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The Progressive Thinker

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

VOL. 5.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 9, 1892.

NO. III

OUR ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

THE CREAM OF FOREIGN EXCHANGES

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The Cream of Foreign Exchanges.

PUBLISHED EVERY 6TH WEEK.

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JEANNE D'ARC AS A MEDIUM.

Sustained and Protected by Spirits.

The superb performance by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt of Jeanne d'Arc, in the drama of that name, has naturally awakened public interest in the historical personage whose remarkable career supplies the groundwork of the composition. To Spiritualists that career is especially interesting, because the Maid of Orleans was one of the most wonderful mediums recorded in secular history. She was not merely clairvoyant and clairvoyant, but she must have been obsessed from the moment she quitted Domremy for Orleans, until she confronted death with such heroic serenity at the stake.

It is utterly inconceivable that a simple, modest village maiden should have exhibited the magnificent qualities which she displayed, or have acquired the extraordinary ascendancy which she gained over the king of France, the ecclesiastics, military leaders and foremost statesmen of the period, unless she had been taken possession of by a singularly powerful and masterful spirit, whose magnetism was of such a nature as to control and subjugate the wills of all those he was brought in contact with. It would be useless to speculate upon the former personality of that spirit. If we might hazard a conjecture, we would venture to suggest that it may have been the spirit of Louis the Ninth, the heroic Crusader, who was canonized by Pope Boniface the Eighth, and who was certainly one of the noblest monarchs and one of the best men that ever occupied a throne. But this, of course, is a mere guess on our own part; and the only thing certain is that Jeanne's obsessor loved his country most ardently, and that through her mediumship he succeeded in commencing the liberation of France from the yoke of her foreign invader.

Concerning Jeanne herself and her spiritual mission we have the fullest details in the chronicles of the period. Every incident of her romantic life was minutely described by eye-witnesses of it; and the accuracy and authenticity of the narratives have been placed beyond all dispute.

We have before us at this moment the *Chronique de la Pucelle*, by Cousinot, and the *Chronique Normande*, by Cochoy; the first written by a noble who held very high office under Charles the Seventh, and the other by a priest residing in Rouen, where Jeanne was burnt alive, at the time of that tragic event. Both these historians have left us the amplest particulars of the career of Jeanne d'Arc; and their accuracy is confirmed by the almost contemporary chronicles in verse of M. de Virville, and of V. Vesanin, and by the anonymous author of a poem containing 25,000 verses, and entitled *Mystere du Siege d'Orleans*. In fact we know far more of Jeanne d'Arc, who was only nineteen when she was barbarously put to death in 1431, than we do of many famous women who lived in the last century.

From earliest childhood little Jeanne, who spent much of her time in the open air, and was naturally robust and vigorous in mind and body, and therefore not at all likely to become the victim of hallucinations, had been accustomed to hear spirit voices and to see spirit forms, until they had become so familiar to her that their presence came to be regarded as the most natural thing in the world. As a matter of course, some of her neighbors thought her crazed. Ignorant, stupid and grossly material, they were quite unable to conceive the possibility of spiritual communion. Even her family were alarmed, and began to fancy Jeanne must be a little touched. But her spiritual guides and impressors were carefully preparing her for the great work before her. Her nature was singularly pure; her heart overflowing with affection for her fellow-creatures; and she was entirely free from the taint of selfishness. Her brain was strong and sound, her will tenacious and firm; and she possessed every qualification for the highest mediumship. At first the voices which spoke to her issued from a cloud of magnetic light; but gradually she began to see the spiritual presences, and knowing the deeply religious feelings of her nature, they manifested themselves under forms resembling those she had been accustomed to see depicted as saints and angels in the missals of her church.

At length the hour arrived when her controlling spirit could enter in and take possession of its human habitation; and from that time forth Jeanne d'Arc was a changed personage. Quitting her home, she proceeded to Vaucouleurs, obtained an interview with Robert de Baudricourt, the Governor of that fortress, and informed him of her spiritual mission; which was that she should repair to the Dauphin, raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct her royal master to Rheims, there to be crowned king of France. Baudricourt would probably have dismissed her as a crack-brained visionary if she had not told him of a family secret known only to himself. He provided her with a suit of armor, a horse and a convoy, and sent her to the Dauphin at Chinon, who caused her to be interrogated by his Council, which included the Lord Chancellor, the archbishop of Rheims, and many prelates. They found her perfectly sane and obviously inspired; and what startled the Dauphin most was that she repeated to him the words of a prayer he had mentally offered up a few days before when meditating a retreat from his kingdom. Even then he hesitated about placing himself under her guidance, and took her to his parliament, which was sitting at Poitiers; where she underwent a rigorous inquisition by learned theologians, who eventually recommended the Dauphin to follow her counsels. She then asked for and minutely described a certain sword with five crosses on its belt, which she had never seen, and described as having been deposited in the Church of St. Catharine, at Fierbois. It was found exactly as described, and placed in her hands. On her way to Orleans she halted at Blois, from whence she wrote a letter to the Duke of Bedford, the English Regent of the conquered provinces, calling upon him to surrender the cities he had captured. She then gathered a great store of cattle and provisions, and set out for Orleans, then beleaguered by the English. She succeeded in victualing the city, in spite of the enemy, and threw herself into the city. Under her leadership, a succession of brilliant sorties was made; and the besiegers, vanquished at all points, were at length compelled to raise the siege and beat a retreat. She then returned to the Dauphin at Tours, and demanded that he should proceed at once to Rheims, there to be crowned king of France. That city and the whole of the intervening country were in the hands of the enemy; but the great spiritual medium was irresistible. Troyes, Chalons and Rheims successively capitulated; and Charles the Seventh was crowned in the venerable cathedral, with Jeanne d'Arc standing by his side in a suit of mail, and displaying the banner under which so many victories had been achieved.

After this it was her wish to retire to her native village, as she felt that her spiritual mission had been fulfilled. But yielding to the earnest persuasions of Comte de Dunois, she threw herself into the town of Compienne, which was then being besieged by the English and Burgundians. She was basely deserted during a heroic sortie by some of the French officers, who were jealous of her prowess, and of the glory heaped upon her, and Jeanne was taken prisoner. She was tried by an ecclesiastical tribunal of her own countrymen, presided over by the Bishop of Beauvais, on charges of sorcery, impiety, idolatry and magic; was found guilty, and was sentenced to be burned alive in the market place at Rouen, a sentence which was carried into effect on the 14th of June, 1431.

Jeanne d'Arc was sustained and protected from physical suffering in her last hours by the spiritual presences which had animated and inspired her from childhood, and she passed into the unseen world attesting with her latest breath the genuineness of the spiritual manifestations exemplified in her own person, and the spiritual sources of the power which had enabled her to liberate her beloved France from the thralldom of an alien power. As we have said, no more remarkable medium has lived during the last six centuries than the Maid of Orleans.—*Harbinger of Light, Australia.*

The Life to Be.

Life appears to me too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrongs. We are, and must be, one and all, burdened with faults in this world; but the time will soon come when I trust we shall put them off in putting off corruptible bodies; when debasement and sin will fall from us with this cumbrous frame of flesh, and only the spark remain—the impalpable principle of life and thought, pure as when it left the Creator to inspire the creature; whence it came it will return, perhaps to pass through gradations of glory, from the pale human soul to brighter to the seraph. . . . It is a creed in which I delight, to which I cling. It makes eternity a rest, a mighty home, not a terror and an abyss. Besides, with this creed revenge never enters my heart, degradation never too deeply disgusts me, injustice never crushes me too low. I live in calm, looking to the end.—*Charlotte Bronte, in Light London.*

FIRE! FIRE!!

The Cry of Fire from the Pulpit.

Don't be alarmed, dear reader; there is no need to rush out into the street, like poor old Lot flying from the doomed cities of the plain. Sit down and take it easy. Let your fire insurance policy slumber in its nest. Lean back in your chair, stretch out your legs, and prepare to receive another dose of freethought physic—worth a guinea a bottle. So! Are you ready? Very well, then, let us begin.

What would man be without fire? Would he not be a perfect barbarian? His very food, even the meat, would have to be eaten raw, and as knives and forks would be unknown, it would have to be devoured with hands and teeth. We read that the Tartar horseman will put a beefsteak under his saddle, and supple and cook it in a ten-mile ride; but we cannot all follow his example, and many would think the game was not worth the candle. But not only should we be obliged to eat our food uncooked; we should enjoy none of the blessings and comforts bestowed upon us by science, which absolutely depends on fire. Nay, our houses would be too cold to shelter us in the winter, and we should be compelled to burrow in the ground. The whole human race would have to live in tropical countries; all the temperate regions would be deserted; and as it is in the temperate regions that civilization reaches its highest and most permanent developments, the world would be reduced to a condition of barbarism if not of savagery.

No wonder, then, that this mighty civilizer has figured so extensively in legend and mythology. "Next to the worship of the sun," says Max Muller, "there is probably no religious worship so widely diffused as that of fire." At bottom, indeed, the two were nearly identical. The flame of burning wood was felt to be akin to the rays of the sun, and its very upward motion seemed to be an aspiration to its source. Sun and fire alike gave warmth, which meant life and joy; without them there reigned sterility and death. Do we not still speak of the sunshine of prosperity, and of basking in the rays of fortune? Do we not still speak of the fire of life, of inspiration, of love, of heroism? And thus, when the tide of our being is at the flood, we instinctively think of our father, the sun, in whom, far more than in invisible gods, we live and move—for we are all his children.

Like everything else in civilized existence, fire was a human discovery. But superstitious ages imagined that so precious a thing must have descended from above. Accordingly the Greeks (to take but one illustration), fabled that Prometheus stole Jove's fire from heaven, and gave it to mankind. And as the gods of early ages are not too friendly to human beings, it was also fabled that Prometheus incurred the fierce anger of Jove, who fastened him to a rock on Mount Caucasus, where he was blistered by day and frozen by night, while Jove's vulture everlastingly preyed upon his vitals.

The sun himself, in Oriental countries, shining down implacably in times of prolonged drouth, became a terrible demon, and as Baal or Moloch, was worshiped with cruel and bloody rites. The corruption of the best is the worst; beneficence changes to malignity. Thus fire, which is a splendid servant, is an awful master. The very wild beasts dread it. Famishing lions and tigers will not approach the camp-fire to seize their prey. Men have something of the same instinctive apprehension. How soon the nerves are disturbed by the smell of anything burning in the house. Raise the cry of "fire!" in a crowded building, and at once the old savage bursts through the veneer of civilization. It is helter-skelter, the Devil take the hindmost. The strong trample upon the weak. Men and women turn to devils. Even if the cry of "fire!" be raised in a church—where a believer might wish to die, and where he might feel himself booked through to glory—there is just the same stampede. People who sit and listen complacently to the story of eternal roastings in an everlasting hell, will fight like maniacs to escape a singeing. Rather than go to heaven in a chariot of fire they will plod for half a century in this miserable vale of tears.

Man's dread of fire has been artfully seized upon by the priests. All over the world these gentlemen are in the same line of business—trading upon the credulous terrors of the multitude. They fill hell with fire because it frightens men easily, and the fuel costs nothing. If they had to find the fuel themselves hell would be cold in twenty-four hours. "Flee from the wrath to come," they exclaim. "What is it?" ask the people. "Consuming fire," the priests exclaim; "nay, not consuming fire; you will burn in it without dying, without losing a particle of flesh, forever and ever." Then the people want to get saved, and the priests issue insurance policies, which are rendered void by change of opinion or failure to pay the premium.

Buddhist pictures of hell teach the eye the same lesson that is taught the ear by Christian sermons. There are the poor damned wretches rolling in the fire; there are the devils shoveling in fuel, and other devils with long tongs, ing-forks thrusting back the victims that shove their noses out of the flames. Wherever the priests retain their old power over the people's minds they still preach a hell of literal fire, and deliver

GOD IN JAPAN.

Providence in the Light of an Earthquake.

Japan has just been visited by a terrible earthquake. Without a moment's warning it swept along, wrecking towns, killing people, and altering the very shape of mountains. A vast tidal wave also rushed against the coast and deluged whole tracts of low-lying country. It is estimated that 50,000 houses have been destroyed, and at least 5,000 men, women and children. The first reports gave a total of 25,000 slain; but this is said to be an exaggeration. Nevertheless, as a hundred miles or so of railway is torn to pieces, and it is difficult to convey relief to the suffering survivors, the butcher's bill of this catastrophe may be doubled before the finish.

If earthquakes are the work of blind, unconscious Nature, it is idle to spend our breath in discussion or recrimination. Even regret is foolish. We have to take the world as we find it, with all its disadvantages, and make the best of a not too brilliant bargain. Instead of screaming we must study; instead of wailing we must reflect; and eventually, as we gain a deeper knowledge of the secrets of Nature, and a greater mastery over her forces, we shall be better able to foresee the approach of evil and to take precautionary measures against it.

But the standard teaching of England, to say nothing of less civilized nations, is not Naturalism but Theism. We are told that there is a God over all, and that He doeth all things well. On the practical side this deity is called Providence. It is Providence that sends fine weather, and Providence that sends floods, and Providence that sends drouth; Providence that favors us with a fine harvest, and Providence that blights the crops, reducing millions of people, as in Russia at this moment, to the most desperate shifts of self-preservation. It is Providence that saves Smith's precious life in a railway accident, and of course it is Providence that smashes poor Jones, Brown and Robinson.

Now it will be observed that the favorable or adverse policy of Providence is quite irrespective of human conduct. There is no moral discrimination. If Grace Darling and Jack the Ripper were traveling by the same train, and it met with an accident, everybody knows that their chances of death are precisely equal. If there were any difference it would be in favor of Jack, who seems very careful of his own safety, and would probably take a seat in the least dangerous part of the train.

Some people, of course, and especially parsons, will contend that Providence does discriminate. They have already been heard to hint that the Russian famine is on account of the persecution of the Jews. But this act of brutality is the crime of the Government, and the famine falls upon multitudes of peasants who never saw a Jew in their lives. They have to suffer the pangs of hunger, but the Czar will not go without a single meal or a single bottle of champagne.

No doubt a pious idiot or two will go to the length of asserting or insinuating that the earthquake in Japan is a divine warning to the people, from the Mikado down to his meanest subject, that they are too slow in accepting Christianity. In fact there is a large collection of such pious idiots, only they are deterred by a wholesome fear of ridicule. Hundreds of thousands of people have seen Mr. Wilson Barrett in "Claudian," without being in the least astonished that an earthquake, which ruins a whole city, should be gotten up for the hero's spiritual edification.

Let the pious idiots, however numerous, be swept aside, and let the Christian with a fair supply of brains in his skull consider Providence in the light of this earthquake. It is folly to pretend that the Japanese are particularly wicked at this moment. It is greater folly to pretend that the earthquake killed the most flagitious sinners. It slew like Jehovah's bandits in the land of Canaan, without regard to age, sex, or character. The terrible fact must be faced, that in a country not specially wicked, and in a portion of it not inhabited by select sinners, the Lord sent an earthquake to slay man, woman, and child, and, if possible, to "leave alive nothing that breatheth."

Lay your hand upon your heart, Christian, and honestly answer this question: Would you have done this deed? Of course not. Your cheek flames at the thought. You would soothe the dying and reverently bury the dead. Why then do you worship a Moloch who laughs at the writhings of his victims and drinks their tears like wine? See, they are working and playing; they are at business and pleasure; one is toiling to support the loved ones at home; another is sitting with them in peace and joy; another is wooing the maiden who is dearer to him than life itself; another is pondering some benevolent project; another is planning a law or a poem that shall be a blessing and a delight to posterity. And lo the mandate of Moloch goes forth, and "his word shall not return unto him void." Swifter than thought calamity falls upon the gay and busy scene. Hearts that throbbed with joy now quiver with agony. The husband folds his wife in a last embrace. The mother gathers her children like Nibbe. The lover clasps in the midst of horror the maiden no longer coy. Homes are shaken to dust, halls fall in ruins, the very temples of the gods are shattered. Brains are dashed out, blood flows in streams, limbs are

twisted, bodies are pinned by falling masonry, cries of anguish pierce the air, groans follow, and lastly silence. Moloch then retires to his inmost sanctuary, filled and sated with death and pain.

Is it not better, Christian friend, to defy Moloch instead of worshipping him? Is it not still better to regard this deity as the creation of fanciful ignorance? Is not existence a terror if Providence may swoop upon us with inevitable talons and irresistible beak? And does not life become sweeter when we see no cruel intelligence behind the catastrophes of nature?—*G. W. Foote in Free-thinker, London, Eng.*

THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

In an old country town, just over the line, In woods smelling sweet with violets and pine, There stands by the roadside, old and brown, A bell that once hung in Halifax town.

Hung for years in the old church steeple, From far and near it summoned the people, From hamlet and farm it called them in To hear the word, and repent of their sin.

But little is known of the old church bell—I would that its tongue a story could tell Of the days of old, when its faithful call Summoned the people, one and all.

Perchance as its notes rang loud and clear, They filled the listener's heart with fear, Recalling the sins of his thoughtless youth That led him away from the paths of truth.

He thought of the things he had done and said,

He thought of the hours he had wasted in bed, He thought of his Bible laid on the shelf, And he thought of his own unworthy self.

But he answered the call of the ringing bell, Though he feared his soul was doomed to hell—

For he hoped to find in sermon or prayer Some word that would lighten his load of care.

But the minister old was hard and stern, He thought it but just that sinners should burn.

So the fear of the law he faithfully taught, And sermon and prayer with terror were fraught.

He talked of Sinal's broken law, He told of a place that we mentioned with awe, Then sang of the wrath of God to come— Then he sent his congregation home.

No wonder the sound of that iron bell, Reminded those pious souls of hell, For the minister sought by day and night To guide them to heaven by Hades' light.

And the sexton grey, as he pulled the rope, Thought over these things and expressed a hope

That the work he did in ringing the bell, Might have helped to save some souls from hell.

But one Sabbath morn as with holy zeal, He rang on the bell its loudest peal, A strange sound fell on his listening ear—"The old bell is cracked," he said, "that is clear."

He meant it was not clear, and that was so— For on Monday they pulled it down, and lo! They found that a crack had ended its days; No more could it ring for prayers or praise.

So they carried it gently out of the town, And there by the roadside laid it down. In a cool, shady nook where the waters fell From a brooklet near, they inverted the bell.

And there from the heart that forever is stilled, With fresh flowing waters constantly filled, It gives men and horses who pass that way A generous drink—with nothing to pay.

So now this old bell with a broader creed, Through its emblem of truth and of love indeed, Preaches a sermon, broader and higher Than ever was heard 'neath the old church spire.

In its waters so cooling, fresh, and fair, We may read of a father's loving care, We are told of an all-controlling good, And convinced of our human brotherhood.

—*Belle V. Cushman, in Two Worlds.*

Buddhism.

As a contrast to the blatant religious jingology of the Salvationists I reproduce the following extract from the "Pall Mall," of October 25th, giving the sentiments of one whom the Salvation Army would regard as a blinded and lost heathen soul. Prince Damrong of Siam thus expressed himself as to his religious faith:

"Yes, I am a Buddhist, add so also is the King. He and I profess the modern Buddhism. When you go and travel in the desert you must always take a bottle of water with you. If you find water in the desert, all very well, but if you find none you have your bottle of water. So it is with our creed. We should do as much good as possible, we should do our best. If there is no future, we have in this case in this life the conviction of having done no harm, and, if there is a future, the good we have done will follow us in the next life. There is no creed which we attack or condemn. I can believe in Christ as much as any Christian, as far as His moral teaching goes, and I even confess that I am a great admirer of Christ, for I am a great admirer of the moral principles which he inculcated. You ask me whether we have any missionaries. Yes, we have many; I may even say more missionaries than converts. To my mind they proceed in the contrary fashion to what they ought. They begin by preaching that all that we know and all our belief in Buddhism is entirely false, and that there is only one truth—the faith which they propose to us. Then, after having said this, they establish schools and do some good things. They ought to act in the opposite way—to do good things, to open schools, and then to reconcile Buddhism and Christianity, teaching what is good in one without condemning what is good in the other."—*Light, London.*

William II. loves homely fare. He insists on having on his table every Thursday a dish of mashed peas, smoked beef and saurkraut, to be eaten together.



