmerism, and a full and complete course of Electro-Therapeutics. By Joseph Rodas Buchanan, M. D. A perfect mine of rare knowledge. A large work. Price \$5.00.

THE RELIGION OF MAN. BY HUDSON Tuttle. His works are always intensely interesting. Price \$1.50.

THE WORLD'S SIXTEEN CRUCIFIED SAV- iors. By Kersey Graves. You should read it, and be the wiser. Price \$1.50.

THE QUESTION SETTLED. A CAREFUL comparison of Biblical and modern Spiritualism. By Moses Hull. An invaluable work. Price \$1.00.

THE RELIGION OF SPIRITUALISM. ITS phenomena and philosophy. By Rev. Samuel Watson. This work was written by a modern healer, a grand and noble man. Price \$1.00.

THE SOUL, ITS NATURE, RELATIONS and Expressions in human Embodiments. Given through Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, by her guides. A book that every-body should read who are interested in re-incarnation. Price \$1.00.

THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF SPIRITUALISM. By Keesey Graves. A work of profound research, by one of the ablest men of our age. Price \$1.50; postage 10 cents.

VIEWS OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME. BY Andrew Jackson Davis. Highly interesting. Postage 5 cents. Price 10 cents.

THE VOICES. BY WARREN SUMNER BAR- low. The Voices contain poems of remarkable beauty and force. They are most excellent. Price \$1.00.

THE GODS. BY COL. R. G. INGERSOLL. A pamphlet of 40 pages. Worth its weight in gold. Price 30 cents.

WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN A SPIRITUAL- ist? or, curious Revelations from the Life of a Trance Medium. By Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard. This curious book has been presented to the English language. It shows the truth apparent. It has a peculiar bearing upon the most momentous period in history and regarding the most famous participant—the most noted American. It is based on truth and fact, and therefore will live from this time forth. The publisher has not spared care, research or expense in its verification and production, and he has no less reputation upon the validity of its contents, knowing that it will bear thorough examination, regardless of doctrine or creed or sect. It is a remarkable picture—a page of reality in every line. Give it a deliberate reading. You will be amply repaid. Price \$1.50.

WAYSIDE JOTTINGS, ESSAYS, SKETCH- es, poems and songs; gathered from the highways, by ways and benches of life. By Mattie E. Hull. It is most excellent. Price \$1.00.

WHITE MAGIC TAUGHT IN THREE recent lectures. A book of 271 pages. By The Phoenix. It is really a very interesting and suggestive work. Price \$1.25.

WHY SHE BECAME A SPIRITUALIST. Two lectures. By Abby A. Judson. This book should be read by every Spiritualist. Price \$1.00; postage 10 cents.

SCIENTIFIC.

When Will America Be Covered Over With Ice?

TO THE EDITOR:—Spiritualists should have at times something to study—something to become familiar with in the range of scientific thought; in other words, give your readers something hard at times. It will discipline their minds, broaden them out intellectually, and prevent that "dry rot" which attacks the minds of some Spiritualists. The following thoughts should be carefully considered.

The enunciation by Sir Robert Ball of the fact, which seems to have been first clearly brought to light by him, that of the total amount of heat falling from the sun in a year, upon either the Northern or the Southern hemisphere, 63 per cent. is received in summer and 37 per cent. in winter, has awakened renewed interest in the problem of the glacial epochs. Dr. Ball's theorem not only strengthens the astronomical explanation of the cause of such epochs, but also adds to its clearness. This explanation may be summed up in a few words.

It must be remarked, to begin with, that the summer and winter here spoken of divide the whole year between them, the equinoctial points marking the lines of division, spring and autumn being merged into the greater seasons. Everybody knows that summer in the Northern hemisphere, counting summer as extending in the broader sense just mentioned from the vernal to the autumnal equinox, is seven days longer than winter. In the Southern hemisphere just the opposite condition prevails. This difference arises from the eccentricity of the earth's orbit. If the orbit were a circle instead of an ellipse, winter and summer would be of equal length.

But the elliptical orbit of the earth is not absolutely fixed, either in form or in its position in space. Owing to the varying attractions of the other planets, and more particularly of Venus and Jupiter, the earth's orbit is alternately rounded up almost into a circle, and then drawn out into a more eccentric ellipse. These changes require vast intervals of time, so that we must go far back into the geological ages in order to obtain evidence of their effects upon the earth. But it is clear, theoretically, that great seasonal vicissitudes must result from such variations in the form of the earth's orbit. When it approaches nearly to a circle, which is its condition now, the difference in the length of summer and winter is small; when it is in its state of greatest eccentricity, the difference is large, amounting under the most favorable circumstances to as much as thirty-three days, or some authorities say even more, instead of seven days, its present amount.

Now the theory in question asserts that the glacial epochs in the history of the earth have occurred during those periods when, the eccentricity of the orbit being large, the difference in the length of summer and winter was at or near a maximum. Under such circumstances one hemisphere would have 199 days of winter and 166 days of summer, while the other hemisphere had 166 winter and 199 summer days. But there would be no difference in the distribution of the heat coming from the sun. Just 63 per cent. of it would continue to be received in summer and 37 per cent. in winter in each hemisphere. The hemisphere which had 199 days of winter, would have to spread the 37 per cent. of heat belonging to that season over all those 199 days, while the 63 per cent. of summer heat would be concentrated upon the shorter period of 166 days. Accordingly there would be a very long and cold winter, followed by a short and hot summer. The heat of the latter would not suffice to melt away the snow and ice accumulated during the former, and this accumulation would go on until whole continents were buried under a blanket of ice thousands of feet thick. In the other hemisphere there would be, on the contrary, a short, mild winter and a long summer. So glaciation in one hemisphere would be accompanied by genial climatic conditions in the other.

Such is, in brief, the outline of the astronomical theory of the cause of glacial epochs. We have purposely used the plural in describing such epochs, although we commonly hear only one ice age spoken of, because one of the most interesting points about this theory is that while accounting for that age of ice whose handiwork is so familiar to geologists in the Northern hemisphere, it also demonstrates that there must have been many glacial epochs of varying intensity in the past, and that there will be many more in the future.

The wonderful thing, the burying of half of North America and the greater part of Europe under ice, and the absolute destruction of all their manifold forms of life, can then happen again—nay, must happen again. Naturally, the question arises, when? A precise answer cannot be given, owing to the intricate nature of the causes at work, but it seems possible to give an approximate answer. Dr. James Croll, in his work on "Climate and Time," has computed the period of greatest and least eccentricity of the earth's orbit for a million years to come, and for a still greater period of time in the past. About 852,000 years ago the eccentricity attained its greatest possible amount. From 240,000 down to 80,000 years ago the orbit continued to be very eccentric, and Dr. Croll's conclusion was that the latest ice age in the Northern hemisphere ended with the close of the period of high eccentricity, 80,000 years ago. In the future, according to Dr. Croll's tables, the earth's orbit will become highly eccentric about 150,000 years from the present epoch. Until that time, it appears, we shall be reasonably secure from any invasion of the ice. It will be observed that while ice ages are unquestionably recurrent phenomena, yet they are not separated by anything like regular intervals of time, simply because the conditions favoring their production do not recur at regular intervals, but are the result of exceedingly complex influences. Moreover, ice ages come in pairs or

sets, alternating between the Northern and Southern hemispheres. This fact arises from the precision of the equinoxes, by which, once in every 10,500 years, an interchange of condition is effected between the hemispheres. At present, for instance, we in the Northern hemisphere have our winter when the earth is nearest to the sun, and it is seven days shorter than the summer. In the Southern hemisphere, on the other hand, winter occurs when the earth is furthest from the sun and is seven days longer than the summer. If the eccentricity of the earth's orbit were as great now as it will be 150,000 years from now, and more particularly as it will be 800,000 years hence, the Southern hemisphere at present would be suffering from a glacial epoch, while we should enjoy short, mild winters and equable summers, longer than those we have now, but not quite so hot. In about 10,500 years, however, a complete interchange will have taken place, and then our hemisphere will have its winters when the earth is furthest from the sun, and its summers when it is nearest. It will hardly be so comfortable in New York then as it is in our day, although no glacial invasion is to be expected.

It is because the periods during which the earth's orbit remains greatly eccentric when once drawn out by planetary attraction, are far longer than 10,500 years, that two or more successive ice ages may occur in each hemisphere during the prevalence of a single period of high eccentricity.

As long as no outside influence interferes with the regular procession of the planets, and the astronomer cannot foresee, although he may admit the possibility of such interference, we may count upon our globe remaining a genial abode, neither too hot nor too cold, though subjected to some vicissitudes of climate; and long before the next period of high eccentricity has blasted our fair continent with the chilling breath of the glaciers, the race of man may have had its day.