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take possession of its human habitation; and from that time forth Jeanne d'Arc was a changed personage. Quitting her home, she proceeded to Vaucouleurs, obtained an interview with Robert de Baudricourt, the Governor of that fortress, and informed him of her spiritual mission; which was that she should repair to the Dauphin, raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct her royal master to Rheims, there to be crowned king of France. Baudricourt would probably have dismissed her as a crack-brained visionary if she had not told him of a family secret known only to himself. He provided her with a suit of armor, a horse and a convoy, and sent her to the Dauphin at Chinon, who caused her to be interrogated by his Council, which included the Lord Chancellor, the archbishop of Rheims, and many prelates. They found her perfectly sane and obviously inspired; and what startled the Dauphin most was that she repeated to him the words of a prayer he had mentally offered up a few days before when meditating a retreat from his kingdom. Even then he hesitated about placing himself under her guidance, and took her to his parliament, which was sitting at Poitiers; where she underwent a rigorous inquisition by learned theologians, who eventually recommended the Dauphin to follow her counsels. She then asked for and minutely described a certain sword with five crosses on its belt, which she had never seen, and described as having been deposited in the Church of St. Catharine, at Fierbois. It was found exactly as described, and placed in her hands. On her way to Orleans she halted at Blois, from whence she wrote a letter to the Duke of Bedford, the English Regent of the conquered provinces, calling upon him to surrender the cities he had captured. She then gathered a great store of cattle and provisions, and set out for Orleans, then beleaguered by the English. She succeeded in victualing the city, in spite of the enemy, and threw herself into the city. Under her leadership, a succession of brilliant sorties was made; and the besiegers, vanquished at all points, were at length compelled to raise the siege and beat a retreat. She then returned to the Dauphin at Tours, and demanded that he should proceed at once to Rheims, there to be crowned king of France. That city and the whole of the intervening country were in the hands of the enemy; but the great spiritual medium was irresistible. Troyes, Chalons and Rheims successively capitulated; and Charles the Seventh was crowned in the venerable cathedral, with Jeanne d'Arc standing by his side in a suit of mail, and displaying the banner under which so many victories had been achieved.

After this it was her wish to retire to her native village, as she felt that her spiritual mission had been fulfilled. But yielding to the earnest persuasions of Comte de Dunois, she threw herself into the town of Compiègne, which was then being besieged by the English and Burgundians. She was basely deserted during a heroic sortie by some of the French officers, who were jealous of her prowess, and of the glory heaped upon her, and Jeanne was taken prisoner. She was tried by an ecclesiastical tribunal of her own countrymen, presided over by the Bishop of Beauvais, on charges of sorcery, impiety, idolatry and magic; was found guilty, and was sentenced to be burned alive in the market place at Rouen, a sentence which was carried into effect on the 14th of June, 1431.

Jeanne d'Arc was sustained and protected from physical suffering in her last hours by the spiritual presences which had animated and inspired her from childhood, and she passed into the unseen world attesting with her latest breath the genuineness of the spiritual manifestations exemplified in her own person, and the spiritual sources of the power which had enabled her to liberate her beloved France from the thralldom of an alien power. As we have said, no more remarkable medium has lived during the last six centuries than the Maid of Orleans.—*Harbinger of Light, Australia.*

The Life to Be.

Life appears to me too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrongs. We are, and must be, one and all, burdened with faults in this world; but the time will soon come when I trust we shall put them off in putting off corruptible bodies; when debasement and sin will fall from us with this cumbrous frame of flesh, and only the spark remain—the impalpable principle of life and thought, pure as when it left the Creator to inspire the creature; whence it came it will return, perhaps to pass through gradations of glory, from the pale human soul to brighter to the seraph. It is a creed in which I delight, to which I cling. It makes eternally a rest, a mighty home, not a terror and an abyss. Besides, with this creed revenge never enters my heart, degradation never too deeply disgusts me, injustice never crushes me too low. I live in calm, looking to the end.—*Charlotte Brontë, in Light London.*

FIRE! FIRE!!

The Cry of Fire from the Pulpit.

Don't be alarmed, dear reader; there is no need to rush out into the street, like poor old Lot flying from the doomed cities of the plain. Sit down and take it easy. Let your fire insurance policy slumber in its nest. Lean back in your chair, stretch out your legs, and prepare to receive another dose of freethought physic—worth a guinea a bottle. So! Are you ready? Very well, then, let us begin.

What would man be without fire? Would he not be a perfect barbarian? His very food, even the meat, would have to be eaten raw, and as knives and forks would be unknown, it would have to be devoured with hands and teeth. We read that the Tartar horseman will put a beefsteak under his saddle, and supple and cook it in a ten-mile ride; but we cannot all follow his example, and many would think the game was not worth the candle. But not only should we be obliged to eat our food uncooked; we should enjoy none of the blessings and comforts bestowed upon us by science, which absolutely depends on fire. Nay, our houses would be too cold to shelter us in the winter, and we should be compelled to burrow in the ground. The whole human race would have to live in tropical countries; all the temperate regions would be deserted; and as it is in the temperate regions that civilization reaches its highest and most permanent developments, the world would be reduced to a condition of barbarism if not of savagery.

No wonder, then, that this mighty civilization has figured so extensively in legend and mythology. "Next to the worship of the sun," says Max Muller, "there is probably no religious worship so widely diffused as that of fire." At bottom, indeed, the two were nearly identical. The flame of burning wood was felt to be akin to the rays of the sun, and its very upward motion seemed to be an aspiration to its source. Sun and fire alike gave warmth, which meant life and joy; without them there reigned sterility and death. Do we not still speak of the fire of life, of inspiration, of love, of heroism? And thus, when the tide of our being is at the flood, we instinctively think of our father, the sun, in whom, far more than in invisible gods, we live and move—for we are all his children.

Like everything else in civilized existence, fire was a human discovery. But superstitious ages imagined that so precious a thing must have descended from above. Accordingly the Greeks (to take but one illustration), fabled that Prometheus stole Jove's fire from heaven, and gave it to mankind. And as the gods of early ages are not too friendly to human beings, it was also fabled that Prometheus incurred the fierce anger of Jove, who fastened him to a rock on Mount Caucasus, where he was blistered by day and frozen by night, while Jove's vulture everlastingly preyed upon his vitals.

The sun himself, in Oriental countries, shining down implacably in times of prolonged drouth, became a terrible demon, and as Baal or Moloch, was worshipped with cruel and bloody rites. The corruption of the best is the worst; beneficence changes to malignity. Thus fire, which is a splendid servant, is an awful master. The very wild beasts dread it. Famishing lions and tigers will not approach the camp-fire to seize their prey. Men have something of the same instinctive apprehension. How soon the nerves are disturbed by the smell of anything burning in the house. Raise the cry of "fire!" in a crowded building, and at once the old savage bursts through the veneer of civilization. It is helter-skelter, the Devil take the hindmost. The strong trample upon the weak. Men and women turn to devils. Even if the cry of "fire!" be raised in a church—where a believer might wish to die, and where he might feel himself booked through to glory—there is just the same stampede. People who sit and listen complacently to the story of eternal roastings in an everlasting hell, will fight like maniacs to escape a singeing. Rather than go to heaven in a chariot of fire they will plod for half a century in this miserable vale of tears.

Man's dread of fire has been artfully seized upon by the priests. All over the world these gentlemen are in the same line of business—trading upon the credulous terrors of the multitude. They fill hell with fire because it frightens men easily, and the fuel costs nothing. If they had to find the fuel themselves hell would be cold in twenty-four hours. "Flee from the wrath to come," they exclaim. "What is it?" ask the people. "Consuming fire," the priests exclaim; "nay, not consuming fire; you will burn in it without dying, without losing a particle of flesh, forever and ever." Then the people want to get saved, and the priests issue insurance policies, which are rendered void by change of opinion or failure to pay the premium.

Buddhist pictures of hell teach the eye the same lesson that is taught the ear by Christian sermons. There are the poor damned wretches rolling in the fire; there are the devils shoveling in fuel, and other devils with long toasting-forks thrusting back the victims that shove their noses out of the flames. Wherever the priests retain their old power over the people's minds they still preach a hell of literal fire, and deliver

twenty sermons on hades to one on paradise. Hell, in fact, is always as hot as the people will stand it. The priests reduce the temperature with natural reluctance. Every degree lost is a sinking of their power and profit.

Even in England, the land of Shakespeare and Shelley, Newton and Darwin, Mill and Spencer—the cry of "fire!" is still raised in thousands of pulpits. Catholics bate no jot of their fiery damnation; Church of England clergymen hold forth on brimstone—with now and then a dash of treacle—in the rural districts and small towns; it is not long since the Wesleyans turned out a minister who was not quite sure about everlasting torment; Mr. Spurgeon preaches hell (hot, without sugar) in mercy to perishing souls; and General Booth, who caters for the silliest and most ignorant Christians, works hell into his trademark.

"Blood and fire" is a splendid summary of the orthodox faith. All who would be saved must be washed in the blood of the Lamb—a disgusting ablution! All who are not saved fall into the fire. A blood-bath or a sulphur-bath is the only alternative.

Happily, however, the people are becoming more civilized and more humane. Science and popular education are working wonders. Reason, self-reliance and sympathy are rapidly developing. The old primitive terrors are losing their hold upon us, and the callous dogmas of savage religion are growing impossible. Priests cannot frighten men who possess a high sense of human dignity; and the doctrine of an angry God, who will burn his own children in hell, is loathsome to those who will fight the flames and smoke of a burning house to save the life of an unknown fellow-creature.

How amusing, in these circumstances, are the wriggings of the "advanced" Christians. Archdeacon Farrar, for instance, in despite of common sense and etymology, contends that "everlasting" fire only means "eternal" fire. What a comfort the distinction would be to a man in hell! Away with such temporizing! Let the ghastly old dogma be defied. Sensible people should simply laugh at the priests who still raise the cry of "fire!"—*G. W. Foote in The Free-thinker.*

ONE DAY.

It came not when the roses grew
In pale and ruddy splendor;
When crystal drops of pearly dew
Lay in their petals tender.
When calla lilies tall and fair
Their sweet perfume were flinging;
When soaring larks high in mid air
Their lays of love were singing.
Nor yet when gaily in the meads
The daisies white were bobbing.
When through the sedges and the weeds
The soft south wind went sobbing;
The violets saw not that day
Nor yet the primrose sprightly;
It came in mists and vapors grey,
That day that ended brightly.

The purple clouds high overhead
Fantastically were shifting,
And leaves of russet, gold, and red
From off the trees were drifting.
I know how fast my pulses stirred
That day in late November,
And some one softly spoke a word,
A word I well remember.

A simple word, and yet I thought
The branches bending o'er us
Took up the word as if they sought
To make a joyous chorus.
If flowers were dead and birds notes stilled,
I heard the old sweet story
That autumn day, "I love you," filled
With more than summer glory.

—Chamber's Journal.

A SPRAY OF APPLE BLOSSOMS.

They lay on the broad, low window ledge,
Where the hand of a little child
Had placed them—dew and fresh and sweet—
And the grandmother had smiled,
And softly stroked with her wrinkled hand
The curly, tumbling head;
And then the needles bright were still,
Unrolled the snowy thread.

For, born on the breath of an apple bloom,
She lived in the golden past;
She saw an orchard where blossom snows
Were falling thick and fast—
Falling upon the fair bent head
Of a maiden in girlhood's prime,
Reading a letter, worn and creased
From folding many a time.

"When the apple blossoms are here once more,
I shall come back, Alaire—
Shall come for my answer." The scented wind
Which rustled the maiden's hair
Brought to her ears a well-known voice;
She turned in a startled way—
"I have come for my answer; what is it, dear?"
What could she do but lay

Her hands in the eager, outstretched ones!
Ah! life is sweet in June,
When hearts keep time to the liquid flow
Of life and light and tune.
And when, in her snowy, floating veil
She stood on her bridal morn,
She would have but the tinted apple bloom
Her white robe to adorn.

Through the open window the western wind
Blew soft on the wrinkled face,
Where a smile shone, sweet as that could be
Which had lent her girlhood grace.
A little voice called her truant thoughts:
Reading a letter, worn and creased
From folding many a time.
If you knew that the clock had been striking
six,
And he wants you to pour his tea!"
—The Two Worlds.

Forked Over.

Schweinfurth decided Dec. 17, to settle with James Ogilvie, the Alpengay and sought State's Attorney Works Saturday, to see if he couldn't get back \$2,100 which the pretender had gotten from him. Schweinfurth did not like the prospect of a lawsuit, and forked over the money. In order to raise it, a mortgage of \$1,500 was placed on "Heaven," the thousand-acre farm which is the home of the sect.

GOD IN JAPAN.

Providence in the Light of an Earthquake.

Japan has just been visited by a terrible earthquake. Without a moment's warning it swept along, wrecking towns, killing people, and altering the very shape of mountains. A vast tidal wave also rushed against the coast and deluged whole tracts of low-lying country. It is estimated that 50,000 houses have been destroyed, and at least 5,000 men, women and children. The first reports gave a total of 25,000 slain; but this is said to be an exaggeration. Nevertheless, as a hundred miles or so of railway is torn to pieces, and it is difficult to convey relief to the suffering survivors, the butcher's bill of this catastrophe may be doubled before the finish.

If earthquakes are the work of blind, unconscious Nature, it is idle to spend our breath in discussion or recrimination. Even regret is foolish. We have to take the world as we find it, with all its disadvantages, and make the best of a not too brilliant bargain. Instead of screaming we must study; instead of walling we must reflect; and eventually, as we gain a deeper knowledge of the secrets of Nature, and a greater mastery over her forces, we shall be better able to foresee the approach of evil and to take precautionary measures against it.

But the standard teaching of England, to say nothing of less civilized nations, is not Naturalism but Theism. We are told that there is a God over all, and that He doeth all things well. On the practical side this deity is called Providence. It is Providence that sends fine weather, and Providence that sends bad weather; Providence that sends floods, and Providence that sends drouth; Providence that favors us with a fine harvest, and Providence that blights the crops, reducing millions of people, as in Russia at this moment, to the most desperate shifts of self-preservation. It is Providence that saves Smith's precious life in a railway accident, and of course it is Providence that smashes poor Jones, Brown and Robinson.

Now it will be observed that the favorable or adverse policy of Providence is quite irrespective of human conduct. There is no moral discrimination. If Grace Darling and Jack the Ripper were traveling by the same train, and it met with an accident, everybody knows that their chances of death are precisely equal. If there were any difference it would be in favor of Jack, who seems very careful of his own safety, and would probably take a seat in the least dangerous part of the train.

Some people, of course, and especially parsons, will contend that Providence does discriminate. They have already been heard to hint that the Russian famine is on account of the persecution of the Jews. But this act of brutality is the crime of the Government, and the famine falls upon multitudes of peasants who never saw a Jew in their lives. They have to suffer the pangs of hunger, but the Czar will not go without a single meal or a single bottle of champagne.

No doubt a pious idiot or two will go to the length of asserting or insinuating that the earthquake in Japan is a divine warning to the people, from the Mikado down to his meanest subject, that they are too slow in accepting Christianity. In fact there is a large collection of such pious idiots, only they are deterred by a wholesome fear of ridicule. Hundreds of thousands of people have seen Mr. Wilson Barrett in "Claudian," without being in the least astonished that an earthquake, which ruins a whole city, should be gotten up for the hero's spiritual edification.

Let the pious idiots, however numerous, be swept aside, and let the Christian with a fair supply of brains in his skull consider Providence in the light of this earthquake. It is folly to pretend that the Japanese are particularly wicked at this moment. It is greater folly to pretend that the earthquake killed the most flagitious sinners. It slew like Jehovah's bandits in the land of Canaan, without regard to age, sex, or character. The terrible fact must be faced, that in a country not specially wicked, and in a portion of it not inhabited by select sinners, the Lord sent an earthquake to slay man, woman, and child, and, if possible, to "leave alive nothing that breatheth."

Lay your hand upon your heart, Christian, and honestly answer this question: Would you have done this deed? Of course not. Your cheek flames at the thought. You would soothe the dying and reverently bury the dead. Why then do you worship a Moloch who laughs at the writhings of his victims and drinks their tears like wine? See, they are working and playing; they are at business and pleasure; one is toiling to support the loved ones at home; another is sitting with them in peace and joy; another is wooing the maiden who is dearer to him than life itself; another is pondering some benevolent project; another is planning a law or a poem that shall be a blessing and a delight to posterity. And lo the mandate of Moloch goes forth, and "his word shall not return unto him void." Swifter than thought calamity falls upon the gay and busy scene. Hearts that throbbed with joy now quiver with agony. The husband folds his wife in a last embrace. The mother gathers her children like Niobe. The lover clasps in the midst of horror the maiden no longer coy. Homes are shaken to dust, halls fall in ruins, the very temples of the gods are shattered. Brains are dashed out, blood flows in streams, limbs are

twisted, bodies are pinned by falling masonry, cries of anguish pierce the air, groans follow, and lastly silence. Moloch then retires to his inmost sanctuary, filled and sated with death and pain.

Is it not better, Christian friend, to defy Moloch instead of worshipping him? Is it not still better to regard this deity as the creation of fanciful ignorance? Is not existence a terror if Providence may swoop upon us with inevitable talons and irresistible beak? And does not life become sweeter when we see no cruel intelligence behind the catastrophes of nature?—*G. W. Foote in Free-thinker, London, Eng.*

THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

In an old country town, just over the line, In woods smelling sweet with violets and pines, There stands by the roadside, old and brown, A bell that once hung in Halifax town.

Hung for years in the old church steeple, From far and near it summoned the people, From hamlet and farm it called them in To hear the word, and repent of their sin.

But little is known of the old church bell—I would that its tongue a story could tell Of the days of old, when its faithful call Summoned the people, one and all.

Perchance as its notes rang loud and clear, They filled the listener's heart with fear, Recalling the sins of his thoughtless youth That led him away from the paths of truth.

He thought of the things he had done and said,

He thought of the hours he had wasted in bed,

He thought of his Bible laid on the shelf,

And he thought of his own unworthy self.

But he answered the call of the ringing bell,

Though he feared his soul was doomed to hell—

For he hoped to find in sermon or prayer

Some word that would lighten his load of care.

But the minister old was hard and stern,

He thought it but just that sinners should burn.

So the fear of the law he faithfully taught,

And sermon and prayer with terror were fraught.

He talked of Sinai's broken law,

He told of a place that we mentioned with awe,

Then sang of the wrath of God to come—

Then he sent his congregation home.

No wonder the sound of that iron bell,

Reminded those pious souls of hell,

For the minister sought by day and night

To guide them to heaven by Hades' light.

And the sexton grey, as he pulled the rope,

Thought over these things and expressed a hope

That the work he did in ringing the bell,

Might have helped to save some souls from hell.

But one Sabbath morn as with holy zeal,

He rang on the bell its loudest peal,

A strange sound fell on his listening ear—

"The old bell is cracked," he said, "that is clear."

He meant it was not clear, and that was so—

For on Monday they pulled it down, and lo!

They found that a crack had ended its days;

No more could it ring for prayers or praise.

So they carried it gently out of the town,

And there by the roadside laid it down.

In a cool, shady nook where the waters fell

From a brooklet near, they inverted the bell.

And there from the heart that forever is stilled,

With fresh flowing waters constantly filled,

It gives men and horses who pass that way

A generous drink—with nothing to pay.

So now this old bell with a broader creed,

Through its emblem of truth and of love in-deed,

Preaches a sermon, broader and higher

Than ever was heard 'neath the old church spire.

In its waters so cooling, fresh, and fair,

We may read of a father's loving care,

We are told of an all-controlling good,

And convinced of our human brotherhood.

—Belle F. Cushman, in Two Worlds.

Buddhism.

As a contrast to the blatant religious jingoism of the Salvationists I reproduce the following extract from the "Pall Mall," of October 28th, giving the sentiments of one whom the Salvation Army would regard as a blinded and lost heathen soul. Prince Damrong of Siam thus expressed himself as to his religious faith:

"Yes, I am a Buddhist, and so also is the King. He and I profess the modern Buddhism. When you go and travel in the desert you must always take a bottle of water with you. If you find water in the desert, all very well, but if you find none you have your bottle of water. So it is with our creed. We should do as much good as possible, we should do our best. If there is no future, we have in this case in this life the conviction of having done no harm, and if there is a future, the good we have done will follow us in the next life. There is no creed which we attack or condemn. I can believe in Christ as much as any Christian, as far as His moral teaching goes, and I even confess that I am a great admirer of Christ, for I am a great admirer of the moral principles which he inculcated. You ask me whether we have any missionaries. Yes, we have many. I may even say more missionaries than converts. To my mind they proceed in the contrary fashion to what they ought. They begin by preaching that all that we know and all our belief in Buddhism is entirely false, and that there is only one truth—the faith which they propose to us. Then, after having said this, they establish schools and do some good things. They ought to act in the opposite way—to do good things, to open schools, and then to reconcile Buddhism and Christianity, teaching what is good in one without condemning what is good in the other."—*Light, London.*

William II. loves homely fare. He insists on having on his table every Thursday a dish of mashed peas, smoked beef and sauerkraut, to be eaten together.

TRUE CHINESE WORSHIP.

THE WORLD'S VARIOUS RELIGIONS.

The other day I visited the new Chinese joss house, or rather the Chinese heathen church, at Perez, New York. In it were several ugly idols. These idols were all gaudily painted. They were all made of paper puffed out with wire. Some of them had many eyes, several hands, and now and then one had a double head. They had eyes in their knees, eyes in their stomachs, and eyes in the tops of their heads. Some had hands all around them, and all had fierce-looking beards.