The above facts from the New York Tribune are well worthy of consideration; they are suggestive, and should be repeatedly perused, for they represent the action of

New York.

DIVINE LAW.

Only Waiting for the Angels.

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
MRS. EUNICE JENIFER.

Nobly you've lived four-score years
Of duty, toil, of joys and tears,

Only waiting for the angels!
The lamp yet burns, but your work is done;
Dear ones have left you, one by one,
For the shores beyond the setting sun;

Only waiting for the angels!
In your long and useful life,
Full of cares, not free from strife,

Only waiting for the angels!
Your guardian angels have ever
Guarded your footsteps, and never
Have they left you, one moment, ever,

Only waiting for the angels!
Unto your early guardian band
Was handed many a loving hand;

Only waiting for the angels!
Your guardian angels, pure and bright,
Who've guarded you through darkest night,
Will welcome you on that morning bright;

Only waiting for the angels!
Beyond you spirit-friends are watching
For the signal of your coming;

Only waiting for the angels!
The angel-boatmen there will meet you,
Friends long lost again will greet you;
Where youth and vigor will e'er inspire you;

Only waiting for the angels!
There is no death—'tis but a birth
To release the spirit from this earth;

Only waiting for the angels!
So welcome it, you've naught to fear,
Though pained you'll be to leave us here,
You will meet loved ones and kindred dear;

Only waiting for the angels!
H. A. MCGINDLEY.

Notes from Detroit, Mich.

TO THE EDITOR:—A few words regarding the work of the People's Progressive Spiritual Society, of Detroit, may be acceptable. It is still progressive, still "on deck," and recent discussions in its ranks do not seem to have permanently disqualified it for successful work. Our platform during December is being occupied in an exceedingly satisfactory manner by OSCAR A. EDGERLY, the young mediumistic little giant from Newburyport, Mass. Brother EDGERLY is a complete trance speaker, and there is as much distinct individuality in the mannerisms of his various controls as exists between individuals in earth-life. The tests given by him are of an unusually lucid character, and almost invariably recognized. In trance-speaking the language used is invariably clear, forcible, logical and scholarly in every way, while his own personal manner impresses an audience most favorably. This is Mr. EDGERLY's first work west of New York, and from here he goes to Duluth, Minn., for the month of January. His two Sundays here have aroused an increased interest in the work of our Society.

Prof. A. B. OLMEROD is holding Sunday afternoon meetings at Fraternity Hall, and is also doing a good work. His platform tests are considered by many quite remarkable. Mrs. IRELAND maintains her reputation, gained last summer, as one of the best mediums that has ever visited Detroit. She is now permanently located here, giving private sittings, holding circles every Friday evening, and contributing of her powers to the Society's benefit.

Mrs. CARRIE S. BAADA has also located here, and may be reached for lecture engagements at corner of Fifteenth and Ash Streets. She is a great favorite in Michigan, and is now filling a month's engagement at Lansing.

I. R. SANFORD, Pres. P. P. S. S.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER combines cheapness and excellence. The ablest writers send it their best thoughts, because in so doing they reach the largest number of readers, and do a correspondingly greater amount of good than they would if they sent them to a paper with a smaller circulation. Interest your neighbors and friends in the paper and induce them to subscribe. It is sent thirteen weeks for 25 cents.

AN ELOQUENT APPEAL.

Speech of Nissiquana, the Spirit.

Nissiquana, the brave, would speak in the council of the pale faces, time now; but first he would lift up his eyes and his inmost soul towards the Great Spirit, whose great light involves all lesser lights, and is interblended with all. Nissiquana would call after and listen to the voice of the great sachems and chiefs who live in the white light, clear as the shining waters in the pure fountains of living life. If it might be that one of these great braves would open the beautiful bordered curtains of his habitation, and speak unto Nissiquana, then will his heart quiver with the fire of the immortal truth, and thus would he come near to his pale-faced brothers and sisters, and lift his hands over their heads, and shower upon them its vital aura, that they may become as fine-toned instruments, ready when the master singers shall touch the chords, giving out sweet anthems of praise, and deep undertones of harmony. Or they shall be standard-bearers of true colors, shedding love lights, full of immortal beauty, in the dim forests of earth-life, waking the bloom of all graceful flowers of the spirit, for the uplifting of their kind. Hail to the trumpeters. Nissiquana harkens to the voice of the trumpeters, in the council of the pale-faces, time now. Why do they give forth such uncertain sounds in the night, in the valleys, in the midst of the deep shadows? The light has gone out of their eyes. The sun of righteousness has sunk in the sea of contention, and the people mourn. It is because brother hath turned against brother, and sister against sister, and they whisper behind the trail of each other's mocassins, saying: "Aha! aha! Did I not see it? Am I not his accuser? Hush! is it not 'burricana'?" [I use the word "burricana" as I hear it from the spirit. I do not know its significance, but feel that it means "a shame."—Mrs. H.] "Aha! aha!" Oh, ye pale-faces, your hands burn me with their poisonous magna-aura. Oh! ye blind pale-faces, will ye never learn the trail of the pure vita, what its line of travel is, that it may heal all your distresses. What avail is all your labors under the sun? Is it not a weariness to your bones, and a wasting to your flesh? Harken your ears to my voice, which are filled with the fire of the Great Spirit, that he hath sent me by the hand of "Ahhilla," the brave. Open the door of your souls, call after the Great Spirit with pure thoughts, be kind towards all your fellows. Follow the great light, in child-like simplicity, knowing without doubt ye shall be filled. Seek no more after a sign of life, but seek the very life itself, with loving receptiveness. Lo! how the light plays over and glorifies the marble, but when it is gone the marble is but the cold, gray stone, because it is hard and unresponsive; but see how the light interuses and lives and sparkles in the diamond, because it was the yielding, receptive matter until crystalized in the light, when it became one with the light. So be ye unto the power of the Great Spirit, and ye may become as the city set upon an hill, whose lights cannot be hid. Let the sound of your trumpets be like the bugle-call of the huntsman over the hills, when the morning dawns; and like the silver-tongued bells at evening, when the worshippers gather together in the stillness and the dew-fall. Then shall Nissiquana make one in the true council, and bring with him the great sachems, and chiefs, and the medicine men of many tribes in the spirit-life; and ye shall be fed, clothed, and healed of your infirmities; for he that is true hath spoken it. Nissiquana makes now his farewell. Mrs. C. H. HINCKLEY.

Grand Rapids, Nov. 26, 1891.

You'll Never Know the Difference.

We never can contented be
With our own lot in life;
We've always trouble on our mind,
Some new-born care or strife.
Why not travel through the world
With sunshine on your brow,
For you'll never know the difference
In a thousand years from now.

'Twon't do to be too proud these days
Because you have your wealth;
You may sometime the wrong man meet
And thereby lose your health.
Don't scorn to do a little work,
Though sweat adorn your brow,
For you'll never know the difference
In a thousand years from now.

Because your parents are well off,
Don't scorn to learn a trade;
Remember, when the sun is warm,
You can't always find the shade.
Don't disdain to earn your living
By the hoe, the spade, or plow,
For you'll never know the difference
In a thousand years from now.

W. E. BENT.

The Brightest Star of All.

SOME MOST EXCELLENT ADVICE.

TO THE EDITOR:—Your paper grows more and more interesting each week. It is bright and sparkling in thought, wide-awake and progressive in nature, as its name implies, as well as soul-inspiring and elevating to the mind. I am only a young man, age 29, but know a good thing when I see it. All who would keep abreast of the times, and be aboard of the car of progress, and who would have a rare intellectual feast spread before them each week, should take "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER," which is the brightest star in the Spiritual arena.

I would say that Eleanor Martin, of Columbus, Ohio, is an excellent medium for an swering sealed letters.

Newark, N. J.

A. C. STICKLE.

Miss Amy Baker is making a good deal of money by her classes of young New York women, who spend an hour a day in listening to her selection of editorials and articles on current events, clipped from American and foreign journals.

Rubinstein, the pianist, is to give fifty concerts in the United States, in 1893, at the snug sum of \$2,500 for each performance.

CHARITY.

A Plea in its Behalf.

"He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone," and surely it would never be cast, for a soul free from sin would be so filled with love and tenderness for the mankind, as to be utterly incapable of adding to the misery of the weak and unfortunate. The humble Nazarene, himself free from sin, said: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." And how much less should we poor, weak, imperfect mortals, speak harshly of the failings of others, for "with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged." We know how often our own faint resolves to do better die before they bear any apparent fruit, and surely we should feel that we had been deeply wronged were one to judge us from our outward life, the mere surface, knowing nothing of the inner aspirations, longings, and too often taken resolves to live a higher, purer life.