The heathen priest was a very clever man. I found afterwards that he had been a great reader. In this joss house he stood in front of the gods with his people, and they all worshiped and prayed together. They were thoroughly in earnest, and I believe every Chinaman believed his eternal salvation depended on his worship.

After the service I went in behind the gods with a young interpreter—a Chinese graduate from Yale—and had a long talk with him.

"I see you have many gods?" I commenced.

"No," he replied, through the interpreter, "we only worship one God."

"Then these are idols?" I remarked.

"No, the Chinese do not worship idols. These are images to represent one God. We have many images, so that all the people can see at once, but each image represents the same God."

"Then you do not worship the images?"

"Oh, no. They are only to remind us of God. You Christians pray before the crucifix, and have the images of Christ and the Virgin Mary, just as we have these images. We do not worship the images."

"Why do you have such ugly, deformed images?" I asked. "Why do they have double heads, many ears, and many eyes?"

"God, you know, is omniscient and omnipresent. We represent these attributes by the images. The many hands denote that God is omnipresent; the many eyes denote that he is omniscient—that he sees everything."

"But why do you make such ugly-looking images?" I asked.

"Oh! that is the Chinese antique. They are not ugly to us. They made them so in the time of Confucius, and our people don't like to change. It is our religious form. I see you Christians preserve religious forms. You have religious architecture. You have stiff angels, after Fra Angelico; and angels quite deformed, after Sassaferrato and the old artists. Why can't we Chinamen preserve our antique religious art, even if it is ugly, as well as you?"

I found Chang Wan Ho, the Chinese priest, very radical. He defended himself and his faith splendidly. Sometimes he was dreadfully irreligious, and often, to me, sacrilegious. Once he replied:—

"Heathen! who do you call heathen? To me, every one is a heathen who does not believe in our Chinese religion."

When I told him that I thought Mohammed and Confucius and Buddha were imposters, his eyes snapped, the crimson came to his cheeks, and he exclaimed:—

"So was your Christ an imposter!"

"Do you call all the prophets imposters—every one since Moses?" I asked.

"Yes, all who claim a spiritual connection with God. Zoroaster, the Persian prophet, was an imposter, and so was Buddha, who lived in Benares, and Mohammed, who lived in Mecca. Confucius and Moses and Socrates were not prophets; they were simply wise men. They were great writers—great leaders. The prophets have all been ignorant men—adventurers. We all have the same God. We pray to him the same—the Chinaman, Turk, Englishman, and South American. He is the same God all over the world, only each nation spells his name differently. We call Him Joss; the Hindoos call Him Brahma; the Greeks call Him Theos; the Italians, Dio; the American Indian, Great Spirit; the Frenchman, Dieu; the German, Gott; the English, God, and so on. Every nation has the same God, only they spell it differently. Every nation prays to Him the same. You and I, though you call me a heathen, worship the same God. We believe alike, except when we come to the prophets, and then all the nations disagree."

"What do you argue from that?" I asked.

"I argue this—the prophets are all imposters. They cause all the trouble. The world is cosmopolite as to God—we only differ when we come to the prophets. The prophets make all the wars—cause all the bloodshed. The Turk and Russian would not fight were it not for Christ and Mohammed. Who ever heard of two nations fighting about God? It is these imposters which they hitch on to God that cause all the bloodshed."

"But how about Confucius?" I asked.

"Confucius," said Chang Wan Ho, "was not a prophet. He was a teacher, like Socrates. They both expounded the laws. They both claimed to be human. Moses, whom some call a prophet, was a thief, a murderer, and a liar—once he stole the Egyptian jewels, murdered an Egyptian, and hid him in the sand. When Pharaoh found it out, Moses fled the country. Such a man a prophet of God! Confucius and Socrates did not have miraculous births. They were teachers and philosophers. The fraudulent prophets, Zoroaster, Buddha, Mohammed, and Christ, all pretended to have miraculous births."

"Who was the first prophet?" I asked.

"The first was Zoroaster, the founder of the Persian religion. He was born 600 years before your Christ. Then followed Confucius, forty-three years afterward, and fourteen years later came Buddha; 543 years after Buddha came your Christ, in Syria. So you see Zoroaster, Confucius, and Buddha came almost together—within fifty-seven years, and then 570 years after Christ came Mohammed."

"What do you think of Christ?"

"We Chinese think the same of him as we do of Zoroaster, Buddha, and Mohammed. He had the same miraculous birth 1,500 years after Moses. He was born of a virgin as

Buddha was, and this woman is the mother of her own creator—her own God! He taught indolence and shiftlessness. He never worked a day in his life. He was a law-breaker, and rebelled against the government of Pontius Pilate. He made Judas believe he was God. Christ claimed to be the son of God, as did Buddha, Zoroaster, and Mohammed. He claimed to do miracles, but there is no evidence outside of the Bible that he did them. In the same way Mohammed did miracles, and proves it by the Koran."

"Was Mohammed's birth peculiar too?"

"Yes, Mohammed also had a miraculous birth. He was born at Mecca 570 years after Christ. When he was born the sacred fires of the Parsees were extinguished, and the great palace was shaken. He retired to a cave, saw miraculous visions, and had convulsions. He married nine wives, was expelled from Mecca, and went to heaven, where God made him His most beloved messenger. He called the followers of Zoroaster heathen infidels, and the Christians in turn called him an imposter."

"Have the teachings of the prophets Moses, Buddha, and Mohammed been similar?"

"They have all taught about the same code of morals. For instance, Confucius, who came 557 years before Christ, gives this rule for all men: 'Do not unto others what you would not have them do unto you.'"

"Christ plagiarized this into: 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.'"

"Buddha stole it and ground it through into this form: 'The hat that burns thine own head, force it not upon the head of thy neighbor.'"

"What the world should have, said Chang Wan Ho, 'is a cosmopolite religion—a religion that all the world can unite on—a religion based on reason and good, sound, practical common sense. I don't want a religion where you have got to believe unnatural stories about prophets coming into the world on white elephants, or where a young woman has to be the mother of her own Redeemer.'"

"I see the savants are all talking about a cosmopolite currency and a cosmopolite language," I suggested.

"Yes, and what we want more than anything else is a cosmopolite religion—a religion that all can endorse. Why should a little priest-ridden town of 5,000 people have ten churches and pay ten ministers to pull against each other? Rather let us have one church and one minister in each town—a grand temple, like King Solomon's, where all the people can gather together and listen to words of instruction, and pray straight up to God, without any prophets or mediators to make us wrangle over their ritualism and antagonistic dogma."

This is what that heathen said.

—J. P. Brill, in *the Two Worlds*.

The Promise.

IF I DIE BEFORE THEE I WILL COME.

"I swore
That, if I died before thee I would come
With the first weeds that shoot out of my
grave,
And bring the tidings of our real home."

DEATH'S JEST BOOK.
Act I, Sc. 2.

Then my beloved closed the tragic book,
And on my breast she laid her fair young
head—
Oh! first of all, I hold the earnest look
She gave me as she said:—

"You know, mine own, I feel that of us twain
My heart will be the first that Death will still;
But oh, I feel that I shall come again,
To see you here, at will."

"I can't but think that our love never dies,
That I shall always be as near to you."
I gently moved the hair about her eyes
And said: "I hope so too."

"And when I shall be put away from sight,
Oh, do not weep that I have left you alone,
For, though you may not see me through your
night,
My presence shall be known."

"I'll come when evening shadow fills the skies;
I'll come when, in the dark, your heart is sad;
I'll come to bring the old light to your eyes:
I'll come to make you glad."

"And then the sea of doubt shall still its wave:
Instinctive faith shall guide thee o'er its foam,
For I will bring no weeds from earthly grave,
But flowers from my new home."

O kindred spirit! when thy heart was stilled,
The one glad light my broken life possessed,
Was thine old promise, now so oft fulfilled
To ease my doubting breast.

A holy, restful faith is now my own,
And in the light beyond the mystic gates,
Whose shadow only on this life is thrown,
I know my hero waits.
—John Lea, in *Medium and Daybreak*.

Christmas.

It is beautiful to give one day to the ideal—to have one day set apart. One day for generous deeds, for good will, for gladness.

One day to forget the shadows, the rains and storms of life; to remember the sunshine, the happiness of youth and health.

One day to forget the briars and thorns on the winding path; to remember the fruits and flowers.

One day in which to feed the hungry, to salute the poor and lowly. One day to feel the brotherhood of man.

One day to remember the heroic and loving deeds of the dead.

One day to get acquainted with children, to remember the old, the unfortunate and the imprisoned. One day in which to forget yourself and think lovingly of others.

One day for the family, for the fireside, for the wife and children, for the love and laughter, the joy and rapture of home.

One day in which bonds and stocks and deeds and notes and interest and mortgages and all kinds of business and trade are forgotten, and all stores and shops and factories and offices and banks and ledgers and accounts and law-suits are cast aside, put away and locked up, and the weary heart and brain are given a voyage to Fairyland.

Let us hope that such a day is a prophecy of what all days will be.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

THE BIBLE.

Cogent Reasons Why it Should Not Be Read in School.

Turning now to the general question, the present system of religious instruction may be condemned on four grounds:

(1.) It narrows the teaching of morality to the pages of the Bible. Morality is the concern of all the world. The principles of morality are illustrated in the experiences of all the world. Therefore the testimony of all the world should be listened to. In other words, we cannot learn the principles of right conduct from one collection of Jewish writings, but must seek them in the facts of our own life and the lives of others as represented in past and contemporary history. Anthropology in its broadest sense, and not merely the limited area of the Bible, must be the gathering ground for the moralist.

(2.) It introduces a secret cause of weakness into the unformed minds of the children by engendering an unwholesome scepticism with respect to the working of natural law, and by developing a tendency to accept statements on insufficient evidence. Children are taught out of an old book that men were raised from the dead, and yet neither scholar nor teacher ever sees such things happening in the present day; and so with other miracles. From their earliest years children are accustomed to receive alleged facts for which no evidence is offered them at school, or forthcoming when they reach years of discretion. Such a system fosters loose habits of thinking, and who shall say for how much careless theorizing and unwise action this system of loose thinking is responsible? The danger is not less real because so subtle. If you teach a child what is not true, he will not commit a crime or a deed of folly the moment he is past the school-doors. But insensibly his faith in the exactitude of natural law is undermined. Insensibly he forms the habit of believing assertions without examination. Insensibly he is led to use words standing for shams and not realities. Among the people whom one meets in every-day life, how much less of honesty, how much less of truthfulness is there as the result of early training in the habit of falsification? We have no right to teach even a coster's child the thing which we cannot, in the light of day and of reason, prove to be true, and which his future experience will contradict. We may teach the Bible with reverent voice and solemn demeanor, with the approval of the clergy and the sanction of official examiners; yet if the thing we teach is false, what then? In plain language, it is a sin against the child.

(3.) It encourages hypocrisy. It is un-mixed nonsense to suppose that all the teachers employed by the Board really believe everything they teach; that they all really believe in the God of the Pentateuch, in the Holy Ghost, in the divinity and incarnation of Jesus Christ, in the Devil and his sooty legions, in a life after death, and in miracles. Do the managers of the schools believe all this? Do the inspectors? Do the members of the Board? Do the electors? How many of them could look you in the face and say yes? Would that some recording angel could take and publish a census of the men who say they believe all this and yet do not believe it!

(4.) It encourages a habit of using language which is not understood by the user. No child (I say nothing of grown men and women) can understand the doctrine of creation, yet he is taught to speak of God as his maker; or of the incarnation, yet he is taught to speak of God as becoming man; or of the unity of the Son and the Father, yet he is taught to speak of Jesus being "in the Father"; or of demoniacal possession, yet he is taught to speak of the devils entering into the swine of Gadara. The words put into his mouth are not and cannot be accompanied by any clear mental picture of the things signified. One of the great evils of the world is this fashion of uttering words which have no counterpart in the speaker's mind. The consequences are self-deception, deception of one's neighbors, waste of speech, waste of effort, straining after things shadowy, and neglect of things intellectually profitable.

There are three courses open to those who wish to put an end to the present system of religious instruction:

(1.) To retain the Bible, and allow teachers freedom of interpretation, so that those who prefer the orthodox method might pursue it, and that others might be free to adopt a Rationalistic view; it being provided that, in any case, the main purpose of the teachers should be to inculcate morality. I have myself advocated the retention of the Bible in the Board-schools on this basis. But I am bound to admit the serious difficulties which, in the actual condition of religious thought, would impede the working of such a scheme. In the first place, a very singular divergence of practice would probably manifest itself. A visitor, on passing through successive classrooms in the same building, might hear enunciated the various opinions of Secularists, Unitarians, Catholics, High Churchmen, Salvationists, Literalists and Mystics; though even this clashing of methods would be a better alternative than the present uniformity of orthodox platitudes. Then again, I have found very few Freethinkers who have approved my proposal. Had Matthew Arnold been alive, he would, I imagine, have coincided with me, though I ought rather to say that I am following his lead. I think that the Bible, viewed as a natural literary production, which has influenced countless individual hearts and modified many important historical movements, and which has a value in the study of anthropology, poetry, and art, ought to be included in any all-round system of education. But I recognize the obstacles in the way of thus revolutionizing Bible teaching. I should most certainly not form a cave from the general body of Freethinkers because of my convictions on this subject. I am willing to wait for the time when the Bible, never more to be idolized

by bigotry or credulity, shall still be cherished as a noble classic.

(2.) To reduce "religious instruction" to the simple reading of the Bible without note or comment. At present I know of only one candidate for the School Board who places this item on his programme, and I trust he will be returned. No great harm will be done to children who listen to Bible extracts largely couched in antique English and read in the perfunctory style of a town-crier. The plan is absolutely useless from an educational point of view. If I were a Christian, I should regard it as an insult to the Word of God. But it is infinitely preferable to the plan in vogue.

(3.) To adopt entirely secular education. This is, perhaps, the only practicable solution in the present state of public opinion, and I strongly support it. At the same time, we must not lose sight of the importance of moral instruction. A love of justice, truth, honor, temperance and courage, is not to be imparted by mere reading and ciphering, any more than by the dogmas of the churches. Teachers feel that the child is only touched on the skin who is merely drilled in the three R's. With due assistance and approval from those in authority, they would willingly give more attention to morals and manners than they now devote. Nor do I fear that, in the long run, Freethinkers will overlook this need. Meanwhile, the ballot-box offers another opportunity for the assertion of a great Freethought principle. A determined minority on the secular side could work wonders at the Board. These are times when vast changes are wrought with rapidity; as witness the realization of free education. There is a good deal of lath and cardboard in the armor of the champions of the Bible. They are neither so enthusiastic nor so formidable as they look. And even if orthodox be clad in triple steel, the sinews of Freethought will be rendered all the stronger by an encounter with the enemy.

I have not presumed to write these words as if anything were needed to arouse Freethinkers to a sense of the importance of this question. But I felt I could not be silent any longer on a subject which affects so deeply the moral and intellectual welfare of our sons and daughters, and which has left such strange and indelible marks on the history of my own life.—F. J. Gould, in *Freethinker*.

THE BRAIN.

Thought-Pictures in the Same.

Clairvoyants constantly see around sitters scenes indicative of their thoughts and experiences. Some seers enter more deeply into the thought-sphere; others deal with the realm of external action. It appears that pictures or diagrams actually exist in the brain; if so, the study of brain function becomes more nearly related to psychical and spiritual faculties than had been imagined. We take the following from *The Phrenological Magazine* for November:

That the organ of locality is of great importance to the blindfold chess player all will admit, although few perhaps would be inclined to accept the statement made by Mr. Charles Tomlinson, F.R.S., in an article upon "Blindfold Play and a Post-mortem," published in the August number of *The British Chess Magazine*, from which the following is an extract:—Mr. Rookwood "could play twelve blindfold games with ease, but when the number was fourteen, he confessed that the two extra games were all but failures." He died about a year ago. His brother, who is a skillful anatomist and physiologist, was anxious to examine the brain of this great blindfold player, in the hope of discovering some peculiarity of structure that would account in one way or other for his marvelous gift. . . . The results of Dr. Rookwood's examination of his brother's brain are detailed in an elaborate memoir, which, as soon as the numerous illustrative drawings are completed, is to be submitted first to the Royal Society, and the purely anatomical details to the College of Surgeons. The author has been so good as to communicate to me the following results which are alone interesting to chess players, namely, that the constant exercise of one particular organ not only increases it in capacity, but also produces a molecular change in the direction of the line of study adopted. In the case before us, a microscopic examination of the organ of locality revealed the astonishing fact that the molecules had arranged themselves into forms somewhat resembling chessboards, with certain marks on the squares, supposed to represent the final position of the pieces in the twelve games that had been played blindfold. Twelve positions were thus probably indicated by the aid of the highest power the microscope could supply; the thirteenth and fourteenth boards, or what might represent them, were blurred and indistinct, thus accounting for the fact that these two extra games always embarrassed the blindfold player. The general result, however, of this most interesting enquiry leads to the conclusion that the chess-organ, thus highly excited, so far undergoes molecular changes as to spare the memory by enabling the player, as it were, to see the various positions in his own brain, just as if he had the material wooden boards and men before him." The time is approaching when even the medical profession will have to accept phrenology.—G. B. Coleman, in *Medium and Daybreak*.

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.

Mr. Henry P. Alden, who died at Duxbury, Mass., last week, was a direct descendant in the seventh generation of John Alden, the Puritan.

A DREAM VERIFICATION.

A Curious Case Where It Was Realized.

Sometime in April last I dreamed that I was visiting in the same house as a friend of mine, and that our sleeping rooms adjoined.

We had been much interested in like studies, and there was a sort of sympathy between us upon most subjects which folks call occult.

In my dream I seemed to be seized with a strange thirst—a strange longing for water. (The esoteric significance of water is knowledge.) Accordingly I got up, determined to go in quest of supply. And this I knew would entail a walk in the night air, as there was no means of getting water in the house.

As I was going downstairs my friend, evidently aroused by my footfall, called out to me, "Wait a minute; what are you going out of doors for at this time of night? It is quite dark, and you should not venture alone. Wait until I am ready, then I will either go with you or fetch you what you want."

But I, in a spirit of mischief, answered: "If I am not able to get water for myself, I am quite sure you would signally fail."

And I went out quickly, slamming the street door after me.

It was quite dark when I first started; but gradually a soft twilight began to spread over the earth, and after awhile in the bright sunlight of early dawn, I came across a fountain near to some little cottage dwellings; from one of these I borrowed a glass, and, having filled it at the fountain, quenched my thirst and hastened to return to the house from whence I set out.

As I entered it someone said to me, "He has gone to find you. We tried to reason him out of it, but couldn't. He is sure to fall into danger, for there is a great pool outside with shelving banks, and no one can take water from that without being drowned. Many have tried; but none have ever succeeded."

Then I was greatly distressed; because I began to accuse myself of my folly in not waiting for him. And now I did not know what to do; whether to set out in hope of finding him, or wait here to take care of him when he should return.

I distinctly remember how hollow the large, uncarpeted room sounded as I walked up and down in an agony of suspense. Would he be spared from this terrible peril or not?

And when my hope had well-nigh failed I saw some men come in at the great door, and they were bearing between them what appeared to be a lifeless body. It was that of my friend.

They laid it down upon the floor at my feet, saying: "He is almost dead. There is no hope." And certainly his face was bereft of all signs of life, but I seemed to discover a little quiver of pulsation in the region of the heart, and this rather by sympathy than aught else, and this suggested action to me. I was seized by the frantic desire of resuscitating his body at all costs to myself.

I knelt down and took both his hands in mine. I struggled into the higher consciousness with my whole human energy, as is my wont in times of great distress.

And presently a rushing torrent of vitality came pouring through me, and I knew that this current of life sped into the veins of my friend, and that he would recover.

Less than a month after this dream I was summoned to the bedside of my friend—he was dangerously ill, and the doctor gave no hope of his recovery; he seemed to be gradually getting worse, and his strength was failing; but the climax of his illness did not occur until more than a week after my arrival.

I was out of the sick chamber at the time, but my friend's mother came hastily into the room where I was sitting and said, "The end has come. I am afraid he is breathing his last. Nurse B. thinks so too. I am going to send for the doctor at once and telegraph for his brother." At these words a voice seemed to say in my ear, "Remember your dream. The time has come." I rushed into the sick chamber. It was evidently too true: the shadow of death had fallen upon my friend. His face was corpse-like, just as I had seen it in my dream, and his breath came with the hard grating sound of one who is surely passing away.

The nurse looked terribly agitated. She said, "He is going."

And I answered, "It cannot be!" and taking both his hands in mine I uplifted myself in the strong desire for help, so that death might be conquered by life. And in answer the same strong flow of vigor poured through my body from the head downwards, until every nerve in me seemed to be tingling and quivering with it, and I distinctly felt it pouring out of my hands into those of the patient; a sensation like that experienced by holding the wires of an electric battery.

After about ten minutes or more the night nurse came in and administered brandy. I think she was much surprised that he appeared to have enough vitality left in him to enable him to swallow, in despite of his death-like pallor; but she persevered in administering it; first by moistening his lips, and then gradually wetting his tongue with it.