They, too, have an inner self unknown to others, and we know naught of the stings of conscience and self-reproach and unavailing remorse, so often masked by a smiling countenance and careless indifference. They feel our censure like a two-edged sword; for, my friends, thoughts are living things, and though, not given expression in words, are potent factors for good or evil, and when harsh and uncharitable, never for good. Why, oh! why are we continually judging others when we have more than we can successfully accomplish, in moulding our own character as we desire them to be for our own angel ones to look on. We are not responsible for deeds done by others; they have the misery, punishment, for their own wrong doing and ignorance. Could we only realize the injury done to the spirit, by unjust thoughts, uncharitable word, or hasty judgment and vengeful desire, how different would be our every act. We see the temporal effect of wrong doing here; but the crushing, blighting desolation of the spirit doing the wrong, is unseen by us, and so in our blind egotism we go on judging others, impoverishing our own spirits of its dearest treasures, charity and brotherly love; tearing down the sweet blossoms of faith and trust in our own kind; forgetting "to do unto others" as we would be done by; to "judge not," to "be slow to anger," to "bear ye one another's burdens," and that "the greatest of these is charity."

Oh! ye of little faith, allow the blossoms of loving kindness, and cheering, helpful tenderness to bloom around the frail spirit so much in need of the very light and helps that you alone, perhaps, can grant. Do not withhold the love and sympathy that some poor starving soul is perishing for. You may be the means of saving a fellow creature from a despair darker than midnight. Not only to the good and worthy must we strive to do good, but to the unlovely; to those whose very touch is loathsome; to those who need your help as the starving need food. The upright and truly good, such as we delight to help, do not so much need us, for they can find friends without number. It is the friendless, the erring, the outcasts from social life, the poor trembling, filthy drunkard whose appetite has so far overcome his manhood that he has ceased to try to subdue it, who needs assistance. The Pharisee passes him by, for "he don't deserve any help;" but his angel brother, wife or child sees that he needs help so much the more, as he cannot help himself, and is incapable of making even any effort, and they weeping implore you to save him that he may not enter the other life in that hideous darkened condition. The common street prostitute, hardened, brazen and lost to shame—think you she was always what you see her now? She was just as pure and innocent a babe as you, chaste reader, and could she have your surroundings through life she would have been what you are. Do you think she is in the present condition from her own free choice? Never! Perhaps she was done a deadly wrong, which blighted all hopes for this life or the next, and deadened all the pure, chaste characteristics which are woman's natural heritage. Perchance grim poverty compelled her, with others depending on her efforts for food and shelter, and employers who, giving thousands to public charities annually, could not afford to recompense her for daily toil, whether sick or well, through heat and cold, poorly fed, poorly clad and working beyond the failing strength until—oh! God, not for her own miserable life, for that were better ended, she thinks, but for the orphaned brothers and sisters or helpless invalid parent, she adds to her scanty income and works less hard (but at what a cost), that she may provide for those helpless ones, dearer to her than life itself. Point the finger of scorn at her, ye rich and respectable men and women, she has sinned grievously, but you in your comfortable homes, little realize the torture, the despair that faithful heart has known; and methinks her spirit home is not all dark and dreary. Greater love hath no man "than to give his life for another," and surely she has given hers.

Would those men who give her money and jewels without stint now, have given her aid for her loved ones, had she laid bare her heart to them and prayed on bended knees to them to save her from the yawning abyss she saw before her? No! They are generous, whole-souled fellows, so long as their own selfish pleasures are gratified; but the time will come when that woman will stoop from her spirit home to help them up from the dark despair which awaits them in the life to come. Oh! could we but reach out and save them here ere they leave the mortal frame! Could we only impress on them the folly of hoarding up wealth at the expense, perhaps, of their working people, to be spent on their own selfish indulgences, and occasionally a few dollars on some public charity where it will be known and "read well."

Still their conscience now, deaf to the cries of humanity, and crushing down their better impulses as "mankind," and unworthy

of men in their position, the time may come when they will call upon the mountains to hide them. Can we raise no warning voice to save them? Their souls are from the source of all good, and, therefore, just as pure as the highest among us; but their earthly environment, are such that the soul is helpless to express itself, and unless given a helping hand must wait until re-encumbered by the earthly body and desire of the flesh, ere it can unfold to a higher realization of life. Let us, then, be ever ready to stretch forth a helping hand. No matter what are the surroundings of the poor soul that needs us, whether high or low, rich or poor, small or great, remember that the first fruit is love.