Of course, I held his hands all the time, until after the doctor came. He appeared still to look at the case as hopeless. But I, who had the experience of my dream to help me, knew the crisis was over, and that whatever further trouble in this illness should come during convalescence, our patient was not like to die.

I ought to add that when the nurse insisted on my losing hold of his hands I was almost in a fainting condition, so much of my own life-energy had been exhausted by the prolonged quiet necessary for inception and sending out of this new force.

Thus was my dream fulfilled, for my friend has recovered in spite of all predictions to the contrary.—E. R., in *Light, London*.

Oliver Wendell Holmes proposes to give his own brains a rest and those of the younger writers a chance. He will write no more at present.

A New Way to Fairy Land.

JOTTINGS FOR THE LYCEUM.

Away in the east, by the gates of Morn,
Where the sun first smiles on the waking
world,
A little maid wandered with heart forlorn,
While the leaves of the flowerets yet were
furled;
And she was as fair as a rose might be.
And the wind breathed soft as it kissed her
hand,
But her eyes were sad, and she sighed, "Ah me,
I fear I shall never find Fairyland!"

The day sped by, and she paused to rest
When, over the mountains that loomed afar,
The sun sank wearily down in the west
And there glimmered the light of the evening
star.

And the amber cloud of the afterglow
To the little maid's gaze was a golden strand,
And she murmured with joy, "Now the way I
know!"

In the west—in the west lies Fairyland!"

So she knelt by the bank of a tinkling stream,
And laved her brow in the cool, clear tide,
And her soul was filled with a rapturous dream,
As she passed forth to the high way wide.
And the nightingale sang to the rose, "Sweet!
Sweet!"

And the tall trees listening seemed to stand,
And the stars shone clear, as with eager feet,
The maiden went seeking for Fairyland.

Away in the west, where the sun goes down,
And the soft winds sigh o'er the restless deep,
And a for of pines is the grey cliff's crown,
A boy stood high on the topmost steep—
A boy, pale-faced and earnest-eyed,
Whose glowing soul pictured a vision grand.
"Ah me! If I knew but the way," he sighed,
"The way to that beautiful Fairyland!"

'Twas dawn; and far over the Orient dim
The angel of morning her radiance shed,
And the light fell dazzling down on him.
Then "Fairyland is surely there!" he said:
"In the east—in the east, where in kingly array
The sun o'er the world waves his magical
wand!"

Farewell, western hills: I've discovered the way,
And I'm going afar to see Fairyland!"

So, with many a hope in his breast, the boy
Away on his pilgrimage bravely strode,
And his heart beat high with a strange, sweet
joy,
As he left the hills for the world's rough road.
And the lark soared high in the morning sky,
And the waves sank low as they kissed the
strand,
And the wind through the pines seemed to breathe
"Good-by!"

As he passed on his way to seek Fairyland.

Full many fair summers have come and gone,
And many Decembers, with wintry strife;
And the boy still patiently wandered on
Alone o'er the wearisome road of life.
And he grew to manhood, serene and proud,
With dreams that the world could not under-
stand;

And still, with his passionate hopes endowed,
Went seeking and longing for Fairyland.

'Twas twilight hour, and from out the west
A star came shining with patient look,
And the wanderer tarried a while to rest,
And stooped to drink from a murmuring
brook!

And lo! as he rose in the gloaming grey,
He saw a maiden beside him stand;
And a sweet voice said, "I have lost my way;
Oh, please, is it far to Fairyland?"

Her lashes were wet with many a tear,
And he gazed at her in mild surprise;
And their glances met, and the light shone
clear,
And a strange new happiness lit their eyes.

And the nightingale sang to the rose, "Sweet!
Sweet!"

And their pilgrimage ended, as, hand in hand,
With smiling lips, in their joy complete,
They crossed the threshold of Fairyland.

—The Two Worlds, London

Gog and Magog.

In ancient times, when all the planets and constellations were regarded as gods, it was customary for the founders of cities to place them under certain tutelary deities, who were really none other than those constellations personified. The Magi, Druids, and other Astrological priests of the various nations from China to Britain, were alone in possession of this astronomical knowledge, and from its possession derived their almost unlimited power over the minds of the people of those days. London is one of the cities of Europe that by astrologers is placed under the influence of the Zodiacal Constellation, Gemini—the Twins of the month of May—the Castor and Pollux of the Greeks (who were in like manner represented as "heroes" on earth, and as the Constellation of the twins in heaven); Versailles, Metz, Louvain, Bruges Cordova, and Nuremberg, are other cities under the influence of Gemini; and the countries of Flanders, Lombardy, Sardinia, Brabant and Belgium, with the West of England, are also under that influence (the greater portion of Britain being, however, under the influence of Aries, the Ram of March). When, therefore, Londoners erect statues to two giants, and call them Gog and Magog, or the people of the other places on the Continent (above indicated) erect others which they call Roland and Oliver, with all sorts of miraculous legends attaching to them, they are but unwittingly celebrating the astrological knowledge of the wise men of the East, who carried their wisdom with their priestcraft into every country under heaven, and, knowing that London was influenced by Gemini, erected two idols to symbolize that fact, and which reach us today as Gog and Magog. Mr. R. J. Hopper asks whether "St. George and the Dragon may not be another representation of Roland?" The answer is, No; he is simply the genius of the Zodiacal sign of Taurus, the Bull of April, the beautiful month of Spring; and when he comes to the zenith, there in the Zodiac, under his feet, is seen cast down the Scorpion of "the cursed month" (as the ancients called it) of October, which is the ushering in of the five months of darkness and winter. His dragon-like tail may be easily recognized by reference to a Zodiac. In the accounts of St. George, he is always referred to as having been originally a butcher, or something connected with cattle. This is the esoteric clue to his identity with the bull of April.—*Medium and Daybreak, London.*

Mahatma—Its Meaning.

Mahatma does not mean "Great Master," as you say in your issue of the 3d inst., but "Great Soul." It is an easily intelligible compound of the familiar Sanskrit *Maha*, great, and the more recondite *Atma*, or soul.—*Holyrood, in Light.*

THE SIRIUS CIRCLE.

What Is Evil?

[NOTE.—The above circle is a strictly private one, founded by the correspondent who has occasionally written for these columns under the nom de plume of "Sirius." The members of this circle, whose collective motto is "LIGHT, MORE LIGHT," occasionally receive questions for presentation to the Spirit guides controlling their mediums, and as the answers to the questions heading this communication have appeared to our correspondent to be very full of wise, suggestive, and serious subjects for consideration, they are sent as a kindly contribution to the philosophical articles of *The Two Worlds*.—Ed. T. W.]

The questions submitted to the circle were:—

WHAT IS EVIL AND ITS CULMINATION—HELL?

Answer. Evil is of three degrees. The first is the evil or wrong done to the individual perpetrator. Such as envy, malice, sensuality, or vices. Such as drunkenness, which debases the organism, stupefies the brain, vitiates the appetite, and independent of its liability to stimulate the drunkard to perpetuate wrongs to others, it so lowers the nature of the whole being as to interfere with the uses which the drunkard might be engaged in, and creates a feverish craving for stimulation, which will be engraved upon the spirit and torment the soul in that life wherein the gratification of earthly appetites is impossible. Precisely the same laws of wrong and suffering apply to gluttony, sensuality, the inordinate desire for wealth, or merely selfish gratification in any and every direction. All are wrongs against the individual, and all result in unsatisfied longings in the life beyond. Hence they are wrongs which degrade the being on earth, and must be outgrown in pain and suffering hereafter.

The second degree of evil is to wish injury, wrong, or suffering to others, whether that wish is spoken, written, or merely felt. The soul of man is the real source of his being and power, and if that soul goes forth, whether in ban or blessing, it can and does become operative for evil or good. Curses and evil wishes hurt, harm, and touch their objects, almost as much as if they employed earthly tools to effect earthly ills. This is the true secret of ancient witchcraft. It is sure on this earth to return to the evil thinker in unrest and mental wretchedness, and in the life to come needs as surely actual atonement as if the evil thinker had put his wicked wish into action.

The third and last degree, and that which amounts to crime is to do wrong to another, whether in the act of cheating that other of a penny, or robbing him of life. Crime, all the way up, is to put evil wishes into acts, and these form a hell of unrest, remorse, and misery for the soul until they are wiped out by good deeds done at a fearful disadvantage, both to the individual wronged, his or her connections or in some directions which can afford the earthly criminal means of making ample the personal atonement for every wrong done.

To effect this sometimes requires ages of suffering. Unless the efforts to make atonement are successful, the suffering continues, for it is more difficult to make full atonement in the spirit-land than it is to do this on earth, and, therefore, it is that good spirits strive to warn mortals of the tremendous wrong which all criminals perpetrate against themselves as against others, by evil in thought, word, or deed.

OF THE TRUE HELL OF SPIRIT LIFE.

On earth all man knows, possesses, enjoys, or lacks is received from the external, or from sources outside of himself. In spirit-life all he knows, feels, enjoys, or lacks is received or outwrought from within, and he or she only knows, feels, enjoys, or lacks what the interior of the soul supplies. Hence to the first degree of evil, Hell is enforced abstinence, a passionate desire for self-gratification, but absolutely no means of supply. The feverish condition of the soul—wonderful to relate—projects from itself a lurid yellow ray, coloring every object with a jaundice hue, hateful to see, and dreadful to endure. The air is close, insufferable and feverish. The spirit seems shut in, breathless, and oppressed. The passions of the unsatisfied mind take objective shapes, and the drunkard, gambler, sensualist, and miser see the objects they so loved on earth imaged around them, without being able to partake of them. This fearful state continues for a longer or a shorter period according to the capacity of the soul to perceive the retributive justice of its punishment, and lift itself up to higher aims and aspirations.

In the second and third degrees of crime the spirit's hell is to be in darkness visible, yet to see all the images of those it has wished to wrong or actually injured. The spirit can only see from within, but his darkened soul represents himself as enclosed by high walls, shut in caverns, or deep, dark valleys encompassed by inaccessible heights. In conditions of great evil such as have been inflicted by tyrants, oppressors, murderers and cheats, the miserable spirit seems to be all alone, pining for companionship, yet all alone, and, having loved only himself, he has, for a time, no sight or sound but of himself, and when by agonizing longing for companionship his eyes are opened, he sees that he is surrounded by spirits like himself, each seeing on the other's forms the nature and hideousness of crime. Thus each behold and loathe each other for the sake of the crimes that deform them.

[More, much more, is written of these terrible pictures, which we feel it better to omit, concluding now with the words of hope and comfort that close this communication.]

All evils are of the earth, earthly, and must ultimately perish, some swiftly through penitence or remorse, others more slowly by conviction of the failure of wrong thinking and wrong-doing. ALL AT LAST ARE SAVED, PROGRESS, AND BECOME ANGELS OF GOODNESS. In every soul, sooner or later, the fires of evil

prey upon themselves and burn out. Amidst the ashes of burnt-out passions the spark of pure spirit, derived from God the Infinite and Eternal One, never dies, and this, surrounded by ashes of dead passions, commences a new life, fanned into flame and childlike growth by those ministering angels who, all the way during the pilgrim's passage through the hells of suffering, remorse, and repentance, are perpetually around, whispering hope and courage, prompting to better things, and, though unseen, or only perceived as sparks of light, or stars gleaming in the darkness, are absolutely, surely, and invariably there in every degree and every state, helping, inspiring, and ultimately leading penitent souls from darkness into light, from criminal manhood into the real new birth of child-like innocence, from hell into heaven.—*The Two Worlds, London, England.*

MAGNETISM.

The Curious Theory of a Sensitive.

Question asked—Does magnetism go to a distance?

Oh yes. Magnetism is the physical part of will-power. Magnetism belongs to the body, while the will is of the soul. There are various electric currents which travel through the earth, and whatever emanates from your mind (and mind is the creation of all things) falls in with its like and journeys on doing its work. So that when angry, the angry mind meets its currents, and falling in with the forces at work, not only strikes the object against which it is directed, but like the wind, bends and breaks all the objects it meets. So, should you be angry, just as long as your anger lasts you help to supply this anger current, which affects mankind as it goes, and ultimately the consequences return to you more or less as you have been affected—for the minds afflicted return in kind or in equally disagreeable sensations, which find you out.

In the matter of personal magnetism, a current cannot be conveyed unless the two magnetisms have previously been in contact, and then when a current has been established the positive can send it along, while in the mind-power or will, which is the superior. Minds can be influenced without there having been any previous intercourse between the two persons. It is the power of mind with which an author influences to humor, pathos or passion, or rouses to action a community that has never seen him. Words are living things, which in the act of writing—the writing, you must remember, is only the expression of the thought—become realities, either good or bad, which are launched from mind to mind-world, and never die again. This accounts for the world generally being in a frame of mind to receive a striking book. While the author thought and wrote, the thoughts traveled and influenced the people, so that when they were read in printed form, hundreds confessed to having very similar thoughts, but had not the courage to express them. This applies to Truth; whatever is true, or science, which is Truth, convinces.

The law of being, the law of life, and all pertaining to life, has been existing since life began; it is only man who is just beginning to find out laws which are older than the hills; and as he discovers he launches his discovery. And if his conclusions are truth, or of truth partially, he convinces, because you are but another expression of truth, science, or life, as you choose to designate it.

Whenever you get those feelings of dissatisfaction, be assured a mind or minds are distressing you, sending out ill-will or suspicion, and shut them off instantly. Most of the sickness among sensitives is the outward visible sign of contact with mind-poison. Mind poisons the blood, and in 100 years from hence your world will have mind-doctors, who will be enabled through the strength of their mind, gained by purity of life and thought, to cast out the devils of disease and pain without any external aids of passes, etc.

Disease is the revenge of mind upon body, and many a one is afflicted with sickness unto death through fear, suspicion, evil-thinking or evil-speaking. Oftentimes the object of public admiration is stricken with sickness through private envy. These envious arrows are the cruel poison darts, and every sickness is the outward effect of a different state of mind. A man who makes worldly-gain his business, political or any such concentrated personal cares his life, is subject to Bright's disease of the kidneys. The cure for this is soul culture or utter self-forgetfulness. Toothache, loss of hair, etc., is the revenge of anxiety preying upon the nerves. A jolly temperament may lose hair, but seldom suffers nerve pain.

Cure the mind; cure the mind. When any suffer, enquire into hopes, fears, past losses, troubles, and future plans—apply mind cure to the desires which are not spiritual. Cure a man of his ambition, which is centered in self-love, and his kidneys will be cured. The sphere does not limit ambition; a tiny cup is just as full as a tub; and the man who digs in a coal mine may be as anxiously ambitious as a king.—*A Lady Sensitive, in Harbinger of Light.*

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.

A Berlin correspondent writes that the Kaiser is "moody as an April day and headstrong as a woman," which is a severe indictment even for a Hohenzollern. It is said that his vanity has grown inordinate, and that he is perpetually on dress-parade before his people, while he becomes more and more fond of the sight of uniforms and the glittering pageantry of military spectacles.

RATHER CURIOUS.

THE CAUSE OF COLOR IN ANIMALS.

Since writing to you on the above subject I have learned a few more particulars, for which I shall be glad if you can find a corner.

It seems to be now a well-established fact that, as the old Syrian herdsman believed, coloring in animals is produced through the eyes. Thus fish are sometimes met with of a dark color in spite of the light, sandy surface where they are found, and these fish are always either blind or going blind; their darkness of color being in proportion to their blindness. They cannot see their surroundings, and therefore cease to have the color of their surroundings. The explanation offered for this strange fact is that "the color is caused by reflex action set up by the animal seeing the color," and it is on this explanation that I should like to offer an observation or two.

"Reflex action," if it exists at all, must be a "constant quantity" and have the same effect on all animals, at least all of the same species, that live together; for they all look on the same colors. "Reflex action" is therefore inconsistent with the doctrine of Natural Selection, which accounts for all colors by supposing a series of accidents and chances. Moreover, how does "reflex action" produce different colors in male and female birds living together? They both look on the same colors and ought to be colored alike, if "reflex action" were the cause of their coloring.

It is well known that colors fade in disease and weakness, while "robust health and vigor add to their intensity." Now this fact would seem to point to the animal spirits as the cause of the color and not to "reflex action." And the fact that in the breeding season male birds become as a rule more brilliant than at other times, would seem to point in the same direction. The males of some birds are as sober colored as the females, except at this particular season, when they become quite gay and gaudy. Now, as colors are produced through the eyes, it must follow that at this season the male bird sees all things in a rosy light. It is through his exalted state of mind that the effect is produced, and not through "reflex action," and therefore the cause is a physical one.

It is well known that singing birds have no finery, and fine birds no song. The song and the finery are only two different ways of externalizing the feelings of the heart, and either way is sufficient. Birds of rich plumage, Mr. Wallace informs us, have a "surplus of energy," and he instances birds of paradise and peafowl. Of humming birds it is the ornamental species alone that are fierce and pugnacious and afraid of nothing. They dart about attacking all they meet as if they looked on the world as their own. Life to them is one ceaseless intoxication of delight. And this is just what we should expect if we regard their plumage as an outward manifestation of their inner life.

In some species of birds the male attends to the hatching of the eggs, and in such cases he is, as we should expect him to be, clothed in very sober livery. What of the joy and sunshine of existence can ever reach his melancholy heart as he dreams away his days and nights on his solitary nest? His lady, however, having thrown all her household cares on the husband's shoulders, blossoms forth in all the radiance of a jubilant life. Her glad heart cannot manifest itself in song, but it does what it can do—it covers her wings with silver and her feathers with gold. It is the heart, sir, the inner life that does it all. Even the poor fish show that they are capable of feeling sorrow and gladness, for as Mr. Poulton tells us in his book on the "Colors of Animals," they "become much brighter while they are feeding." It is just as a hungry dog sometimes yelps his delight while eating his long-deferred supper. The poor fish cannot yelp their delight, but they show it in their own way. Aye, and the darkness of the fish that are becoming or have become blind, may also be traced to a physical cause. It is well known that eyeless fish living in dark caverns are often found white. Now why don't these become dark as plaice and trout do when surrounded by darkness? Is it not because they are in their natural surroundings? They are happy where they are. Their inner life is not darkened by sorrow. Let these same fish, however, be transferred to an aquarium where they cannot altogether escape the light, and they will become dark. The light makes them feel unhappy. It darkens their inner life and they externalize the darkness in their color.

All living creatures naturally haunt the localities which they like best. They attach themselves to certain surroundings and certain colors. Those colors and surroundings become objects of their affection, and as our great poet puts it, "affection, mistress of passion, sways them to the mood (color) of what it likes or loathes." It is of things on a different level that another writer is speaking when he tells us that by beholding a certain glorious object as it were in a glass we become gradually changed into the same image.—*George Harper, in Light, London.*

Peter Ziegler, of Dedham, who had been hiccuping for a whole week to the alarm of his friends and the confusion of his doctors, was cured in an hour's time by eating a raw onion and drinking a bottle of stock ale.

An idea of the load Senator Plumb carried on his shoulders is given in the simple statement of the fact that there are pending in the Pension Office more than 6,000 claims for Kansas, which were filed and pushed forward by Senator Plumb.

Lothar Bucher, Bismarck's former private secretary, is preparing his master's memoirs. Bucher was a revolutionist of 1848. He is the author of some of the ablest political pamphlets of the day. He is said to be a man of wonderful ability.

Extraordinary Phenomena.

A Son Appears to His Father.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY Z. P. GRIFFIN.)

M. Gomis is a Spaniard of little education, who belongs to no church and makes no religious pretension. He has been attending, however, for some time, the Adventist church. But the following facts will give you the reason why he left them:

On the 13th of August, 1890, M. Gomis left his home in Algiers (Africa), for a trip into Switzerland, and to take part in a reunion which would last eight days. But upon arriving in Switzerland he was persuaded to change his intentions, and remain with them until the close of the year. On the 20th of October, while lodging with his friend Gustave Roth, he heard in his sleep a plaintive voice, crying, "Papa! papa!" He awoke at once, very much agitated, with the idea that his son, then in Relizane (Algiers), was in some great trouble. His hosts perceived in the morning that he was in low spirits, and he told them what had happened in the night, and his apprehensions.

In the night following he was told in a dream that he must at once depart for Algiers. In the morning he informed his friend that he must leave on the next Sunday, without fail. They tried to dissuade him from leaving, and told him to give up the whim about the danger of his son. But M. Gomis was not to be deterred from his purpose, believing it to be the warnings of God that he had received.

On Saturday evening, just before supper, he received a dispatch from Relizane, announcing the dangerous illness of his son, and pressing him to return home at once. When his friends saw this dispatch they were much astonished, for M. Gomis had told them twenty-four hours before that his son was in danger. James Egenberger, H. P. Holser, Gustave Roth and others can testify to the above facts. After having received this dispatch M. Gomis went up into his bedroom. The holy spirit had told him his son was in the most imminent danger. He fell on his knees, and from 8 to 9 o'clock he prayed to God with tears in his eyes to preserve his son. When he rose from his knees he felt that his prayer had been answered. A sweet and consoling hope filled his heart. The thought that he would be deceived never entered his mind.

On Sunday, November 7th, he left Bale, Switzerland, and arrived in Relizane, Algiers, Thursday, the 13th of November, at 10 o'clock p. m. It may easily be imagined with what anxiety he retired to bed that night. The next morning he hastened to the hospital to see his son. Monsieur Emile Rebeul, the evangelist, accompanied him. What a touching scene! He embraced his son and cried for joy, and for a number of moments was unable to speak.

Then followed explanations. The son declared that for many hours he had been unable to perceive whether he was alive or dead. For his spiritual body was out of his natural body, which had become cold and rigid. But his spirit was transported away from his body, to Bale, in Switzerland. He there saw his father in prayer, and heard what he said, and had prayed (invisibly) also in the little chamber with him. He described accurately the chamber, and M. Roth's house, where his father was staying, although he had never been in Switzerland.

During his state of disincarnation, he insisted that he had seen the Lord Jesus Christ, who had put his hand upon his head and blessed him, and exhorted him to make known all these things to the churches, which, to-day, are enveloped with the torrent of unbelief which Satan had vomited out upon the people of God in general. He told this boy that he, the Son of God, was always at the side of each believer to hear, when he prayed with confidence; that he interceded with God for his life; that was the promise. He could to-day, as in the times of the apostles, raise up witnesses to his spirit, which in this age had been silenced.

The young man was not able to talk a great while. But this circumstance was the cause of M. Gomis leaving the Adventists, who ascribed it, as usual, to the Devil. But M. Gomis, the father, now has the power to heal by prayer. He has a large congregation whom he has cured, and who come to hear him preach.

The above translation is a letter from a correspondent at Oran, Algiers, in *La Lumiere*.

Mr. Walter Besant and His Haunted House.

I have just heard of a haunted house which I am going to watch carefully (writes Mr. Walter Besant in his "Voice of the Flying Day"). It has been standing vacant for some time, but was recently taken by a family. They began by complaining that they could not sleep at night. Noises were heard; they seemed like footsteps; a cold breath in their faces startled them into wakefulness. The father of the family said it was all nonsense; he would not hear of such rubbish; the family should put such things out of their minds. They prepared therefore to bear their sufferings and their terrors with a Spartan fortitude. Meantime the nervous condition of the girls became almost intolerable, and I know not what would have happened had not the father himself one morning, on coming down to breakfast, made an announcement. "We are going to leave this house today," he said, banging the table with his fist, "this very day." In an hour or two the vans came round, and the furniture went into safe keeping while the family removed to temporary lodgings. The house is now empty, and the board is up. I am curious to learn what will happen when the next family moves in. And I am most anxious to find out what the old man saw.—*Light, London.*

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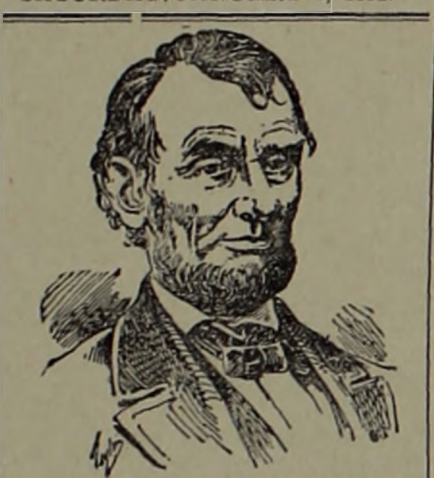
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Do you want a more bountiful harvest than we can give you for 25 cents? Just pause and think for a moment what an intellectual feast that small investment will furnish you. The subscription price of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is only twenty-five cents!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

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

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1892.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, A SPIRITUALIST, AND AN HONORED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

MOST EXCELLENT!

A Letter Containing Twenty-Six Dollars.

TO THE EDITOR:—The time has again arrived for renewing my subscription for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. As it is now nearly double its former size, with no additional advertisements to lumber its columns, and still furnished at one dollar a year, the intelligent reader knows full well that only through an extensive circulation, or deterioration in the quality of the reading matter, can you expect to meet with financial success in the generous policy you have inaugurated. We should greatly prefer to see it reduced to its former size, rather than have you resort to the latter alternative, which we have no idea you intend to do.

To increase the quantity and quality of the reading matter, without increasing the present price of subscription, or the present number of advertisements, leaves you but one channel of escape from financial shipwreck—namely, an increase in your subscription list, which is the only true method of cheaply securing those two essential requisites, QUANTITY and QUALITY!

In renewing my own subscription, please add the following twenty-five names to your list of one year subscribers, most of whom are unaware that they are to receive the paper, and are not fully in accord with its liberal teachings; yet trust they will glean sufficient food for thought to awaken a deeper interest in the demonstrated truth of spirit return, and the pure and rational system of ethics such knowledge inculcates.

Inclosed find N. Y. draft for \$25, for the twenty-five names herein. Very cordially yours,
J. S. COWDERY,
Sandyusky, Ohio.

A thousand thanks, Brother Cowdery, for the interest you manifest in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It will continue to improve in the future, as it has in the past, and will obtain what you suggest as absolutely essential—an extensive circulation! The paper will be sustained on its merits, and advertisements in the future, as in the past, will play no part in its support. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has the finest home of any Spiritualist paper in the world, which we hope Mr. Cowdery will visit some time and inspect. That home is paid for, and is on the west side of a beautiful park, in the very center of a spiritual influx, which assists us greatly. The outlook for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has never been brighter. It has never resorted to the pernicious, unwholesome practice of selling stock, or seeking bequests, or waiting for some wealthy men to "die in its behalf." It has from the start aimed to throw around itself the cloak of independence, at the same time not wishing to accumulate wealth, but only to extend its benign influence. Every cent we have made,—every cent we shall make in the future,—will be used exclusively to enrich the paper in quantity and quality. Our only aim has been, and is now, to leave the world better than we found it. Our only prayer to the Spirit-world is: "Give us strength! give us strength! to do the work incumbent on us." Again, in behalf of the Spirit-world, as well as personally we thank Mr. Cowdery.

Enthusiasm Everywhere Over the Change.

The "New Revelation" is a surprise indeed! If it was the best paper published before with only four pages, what is it now? Can you make it a financial success, or will you sink a fortune, or will you increase the price? If it is self-sustaining now, what can be said of the \$2.50 papers that are chuck full of advertisements?

Hurrah for Hudson Tuttle! but I fear for his safety, as the low, sneaking meanness of church bigots will not shrink from murder; will not shrink from cutting off the greatest, the best and brightest of beacon lights, by cold-blooded murder. The writer of that letter is a meaner sneak, a viler creature than ever a buccaner or robber that roamed land or sea for booty; for he would rob the race of the proprietorship of soul or conscience. How can an honest man treat a priest with courtesy? If the priest is intelligent, he is aware of his hypocrisy himself.

Please send us a medium here. I would be glad to correspond with one that can come. Long live THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. J. L. PLEDGER.

Never fear for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, Bro. Pledger. It is pursuing new lines of success, and will keep squarely on them, and will continue to make improvements during the years to come. When it ceases to do that it will be superseded, as it should, by some enterprising genius. A second-class Spiritualist paper has no claim whatever on the public. If it falls in the rear, it is entitled to no sympathy, and should crave none. We will congratulate the genius who will rise up and publish a larger, fresher and grander paper than THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Why? Because Spiritualists will be the gainer, and the single individual in the background counts but little in the world's progress. Spiritualist papers are like individuals—some of them are bound to fall into that lamentable state known as dotage! and then they demand a sympathy which they are not entitled to. If we charged \$2.50 per year for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and advertised at high rates, we would have a profit of nearly \$10,000 per year, with our present circulation. In this great movement, in this 19th century, the masses like to see a spirit of enterprise, and that is why they like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. When it first started all the other Spiritualist papers combined had not a circulation of 25,000—small—very small indeed! No one dared to try to refute the charge then made, nor will they attempt it now. We expect to have that number at no distant day. We will, however, as we have said before, receive that genius with a cordial smile and open arms, who will rise up and present a paper far surpassing in merit THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER; for Spiritualists, and the world at large, will be the gainer; but we assert that he will have a terrific struggle to gain the ascendancy, and in the meantime, the "intellectual fire" will scintillate.

A GENUINE SURPRISE.

The Facts by Hudson Tuttle.

You have indeed given the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER a genuine surprise in presenting them your enlarged edition, filled to repletion with ideas that strike a responsive chord within the breast of every progressive man and woman. Your paper is an evidence that the world moves, for only with the advancing intelligence of the age could such an exponent of the glorious truths of modern Spiritualism come to the front in so short a time. It seems that the story by Hudson Tuttle is hurting somebody, else why such a vigorous kicking, and threats of assassination. If what he writes is true (and he is generally level-headed), the letter all the more shows the necessity of ventilating the workings of Romanism in free America, and the necessity of exposing the secrets of the confessional, as well as the corruptions practiced by the church, and in the name of religion. The reply of Bro. Tuttle has the right ring, and indicates that he was not born to be frightened by ecclesiastical powers, nor to be turned aside from fully performing his duty in the premises. Every reader of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER should try and secure at least one new subscriber, and double your list of readers at once. A merry Christmas and prosperous New Year to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and all its readers. WILL C. HODGE.

A Congratulation from the Hub.

TO THE EDITOR:—That was an admirable PROGRESSIVE THINKER that have in sight on Christmas week; eight pages and full of readable articles! Well, as I have said a great many times, and autobiographically also, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, though young, has grown in its short life to be the leading Spiritualist paper in this country, and has the largest circulation, is growing rapidly, and every Spiritualist should take it, if only as a reward of merit. It gives the most and the best reading matter for the money, of any paper published, and is decidedly the best to take; and if I am any judge, people all over the country are beginning to think so and are acting on the thought. In every letter I write, and my correspondence is large, I say a word in its favor; and though I write for many papers (all except the Banner and the Religious-Philosophical Journal; the former for good reasons, and the latter I do not consider a Spiritualist paper), my favorite is THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and those who want to read me will be sure to find my best efforts there.

Boston, Mass. JOHN WETHERBEE.

An Annual Passage on Our Line. TO THE EDITOR:—As my 16 weeks on trial are about ended, I inclose one dollar for an annual passage on your line. I like the paper; not because I am a Spiritualist, for I belong rather to the liberal or free-thought order; but because of its independent stand toward that relic of barbarism, the Romish Church. I hope the time will come, and that speedily, when every one of its prisons (convents) will be subject to police supervision, and the poor dopes therein allowed their liberty, if they desire it.

Port Morgan, Col.

"EXCELSIOR!"

That was the exclamation of Dr. R. B. Westbrook, when he saw the enlarged PROGRESSIVE THINKER. He is the author of several important works, and a critical and profound thinker, and his opinion delights us.

HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

He writes: "I am delighted with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Its success is no less deserved than wonderful."

The opinion of Brother Richmond, eminent as a jurist, distinguished as an author and lecturer, and one of the best men living, is worth its weight in gold. We assure him that we are not to the end in making improvements. We are waiting, patiently waiting, for our list to run up to 20,000, when we will have another and still greater surprise for our readers.

Dr. J. C. Phillips.

Dr. Phillips, the psychometrist, enthusiastic over the enlargement of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, has agreed to get us ten new yearly subscribers. From results already exhibited he will accomplish it soon. Let everyone manifest the same spirit, and what a grand work we will be able to do. Don't falter, don't lag, but assist in the work of redeeming the world. The paper is sent on trial 13 weeks for 25 cents, or 16 weeks for 30 cents. Three dimes can be easily secured in a letter.

Wonderful Revelation.

TO THE EDITOR:—Your 109 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has been received, and we were more than pleased with it. Allow me to offer congratulations at your "Wonderful Revelation." Let me quote from a slate-writing received by me through the mediumship of Mrs. Ivey while at Chattanooga, Tenn., which will fit your case as well as that of our Brother Hudson Tuttle: "Press on! Uphold the banner of light before the uplifted eyes of humanity! Your work is noble and true. Mankind will bless the workers in the cause. Those that falter not when the battle rages, and who conquer against the powers of darkness until the earth shall have been redeemed from ignorance, they shall bask in the light of eternal day."

BRO. and SISTER LAWRENCE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Happy Surprise!

TO THE EDITOR:—I am greatly surprised and delighted to see the wonderful growth of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. What a happy surprise it will be to all its readers. I was sure months ago of this. Among the good things in the Christmas issue is the call upon the public to pay an installment of the debt it owes to a noble worker. No more honest debt was ever contracted than that due to the self-sacrificing, hard-worked Spiritualist medium.

Brooklyn, N. Y. J. H. WHITNEY.

Note from a Prominent Physician.

Let me congratulate you upon your "New Revelation." For attractiveness and cheapness, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER creates a new era in spiritual literature. The liberal enlargement of the paper does infinite credit to the head and heart of its publisher, and should command our warmest gratitude.

R. G. GREER, M. D.

Hon. A. B. Richmond.

W. D. Scates, of Union City, Tenn., writes: "If you will publish the article by Hon. A. B. Richmond in pamphlet form and send me some, with the price of each, I will act as your agent and not charge you for selling them."

Takes Great Pleasure!

We take great pleasure in congratulating you on the enlargement of your ever-welcome paper, and assure you that it is doing a grand, good work among us, by so firmly taking and truthfully maintaining its rigid condemnation of Roman Catholicism.

G. A. CARR, Detroit, Mich.

A Christmas Greeting.

Mrs. F. C. Rouse, of Winona, Minn., writes: "We appreciate the 'New Revelation.' It was a splendid Christmas greeting to your patrons. Accept our heartfelt thanks for your grand effort."

Words Are Inadequate.

Dr. Fannie C. D. Miller, of Lawrence, Kansas, writes: "It was a great surprise to me—the enlargement of your paper. Words are inadequate to express my appreciation of the paper."

Simply Immense.

W. J. Dutton, of Battle Creek, Mich., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is simply immense; in fact, it is the leader, and ought to have a million subscribers."

He is Pleased.

Moses Hull writes: "It is impossible for me to express my appreciation of your efforts to give the world the best and cheapest paper in the world."

A Birthday Party at Liberal, Mo.

On the 26th of December, Mr. S. Andrews was seventy-nine years old. For several years he has been one of the most active persons in the town for the cause of Spiritualism. After he was seventy-five years old he superintended the building of the hall which the society, to which he belongs, owns. He is still prominent and active in the work of the society, and is its Vice-President. The hall is a neat, appropriate building. The society is incorporated under the name of The Spiritual Science Association, and the whole work of the association is on a basis calculated to be permanent. On the occasion of Mr. Andrews' birthday a rousing party was given him. His house, with double parlors, was full of guests, and the presents were numerous. There was a most elaborate table spread. Mrs. House, an excellent medium, was controlled, and her guide, Patterson, made a most felicitous and happy speech. There was fine music and other appropriate speeches, and a good social time kept up the joy till a late hour in the night.

E. W. BALDWIN.

A Book All Should Read.

ARYAN SUN-MYTHS, the Origin of Religions, by Sara E. Titcomb, author of "Early New England People," etc. 12mo., cloth. Price \$1.25.

The above-entitled work is for the people. It is overflowing with facts gathered from many authentic sources, and deals with subjects in which all are interested, and is more entertaining than any work of fiction. It carries us back to primeval times, and tells of the origin of our religious ideas, and of their spread among civilized races. Next to Dr. Brown's "Researches in Oriental History," we esteem it the most valuable book which can be placed in any library. Indeed, the Doctor writing us a few days ago, expressed an earnest wish that every reader of his "Researches" would procure and read this book, and place it on his library shelves as a companion volume. The Doctor, in his admirable work, tracing Christianity and all modern cults to Zoroastrianism, was content to say that the latter was only elemental and nature-worship, without entering into detail. Miss Titcomb, with no knowledge of the Doctor's positions, but writing at the same time, turned back an earlier leaf in the history of the race and has discoursed on this Nature Worship in a manner which will delight and instruct every reader. As references are constantly made to authorities, the learned can well use it as an index to hundreds of volumes where the several subjects are treated at full length.

A Good Thing.

Now comes the announcement that with all the great acquisitions of American enterprise and energy we are to have the bones of a saint among us, and that an elaborate golden shrine is to be erected to his memory. Only one such in this country, and that in the care of St. Peter's Church, Pittsburg, Pa., it is very probable our public conveyances and highways will soon be thronged with devout pilgrims to pay their devotions to his holy relics. With the bones of the saint came a vial of his blood, all carefully packed in a small iron-bound chest. For a hundred and twenty years, it is asserted, these sacred treasures, the remains of Paul de Vincent, canonized in 1737, because he was founder of the "Congregation of Priests of the Mission," have remained in the old church at Metteren, Switzerland. The claim that he was a martyr is probably a fabrication, to give greater sanctity to the hallowed dust.

Says Moshelm, in his Ecclesiastical History, Century Four, Part 2, Chap. 3, Sec. 3: "The list of the saints was augmented with fictitious names, and even robbers were converted into martyrs. Some buried the bones of dead men in certain retired places, and then affirmed that they were divinely admonished by a dream, that the body of some friend of God lay there. Many, especially of the monks, traveled through the different provinces, and sold, with most frontless impudence, their fictitious relics."

The successors of those ancient frauds are now importing bones and blood into this country, to extort adoration from the faithful.

Act Rightly.

A movement has been on foot in this city looking to a return of Bible-reading in our public schools. Protestants object to the Catholic translation of the Scriptures being read in the schools. They would not listen for a moment to the reading of the Jewish version. Let Protestants put themselves right on this question, and bar out all sectarian education from the school-room, then, being right, they can get the moral support of the public generally to antagonize Catholic influence, and in compelling even the parochial schools to teach the English language, and the elements of knowledge in theirs. Aggressive action on the part of Protestants only begets aggression on the part of those who oppose them.

Gross Tyranny.

The order has gone forth in Russia from the head of the Greek church that subjects of the Czar must either embrace the "true faith" or emigrate.—E.

Such an order is oppressive in the highest degree, and we do not wonder that the press of Christendom denounces it as an act of gross tyranny. And yet, it is probably an absolute fact that any Christian sect, without regard to name, if clothed with the power of the Czar, would act in a similar manner. The history of the past demonstrates it as to some of them.

The Tiger's Fangs Revealed.

A Catholic priest in Berlin, Wis., in a circular says:

"The time is not far when the Roman churches by order of the pope will refuse to pay the school taxes, and sooner than pay the agent or collector, put a bullet through his breast. This order can come at any time from Rome, and it will come as suddenly as the pulling of the trigger of a gun, and of course, this will be obeyed, as it comes from God Almighty."

The worst that can be said of this utterance is that it is absolutely true, and when we thus contemplate the terrible power that church holds over its millions of devotees in this country, well may we feel alarmed.

The Progressive Thinker.

Geo. McIntyre, the poet, writes: "Mercy, ain't it aaisy, though! How it booms! How handsome it is!"

Our Eclectic Magazine.

Every few weeks we devote our paper almost exclusively to extracts from foreign Spiritualist papers, furnishing the cream of the matter therein contained. While our own writers are the peers of any in Europe, yet these selections from foreign journals furnish a variety that at times, is truly refreshing. They crowd out many interesting reports and items, which will appear next week.

Dr. Norman M'Leod.

Dr. Norman M'Leod, who passed to Spirit-life a few days ago at 13 South Carpenter Street, was well known on the West Side as a magnetic healer and Spiritualist. He was Scotch by birth, but came to this country when an infant, and has lived in Chicago for nearly fifty years. In his younger days he took part in the McKinzie rebellion in Canada, being entrusted by the Governor with several important commissions. He was something of a character in his way. When he wanted any important information on home or foreign politics his custom was to write direct to the head of the government in question. He has frequently written to Gladstone, Bismarck and the President of the United States, and received letters from them on some of the burning questions of the day. One of his last letters was to Minister Egan on the Chili trouble, and he got a reply of which he felt rather proud.

Some time ago he wrote to the postal authorities in Washington calling their attention to the fact that the mail boxes were painted green when they should be painted red, and asking them to consider whether they could not make a change in this respect. He received a letter saying the matter was receiving consideration. Dr. M'Leod lived in a quiet way and mingled little in society. He was very sociable, however, and could tell stories by the hour of his young days, and what he had seen and heard during the course of his 78 years of life. With all his eccentricities, there are many who have occasion to bless Dr. M'Leod for his many acts of kindness.

Several Errors.

In the reconstruction of a paper, when everyone is particularly on the alert, then it is that some bungling work is apt to be done. In Hon. A. B. Richmond's article, whose manuscript is always perfect, several little errors occurred, by faultiness of the printer in making marked corrections. The general reader never gives an error of this kind a second thought, but they invariably make the author's spine quiver—a disagreeable sensation, which we know from actual experience.

General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Workers, Doings, Etc.