Norway, Maine. CORA M. W. GREENLEAF.

A PROMINENT PROPHET.

He Hails this Time from Russia.

"The Dying Prophet," says a St. Petersburg correspondent of the New York Tribune, is just now the sensation of Russia. Certainly he is a most extraordinary being. If he be what is claimed, a more wonderful personage does not exist. If he be an impostor, then he is the most marvelous impostor of the age. The audacity of his pretensions, the skill with which they are maintained, and above all, the profound effect produced upon all who come in contact with him, have no parallel in modern history. So strong, indeed, is the impression created by his doings that the Procurator of the Holy Synod and other high ecclesiastical officers of the Empire dare not interfere. Appeals have been made to them to stop by force of law the vast pilgrimages that are constantly being made to the "Prophets" home, since they are in defiance of the Orthodox Church. But these stern defenders of the faith, who do not hesitate to prosecute the Students and Jews, tremble at the name of the "Dying Prophet," and let him work his miracles unmolested.

This strange person is named Tagarilli, and is of French or Italian extraction. He was, however, born at Tiflis, in the Caucasus, where he now lives. He is yet a young man, of only ordinary education. Since childhood he has been bedridden and utterly helpless. For years he lay in his humble cottage, in the outskirts of Tiflis, with nothing to distinguish him from any common invalid. But a few months ago a curious change was observed. In brief, he died, to all appearances. His friends believed him dead. The doctors declared him dead. According to all ordinary tests, he was certainly dead. That was on Saturday. They prepared his body for burial, and the corpse lay in its coffin until Monday, when the funeral was to take place. At the very hour set for the obsequies, however, the young man suddenly returned to life. Ever since, the same event has occurred every week, with the exception, of course, of the preparations for burial, which are now omitted. On Saturday he dies. On Monday he returns to life.

What of the time between? He declares that he really does die, and that his spirit, departing from his body, passes into the other world. What manner of world it is he will not divulge. Nor will he tell anything of his doings there, save one thing. That is, he has access to the book kept by the Recording Angel, in which are set down all the sins of humanity. On its fatal pages he finds the names of all his acquaintances, and reads, set against them, the catalogue of their misdeeds, even of their evil thoughts. The catalogue is a long one. Men are more wicked than their fellows suppose. So the "Prophet" comes back to life much saddened by the knowledge he has gained. Indeed he would like to look no more upon that dreadful book, but a power greater than his own compels him to do so. Nor is his information confined to the records of his own acquaintances. The book of the whole world is open to him, and he can ascertain exactly what charges are set down against any members of the human race.

Of all his pretensions, of course only one is susceptible of proof, and that is the correctness of his information. People who visit him know perfectly well whether he tells them the truth about their misdeeds. It is said that he has never made a mistake; at any rate, no one has ever charged him with doing so. There is scarcely a person in Tiflis who has not visited him. They all plead guilty to the charges he reports against them, and tearfully beseech him to intercede with the powers of the other world in their behalf. Thousands of people from all parts of the Empire daily throng about his cottage, seeking to know from him the story of their own ill-deeds. Many of them go in idle curiosity, or in a skeptical spirit, but all who are admitted to his presence come away convinced of his supernatural knowledge. Among some who went from Moscow to see him, recently, was a shrewd newspaper correspondent, whose avowed purpose was to expose what he believed to be a fraud. He came from Tagarilli's room with bristling hair, blanched face and trembling limbs. "Take me away!" he cried to his friends. "I have lived an hour in the Day of Judgment!"

To say the least, the above narrative is a little curious, bordering so closely, as it does, to modern Spiritualism. Even in Russia there are some bright spots.

M. GLEANOR.

Sir Charles Gaven Duffy, who has been proposed for an Irish constituency, is now an old man with nearly all his life behind him, but he has had a most remarkable career. Once sent to jail for treason as a leader of Irish revolutionists, he lived to become Prime Minister to Victoria, in Australia, and to be knighted by the Queen for his services. He had at one time all the energy and fire that characterize Irish eloquence, but his voice has grown weak with the whitening of his hair, and he is now weighed down by his feebleness.

Capt. N. B. Giddings, the first Congressman from Nebraska, is now a Justice of the Peace at Savannah, Mo.