Geo. F. Perkins holds forth at Arcanum, Ill. N. Y., each Sunday evening. He holds afternoon meetings at Brooklyn. He is having excellent success. His address is 290 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Dr. McMaster writes from Batavia, Mich.: "Our little band of truth-seekers were given a grand feast by having with us a few days that true worker and medium, Mrs. Emily D. King, of Butler, Mich. She was with us over two Sabbaths. Her lectures and tests were greatly enjoyed. Her parlor meetings were such as will long be remembered for good by all in attendance. We all unite in wishing her many long years on this mundane sphere to proclaim the truth to the children of earth."

Isaac Ferris, of Stanton, Ill., writes: "If we could be visited by a good speaker and platform test medium, I think it would increase your number of subscribers and make lots of people happy."

F. H. Parker, of Santa Cruz, Cal., writes: "Mrs. Aldrich is our speaker now, and is meeting with great success. We hold meetings twice on Sunday; one on Wednesday and Reception for spirits and mortals every Friday evening. We have Beulah Hall under control of the Unity Spiritual Society, and nicely fitted up and centrally located. Any good mediums coming this way will be welcomed."

A subscriber writes: "Please do not publish my name in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, as I consider a name of no account, as we are all merely perambulating atoms, subject to a higher power, and instruments to be operated upon for the good of humanity. As far as Spiritualism is concerned, I inform all whom I come in contact with that I am an old Spiritualist, so you must not consider that I am ashamed of the cause."

Mark Dennett, of Beverly, Mass., writes: "We have been favored with two very instructive and interesting services by Edgar W. Emerson, of Manchester, N. H. His tests were numerous and remarkable, giving full names, and in many cases personal description."

Mrs. Rose L. Bushnell, of San Francisco, Cal., writes: "Mrs. Lizzie Fulton has just arrived from the East, where she has been for the past six months. She is much improved in power as a materializing medium; also in other phases. Through her powers wonderful demonstrations occur. Her slate-writing is marvelous."

Geo. D. Kirwin, of Denver, Col., writes: "Julius Wallace, the platform test medium from Australia, has given us two public seances. His tests and general manner of action were greatly admired by the large audience present. He assisted at a public seance given for a charitable purpose, and gave some remarkable tests; one in particular to a gentleman in the audience, who had threatened to kill a lady because she had refused to marry him. Her father's spirit gave his full name. The gentleman was very indignant, and threatened to strike the medium with his cane, but his arm fell powerless to his side. The test caused great commotion at the fearless manner in which it was given. Upon inquiry the test was found to be true in every particular. Wallace's seances are causing quite a stir in spiritual circles in Denver."

Thanks, Mrs. H. Conklin, for that extra dollar. It will go on a mission of mercy.

G. T. Howell, of St. Paul, Minn., writes that the Progressive Spiritualist Society is now prepared to engage speakers for January, February and March. Address him at 321 and 323 Thirteenth St., St. Paul, Minn.

Etta Saddlemyer writes: "Our circle medium, Mrs. Phoebe Parker, gave two lectures, Dec. 12th and 13th, before the Spiritualists of Syracuse. She is an inspirational speaker of a high order. She is also a good test medium. Though few in numbers, we keep the flag unfurled and stand by our colors."

Silas G. Gross writes as follows from Lehigh, Iowa: "The friends here and in Webster City have, within the last two weeks, had quite an awakening and renewing of the faith through the ministrations of Mrs. John Lindsey. She has the following gifts: Public speaking, clairvoyant, clairaudient, and instant composition of songs which she sings and plays on the organ. These songs and speaking are for the most part impromptu, and given instantly, without any forethought, on subjects given at the time by the audience. She reads from the black tablet the future, the correctness of which time will prove or disprove. She and her husband are doing much good. There was a stone in the shape of a human leg and foot, dug out of a coal mine here, which Mrs. Lindsey, under control, declared to be from a person who lived far back in time, towards the lost Atlantis."

Mrs. H. Conklin writes: "I prize THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER very much; I find much in it to enjoy, and much to develop reason and thought. It certainly aims to raise mankind to a higher and holier condition, and free the mind from debasing, slavish, superstitious fears, and to strengthen the hope, nay, more, the reality of a spirit-existence beyond the grave."

Yes, Brother H. Rix, Sr., the "Convent of the Sacred Heart," as presented by Hudson Tuttle, is founded on facts.

S. J. Walker, of Tampa, Fla., writes: "I think good mediums might find it to their advantage to visit this place, as many are now investigating Spiritualism, and with something to open their eyes now, it might elevate them to a higher ideal."

Mrs. E. R. Hall, Secretary of the Spiritual Alliance Society, St. Paul, Minn., writes: "The Spiritual Alliance of this city has entered upon an era of new life since Mr. Frank T. Ripley came among us to work for the good cause. The people demand tests, and tests of the most convincing nature they have through Mr. Ripley's mediumship. Last Sunday evening ten new members were received into the society with appropriate remarks by the controlling Spirit, William White. Congratulations from the old members followed, while the choir sang 'We'll all be gathered home.'"

The subject for the evening was, "Mesmerism and Psychology, and the Use of this Power." It was ably handled by the guides, who dwelt especially on the power of healing through mesmeric forces. The choir sang "Dream Faces," and after a few very satisfactory tests, the services closed with the doxology.

Frank T. Ripley, who is creating quite a stir in St. Paul, Minn., thinks THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER should have 250,000 circulation at once. We are of the same opinion, Brother Ripley.

Mrs. Mary Crail, of Trenton, N. J., writes: "Myself and husband held a very successful meeting, Sunday, 27th, in the City Hall, corner of Broad and Factory streets. Mrs. Minnie Brown, of Philadelphia, occupies the platform there next Sunday. The following Sunday the Association meets again in the hall over the Opera House. We admire the stand you have taken toward the Catholics."

T. G. Ruffhead, of Williamsport, Pa., writes: "Mrs. E. Cutler, of Philadelphia, has visited this city, and by her earnest efforts she has stirred up quite a revival of Spiritualism, and has succeeded in organizing a society here—The First Liberal Spiritualist Society—which bids fair to become quite a strong organization. At the close of her first lecture, Dec. 13th, she gave a number of very fine tests. The following officers have been elected: President, J. J. King; Vice-President, Morris Kelley; Secretary, T. G. Ruffhead; Treasurer, Mrs. Morris Kelley. Since organizing the society, Mrs. Cutler has lectured each Sunday to a highly interested audience. At her farewell lecture every seat was occupied. She leaves us with the best wishes of our society. She has a two-months' engagement to fill at Paterson, N. J. We would commend this excellent lady to any society needing a good lecturer and test medium. President J. J. King expects to have Mrs. Lena Bible here for the month of January, and wishes to keep the rostrum filled with the best talent we can procure."

Mrs. Nellie S. Baade has been re-engaged in Detroit, Mich., for the month of January. All such earnest workers should be kept constantly employed. She can be addressed for engagements at 576 15th street.

G. A. Carr, of Detroit, Mich., writes: "We have had for our speaker for December the young and popular speaker and medium, Oscar A. Edgerly, of Newburyport, Mass. His lectures combine conciseness and eloquence, and in a large measure practically. His tests are convincing and satisfactory. Our society has been so well pleased with his services that they will endeavor to again secure them for a longer period at his earliest open date."

Bishop A. Beals lectures in Kansas City, Mo., during January. He can be addressed there for engagements.

J. B. Alter, of Stuttgart, Ark., writes: "Please make a correction in the notice of the Temple dedication that is to occur here. We are made to say on Saturday, the 16th of January. It should say, Sunday, January 17th."

C. H. Lewis, of Covert, Mich., writes: "The good work is moving along nicely in this locality."

H. W. Boozer, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "The non-organization reasons are ably set forth by Mrs. Richmond's guides; but none of them apply to organizing on the basis I have offered, and personally I have found no objections to that basis. Sometime in the future it looks quite possible that this basis may be considered, for it in no respect can be the way of the Spirit-world operators, and it must be an aid. If the Pope dies, it is quite possible the Inquisitor successor may show his hand in our public school system; when we will see what the individual who owes no allegiance to any power on earth will do."

Preparing for Contingencies.

A late cablegram from Rome says the Pope is turning the securities in the papal treasury into ready money. He sold to the Roman banks nine million lire of credit shares, amounting to the nominal value of 20,000,000 francs.

Is it possible the successor of St. Peter, and the representative of God himself, is making preparations for an early flight from the Eternal City? If not, what do these sales prognosticate?

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

As Viewed from a Rational Standpoint.

Friends in England who have no interest in the personal controversy now going on between the admirers of the late Laurence Oliphant and the friends of Thomas Lake Harris, have requested the writer to give his estimate of Mr. Harris as a man, the apparent purpose of his strange experience, and what, in his judgment, will be the outcome of Mr. Harris's New Movement.

It is very difficult to convey to the general public a proper estimate of Mr. Harris on the lines of his work; for I venture to say that in all history no such character can be found, and no such claims were ever before put forward, and no such peculiarities exhibited as are out-worked in his career.

Mr. Harris claims that during his thirty years' isolation from the world he has passed to a state where the body and spirit act as one; that both are immortal; that this state is soon to pass upon humanity as a whole; and that he comes upon the scene upon the auspicious moment of the world's need to lead it into new conditions for its betterment. This, in brief, is his position. Confronting him at the threshold of his work are the revived remains of the old Oliphant controversy. I have heard both sides of that controversy. Like all such feuds, there is much error on both sides. Bitterness, recrimination and uncharitable denunciation are all that one hears from either side. In this particular there is no difference. One is as much to blame as the other. It is a repetition of the old story, where money comes in as a factor in these so-called social improvements. For this reason they, sooner or later, end in failure. Time and time again the world has been disappointed in these fair promises; but people will go on believing in these attempts to "reform the ways of the world."

The Harris-Oliphant failure is so marked—so emphasized by the prominence of its actors—that it would seem that now we are to have an end of it. But we are not. Mr. Harris and his following are more filled with enthusiasm over the "New Departure" than ever before; and I see cropping out the same old spirit of denunciation as in former years. Mr. Harris talks about the "Proletariat" and the "Plutocracy" with the same relish as in former days—forgetting that in the Oliphant time he was an "aristocrat" above the "common herd"; that he was a "King" and "Primate," to be obeyed without question. I am glad to note that in this respect there is an improvement. The kingly and pontifical robes have been laid aside, and we now have plain T. L. Harris, which is preferable. It is with this latter character I propose to deal—if I can.

The two sides of Mr. Harris's character are the most marked of any man of my acquaintance. I sometimes, when viewing him psychically, say to myself, "He is the Divinest-meanest man I ever met." In one direction he is innocent, child-like, confiding—a boy when off duty. Then instantly, as some impulse strikes him, he is foxy, revengeful, suspicious and unmerciful; ay, as some would claim, even unscrupulous. But it must be remembered that Mr. Harris repudiates our current ethical standards as factors in human evolution; and from his view-point there is no law to govern human action except the law of the "Use" of which he is head. Being open to the spirit-world, sensitive to its conditions, his own "states" color all his work. If he has a personal interest in persons he is warped in his judgments by his environment; and hence is just as liable to be unjust as the reverse. Having lived nearly all his life in practical disconnection from the world and its duties, he is often imposed upon by the designing; never suspecting, too, that he can be deceived even from the spiritual world in which he mostly lives.

The mistake that Mr. Harris is making—it is a mistake that all the enthusiasts of this age are making—is in supposing that by some coup d'état of spiritual awakening they can bring about, in advance, the Millennium—in advance of that evolution and development which hold the entire universe under law; that they can accomplish results outside the ordinary life of humanity. However painful it may be, however discouraging the contemplation, we cannot contravene the Irreversible. So the wise man works in silence and awaits the issue of all things.

To go no further than the American people—to whom Mr. Harris and his following are now addressing themselves. This nation is scarcely born. It is only a little more than 100 years old. It feels the vitality of its nascent life. It has yet to learn what the older nations have learned—that it is only through experience, bitter experience, that the lesson is mastered of how to live—how to economize life's forces and by actual want to know how to save. Foreigners who visit us are astonished at our extravagance; our thoughtlessness; our froth and foam of youthful exuberance. They say we waste more than would support the entire population of England and France. What they say is true; and nothing can cure us, nothing can sober us, but suffering. That is our next lesson. Neither Mr. Harris, Bellamy, the Farmers' Alliance, nor any other factor of our civilization can save us from what is at the door. Revolution will only intensify the bitterness and render more problematical our outcome.

I speak of this because in Mr. Harris's program, as announced in the "New Republic," there are sentiments expressed which are revolutionary—sentiments appealing to the worst passions of human nature—sentiments which he himself, I do not believe, has stopped to weigh or consider.

I am asked what I think of Mr. Harris's claim, viz.: that he has passed a crisis in his physical career which insures the redemption of his body as well as spirit; and that his experience is to be the experience of the Race. That he has passed through conditions which have resulted in some change of the atoms of his body I verily believe. Some such change

must come if we are to have a new external status in adaptation to our progress as a Race and as individuals of the Race. But to claim for this experience what he claims is utterly absurd and misleading. One would understand from his teaching that Man is to be made physically immortal; but to my view such a conception thwarts the eternal purpose as to our final outcome.

What of the so-called "Breath of God in Man" by which all this has worked out? A great deal. The question is—is it a fact? Of that I have no doubt, for I myself have had this experience for some thirty-five years—had it before I knew Mr. Harris. What does it mean? This, only: Every man, woman and child on this planet belongs to and represents some angelic society in the Great Beyond. As the conditions are prepared, both in the embodied atoms and their surroundings in both worlds, the "Breath of God," through angelic mediation, becomes active on all the planes of our life until finally it is manifested in and through the external lungs of the body. Mr. Harris has mistaken the whole trend of his experience, and has given to it a meaning which finds no verity except in his own vivid imagination. I do not discard the fact because of the folly exhibited in its announcement. The fact deserves the attention of the thoughtful—the scientific, and will doubtless command their attention as the age moves on its course.

Mr. Harris has never met the world on its own ground; knows very little of its practical methods; and hence his "Theo-Socialism" will, like all his other schemes, end in failure. At least, this is my humble judgment.

—M. C. C. Church, in *Light*, London.

Dreams and Digestion.

TAKEN IN SPIRIT TO DISTANT PLACES.

Perhaps the following experiences may be of interest to such of your readers as are doubtful of spirit realities.

Several years ago I was returning from a debate on Spiritualism, where I had taken the ground of "not proven," as regards most of the phenomena, when I became conscious of a familiar and delightful nervous sensation, and I felt impelled to say to myself: "Well, at any rate, I will keep myself open to all influences that seem really good, and if there are good spirits who will communicate with me without mesmerically depriving me of self-control, may God grant that they may do so. I will welcome all who come as guiding friends, but may all who would enslave my will keep far off." Immediately the sensation increased, and there was a mental suggestion that a brother who had died some years before was present.

That night there came a vivid dream. Frederick (my brother) seemed to be walking with me through various places I did not then know. Though I seemed to see him, I still more clearly felt him in spirit. He was the same person as I had known him, but wonderfully changed. He seemed to speak of everything from a higher point of view; self-seeking had given way to loving sympathy, and I felt the littleness of my aims.

Next night he came again, and said that the father of a young lady friend had died, and she was in great trouble. Then, unfortunately, a nightmare, brought on by a heavy supper, dulled my spirit, and though he kept trying to communicate, it was of little use.

Next morning a letter came from a sister, beginning with the very words he had used. Several times since then he has taken me in spirit to distant places (which I had never seen); and a few weeks afterwards I have unexpectedly visited them, and found every building exactly as seen. For several weeks I dreamed each night of the fall of a building, and at last there was a terrible accident a quarter of a mile away (in Glasgow), numbers of poor girls being crushed. Similarly I had a vivid vision of the late eruption in Italy a few days before its occurrence. I am what would be called a "normal" medium, I suppose; during the daytime I am never entranced, and, in fact, am often working when visited by spirit friends; but at night the impressions are much more vivid, owing to the absence of external disturbances. On the other hand, a disordered stomach will seriously affect an inspired dream. Let enquirers obey the higher promptings in all things, even the most trivial, as the spiritual organs grow by training.—*Medium and Daybreak*, London.

A Prophetic Vision.

I send you a case of clairvoyance, relating to Theodore Korner, the soldier poet, as recorded in a letter from a brother officer:

"The day before our departure, I passed an hour with Korner. His sister, a dear, affectionate girl, was painting his portrait; she is a pupil of Gaff, and paints admirably in oil. All at once, with a loud cry, Emma let fall the brush and burst into a fit of weeping. 'For heaven's sake, what afloats you?' exclaimed Theodore, rushing to her. She took her handkerchief, and, still weeping and trembling, pressed it to his forehead. 'Here it flows,' she exclaimed; 'I saw it but too plainly. Thou art wounded, thou art bleeding; and then, recovering somewhat: 'Ah! my sick fancy! my indescribable love for thee! As I was painting, lost in thought, the scene before me disappeared, and I could only see thee wounded and bleeding; I dreamed with my eyes open.' Theodore, in his lively way, lost not a moment in giving a cheerful aspect to these dark forebodings. 'It was a case of clairvoyance, dear Emma,' said he; 'now, for myself, I prefer the darker side—the black art, and therefore beg to be indulged with a cup of black coffee.' (Foster's letter to his sister.) How that vision was realized, alas! everybody knows.—*Caroline Korner, in Medium and Daybreak*.

Since Boulanger's death in exile his bronze bust has been banished from the mantelpiece of his quondam admirers; and no less than 130 of these images have been disposed of at pawnshops.



CATHOLIC SUPERSTITIONS.

They Are Illustrated from a Catholic Standpoint.

As an illustration of Catholic superstitions, says the *Independent Pulpit*, we publish the following tract on "Devotion to the Sacred Heart," as it appeared in the *Colorado Catholic* of June 6th, 1891, and ask those Liberal and Protestant Christians who look with careless indifference upon the growing strength of this malignant power on our continent, to regard it as an earnest of what will be taught in our public schools when once they come under its control.

For an example of the moral condition of a people depending on priestly indulgence for absolution from wrong-doing, we have only to read the history of Europe during the Dark Ages. But here is the tract referred to, and which, we are told by the *Colorado Catholic*, is "a sacred treasure":

"BEADS OF THE SACRED HEART."

"OBJECT OF THE BEADS."

"The object of this little beads is to furnish us with an easy means of offering, in a very short time, a most pleasing homage to the Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and of gaining for ourselves great spiritual favors. The prayers that compose it are themselves excellent; but they are made still more excellent and precious by the indulgences attached to them by the Church.

"THE INDULGENCES."

"These indulgences are very great. 1. *Plenary*. Those who say the little beads once a day for a month can gain, on the usual conditions, four plenary indulgences during that month. 2. *Partial*. Added together, the partial indulgences to be gained every time the little beads are said make a whole of 34,935 days or 95 years and 260 days. If said before a picture of the Sacred Heart exposed for public veneration, the whole would be 103 years and 175 days.

"A REAL TREASURE."

"It is plain that this is a real treasure. We can gain it in a few minutes; we can also increase as much as we like. In traveling, in sickness, in loneliness, in going from one place to another, we can say this little beads; in the night, during hours of wakefulness, we can say this little beads; in the day, during moments or hours which are now perhaps spent in idleness and lost for eternity, we can say this little beads, and can thus be always increasing our spiritual treasure, and paying off the debts of our souls. The indulgences of this little chaplet are independent of each other. This is another advantage. For, if we should happen at any time not to say the whole beads, we do not lose all the indulgences—we gain those attached to the great which we say.

"VALUE OF INDULGENCES."

"St. Ignatius said: 'For those who seek the love of God and heaven indulgences are a rich treasure, and are so many precious stones.' These words may be applied in a special manner to the little crown which is here offered to the associates of the Apostleship of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is indeed a rich treasure. It is composed of many precious stones. There are friends of the Sacred Heart still suffering in purgatory, still separated from Jesus, still deprived of the sight of the wonders and beauty to be seen in heaven. They are our friends. We ought to help them. From this rich treasure we should give them means of paying off the debts they owe to God's justice. We can do so; for all the indulgences of this little beads are applicable to the holy souls in purgatory. The precious stones, the priceless pearls of this little crown, are everywhere to be found. Wherever we are, whithersoever we go, we find them, as it were, at our feet, and have but to stoop down and gather them up. We should think ourselves very happy and very lucky to be able to get them on such easy terms.

"MANNER OF SAYING THE LITTLE BEADS."

"1. At the beginning and at the end, devoutly make the sign of the cross. (50 days' indulgence every time it is made. Pius IX., 28th July, 1863.)

"2. Ask the light and grace of the Holy Ghost, through the intercession of your guardian angel. Say: Angel of God, my dear Guardian, to whose care the divine love has entrusted me, deign to enlighten and to guard me, to rule and to guide me. Amen. (100 days' indulgence every time; a plenary indulgence once a month. Pius VI., 2nd Oct., 1795, and 20th Sept., 1796; Pius VII., 15th May, 1821.)

"3. On the first large grain make the following offer: Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus, in satisfaction for my sins, and for the wants of the Church. (100 days every time. Pius VII., 29th March, 1817.)

"4. On the first small grain which follows make an act of faith; on the second, an act of hope; on the third, an act of charity. These acts may be made thus:

"My God, I believe in Thee, because Thou art Truth itself.

"My God, I hope in Thee, because Thou art kind and merciful, and faithful to Thy Promises.

"My God, I love Thee, because Thou art infinitely good and worthy of my love, and I am sorry for all my sins against thee. (7 years and 7 quinquages every time; a plenary indulgence once a month. Benedict XIV., 28th Jan., 1766.)

"5. On each of the large grains which precede the decades say:

"Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like to thine. (300 days every time. Pius IX., 25th Jan., 1868.)

"On each of the small grains of the decades are to be said the two following invocations:

"Sweetest heart of Jesus, be my love!

"Sweetest heart of Mary, be my salvation!

"(To each is attached an indulgence of 300 days every time, and a plenary indulgence once a month if said every day. Pius IX., 30th Sept., 1852, and 10th Dec., 1868.)

"7. The beads are to be finished by calling on the three holy names, which we should often have on our lips during life and at death. On returning then to the three small grains at which you began, make the following invocations:

"Jesus, Mary, Joseph, I give you my heart, my soul, and my life.

"Jesus, Mary, Joseph, assist me in my last agony.

"Jesus, Mary, Joseph, grant that I may die in peace in your company. (300 days' indulgence every time. Pius VII., 28th April, 1807.)—*Agnostic Journal*, London, England.

Have You a Soul?

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."

"Have you a soul?" a veteran asked. The while he pondered o'er the cause, The effect of which, his daily task, On conserving Nature's laws. Then warning to his theme again And glancing long the 'marching line,' He calls a halt, to relieve the pain A soldier feels while marking time.

"Have you a soul?" again he cries, And thrilling with the question put, He leads the van with a noble 'Five,' Then asked "the ranks" to follow suit. Will they 'respond to call' as this: 'A soldier faltering by the way From gradual growth of weariness, And lack of food and lack of pay,

"And furnished rooms where rent is due, And lack of that essential care Bestowed on others, who never knew The price sufficient to the share Of goods received, and now the pain Of overwork and ill-reward And labor spent for others gain And age is on, and times so hard?"

"Have you a soul?"—the enumeration Of causes common to us each, Will add no weight though specification Were multiplied beyond our reach. The question is, shall every soldier, Responsive to his own parole, Send on his dime, and growing bolder, Shout with vigor—"I have a soul!"

Chicago. GEO. P. MCINTYRE.

Illustration of Invisible Forces.

TESTS OF SPIRIT POWER AND PRESENCE.

One of my experiences (to which my daughter was privy as well as myself) was so strange that I have hesitated to relate it, but as it most certainly happened, I feel that I should not refrain from telling it. At the time of the occurrence we were living in a country village, and were about to move into a new house; before turning in to sleep in our new abode we took a few turns up and down the walk before the house. My daughter drew my attention to a bright light which gleamed over a trellis gate, which led round to the back garden. As I looked at the light it divided into three separate lights, one appearing like a beautiful blue star (which I saw drop out of the larger light). I may mention that I had lost three children, and the lights appeared to me to represent their respective heights. I considered it a sign that they knew of and were interested in our move. There was no natural way in which the appearance could be accounted for. It was more than a year after this that I was reading to my daughter the chapter in Mrs. Crow's "Night Side of Nature" on "Spirit Lights," and I made an allusion to the occurrence I have just mentioned. My daughter appeared inclined to treat the matter lightly, and I remarked, "Well, if that has not convinced you, something may happen which it will be impossible for you to gainsay." I will mention that the date was Midsummer Day, and we were intending to leave the house before Michaelmas Day. It was Sunday afternoon, and we were quite alone in the house. Shortly after, my daughter came down from her room, we locked the front door, and immediately proceeded to church, which was just opposite.

Here I must explain that jutting out from a cupboard, in the landing-place, and built so as to overhang the well of the stairs, was a wooden construction, a sort of tray, on which were neatly piled, one over the other, several portmanteaux. On our return from church my daughter mounted the stairs to her room, and exclaimed, addressing me (we were still quite alone in the house), "Why, who can have done this?" One of the portmanteaux had been removed from the overhanging ledge I have mentioned and deposited opposite to my daughter's bedroom door—a distance of about four yards.

No one had entered the house since we left it to go to church, and no one but ourselves was in the house when I made to my daughter the remark I have mentioned before locking the door and leaving for church.

This occurrence was brought forcibly to my mind the other day on reading Professor Lodge's interesting lecture in *Light*, in which allusion is made to the action of invisible force upon matter. On two subsequent occasions, when changing houses, I have had proofs, as I considered, of my children's knowledge of, and interest in, our movements, but to recount them would make my letter too long.—*Plain Facts*, *Light*, London.

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How Does the Conjuror Do.

THE PASSAGE OF MATTER THROUGH MATTER.

Your observation in "Light," of September 28th, is indeed noteworthy. You say that we depend less and less on the argument of supernatural phenomena. You speak of them as an intrusion into the legitimate domain of the conjurer, which is no argument in favor of either religion or philosophy. Truly, phenomenal Spiritism has become "the legitimate domain of the conjurer." But it was not so forty-three years ago. Then the conjurer stood behind a large cloth-enveloped table, covered with the insignia of his craft, with an anxious look. Now he skips lightly on the stage with tight sleeves and a buoyant heart, and with no anxiety on his visage, because something or somebody else—it need not be a material body—does his tricks for him. We may say, without prevarication, that the conjurers have utilized physical Spiritism. When Lord Tennyson lately complimented his village hairdresser for dexterously taking two shillings out of his clenched hand, that he knew he had had hold of there, he complimented, I believe, the wrong source. It was either an external being that caused matter to pass through matter, or, if it was the hairdresser's double, it was that entity who deserved the compliment. But if it be our doubles who do these things, they are profound perverters of the truth, because the factors always say that they are external spirits. And we all must, I think, feel uncomfortable at the idea of our second self bearing such a bad character. I have seen the same "trick" done through the conjurer Bosco. Bosco referred the act to other than a double. He made two young men bandy a shilling from the closed fist of one to the closed fist of the other. But before the transference, in each case, he made the young man who held the shilling repeat the following Italian words: "Spiriti infernali, ubedite," which being interpreted means, "Spirit infernal, obey."

I have the program of a famous conjurer before me now. The ending of this program has the following:

"SPIRITUALISM."

"A Private Seance. At the conclusion of each entertainment Professor Duprez, who has been termed the most Inimitable Spiritualist of the day, will give, to a limited number of persons only, one of his Original and Famous Dark Seances, which still remain a Mystery to the Whole World."

M. Duprez, a Frenchman, may exaggerate, but he is honest. He must be a powerful physical medium. I saw his performance some years ago, and although I was sorry for his birds that have to perform nightly in the glare of gas, I believe that there is scarcely a "trick" performed in which he is not aided or supplanted by unseen force. He certainly never will teach a religion or a philosophy, but I fancy he must make many people think, and believe also, that, even before the dark seance, there must be an unseen external force coming at every moment to his aid with skill and intelligence. I have, on a previous occasion, shown that the clever writer in "Punch" who indites the "Voces populi" is quite of the opinion that no quick-fingered of the carnal hand alone can account for half what the conjurers do in the present day. As regards M. Duprez, the "Manchester Guardian" writes of "his necromantic skill"; while the "Birmingham Daily Gazette" puts it in this way: "Indeed, it is a question whether his feats of legerdemain are his own." While the "Cardiff Figaro" says: "He staggers the least emotional by his masterful mysticism." He acknowledges himself to be, as we see by his advertisement, a Spiritualist and a medium.

To show how abnormal forces are to the fore nowadays, I give an extract from a letter that was lent me to read only yesterday, in which a young lady, whom I had only known in such matters as an admirer of the poet Shelley, and not as a telepathic medium for thought-transference or second sight, says of a lady friend of hers: "I always feel anything to do with her so much, for I know it beforehand, we are so terribly clairvoyant to one another."

One asks oneself: Have our doubles the power of passing matter through matter? and in the case of Bosco's "trick," making the shilling invisible as it passed from hand to hand?—T. W. in *Light*, London.

A Remedy for Rheumatic Pains, Sprains, &c.

Knowing that the columns of the *Medium* are open for the publication of anything that may benefit suffering humanity, I submit the following simple recipe for the alleviation and removal of pain, such as rheumatism, sprains, sore throats, cold on the chest, &c.

Take a quarter-pound of good ginger, and boil in a quart of water until the strength is extracted; then soak and wring out a piece of flannel, and apply to the affected part. This will not only relieve the pain, but act also as a tonic. This was given through Mrs. Jones, by a female spirit who said that in earth-life she was looked upon by the younger ones as an ancient one; her habits being of a solitary nature, going about with a bag on her arm picking herbs; following her intuitions in the selection and utilization of them for medicinal purposes; and although not understood, when in the body, by her fellow-creatures, she realized now that the knowledge she had obtained was just that which was necessary for the fulfillment of what she felt to be her mission, bringing with it thankfulness and love.

This spirit is desirous of bestowing other simple remedies, whenever conditions are afforded, that they may be freely given to any suffering ones. Perhaps some readers may be glad even this week to try the efficacy of so simple a remedy.—T. B. in *Medium and Daybreak*.

Gen. W. B. Taliaferro, who is a candidate for a Virginia Judgeship, was in Congress forty years ago, and at 23 years of age was a Major of volunteers in the war with Mexico.

The Sound of Fairy Bells.

ANGEL FORMS DESCENDING.

Where the grass with dew was bending,
And the scent of flowers blending
With the fragrance of the dells;
Sudden as the sunlight glancing,
Borne on light wind round me danc'ing,
Came the sound of fairy bells.

Faint and far the sweet notes dying
Rose again, and round me flying
Smote upon my troubled brain.
Thus the wheeling seabirds calling,
And on storm-winds rising, falling,
Beat against the lighthouse pane.

From the dead past, with its weeping,
Onward o'er the present leaping,
Sped my soul to future days,
While as thought went onward sailing,
Rose from earth a bitter wailing,
And this vision met my gaze—

Starving men below me dying,
With abundance round them lying,
While they fought for niggard pay.
Honest workers wealth were reaping,
But as quickly from their keeping
Was the harvest snatched away.

And as foaming wave surrounding,
Fill the sky with harsh soundings,
Clashed the bells with angry roar.
But the after-swell came rolling,
And their deep and solemn tolling
Bore me to a tranquil shore.

War was dead, and wrong was dying,
Sorrow clouds dissolving, flying,
For the sons of toil were free.
All rewards to workers going,
Wealth o'ershading, commerce flowing,
Sunlight on the land and sea.

Thus wollo notes of fairy ringing
O'er the fields of earth are winging,
Nevermore they pass away.
For the harmonies there ranging,
Into new forms ever chang'ing,
In eternal beauty play.

From the blue skies o'er us bending,
Come fair angel forms, descending
Softly as the falling snow:
And the notes that meet our hearing
Are from jasper walls uprearing,
As the builders strike their blows.

While the earth in ceaseless marching,
With the starry skies o'erarching,
Seeks the sunrise far away,
We may hear the angels singing,
And the bells of heaven ringing,
From the fields of endless day.

—W. A. Carline, in *The Two Worlds*.

The Author of "Home, Sweet Home."

John Howard Payne was born at the City of Boston, State of Massachusetts, 8th June, 1792, and during the greater part of his early life lived at New Hampton, Eastern Long Island, New York. He died at Tunis, 1st April, 1852, and was buried in the Protestant burying-ground of that city, in which is to be seen his tomb, the inscription on which is as follows:—"In memory of Colonel John Howard Payne, twice Consul of the United States of America for the City and Kingdom of Tunis, this stone is here placed by a grateful country. He died in the American Consulate of this city, after a tedious illness, April 1st, 1852. He was born in the City of Boston, State of Massachusetts, June 8th, 1792. His fame as a poet and dramatist is well known wherever the English language is spoken, through his celebrated ballad of 'Home, Sweet Home,' and his popular tragedy of *Brutus*, and other similar productions." Round the tombstone are engraved the following lines:—

"Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched God's angel said,
Welcome to heaven's Home, Sweet Home."

These lines are said by some to have been composed by Colonel Payne shortly before his death. To set at rest all doubts as to the authorship and nationality of the ballad "Home, Sweet Home," some years ago Dr. Charles Mackay wrote as follows:—"In one of very many conversations with Sir Henry Bishop, on well-known English melodies, I took occasion to ask him for information on the subject of 'Home, Sweet Home,' the authorship of which was often attributed to him, and as often denied by many, who claimed it as a national Sicilian air which Sir Henry had discovered and rearranged. He therefore favored me with the whole history. He had been engaged in his early manhood by the once eminent firm of Goulding, D'Almaine & Co., musical publishers, of Soho Square, to edit a collection of the national melodies of all countries. In the course of his labors he discovered that he had no Sicilian melody that he thought worth reproduction, and as a 'Sicilian Melody' had been announced in a prospectus which the publisher has issued to the trade, Sir Henry thought he would invent one. The result was the now well-known air of 'Home, Sweet Home,' which he composed to the verses of an American author, Mr. Howard Payne, then resident in England. When the collection was published the melody became so popular that, to use the common phrase, 'it took the town by storm,' and several musical publishers, believing it to be Sicilian, and non-copyright, re-issued it at a cheaper rate than that at which it could be procured from Messrs. Goulding, D'Almaine, & Co. The result was a series of actions for piracy and breach of copyright against the publishers who were implicated. When the case came on trial Sir Henry Bishop was called as a witness, and deposed on oath to the facts as above set forth, and as he stated them to me many years afterwards. This statement ought, I think, to end all doubts and controversy on the subject, and divide the honor of the authorship of the touching song and beautiful melody between the United States and England, in both of which nations it has become national in the most affectionate sense of the word."—W. H. in *Medium and Daybreak*.

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Music.

Harmonious symphonies soothe the mind, and calm the spirit, when men are able to drink them in; but at times the perturbed spirit is not able to bear the powerful influence that music exercises over the human organization. Music is a wonderful and powerful agent in producing various and manifold varieties of thought and feeling, and its existence is derived from spiritual sources. As the capacities in man to receive perfect harmonies of spiritual sound-waves are increased, these harmonies will be more appreciated, and the source from whence they proceed will be better understood. All the great musicians that have lived, and also those that are now on the earth, have their great power to produce perfect symphonies given them through the spiritual or unseen powers acting on their mental capacities; and this is the way in which harmony of various kinds is produced.

Music, drawing, and much that is derived from things that emanate from men's minds, are placed there and given directly to those who are able to make use of them. The spiritual surroundings of each human form can find out the power that each possesses to demonstrate on earth the great and gloriously perfect harmony of a spiritual sphere, and music is of a heavenly or spiritual origin. Man is the instrument to bring it into the form and manner in which it can influence the minds and characters of men.—*Through a Writing Medium in Medium and Daybreak*.

Left Alone in the House.

THE SILENT GAZING WALLS.

A movement in the empty house!
A step upon the stair!
A cautious tread, now on, now stayed—
Surely some life is there!

Surely in this deep, breathless pause
Some life besides my own,
Unseen is near me, yet I know
That I was left alone.

And if a footstep should advance
(I dare not fancy how)
What presence that the eye could find
Would stand before me now?

Though not a speaking human form,
Might it not be some shade
Of one that has felt anguish here,
Whose feelings cannot fade?

With strangely-acted retrospect
A spirit passed away,
In its strong pangs of old remorse,
Might meet the eye of day.

I think these silent gazing walls
Look conscious of some past,
O'erladen with a tragic freight,
When passion pulsed too fast.

I know one mournful life was wont
In this still room to pine—
That feeble frame, that sinking heart,
That long, slow struggle mine.

Yet, though time-severed from that self,
I cannot think it dead;
If lingering on the landing near
Where once such tears were shed,

With what a ghost-like sense of wrong
It might come gliding in,
Sad-eyed and speechless, to survey
The treasure's time can win!

It would not find me rich in joy;
Submission gives me peace;
The present cannot hide the past,
But vain regrets may cease.

—A. J. Penny, in *Light*, London.

White Witches in the West of England.

"Drus," in one of his "Notes" in the *Co-nubian*, says a correspondent in the *Daily Graphic*, tells of the doings of certain white witches in the West of England. One woman, now deceased, performed wonderful cures. A young man had cut his leg with a scythe. At once the farmer dipped the man's handkerchief in the blood, and sent one of his men on horseback to the white witch, who took the kerchief, blessed it, and simultaneously, four miles off, the flow of blood from the cut ceased. The son of a farmer was suffering from ulceration in the neck. First the village doctor, and afterwards the principal medical man in the nearest market town, tried their arts, but in vain. At last the young man went to the white witch, and within a month he was well. One winter during a storm, in diverting a stream which threatened to injure his house, a certain farmer took a cold, and was believed to be death-struck. He had the best medical skill, but without benefit. At length he was prevailed on to consult the white witch, and in a couple of months he was restored to health. The writer tells stories of other white witches, concluding with one who could charm warts, break spells, cure bodily ailments, and discover stolen goods. One of the writer's former tenants was a witch, now dead. The village inn frequently had guests come to stay there and undergo a course of "blessing" by this woman. One mode of blessing was by means of kerchief, which the witch magnetized. In fact, she was a magnetic healer, as probably were the other white witches mentioned.

[The different people who make up the inhabitants of this country have very different gifts. The West of England has given a number of good mesmerists and healers, also water-finders with the "divining-rod." We once saw Dr. Newton raise a woman from a sick-bed several miles away by "blessing" a handkerchief that came from her.]—*Medium and Daybreak*, London.

Dr. Frithjof Nansen, the arctic explorer, will deliver some lectures in Europe during February and March, upon his theories of ocean currents in polar latitudes. The revenue from these talks will be devoted to his next expedition, which will probably set out in search of the pole early in 1893.

Mrs. John Sherman has never had a photograph or other picture taken since her husband first entered Congress, and so fixed is her determination in the matter that when the Cabinet members and their families of the Hayes administration presented their photographs to the President and his wife, Mrs. Sherman refused to break her rule.

PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCES.

Evidence of Spirit Power.

It is now many years since I exercised my mediumship (then only privately), but psychical gifts, once encouraged, must "out" in some form or another. Some account of these spontaneous manifestations in my particular case may be interesting to your readers. Let me first remark that, being naturally critical, I resolved not to report until striking "coincidences," by frequent repetition, to my judgment seem deserving of being treated as something more meaning and less haphazard, however "the world" may laugh. Firstly, then, impressions in the normal state, of which I could relate many but for their personal nature and the bearing they have had on my moral and spiritual well being: the following, however, I can tell:

One evening my sister and I went to a concert. Soon as we took our seats (half an hour before commencing time) I felt and said, "Something will go wrong tonight; I feel it;" to which my sister "made a face," and I retorted, "Well, you'll see." Sure enough, owing to some misunderstanding, the artistes never put in an appearance. Our money was returned, so were we, to a fireless room on a freezing night.

Traveling in Austria once I got dreadfully frightened. It was night, and we were journeying along through a country wild and dark, and I had just been told we were locked in until we should arrive at Vienna, at 6 A. M. I was faint, partly from hunger, partly from alarm, when I felt a sudden impulse to let down the window, and a mighty influx of strength impelling me to desire and will the train to stop. I acted accordingly, and instantly, scarcely to my surprise—I expected it—the train slackened speed and stopped—there in the wild, open country. The guards came, not to me, however, but to the next compartment, and it was only when I shouted lustily that a voice in broken English responded from that next carriage, then in German insisted on my door being unlocked. She who had proved my guardian angel was the Countess K., who, fancying her jewel-box was lost (her feet being on it all the while), had sounded the alarm-bell, and in this wise was worked my deliverance and my safety to Vienna at least. Was that merely "coincidence"?

But in dreams my psychical gifts are most in evidence. Frequently I have now symbolic dreams—symbolic, that is, of my strangely chequered and romantic earth-life. For instance, if I am to be ill I see my face in a mirror; enemies I discover in pictures; troubles and anxieties in a stormy sea (which I always weather pluckily and surmount); care in children; grief, heart-sickness, etc., in soiled garments; difficulties in mud, despondency in darkness (or partial), which eventually always gives place to light, and I find myself reveling in sunlit meadows, gathering sweet flowers, and I know on awakening I am fated to another of those pretty little love-dreams with which my life is so abundantly adorned, but which are doomed to be short-lived (owing to Mars in the seventh house of my horoscope, I presume). Yes, indeed, I find dreams (abnormal) most interesting: would it not be well, as students of psychical science, to watch and heed them more? Much more could I tell, but that I fear already I have trespassed too much on your valuable space.—*Caroline Corner*, in *Light*, London.

Free Fights Amongst Ministers.

It is clearly time that we established a Society for teaching ministers of religion Christian humility and good manners. The Wesleyans take to themselves credit for being a very superior type of Christians. One would scarcely gather there was much Christianity among them on reading the accounts of the free fights which have taken place at the Methodist Conference in Washington. The chair was occupied by an Irish Wesleyan minister. His American brethren accused him of unfairness in his capacity of president, while the ever-pugnacious Atkinson, M. P., expressed a strong desire to "knock down some American Bishop" of the Wesleyan persuasion. The meeting was thoroughly rowdy, and, as one might naturally expect under these circumstances, they refused to pass a resolution in favor of unity. Every day's experience of Christian religion shows more and more clearly that it is being run mainly for the worldly profit of those who are themselves ministers and members. A nice example these professors of religion truly set to the rest of the world when they cannot meet in conference without exhibiting a spirit of vindictive quarrelsomeness which would disgrace any ordinary assembly of citizens.—*Medium and Daybreak*, London.

An Interesting Idea.

Mrs. Boole, in her "Logic Taught by Love," suggests the following interesting idea: Get a wire twisted in an open spiral and hold it between a light and a piece of white paper, so that the shadow of a spiral shall appear as a circle. Then imagine that an individual (or race) is advancing along the spiral and that his (or their) shadow also appears on the paper. Now try to regard what is seen on the paper as representing what comes into our consciousness, and what actually takes place on the spiral as being the truth of which our consciousness (the former the phenomenon, the latter noumenon). It will be seen that the progress of the evolving entity seems on the paper to be a series of wanderings around a circle, going first from north to south, and then back from south to north, progress and retrogression alternating. But actually the progress is continuous and unbroken, at every succeeding point higher than at any preceding point, and what looks on the shadow as mere laborious overlapping again and again of the same ground is in the substance a constant progress along a gradually but infinitely ascending line.—*Light*, London.

A Realistic Dream.

SAW THE FACE OF A FRIEND DISTINCTLY.

In your remarks in *Medium*, Sept. 11, on "Apparitions of the Living," you attribute such experience to what you call "interiorization." Now it occurs to me to ask whether "interiorization" would account for the "apparitions" of living persons that come to us in sleep?

I lately had a very "realistic" dream, in which I saw the face of a friend most distinctly, looking out of a window facing me. It was as if the window were in a house on the opposite side of a street, only it would be a very narrow street as it seemed quite close to me, and the face was looking full at me. The appearance was that of vigorous health (which is not the usual appearance of the person in question) and the expression was peculiarly serene and happy, and at the same time there was a look of eagerness, or intense earnestness. The figure was robed in white drapery, which looked natural, and real—not "ethereal." It stood erect and motionless, except that it seemed to be gently moving forwards; when first seen it was a little in the background, but gradually approached the window which was open. Then I awoke.

I cannot at all account for thus dreaming of this person; it made a rather strong impression upon my mind, being so vivid as to be more like a "vision" than an ordinary dream, though I know I was asleep at the time. I may add that I am not much accustomed to dreaming.

I should be obliged if you would give some explanation of such "apparitions" in sleep.

Yours, &c., E. N. P.

Of course sleep is an interior state, and it brings us face to face with spiritual realities that are cut off from us in our state of external consciousness. But the experiences will depend on the spiritual development of the dreamer. Some dreamers enter into actual communion with spirit friends; others have intimations of future events through symbolical experiences; while mere physical inharmony produces those nonsensical dreams which are chiefly experienced by the generality of people. We often can tell from examining the head whether the subject be a true dreamer. It is probable that mankind live a spiritual life while asleep, with all its associations, and that some dreams are glimpses of that spiritual experience transferred to the brain, and thereby to the memory. And it seems as if all our external life were passed through in the spiritual state before we enact it in the body, and during sleep the inner and the outer become in some degree blended. It is an interesting study to take note of our dreams, and see what follows them in our lives. This we have done for many years.—*Medium and Daybreak*.

The Story of the Glacier.

The following very beautiful story has been sent to us by a friend. It was received through automatic writing:

Once upon a time, long, long ago, when the dear Lord dwelt alone upon the earth and man was not yet created, there was a glacier. The head of the glacier was in the skies, and its feet were in the valley. The valley was all stony and bare; no tree nor flower grew there, for there was no water.

Now in the morning and in the evening the dear Lord walked in that valley, and when He came the glacier put a veil of gold upon its head, and the glacier was happy.

Now as years went on the Lord God was lonely, therefore He made man that He might pour out His love upon him, and man filled the earth and cultivated it, but none dwelt in the valley at the foot of the glacier, for there was no water there. Now it came to pass that the glacier was unhappy, and one morning he said to the dear Lord: "My master, would that I were of some use in this world of Thine; would that man could dwell under my shade, and that the valley would smile under my glance." And the Lord said, "If thou art willing to suffer it may be." And the glacier said, "I am willing." And the Lord smiled upon the glacier, and when He smiled a sharp pang went through the heart of the glacier, sharper than a sword-thrust in the bosom of a tender woman. But the glacier would not cry out, but bore the anguish in silence; and in a moment his heart was rent asunder, and from it flowed a mighty stream of living water. And the water laughed and sang, and leaped down into the valley, pouring its life-giving stream through all that spot.

And it came to pass in the course of time that trees and flowers sprang up there; man came and planted the corn and wine; and little children looked up into the face of the glacier and smiled, and the glacier was happy.

Now, there stood by the glacier one, and he said to the Lord, "My Father, why is it permitted to the glacier to have this divine joy of suffering, while to Me, Thy Son, it is not permitted?" And the Lord said, "My Son, I have done all things well." And the Son bowed his head and worshipped.

Dear friends, take this for an allegory.—*Light*, London.

Prince Henry, of Orleans, the eldest son of the Duke of Chartres, who has already acquired some reputation as an explorer, has gone on another expedition to Asia. He hopes to explore the unknown region of the Laos, in India, and travel through a part of China.

Gen. Wagner Swayne found himself on a Fourth Avenue car in New York, on a recent night, without any change in his pockets, and had gathered up his crutches to get off when a one-legged newsboy called out kindly: "There's a pair of us! I'll lend you a nickel." The General, touched by the lad's instinctive desire to spare his pride by calling it a "loan," took the money and got from the reluctant little fellow the latter's address. The pathetic part of the story is that when Mrs. Swayne drove to the designated house in order to make his Christmas a happy one, she found that he was dead, but the nickel proved a good investment for his widowed mother and her other children.

CONVENT of the SACRED HEART



A CATHOLIC PRIEST PLANNING A DEVILISH WORK, IN THE CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER XI.

Scheme of Deliverance.

Frantz had no desire to see the Superior or to be seen by her. He had every reason not to be observed, for his anger would have exploded and revealed his secret, on the keeping of which life and death depended. He stealthily walked along the passage leading to the rear of the convent, where it sharply turned, passing between what really was a double wall, an outer and an inner, until it came to the corner of the building, when it was continued through the broad wall which surrounded the grounds until it reached the basement of a building occupied by the gardener. This room had a door opening in the usual manner on the street. To this door he carried a private key, as did most of the priests. They were thus enabled to pass through the basement of what appeared to be a private building, into the convent, at all hours, without attracting attention or causing remark. Without any purpose before him, or determination of what he would do, he walked out into the street. There were few dwellings at that time in the immediate vicinity, and no passer to observe his rapid gait. His anguish of mind was the more because of the darkness in which he saw no ray of hope. He had promised, pledged his honor and his life to release the two victims, in a moment of desperation when he felt strong enough to wage battle against a thousand; now that he was alone, and the desperate task awaited him, he cried out in utter hopelessness. Still he rapidly walked along the now thronged street. People stared at him, for a hurrying priest was an unusual spectacle. He met acquaintances who bowed, but he did not see them. His whole being was absorbed in the one thought, how a hopeless task could be accomplished. At a corner he dashed against a man coming out of the side street with a force which almost prostrated them both. A brief apology, and the gentleman walked on. A hand touched his shoulder, and Frantz said: "Pardon, sir, but did I not, about a year since, while riding with the Bishop, meet you walking with a lady, a Miss Zeldia Joslyn?"

"I cannot say," replied the gentleman, who was the artist Kensett. "I know the lady. I have no recollection of you; the Bishop I have cause to remember. He passed us once, when his glance was an insult!"

"The very time! I was with him, and I then learned his diabolical scheme." "You are a priest; do you have access to the convent; do you know whether—ah, you are a priest, how foolish of me to expect an answer."

"Yes, I am a priest," replied Frantz calmly. "You would ask if I know where Zeldia is? You love her; I see it in your eyes, and respect and sympathize with you, for I am in love myself. I will tell you. He bent low and whispered, 'She is in the Convent of the Sacred Heart!'"

Kensett seized the hand of the priest, "Is this true? You do not deceive me?" "In God's name, it is true; but do not let us stop here; we are observed."

"Come to my studio, then. It is near by, and we can there be assured of privacy." They rapidly walked to the studio, for Kensett was impatient as his companion.

"Please look the door," said Frantz. This being done, they sat down near each other. Opposite them on an easel was a half-finished portrait. Frantz gazed on it earnestly, and exclaimed: "This is Sister Zeldia, as she was a year ago!"

"A year ago, for I paint her from memory." "Your memory serves you well. Her face is stamped thereon ineffaceably. I see it on the canvas."

"You say 'as she was.' Has she changed?" "The priest drew close; he spoke in a low tone of voice, as though fearing to be overheard. "Changed,—have you not seen the nuns, with their black dresses, and their foreheads bound with a bandage symbolizing that they are dead? Are they beautiful?"

Kensett started at the words, and with eager haste asked: "A nun; did you say a nun? Has Zeldia taken the veil?"

"At my hands! God pity me," replied Frantz.

"And does she know—does she realize the terrible results of that act? Does she know that her poor father, crushed by the shock, the desertion by his child on whom he had built his hopes, and into his grave killed by her ingratitude? Does she know her mother is dying, calling and imploring her to come and receive her last blessing?"

"She does not know; if she did her burdens would be more than she could bear. Listen,—I will tell you all. I am a priest, habituated to receive confessions. You shall now be the priest and I the culprit. You will needs have faith in me to believe the matters I shall relate." Then the priest told the story of



THINKING OF ENTERING A CATHOLIC SCHOOL. (SEE FIGURES IN THE NARRATIVE.)

Zeldia's wrongs and concluded with a description of the cell in which she was incarcerated. Rage and grief alternately swayed the mind of Kensett as he listened.

"Be self-controlled, my dear brother, for I have more cause of complaint than you. My Eudocia has a cell by the side of Zeldia's. I have a blasted life; you have freedom. Look at me, nobly born, reared with all the care wealth could bestow; sent to a theological school and made a priest because my mother willed that should be. In my youth I loved a maiden of equal degree; beautiful and graceful as the flowers. I tore her image from me, because I thought Jesus demanded it. I accepted religion as taught by the Church, in full measure of ideal purity and perfection. I expected self-denial and sacrifice even as Jesus had met mortal pain. I put all earthly hopes, pleasures and anticipations under my feet and gave myself unreservedly to the work of an apostle. It was a painful struggle with what I then regarded as the promptings of Satan, to overcome my love for the one who had been my companion from childhood, and the love of her was my enduring, continual sin."

"You will understand me now when I tell you the reaction which took place in my mind, on better acquaintance with the priesthood and the Holy Church, when instead of my ideal purity, self-sacrifice, unworldliness, and devotion to acts of righteousness, I found from the most obscure priest to the Bishop, even to the Holy Father, the Pope, selfishness, ambition for place and power, debauchery of grossest form, and unmentionable indulgences and crimes."

"When my weakened faith was known to the authorities, I was assigned to a mission in America. I presume it was thought that on this coast I would be brought in contact with savages and the border people, and with a field for my zeal, and away from the corruptions of the Church, I would give no more trouble. For two years or more this was the result, for I took hold bravely and zealously of the work of converting the Indians and leading the mixed population to a higher view of life. But there came a rush of people here, the Church extended its operations, as it always does, with a vigilance that was marvelous; a convent, cathedral and schools were founded, and I again found the same corruption which had at first disquieted me. Attending the convent one day as Father Confessor, a nun whispered her little failures in keeping the inconsequential ceremonies; a word in a prayer omitted, a genuflection more or less, an idle thought. According to the rules she was veiled, and I, sitting below the latticed screen, as was my custom, for I did not wish to embarrass the penitents, which most priests delight in as an amusement,—was concealed from her. Her voice was familiar, and thrilled me, recalling memories of my youth."

"And this is not all, Holy Father," she continued. "Know I loved—when I was a girl, and my father's chateau on the lower Alps was a paradise. My lover became a priest, and I, because he forsake me, a nun."

"The Confessors often request their fair supplicants to remove their veils, but I had never before had occasion or desire to see the face of a penitent. The face behind the veil I must see, and I expressed my wish. She hesitated. 'You are not like the others, are you?' she asked, plaintively."

"In the name of the Mother of holy purity, I have no such purpose," I replied.

"Then reluctantly she drew aside the veil. Her face was waxen pale, and changed by years and penance, yet it was hers."

"Eudocia!" I cried, arising from my seat, "Eudocia, my heart's dearest treasure, do we meet again?"

"Who speaks?" she exclaimed, starting back from the lattice dividing us.

"Do you not know? Do you not remember? Frantz, your own, your despicable Frantz?"

"Why have we met?" she cried in anguish. "Why have the old wounds been torn afresh? And how dare you speak as you do, of the past? It is past and can never be ours. Have chosen. The love we should have given each other must now be given to the Church. It might have been better—for me—for this life!—She bowed her face on her hands and sobbed uncontrollably."

"Yes, dear Eudocia, a thousand times better for me, for us both. We will bear it—unless the burden becomes too grievous."

"That was a happy hour; a happy hour, yet one of the saddest of my life. Let me hurry on. You know the story, and here I am, with this dear one dying in a cell, and I who have been the means of bringing her there unable to free her from the infamous tyranny which holds her!"

"Have hope, have courage, for if every brick of that convent has to be leveled, they shall be free!" exclaimed Kensett, with fiery passion.

"I am ready for any scheme, however desperate. I have not had time to reflect, or plan. Together we may come to a conclusion. The greatest difficulty lies after escape. Where are we to go? What are we to do? Not a dollar to help



PAINTING WHILE HE MEDITATES ON THE RUIN WHICH THE CATHOLIC CHURCH HAS WROUGHT.

us, not a friend on whom to rely! We cannot return to our native country, for a renegade from the Church will be scorned even by those nearest of kin. Wherever we go here, we shall be dogged by the spies of the Church, and every means employed to ruin us. Oh! Mr. Kensett, you have little idea of the abyss over which I stand when I cut myself loose from the Church; of the obloquy, scorn, abuse and lies I shall have to meet, whichever way I turn."

"I will assist you to the full extent of my power," replied Kensett. "Zeldia is an heiress, and from gratitude will assist you. I will arrange to have you go directly to her home. Once out of the convent, I will do the outside work, and you, having the freedom of the convent, must carry out that part."

"I will go to the convent to-night, and trust Providence may thrust some means in my way."

"Do not trust in Providence, my friend. She is well enough if you rely on yourself, but a poor stick to lean heavily on."

"I will come at this time to-morrow; until then, adieu."

Kensett sat looking intently at the face of Zeldia, on the canvas.

"I am in no mood to paint to-day," he said, and continued gazing. The eyes returned his glances, and the lips seemingly moved as though they would speak. "Yes, yes, dear soul," he said, "I will free you, and being free, you shall not know whom your deliverer is—not until I hear from those lips the words which will make my life bright or shadowed."

He arose and kissed the white forehead on the canvas.

THE HOLY COAT.

It is Visited by a Critical Thinker.

"The heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divinely for money."—Micah, iii., 10-11.

During a short holiday in Paris a week or two ago, I was glad to be able to call on the Free Thinkers of that city and exchange greetings. I was told that we English had but little conception of the evil influence exerted by the French Catholic priest on the homes and social life of the workmen. One earnest worker assured me that the greatest enemies to the cause of mental freedom were often those of their own household. Unfortunately, this is not confined to France; it is so wherever the priests get a footing into a man's family. Their doctrine is, if you can't convert the man, and you may not burn him, the next best thing is to make his children hate him. English mothers should take note, and follow Clifford's advice to "keep their children away from the priest, or he will make them haters of mankind."

While there I was possessed with a desire to see the Holy Coat of Jesus Christ, which is exhibited to the faithful at Argenteuil, and is said to have been placed there by Charlemagne on August 13, in the year 800. It had been given to him by an Eastern empress; where she got it from God only knows. No matter what disease you have got, you have only to "touch the hem of his garment," and you are perfectly cured. I knew it was foolish; but the thought of being able to see it myself made all other thoughts its slave; and so with an English companion, whom for the purpose of this description we will call Jack, I set out.

Jack is an enthusiast by nature, and once the subject in his mind, had eyes and ears for nothing else. He wanted to go to Treves straightway, but my sterner judgment prevailed, and we went to Argenteuil. I was rewarded for this, because the holy sister in Christ, who eventually showed us the sacred relic, took pains to remind us that this was the real coat, and not that which they were showing at Treves. She considered we had been blessed to choose this one, and so did I; because there was no advantage in paying a small fortune to see a spurious article, when the real coat—the A 1 at Lloyd's, registered—was to be had for a five-franc piece. On arriving at Argenteuil my friend considered it inconsistent with the object of our pilgrimage that we should take sacrament; as he observed, we had made a good resolution, and he was resolved to treat it. The old lady of the auberge laughed copiously as I inquired the way, and ventured the remark that she had seen many pilgrims come there in her time, but she had never seen one who, like him, had the wisdom to fortify himself with brandy and soda.

At length we approached the spot, and an old nun took us to the coat. In the first place, the cathedral is not well lighted, and you cannot approach nearer to the Sainte Tunique than about eight feet. First, there is a raised platform, and from this, at some four feet away, rises a tall altar; then again, in each case receding like a staircase, is a sort of bookcase, protected with bars of iron, heavy curtains and glass. Inside this is a smaller one, protected in the same way, except that the bars are wide and horizontal, with a hole two inches in diameter, through which you are sup-

posed to see the coat. She told me that it was wound round a roller; and I think she was winding me round her finger, for I looked above and below many times, but I could not see a bit of cloth to save my life, and I defy any one else with normal eyesight to see it. Others who were there fell on their knees before it, but they asked no questions. I felt sure my companion would see it, if but by the eye of faith, so I turned to ask him to point it out to me, but alas! he could not see it either. His faith was shaken, so he departed. As I commenced asking the old lady for a sign, she asked me if I was not a Catholic, to which, of course, I replied "No," and without another word she drew the curtain and went away. That a piece of cloth is there I am willing to believe, but I could not see it.

As they said they had a piece of the true cross and a crown of thorns at Notre Dame, we returned and paid a franc with alacrity. Needless to say, the whole thing was a fraud. The only thing in the way of a relic came in the shape of a tooth of one of the massacred innocents, richly set in jewels, etc. Jack's face shone with a spiritual glow; he said there could be no doubt about this. I thought he was translated. I knew then that I had found the English Mahatma, but when I pointed out that this was no milk tooth belonging to a child under two years of age, but was a huge molar, that must have astonished many a beefsteak in its time, he came away convinced that all religion was either fraud or delusion. Wise men know it to be both.—H. Snell in Free Thinker, London.

An Answer to Prayer.

Mr. Champness preached on Monday evening at Finsbury Park Wesleyan Chapel. On his appearance on the rostrum he showed signs of weariness, and evidently the strain involved in supporting, almost single-handed, so growing and flourishing a mission as that of the "Joyful News" is beginning to tell upon what was once a powerful physical frame. Mr. Champness gave a racy discourse on 2 Sam., xv., 17-21, in which the story of David's trouble and Ittai the Gittite's devotion to the fallen king was told with graphic force, interspersed with striking illustrations, some of which provoked a laugh. In the course of his sermon he incidentally referred to the great financial straits in which he had not infrequently been brought in carrying on the "Joyful News" mission. Only recently his exchequer had become exhausted, and in his extremity he laid the matter before the Lord. The first letter he opened the next morning was from one of his lay helpers in East Kent, who narrated a dream, in which he saw the "Joyful News" Mission List much longer than it had been, with the names of Mr. Glory, of Cardiff, at the top, for £100, and an unknown benefactor, who has given him hundreds, and whose signature is Matt. vi. 3, for an additional £50. That same day two donations actually came. "You may call that a coincidence," said Mr. Champness, "but I call it something more." "Hear, hear," cried some warm-hearted Wesleyan in the congregation, and not a few around sympathized with the remark. When the service closed, many gathered around to have a grasp of Mr. Champness's hand, and to wish him "good luck" in his plucky attempts to let evangelical light into the villages and other spiritually dark parts of the country. "I make no collections and I issue no 'missionary notices,'" said he, "but the Lord has sent me no less than £6,000 during the past twelve months, and when He stops sending, then it will be time for me to shut up, but not before." Asked as to the outlook, he said that he was being pressed on all hands for evangelists, and could at once do with fifty more agents.—Christian World, London.

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